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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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The Guardian. By Nestor Ironside, Esq;

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THE
GUARDIAN.

By NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*

 N^o 67. *Thursday, May 28. 1713.*

-----*ne fortè pudori*
Sit tibi musa lyrae solers, et cantor Apollo. Hor.

IT has been remarked, by curious observers, that Poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the usual age of man, if not cut off by some accident or excess, as *Anacreon*, in the midst of a very merry old age, was choaked with a grape-stone. The same redundancy of spirits, that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and administers uncommon fuel to life. I question not but several instances will occur to my Reader's memory, from *Homer* down to *Mr. Dryden*. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in Lyrics, the one an ancient and the other a modern. The first gained an immortal reputation by celebrating several Jockeys in the *Olympic* games; the last has signalized himself on the same occasion by the Ode that begins with—*To horse, brave boys, to New-market, to horse.* My Reader will, by this time, know that the two Poets I have mentioned, are *Pindar* and *Mr. d'Urfey*. The former of these is long since laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himself to all *Greece* by his tuneful compositions. Our countryman is still living, and in a blooming old age, that still promises many musical productions; for, if I am not mistaken, our *British* Swan will sing to the last. The best judges, who have perused his last song on the *Moderate Man*, do not discover any decay in his parts, but think it deserves a place among the works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this subject by a visit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flourished together in *King Charles* the Second's reign, we diverted our selves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my Readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old Gentlemen. *Tom* observed to me, that after having written more Odes than *Horace*, and

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about four times as many Comedies as *Terence*, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the Play-house, and desired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man, who, in *Shake-spear's* phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the *Plotting-Sisters*, (a very taking Play of my old friend's composing) on the the 15th of the next month, for the benefit of the Author.

My kindness to the agreeable Mr. *d'Urfey* will be imperfect, if after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it. I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young Ladies, my disciples, the case of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose Sonnets have perhaps lulled a sleep many a present Toast, when she lay in her cradle.

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

I my self remember King *Charles* the Second leaning on *Tom d'Urfey's* shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that Monarch was not a little supported by *Joy to great Cæsar*, which gave the Whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the same success, having exposed *Bellarmino* and *Porto-Carrero* more than once in short satyrical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of *Italian* tunes and sonnata's for promoting the Protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the Pope's music against himself. In short, he has obliged the Court with political Sonnets, the country with Dialogues and Pastorals, the City with Descriptions of a Lord-Mayor's feast, not to mention his little Ode upon *Stool-ball*, with many others of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the Play-house. *Pretty Peg of Windsor*, *Gilian of Croydon*, *with Dolly and Molly*, and *Tommy and Johny*, with many others to be met with in the musical miscellanies, entitled *Pills to purge Melancholy*, would make a good benefit night.

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As my friend, after the manner of the old Lyricks, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations from the beginning of King *Charles* the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest Gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with *Tom d'Urfey*.

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

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

N^o 71.

Tuesday, June 2.

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

Hor.

I Question not but my country customers will be surprized to hear me complain that this town is, of late years, very much infested with Lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a strange piece of news, when I assure them that there are many of these beasts of prey who walk

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our streets, in broad day-light, beating about from Coffee-house to Coffee-house, and seeking whom they may devour.

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

It has cost me a great deal of time to discover the reason of this appellation, but after many disquisitions and conjectures on so obscure a subject, I find there are two accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the republick of *Venice*, which has been always the mother of politics, there are near the *Doge's* palace several large figures of Lions curiously wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a most enormous manner. Those who have a mind to give the state any private intelligence of what passes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of these Lions, and convey into it a paper of such private informations as any way regard the interest or safety of the common-wealth. By this means all the secrets of State come out of the Lion's mouth. The informer is concealed, it is the Lion that tells every thing. In short, there is not a mismanagement in office, or a murmur in conversation, which the Lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reason, say the learned, a spy is very properly distinguished by the name of Lion.

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

Walsingham had a most excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a Lion whom he did not see highly qualified for it, when

when he was in his human condition. Indeed the speculative men of those times say of him, that he would now and then play them off and expose them a little unmercifully; but that, in my opinion, seems only good policy, for otherwise they might set up for men again, when they thought fit, and desert his service. But however, though in that very corrupt age he made use of these animals, he had a great esteem for true men, and always exerted the highest generosity in offering them more, without asking terms of them, and doing more for them out of meer respect for their talents, though against him, than they could expect from any other Minister whom they had served never so conspicuously. This made *Raleigh* (who professed himself his opponent) say one day to a friend, *Pox take this Walsingham, he baffles every body, he will not so much as let a man hate him in private.* True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurkings of his Lions he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world it self: he had Lions rampant whom he used for the service of the Church, and couchant who were to lie down for the Queen. They were so much at command that the couchant would act as rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the least out of countenance, and all this within four and twenty hours. *Walsingham* had the pleasantest life in the world, for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he saw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them: all this was principally brought about by feeding his Lions well, or keeping them hungry, according to their different constitutions.

Having given this short, but necessary account of this Statesman and his barber, who, like the taylor in *Shakespear's Pyramus and Thisbe*, was a man made as other men are, notwithstanding he was a nominal Lion, I shall proceed to the description of this strange species of creatures. Ever since the wife *Walsingham* was Secretary in this nation, our Statesmen are said to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a Lion in our *British Arms* is one of the supporters of the Crown, and that it is impossible for a government, in which there are such a variety of factions and intrigues, to subsist without this necessary animal.

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

As the Lion generally thirsts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no secrets which he hunts after with more delight, than those

those that cut off heads, hang, draw and quarter, or end in the ruin of the person who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpose, he quits the chace, and falls into a more agreeable scent.

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

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

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

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

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

Wednesday,

N^o 96. Wednesday, July 1.*Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palma.* Virg.

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

The *Romans* abounded with these little honorary rewards, that without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and publick ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A Soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprize sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

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

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the Prince, than the giving of Medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in Medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the *Romans*. There is generally but one coin stamp'd upon the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means his whole fame is in his own custody.

study. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the publick in a little time is a stranger to. The *Romans* took a quite different method in this particular. Their Medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded on a coin, it was stamp'd perhaps upon an hundred thousand pieces of money like our shillings, or half-pence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread through the whole *Roman Empire*. The *Romans* were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often re-coined by a succeeding Emperor, many years after the death of the Emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

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

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

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

The *French* have outdone us in these particulars, and, by the establishment of a society for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of their present King in a regular series of Medals.
They

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

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

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

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

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

It is therefore proposed,

I. That the *English* farthings and half-pence be recoined upon the union of the two nations.

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

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

IV. That no subject, inscription, or device be stamped without the approbation of this society, nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of Privy-council.

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

N^o 97. Thursday, July 2.

----- *Miserum est post omnia perdere nautum.*

Juv.

S I R,

“ I Was left a thousand pounds by an uncle, and being a man to my
 “ thinking very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts
 “ of making my fortune any other way, and without loss of time
 “ made my applications to one who had buried her husband about a week
 “ before. By the help of some of her she friends, who were my rela-
 “ tions, I got into her company when she would see no man besides my
 “ self and her Lawyer, who is a little, ravelled, spindle-shanked Gen-
 “ tleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Up-
 “ on my first seeing her, she said in conversation within my hearing, that
 “ she thought a pale complexion the most agreeable either in man or wo-
 “ man: now you must know, Sir, my face is as white as chalk. This
 “ gave me some encouragement, so that to mend the matter I bought a
 “ fine flaxen long wig that cost me thirty guineas, and found an oppor-
 “ tunity of seeing her in it the next day. She then let drop some ex-
 “ pressions about an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the hint and
 “ bought one, being unwilling to omit any thing that might make me de-
 “ sireable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the same manner into a Bro-
 “ cade waistcoat, a sword knot, a pair of silver fringed gloves, and a
 “ diamond ring. But whether out of fickleness, or a design upon me, I
 “ cannot tell; but I found by her discourse, that what she liked one day
 “ she disliked another: so that in six months space I was forced to equip
 “ my self above a dozen times. As I told you before, I took her hints
 “ at a distance, for I could never find an opportunity of talking with
 “ her directly to the point. All this time, however, I was allowed the
 “ utmost familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played with it above an
 “ hour together, without receiving the least reprimand, and had many
 “ other marks of favour shown me, which I thought amounted to a pro-
 “ mise.”

“ wife. If she chanced to drop her fan, she received it from my hands
“ with great civility. If she wanted any thing, I reached it for her. I
“ have filled her tea-pot above an hundred times, and have afterwards
“ received a dish of it from her own hands. Now, Sir, do you judge if after
“ such encouragements she was not obliged to marry me. I forgot to
“ tell you that I kept a chair by the week, on purpose to carry me thi-
“ ther and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the space
“ of about a twelvemonth I have run out of my whole thousand pound
“ upon her, having laid out the last fifty in a new suit of cloaths, in which
“ I was resolved to receive her final answer, which amounted to this,
“ That she was engaged to another; That she never dreamt I had any
“ such thing in my head as marriage; and that she thought I had frequent-
“ ed her house only because I loved to be in company with my relati-
“ ons. This, you know, Sir, is using a man like a fool, and so I told
“ her; but the worst of it is, that I have spent my fortune to no purpose.
“ All therefore that I desire of you is, to tell me whether upon exhibi-
“ ting the several particulars which I have here related to you, I may not
“ sue her for damages in a court of Justice. Your advice in this parti-
“ cular will very much oblige

Your most humble admirer, Simon Softly.

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

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

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

Laid out in supernumerary full-bottom wiggs.

Fiddles for a Serenade, with a speaking-trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billetdoux with perfumed wax.

A ream of Sonnets and love verses, purchased at different times of Mr. *Triplett* at a crown a sheet.

To *Zelinda* two flicks of *May* Cherries.

Last summer, at several times, a bushel of Peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The first, who stood centry near her door.

The second, who had his stand at the stables where her coach was put up.

The third, who kept watch at the corner of the street where *Ned Courtall* lives, who has since married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of *May*.

Five conjurers kept in pay all last winter.

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

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

To *Zelinda's* woman (Mrs. *Abigal*) an *Indian* Fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of *Flanders* lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret service-money to *Betty* at the ring.

Ditto, to Mrs. *Tape* the Mantua-maker.

Loss of time.



Friday,

N^o 98. *Friday, July 3.*

In sese redit-----

Virg.

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

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

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

However it be, I cannot but observe, with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our Line. I believe I speak within compass, when I affirm that above a hundred different Authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing: some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom; but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the Art. Their projects have always dropt after a few unsuccessful Essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me by a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid servant seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was musick in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find whereabouts the tune lay.

But

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

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

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

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

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

I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of my self, *more Majorum*, almost the length of a whole *Guardian*. I shall therefore fill up the remaining

remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person, and my correspondents. Now I would have them all know, that on the twentieth instant it is my intention to erect a Lion's head in imitation of those I have described in *Venice*, through which all the private intelligence of that common-wealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the Lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the Lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the public. This head requires some time to finish, the workman being resolved to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in *Button's Coffee-house in Covent-Garden*, who is directed to shew the way to the Lion's head, and to instruct any young Author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy.

N^o 99. *Saturday, July 4.*

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

Hor.

THERE is no virtue so truly great and godlike as Justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created Beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but

but him. Omniscience and Omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it. The one, to discover every degree of uprightnes or iniquity in thoughts, words and actions. The other, to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

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

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

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

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

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

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

As one of the Sultans lay encamped on the plains of *Avala*, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the Sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three days the Officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corps laid out upon the floor by the Emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The Sultan approaching it looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in the house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the Emperor eat very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? Why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down by it in prayer? and why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The Sultan, being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner. "Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming? I gave orders there-

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

N° 100. Monday, July 6.

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

THERE is a certain female ornament by some called a Tucker, and by others the Neck-piece, being a slip of fine linnen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the women's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description of the Tucker, I must take notice, that our Ladies have of late thrown aside this fig-leaf, and exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

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

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

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

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the Ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

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

The yielding marble of a snowy breast,

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

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glances,

glances, I would entreat my gentle Readers to s^o on their Tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedness, but the innocence of their mother *Eve*.

What most troubles and indeed surprizes me in this particular, I have observed that the leaders in this fashion were most of them married women. What their design can be in making themselves bare, I cannot possibly imagine. No body exposes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken the snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe *Lycurgus*. As that great Law-giver knew that the wealth and strength of a republic consisted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage: in order to it he prescribed a certain loose dress for the *Spartan* maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that upon putting themselves in motion discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of, by that wise Law-giver, to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once sped, she was not suffered to tantalize the male part of the common-wealth: her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

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



Tuesday,

N^o 101. *Tuesday, July 7.*

Tros Tyriusve mibi nullo discrimine habetur. Virg.

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

S I R,

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

Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit.

“ My arrival at *Paris* was at first no less uncomfortable, where I could not see a face nor hear a word that I ever met with before; so that my most agreeable companions have been statues and pictures, which are many of them very extraordinary, but what particularly recommends them to me is, that they do not speak *French*, and have a very good quality, rarely to be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

“ I am settled for some time at *Paris*. Since my being here I have made the Tour of all the King’s palaces, which has been I think the pleasantest part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I there met with, or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man’s imagination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a Prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day’s time, and plants a village or town on such a particular

“ ticular spot of ground, only for the bettering of a view. One would
 “ wonder to see how many tricks he has made the water play for his di-
 “ version. It turns it self into pyramids, triumphal arches, glafs-bottles,
 “ imitates a fire-work, rises in a mist, or tells a itory out of *Æsop*.

“ I do not believe, as good a Poet as you are, that you can make finer
 “ landskips than those about the King’s houses, or with all your descrip-
 “ tions raise a more magnificent palace than *Versailles*. I am however fo
 “ singular as to prefer *Fontaine bleau* to all the rest. It is situated a-
 “ mong rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of salvage prospects,
 “ The King has humour’d the Genius of the place, and only made use of
 “ so much art as is necessary to help and regulate Nature, without refor-
 “ ming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts
 “ and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if
 “ they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial
 “ wildness in the meadows, walks, and canals; and the garden, instead of
 “ a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural Mound of rock-work
 “ that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is some-
 “ thing more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many
 “ statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and
 “ meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at *Ver-
 “ sailles*. To pass from works of nature to those of art. In my opinion,
 “ the pleasantest part of *Versailles* is the gallery. Every one sees on
 “ each side of it something that will be sure to please him. For one of
 “ them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the
 “ other is wainscotted with looking-glafs. The history of the present
 “ King till the year 16 is painted on the roof by *le Brun*, so that his Ma-
 “ jesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer
 “ than the present.

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

“ But what makes all these shows the more agreeable is, the great
 “ kindness and affability that is shown to strangers. If the *French* do not
 “ excel the *English* in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the
 “ outward expressions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts,
 “ though I believe the *English* are a much wiser nation, the *French* are
 “ undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I
 “ believe, the most agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not
 “ have

“ have more life and briskness in him at threescore and ten: For that
 “ fire and levity which makes the young ones scarce conversible, when
 “ a little wasted and tempered by years, makes a very pleasant gay old
 “ age. Besides, this national fault of being so very talkative looks natu-
 “ ral and graceful in one that has grey hairs to countenance it. The
 “ mentioning this fault in the *French* must put me in mind to finish my
 “ letter, lest you think me already too much infected by their conversa-
 “ tion; but I must desire you to consider, that travelling does in this
 “ respect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age.

I am, S I R, &c.

S I R,

Blois, May 15. N. S.

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

“ I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the King's pa-
 “ laces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought
 “ there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or pover-
 “ ty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the
 “ pomp that appears in every thing about the King; but at the same time
 “ it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the
 “ happiest in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate,
 “ and natural constitution, such a perpetual gladness of heart and easiness
 “ of temper as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other
 “ nations. 'Tis not in the power of want or slavery to make 'em mi-
 “ serable. There is nothing to be met with but mirth and poverty.
 “ Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally
 “ agreeable, for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it.
 “ They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and
 “ familiarity at first sight, that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can
 “ scarce draw from an *Englishman*. Their women are perfect mistresses
 “ in this art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are al-
 “ ways gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in *Europe* with the
 “ best airs. Every one knows how to give her self as charming a look
 “ and posture as Sir *Godfrey Kneller* could draw her in. I cannot end
 “ my letter without observing that from what I have already seen of the
 “ world,

“ world, I cannot but set a particular mark of distinction upon those
 “ who abound most in the virtues of their nation, and least with its im-
 “ perfections. When therefore I see the good sense of an *Englishman*
 “ in its highest perfection, without any mixture of the spleen, I hope
 “ you will excuse me if I admire the character, and am ambitious of
 “ subscribing my self,

S I R, Yours, &c.

N^o 102. *Wednesday, July 8.*

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

Virg.

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

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the *British* climate, if we except the humour of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in *January*. I have gone to bed in *August* and rose in *December*. Summer has often caught me in my *Drap de Berry*, and winter in my *Doily* suit.

I remember a very whimsical fellow (commonly known by the name of *Posture-master*) in King *Charles* the Second's reign, who was the plague of all the Taylors about town. He would often send for one of them to take measure of him, but would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders. When the cloaths were brought home, and tryed upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the Taylor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could; but upon a third tryal found him a freight shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a humpt back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the
 work-

workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My Reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our *English* climate.

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

A man should take care that his body be not too soft for his climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure our selves by custom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of *Nova Zembla* go naked without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our *British* Ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body by the same means might contract the same firmness and temper. The *Scythian* that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, *Because we are all over face.* Mr. *Lock* advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

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

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

How different an old man is *Crassus* from my self. It is indeed the particular distinction of the *Ironsides* to be robust and hardy, to defie the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worst. My father lived till a hundred without a cough, and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather used to throw off his hat and go open breasted after four-score. As for my self, they used to fowse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-hardened of the whole family of the *Ironsides*. In short, I have been so plunged in water and inured to the cold, that I regard my self as a piece of true-tempered *Steele*, and can say with the above-mentioned *Scythian*, that I am face, or if my enemies please, forehead, all over.

N^o 103. *Thursday, July 9.*

Dum flammæ Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi. Virg.

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

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble fire-work that was exhibited last night upon the *Thames*. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing Stars and Meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoke, and multitudes of stars mingled together in such an agreeable confusion. Every Rocket ended in a Constellation, and strowed the air with such a shower of silver spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in *OEdipus*,

Why

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

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

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

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

——— *from the arched roof*
Pendent by subtle magick, many a row
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky———

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

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

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

I seldom see any thing that raises wonder in me, which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I had seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificancy of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought I considered a Comet, or in the language of the vulgar a blazing-star, as a sky-rocket discharged by an hand that is Almighty. Many of my Readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the Creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it? that it should move in such an inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity? How spacious must the Universe be that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it? What a glorious show are those Beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandring through

through those immeasurable depths of *Ether*, and running their appointed courses? Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the Universe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of our selves, and of all the little works of human Invention.

N^o 104. Friday, July 10.

Quæ è longinquo magis placent.

Tacit.

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

S I R,

Blois, May 15. N. S.

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

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

“ In the Reign of King *John* there lived a nobleman called *John de Sigonia*, Lord of that place in *Tourraine*. His Brothers were *Philip* and *Briant*. *Briant*, when very young, was made one of the *French* King’s

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

Le Roi d’Angleterre par permission du Roi de France, pour perpétuelle memoire de leurs grands faits d’armes & fidelité envers leurs Rois, leur donna par Ampliation à leurs Armes en une croix d’argent Cantonnée de quatre Coquilles d’or en Champ de Sable, qu’ils avoient auparavant, une endenteuse faite en façons de Croix de guëulle inserée au dedans de la ditte croix d’argent & par le milieu d’icelle qui est participation des deux Croix que portent les dits Rois en la Guerre.

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

“ me upon writing it, as that I have of taking any occasion to subscribe
 “ my self, *S I R, Yours, &c.*

S I R,

Blois, May 20, N. S.

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

Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur abesset.

“ This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I staid near
 “ the *French* court, though I must confess I would not but have seen it, be-
 “ cause I believe it showed me some of the finest places and of the grea-
 “ test persons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it
 “ that does not bring to mind a piece of a *Gazette*, nor see a man that
 “ has not signalized himself in a battel. One would fancy ones self to be
 “ in the enchanted palaces of a romance; one meets with so many He-
 “ roes, and finds something so like scenes of Magick in the gardens, sta-
 “ tues, and water-works. I am ashamed that I am not able to make a
 “ quicker progress through the *French* tongue, because I believe it is im-
 “ possible for a learner of a language to find in any nation such advan-
 “ tages as in this, where every body is so very courteous and so very
 “ talkative. They always take care to make a noise as long as they are
 “ in company, and are as loud, any hour of the morning, as our own
 “ countrymen at midnight. By what I have seen, there is more mirth
 “ in the *French* conversation, and more wit in the *English*. You a-
 “ bound more in jests, but they in laughter. Their language is indeed
 “ extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of so much repetition and
 “ compliment. One may know a foreigner by his answering only No
 “ or Yes to a question, which a *Frenchman* generally makes a sentence
 “ of. They have a set of ceremonious phrases that run through all ranks
 “ and degrees among them. Nothing is more common than to hear a
 “ shopkeeper desiring his neighbour to have the goodness to tell him what
 “ is a clock, or a couple of coblers that are extremely glad of the honour
 “ of seeing one another.

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

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

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

N^o 105. *Saturday, July 11.*

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

Ov.

THERE was no part of the show on the Thanksgiving-day that so much pleased and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with so much order and decency in that part of the *Strand* which reaches from the *Maypole* to *Exeter-Change*. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, cloathed in the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a *Roman* triumph. Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks of their several instructors, who were disposed among this little helpless people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any sentiments of humanity.

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

I have always looked on this institution of charity-schools, which, of late years, has so universally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use

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

Since I am upon this subject, I shall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more, because it is practised by most of the nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children who through want of such a provision are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either ashamed or unable to provide for them!

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

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

There are at *Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome*, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges. In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines, in the shape of large lanthorns, with a little door in the side of them turned towards the street, and a bell hanging by them. The child is deposited in this lanthorn, which is immediately turned about into the inside of the hospital. The person who conveys the child rings the bell and leaves it there, upon which the proper Officer comes and receives it without making further enquiries. The parent or her friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet christened, the name it should be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

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

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

N^o 106. *Monday, July 13.*

Quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ. Perf.

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

S I R,

S I R,

“ YOUR two kinsmen and predeceffors of immortal memory, were
 “ very famous for their dreams and vifions, and contrary to all
 “ other Authors never pleased their Readers more than when they were
 “ nodding. Now it is obferved, that the *Second-fight* generally runs in
 “ the blood; and, Sir, we are in hopes that you your felf, like the reft
 “ of your family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a feer
 “ of vifions. In the mean while I beg leave to make you a prefent of a
 “ dream, which may ferve to lull your Readers till fuch time as you
 “ your felf fhall think fit to gratifie the public with any of your nocturnal
 “ difcoveries.

“ You muft underftand, Sir, I had yefterday been reading and rumi-
 “ nating upon that paffage where *Momus* is faid to have found fault with
 “ the make of a man, becaufe he had not a window in his breaft. The
 “ moral of this ftory is very obvious, and means no more than that the
 “ heart of man is fo full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that
 “ there is no gueffing at what he is from his fpeeches and outward ap-
 “ pearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the fexes
 “ would be, if there was a window in the breaft of every one that makes
 “ or receives love. What proteftations and perjuries would be faved on
 “ the one fide, what hypocrifie and diffimulation on the other? I am my
 “ felf very far gone in this paffion for *Aurelia*, a woman of an unfearch-
 “ able heart. I would give the world to know the fecrets of it, and
 “ particularly whether I am really in her good graces, or if not, who is
 “ the happy perfon.

“ I fell afleep in this agreeable reverie, when on a fudden methought
 “ *Aurelia* lay by my fide. I was placed by her in the pofture of *Milton's*
 “ *Adam*, and *with looks of cordial love hung over her enamour'd*. As I
 “ caft my eye upon her bofom, it appeared to be all of cryftal, and fo
 “ wonderfully transparent, that I faw every thought in her heart. The
 “ firft images I difcovered in it were fans, filks, ribbands, laces, and many
 “ other gewgaws, which lay fo thick together, that the whole heart was
 “ nothing elie but a toy-shop. Thefe all faded away and vanifhed, when
 “ immediately I difcerned a long train of coaches and fix, equipages and
 “ liveries that ran through the heart one after another in very great hur-
 “ ry for above half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively,
 “ I obferved the whole fpace to be filled with a hand of cards, in which
 “ I could fee diftinctly three mattadors. There then followed a quick
 “ fucceffion of different fcenes. A Play-houfe, a Church, a Court, a

" Poppet-show, rose up one after another, till at last they all of them
 " gave place to a pair of new shoes, which kept footing in the heart for
 " a whole hour. These were driven off at last by a lap-dog, who was
 " succeeded by a *Guiney* pig, a squirrel and a monkey. I my self, to my
 " no small joy, brought up the rear of these worthy favourites. I was
 " ravished at being so happily posted and in full possession of the heart:
 " but as I saw the little figure of my self simpering, and mightily pleased
 " with its situation, on a sudden the heart methought gave a sigh, in
 " which, as I found afterwards, my little representative vanished; for up-
 " on applying my eye I found my place taken up by an ill-bred, awkward
 " puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This Gentleman, however,
 " did not keep his station long before he yielded it up to a wight as dis-
 " agreeable as himself, with a white stick in his hand. These three last
 " figures represented to me in a lively manner the conflicts in *Aurelia's*
 " heart between Love, Avarice and Ambition. For we jostled one ano-
 " ther out by turns, and disputed the point for a great while. But at
 " last, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw my self entirely settled in it.
 " I was so transported with my success, that I could not forbear hugging
 " my dear piece of crystal, when to my unspeakable mortification I a-
 " waked, and found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.

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

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

Your humble Servant,

Peter Puzzle.

Tuesday,

 N^o 107. Tuesday, July 14.

-----tentanda via est-----

Virg.

I Have lately entertained my Reader with two or three letters from a traveller, and may possibly, in some of my future papers, oblige him with more from the same hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a sort of correspondent as diverting as a traveller: his subject having the same grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curiosity of the Reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondness for a project, and may say, without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myself. I could mention some which I have brought to maturity, others which have miscarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I see a proper juncture. I had a hand in the Land-bank, and was consulted with upon the reformation of manners. I have had several designs upon the *Thames* and the *New-river*, not to mention my refinements upon lotteries and insurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which if it had succeeded to my wishes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for want of any good will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a two-fold nature: the first arising from publick-spirited persons, in which number I declare myself: the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter.

S I R,

“ A Man of your reading knows very well that there were a sett of
 “ men, in old *Rome*, called by the name of *Nomenclators*, that
 “ is in *English*, men who could call every one by his name. When a
 “ great man stood for any publick office, as that of a Tribune, a Consul,
 “ or a Cenfor, he had always one of these *Nomenclators* at his elbow,
 “ who

“ who whispered in his ear the name of every one he met with, and by
 “ that means enabled him to salute every *Roman* citizen by his name
 “ when he asked him for his vote. To come to my purpose, I have
 “ with much pains and assiduity qualified my self for a *Nomenclator* to
 “ this great city, and shall gladly enter upon my office as soon as I meet
 “ with suitable encouragement. I will let my self out by the week to
 “ any curious country Gentleman or foreigner. If he takes me with
 “ him in a coach to the ring, I will undertake to teach him, in two or
 “ three evenings, the names of the most celebrated persons who frequent
 “ that place. If he plants me by his side in the pite, I will call over to
 “ him, in the same manner, the whole circle of beauties that are dispo-
 “ sed among the boxes, and at the same time point out to him the per-
 “ sons who ogle them from their respective stations. I need not tell you
 “ that I may be of the same use in any other publick assembly. Nor do
 “ I only profess the teaching of names but of things. Upon the sight of
 “ a reigning beauty, I shall mention her admirers, and discover her gal-
 “ lantries, if they are of publick notoriety. I shall likewise mark out e-
 “ very toast, the club in which she was elected, and the number of votes
 “ that were on her side. Not a woman shall be unexplained that makes
 “ a figure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The men too shall be
 “ set out in their distinguishing characters, and declared whose proper-
 “ ties they are. Their wit, wealth, or good humour, their persons, sta-
 “ tions, and titles, shall be described at large.

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

N. B. “ She is a near kinswoman of the Author of the *new Atalantis*.

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

Your humble Servant.

After this letter from my whimsical correspondent, I shall publish one
 of a more serious nature, which deserves the utmost attention of the
 publick,

publick, and in particular of such who are lovers of mankind. It is on no less a subject, than that of discovering the *Longitude*, and deserves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any such term. But all I can say on this subject will be superfluous, when the Reader sees the names of those persons by whom this letter is subscribed, and who have done me the honour to send it me. I must only take notice, that the first of these Gentlemen is the same person who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, entitled, *A Scheme of the Solar System, with the Orbits of the Planets and Comets belonging thereto. Described from Dr. Halley's accurate table of Comets, Philosoph. Transact. N^o 297. founded on Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries, by Wm. Whiston, M. A.*

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

S I R,

London, July 11. 1713:

“ HAVING a discovery of considerable importance to communicate to
“ the publick, and finding that you are pleased to concern your
“ self in any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we
“ take the liberty to desire the insertion of this letter into your *Guardi-*
“ *an.* We expect no other recommendation of it from you, but the al-
“ lowing of it a place in so useful a paper. Nor do we insist on any
“ protection from you, if what we propose should fall short of what we
“ pretend to; since any disgrace, which in that case must be expected,
“ ought to lie wholly at our own doors, and to be entirely born by our
“ selves, which we hope we have provided for by putting our own
“ names to this paper.

“ 'Tis well known, Sir, to your self, and to the learned, and trading,
“ and sailing world, that the great defect of the art of Navigation is, that
“ a ship at sea has no certain method, in either her eastern or western
“ voyages, or even in her less distant sailing from the coasts, to know her
“ Longitude, or how much she is gone eastward or westward; as it can
“ easily be known in any clear day or night, how much she is gone north-
“ ward or southward: the several methods by lunar Eclipses, by those
“ of *Jupiter's* Satellites, by the appulses of the moon to fixed stars, and
“ by the even motions of Pendulum clocks and watches, upon how so-
“ lid foundations soever they are built, still failing in long voyages at sea
“ when they come to be practised; and leaving the poor sailors to the
“ great inaccuracy of a long-line, or dead reckoning. This defect is so
“ great,

“ great, and so many ships have been lost by it, and this has been so long
 “ and so sensibly known by trading nations, that great rewards are said to
 “ be publickly offered for its supply. We are well satisfied, that the dis-
 “ covery we have to make as to this matter, is easily intelligible by all,
 “ and readily to be practised at sea as well as at land; that the Latitude
 “ will thereby be likewise found at the same time; and that with proper
 “ charges it may be made as universal as the world shall please; nay, that
 “ the Longitude and Latitude may be generally hereby determined to a
 “ greater degree of exactness than the Latitude itself is now usually found
 “ at sea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the
 “ publick consideration. We are ready to disclose it to the world, if we
 “ may be assured that no other persons shall be allowed to deprive us of
 “ those rewards which the publick shall think fit to bestow for such a dis-
 “ covery; but do not desire actually to receive any benefit of that na-
 “ ture, untill Sir *Isaac Newton* himself, with such other proper persons as
 “ shall be chosen to assist him, have given their opinion in favour of this
 “ discovery. If Mr. IRONSIDE pleases so far to oblige the publick as
 “ to communicate this proposal to the world, he will also lay a great obli-
 “ gation on

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

N^o 108. *Wednesday, July 15.*

Abjetibus juvenes patriis et montibus æqui. Virg.

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

Mr.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

“ I Was very much troubled to see the two letters which you lately published concerning the Short Club. You cannot imagine what
“ airs all the little pragmatistical fellows about us have given themselves
“ since the reading of those papers. Every one cocks and struts upon it,
“ and pretends to over-look us who are two foot higher than themselves.
“ I met with one the other day who was at least three inches above five
“ foot, which you know is the statutable measure of that club. This o-
“ ver-grown runt has struck off his heels, lowered his foretop, and con-
“ tracted his figure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this
“ new erected society; nay so far did his vanity carry him, that he talk-
“ ed familiarly of *Tom Tiptoe*, and pretends to be an intimate acquaint-
“ tance of *Tim. Tuck*. For my part, I scorn to speak any thing to the
“ diminution of these little creatures, and should not have minded them
“ had they been still shuffled among the croud. Shrubs and underwoods
“ look well enough while they grow within the shade of oaks and cedars,
“ but when these pigmies pretend to draw themselves out from the rest
“ of the world, and form themselves into a body; it is time for us, who
“ are men of figure, to look about us. If the Ladies should once take
“ a liking to such a diminutive race of lovers, we should, in a little time,
“ see mankind epitomized, and the whole species in miniature; daisie
“ roots would grow a fashionable diet. In order therefore to keep our
“ posterity from dwindling, and fetch down the pride of this aspiring
“ race of upstarts; we have here instituted a Tall Club.

“ As the short club consists of those who are under five foot, ours is
“ to be composed of such as are above six. These we look upon as the
“ two extremes and antagonists of the species; considering all those as
“ Neuters who fill up the middle space. When a man rises beyond
“ six foot he is an *Hypermeter*, and may be admitted into the tall club.

“ We have already chosen thirty members, the most sightly of all her
“ Majesty's subjects. We elected a President, as many of the ancients
“ did their Kings, by reason of his height, having only confirmed him
“ in that station above us which nature had given him. He is a *Scotch*
“ *Highlander*, and within an inch of a show. As for my own part I am
“ but a feskippedal, having only six foot and a half of stature. Being the
“ shortest member of the club, I am appointed Secretary. If you saw
“ us alltogether you would take us for the sons of *Anak*. Our meetings
“ are held like the old *Gothick* Parliaments, *sub dio*, in open air; but
“ we shall make an interest, if we can, that we may hold our assemblies
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“ in *Westminster-Hall* when it is not term-time. I must add to the honour of our club, that it is one of our society who is now finding out the longitude. The device of our publick seal is a Crane grasping a Pigmy in his right foot.

“ I know the short club value themselves very much upon Mr. *Distick*, who may possibly play some of his *Pentameters* upon us, but if he does he shall certainly be answered in *Alexandrines*. For we have a Poet among us of a Genius as exalted as his stature, and who is very well read in *Longinus* his treatise concerning the sublime. Besides, I would have Mr. *Distick* consider, that if *Horace* was a short man, *Museus*, who makes such a noble figure in *Virgil's* sixth *Æneid*, was taller by the head and shoulders than all the people of *Elizium*. I shall therefore confront his *lepidissimum homuncionem* (a short quotation and fit for a member of their club) with one that is much longer, and therefore more suitable to a member of ours.

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

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

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

S I R, Yours &c.

Thursday

 N^o 109. *Thursday, July 16.*

Pugnabat tunicâ sed tamen illa tegi.

Ovid.

I Have received many letters from persons of all conditions in reference to my late discourse concerning the *Tucker*. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who subscribes herself *Teramintha*, bids me in a very pert manner mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linnen; for that they do not dress for an old fellow, who cannot see them without a pair of spectacles. Another who calls herself *Bubnelia*, vents her passion in scurrilous terms; an old ninnyhammer, a dotard, a nincompoop, is the best language she can afford me. *Florella* indeed expostulates with me upon the subject, and only complains that she is forced to return a pair of stays which were made in the extremity of the fashion, that she might not be thought to encourage peeping.

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

S I R,

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

Y 2

“ to

“ to it, they began to throw off their cloaths as fast as they could, and
 “ have played all those pranks which you have so seasonably taken notice
 “ of. We were forced to uncover after them, being unwilling to give
 “ out so soon, and be regarded as Veterans in the *beau monde*. Some of us
 “ have already caught our deaths by it. For my own part I have not been
 “ without a cold ever since this foolish fashion came up. I have followed
 “ it thus far with the hazard of my life, and how much further I must go
 “ no body knows, if your paper does not bring us relief. You may as-
 “ sure your self that all the antiquated necks about town are very much
 “ obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames are concealed in our bo-
 “ soms (in which perhaps we vye with the youngest of the sex) they are
 “ not sufficient to preserve us against the wind and weather. In taking
 “ so many old women under your care, you have been a real *Guardian* to
 “ us, and saved the life of many of your cotemporaries. In short, we all
 “ of us beg leave to subscribe our selves,

Most venerable NESTOR,

Your most humble Servants and Sisters.

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

Dear GUARDEE,

“ THIS comes to you from one of those *Untuckered* Ladies whom
 “ you were so sharp upon on *Monday* was fennight. I think my
 “ self mightily beholden to you for the reprehension you then gave us.
 “ You must know I am a famous Olive beauty. But though this complexion
 “ makes a very good face when there are a couple of black sparkling
 “ eyes set in it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women
 “ therefore

“ therefore thought of this fashion to insult the Olives and the Brunetts.
 “ They know very well that a neck of Ivory does not make so fine a
 “ show as one of Alabaster. It is for this reason, Mr. *Ironsides*, that they
 “ are so liberal in their discoveries. We know very well, that a woman
 “ of the whitest neck in the world, is to you no more than a woman of
 “ snow; but *Ovid*, in Mr. *Duke’s* translation of him, seems to look up-
 “ on it with another eye when he talks of *Corinna*, and mentions

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

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

*I am your most obliged, humble servant,
 Olivia.*

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

N^o 110. *Friday, July 17.*

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

THE candor which *Horace* shows in the motto of my paper, is
 that which distinguishes a Critic from a Caviller. He declares
 that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical com-
 position, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection
 of

of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world than a perfect man. To say of a celebrated piece that there are faults in it, is in effect to say no more, than that the Author of it was a man. For this reason I consider every Critic that attacks an Author in high reputation as the slave in the *Roman* triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, *Remember, Sir, that you are a man.* I speak this in relation to the following Letter, which criticises the works of a great Poet, whose very faults have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and just, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an Author, who I am sure would not care for being praised at the expence of another's reputation. I must therefore desire my correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the preface or conclusion of his Letter, but only the critical part of it.

S I R,

* * * * *
* * * * *

“ OUR Tragedy writers have been notoriously defective in giving
“ proper sentiments to the persons they introduce. Nothing is
“ more common than to hear an heathen talking of Angels and Devils,
“ the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, according to the christian
“ system. *Lee's Alcander* discovers himself to be a *Cartesian* in the first
“ page of *OEdipus*.

——— *The Sun's sick too,*
Shortly he'll be an earth———

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

I am pleas'd with my own work ; Jove was not more
With infant nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,
To give it the first push, and see it rowl
Along the vast abyss———

“ I have now Mr. *Dryden's Don Sebastian* before me, in which I find
“ frequent allusions to ancient history, and the old mythology of the
“ heathen. It is not very natural to suppose a King of *Portugal* would
“ be borrowing thoughts out of *Ovid's Metamorphosis* when he talked
“ even

“ even to those of his own Court, but to allude to these *Roman* fables
 “ when he talks to an Emperor of *Barbary*, seems very extraordinary.
 “ But observe how he defies him out of the Classics in the following
 “ lines :

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

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

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

“ She afterwards, in allusion to *Hercules*, bids him *lay down the Lion's*
 “ *skin, and take the distaff*; and in the following speech utters her pas-
 “ sion still more learnedly.

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

“ The Emperor of *Barbary* shows himself acquainted with the *Roman*
 “ Poets as well as either of his prisoners, and answers the foregoing
 “ speech in the same classic strain.

*Serpent, I will engender poison with thee.
 Our offspring, like the seed of dragons teeth,
 Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death.*

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

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

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

The

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

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

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

“ As for the *Mufti* we will suppose that he was bred up a scholar,
“ and not only versed in the law of *Mahomet*, but acquainted with all
“ kinds of polite learning. For this reason he is not at all surprized
“ when *Dorax* calls him a *Phaeton* in one place, and in another tells him
“ he is like *Archimedes*.

“ The *Mufti* afterwards mentions *Ximenes*, *Albornoz*, and Cardinal
“ *Wolfey* by name. The Poet seems to think he may make every person,
“ in his Play, know as much as himself, and talk as well as he could
“ have done on the same occasion. At least I believe every Reader will
“ agree with me, that the above-mentioned sentiments, to which I might
“ have added several others, would have been better suited to the Court
“ of *Augustus*, than that of *Muley Molock*. I grant they are beautiful in
“ themselves, and much more so in that noble language which was pe-
“ culiar to this great Poet. I only observe that they are improper for
“ the persons who make use of them. *Dryden* is indeed generally wrong
“ in his sentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between *Octavia* and
“ *Cleopatra*, and he will be amazed to hear a *Roman Lady's* mouth filled
“ with such obscene raillery. If the virtuous *Octavia* departs from her
“ character, the loose *Dolabella* is no less inconsistent with himself, when,
“ all of a sudden, he drops the *Pagan* and talks in the sentiments of re-
“ vealed religion.

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

“ I might show several faults of the same nature in the celebrated
“ *Aurence-Zebe*. The impropriety of thoughts in the speeches of the
“ great

“ great *Mogul* and his *Emprefs* has been generally censured. Take the
 “ sentiments out of the shining dress of words, and they would be too
 “ coarse for a scene in *Billinggate*.

* * * * *

I am, &c.

N^o III. *Saturday, July 18.*

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

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

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excell all their contemporaries in knowledge. *Julius Cæsar* and *Alexander*, the

most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, that he was more obliged to *Aristotle* who had instructed him, than to *Philip* who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by *Plutarch* and *Aulus Gellius*, which he wrote to *Aristotle* upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the height of his *Persian* conquests.

Alexander to Aristotle, Greeting.

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

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

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

The story of *Solomon's* choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, That he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method

method for gaining long life, riches and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards, but the effects of wisdom.

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

In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast showed unto thy servant David, my father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant King instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thy self long life, neither hast asked riches for thy self, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thy self understanding to discern judgment; behold I have done according to thy words: lo I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour, so that there shall not be any among the Kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream—

The *French Poet* has shadowed this story in an Allegory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three Goddesses appearing to *Paris*, or rather from the vision of *Hercules*, recorded by *Xenophon*, where *Pleasure* and *Virtue* are represented as real persons making their court to the Hero with all their several charms and allurements. Health, wealth, victory and honour are introduced successively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending her self to the young Monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared

before her were nothing else but her equipage, and that since he had placed his heart upon wisdom; health, wealth, victory and honour should always wait on her as her handmaids.

N^o 112. Monday, July 20.

----- *udam*
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.

Hor.

THE Philosophers of King *Charles's* reign were busie in finding out the art of flying. The famous Bishop *Wilkins* was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next age it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed among the Vertuoso's of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the story of the great Lady, who at the same time was building castles in the air for their reception. I always leave such trite quotations to my Reader's private recollection. For which reason also I shall forbear extracting out of Authors several instances of particular persons who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this I shall present my Reader with the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of *Dædalus*.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

“ **K** Nowing that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to
 “ acquaint you, that I have made a considerable progress in the
 “ art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morn-
 “ ing, and when my wings are on, can go above an hundred yards at a
 “ hop, step and jump. I can fly already as well as a Turkey cock, and
 “ improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the
 “ world

world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next publick
 Thanksgiving-day it is my design to sit astride the Dragon upon *Bow*
 steeple, from whence after the first discharge of the *Tower* guns I in-
 tend to mount into the air, fly over *Fleet-street*, and pitch upon the
May-pole in the *Strand*. From thence, by a gradual descent, I shall
 make the best of my way for *St. James's park*, and light upon the
 ground near *Rosamond's pond*. This I doubt not will convince the
 world, that I am no pretender; but before I set out, I shall desire to
 have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly,
 under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I intend
 to work for the Court my self, and will have journey-men under me
 to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire, that I may have the
 sole teaching of persons of Quality, in which I shall spare neither time
 nor pains till I have made them as expert as my self. I will fly with
 the women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the
 next Masquerade dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an *Indian*
 Prince, that the Quality may see how pretty they will look in their
 travelling habits. You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice
 to projectors of all kinds, for which reason when I talk of practising to
 fly, silly people think me an owl for my pains; but, Sir, you know
 better things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will
 accrue to the publick from this invention, as how the roads of *Eng-*
land will be saved when we travel through these new *High-ways*, and
 how all family-accounts will be lessened in the article of coaches and
 horses. I need not mention posts and packet-boats, with many other
 conveniencies of life, which will be supplied this way. In short, Sir,
 when mankind are in possession of this art, they will be able to do
 more business in threescore and ten years than they could do in a thou-
 sand by the methods now in use. I therefore recommend my self and
 art to your patronage, and am

Your most humble Servant.

I have fully considered the project of these our modern *Dadalists*,
 and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from
 flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immora-
 lities, and give such occasions for intrigues as people cannot meet with
 who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of
 lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the monument, and
 see the Cupola of *St. Paul's* covered with both sexes like the outside of

a pidgeon-houfe. Nothing would be more frequent than to fee a Beau flying in at a garret window, or a Gallant giving chace to his Miftrefs, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without fpringing a covey of Toaft. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head: if he were jealous indeed he might clip his wife's wings, but what would this avail when there were flocks of whore-mafters perpetually hovering over his houfe? what concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? every heirefs muft have an old woman flying at her heels. In fhort, the whole air would be full of this kind of *Gibier*, as the *French* call it. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more bufinefs done than there is at prefent. However fhould he apply for fuch a patent as he fpeaks of, I queftion not but there would be more petitions out of the city againft it, than ever yet appeared againft any other monopoly whatfoever. Every tradesman that cannot keep his wife a coach could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but ſhe would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only confidered the ill confequences of this invention in the influences it would have on love affairs: I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but thefe I fhall defer publishing till I fee my friend aſtride the Dragon.

N^o 113. *Tuesday, July 21.*

----- *Amphora cæpit*
Inſtitui, currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?

Hor.

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

Good

Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

Cheapside, July 18.

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

I am, &c.

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

My

My correspondent's observations are very just, and may be useful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and wedding suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended too. What I mean is this. Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my Correspondent's holiday suit, which is to last no longer than till he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves, nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controuled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young Lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that instead of treating her like a Goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with fullness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend *Tom. Truelove* in this particular. *Tom.* made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good-breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. *Tom.* would often tell her, Madam, you see what a sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse. I remember *Tom* was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? No, Madam, says *Tom*, I mention this now because you are at your own disposal, were you at mine I should be too generous to do it. In short, *Tom* succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The Lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the Lover.

Wednesday

N^o 114. *Wednesday, July 22.*

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

Phæd.

I Think my self obliged to acquaint the publick, that the Lion's head, of which I advertised them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at *Button's* coffee-house in *Russel-street, Covent Garden*, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antique *Egyptian* lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the Coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains every thing that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of *Knowledge* and *Action*, being all head and paws.

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

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on's character, by representing him as such a peaceable good-natured well-defigning beast.

I intend to publish once every week the *Roarings of the Lion*, and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the *British* nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in prompting him, and supplying him with suitable provision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in *England*.

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

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

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

Mr. GUARDIAN,

Mr. GUARDIAN,

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

I am, SIR, your daily Reader and Admirer,

Tom. Plain.

N^o 115. *Thursday, July 23.*

Ingenium par materie-----

Juv.

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

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

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

Mr. Congreve to Sir R. Temple.

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

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

It is commonly known, that Pope *Leo* the Tenth was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations and disputes of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom *Strada* founds the following narrative. When this Pope was at his *Villa*, that stood upon an eminence on the banks of the *Tiber*, the Poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was split at the top in imitation of *Parnassus*. There were several marks on it that distinguished it for the habitation of Heroic Poets. Of all the Muses *Calliope* only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. *Pegasus* appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating *Parnassus* fell down the river to the found of trumpets.

trumpets, and in a kind of Epic measure, for it was rowed forward by *six* huge wheels, three on each side, that by their constant motion carried on the machine until it arrived before the Pope's *Villa*.

The representatives of the ancient Poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters. *Statius* was posted on the highest of the two summits, which was fashioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner, so that people regarded him with the same terror and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

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

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

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

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

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

This poetical masquerade was no sooner arrived before the Pope's *Villa*, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly.

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The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The Poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the stile and spirit of those immortal Authors whom they represented. The subjects of these several poems, with the judgment passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.

N^o 116. *Friday, July 24.*

----- *Ridiculum acri*

Fortius et melius-----

Hor.

THERE are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the Pulpit. Should they recommend the *Tucker* in a pathetick discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish, where the top-woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of her forehead: the good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelvemonth; but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson *Patch* for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor *Top-knot* for reasons of the same nature. I remember the Clergy, during the time of *Cromwell's* usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and showing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white-wash, and have known a coloured ribbon made the mark of the unconverted. The Clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason I look upon my self to be of great use to these good men; while they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the
 Doctor

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

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

NESTOR IRONSIDE,

“OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have
 “ a glimmering of the light in thee: we shall pray for thee, that
 “ thou mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good ad-
 “ vice to the women of this world to cloath themselves like unto our
 “ friends, and not to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against
 “ the record. Thy Lion is a good Lion; he roareth loud, and is heard
 “ a great way, even unto the sink of *Babylon*; for the Scarlet Whore is
 “ governed by the voice of thy Lion. Look on his order.

Rome, July 8, 1713. “ *A placard is published here, forbidding wo-
 “ men of whatsoever quality, to go with naked breasts; and the Priests
 “ are ordered not to admit the transgressors of this law to confession, nor
 “ to communion; neither are they to enter the Cathedrals under severe
 “ penalties.*

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

“ Seeing thy Lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish wo-
 “ men in thy own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise
 “ thou art desired to make him still roar till all the beasts of the forest
 “ shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee, friend *Nestor*, the whole
 “ brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so in-
 “ spired with the light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher
 “ of the word. I wish it heartily.

Thine,

in every thing that is praise-worthy,

Tom. Tremble.

It

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

It happens very oddly that the Pope and I should have the same thought much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his Holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider this fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his Bull and my Lion. I am only afraid that our Ladies will take occasion from hence to show their zeal for the protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to Popery.

N° 117. Saturday, July 25.

Cura pii Diis sunt-----

Ov.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur *Boileau's* works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of *Longinus*. He there tells us, that the Sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the *Atthaliab* of Monsieur *Racine*. When *Abner*, one of the chief Officers of the Court, represents to *Joad* the High-Priest, that the Queen was incensed against him, the High-Priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer.

*Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des mechans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté Sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.*

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

Abner, *I fear my God, and I fear none but him.* Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of a Divine power, naturally over-looks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle it self in the heart of man; it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted Person; it disarms the tyrant and executioner, and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a Being that is Omnipotent? A Being who is able to crush all his adversaries? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The Person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great Superintendant of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments, but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care, in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself, by this virtue, an object of Divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have enclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in Pagan history, which more pleases me than that which is recorded in the life of *Timoleon*. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. *Cornelius Nepos* acquaints us that he had in his house a private chappel, in which

he used to pay his devotions to the Goddesses who represented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished, by the Deity whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I shall relate out of *Plutarch*.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate *Timoleon* as he was offering up his devotions in a certain Temple. In order to it they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their Plot had been discovered, threw themselves at *Timoleon's* feet and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination, but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now fought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the Temple, who had planted himself there for the abovementioned purpose. *Plutarch* cannot forbear, on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of Providence, which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, untill, by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of *Timoleon's* religion should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.



Monday

N^o 118. *Monday, July 27.*

— *Largitor ingeni*
Venter —

Perf.

I Am very well pleased to find that my Lion has given such universal content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater number of visitants than any of his brotherhood in the *Tower*. I this morning examined his maw, where among much other food I found the following delicious morsels.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Mr. GUARDIAN,

I Am a daily peruser of your papers, I have read over and over your
 “ discourse concerning the Tucker; as likewise your paper of
 “ *Thursday* the 16th instant, in which you say it is your intention to keep
 “ a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them
 “ from head to foot. Now, Sir, being by profession a Mantua-maker
 “ who am employed by the most fashionable Ladies about town, I am
 “ admitted to them freely at all hours, and seeing them both dress and
 “ undress, I think there is no person better qualified than my self to
 “ serve you (if your Honour pleases) in the nature of a *Lioness*. I am in
 “ the whole secret of their fashion, and if you think fit to entertain me in
 “ this character, I will have a constant watch over them, and doubt not
 “ I shall send you from time to time such private intelligence, as you
 “ will find of use to you in your future papers.

“ Sir, this being a new proposal, I hope you will not let me lose the
 “ benefit of it: but that you will first hear me roar before you treat with
 “ any body else. As a sample of my intended services, I give you this
 “ timely notice of an improvement you will shortly see in the exposing of
 “ the female chest, which in defiance of your Gravity is going to be un-
 “ covered yet more and more; so that to tell you truly, *Mr. Ironside*, I
 “ am in some fear lest my profession shou’d in a little become wholly un-

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“ necessary

“ necessary. I must here explain to you a small covering, if I may call
 “ it so, or rather an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet ta-
 “ ken notice of. This consists of a narrow lace, or a small skirt of fine
 “ ruffled linnen, which runs along the upper part of the stays before, and
 “ crosses the breasts, without rising to the shoulders; and being as it were
 “ a part of the Tucker, yet kept in use, is therefore by a particular name
 “ called the modesty-piece. Now, Sir, what I have to communicate to
 “ you at present is, that at a late meeting of the stripping Ladies, in
 “ which were present several eminent toasts and beauties, it was resolved
 “ for the future to lay the modesty-piece wholly aside. It is intended at
 “ the same time to lower the stays considerably before, and nothing but
 “ the unsettled weather has hindered this design from being already put
 “ in execution. Some few indeed objected to this last improvement, but
 “ were over-ruled by the rest, who alledged it was their intention, as
 “ they ingeniously expressed it, to level their breast-works entirely, and
 “ to trust to no defence but their own virtue.

I am S I R, (if you please) your secret Servant,

Leonilla Figleaf.

Dear Sir,

“ **A**S by name, and duty bound, I yesterday brought in a prey of pa-
 “ per for my Patron's dinner, but by the forwardness of his paws,
 “ he seemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which does not enough
 “ resemble its Prototypes, whose throats are open sepulchers. I assure
 “ you Sir, unless he gapes wider, he will sooner be felt than heard.
 Witness my hand,

Jackall.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Sage NESTOR,

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

“ mation of manners. I will roar (says the clown in *Shakespear*) that it
 “ will do any man’s heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make
 “ the Duke say, let him roar again, let him roar again. Such success and
 “ such applause I do not question but your Lion will meet with, whilst
 “ like that of *Sampson* his strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his en-
 “ trails abound with honey.

“ At the same time that I congratulate with the Republick of beasts up-
 “ on this honour done to their King, I must condole with us poor mortals,
 “ who by distance of place are rendered incapable of paying our respects to
 “ him, with the same assiduity as those who are ushered into his Presence
 “ by the discreet Mr. *Button*. Upon this account, Mr. *IBONSIDE*, I
 “ am become a suitor to you, to constitute an out-riding Lion; or if you
 “ please a *Jackall* or two, to receive and remit our homage in a more
 “ particular manner than is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of
 “ duty every now and then miscarry by the way, at least the natural self-
 “ love that makes us unwilling to think any thing that comes from us
 “ worthy of contempt, inclines us to believe so. Methinks it were like-
 “ wise necessary to specify, by what means a present from a fair hand
 “ may reach his brindled Majesty, the place of his residence being very
 “ unfit for a Lady’s personal appearance.

I am your most constant Reader

and Admirer,

N. R.

Dear NESTOR,

“ IT is a well known proverb, in a certain part of this kingdom,
 “ love me, love my dog; and I hope you will take it as a mark of
 “ my respect for your person, that I here bring a bit for your
 “ Lion. * * *

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers;
 wherein the Lion will publish his private intelligence.



Wednesday,

N^o 120.

Wednesday, July 29.

----- nothing lovelier can be found

In woman, than to study household good,

And good works in her husband to promote.

Milton.

A bit for the Lion.

S I R,

“ AS soon as you have set up your Unicorn, there is no question
 “ but the Ladies will make him push very furiously at the
 “ Men; for which reason I think it is good to be before-hand
 “ with them, and make the Lion roar aloud at *Female* irregularities.
 “ Among these, I wonder how their *Gaming* has so long escaped your
 “ notice. You who converse with the sober family of the *Lizards*, are
 “ perhaps a stranger to these *Virago*'s; but what would you say, should
 “ you see a *Sparkler* shaking her elbow for a whole night together, and
 “ thumping the table with a dice-box? Or how would you like to hear
 “ the good widow-lady her self returning to her house at mid-night, and
 “ alarming the whole street with a most enormous rap, after having sat up
 “ until that time at *Crimp* or *Ombre*? Sir, I am the husband of one of
 “ the female *Gamesters*, and a great loser by it both in my rest and my
 “ pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this this subject
 “ might be of use both to her, and

Your humble Servant.

I should ill deserve the name of *Guardian*, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice which when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them, First, as they relate to the *Mind*; Secondly, as they relate to the *body*.

Could

Could we look into the *mind* of a female Gamester, we should see it full of nothing but *Trumps* and *Mattadores*. Her slumbers are haunted with Kings, Queens and Knaves. The day lies heavy upon her until the play-season returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing and sorting out a pack of Cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a Soul which calls it self rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such an use? Is it thus we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior Being think, were he shown this intellectual faculty in a female Gamester, and at the same time told that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to Angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was *marked* with the five of Clubs.

Their *Passions* suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent break out all at once in a fair assembly, upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a Card? Who can consider without a secret indignation that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives; when I behold the face of an Angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a Fury.

Our minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to, and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestick innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of *Pam* than of her husband. My friend *Theophrastus*, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise, says he, from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at Cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a loser, I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeas'd with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason but because she has been throwing away my estate. What charming

ing;

ing bedfellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with, that chuse their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion? What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes must we expect from mothers of this make?

I come in the next place to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the *bodies* of our female adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every thing which corrupts the Soul, decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye, and attract the regards of the other half of the species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the Card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female Gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from Bassette, and have many a time grieved to see a person of Quality gliding by me in her chair at two a-clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of Flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female Gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is still another case in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate; the woman must find out something else to mortgage when her pin-money is gone: the husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now when the female body is once *dipped*, if the Creditor be very importunate, I leave my Reader to consider the consequences.



Thursday,

N^o 121. *Thursday, July 30.**Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum.* Virg.*Roarings of the Lion.*

Old NESTOR,

“**E**VER since the first notice you gave of the erection of that use-
 “ful monument of yours in *Button's* Coffee-house, I have had
 “a restless ambition to imitate the renowned *London* Prentice,
 “and boldly venture my hand down the throat of your Lion. The subject
 “of this letter is a relation of a Club whereof I am a member, and which
 “has made a considerable noise of late, I mean the Silent Club. The
 “year of our institution is 1694, the number of members twelve, and
 “the place of our meeting is *Dumb's ally* in *Holborn*. We look upon
 “our selves as the relicks of the old *Pythagoreans*, and have this maxim
 “in common with them, which is the foundation of our design, that
 “*talking spoils company*. The President of our society is one who was
 “born deaf and dumb, and owes that blessing to nature, which in the
 “rest of us is owing to industry alone. I find upon enquiry, that the
 “greater part of us are married men, and such whose wives are remarkably
 “loud at home: hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy at once the two
 “greatest and most valuable blessings, company and retirement. When
 “that eminent relation of yours, the *Spectator*, published his weekly pa-
 “pers, and gave us that remarkable account of his silence (for you must
 “know, though we do not read, yet we inspect all such useful essays) we
 “seemed unanimous to invite him to partake of our secrecy, but it was
 “unluckily objected that he had just then published a discourse of his at
 “his own Club, and had not arrived to that happy inactivity of the
 “tongue, which we expected from a man of his understanding. You
 “will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate, but it will be ea-
 “sily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble, and
 “as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other mens tongues are;
 “yet even this mechanick eloquence is only allowed upon the weighti-
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“ est occasions. We admire the wise institutions of the *Turks*, and other
 “ eastern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes;
 “ and we wonder that the polite Courts of christendom should come so
 “ far short of the majesty of the barbarians. *Ben Johnson* has gained an
 “ eternal reputation among us by his Play called *The Silent Woman*. Eve-
 “ ry member here is another *Morose* while the Club is sitting, but at home
 “ may talk as much and as fast as his family occasions require, without
 “ breach of statute. The advantages we find from this Quakerlike assem-
 “ bly are many. We consider, that the understanding of man is liable
 “ to mistakes, and his will fond of contradictions; that disputes, which
 “ are of no weight in themselves, are often very considerable in their ef-
 “ fects. The disuse of the tongue is the only effectual remedy against
 “ these. All party concerns, all private scandal, all insults over another
 “ man’s weaker reasons, must there be lost, where no disputes arise. Ano-
 “ ther advantage which follows from the first, (and which is very rarely
 “ to be met with) is, that we are all upon the same level in conversation.
 “ A wag of my acquaintance used to add a third, *viz.* that, if ever we
 “ debate, we are sure to have all our arguments at our fingers ends. Of
 “ all *Longinus’s* remarks, we are most enamoured with that excellent
 “ passage, where he mentions *Ajax’s* silence as one of the noblest instan-
 “ ces of the sublime, and (if you will allow me to be free with a name-
 “ fake of yours) I should think that the everlasting story-teller *Nestor*, had
 “ he been likened to the ass instead of our hero, he had suffered less by
 “ the comparison.

“ I have already described the practice and sentiments of this society,
 “ and shall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that
 “ we are not only as mute as fishes, but that we drink like fishes
 “ too; that we are like the *Welshman’s* owl, though we do not
 “ sing, we pay it off with thinking; others take us for an assembly
 “ of disaffected persons, nay their zeal to the government has carried
 “ them so far as to send, last week, a party of Constables to surprize us:
 “ you may easily imagine how exactly we represented the *Roman* Sena-
 “ tors of old, sitting with majestic silence, and undaunted at the approach
 “ of an army of *Gauls*. If you approve of our undertaking, you need
 “ not declare it to the world; your silence shall be interpreted as consent
 “ given to the honourable body of mutes, and in particular to

Your humble Servant, Ned. Mum.

P. S. " We have had but one word spoken since the foundation, for
 " which the member was expelled by the old *Roman* custom of bending
 " back the thumb. He had just received the news of the battel of *Hoch-*
 " *stat*, and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunat-
 " ly betrayed into a *lapsus linguae*. We acted on the principles of the
 " *Roman Manlius*, and though we approved of the cause of his error as
 " just, we condemned the effect as a manifest violation of his duty.

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared so well out
 of my Lion's mouth. My next pretty correspondent, like *Shakespear's*
 Lion in *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, roars an it were any nightingale.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

July 28, 1713.

" I Was afraid at first you were only in jest, and had a mind to expose
 " our nakedness for the diversion of the town; but since I see that
 " you are in good earnest, and have infallibility of your side, I cannot forbear
 " returning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend
 " who has promised me to give my letters to the Lion, till we can com-
 " municate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now
 " you must know, dear Sir, that if you do not take care to suppress this
 " exorbitant growth of the female chest, all that is left of my waist must in-
 " evitably perish. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches,
 " by what I have already made over to my neck. But if the stripping
 " design, mentioned by Mrs. *Figleaf* yesterday, should take effect, Sir, I
 " dread to think what it will come to. In short there is no help for it,
 " my girdle and all must go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have
 " pity on me then, my dear *Guardian*, and preserve me from being so
 " inhumanly exposed. I do assure you that I follow your precepts as much
 " as a young woman can, who will live in the world without being laugh-
 " ed at. I have no hooped petticoat, and when I am a matron will
 " wear broad tuckers whether you succeed or no. If the flying project
 " takes, I intend to be the last in wings, being resolved in every thing
 " to behave my self as becomes

Your most obedient Ward.

Cc 2

Tuesday,

 N^o 119. Tuesday, July 28.

-----poetarum veniet manus, auxilio que
 Sit mihi-----

Hor.

THERE is nothing which more shows the want of taste and discernment in a writer, than the decrying of any Author in gross, especially of an Author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in several ages of the world. This, however, is the general practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing Critics. Because *Homer* and *Virgil* and *Sophocles* have been commended by the learned of all times, every scribler, who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner *Strada* proceeds in his judgment on the *Latin Poets*; for I intend to publish, in this paper, a continuation of that *Prolusion* which was the subject of the last *Thursday*. I shall therefore give my Reader a short account, in prose, of every poem which was produced in the learned assembly there described; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the works of those ancient Authors, he will see with how much judgment every subject is adapted to the Poet who makes use of it, and with how much delicacy every particular Poet's way of writing is characterised in the censure that is passed upon it. *Lucan's* representative was the first who recited before the august assembly. As *Lucan* was a *Spaniard*, his poem does honour to that nation, which at the same time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the Governour of a town invested by the *Moors*. During the blockade they made his only son their prisoner, whom they brought before the walls, and exposed to his father's sight, threatening to put him to death, if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them if he had an hundred sons, he would rather see them all perish than do an ill action, or betray his country. But, says he, if you take

take a pleasure in destroying the innocent, you may do it if you please: behold a sword for your purpose. Upon which he threw his sword from the wall, returned to his Palace, and was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast, which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the shouts of the enemy and the cries of the besieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he saw his son lying in the pangs of death; but far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, he upbraids his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast.

Upon the recital of this story, which is exquisitely drawn up in *Lucan's* spirit and language, the whole assembly declared their opinion of *Lucan* in a confused murmur. The poem was praised or censured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or disadvantage of the Author. These were so very great, that some had placed him in their opinions above the highest, and others beneath the lowest of the *Latin* Poets. Most of them however agreed, that *Lucan's* genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art, and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering. In a word, that he chose rather a great than a just reputation; to which they added, that he was the first of the *Latin* Poets who deviated from the purity of the *Roman* language.

The representative of *Lucretius* told the assembly, that they should soon be sensible of the difference between a Poet who was a native of *Rome*, and a stranger who had been adopted to it: after which he entered upon his subject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a Speculation of one of my predecessors.

Strada, in the person of *Lucretius*, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain load-stone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessors of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut him-
self

self up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his Friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetick needle moving of it self to every letter which that of his Correspondent pointed at: By this means they talk'd together a-cross a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or desarts.

The whole audience were pleased with the artifice of the Poet who represented *Lucretius*, observing very well how he had laid asleep their attention to the simplicity of his style in some verses, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his subject, and to the experiment which he related. Without such an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have sounded more harsh than *Lucretius's* diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the assembly were quite of another mind. These allowed that it was peculiar to *Lucretius* above all other Poets, to be always doing or teaching something, that no other style was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleasure to those who had a true relish for the *Roman* tongue. They added further, that if *Lucretius* had not been embarrassed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his Poem.

CLAUDI AN succeeded *Lucretius*, having chosen for his subject the famous contest between the nightingale and the lutanist, which every one is acquainted with, especially since Mr. *Philips* has so finely improved that hint in one of his pastorals.

He had no sooner finished, but the assembly rung with acclamations made in his praise. His first beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his Poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse, and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings-off so frequent in the works of other Poets. There were several however of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infusion of foreign phrases with which he had corrupted the *Latin* tongue, and spoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers that cloyed and fatiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewise added a frequent and unseasonable affectation of appearing sonorous and sublime.

The sequel of this prolusion shall be the work of another day.

Friday,

N^o 122. *Friday, July 31.*

Nec magis expressi vultus per abenea signa. Hor.

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

The sequel of Strada's prolusion.

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

As I was sitting by a well, says he, when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father fastning a certain stone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no sooner touched the surface of the water, but the ring leapt up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner, that he drew it out like a fish. My father seeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it. When *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* went about the world, to repair mankind by throwing stones over their heads, the men who rose from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the stones fell. Those which fell in the fields became plowmen and shepherds. Those which fell into the water produced sailors and fishermen. Those that fell among the woods and forests gave birth to huntsmen. Among the rest there were

were several that fell upon mountains, that had mines of gold and silver in them. This last race of men immediately betook themselves to the search of these precious metals; but nature being displeas'd to see her self ransack'd, withdrew these her treasures towards the center of the earth. The avarice of man however persisted in its former pursuits, and ransack'd her inmost bowels in quest of the riches which they contained. Nature seeing her self thus plundered by a swarm of miners, was so highly incens'd, that she shook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The *Stygian* flames which lay in the neighbourhood of these deep mines, broke out at the same time with great fury, burning up the whole mass of human limbs and earth, until they were hardened and baked into stone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines were converted into those common loadstones which attract that metal. Those which were in search of gold became chryso-magnets, and still keep their former avarice in their present state of petrefaction.

Ovid had no sooner given over speaking, but the assembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were so taken with his easie way of writing, and had so formed their tastes upon it, that they had no relish for any composition which was not framed in the *Ovidian* manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion, until at length it was determined by a plurality of voices, that *Ovid* highly deserved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things which cost no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the last place they all agreed, that the greatest objection which lay against *Ovid*, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have succeeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulg'd it. *Statius* stood up next with a swelling and haughty air, and made the following story the subject of his poem.

A *German* and a *Portuguese*, when *Vienna* was besieged, having had frequent contests of rivalry, were preparing for a single duel, when on a sudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this both the *German* and *Portuguese* consented to sacrifice their private resentments to the publick, and to see who could signalize himself most upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The *German* was at length engag'd amidst a whole army of *Turks*, until his left arm, that held the shield, was unfortunately lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a blow he had received, that
he

he fell down as dead. The *Portuguese* seeing the condition of his rival, very generously flew to his succour, dispersed the multitudes that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the mean while the *German* recovered from his trance, and rose up to the assistance of the *Portuguese*, who a little after had his right arm, which held his sword, cut off by the blow of a sabre. He would have lost his life at the same time by a spear which was aimed at his back, had not the *German* slain the person who was aiming at him. These two competitors for fame having received such mutual obligations now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the sword and the other the shield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The *Portuguese* covered the *German*, while the *German* dealt destruction among the enemy. At length, finding themselves faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part of the wall, and threw themselves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the besiegers.

When *Statius* ceased, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, such as he had received in his life-time, declaring him the only man who had written in a style which was truly heroical, and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others censured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expressions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombast of his expressions. There were however a few select judges who moderated between both these extremes, and pronounced upon *Statius*, that there appeared in his style much poetical heat and fire, but withal so much smog as sullied the brightness of it. That there was a majesty in his verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a Tyrant than of a King. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of *Icarus*. In a word, that *Statius* was among the Poets, what *Alexander* the Great is among Heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient Poets who produced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the story of *Theutilla*, which being so near that of *Judith* in all its circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very ingenious Gentleman in one of Mr. *Dryden's* miscellanies, I shall here give no farther account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great Poet a subject rather for their admiration than for their applause, and that if any thing was wanting in

Virgil's poetry, it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art it self, and not in the genius of this great man. There were however some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the croud, as if there were very frequently verses in him which flagged or wanted spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultless than beautiful. But these injudicious censures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not observe to my learned Reader, that the foregoing story of the *German* and *Portuguese* is almost the same in every particular with that of the two rival soldiers in *Cesar's* Commentaries. This prolusion ends with the performance of an *Italian* Poet, full of those little witticisms and conceits which have infected the greatest part of modern poetry.

N^o 123. Saturday, August 1.

— *hic murus abeneus esto*
Nil conscire sibi—

THERE are a sort of Knights-errant in the world, who, quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and practices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

Cato.

I have often wondered, that these deflowers of innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of virtue and honour, are not restrained by compassion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion and infamy
 into

into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and stain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a dishonour that can never be wiped off, are circumstances one would think sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart which has the least tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchase the gratification of a moment at so dear a rate? and entail a lasting misery on others, for such a transient satisfaction to himself? nay, for a satisfaction that is sure, at some time or other, to be followed with remorse? I am led to this subject by two Letters which came lately to my hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one sent by a mother to one who had abused her daughter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after so great a provocation. I present the Reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent suffers on such an occasion.

S I R,

—shire, July, 1713.

THE other day I went into the house of one of my tenants, whose wife was formerly a servant in our family, and (by my grandmother's kindness) had her education with my mother from her infancy; so that she is of a spirit and understanding greatly superior to those of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like stupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, on which lay a Letter folded up and directed to a certain Nobleman, very famous in our parts for low-intrigue, or (in plainer words) for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following Letter written by her mother. I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made publick in your paper, may perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themselves in a passion which they possess but in common with the vilest part of mankind.

My Lord,

LAST night I discovered the injury you have done to my daughter. "Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that short-lived shameful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This consideration alone should have deterred a noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act. But, alas!

D d 2

" what

“ what is all the grief that must be my share, in comparifon of that, with
“ which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? lofs of
“ good name, anguish of heart, fhame and infamy, are what muft inevi-
“ tably fall upon her, unlefs ſhe gets over them by what is much worfe,
“ open impudence, profefled lewdnefs, and abandoned proftitution.
“ Theſe are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power
“ all her livelihood and dependance, her virtue and reputation. O, my
“ Lord, ſhould my ſon have practiſed the like on one of your daugh-
“ ters! — I know you ſwell with indignation at the very mention of
“ it, and would think he deſerved a thouſand deaths, ſhould he make
“ ſuch an attempt upon the honour of your family. It is well, my Lord.
“ And is then the honour of your daughter, whom ſtill, though it had
“ been violated, you might have maintained in plenty, and even luxury,
“ of greater moment to her, than to my daughter hers, whoſe only ſu-
“ ſtenance it was? and muſt my ſon, void of all the advantages of a ge-
“ neros education, muſt he, I ſay, conſider: and may your Lordſhip be
“ excuſed from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title
“ which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to its wearers
“ the prerogative of brutes. Ever curſed be its falſe luſtre, which could
“ dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the ex-
“ alted merits, and godlike virtues of your great anceſtor were honoured
“ with a Coronet, that it might be a pander to his poſterity, and confer
“ a privilege of diſhonouring the innocent and defenceleſs? at this rate
“ the laws of rewards ſhould be inverted, and he who is generous and
“ good ſhould be made a beggar and a ſlave; that induſtry and honeſt
“ diligence may keep his poſterity unſpotted, and preſerve them from
“ ruining virgins, and making whole families unhappy. Wretchedneſs
“ is now become my everlaſting portion! Your crime, my Lord, will
“ draw perdition even upon my head. I may not ſue for forgivenefs of
“ my own failings and miſdeeds, for I never can forgive yours; but ſhall
“ curſe you with my dying breath, and at the laſt tremendous day ſhall
“ hold forth in my arms my much wronged child, and call aloud for ven-
“ geance on her defiler. Under theſe preſent horrors of mind I could
“ be content to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock reve-
“ rence, and founding in your ears, to your unutterable loathing, the
“ empty title which inſpired you with preſumption to tempt, and over-
“ awed my daughter to comply.

“ Thus have I given ſome vent to my ſorrow, nor fear I to awaken
“ you to repentance, ſo that your ſin may be forgiven: the divine laws
“ have

“ have been broken, but much injury, irreparable injury, has been also
“ done to me, and the just judge will not pardon that until I do.

My Lord, your conscience will help you to my name.

N^o 124. *Monday, August 3.*

Quid fremat in terris violentius? Juv.

More roarings of the Lion.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

“ **B**EFORE I proceed to make you my propofals, it will be ne-
“ cessary to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my coun-
“ tenance, together with the remarkable flatness of my nose, and
“ extent of my mouth, have long since procured me the name of *Lion*
“ in this our university.

“ The vast emolument that, in all probability, will accrue to the Pub-
“ lick from the roarings of my new erected likeness at *Button's*, hath
“ made me desirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as
“ I am told I already am in all parts of my person. Wherefore I most
“ humbly propose to you, that (as it is impossible for this one *Lion* to
“ roar, either long enough or loud enough against all the things that are
“ roar-worthy in these Realms) you would appoint him a Sub-*Lion*, as a
“ *Præfectus Provinciae*, in every county in *Great Britain*, and 'tis my
“ request, that I may be instituted his under-roarer in this university,
“ town, and county of *Cambridge*, as my resemblance does, in some
“ measure, claim that I should.

“ I shall follow my Metropolitan's example, in roaring only against
“ those enormities that are too slight and trivial for the notice or cen-
“ sures of our Magistrates, and shall communicate my roarings to him
“ monthly, or oftner if occasion requires, to be inserted in your papers
“ *cum privilegio*.

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

“ but I will roar aloud and spare not, to the terror of, at present, a very
 “ flourishing society of people called *Lowngers*, Gentlemen whose obser-
 “ vations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much
 “ good sense of their own, to be in need of staying at home to read other
 “ peoples.

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

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

Your) humble Servant

Leo the Second.

N. B. The Raven won't bite.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

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

“ My wife and I intend a dissertation upon horns; the province she has
 “ chosen is, the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, im-
 “ provement, &c. The work is like to swell so much upon our hands,
 “ that I am afraid we shan't be able to bear the charge of printing it with-
 “ out a subscription, wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and
 “ desire those who have any thing by them relating to that part of natu-
 “ ral history, to communicate it to,

S I R, your humble Servant,

Humphry Binicorn.

S I R,

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

I. Ob

I.

*Oh the charming month of May
Oh the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the treeses
Full of blossoms fresh and gay——
Full, &c.*

II.

*Oh what joys our prospects yield!
Charming joys our prospects yield!
In a new livery when we see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field——
Bush, &c.*

III.

*Oh how fresh the morning air!
Charming fresh the morning air!
When the Zephirs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare——
Their, &c.*

IV.

*Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nighting-gale delighting
With her song suspends our talk——
With her, &c.*

V.

*Oh how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!
On mossy pillows, by the trilloes
Of a gentle purling stream——
Of a, &c.*

VI.

*Oh how kind the country lass!
Charming kind the country lass!
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking
For a green gown upon the grass——
For a, &c.*

VII.

*Oh how sweet it is to spy!
Charming sweet it is to spy!*

*At the conclusion her confusion,
Blushing cheeks, and down-cast eye——
Blushing, &c.*

VIII.

*Oh the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream,
When all is over she gives her lover!
Who on her skimming-dish carves her name——
Who on, &c.*

Mr. IRONSIDE,

July 30.

“ I Have always been very much pleased with the sight of those crea-
“ tures, which being of a foreign growth, are brought into our Island
“ for show: I may say, there has not been a tyger, leopard, elephant or
“ hyghgeen, for some years past, in this nation, but I have taken their
“ particular dimensions, and am able to give a very good description of
“ them. But I must own, I never had a greater curiosity to visit any of
“ these strangers than your Lion. Accordingly I came yesterday to town,
“ being able to wait no longer for fair weather; and made what haste I
“ could to Mr. *Button's*, who readily conducted me to his den of state,
“ He is really a creature of as noble a presence as I have seen, he has gran-
“ deur and good humour in his countenance, which command both our
“ love and respect; his shaggy main and whiskers are peculiar graces. In
“ short, I do not question but he will prove a worthy *Supporter* of *Bri-*
“ *tish* honour and virtue, especially when assisted by the *Unicorn*: You
“ must think I would not wait upon him without a morsel to gain his fa-
“ vour, and had provided what I hope would have pleased, but was un-
“ luckily prevented by the presence of a bear, which constantly, as I ap-
“ proached with my present, threw his eyes in my way, and stared me
“ out of my resolution. I must not forget to tell you, my younger daugh-
“ ter and your ward is hard at work about her Tucker, having never
“ from her infancy laid aside the modesty-piece.

I am, venerable NESTOR, your friend and humble servant.

P. N.

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

Friday,

N^o 134. *Friday, August 14.*

*Matrone præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis.*

Hor.

MY Lion having given over roaring for some time, I find that several stories have been spread abroad in the country to his disadvantage. One of my correspondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him, in their parts, that he is silenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was sent for by a messenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain several dangerous things in his maw. I must not omit another report which has been raised by such as are enemies to me and my Lion, namely, that he is starved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meals meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare these reports to be altogether groundless; and since I am contradicting common fame, I must likewise acquaint the world, that the story of a two hundred pound bank bill being conveyed to me through the mouth of my Lion, has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this; my Lion has not roared for these twelve days past, by reason that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and such as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithstanding the admonitions I have given my correspondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of scandal down his throat, others have choaked him with lewdness and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much nonsense that they have made a very ass of him. On *Monday* last, upon examining, I found him an arrant *French* Tory, and the day after a virulent Whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his Keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any man's reputation, so my Reader may be assured that I my self shall be the last man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general satisfaction, I have a design of converting a room in Mr. *Button's* house to the *Lion's Library*, in

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which

which I intend to deposite the feveral packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the publick. These manuscripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future historians who shall give an account of the present age. In the mean while, as the Lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently against the untuckered neck, and, as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, till that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

“ I Must acquaint you, for your comfort, that your Lion is grown a
 “ kind of Bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my
 “ wife comes home late from Cards, or commits any other enormity, I
 “ whisper in her ear, partly betwixt jest and earnest, that *I will tell the*
 “ *Lion of her.* Dear Sir, do not let them alone till you have made them
 “ put on their tuckers again. What can be a greater sign, that they
 “ themselves are sensible they have stripped too far, than their pretend-
 “ ing to call a bitt of linnen which will hardly cover a silver groat their
 “ *Modesty-piece*? It is observed, that this modesty-piece still sinks lower
 “ and lower, and who knows where it will fix at last?
 “ You must know, Sir, I am a *Turkey* Merchant, and lived several years
 “ in a country where the women show nothing but their eyes. Upon
 “ my return to *England* I was almost out of countenance to see my pret-
 “ ty country-women laying open their charms with so much liberality,
 “ though at that time many of them were concealed under the modest
 “ shade of the Tucker. I soon after married a very fine woman, who
 “ always goes in the extremity of the fashion. I was pleased to think, as
 “ every married man must, that I should make daily discoveries in the
 “ dear creature, which were unknown to the rest of the world. But
 “ since this new airy fashion is come up, every one’s eye is as familiar
 “ with her as mine, for I can positively affirm, that her neck is grown
 “ eight inches within these three years. And what makes me tremble
 “ when I think of it, that pretty foot and ankle are now exposed to the
 “ sight of the whole world, which made my very heart dance within me
 “ when I first found my self their proprietor. As in all appearance the
 “ curtain is still rising, I find a parcel of rascally young fellows in the
 “ neighbourhood are in hopes to be presented with some new scene
 “ every day.

“ In

“ In short, Sir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Instead of being acquainted with her person more than other men, I have now the least share of it. When she is at home she is continually muffled up, and concealed in mobbs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but strips every afternoon to appear in publick. For ought I can find, when she has thrown aside half her cloaths, she begins to think herself half drest. Now, Sir, if I may presume to say so, you have been in the wrong, to think of reforming this fashion, by showing the immodesty of it. If you expect to make female profelytes, you must convince them, that, if they would get husbands, they must not show All before marriage. I am sure, had my wife been dressed before I married her as she is at present, she would have satisfied a good half of my curiosity. Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a show, by seeing the principal figures of it hung out before the door. I have often observed a curious passenger so attentive to these objects which he could see for nothing, that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually crying out, *Pray Gentlemen walk in.*

“ I have told you at the beginning of this letter, how *Mabomet's* she-disciples are obliged to cover themselves; you have lately informed us from the foreign news papers of the regulations which the Pope is now making among the *Roman Ladies* in this particular; and I hope our *British Dames*, notwithstanding they have the finest skins in the world, will be content to show no more of them than what belongs to the face and to the *neck* properly speaking. Their being fair is no excuse for their being naked.

“ You know, Sir, that in the beginning of the last Century there was a sect of men among us who called themselves *Adamites*, and appeared in publick without cloaths. This heresie may spring up in the other sex, if you do not put a timely stop to it, there being so many in all publick places, who show so great an inclination to be *Evites*.

I am, SIR, &c.



E e 2

Saturday,

 N^o 135. Saturday, August 15.

 -----meâ
 Virtute me involvo-----

Hor.

A Good conscience is to the Soul what health is to the body: it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the Soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to our selves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased with that passage in *Don Quixote*, where the fantastical Knight is represented as loading a Gentleman of good sense with praises and elogiums. Upon which the Gentleman makes this reflection to himself: How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madman bestows them on me. In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old Philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to silence calumny, says *Bias*, is to be always exercised in such things as are praise-worthy. *Socrates*, after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure, and he was not troubled at his condemnation because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches. *Anytus* and *Melitus*, says he, may procure sentence

sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me. This divine Philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the Philosophers rather chose to retort the injury, by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They shew that it stung them, though, at the same time, they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was *Aristotle's* reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. You, says he, who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I, who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them. *Diogenes* was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: No body will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.

In these, and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of the mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my Reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of *Epietetus*. If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thy self, that his censures may not affect thee. When *Anaximander* was told, that the very boys laught at his singing; Ay, says he? then I must learn to sing better. But of all the sayings of Philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of *Plato*. Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, It is no matter, said he, I will live so that none shall believe them. Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him; I am sure he would not do it, says he, if he had not some reason for it. This is the surest, as well as the noblest way, of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, a good conscience.

I designed in this Essay, to show, that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possess'd of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it; but I find this subject so well treated in one of *Dr. South's* Sermons, that I shall fill this *Saturday's* paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention. That

That admirable Author, having shown the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest tryals and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

The third and last instance, in which above all others this confidence towards God does most eminently shew and exert it self, is at the time of death. Which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrifie him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagancies stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt. What is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honours under heaven, can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

No; at this disconsolate time, when the busie tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him; and in a word, all things conspire to make his sick bed grievous and uneasy: nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew, or shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnest, and secret anticipations of his approaching Joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up its head with confidence before Saints and Angels. Surely the comfort, which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it comes to be felt.

And now, who would not quit all the pleasures, and trash and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigors of piety, and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul, and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?

Monday,

N^o 136. *Monday, August 17.**Noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis.* Virg.

SOME of our quaint moralists have pleased themselves with an observation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thousand to go out of it. I have seen a fanciful dream written by a *Spaniard*, in which he introduces the person of death metamorphosing himself like another *Proteus* into innumerable shapes and figures. To represent the fatality of feavers and agues, with many other distempers and accidents that destroy the life of man; Death enters first of all in a body of fire, a little after he appears like a man of snow, then rolls about the room like a cannon ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill: after this he transforms himself, of a sudden, into a sword, then dwindles successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The *Spaniard's* design, by this allegory, was to shew the many assaults to which the life of man is exposed, and to let his Reader see that there was scarce any thing in nature so very mean and inconsiderable, but that it was able to overcome him and lay his head in the dust. I remember Monsieur *Paschal*, in his Reflections on Providence, has this observation upon *Cromwell's* death. That Usurper, says he, who had destroyed the Royal Family in his own nation, who had made all the Princes of *Europe* tremble, and struck a terror into *Rome* it self, was at last taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atome, a grain of sand, says he, that would have been of no significancy in any other part of the universe, being lodged in such a particular place, was an instrument of providence to bring about the most happy revolution, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind. In short, swarms of distempers are every where hovering over us; casualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk, are planted about us in ambuscade; every element, every climate, every season, all nature is full of death.

There

There are more casualties incident to men than women, as battles, sea-voyages, with several dangerous trades and professions that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have seen a treatise written by a learned Physician on the distempers peculiar to those who work in stone or marble. It has been therefore observed by curious men, that upon a strict examination there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to supply this waste in the species, has made allowances for it by a suitable redundancy in the male sex. Those who have made the nicest calculations have found, I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonstrative argument for the superintendency of Providence?

There are casualties incident to every particular station and way of life. A friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied there would be something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a Gentleman who was then going down to his seat, which lies at a considerable distance from *London*, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the several deaths that had happened in his country for the space of a whole year, and send them up to me in the form of such a bill as I mentioned. The Reader will here see that he has been as good as his promise. To make it the more entertaining he has set down, among the real distempers, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribed the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the country, laying aside feavers, apoplexies, small-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a six-bar gate, fox-hunters	4
Of a quick-set hedge	2
Two duels, <i>viz.</i>	
First, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork	1
Second, between a joint-stool and a brown jug	1
Bewitched	13
Of an evil tongue	9
Croft in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a henroost	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old Gentlewoman of the parish	1
Surfeit	

Surfeit of curds and cream	2
Took cold sleeping at Church	11
Of a sprain in his shoulder by saving his dog at a Bull-baiting	1
Lady B—s cordial water	2
Knocked down by a quart bottle	1
Frighted out of his wits by a headless dog with sawcer eyes	1
Of <i>October</i>	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a Knight of the shire	1
Old women drowned upon tryal of witchcraft	3
Climbing a crow's nest	2
Chalk and green apples	4
Led into a horse-pond by a <i>Will of the Whisp</i>	1
Died of a fright in an exercise of the trained bands	1
Over-eat himself at a house-warming	1
By the Parson's bull	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the Squire's house-dog	2
Shot by mistake	1
Of a mountebank doctor	6
Of the <i>Merry-Andrew</i>	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch	1
Old age	100
Foul distemper	o

N^o 137. *Tuesday, August 18.*

----- *sanctus haberi*
Iustitiaeque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?
Agnosco procerem-----

Juv.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed, with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission however to so many great authorities, I think they

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they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country, and by whose labours we our selves are more happy, wise or virtuous than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth, and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them upon this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and disennobles a man, in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a *new* man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes: Or, in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality fits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man of a great family is a creature that is scarce conversible. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A Gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of King *Charles's* parliaments: *Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time*—upon which a rough honest Gentleman took him up short, *I would fain know what that Gentleman means: Is there any one in this house that has not had the honour to be born as well as himself?* The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every Gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependants

or.

or flatterers, that lose all the respect, which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My Lord *Froth* has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low stoop in the salutation-sign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying, it wou'd be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about, *My Lord such a one*, says he, *your most humble servant.* *Sir Richard*, *your humble servant.* *Your servant*, *Mr. Ironside.* *Mr. Ducker*, *how do you do? Hab! Frank*, *are you there?*

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, superannuated retainers to a great house, have generally their thoughts taken up with little else.

I had some years ago an aunt of my own, by name *Mrs. Martha Ironside*, who would never marry beneath her self, and is supposed to have died a maid in the fourscorth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits and alliances of the *Ironsides*. *Mrs. Martha* conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as *Lucifer*, but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at Church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the sawcy Minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of *Mechlin* lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt *Martha* used to

chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing my self. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below her self; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a Baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy Citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the Change in a coach and six. She pretended, that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen Peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among our selves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my fore-fathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir *Gilbert Ironside*, who had a horse shot under him at *Edgbill* fight, I gave an unfortunate *Pish*, and asked, *What was all this to me?* upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister *Margaret*, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the *Ironsides*, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a Spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the *Ironsides*—— After which follows the Genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

N^o 138.*Wednesday, August 19.**Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore.*

Virg.

HERE is nothing which I study so much in the course of these my daily dissertations as variety. By this means every one of my Readers is sure some time or other to find a subject that pleases him, and almost every paper has some particular sett of men for its advocates. Instead of seeing the number of my papers every day encreasing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests, and quicken it from time to time by something

something new and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my Reader in the same manner as *Eve* does the Angel in that beautiful description of *Milton*.

*So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chuse for delicacy best.
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother yields,
In India east or west, or middle shore,
In Pontus or the Punick coast, or where
Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand——*

Fifth Book.

If by this method I can furnish out a *splendida farrago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine Poem published among the exercises of the last *Oxford* act, I have gained the end which I propose to myself.

In my yesterday's paper, I show'd how the actions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous; I shall here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and those who are to descend from us, ought to have the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble soul would rather die than commit an action that shou'd make his children blush when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those who shall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought to a man of eminence, than to consider that his posterity, who lie many removes from him, shall make their boast of his virtues, and be honoured for his sake.

VIRGIL represents this consideration as an incentive of glory to *Aeneas*, when after having shown him the race of Heroes who were to descend from him, *Anchises* adds with a noble warmth,

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?

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

Mr. Dryden.

Since

Since I have mentioned this passage in *Virgil*, where *Æneas* was entertained with the view of his great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the *Roman* name, but more particularly to compliment *Augustus*. For this reason *Anchises*, who shows *Æneas* most of the rest of his descendants in the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of *Augustus*, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned *Romulus*, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost pitch of glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice the Poet did not only give his Emperor the greatest praise he cou'd bestow upon him; but hinder'd his Reader from drawing a parallel, which wou'd have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Tho' there have been finer things spoken of *Augustus* than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to out-rival one another on that subject, he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared, for sublimity of thought, to that which the Poet here makes him. The *English* Reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. *Dryden's* translation, for the original is inimitable.

Hic vir hic est, &c.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
 Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
 Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
 Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
 Born to restore a better age of gold.
 Africk, and India, shall his pow'r obey,
 He shall extend his propagated sway,
 Beyond the solar year, without the starry way.
 Where Atlas turns the rowling heavens around:
 And his broad shoulders with their light are crown'd.
 At his foreseen approach, already quake
 The Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.

Their

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

I could show out of other Poets the same kind of vision as this in *Virgil*, wherein the chief persons of the Poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them; but instead of that, I shall conclude with a Rabbinical story which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

ADAM, say the Rabbins, a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others, the vision set before him the soul of *David*. Our great Ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but to his unspeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year.

*Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
 Esse sinent.*

Adam, to procure a longer life for so fine a piece of human nature, begged that threescore and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in *David's* time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of *David*. Accordingly, say the Rabbins, *Adam* falls short of a thousand years, which was to have been the compleat term of his life, by just so many years as make up the life of *David*. *Adam* having lived 930 years, and *David* 70.

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

was

was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of *David*, of *David the son of Jesse*, of *the man who was raised up on high*, of *the anointed of the God of Jacob*, of *the sweet psalmist of Israel*.

N^o 139. *Thursday, August 20.*

-----*prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis.* Virg.

Most venerable NESTOR,

“ I Find that every body is very much delighted with the voice of
 “ your Lion. His roarings against the Tucker have been most
 “ melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the Ladies
 “ will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater outrages;
 “ for I observe, that your Lion, as you your self have told us, is made
 “ up of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long considered
 “ with my self how I might express my gratitude to this noble animal that
 “ has so much the good of our country at his heart. After many
 “ thoughts on this subject, I have at length resolved to do honour to him,
 “ by compiling a history of his species, and extracting out of all Authors
 “ whatever may redound to his reputation. In the prosecution of this
 “ design I shall have no manner of regard to what *Æsop* has said upon
 “ the subject, whom I look upon to have been a republican by the unwor-
 “ thy treatment which he often gives to this King of beasts, and whom,
 “ if I had time, I could convict of falshood and forgery in almost every
 “ matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. Your
 “ romance writers are likewise a set of men whose authority I shall build
 “ upon very little in this case. They all of them are born with a parti-
 “ cular antipathy to Lions, and give them no more quarter than they do
 “ Giants, where-ever they chance to meet them. There is not one of
 “ the seven champions, but when he has nothing else to do, encounters
 “ with a Lion, and you may be sure always gets the better of him. In
 “ short, a Knight-errant lives in a perpetual state of enmity with this no-
 “ ble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except

“ a

“ a Dragon. Had the stories recorded of them by these writers been
“ true, the whole species would have been destroyed before now. Af-
“ ter having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I shall begin my Me-
“ moirs of the Lion with a story related of him by *Aulus Gellius*, and
“ extracted by him out of *Dion Cassius*, an historian of undoubted ve-
“ racity. It is the famous story of *Androcles* the *Roman* slave, which I
“ premise for the sake of my learned Reader, who needs go no fur-
“ ther in it if he has read it already.

“ *Androcles* was the slave of a noble *Roman* who was proconsul of *A-*
“ *frick*. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have
“ put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his
“ hands, and fled into the desarts of *Numidia*. As he was wandring
“ among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he
“ saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the
“ further end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At
“ length to his great surprize a huge overgrown Lion entered at the mouth
“ of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made to-
“ wards him. *Androcles* gave himself for gone; but the Lion, instead
“ of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with
“ a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. *Androcles*, after hav-
“ ing recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the Lion's
“ paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He
“ immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently, made
“ a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the
“ Lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The Li-
“ on left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after
“ returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at
“ the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey.
“ *Androcles*, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted up-
“ on it until the Lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days
“ in this frightful solitude, the Lion catering for him with great assiduity.
“ Being tired at length of this savage society, he was resolved to deliver
“ himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his
“ displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master,
“ as was customary for the Proconsuls of *Africk*, was at that time get-
“ ting together a present of all the largest Lions that could be found in
“ the country, in order to send them to *Rome*, that they might furnish
“ out a show to the *Roman* people. Upon his poor slave's surrendring
“ himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to *Rome* as

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“ soon

“ soon as the Lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime
 “ he should be exposed to fight with one of the Lions in the Amphithe-
 “ atre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all perform-
 “ ed accordingly. *Androcles*, after such a strange run of fortune, was
 “ now in the area of the Theatre amidst thousands of spectators, expe-
 “ cting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him.
 “ At length a huge monstrous Lion leaped out from the place where he
 “ had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage to-
 “ wards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little
 “ wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the
 “ signs of blandishment and caresses. *Androcles*, after a short pause, dis-
 “ covered that it was his old *Numidian* friend, and immediately renew-
 “ ed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were ve-
 “ ry surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the
 “ whole matter from *Androcles*, ordered him to be pardoned, and the
 “ Lion to be given up into his possession. *Androcles* returned at *Rome*
 “ the civilities which he had received from him in the desarts of *Africk*.
 “ *Dion Cassius* says, that he himself saw the man leading the Lion about
 “ the streets of *Rome*, the people every where gathering about them, and
 “ repeating to one another, *Hic est leo hospes hominis, hic est homo medi-*
 “ *cus leonis. This is the Lion who was the man's host, this is the man*
 “ *who was the Lion's physician.*

N^o 140. Friday, August 21.

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

Juv.

I Have lately received a letter from an Astrologer in *Moor-fields*, which
 I have read with great satisfaction. He observes to me, that my Li-
 on at *Button's* Coffee-house was very luckily erected in the very
 month when the sun was in *Leo*. He further adds, that upon convers-
 ing with the above-mentioned Mr. *Button* (whose other name he ob-
 serves, is *Daniel*, a good omen still with regard to the Lion his cohabi-
 tant)

tant) he had discovered the very hour in which the said Lion was set up; and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the said Mr. *Button*, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the Lion. This mysterious Philosopher acquaints me, that the sign of *Leo* in the Heavens immediately precedes that of *Virgo*, by which, says he, is signified the natural love and friendship the Lion bears to virginity, and not only to virginity but to such matrons likewise as are pure and unspotted, from whence he foretells the influence which the roarings of my Lion are likely to have over the female world for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the most exact astrological schemes, the Lion is observed to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the Scorpion in those parts which are allotted to that fiery constellation. From hence he very naturally prognosticates, that my Lion will meet with great success in the attacks he has made on the untucked stays and short petticoat, and that, in a few months, there will not be a female bosom or ankle uncovered in *Great Britain*. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foresaw, five years ago, that both the Pope and my self should about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that sundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dress.

I have another letter by me from a person of a more volatile and airy genius, who finding this great propension in the fair sex to go uncovered, and thinking it impossible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedness and cloathing. He proposes, therefore, that they should imitate their great grandmothers the *Britbs* or *Picts*, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with such figures as shall be most to their fancy. The bosom of the Coquette, says he, may bear the figure of a *Cupid*, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the string. The Prude might have a *Pallas*, with a shield and Gorgon's head. In short, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable discoveries of her self, and at the same time show us what she would be at. But, by my correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the skin of my pretty country-women. They could find no colours half so charming as those which are natural to them; and though like the old *Picts*, they painted the sun it self upon their bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I shall therefore persist in my first design, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their stays and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them space to consider of it, I design this for the last time that my Lion shall roar upon the subject during this season, which I give publick notice of for the sake of my correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary trouble or expence in furnishing me with any informations relating to the Tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again resume that point if I find occasion for it. I shall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my Reader, that I have written a Letter to the Pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my Letter.

To Pope Clement the Eighth, NEST OR IRONSIDE, Greeting.

Dear Brother,

“ I Have heard, with great satisfaction, that you have forbidden your
 “ Priests to confess any woman, who appears before them without
 “ a Tucker, in which you please me well. I do agree with you, that it
 “ is impossible for the good man to discharge his office, as he ought,
 “ who gives an ear to those alluring penitents that discover their hearts
 “ and necks to him at the same time. I am labouring, as much as in me
 “ lies, to stir up the same spirit of modesty among the women of this
 “ Island, and should be glad we might assist one another in so good a
 “ work. In order to it, I desire that you will send me over the length
 “ of a Roman Lady's neck, as it stood before your late prohibition. We
 “ have some here who have necks of one, two, and three foot in length,
 “ some that have necks which reach down to their middles, and, indeed,
 “ some who may be said to be all neck and no body. I hope, at the
 “ same time you observe the stays of your female subjects, that you have
 “ also an eye to their petticoats, which rise in this Island daily. When
 “ the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the stays fall to the fifth rib
 “ (which I hear is to be the standard of each, as it has been lately settled
 “ in a junto of the sex) I will take care to send you one of either sort,
 “ which I advertise you of before hand, that you may not compute the
 “ stature of our *English* women from the length of their garments. In
 “ the mean time I have desired the master of a vessel, who tells me that
 “ he shall touch at *Civita Vecchia*, to present you with a certain female
 “ machine which, I believe, will puzzle your Infallibility to discover the
 “ use

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

Yours, usque ad aras,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

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

N^o 152. *Friday, September 4.*

*Quin potius pacem eternam pactosque hymenæos
 Exercemus-----* Virg.

THERE is no rule in *Longinus* which I more admire, than that
 wherein he advises an Author who would attain to the Sublime,
 and writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his
 composition, what *Homer* or *Plato*, or any other of those Heroes in the
 learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I
 have often practised this rule, with regard to the best Authors among the
 ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave
 to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr. *Dry-*
den, where he professes to have imitated *Shakespear's* stile, that in imi-
 tating such great Authors I have always excelled my self.

I have also by this means revived several antiquated ways of writing,
 which, though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside, and
 forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allego-
 ries wherein virtues, vices and human passions are introduced as real
 actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest Au-
 thors among the ancients, our countryman *Spencer* is the last writer of
 note who has applied himself to it with success. That

That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive; in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and, if possible, to be filled with surprising turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole *Canto* in the spirit of *Spencer*, and in order to it contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my Reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The two sexes contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by *Fortitude*; that of the female by *Beauty*. *Fortitude* begun the onset on *Beauty*, but found to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances, that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short, he was ready to call for quarter, had not *Wisdom* come to his aid: this was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by *Cunning*, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief engineer of the fair army; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of *Wisdom*. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two antagonists; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Those who beheld it gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the female commander.

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battel began to turn to the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced Officer called *Patience*, and on the female side by a General known by the name of *Scorn*. The latter, that fought after the manner of the *Parthians*, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long pursuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, begun to think of yielding. When on a sudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantick stature. He acted like a Drawcanfir, sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was *Lust*. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces, commanded by a young Officer that had the face of a Cherubim, and the name of *Modesty*. This beautiful young Hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by *Men Honour*, and by the *Gods Pride*. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole squadrons in the female Army, fell in among the males, where he made a more terrible havock than on the other side. He was here opposed by *Reason*, who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspense for some time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against this common foe. And in order to it drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of *Virtue*, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was *Love*, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them; and had so strange an effect that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities and embrace one another.

The last General of neutrals, that appeared in the field, was *Hymen*, who marched immediately after *Love*, and seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. *Love* generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes pair by pair to his good offices.

But

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, *Ambition* and *Avarice* had taken on them the garb and habit of *Love*, by which means they often imposed on *Hymen*, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the delusion of these two impostors.

N^o 153. Saturday, September 5.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum. Virg.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers it self under more disguises, than Pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though, at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of my self, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, *Pride was not made for man*. There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the school-men call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable Being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions

passions of this passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred till such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear *ridiculous* to Beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them! Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes thorough them. You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest Insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him. Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back, to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the Ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a Goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives her self a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age, but you must know she values her self upon her birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her, is a Wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that Beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth; or, in the language of an ingenious *French* Poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?

N^o 154. Monday, September 7.

Omnia transformant sese in miracula rerum.

Virg.

I Question not but the following letter will be entertaining to those who were present at the late masquerade, as it will recall into their minds several merry particulars that passed in it, and, at the same time, be very acceptable to those who were at a distance from it, as they may form from hence some Idea of this fashionable amusement.

To

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Per viam Leonis.

S I R,

“ I Could scarce ever go into good company, but the discourse was on
 “ the ambassador, the politeness of his entertainments, the goodness
 “ of his *Burgundy* and *Champaign*, the gaiety of his masquerades, with
 “ the odd fantastical dresses which were made use of in those midnight so-
 “ lemnities. The noise these diversions made at last raised my curiosity, and
 “ for once I resolved to be present at them, being at the same time provo-
 “ ked to it by a Lady I then made my addresses to, one of a sprightly hu-
 “ mour, and a great admirer of such novelties. In order to it I hurried
 “ my habit, and got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impati-
 “ ent to be initiated in these new mysteries. Every morning I dressed my
 “ self in it, and acted before the looking-glass, so that I am vain enough
 “ to think I was as perfect in my part, as most who had oftner frequen-
 “ ted these diversions. You must understand I personated a *Devil*, and
 “ that for several weighty reasons. First, because appearing as one of that
 “ fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more
 “ polite and better bred part of the company. Besides, as from their u-
 “ sual reception they are called familiars, I fancied I should, in this Cha-
 “ racter, be allowed the greatest liberties, and soonest be led into the se-
 “ crets of the masquerade. To recommend and distinguish me from the
 “ vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to speak the truth, what
 “ persuaded me most to this disguise was, because I heard an intriguing
 “ Lady say, in a large company of females, who unanimously assented
 “ to it, that she loved to converse with such, for that generally they were
 “ very clever fellows who made choice of that shape. At length, when
 “ the long wished for evening came, which was to open to us such vast
 “ scenes of pleasure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night,
 “ where I found nature turned top-side turvy, women changed into men
 “ and men into women, children in leading-strings seven foot high, cour-
 “ tiers transformed into clowns, Ladies of the night into saints, people
 “ of the first quality into beasts or birds, gods or goddesses; I fancied
 “ I had all *Ovid's Metamorphoses* before me. Among these were sever-
 “ ral monsters to which I did not know how to give a name;

worse

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

Milton.

H h 2

In

“ In the middle of the first room I met with one drest in a *Shroud*.
 “ This put me in mind of the old custom of serving up a death’s head at
 “ a feast. I was a little angry at the dress, and asked the Gentleman
 “ whether he thought a dead man was fit company for such an Assembly;
 “ but he told me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he con-
 “ sidered this dress would serve him another time. This walking coarse
 “ was followed by a gigantic woman with a high crowned hat, that stood
 “ up like a steeple over the heads of the whole assembly. I then chanced
 “ to tread upon the foot of a female *Quaker*, to all outward appearance;
 “ but was surprized to hear her cry out D---n you, you son of a---
 “ upon which I immediately rebuked her, when all of a sudden resuming
 “ her character, *Verily*, says she, *I was to blame, but thou hast bruised*
 “ *me sorely*. A few moments after this adventure, I had like to have been
 “ knocked down by a shepherdes, for having run my elbow a little in-
 “ advertently into one of her sides. She swore like a trooper, and threat-
 “ ned me with a very masculine voice; but I was timely taken off by a
 “ *Presbyterian Parson*, who told me in a very soft tone, that he believed
 “ I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me in *Spring-garden* to-
 “ morrow night. The next object I saw was a *Chimney-sweeper* made
 “ up of black crape and velvet, (with a huge diamond in his mouth)
 “ making love to a butterfly. On a sudden I found my self among a
 “ flock of *Batts*, *Owls* and *Lawyers*: But what took up my attention
 “ most was, one drest in white feathers that represented a *Swan*. He
 “ would fain have found out a *Leda* among the fair sex, and indeed was
 “ the most unlucky Bird in the company. I was then engaged in dis-
 “ course with a *running footman*, but as I treated him like what he ap-
 “ peared to be, a *Turkish Emperor* whispered me in the ear, desiring me to
 “ *use him civilly, for that it was his master*. I was here interrupted by
 “ the famous large figure of a *woman hung with little looking-glasses*. She
 “ had a great many that followed her as she passed by me, but I would not
 “ have her value her self upon that account, since it was plain they did
 “ not follow so much to look upon her as to see themselves. The next
 “ I observed was a *Nun* making an assignation with a *Heathen God*, for
 “ I heard them mention the *little piazza* in *Covent-Garden*. I was by
 “ this time exceeding hot and thirsty, so that I made the best of my way
 “ to the place where wine was dealt about in great quantities. I had no
 “ sooner presented my self before the table, but a *Magician* seeing me,
 “ made a circle over my head with his wand, and seemed to do me ho-
 “ mage. I was at a loss to account for his behaviour; until I recollected
 “ who

“ who I was: This however drew the eyes of the servants upon me, and
“ immediately procured me a glass of excellent *Champaign*. The *Magi-*
“ *cian* said I was a spirit of an adust and dry constitution; and desired
“ that I might have another refreshing glass, adding withal, that it ought
“ to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand and drank it off to the *Magi-*
“ *cian*. This so enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next
“ room, where we danced a Rigadon together. I was here a little of-
“ fended at a jackanapes of a *Scaramouch*, that cry'd out, *Avaunt Satan*;
“ and gave me a little tap on my left shoulder, with the end of his lath-
“ sword. As I was considering how I ought to resent this affront, a
“ well-shaped person that stood at my left hand, in the figure of a *Bell-*
“ *man*, cry'd out with a suitable voice, *Past twelve a clock*. This put
“ me in mind of bed-time: Accordingly I made my way towards the
“ door, but was intercepted by an *Indian King*, a tall, slender youth,
“ dressed up in a most beautiful party-coloured plumage. He regarded
“ my habit very attentively; and after having turned me about once or
“ twice, asked me *whom I had been tempting*; I could not tell what was
“ the matter with me, but my heart leaped as soon as he touched me,
“ and was still in greater disorder, upon my hearing his voice. In short,
“ I found, after a little discourse with him, that his *Indian* majesty was
“ my dear *Leonora*, who knowing the disguise I had put on, would not
“ let me pass by her unobserved. Her awkward manliness made me guess
“ at her sex, and her own confession quickly let me know the rest. This
“ Masquerade did more for me than a twelve months courtship: For it
“ inspired her with such tender sentiments that I married her the next
“ morning.

“ How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a Masquerade, I cannot
“ yet tell; but I have reason to hope the best, *Leonora* having assured me
“ it was the first and shall be the last time of her appearing at such an en-
“ tertainment.

“ And now, Sir, having given you the history of this strange evening,
“ which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my request to you,
“ that you will oblige the world with a dissertation on Masquerades in
“ general, that we may know how far they are useful to the publick, and
“ consequently how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of
“ two or three very odd accidents that have happened upon this occasion,
“ as in particular, of a *Lawyer's* being now big-bellied, who was present at
“ the first of these entertainments; not to mention (what is still more strange)
“ an *old man* with a long beard, who was got with child by a *milk-maid*;
“ but

“ but in cafes of this nature, where there is fuch a confufion of fex, age,
 “ and quality, men are apt to report rather what might have happened,
 “ than what really came to pafs. Without giving credit therefore to a-
 “ ny of thefe rumours, I fhall only renew my petition to you, that you
 “ will tell us your opinion at large of thefe matters, and am,

SIR, &c.

Lucifer.

N^o 155. *Tuesday, September 8.*

----- *libelli Stoici inter sericos*
Facere pulvillos amant.

Hor.

I Have often wondered that Learning is not thought a proper ingredi-
 ent in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they
 have the fame improveable minds as the male part of the fpecies, why
 fhould they not be cultivated by the fame methods? why fhould reafon
 be left to it felf in one of the fexes, and be difciplined with fo much
 care in the other?

There are fome reafons why learning feems more adapted to the female
 world, than to the male. As in the firft place, becaufe they have more
 fpare time upon their hands, and lead a more fedentary life. Their em-
 ployments are of a domeftick nature, and not like thofe of the other
 fex, which are often inconsistent with ftudy and contemplation. The
 excellent Lady, the Lady *Lizard*, in the fpace of one fummer furnifhed
 a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters working;
 and at the fame time heard all Dr. *Tillotfon's* Sermons twice over. It is
 always the cuftom for one of the young Ladies to read, while the others
 are at work; fo that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to
 its manufactures. I was mightily pleafed, the other day, to find them all
 bufie in *preferving* feveral fruits of the feafon, with the *Sparkler* in the
 midft of them, reading over *the Plurality of Worlds*. It was very en-
 tertaining to me to fee them dividing their fpeculations between jellies
 and ftars, and making a fudden tranfition from the fun to an apricot, or
 from the *Copernican* fyftem to the figure of a cheefe-cake.

A

A second reason, why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is because they have the natural gift of *Speech* in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours: could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences, it would now and then be of great ease to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality should apply themselves to letters, namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side?

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent Philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female *Pythagoreans*, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention *Portia*, who was a Stoic in petticoats: nor *Hipparchia*, the famous the Cynic, who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which order of Beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least, I believe every one will allow me, that a female Philosopher is not so absurd a character and so opposite to the sex, as a female Gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair Readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind, but I shall conclude this head with the history of *Athenais*, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The Emperor *Theodosius* being about the age of one and twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister *Pulcheria* and his friend *Paulinus* to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, *Athenais*, a *Grecian* virgin, accidentally offered her self. Her father, who was an eminent Philosopher of *Athens*, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to *Constantinople*, where she had a Relation who represented her case to *Pulcheria*, in order to obtain some redress from the Emperor. By this means that religious Princess became acquainted with *Athenais*, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long course of philosophy in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. *Pulcheria* was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the Emperor her brother *Theodosius*. The character she gave made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend *Paulinus*, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend *Paulinus* converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of *Eudocia*; after which the Emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole Empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the Fathers of the Church as the ornament of her sex.



Wednesday,

 N^o 156. *Wednesday, September 9.*

----- *magni formica laboris*

*Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo,
 Quem fruit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
 Quae, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
 Non usquam prorepat, & illis utitur ante
 Quaesitis patiens-----*

Hor.

IN my last *Saturday's* paper I supposed a molehill, inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects, in order to which I shall present my Reader with the extract of a Letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the *French* academy, and since translated into *English*. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

“ In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time,
 “ there was upon a window a box full of earth, two foot deep, and fit
 “ to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated;
 “ and therefore it was covered with old plaister, and a great deal of rub-
 “ bish that fell from the top of the house, and from the walls, which,
 “ together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of
 “ a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the *South*, and out of the
 “ reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary,
 “ was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; and therefore they had
 “ made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men
 “ build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

“ Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that
 “ place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting
 “ my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares,

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I i

“ very

“ very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance
“ for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all
“ the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the ad-
“ mirer and restorer of that little common-wealth. This was the only
“ thing they wanted ; for their policy, and the order observed among
“ them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republicks : and there-
“ fore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt
“ to change the form of their government.

“ I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences. I
“ took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them ;
“ and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used
“ to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night ;
“ and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours.
“ I always found some going up and down, and very busie : one would
“ think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of
“ their holes in the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn, which
“ they keep under ground in the night : those who have seen ant-hillocks,
“ have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What
“ surprized me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn,
“ but in the night when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground
“ in the day-time ; which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still
“ practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the rea-
“ son of it : there was a pidgeon-house not far from thence : pidgeons
“ and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in
“ the day-time : It is highly probable they knew it by experience ; and I
“ frequently found pidgeons and birds in that place, when I went to it
“ in a morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers : I frighted
“ the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string
“ over the window. As for the pidgeons, I drove them away several
“ times ; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented
“ than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable,
“ and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience,
“ is, that those ants knew some days after that they had nothing to fear,
“ and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived
“ they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger ; for they
“ durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in
“ a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly
“ carry them away in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking e-
“ very way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear,
“ they

“ they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order,
 “ and carried it in at night.

“ There is a strait hole in every ants-nest, about half an inch deep;
 “ and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their ma-
 “ gazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest
 “ and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very clean-
 “ ly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn
 “ on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up
 “ her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

“ The corn, that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if
 “ those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds
 “ before they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their
 “ nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment,
 “ and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though
 “ the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn
 “ must needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of
 “ no use for the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that in-
 “ convenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so,
 “ that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

“ They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring
 “ every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in
 “ the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pin-
 “ cers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in
 “ less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small
 “ particles of dry earth, heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn
 “ under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They perform-
 “ ed this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though
 “ the sun went from the window about three or four a clock in the af-
 “ ternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth,
 “ because the ground was very hot, till the heat was over.

“ If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small
 “ particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry
 “ earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper
 “ than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: besides,
 “ a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled
 “ with small sandy particles that could not easily come out. To which I
 “ add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not
 “ take them up one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom
 “ to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

“ As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would
“ join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastick, which those
“ insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together, could not
“ come out of any ants-nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

“ When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring
“ out their corn after the same manner, and place it round that earth:
“ thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth,
“ and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a remainder of dry
“ earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

“ Those insects never go about this work but when the weather is clear,
“ and the sun very hot. I observed, that those little animals having one
“ day brought out their corn at eleven a clock in the forenoon, remo-
“ ved it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon: the sun
“ being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But
“ half an hour after the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small
“ rain, which the ants foresaw; whereas the *Milan* Almanack had fore-
“ told that there would be no rain upon that day.

“ I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly con-
“ sider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into
“ that garret: There was some old corn in it; and because every grain
“ was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

“ I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great
“ care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and al-
“ ways pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When
“ they can get no wheat they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of
“ bread, but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity,
“ and when nothing else can be had.

“ Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and
“ industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room where
“ they kept: and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut
“ up the window, and stopt all the holes. Though ants are very know-
“ ing, I do not take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not
“ guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several
“ days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to
“ fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them
“ more easie; for I had a mind to know, whether they would at last find
“ out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling
“ enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus
“ they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains:
“ they

“ they went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of
 “ corn: they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not
 “ like their corn after many long and painful excursions. What appear-
 “ ed to me wonderful, was, that none of them came home without
 “ bringing something: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of
 “ rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

“ The window, upon which those ants had made their settlement,
 “ looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the
 “ further end of the garden, and others to the fifth story, in quest of
 “ some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they
 “ came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs
 “ be a heavy burthen for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The
 “ bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took
 “ up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength, and prodigi-
 “ ous labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant
 “ works as hard as a man, who should carry a very heavy load on his
 “ shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. It is true,
 “ those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground; but then
 “ how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of
 “ corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards,
 “ and her backside upwards? None can have a true notion of it, unless
 “ they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent
 “ stops they make in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of
 “ their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could
 “ not get to their journey’s end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or
 “ those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nest,
 “ came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall
 “ down with their load, when they are almost come home: when this
 “ happens they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

“ I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incre-
 “ dible pains: when she came to the box, where the nest was, she made
 “ so much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious
 “ march: such an unlucky accident would have vexed a Philosopher. I
 “ went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws: she was
 “ ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three
 “ times: sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes
 “ higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At
 “ last, her strength failed her: she stopt; and another ant helped her to
 “ carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat
 “ that

“ that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of
 “ their paws, when they are climbing up: they take hold of it again, when
 “ they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or take something
 “ else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something:
 “ this I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they look-
 “ ed for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has
 “ patience enough; they do not require so great a patience as that of
 “ Ants: but few people are capable of it.

N^o 157. *Thursday, September 10.*

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

IT has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them: the preservation of their Being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burthen or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the Commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprizing instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

“ Thus my Ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I
 “ had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provi-
 “ ons.

“ ons. At last, being sensible that it would be a long time before they
“ could discover the small heap of corn, which I had laid up for them,
“ I resolved to shew it to them.

“ In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived
“ an expedient, which had good success: the thing will appear incredible
“ to those, who never considered, that all animals of the same kind,
“ which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of
“ the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She
“ was so glad to find her self at liberty, that she ran away to her nest,
“ without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: for an hour after all
“ my ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of
“ them very busie in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room.
“ I leave it to you to judge, whether it may not be said, that they have
“ a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another;
“ for otherwise how could they know, one or two hours after, that there
“ was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more,
“ but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or
“ prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions
“ against the winter: we read it in holy Scripture; a thousand experi-
“ ments teach us the same; and I do not believe that any experiment
“ has been made that shews the contrary.

“ I have said before, that there were three ants-nests in that box or
“ *Parterre*, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, govern-
“ ed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same cu-
“ stoms. However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one
“ of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their
“ neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order;
“ their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their
“ nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and
“ stronger: It was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed
“ that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-emi-
“ nence over them.

“ Though the box-full of earth, where the ants had made their set-
“ tlement, was generally free from rain; yet it rained sometimes upon
“ it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those
“ insects: ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in
“ quest of provisions, and are surprized by the rain, they shelter them-
“ selves under some tile, or something else, and do not come out until
“ the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonder-
“ ful

“ ful expedient to keep out the rain: there was a small piece of a flat slate,
“ which they laid over the hole of their nest, in the day-time, when they
“ foresaw it would rain, and almost every night. Above fifty of those
“ little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate,
“ and drew it equally in a wonderful order: they removed it in the
“ morning; and nothing could be more curious than to see those little
“ animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about
“ their nest, insomuch, that the slate did not lye flat upon it, but left a
“ free passage underneath. The ants of the two other nests did not so
“ well succeed in keeping out the rain: they laid over their holes several
“ pieces of old and dry plaister one upon the other; but they were
“ still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains
“ to repair the damage. Hence it is, that those insects are so frequent-
“ ly to be found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the
“ rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles, without any
“ incumbrance, and they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the
“ sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover
“ the two ants-nests that were troubled with the rain: as for the capital
“ nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

“ *M. de la Loubere* says in his relation of *Siam*, that in a certain part
“ of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants
“ make their settlements upon trees: no ants-nests are to be seen any
“ where else. I need not insert here what that Author says about those
“ insects: you may see his relation.

“ Here follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the same
“ ground, where I had three ants-nests. I undertook to make a fourth,
“ and went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of
“ a terrass, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarm-
“ ing with ants much larger than all those I had already seen; but they
“ were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government.
“ I made a hole in the box like that of an ants-nest, and laid, as it were,
“ the foundations of a new city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I
“ could out of the nest in the terrass, and put them into a bottle, to give
“ them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would
“ return to the terrass, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water
“ into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place,
“ I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none
“ of them would stay in it: they went away in less than two hours; which
“ made me believe, that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in
“ my box.

“ Two

“ Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrafs, I was
 “ very much surprized to fee the ants nest which I had destroyed very
 “ artfully repaired. I refolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle
 “ those ants in my box. To fucceed in my defign, I put fome gun-pow-
 “ der and brimftone into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the
 “ whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many ants as I could
 “ get, into the place which I defigned for them. It happened to be a
 “ very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained
 “ in the new hole all that time. In the morning, when the rain was o-
 “ ver, most of them went to repair their old habitation; but finding it
 “ impracticable by reason of the fmell of the powder and brimftone,
 “ which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had
 “ appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neigh-
 “ bours, and received from them all manner of affiftance out of their
 “ holes. As for the infide of their nest, none but themselves were con-
 “ cerned in it, according to the inviolable laws establish’d among those
 “ animals.

“ An ant never goes into any other nest but her own; and if she
 “ fhould venture to do it, she would be turn’d out, and feverely punish’d.
 “ I have often taken an ant out of one nest, to put her into another;
 “ but she quickly came out, being warmly purfu’d by two or three other
 “ ants. I tried the fame experiment feveral times with the fame ant;
 “ but at laft the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I
 “ have often frighted fome ants with my fingers, and purfued them as
 “ far as another hole: ftopping all the passages to prevent their going to
 “ their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole:
 “ Many a man would not be fo cautious, and would throw himself out
 “ of the windows, or into a well, if he were purfued by affaffins. But
 “ the ants I am fpeaking of, avoided going into any other hole but their
 “ own, and rather tried all other ways of making their efcape. They ne-
 “ ver fled into another nest, but at the laft extremity; and fometimes ra-
 “ ther chofe to be taken, as I have often experienc’d. It is therefore an
 “ inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole
 “ but their own. They do not exercife hofpitality; but they are very rea-
 “ dy to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads
 “ at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it carry
 “ them in.

“ They keep up a fort of trade among themselves; and it is not true
 “ that those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary: They lend
 “ their

“ their corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to serve one
“ another; and I can assure you, that more time and patience would have
“ enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful
“ than what I have mentioned. For instance, how they lend, and recover
“ their loans; whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury; whe-
“ ther they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it
“ impossible to examine all those things; and it would be a great curio-
“ sity to know by what maxims they govern themselves: Perhaps such a
“ knowledge might be of some use to us.

“ They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported
“ of bees: Their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat
“ their corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under
“ ground, when they are afraid of thieves. It is said, that some birds eat
“ them; but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by
“ small worms; but they turn them out, and kill them. I observed, that
“ they punished those ants, which probably had been wanting to their du-
“ ty: nay, sometimes they kill'd them; which they did in the following
“ manner. Three or four ants fell upon one, and pull'd her several ways,
“ until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking they live very quiet-
“ ly; from whence I infer that they have a very severe discipline among
“ themselves, to keep so good an order; or that they are great lovers of
“ peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

“ Was there ever a greater union in any Commonwealth? Every thing
“ is common among them; which is not to be seen any where else. Bees,
“ of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a
“ hole in their hives; their honey is their own; every bee minds her own
“ concerns. The same may be said of all other animals: They frequent-
“ ly fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants;
“ They have nothing of their own: A grain of corn which an ant carries
“ home, is deposited in a common stock: it is not designed for her own
“ use, but for the whole community: There is no distinction between a
“ private and a common interest. An ant never works for her self, but
“ for the society.

“ Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find
“ out a remedy for it; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their
“ nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see
“ how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without de-
“ stroying the inhabitants; for, as long as there are any left, they will
“ maintain their ground.

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

N^o 158. *Friday, September 11.*

Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna:

Castigatque, auditque dolos: subigitque fateri

Quæ quis apud superos, furto letatus inani,

Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.

Virg.

I Was yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep our selves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply our selves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of Being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that *the day hangs heavy on them*, that *they do not know what to do with themselves*, that *they are at a loss how to pass away their time*, with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are stiled reasonable Beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse;

course; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

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

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

years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, says he, but what good have you been doing? The Lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to *Elysium*, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to *Erebus*. But *Rhadamanthus* observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sower look, presented her self next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says *Rhadamanthus*, but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says *Rhadamanthus*, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old Gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore? you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader; and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. *Rhadamanthus*, who knew the value of the old Lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of *Elysium*, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to *Elysium*, was so great a *Beautifier*, longed to be in his hands, so that pressing through the croud, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what
she

she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had past in the world; I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make my self lovely and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up *May-dew*, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glafs, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays—*Rhadamanthus*, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of *Erebus* her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

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

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

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



Saturday,

N^o 159. Saturday, September 12.

*Præfens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos.*

Hor.

S I R,

“ HAVING read over your paper of *Tuesday* last, in which you
 “ recommend the pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those
 “ of the fair sex, who have much time lying upon their hands,
 “ and among other motives make use of this, That several women, thus
 “ accomplished, have raised themselves by it to considerable posts of ho-
 “ nour and fortune: I shall beg leave to give you an instance of this kind,
 “ which many now living can testify the truth of, and which I can assure
 “ you is matter of fact.

“ About twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a Gentle-
 “ man, who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient
 “ to live very handsomly upon. He had a wife, and no child but a
 “ daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could
 “ expect no other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out
 “ of the income of his place; which, as they managed it, was scarce
 “ sufficient for their ordinary expences. Miss *Betty* had always the best
 “ sort of cloaths, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with
 “ those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and
 “ haughty towards those she looked upon as her inferiors. There lived
 “ by them a barber who had a daughter about Miss’s age, that could
 “ speak *French*, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a
 “ perfect mistress of her needle and in all kinds of female manufacture.
 “ She was at the same time a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired
 “ to come to Miss an hour or two every day, to talk *French* with her
 “ and teach her to work, but Miss always treated her with great con-
 “ tempt; and when *Molly* gave her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

“ About

“ About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to
“ Miss *Betty*, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they
“ not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the
“ rest was a plain sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction.
“ His passion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to
“ be often discoursing of Mr. *T*——’s Angel, for that was the name
“ he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances
“ were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mistress *Betty* re-
“ jected him with disdain. Infomuch that the young man, as is usual among
“ those who are crossed in love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a reso-
“ lution to seek his fortune, and forget his Mistress. This was very hap-
“ py for him, for in a very few years, being concerned in several captures,
“ he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.
“ Mean while days and years went on, Miss lived high and learnt but
“ little, most of her time being employed in reading plays and practising
“ to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection. When of a sudden,
“ at a change of Ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to
“ leave *London*, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had
“ formerly done. Not many years after I was told the poor Gentleman
“ was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condi-
“ tion, but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what in-
“ quiry I could; and I must own, I immediately suspected their pride
“ would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former
“ acquaintance. I had left enquiring after them for some years, when I
“ happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a Gentleman I
“ had some business with, to be led into a parlor by a handsome young
“ woman, who I presently fancied was that very daughter I had so long
“ sought in vain. My suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush
“ At the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon,
“ or speaking to me: Madam, said I, are not you Mistress such a one?
“ at which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have
“ retired without giving me an answer; but I stopped her, and being
“ to wait a while for the Gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to
“ lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well di-
“ scern by her dress, which was genteel though not fine, whether she was
“ the Mistress of the house, or only a servant: but supposing her to be
“ the first, I am glad, Madam, said I, after having long inquired after you,
“ to have so happily met with you, and to find you Mistress of so fine a
“ place. These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into
“ such

“ such a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover her
“ self; but as soon as she was able to speak, Sir, said she, you are mistaken;
“ I am but a servant. Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst a-
“ gain into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and
“ confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. Alas, Sir, said she,
“ my condition is much better than I deserve, I have the kindest and best
“ of women for my Mistress. She is wife to the Gentleman you come
“ to speak withal. You know her very well, and have often seen her
“ with me. To make my story short, I found that my late friend’s daugh-
“ ter was now a servant to the barber’s daughter, whom she had former-
“ ly treated so disdainfully. The Gentleman at whose house I now was,
“ fell in love with *Moll*, and being Master of a great fortune, married
“ her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his satisfaction as he
“ could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possi-
“ ble, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve.
“ And it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long
“ upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father’s
“ death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty.
“ But her mother’s spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of
“ any of her own, or her husband’s acquaintance; so that they retired
“ from all their friends, until they were providentially discovered by
“ this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours.
“ Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased
“ to see her daughter a beggar, than a servant. But being freed by her
“ death, she was taken into this Gentlewoman’s family, where she now
“ lived, though much more like a friend or companion, than like a ser-
“ vant.

“ I went home full of this strange adventure, and about a week after
“ chancing to be in company with Mr. *T.* the rejected lover whom I
“ mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story
“ of his Angel, not questioning but he would feel on this occasion the
“ usual pleasure of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has a-
“ venged him of the cruelty of his Mistress. As I was recounting to
“ him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face
“ with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would have burst
“ which I took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lift-
“ ing up his head I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a
“ smile at the end of my story, and parted.

“ About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter.

VOL. IV.

L I

Dear

Dear Sir,

I Am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my Angel. I have since married her, and think the low circumstances she was reduced to a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I disliked, and given me an opportunity of showing her the constant and sincere affection, which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity.

Tours, R. T.

N^o 160.

Monday, September 14.

Solventur risu tabulae, tu missus abibis.

Hor.

FROM writing the history of Lions, I lately went off to that of Ants, but to my great surprize, I find that some of my good Readers have taken this last to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will several of them have it that my last *Thursday* and *Friday's* papers are full of concealed satyr, and that I have attacked people in the shape of pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of men. I must confess that I write with fear and trembling ever since that ingenious person the *Examiner* in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treason in the word *Expect*.

But I shall for the future leave my friend to manage the controverse in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I must therefore declare that those jealousies and suspicions, which have been raised in some weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned discourses concerning ants or pismires, are altogether groundless. There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative who is either Whig or Tory; and I could heartily wish, that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same spirit

spirit of frugality, justice, and mutual benevolence, as are visibly exercised by members of those little Commonwealths.

After this short preface, I shall lay before my Reader a letter or two which occasioned it.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

“ I Have laid a wager, with a friend of mine, about the pigeons that
 “ used to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I say that
 “ by these pigeons you meant the *Palatines*. He will needs have it that
 “ they were the *Dutch*. We both agree that the papers upon the strings
 “ which frightened them away, were *Pamphlets, Examiners*, and the like.
 “ We beg you will satisfy us in this particular, because the wager is ve-
 “ ry considerable, and you will much oblige two of your

Daily Readers.

Old IRON,

“ WHY so rusty? Will you never leave your innuendos? do you think
 “ it hard to find out who is the Tulip in your last *Thursday's* pa-
 “ per? or can you imagine that three nests of ants is such a disguise, that
 “ the plainest Reader cannot see three kingdoms through it? the blow-
 “ ing up of the neighbouring settlement, where there was a race of poor
 “ beggarly ants, under a worse form of government, is not so difficult to
 “ be explained as you imagine. *Dunkirk* is not yet demolished. Your
 “ ants are enemies to rain, are they! Old *Birmingham*, no more of your
 “ ants, if you do not intend to stir up a nest of hornets.

Will. Waspe.

Dear GUARDIAN,

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

“ ry knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers: And therefore they
 “ could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for
 “ several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great
 “ way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make
 “ them more easie; For I had a mind to know, whether they would at
 “ last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smel-
 “ ling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Then
 “ throwing the paper upon the table; Sir, says he, these things are not
 “ to be suffered—I would engage out of this sentence to draw up an
 “ indictment that—He here lost his voice a second time, in the ex-
 “ tremity of his rage, and the whole company, who were all of them
 “ Tories, bursting out into a sudden laugh, he threw down his penny
 “ in great wrath, and retir’d with a most formidable frown.

“ This, Sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what
 “ use of it you please. I only wish that you would sometimes diversifie your
 “ papers with many other pieces of natural history, whether of insects or
 “ animals; this being a subject which the most common reader is capa-
 “ ble of understanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; besides,
 “ that it highly redounds to the praise of that Being who has inspired the
 “ several parts of the sensitive world with such wonderful and different
 “ kinds of instinct as enable them to provide for themselves, and preserve
 “ their species in that state of existence wherein they are placed. There
 “ is no party concerned in speculations of this nature, which instead of
 “ inflaming those unnatural heats that prevail among us, and take up most
 “ of our thoughts, may divert our minds to subjects that are useful, and
 “ suited to reasonable creatures. Dissertations of this kind are the more
 “ proper for your purpose, as they do not require any depth of mathe-
 “ matics, or any previous science, to qualifie the reader for the under-
 “ standing of them. To this I might add, that it is a shame for men to
 “ be ignorant of these worlds of wonders which are transacted in the
 “ midst of them, and not to be acquainted with those objects which are
 “ every where before their eyes. To which I might further add, that
 “ several are of opinion, there is no other use in many of these creatures
 “ than to furnish matter of contemplation and wonder to those inhabi-
 “ tants of the earth, who are its only creatures that are capable of it.

I am S I R, your constant reader and humble servant.

After having presented my reader with this set of letters, which are
 all upon the same subject, I shall here insert one that has no relation to it.
 But

But it has always been my maxim never to refuse going out of my way to do any honest man a service, especially when I have an interest in it myself.

Most venerable NESTOR,

“ AS you are a person that very eminently distinguish yourself in the promotion of the publick Good, I desire your friendship in signifying to the town, what concerns the greatest good of life, *Health*. “ I do assure you, Sir, there is in a vault, under the *Exchange* in *Cornhill*, over-against *Pope’s-Head Alley*, a parcel of *French* wines, full of “ the seeds of good humour, cheerfulness and friendly mirth. I have “ been told, the learned of our nation agree, there is no such thing as “ bribery in liquors, therefore I shall presume to send you of it, lest you “ should think it inconsistent with integrity to recommend what you do “ not understand by experience. In the mean time please to insert this, “ that every man may judge for himself.

I am, SIR, &c.

N^o 161. *Tuesday, September 15.*

----- *incoctum generoso pectus honesto.* Perf.

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

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

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men.

First

First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

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

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

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

Cato.

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

by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

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

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

Wednesday,

N^o 162.

Wednesday, September 16.

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

I Was the other day in company at my Lady *Lizard's*, when there came in among us their cousin *Tom*, who is one of those country Squires that set up for plain honest Gentlemen who speak their minds. *Tom* is in short a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good manners. *Tom* had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the *Sparkler* if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good Lady *Lizard*, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin *Thomas*, with a smile, not to be so severe on his Relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, If I be not mistaken Aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect that your daughters should be maids till five and twenty? I endeavoured to divert the discourse, when without taking notice of what I said, Mr. *Ironside*, says he, you fill my cousins heads with your fine notions as you call them, can you teach them to make a pudding? I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustick raillery, so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in it self it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was *Plato's* advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a meer Scholar, or Philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smoothes distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanises the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and oeconomy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find, that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and (what *Shakespear* reckons among other evils under the Sun)

— *The poor man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,*

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenuous complaisance as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be *a constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently.* I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance, which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild *Arabian* tale, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

“ *Schacabac* being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble *Barmecide* in *Persia*, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The *Barmecide* was sitting at his table that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing *Schacabac's* complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice-soup. *Schacabac*, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the *Barmecide* in all his humours, told him it was ad-
VOL. IV. M m “ mirable,

“mirable, and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the
 “empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The *Barmecide* then
 “asked him, if he ever saw whiter bread? *Schacabac*, who saw neither
 “bread nor meat, If I did not like it, you may be sure, says he, I should
 “not eat so heartily of it. You oblige me mightily, replied the *Bar-*
 “*mecide*, pray let me help you to this leg of a goose. *Schacabac* reach-
 “ed out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness.
 “As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up
 “the fauce to the skies, the *Barmecide* desired him to keep a corner of
 “his stomach for a roasted lamb, fed with pistacho-nuts, and after having
 “called for it, as though it had really been served up, Here is a dish,
 “says he, that you will see at no body’s table but my own. *Schacabac*
 “was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, which is like nothing,
 “says he, I ever eat before. Several other nice dishes were served up in
 “idea, which both of them commended and feasted on after the same
 “manner. This was followed by an invisible *Dissert*, no part of which
 “delighted *Schacabac* so much as a certain lozenge, which the *Barmecide*
 “told him was a sweet-meat of his own invention. *Schacabac* at length,
 “being courteously reproached by the *Barmecide*, that he had no sto-
 “mach, and that he eat nothing, and, at the same time, being tired with
 “moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused,
 “for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. Come then,
 “says the *Barmecide*, the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of
 “my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in *Persia*.
 “He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. *Schacabac*
 “would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because
 “he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however being prest
 “to it, he pretended to take it off, having before-hand praised the co-
 “lour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plyed with two or three other
 “imaginary bumpers of different wines equally delicious, and a little vex-
 “ed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave
 “the *Barmecide* a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering
 “himself, Sir, says he, I beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you before,
 “that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink. The *Bar-*
 “*mecide* could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and instead of
 “being angry at him, I find, says he, thou art a complaisant fellow, and
 “deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate
 “thy self to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest.
 “Upon which, calling for his supper, the rice-soup, the goose, the pi-
 “stacho-

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

N^o 163. *Thursday, September 16.*

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

WHEN I am disposed to give my self a day's rest, I order the
 Lion to be opened, and search into the magazine of intelligence
 for such Letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into
 comes to me from one who is Chaplain to a great family. He treats him-
 self, in the beginning of it, after such a manner, as I am persuaded no
 man of sense would treat him. Even the Lawyer and the Physician, to
 a man of quality, expect to be used like Gentlemen, and much more
 may any one of so superior a profession. I am by no means for encour-
 aging that dispute, whether the Chaplain or the Master of the house
 be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned Au-
 thors, Doctor *Hicks*, and Mr. *Collier*, to whom I might add several others,
 are to be excused if they have carried the point a little too high in fa-
 vour of the Chaplain, since in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the
 popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme. The only contro-
 versie, between the Patron and the Chaplain, ought to be which should
 promote the good designs and interests of each other most; and for my
 own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance, in a great estate or title,
 that it qualifies a man for chusing, out of such a learned and valuable body
 of men as that of the *English* Clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a
 companion. The Letter I have received from one of this Order, is as
 follows.

M m 2

Mr.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

“ I Hope you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three
“ questions, but also in the solution of them.

“ I have had the honour, many years, of being Chaplain to a noble
“ family, and of being accounted the highest servant in the house, either
“ out of respect to my cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost garret.

“ Whilst my old Lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful
“ learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was
“ not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to sanctifie and garnish
“ a feast, but treated as a Gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the
“ conversation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young
“ Lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked upon as a *censor morum*,
“ an obstacle to mirth and talk, and suffered to retire constantly, with
“ *prosperity to the Church* in my mouth. I declare solemnly, Sir, that I
“ have heard nothing, from all the fine Gentlemen who visit us, more
“ remarkable, for half a year, than that one young Lord was seven times
“ drunk at *Genoa*, and another had an affair with a famous courtesan at
“ *Venice*. I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds
“ beyond the Church, to see what topicks of discourse they went upon,
“ but, to my great surprise, have hardly heard a word all the time besides
“ the Toasts. Then they all stare full in my face, and shew all the atti-
“ ons of uneasiness till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to
“ use the words in an old Comedy, *I find by the noise they make, that*
“ *they had a mind to be private*. I am at a loss to imagine what con-
“ versation they have among one another, which I may not be present at,
“ since I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am shocked
“ with no freedoms whatsoever, which are consistent with Christianity.
“ I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the dissent, and
“ every day eat tart in the face of my patron, but how long I shall be in-
“ vested with this privilege I do not know. For the servants, who do
“ not see me supported as I was in my old Lord's time, begin to brush
“ very familiarly by me, and thrust aside my chair, when they set the
“ sweet-meats on the table. I have been born and educated a Gentle-
“ man, and desire you will make the publick sensible, that the christian
“ Priesthood was never thought in any age or country to debase the man
“ who is a member of it. Among the great services which your useful
“ papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will not be the least, and will
“ lay a very great obligation on your unknown servant, G. W.

Venerable

Venerable NESTOR,

“ I Was very much pleased with your paper of the 7th instant, in which
 “ you recommend the study of useful knowledge to women of qua-
 “ lity or fortune. I have since that met with a very elegant poem, writ-
 “ ten by the famous Sir *Thomas More*; it is inscribed to a friend of his,
 “ who was then seeking out a wife; he advises him on that occasion to
 “ overlook wealth and beauty, and if he desires a happy life, to join him-
 “ self with a woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this last
 “ head are as follow.

*Proculque stulta sit
 Parvis libellulis
 Semper loquacitas,
 Proculque rusticum
 Semper silentium.
 Sit illa vel modò
 Instructa literis,
 Vel talis ut modò
 Sit apta literis.
 Felix, quibus bene
 Priscis ab omnibus
 Possit libellulis
 Vitam beantia.
 Haurire dogmata.
 Armata cum quibus,
 Nec illa prosperis
 Superba turgeat,
 Nec illa turbidis
 Misella lugeat
 Prostrata casibus.
 Fucunda sic erit
 Semper, nec unquam erit
 Gravis, molestare
 Vitæ comes tuæ,
 Quæ docta parvulos
 Docebit et tuos
 Cum lacte literas
 Olim nepotulos.
 Jam te juvaverit*

*Viros relinquere,
 Doctæque conjugis
 Sinu quiescere,
 Dum grata te fovet,
 Manuque mobili
 Dum pleetra personat
 Et voce (quâ nec est
 Progne sororculæ
 Suae suavior)
 Amœna cantilat
 Apollo quæ velit
 Audire carmina.
 Jam te juvaverit
 Sermone blandulo,
 Docto tamen dies
 Noctesque ducere,
 Notare verbula
 Mellita maximis
 Non absque gratiis
 Ab ore melleo
 Semper fluentia,
 Quibus coerceat
 Si quando te levet
 Inane gaudium:
 Quibus levaverit
 Si quando deprimat
 Te maror anxius.
 Certabit in quibus
 Summa eloquentia*

Jam

*Jam cum omnium gravi
 Rerum scientia.
 Talem olim ego putem
 Et vatis Orphei
 Fuisse conjugem,
 Nec unquam ab inferis
 Curasset improbo
 Labore fœminam
 Referre rusticam.
 Talemque credimus
 Nasonis inclitam,
 Qua vel patrem queat
 Equare carmine*

*Fuisse filiam.
 Talemque suspicor
 (Qua nulla charior
 Unquam fuit patri
 Quo nemo doctior)
 Fuisse Tulliam:
 Talisque quæ tulit
 Gracchos duos, fuit,
 Quæ quos tulit, bonis
 Instruxit artibus:
 Nec profuit minus
 Magistra quàm parens.*

The sense of this elegant description is as follows,

“ May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent, nor al-
 “ ways prating nonsense! May she be *Learned*, if possible, or at least
 “ capable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always
 “ drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best Authors of an-
 “ tiquity. She will be *Herself* in all changes of fortune, neither blown
 “ up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an
 “ even cheerful good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for
 “ life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and
 “ from their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you
 “ are engaged in, you will long to be at home, and retire with delight
 “ from the society of *Men*, into the bosom of one who is so dear, so
 “ knowing and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of
 “ her own compositions, her voice will sooth you in your solitudes, and
 “ sound more sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will
 “ waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be
 “ ever finding out new beauties in her discourse. She will keep your
 “ mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and
 “ prevent its melancholy from being painful.

“ Such was doubtless the wife of *Orpheus*; for who would have under-
 “ gone what he did to have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daugh-
 “ ter of *Ovid*, who was his rival in poetry. Such was *Tullia* as she is cele-
 “ brated by the most learned and the most fond of fathers. And such was
 “ the mother of the two *Gracchi*, who is no less famous for having been
 “ their instructor than their parent.

Satur-

N^o 165. *Saturday, September 19.**Decipit exemplar, vitii imitabile* ----- Hor.

IT is a melancholy thing to see a coxcomb at the head of a family. He scatters infection through the whole house. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him: if they have more sense than himself, they are out of countenance for him; if less, they submit their understandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often secretly concerned, when I have seen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prating even below themselves, while they are talking after a couple of silly parents. The dulness of a father often extinguishes a genius in the son, or gives such a wrong cast to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In short, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his insipid pleasantries, shallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire side, his parties of diversion, are all of them so many standing scenes of folly.

This is one reason why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female Readers, that a family may have a double chance for it, and if it meets with weakness in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumstance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the husband; but it is better it should be so, than that there should be no knowledge in the whole house. It is highly expedient that at least one of the persons, who sits at the helm of affairs, should give an example of good sense to those, who are under them in these little domestick governments.

If folly is of ill consequence in the head of a family, vice is much more so, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the master is a profligate, the rake runs through the house. You hear the sons talking loosely and swearing after their father, and see the daughters either familiarized to his discourse, or every moment blushing for him.

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The very footman will be a fine Gentleman in his Master's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlor. Invest him with the same title and ornaments, and you would scarce know him from his Lord. He practises the same oaths, the same ribaldry, the same way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these qualifications does not indeed lie within his power; but though a man cannot abtain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modesty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which though the greatest ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the most ordinary capacities.

As wisdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the Master of a house, if he is not accomplished in both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter, since the consequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than those of folly.

When I read the histories that are left us of *Pythagoras*, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence which that great Philosopher, who was an illustrious pattern of virtue and wisdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himself in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpose to converse with the most learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is still admired by the greatest men of the present times, as a prodigy of science. His wife *Theano* wrote several books; and after his death taught his Philosophy in his publick school, which was frequented by numberless disciples of different countries. There are several excellent sayings recorded of her. I shall only mention one, because it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wisdom. Being asked by some of her sex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having conversed with a man? *If it were her husband*, says she, *the next day; if a stranger, never.* *Pythagoras* had by his wife two sons and three daughters. His two sons, *Telauges* and *Mnesarchus*, were both eminent Philosophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the *Pythagorean* school. *Arignote* was one of his daughters, whose writings were extant, and very much admired in the age of *Porphyrius*. *Damo* was another of his daughters, in whose hands *Pythagoras* left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to strangers, which she observed to the hazard

hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty, than not obey the commands of her beloved father. *Myia* was the third of the daughters, whose works and history were very famous, even in *Lucian's* time. She was so signally virtuous, that for her unblemished behaviour in her virginity, she was chosen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national solemnity; and for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons, in the like publick ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was so precious among her countrymen, that her house was after her death converted into a temple, and the street she lived in called by the name of the *Museum*. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great Philosopher under his character as the master of a family, that two of his servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his sect, and make an eminent figure in the list of *Pythagoreans*. The names of these two servants were *Astræus* and *Zamolxes*. This single example sufficiently shows us both the influence and the merit of one who discharges as he ought the office of a good master of a family; which, if it were well observed in every house, would quickly put an end to that universal depravation of manners, by which the present age is so much distinguished; and which is more easie to lament than to reform.

N^o 166. *Monday, September 21.*

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

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent, without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good will, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less intitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I

am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my Reader a right notion of my self in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the Philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind, such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new *Indies* in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the *French* Protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over-against St. *Clement's* Church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new pave every street within the liberties, and entered a *Memorandum* in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the high-ways on this side the *Tweed*, and of making all the rivers in *England* navigable.

But

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in *Great Britain* three pounds a year (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir *William Pettit's* observations, all the necessities of life) leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in my self what I should do in the matter of *Impropriations*; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the Church.

As I was one day walking near *St. Paul's*, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expence.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private Gentleman.

It happened about this time that publick matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burthens that were laid upon them: This made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning gown, having, after a most incredible expence, pawned a new suit of cloaths, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, some-body knocked at my door. I opened it and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message: but seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a Prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for, with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows.

N n 2

S I R

S I R,

“ A F T E R having got out of you every thing you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of the Philosopher’s stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I never yet could bubble a blockhead out of his mony. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply my self to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded, you your self can best tell.

Your humble servant to command,

Thomas White.

“ I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door. I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I my self, as what the publick, suffered by it. I think however I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed.

N^o 167. *Tuesday, September 22.*

Fata viam inuenient-----

Virg.

T H E following story is lately translated out of an *Arabian* manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale, and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be acceptable to my reader.

The name of *Helim* is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the *Persians*, even to this day, *Helim* the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of *Solomon* the son of *David*. *Helim* was also gover-

nor

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

Alnarefchin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in his country. He was of a fearful, suspicious and cruel nature, having put to death upon very slight jealousies and surmises five and thirty of his Queens, and above twenty sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of *Caliphs* should be entirely lost, he one day sent for *Helim*, and spoke to him after this manner. *Helim*, said he, *I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now show thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious pursuits after knowledge. By this means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive.* The words of my Lord the King shall be obeyed, said *Helim*. After which he bowed, and went out of the King's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young Princes loved and respected *Helim* as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the *East*. The name of the eldest was *Ibrahim*, and of the youngest *Abdallah*. They lived together in such a perfect a friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like *Ibrahim* and *Abdallah*. *Helim* had an only child who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the most accomplish'd woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. *Abdallah*, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved *Balsora*, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the King, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of *Helim* the sight of *Balsora* his fair daughter. The King was so enflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for *Helim* the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompence him for all his faithful ser-

vices.

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

She appeared in the King's eye as one of the virgins of *Paradise*. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. *Helim* wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the King, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The King bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. *Balsora* was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of *Abdallah* renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The King was informed of her condition by those that saw her. *Helim* finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the King she was dead. The King, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the Empire that *Balsora* died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased Queens.

In the mean time *Abdallah*, who had heard of the King's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved *Balsora*. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the King was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of *Helim*. It shall suffice to acquaint my Reader, that *Helim*,

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

It is the custom among the *Persians*, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the Royal Family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace; which is the repository of all who are descended from the *Caliphs*, or any way allied to them. The chief Physician is always Governor of the Black Palace, it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred Negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, besides the Governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of *Abdallah* into the same place. *Balsora* watched over him, till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. *Abdallah* was not acquainted with *Helim's* design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprize, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blessed, and that the spirit of his dear *Balsora*, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of *Mahomet*, in the company of his *Balsora*.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of the gates, being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length *Helim* bethought himself, that the first day of the full Moon, of the month *Tizpa*, was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the *Persians*, that the souls of those of the Royal Family, who are in a state of bliss, do, on the first full Moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of *Paradise*, in order to take their flight for that happy place. *Helim* therefore having made due preparations for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of *Persia*, with a long train of linnen whiter than snow, that floated

floated on the ground behind them. Upon *Abdallab's* head he fixed a wreath of the greenest mirtle, and on *Balsora's* a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of *Arabia*. Having thus prepared every thing, the full Moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of *Paradise*, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of Negroes, who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the light of the full Moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon, by the King himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. *Helim* had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the black temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. He here met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on mount *Khacan*. The air on this mountain was so very healthful, that *Helim* had formerly transported the King thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well that the King made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived *Abdallab* and *Balsora*. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. *Abdallab* applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place, inasmuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. *Helim* was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

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

to the throne, but *Helim* sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a Prince. It so happened, that before *Helim* found such an opportunity as he desired, the new King *Ibrahim*, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount *Khacan*; he immediately ascended the hill, and coming to *Helim's* house demanded some refreshments. *Helim* was very luckily there at that time, and after having set before the King the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come, upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had past. The King was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with *Balsora* in his hand, he leaped off from the *Sopha* on which he sat, and cried out *it is he! it is my Abdallah!* — having said this he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The King at length, after having kindly reproached *Helim* for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced *Balsora* with the greatest tenderness, and told her, that she should now be a Queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother King of all the conquered nations on the other side the *Tygris*. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount *Khacan*. *Abdalla* continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of *Persia*. This *Caliph*, *Ibrahim*, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by *Abdallah*, a son of *Abdallah* and *Balsora*. This was that King *Abdallah* who afterwards fixed the Imperial residence upon mount *Khacan*, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the *Persian* empire.

