



## **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Miscellaneous Pieces In Verse and Prose

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

Guardians

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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# GUARDIANS.

N<sup>o</sup>. 4.

March 16, 1713.

**T**HOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word, the Custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of *Dedications*, which is of so much the worse consequence as tis generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of Praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the Learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of Fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving. Nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms



to exprefs it, but what have been already ufed, and rendered fufpected by flatterers. Even Truth itfelf in a Dedication is like an honeft man in a difguife or Vizor-Mafque, and will appear a Cheat by being drefed fo like one. Tho' the merit of the perfon is beyond difpute, I fee no reafon, that, becaufe one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praifes in his face. 'Tis juft the reverse of the praftife of the ancient Romans, when a perfon was advanced to triumph for his fervices: they hired people to rail at him in that Circumftance, to make him as humble as they could; and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Suppofing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reafon obliged to thank him for his picture in a Dedication, than to thank the painter for that on a fign-post; except it be a lefs injury to touch the moft facred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I fhould think nothing juftified me in this point, but the patron's permiffion beforehand, that I fhould draw him as like as I could; whereas moft authors proceed in this affair juft as a dawber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was ufed to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might perfuade to be like them. To exprefs my notion of the thing in a word: to fay more to a man than one thinks, with a prof-



pect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity at once think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering Dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few Dedications, but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons. I have known an Hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after a victory; and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me but that I happened to know the authors: He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tiddled every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. 'Tis observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqu'd upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated



style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authorefs of a famous modern romance begs a young Nobleman's permission to pay him her *kneeling adorations*, I am far from censuring the expression, as some Criticks would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours; so, 'tis certain none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a Dedication I happened upon, this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters



was looking over some hoods and ribbands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by a part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the Dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those Gothick ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows. \*\*\* “ Though it is a kind of  
 “ prophanation to approach your Grace with so  
 “ poor an offering, yet when I reflect how accept-  
 “ able a sacrifice of first fruits was to Heaven, in the  
 “ earliest and purest ages of religion, that they  
 “ were honoured with solemn feasts, and conse-  
 “ crated to altars by a Divine command, \*\*\* Upon  
 “ that consideration, as an argument of particular  
 “ zeal, I dedicate \*\*\* ’Tis impossible to behold  
 “ you without adoring; yet dazzled and aw’d by  
 “ the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred  
 “ power, that refines their flames, and renders  
 “ them pure as those we ought to offer to the  
 “ Deity. \*\*\*\* The shrine is worthy the divinity  
 “ that inhabits it. In your Grace we see what  
 “ woman was before she fell, how nearly allied



“to the purity and perfection of Angels. And  
“we adore and bless the glorious work!”

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious Dedication, could not but convince the Duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the Critics, which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial; that is, when the most sacred praises appropriated to the honour of the deity, are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this Lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a new kind of Dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book either Prose or Verse, that has, is, or shall be published; and might run in this manner.

### The AUTHOR to Himself.

*Most Honoured Sir,*

THESE labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you: first, that it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them publick: then, as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shown to all which is mine)



that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there's none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts, which 'tis possible few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in publick; but you may believe me, 'tis no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyrick: But since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there's nothing I so much desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but, 'till then, can only assure you, that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

*Dearest SIR,*

*Your Affectionate Friend, and  
The greatest of your Admirers.*



N<sup>o</sup>. II. Tuesday, March 24.

Huc propius me,  
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.

Hor. Sat. iii. lib. ii. v. 80.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

“ AS you profess to encourage all those who  
 “ any way contribute to the Publick Good, I  
 “ flatter myself I may claim your Countenance and  
 “ Protection. I am by Profession a Mad Doctor,  
 “ but of a peculiar Kind, not of those whose  
 “ Aim it is to remove Phrenzies, but one who  
 “ make it my Business to confer an agreeable  
 “ Madness on my Fellow-Creatures, for their mu-  
 “ tual Delight and Benefit. Since it is agreed by  
 “ the Philosophers, that Happiness and Misery  
 “ consist chiefly in the Imagination, nothing is  
 “ more necessary to Mankind in general than this  
 “ pleasing Delirium, which renders every one fa-  
 “ tisfied with himself, and persuades him that all  
 “ others are equally so.

“ I have for several Years, both at home and  
 “ abroad, made this Science my particular Study,  
 “ which I may venture to say I have improved in  
 “ almost all the Courts of Europe; and have re-  
 “ duced it into so safe and easy a Method, as to



" practice it on both Sexes, of what Disposition,  
 " Age, or Quality soever, with Success. What  
 " enables me to perform this great Work, is the  
 " Use of my *Obsequium Catholicon*, or the *Grand*  
 " *Elixir*, to support the Spirits of human Nature.  
 " This Remedy is of the most grateful Flavour in  
 " in World, and agrees with all Tastes whatever.  
 " 'Tis delicate to the Senses, delightful in the Ope-  
 " ration, may be taken at all Hours without Con-  
 " finement, and is as properly given at a Ball or  
 " Play-house as in a private Chamber. It restores  
 " and vivifies the most dejected Minds, corrects  
 " and extracts all that is painful in the Knowledge  
 " of a Man's self. One Dose of it will instantly  
 " disperse itself through the whole Animal Sys-  
 " tem, dissipate the first Motions of Distrust so as  
 " never to return, and so exhilarate the Brain and  
 " rarify the Gloom of Reflexion, as to give the  
 " Patients a new flow of Spirits, a Vivacity of Be-  
 " haviour, and a pleasing Dependence upon their  
 " own Capacities.

" Let a Person be never so far gone, I advise  
 " him not to despair; even though he has been  
 " troubled many Years with restless Reflexions,  
 " which by long Neglect have hardened into set-  
 " tled Consideration. Those that have been stung  
 " with Satire may here find a certain Antidote,  
 " which infallibly disperses all the Remains of  
 " Poison that has been left in the Understanding  
 " by bad Cures. It fortifies the Heart against the



“ Rancour of Pamphlets, the Inveteracy of Epi-  
 “ grams, and the Mortification of Lampoons; as  
 “ has been often experienced by several Persons of  
 “ both Sexes, during the Seasons of *Tunbridge*,  
 “ and the *Bath*.

“ I could, as further Instances of my Success,  
 “ produce Certificates and Testimonials from the  
 “ Favourites and Ghostly Fathers of the most emi-  
 “ nent Princes of Europe; but shall content myself  
 “ with the Mention of a few Cures, which I have  
 “ performed by this my *Grand Universal Restora-*  
 “ *tive*, during the Practice of one Month only  
 “ since I came to this City.

*Cures in the Month of February, 1713.*

“ George Spondee, Esq; Poet, and Inmate of  
 “ the Parish of St. Paul’s Covent-Garden, fell in-  
 “ to violent Fits of the Spleen upon a thin Third  
 “ Night. He had been frighted into a Vertigo by  
 “ the Sound of Cat-calls on the First Day; and  
 “ the frequent Hissings on the Second made him  
 “ unable to endure the bare Pronunciation of the  
 “ Letter S. I searched into the Causes of his Dif-  
 “ temper; and by the Prescription of a Dose of  
 “ my *Obsequium*, prepared *secundum Artem*, reco-  
 “ vered him to his natural State of Madness. I  
 “ cast in at proper Intervals the Words, *Ill taste of*  
 “ *the Town, Envy of Criticks, bad Performance of*  
 “ *the Actors*, and the like. He is so perfectly



“ cured, that he has promised to bring another  
 “ Play upon the Stage next Winter.

“ A Lady of professed Virtue of the Parish of  
 “ St. James’s Westminster, who hath desired her  
 “ Name may be concealed, having taken Offence  
 “ at a Phrase of double Meaning in Conversation,  
 “ undiscovered by any other in the Company, sud-  
 “ denly fell into a cold Fit of Modesty. Upon a  
 “ right Application of Praise of her Virtue, I  
 “ threw the Lady into an agreeable waking Dream,  
 “ fettled the Fermentation of her Blood into a  
 “ warm Charity, so as to make her look with  
 “ Patience on the very Gentleman that of-  
 “ fended.

“ Hilaria, of the Parish of St. Giles’s in the  
 “ Fields, a Coquette of long Practice, was by the  
 “ Reprimand of an old Maiden reduced to look  
 “ grave in Company, and deny herself the Play  
 “ of the Fan. In short, she was brought to such  
 “ melancholy Circumstances, that she would some-  
 “ times unawares fall into Devotion at Church. I  
 “ advis’d her to take a few *innocent Freedoms with*  
 “ *occasional Kiffes*, prescribed her the *Exercise of the*  
 “ *Eyes*, and immediately raised her to her former  
 “ State of Life. She on a sudden recovered her  
 “ Dimples, furl’d her Fan, threw round her  
 “ Glances, and for these two Sundays last past has  
 “ not once been seen in an attentive Posture. This  
 “ the Church-Wardens are ready to attest upon  
 “ Oath.



“ Andrew Terror, of the Middle-Temple,  
“ Mohock, was almost induced by an aged  
“ Bencher of the same House, to leave off bright  
“ Conversation, and pore over *Coke upon Little-*  
“ *ton*. He was so ill that his Hat began to flap,  
“ and he was seen one Day in the last Term  
“ at Westminster-Hall. This Patient had quite  
“ lost his Spirit of Contradiction; I, by the Des-  
“ tillation of a few of my vivifying Drops in his  
“ Ear, drew him from his Lethargy, and restored  
“ him to his usual vivacious Misunderstanding. He  
“ is at present very easy in his Condition.

“ I will not dwell upon the Recital of the in-  
“ numerable Cures I have performed within  
“ Twenty Days last past; but rather proceed to  
“ exhort all Persons of whatever Age, Complexion  
“ or Quality, to take as soon as possible of this my  
“ intellectual Oil; which applied at the Ear seizes  
“ all the Senses with a most agreeable Transport,  
“ and discovers its Effects, not only to the Satis-  
“ faction of the Patient, but all who converse  
“ with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or  
“ her that receives the kindly infection. It is of-  
“ ten administred by Chamber-Maids, Valets, or  
“ any the most ignorant Domestic; it being one  
“ peculiar Excellence of this my Oil, that 'tis  
“ most prevalent, the more unskilful the Person is,  
“ or appears, who applies it. It is absolutely ne-  
“ cessary for Ladies to take a Dose of it just before  
“ they take Coach to go a visiting.



“ But I offend the publick, as Horace said,  
 “ when I trespass on any of your Time. Give me  
 “ leave then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present  
 “ of a drachm or two of my Oil; though I have  
 “ cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the  
 “ effect upon you I could wish: Therefore I do  
 “ not endeavour to bribe you in my Favour by the  
 “ Present of my Oil, but wholly depend upon  
 “ your publick Spirit and Generosity; which, I  
 “ hope, will recommend to the World the useful  
 “ endeavours of,

S I R,

*Your most Obedient, most Faithful, most Devoted,  
 most Humble Servant and Admirer,*

GNATHO.

\*†\* Beware of Counterfeits, for such are abroad.

“ N. B. I teach the Arcana of my Art at rea-  
 “ sonable rates to Gentlemen of the Universities,  
 “ who desire to be qualified for writing Dedic-  
 “ tions; and to young Lovers and Fortune-hun-  
 “ ters, to be paid at the day of Marriage. I in-  
 “ struct persons of bright Capacities to flatter  
 “ others, and those of the meanest to flatter them-  
 “ selves.

“ I was the first Inventor of Pocket Looking-  
 “ Glasses.



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N<sup>o</sup>. 40. Monday, April 27, 1713.

*Being a Continuation of some former papers on the  
Subject of PASTORALS.*

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum :  
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

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1. I Designed to have troubled the reader with no further discourses of Pastoral; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an Author whose Eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free Spirit of Criticism, and without any apprehension of offending that Gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral formed upon the representation of Innocence; 'tis therefore plain that any deviations from that design degrade a Poem from being truly pastoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be such: his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent;



Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder: As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by <sup>a</sup> Heinfius, Salmafius, Rapin, and the criticks in general. They likewise observe that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to admitted as pastorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons abovementioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken altogether, are rather Select poems than Pastorals; I might have said the same thing with no less truth of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the criticks, viz. They never meant them all for pastorals.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As Simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of Pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a style; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered, that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric as well by the help

<sup>a</sup> See Rapin de Carm. par. iii.



of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English: For example, might he not have said *quoi* instead of *cui*; *quojum* for *cujum*; *volt* for *vult*, etc. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whileome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witless younglings* for *simple lambs*, etc. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spencer?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country: His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: Whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy and Colin Clout.

5. So easy as pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated *some single thoughts* of the ancients well enough (if we consider he had not the happiness of an University education) but he hath dispersed them here and



there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose *whole* third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of Pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale shows with what exactness he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our own country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment described Wolves in England in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular Season of the year, one certain Time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each eclogue. 'Tis plain Spencer neglected this pedantry, who in his pastoral of November mentions the mournful song of the Nightingale,

*Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.*

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardiner; his roses, endives, lilies, king-cups, and daffidils, blow all in the same season.

7. But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary Pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several



of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately?

Hobb. *Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee  
What pleasure can the country have for me?  
Come, Rosalind, O come; my brinded kine,  
My snowy sheep, my farm and all, is thine.*

Lang. *Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,  
Here are cool fountains, and here springing  
flowers.*

*Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,  
And sweetly waft our live-long time away.*

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright Poetry:

Streph. *In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,  
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,  
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,  
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.*

Daph. *Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,  
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;  
Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here,  
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the  
year.*

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses:



Hobb. *As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by,  
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye:  
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd  
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.*

Lanq. *As I cool to me bath'd one sultry day,  
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.  
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;  
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.*

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows:

Streph. *Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,  
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;  
But feigns a Laugh, to see me search around,  
And by that Laugh the willing fair is found.*

Daph. *The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,  
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;  
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,  
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!*

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than descriptions of pastoral Presents. Philips says thus of a Sheep-hook,

*Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,  
To speak the giver's name, the month and year;  
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,  
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.*



The other of a bowl embossed with figures:

*where wanton ivy twines,  
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;  
Four figures rising from the work appear,  
The various seasons of the rolling year;  
And, what is that which binds the radiant sky,  
Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?*

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiack, is no ill imitation of Virgil: but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric?

*And what that hight, which girds the welkin sheen,  
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen?*

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any further in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, That beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances out of a hundred not yet quoted:



*O woful day! O day of woe! quoth he,  
And woful I, who live the day to see!*

The simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words in this Dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals, a shepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

*Ab me the while! ab me! the luckless day,  
Ab luckless lad! the rather might I say;  
Ab silly I! more silly than my sheep,  
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.*

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them, without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels: For example:

*A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;  
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross,  
---He that late lies down, as late will rise,  
And sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies.*



*--- Against Ill-luck all cunning fore-sight fails;  
 Whether we sleep or wake, it naught avails.  
 --- Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong.*

Lastly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spencer, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several Counties. Spencer seems to have been of this opinion: for he hath laid the scene of one of his Pastorals in Wales; where with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good morrow, in an unusual and elegant manner:

*Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:  
 Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say.*

Diggon answers:

*Hur was hur, while it was day-light;  
 But now hur is a most wretched wight, etc.*

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entituled, A Pastoral Ballad: which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed as a further beauty of this Pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad,



Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking:

Cicily. *Rager, go wetch tha<sup>a</sup> Kee, or else tha Zun  
Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.*

Roger. *Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee  
To dreve our bull to bull tha Parson's Kee.*

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of *Jealousy*; and his mentioning the Parson's Kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdes Cicily, which she expresses as follows:

Cicily. *Ah Rager, Rager, ches was zore avraid,  
When in yon Vield you kiss'd the Parson's maid;  
Is this the love that once to me you zed,  
When from the Wake thou brought'st me ginger-  
bread?*

Roger. *Cicily, thou charg'st me valse,--I'll zwear to  
thee,  
Tha Parson's maid is still a maid for me.*

In which answer of his, are expressed at once that Spirit of Religion, and that Innocence of the

<sup>a</sup> That is, the Kine or Cows.



Golden age, so necessary to be observed by all writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most simply in the world:

*So Rager parted vor to vetch tha Kee,  
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.*

I am loth to show my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English Writers of Pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the same road with this old West Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope that I forebore to mention him as a Pastoral writer; since, upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose Eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that (according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better.



N<sup>o</sup>. 61.

May 21, 1713.

Primoque a caede ferarum  
 Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum. OVID.

I Cannot think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own Species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

'Tis observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked, or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become



almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky, to destroy some sorts of birds, as Swallows and Martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breasts in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood*. However it be, I don't know; I say, why this prejudice, well im-



proved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies where-ever found. The conceit that a Cat has nine lives has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestick may be any cause of the general persecution of Owls (who are a sort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine. Tho' I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alledged for the destruction of Frogs is because they are like Toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of Sanguinary sports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have



leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon Ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a Stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling and weeping creature.

*Questuque cruentus,*

*Atque Imploranti similis.---*

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, Pigs whipp'd to death, Fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those, who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience, and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poyson in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and fill-



ed with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a Giant's den in a romance bestraw'd with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect: "That 'tis no easy task to  
" preach to the belly which has no ears. Yet  
" if (says he) we are ashamed to be so out of  
" fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend  
" with some discretion and measure. If we kill  
" an animal for our provision, let us do it with  
" the meltings of compassion, and without tor-  
" menting it. Let us consider, that 'tis in its own  
" nature cruelty to put a living creature to death;  
" we at least destroy a soul that has sense and per-  
" ception." In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion from the severe disposition of that man to discourse in this manner: " It ought to be  
" esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our hu-  
" manity has a wider sphere to exert itself in, than  
" bare justice. It is no more than the obligation  
" of our very birth to practise equity to our own  
" kind; but humanity may be extended thro' the  
" whole order of creatures, even to the meanest:  
" such actions of charity are the over-flowings of a  
" mild good nature on all below us. It is cer-  
" tainly the part of a well-natured man to take  
" care of his horses and dogs, not only in expec-



“tation of their labour while they are foals and  
 “whelps, but even when their old age has made  
 “them incapable of service.”

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the senate for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to shew, how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetick lines applicable to this occasion :

*Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos  
 Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar ?*



*Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas  
Præbetis; vitæque magis quam morte juvatis.  
Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,  
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?  
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,  
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,  
Ruricolam mactare suum ---.*

*Quam male consuevit, quam se parat ille cruori  
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro  
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!  
Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hædum  
Edentem jugulare potest! ----*

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human, with which providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compassion of the creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness---  
“Should I not spare Nineveh the great city, wherein are more than six thousand persons---  
“And also much cattel?” And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good nature of this sort with a blessing in form annexed to it in those words: “If thou shalt find a bird’s nest in the



“ way, thou shalt not take the dam with the  
 “ young: But thou shalt in any wise let the dam  
 “ go, that it may be well with thee, and that  
 “ thou may’st prolong thy days.

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us; as for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing thro’ a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller’s assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man’s compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practice every day, whose custom it is to requite



benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented, and seeing a Tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompenced? If you mean according to the usage of Men (reply'd the Tree) By its contrary. I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks. Upon this the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a Cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so: I know it, said the Cow, by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter and cheese, and brought him besides a Calf every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beasts they should meet. This happened to be the Fox, who upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to get into so narrow a bag. The adder to convince him went in again; the Fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.



N<sup>o</sup>. 91.

June 25, 1713.

inest sua gratia parvis. VIRG.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

SIR,

“I Remember a saying of yours concerning persons in low circumstances of stature, that their littleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. Indeed the observation that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only for the affectation of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

“I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear, that a sett of us have formed a society, who are sworn to dare to be short, and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical monsters of the Species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

“The day of our institution was the tenth of December, being the shortest of the year, on which we are to hold an annual Feast over a dish of Shrimps.



“ The place we have chosen for this meeting is  
“ in the little Piazza, not without an eye to the  
“ neighbourhood of Mr. Powel’s Opera, for the  
“ performers of which, we have, as becomes us,  
“ a brotherly affection.

“ At our first resort hither, an old woman  
“ brought her son to the Club Room, desiring he  
“ might be educated in this School, because she  
“ saw here were finer Boys than ordinary. How-  
“ ever, this accident no way discouraged our de-  
“ signs. We began with sending invitations to  
“ those of a stature not exceeding five foot, to re-  
“ pair to our assembly; but the greater part re-  
“ turned excuses, or pretended they were not qua-  
“ lified.

“ One said, he was indeed but five foot at pre-  
“ sent, but represented that he should soon ex-  
“ ceed that proportion, his perriwig-maker and  
“ shoe-maker having lately promised him three  
“ inches more betwixt them.

“ Another alledged, he was so unfortunate as to  
“ have one leg shorter than the other, and who-  
“ ever had determined his stature to five foot, had  
“ taken him at a disadvantage; for when he was  
“ mounted on the other leg, he was at least five  
“ foot two inches and a half.

“ There were some who questioned the exactness  
“ of our measures, and others instead of complying,  
“ returned us informations of people yet shorter  
“ than themselves. In a word, almost every one



" recommended some neighbour or acquaintance,  
 " whom he was willing we should look upon to  
 " be less than he. We were not a little ashamed,  
 " that those who are past the years of growth,  
 " and whose beards pronounce them men, should  
 " be guilty of as many unfair tricks, in this point,  
 " as the most aspiring children when they are  
 " measured.

" We therefore proceeded to fit up the Club-  
 " Room, and provide conveniencies for our ac-  
 " commodation. In the first place we caused a  
 " total removal of all the chairs, stools, and tables,  
 " which had served the gross of mankind for many  
 " years.

" The disadvantages we had undergone while  
 " we made use of these, were unspeakable. The  
 " President's whole body was sunk in the elbow-  
 " chair, and when his arms were spread over it,  
 " he appeared (to the great lessening of his dig-  
 " nity) like a child in a go-cart: It was also so  
 " wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of  
 " saying, that, notwithstanding the President sat  
 " in it, there was a *Sede Vacante*.

" The table was so high, that one who came  
 " by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above  
 " the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men  
 " that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a  
 " dozen Barbers.

" Another time, one of the Club spoke in a lu-  
 " dicrous manner of the President, imagining he



“ had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by  
 “ a flask of Florence, which stood on the table in  
 “ a parallel line before his face.

“ We therefore new furnished the room in all  
 “ respects proportionably to us; and had the door  
 “ made lower, so as to admit no man of above  
 “ five foot high without brushing his foretop,  
 “ which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit  
 “ among us.

*Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follow.*

“ I. If it be proved upon any member, though  
 “ never so duly qualified, that he strives as much  
 “ as possible to get above his size, by stretching,  
 “ cocking, or the like; or that he hath stood on  
 “ tiptoe in a crowd, with design to be taken for as  
 “ tall a man as the rest; or hath privily conveyed  
 “ any large book, cricket, or other device under  
 “ him to exalt him on his seat: every such offender  
 “ shall be sentenced to walk in pumps for a whole  
 “ month.

“ II. If any member shall take advantage from  
 “ the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of  
 “ his dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat,  
 “ or otherwise, to seem larger or higher than he is,  
 “ it is ordered, he shall wear red heels to his shoes,  
 “ and a red feather in his hat; which may appa-  
 “ rently mark and set bounds to the extremities of  
 “ his small dimension, that all people may readily  
 “ find him out between his hat and his shoes.



“ III. If any member shall purchase a horse  
 “ for his own riding, above fourteen hands and  
 “ a half in height; that horse shall forthwith be  
 “ sold, a Scotch galloway bought in its stead for  
 “ him, and the overplus of the money shall treat  
 “ the Club.

“ IV. If any member, in direct contradiction  
 “ to the fundamental laws of the Society, shall  
 “ wear the heels of his shoes exceeding one inch  
 “ and half; it shall be interpreted as an open re-  
 “ nunciation of littleness, and the criminal shall  
 “ instantly be expelled. Note, The form to be  
 “ used in expelling a member shall be in these  
 “ words; “ Go from among us, and be tall if  
 “ you can !”

“ It is the unanimous opinion of our whole so-  
 “ ciety, that since the race of mankind is granted  
 “ to have decreased in stature, from the beginning  
 “ to this present, it is the intent of Nature itself,  
 “ that men should be little; and we believe, that  
 “ all human kind shall at last grow down to per-  
 “ fection, that is to say, be reduced to *our own*  
 “ *measure.*



N<sup>o</sup>. 92. June 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito! PLAUT.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

“ YOU are now acquainted with the nature  
 “ and design of our institution; the Cha-  
 “ racter of the members, and the topicks of our  
 “ Conversation, are what remain for the subject  
 “ of this Epistle.

“ The most eminent persons of our assembly  
 “ are a little Poet, a little Lover, a little Politician,  
 “ and a little Heroe. The first of these, Dick  
 “ Distick by name, we have elected President:  
 “ not only as he is the shortest of us all, but be-  
 “ cause he has entertained so just a sense of his  
 “ stature, as to go generally in black, that he may  
 “ appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he  
 “ arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure  
 “ of the man is odd enough; he is a lively little  
 “ creature, with long arms and legs: a Spi-  
 “ der is no ill emblem of him: he has been taken  
 “ at a distance for a small Windmill. But indeed  
 “ what principally moved us in his favour was his  
 “ talent in Poetry, for he hath promised to under-  
 “ take a long work in short verse to celebrate the



“ heroes of our size. He has entertained so great  
 “ a respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

*Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,*

“ that he once designed to translate the whole  
 “ Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus.

“ Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the  
 “ most gallant lover of the age. He is parti-  
 “ cularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end  
 “ justice may be done him that way, constantly  
 “ employs the same artist who makes attire for the  
 “ neighb’ring Princes and Ladies of quality at Mr.  
 “ Powel’s. The vivacity of his temper inclines  
 “ him sometimes to boast of the favours of the  
 “ Fair. He was t’other night excusing his absence  
 “ from the club on account of an assignation with  
 “ a Lady (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a  
 “ tall one too) who had consented to the full ac-  
 “ complishment of his desires that evening: But  
 “ one of the company, who was his confident,  
 “ assured us she was a woman of humour, and  
 “ made the agreement on this condition, that his  
 “ toe should be tied to hers.

“ Our Politician is a person of real gravity, and  
 “ professed wisdom: Gravity in a man of this size,  
 “ compared with that of one of ordinary bulk,  
 “ appears like the gravity of a Cat compared with  
 “ that of a Lion. This gentleman is accustom-  
 “ ed to talk to himself, and was once over-heard  
 “ to compare his own person to a little cabinet,



“ wherein are locked up all the secrets of state,  
“ and refined schemes of Princes. His face is pale  
“ and meagre, which proceeds from much watch-  
“ ing and studying for the welfare of Europe, which  
“ is also thought to have stunted his growth: for  
“ he hath destroyed his own constitution with tak-  
“ ing care of that of the nation. He is what  
“ Mons. Balzac calls, a great Distiller of the max-  
“ ims of Tacitus: when he speaks, it is slowly,  
“ and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich  
“ you too fast with his observations; like a lim-  
“ beck that gives you, drop by drop, an extract  
“ of the little that is in it.

“ The last I shall mention is Tim. Tuck, the  
“ Hero. He is particularly remarkable for the  
“ length of his Sword, which intersects his per-  
“ son in a cross line, and makes him appear not  
“ unlike a Fly that the boys have run a pin thro’,  
“ and set a walking. He once challenged a tall  
“ fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with  
“ his elbow, as he passed along the street. But  
“ what he especially values himself upon is, that  
“ in all the campaigns he has made, he never once  
“ duck’d at the whizz of a cannon ball. Tim.  
“ was full as large at fourteen years old as he is  
“ now. This we are tender of mentioning, your  
“ little Heroes being generally cholerick.

“ These are the gentlemen that most enliven  
“ our conversation. The discourse generally turns  
“ upon such accidents, whether fortunate or un-



“fortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size :  
“these we faithfully communicate, either as mat-  
“ter of mirth or of consolation to each other.  
“The President had lately an unlucky fall, being  
“unable to keep his legs on a stormy day ; where-  
“upon he informed us it was no new disaster, but  
“the same a certain ancient Poet had been subject  
“to ; who is recorded to have been so light that  
“he was obliged to poize himself against the wind,  
“with lead on one side, and his own works on  
“the other. The Lover confesses the other night  
“that he had been cured of love to a tall woman,  
“by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scar-  
“ron, with his tea, three mornings successively.  
“Our Hero rarely acquaints us with any of his  
“unsuccessful adventures : and as for the Politici-  
“an, he declares himself an utter enemy to all  
“kind of burlesque, so will never discompose the  
“austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adven-  
“tures, much less discover any of his own in this  
“ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any ac-  
“cidents that befall him, is by way of complaint,  
“nor is he ever laugh’d at but in his *Absence*.

“We are likewise particularly careful to com-  
“municate in the club all such passages of history,  
“or characters of illustrious personages, as any  
“way reflect honour on little men. Tim. Tuck  
“having but just reading enough for a military  
“man, perpetually entertains us with the same  
“stories, of little David that conquered the mighty



“ Goliah, and little Luxembourg that made Louis  
“ xiv. a grand Monarque, never forgetting lit-  
“ tle Alexander the great. Dick Distick celebrates  
“ the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who call-  
“ ed Horace *lepidissimum homunciolum*; and is won-  
“ derfully pleased with Voiture and Scarron, for  
“ having so well described their diminutive forms  
“ to posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion,  
“ against a great Reader and all his adherents, that  
“ Æsop was not a jot properer or handsomer than  
“ he is represented by the common pictures. But  
“ the Soldier believes with the learned person  
“ above-mentioned; for he thinks none but an  
“ impudent tall author could be guilty of such an  
“ unmannerly piece of satire on little warriors, as  
“ his Battle of the Mouse and the Frog. The  
“ Politician is very proud of a certain King of  
“ Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus as-  
“ sures us, was a person of a very low stature, but  
“ far exceeded all that went before him in discre-  
“ tion and politicks.

“ As I am Secretary to the club, 'tis my busi-  
“ ness, whenever we meet, to take minutes of the  
“ transactions: this has enabled me to send you  
“ the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter  
“ other memoirs. We have spies appointed in  
“ every quarter of the town, to give us informa-  
“ tions of the misbehaviour of such refractory per-  
“ sons as refuse to be subject to our statutes.  
“ Whatsoever aspiring practices any of these our



“ people shall be guilty of in their Amours, single  
 “ Combats, or any indirect means to manhood,  
 “ we shall certainly be acquainted with, and pub-  
 “ lish to the world, for their punishment and re-  
 “ formation. For the President has granted me  
 “ the sole propriety of exposing and shewing to  
 “ the town all such intractable Dwarfs, whose cir-  
 “ cumstances exempt them from being carried  
 “ about in Boxes: reserving only to himself, as  
 “ the right of a Poet, those smart characters that  
 “ will shine in Epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I  
 “ salute you in the name of the club.

BOB. SHORT, *Secretary.*

N<sup>o</sup>. 173. September 29, 1713.

Nec fera comantem  
 Narcissum, aut flexi tacuiffem vimen Acanthi,  
 Pallentesque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.

VIRG.

I lately took a particular friend of mine to my  
 house in the country, not without some ap-  
 prehension, that it could afford little entertainment  
 to a man of his polite taste, particularly in archi-  
 tecture and gardening, who had so long been con-  
 versant with all that is beautiful and great in ei-



ther. But it was a pleasant surprize to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats (or, if you will, Villa's) of the nation. This he described to me in those verses with which Martial begins one of his epigrams :

*Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,  
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,  
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,  
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi ;  
Sed rure vero, barbaroque lætatur.*

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned Nature, that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the Ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a Garden ; wherein those great masters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist intirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit trees, herbs, water, etc. The pieces I am speaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that



of Alcinous in the seventh Odyſſey, to which I refer the reader.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the juſteſt rules and proviſions which can go toward compoſing the beſt gardens. Its extent was four Acres, which, in thoſe times of ſimplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a Prince. It was incloſed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined cloſe to the gates of the Palace.

He mentions next the Trees, which were ſtandards, and ſuffered to grow to their full height. The fine deſcription of the Fruits that never failed, and the eternal Zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expreſſing the continual ſucceſſion of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The Vineyard ſeems to have been a plantation diſtinct from the Garden; as alſo the beds of Greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the incloſure, in the uſual place of our Kitchen Gardens.

The two Fountains are diſpoſed very remarkably. They roſe within the incloſure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the Palace into the Town, for the ſervice of the publick.

How contrary to this ſimplicity is the modern practice of gardening? We ſeem to make it our



study to recede from Nature, not only in the various tuncure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself: we run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our Trees in the most aukward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

*Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,  
Implexos late muros, et moenia circum  
Porrigere, et latas e ramis surgere turres;  
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea rostra:  
In buxisque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.  
Parte alia frondere suis tentoria castris;  
Scutaque, spiculaque, et jaculantia citria vallos.*

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature; as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature: On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A Citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of Yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into Giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent Cook, who beautified his country seat with a Coronation-dinner in greens, where you see the Champion flou-



rishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of Greens to be disposed of by an eminent Town-Gardiner, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the Villa's and Gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the meer barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso Gardiner, who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients, in the imagery of Evergreens. I proceed to his catalogue.

Adam and Eve in Yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.

Noah's ark in Holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The Tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St. George in Box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the Dragon by next April.

A green Dragon of the same, with a tail of Ground-Ivy for the present.

N. B. These two not to be sold separately.



Edward the Black Prince in Cypress.

A Laurustine Bear in Blossom, with a Juniper Hunter in Berries.

A pair of Giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea, a little inclining to the green sickness, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in Myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a Savine.

An old Maid of honour in Wormwood.

A topping Ben. Johnson in Laurel.

Divers eminent modern Poets in Bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a pennyworth.

A quick-set Hog shot up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A Lavender Figg, with Sage growing in his belly.

A pair of Maidenheads in Firr, in great forwardness.

He also cutteth family pieces of men, women, and children, so that any gentleman may have his lady's effigies in Myrtle, or his own in Hornbeam.

*Thy Wife shall be as the fruitful Vine, and thy Children as Olive-branches round thy table.*