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THE
WORKS
OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

A NEW EDITION,
IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,
BY ARTHUR MURPHY. ESQ.



VOL. VII.

CONTAINING IDLER.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE IDLER *having omitted to distinguish the Essays of his Correspondents by any particular signature, thinks it necessary to inform his Readers, that from the ninth, the fifteenth, thirty-third, forty-second, fifty-fourth, sixty-seventh, seventy-sixth, seventy-ninth, eighty-second, ninety-third, ninety-sixth, and ninety-eighth Papers, he claims no other praise than that of having given them to the Public.*

THE
IDLER.

NUMB. I. SATURDAY, *April* 15, 1758.

*Vacui tub umbra
Lusimus.*

H O R .

THOSE who attempt periodical essays seem to be often stopped in the begmuing, by the difficulty of finding a proper title. Two writers, since the time of the *Spectator*, have assumed his name, without any pretensions to lawful inheritance ; an effort was once made to revive the *Totler* ; and the strange appellations, by which other papers have been called, show that the authors were distressed, like the natives of *America*, who come to the *Europeans* to beg a name.

It will be easily believed of the *Idler*, that if his title had required any search, he never would have found it. Every mode of life has its conveniencies. The *Idler*, who habituates himself to be satisfied with what he can most easily obtain, not only es-

capable labours which are often fruitless, but sometimes succeeds better than those who despise all that is within their reach, and think every thing more valuable as it is harder to be acquired.

If similitude of manners be a motive to kindness, the *Idler* may flatter himself with universal patronage. There is no single character under which such numbers are comprised. Every man is, or hopes to be, an *Idler*. Even those who seem to differ most from us are hastening to increase our fraternity ; as peace is the end of war, so to be idle is the ultimate purpose of the busy.

There is, perhaps, no appellation by which a writer can better denote his kindred to the human species. It has been found hard to describe man by an adequate definition. Some philosophers have called him a reasonable animal ; but others have considered reason as a quality of which many creatures partake. He has been termed likewise a laughing animal ; but it is said that some men have never laughed. Perhaps man may be more properly distinguished as an idle animal ; for there is no man who is not sometimes idle. It is at least a definition from which none that shall find it in this paper can be excepted ; for who can be more idle than the reader of the *Idler* ?

That the definition may be complete, idleness must be not only the general, but the peculiar characteristic of man ; and perhaps man is the only being that can properly be called idle, that does by others what he might do himself, or sacrifices duty or pleasure to the love of ease.

Scarcely any name can be imagined from which

less envy or competition is to be dreaded. The* *Idler* has no rivals or enemies. The man of business forgets him ; the man of enterprise despises him ; and though such as tread the same track of life fall commonly into jealousy and discord, *Idlers* are always found to associate in peace; and he who is most famed for doing nothing, is glad to meet another as idle as himself.

What is to be expected from this paper, whether it will be uniform or various, learned or familiar, serious or gay, political or moral, continued or interrupted, it is hoped that no reader will enquire. That the *Idler* has some scheme, cannot be doubted ; for to form schemes is the *Idler's* privilege. But though he has many projects in his head, he is now grown sparing of communication, having observed, that his hearers are apt to remember what he forgets himself; that his tardiness of execution exposes him to the encroachments of those who catch a hint and fall to work ; and that very specious plans, after long contrivance and pompous displays, have subsided in weariness without a trial, and without miscarriage have -been blasted by derision.

Something the *Idler's* character may be supposed to promise. Those that are curious after diminutive history, who watch the revolutions of families, and the rise and fall of characters either male or female, will hope to be gratified by this paper ; for the *Idler* is always inquisitive and seldom retentive. He that delights in obloquy and satire, and wishes to see clouds gathering over any reputation that dazzles him with its brightness,

will snatch up the *Idler's* essays with a beating heart. The *Idler* is naturally censorious ; those who attempt nothing themselves, think every thing easily performed, and consider the unsuccessful always as criminal.

I think it necessary to give notice, that I make no contract, or incur any obligation. If those who depend on the *Idler* for intelligence and entertainment, should suffer the disappointment which commonly follows ill-placed expectations, they are to lay the blame only on themselves.

Yet hope is not wholly to be cast away. The *Idler*, though sluggish, is yet alive, and may sometimes be stimulated to vigour and activity. He may descend into profoundness, or tower into sublimity ; for the diligence of an *Idler* is rapid and impetuous, as ponderous bodies forced into velocity move with violence proportionate to their weight.

But these vehement exertions of intellect cannot be frequent, and he will therefore gladly receive help from any correspondent, who shall enable him to please without his own labour. He excludes no style, he prohibits no subject ; only **let** him that writes to the *Idler* remember, that his letters must not be long ; no words are to be squandered in declarations of esteem, or confessions of inability ; conscious dulness has little right to be **prolix**, and praise is not so welcome to the *Idler* as **quiet**.

NUMB. 2, SATURDAY, *April 22*, 1758.

Toto vix quater anno.

Membranam.

H O R .

MANY positions are often on the tongue, and seldom in the mind ; there are many truths which every human being acknowledges and forgets. It is generally known, that he who expects much will be often disappointed ; yet disappointment seldom cures us of expectation, or has any other effect than that of producing a moral sentence, or peevish exclamation. He that embarks in the voyage of life, will always wish to advance rather by the impulse of the wind, than the strokes of the oar ; and many founder in the passage, while they lie waiting for the gale that is to waft them to their wish.

It will naturally be suspected that the *Idler* has lately suffered some disappointment, and that he does not talk thus gravely for nothing. No man is required to betray his own secrets. I will, however, confess, that I have now been a writer almost a week, and have not yet heard a single word of praise, nor received one hint from any correspondent.

Whence this negligence proceeds I am not able to discover. Many of my predecessors have thought themselves obliged to return their acknowledgments in the second paper, for the kind reception of the first ; and in a short time, apolo-

gies have become so necessary to those ingenious gentlemen and ladies, whose performances, though in the highest degree elegant and learned, have been unavoidably delayed.

What then will be thought of me, who having experienced no kindness, have no thanks to return; whom no gentleman or lady has yet enabled to give any cause of discontent, and who have therefore no opportunity of shewing how skilfully I can pacify resentment, extenuate negligence, or palliate rejection ?

I have long known that splendor of reputation is not to be counted among the necessities of life, and therefore shall not much repine if praise be withheld till it is better deserved. But surely I may be allowed to complain, that, in a nation of authors, not one has thought me worthy of notice after so fair an invitation.

At the time when the rage of writing has seized the old and young, when the cook warbles her lyrics in the kitchen, and the thrasher vociferates his heroics in the barn ; when our traders deal out knowledge in bulky volumes, and our girls forsake their samplers to teach kingdoms wisdom ; it may seem very unnecessary to draw any more from their proper occupations, by affording new opportunities of literary fame.

I should be indeed unwilling to find that, for the sake of corresponding with the *Idler*, the smith's iron had cooled on the anvil, or the spinster's distaff stood unemployed. I solicit only the contributions of those who have already devoted themselves to literature, or, without any determinate

intention, wander at large through the expanse of life, and wear out the day in hearing at one place what they utter at another.

Of these, a great part are already writers. One has a friend in the country upon whom he exercises his powers ; whose passions he raises and depresses ; whose understanding he perplexes with paradoxes, or strengthens by argument ; whose admiration he courts, whose praises he enjoys ; and who serves him instead of a senate or a theatre ; as the young soldiers in the *Roman* camp learned the use of their weapons by fencing against a post in the place of an enemy.

Another has his pockets filled with essays and epigrams, which he reads from house to house, to select parties ; and which his acquaintances are daily entreating him to withhold no longer from the impatience of the public.

If among these any one is persuaded, that, by such preludes of composition, he has qualified himself to appear in the open world, and is yet afraid of those censures which they who have already written, and they who cannot write, are equally ready to fulminate against public pretenders to fame, he may, by transmitting his performances to the *Idler*, make a cheap experiment of his abilities, and enjoy the pleasure of success, without the hazard of miscarriage.

Many advantages not generally known arise from this method of stealing on the public. The standing author of the paper is always the object of critical malignity. Whatever is mean will be imputed to him, and whatever is excellent be as-

cribed to his assistants. It does not much alter the event, that the author and his correspondents are equally unknown ; for the author, whoever he be, is an individual, of whom every reader has some fixed idea, and whom he is therefore unwilling" to gratify with applause; but the praises given to his correspondents are scattered in the air, none can tell on whom they will light, and therefore none are unwilling to bestow them.

He that is known to contribute to a periodical work, needs no other caution than not to tell what particular pieces are his own ; such secrecy is indeed very difficult; but if it can be maintained, it is scarcely to be imagined at how small an expence he may grow considerable.

A person of quality, by a single paper, may engross the honour of a volume. Fame is, indeed, dealt with a hand less and less bounteous through the subordinate ranks, till it descends to the professed author, who will find it very difficult to get more than he deserves ; but every man who does not want it, or who needs not value it, may have liberal allowances; and, for five letters in the year sent to the *Idler*, of which perhaps only two are printed, will be promoted to the first rank of writers by those who are weary of the present race of wits, and wish to sink them into obscurity before the lustre of a name not yet known enough to be detested.

NUMB. 3. SATURDAY, *April 29*, 1758.*Otia vitæ**Solamur**cantu.*

STAT.

XT has long been the complaint of those who frequent the theatres, that all the dramatic art has been long exhausted, and that the vicissitudes of fortune, and accidents of life, have been shewn in every possible combination, till the first scene informs us of the last, and the play no sooner opens, than every auditor knows how it will conclude. When a conspiracy is formed in a tragedy, we guess by whom it will be detected ; when a letter is dropt in a comedy, we can tell by whom it will be found. Nothing is now left for the poet but character and sentiment, which are to make their way as they can, without the soft anxiety of suspense, or the enlivening agitation of surprise.

A new paper lies under the same disadvantages as a new play. There is danger lest it be new without novelty. My earlier predecessors had their choice of vices and follies, and selected such as were most likely to raise merriment or attract attention ; they had the whole field of life before them, untrodden and imsurveyed ; characters of every kind shot up in their way, and those of the most luxuriant growth, or most conspicuous colours, were naturally cropt by the first sickle. They that follow are forced to peep into neglected

corners, to note the casual varieties of the same species, and to recommend themselves by minute industry, and distinctions too subtle for common eyes.

Sometimes it may happen, that the haste or negligence of the first inquirers has left enough behind to reward another search ; sometimes new objects start up under the eye, and he that is looking for one kind of matter, is amply gratified by the discovery of another. But still it must be allowed, that, as more is taken, less can remain; and every truth brought newly to light impoverishes the mine, from which succeeding intellects are to dig their treasures.

Many philosophers imagine, that the elements themselves may be in time exhausted; that the sun, by shining long, will effuse all its light; and that, by the continual waste of aqueous particles, the whole earth will at last become a sandy desert.

I would not advise my readers to disturb themselves by contriving how they shall live without light and water. For the days of universal thirst and perpetual darkness are at a great distance. The ocean and the sun will last our time, and we may leave posterity to shift for themselves.

But if the stores of nature are limited, much more narrow bounds must be set to the modes of life ; and mankind may want a moral or amusing paper, many years before they shall be deprived of drink or day-light. This want, which to the busy **and** the inventive may seem easily remediable by some substitute or other, the whole race of

Idlers will feel with all the sensibility that such torpid animals can suffer.

When I consider the innumerable multitudes that, having no motive of desire, or determination of will, lie freezing in perpetual inactivity, till some external impulse puts them in motion; who awake in the morning, vacant of thought, with minds gaping for the intellectual food, which some kind essayist has been accustomed to supply; I am moved by the commiseration with which all human beings ought to behold the distresses of each other, to try some expedients for their relief, and to enquire by what methods the listless may be actuated, and the empty be replenished.

There are said to be pleasures in madness known only to madmen. There are certainly miseries in idleness, which the *Idler* only can conceive. These miseries I have often felt and often bewailed. I know by experience, how welcome is every avocation that summons the thoughts to a new image; and how much languor and lassitude are relieved by that officiousness which offers a momentary amusement to him who is unable to find it for himself.

It is naturally indifferent to this race of men what entertainment they receive, so they are but entertained. They catch, with equal eagerness, at a moral lecture, or the memoirs of a robber; a prediction of the appearance of a comet, or the calculation of the chances of a lottery.

They might therefore easily be pleased, if they consulted only their own minds; but those who will not take the trouble to think for themselves,

have always somebody that thinks for them ; and the difficulty in writing is to please those from whom others learn to be pleased.

Much mischief is done in the world with very little interest or design. He that assumes the character of a critic, and justifies his claim by perpetual censure, imagines that he is hurting none but the author, and him he considers as a pestilent animal, whom every other being has a right to persecute ; little does he think how many harmless men he involves in his own guilt, by teaching them to be noxious without malignity, and to repeat objections which they do not understand ; or how many honest minds he debars from pleasure, by exciting an artificial fastidiousness, and making them too wise to concur with their own sensations. He who is taught by a critic to dislike that which pleased him in his natural state, has the same reason to complain of his instructor, as the madman to rail at his doctor, who, when he thought himself master of Peru, physiced him to poverty.

If men will struggle against their own advantage, they are not to expect that the *Idler* will take much pains upon them ; he has himself to please as well as them, and has long learned, or endeavoured to learn, not to make the pleasure of others too necessary to his own.

NUMB. 4. SATURDAY, May 6, 1758.

Πάντας γὰρ φιλεῖσκε.

HOM.

CHARITY, or tenderness for the poor, which is now justly considered, by a great part of mankind, as inseparable from piety, and in which almost all the goodness of the present age consists, is, I think, known only to those who enjoy, either immediately or by transmission, the light of revelation.

Those ancient nations who have given us the wisest models of government, and the brightest examples of patriotism, whose institutions have been transcribed by all succeeding legislatures, and whose history is studied by every candidate for political or military reputation, have yet left behind them no mention of alms-houses or hospitals, of places where age might repose, or sickness be relieved.

The *Roman* emperors, indeed, gave large donatives to the citizens and soldiers, but these distributions were always reckoned rather popular than virtuous : nothing more was intended than an ostentation of liberality, nor was any recompence expected, but suffrages and acclamations.

Their beneficence was merely occasional ; he **that** ceased to need the favour of the people, ceased likewise **to court** it ; and, therefore, no man **thought it** either necessary or wise to make any **standing** provision **for the** needy, **to look forwards**

to the wants of posterity, or to secure successions of charity, for successions of distress.

Compassion is by some reasoners, on whom the name of philosophers has been too easily conferred, resolved into an affection merely selfish, an involuntary perception of pain at the involuntary sight of a being like ourselves languishing in misery. But this sensation, if ever it be felt at all from the brute instinct of uninstructed nature, will only produce effects desultory and transient; it will never settle into a principle of action, or extend relief to calamities unseen, in generations not yet in being.

The devotion of life or fortune to the succour of the poor, is a height of virtue, to which humanity has never risen by its own power. The charity of the *Mahometans* is a precept which their teacher evidently transplanted from the doctrines of Christianity; and the care with which some of the Oriental sects attend, as is said, to the necessities of the diseased and indigent, may be added to the other arguments, which prove *Zoroaster* to have borrowed his institutions from the law of *Moses*.

The present age, though not likely to shine hereafter among the most splendid periods of history, has yet given examples of charity, which may be very properly recommended to imitation. The equal distribution of wealth, which long commerce has produced, does not enable any single hand to raise edifices of piety like fortified cities, to appropriate manors to religious uses, or deal **oat** such large and lasting beneficence as was

scattered over the land in ancient times, by those who possessed counties or provinces. But no sooner is a new species of misery brought to view, and a design of **relieving it** professed, than every hand is open to contribute something, every tongue is busied in solicitation, and every art of pleasure is employed for a time in the interest of virtue.

The most apparent and pressing miseries incident to man, have now their peculiar houses of reception and relief; and there are few among us raised however little above the danger of poverty, who may not justly claim, what is implored by the *Mahometans* in their most ardent benedictions, the prayers of the poor.

Among those actions which the mind can most securely review with unabated pleasure, is that of having contributed to an hospital for the sick. Of some kinds of charity the consequences are dubious ; some evils which beneficence has been busy to remedy, are not certainly known to be very grievous to the sufferer, or detrimental to the community ; but no man can question whether wounds and sickness are not really painful ; whether it be not worthy of a good man's care to restore those to ease and usefulness, from whose labour infants and women expect their bread, and who, by a casual hurt, or lingering disease, lie pining in want and anguish, burthensome to others, and weary of themselves.

Yet as the hospitals of the present time subsist only by gifts bestowed at pleasure, without any solid fund of support, there is danger lest the blaze of charity, which now bums with so much heat

and splendor, should die away for want of lasting fuel ; lest fashion should suddenly withdraw her smile, and inconstancy transfer the public attention to something which may appear more eligible, because it will be new.

Whatever is left in the hands of chance must be subject to vicissitude ; and when any establishment is found to be useful, it ought to be the next care to make it permanent.

But man is a transitory being, and his designs must partake of the imperfections of their author. To confer duration is not always in our power. We must snatch the present moment, and employ it well, without too much solicitude for the future, and content ourselves with reflecting that our part is performed. He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions, and barren zeal.

The most active promoters of the present schemes of charity, cannot be cleared from some instances of misconduct, which may awaken contempt or censure, and hasten that neglect which is likely to come too soon of itself. The open competitions between different hospitals, and the animosity with which their patrons oppose one another, may prejudice weak minds against them **all**. For it will not be easily believed, that any man can, for good reasons, wish to exclude another from doing good. The spirit of charity can only be continued by a reconciliation of these ridiculous feuds ; and therefore, instead of contentions who **shall** be the only benefactors to the needy, let there be no other struggle than who shall be the first.

No. 5. SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1758.

Κάλλος
 'Αντ' ἰνκίων ἀπέλιον
 'Αντ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασών.

ANAC.

O U R military operations are at last begun; our troops are marching in. all the pomp of war, and a camp is marked Out on the Isle of Wight; the heart of every Englishman now swells with confidence, though somewhat softened by generous compassion for the consternation and distresses of our enemies.

This formidable armament and splendid march produce different effects upon different minds, according to the boundless diversities of temper, occupation, and habits of thought.

Many a tender maiden considers her lover as already lost, because he cannot reach the camp but by crossing the sea; men of a more political understanding are persuaded that we shall now see, in a few days, the ambassadors of France supplicating for pity. Some are hoping for a bloody battle, because a bloody battle makes a vendible narrative; some are composing songs of victory; some planning arches of triumph; and some are mixing fireworks for the celebration of a peace.

Of all extensive and complicated objects different parts are selected by different eyes; and minds are variously affected, as they vary their attention. The care of the public is now fixed upon our soldiers, who are leaving their native

country to wander, none can tell how long, in the pathless deserts of the *Isle of Wight*. The tender sigh for their sufferings, and the gay drink to their success. I, who look, or helieve myself to look, with more philosophic eyes on human affairs, must confess, that I saw the troops march with little emotion; my thoughts were fixed upon other scenes, and the tear stole into my eyes, not for those who were going away, but for those who were left behind.

We have no reason to doubt but our troops will proceed with proper caution ; there are men among them who can take care of themselves. But how shall the ladies endure without them? By what hearts can they, who have long had no joy but from the civilities of a soldier, now amuse their hours, and solace their separation ?

Of fifty thousand men, now destined to different stations, if we allow each to have been occasionally necessary only to four women, a short computation will inform us, that two hundred thousand ladies are left to languish in distress ; two hundred thousand ladies, who must run to sales and auctions without an attendant; sit at the play, without a critic to direct their opinion ; buy their fans by their own judgment ; dispose shells by their own invention ; walk in the mall without a gallant ; go to the gardens without a protector; and shuffle cards with vain impatience, for want of a fourth to complete the party.

Of these ladies, some, I hope, have lap-dogs, and some monkees ; but they are unsatisfactory companions. Many useful offices are performed by men

of scarelet, to which neither dog nor monkey has adequate abilities. A parrot, indeed, is as fine as a colonel, and, if he has been much used to good company, is not Wholly Without conversation ; but a parrot, after all, is a poor little creature, and has neither sword nor shoulder-knot, can neither dance nor play at cards.

Since the soldiers must obey the call of their duty, and go to that side of the kingdom Which faces *France*, I know not why the ladies, who cannot live without them, should not follow them. The prejudices and pride of man have long presumed the sword and spindle made for different bands, and denied the other sex to partake the grandeur of military glory. This notion may be consistently enough received in *France*, where the salic law excludes females from the throne : but we, who allow them to be sovereigns, may surely suppose them capable to be soldiers.

It were to be wished that some man, whose experience and authority might enforce regard, would propose that our encampments for the present year should comprise an equal number of men and women, who should march and fight in mingled bodies. If proper colonels were once appointed, and the drums ordered to beat for female volunteers, our regiments would soon be tilled without the reproach or cruelty of an impress.

Of these heroines, some might serve on foot, under the denomination of the *Female Buffs*, and some on horseback, with the title of *Lady Hussars*.

What objections can be made to this scheme I have endeavoured maturely to consider ; and cannot

find that a modern soldier has any duties, except that of obedience, which a lady cannot perform. If the hair has lost its power, a lady has a puff; if a coat be spotted, a lady has a brush. Strength is of less importance since firearms have been used; blows of the hand are now seldom exchanged; and what is there to be done in the charge or the retreat beyond the powers of a sprightly maiden?

Our masculine squadrons will not suppose themselves disgraced by their auxiliaries, till they have done something which women could not have done. The troops of *Braddock* never saw their enemies, and perhaps were defeated by women. If our *American* general had headed an army of girls, he might still have built a fort and taken it. Had *Minorca* been defended by a female garrison, it might have been surrendered, as it was, without a breach; and I cannot but think, that seven thousand women might have ventured to look at *Rochfort*, sack a village, rob a vineyard, and return in safety.

No. 6. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1768.

Ταμίον ἀρετῆς γυναικ γυνή.

GR. PRO.

T H E lady who had undertaken to ride on one horse a thousand miles in a thousand hours, has completed her journey in little more than two-thirds of the time stipulated, and was conducted through the last mile with triumphal honours. Acclamation shouted before her, and all the flowers of the spring were scattered in her way.

Every heart ought to rejoice when true merit is distinguished with public notice. I am far from wishing either to the amazon or her horse any diminution of happiness or fame, and cannot but lament that they were not more amply and suitably rewarded.

There was once a time when wreaths of bays or oak were considered as recompences equal to the most wearisome labours and terrific dangers, and when the miseries of long marches and stormy seas were at once driven from the remembrance by the fragrance of a garland.

If this heroine had been born in ancient times, she might perhaps have been delighted with the simplicity of ancient gratitude ; or if any thing was wanting to full satisfaction, she might have supplied the deficiency with the hope of deification, and anticipated the altars that would be raised, and the vows that would be made, by future candidates, for equestrian glory, to the patroness of the race and the goddess of the stable.

But fate reserved her for a more enlightened age, which has discovered leaves and flowers to be transitory things ; which considers profit as the end of honour ; and rates the event of every undertaking only by the money that is gained or lost. In these days, to strew the road with daises and lilies, is to mock merit, and delude hope. The toyman will not give his jewels, nor the mercer measure out his silks, for vegetable coin. A primrose though picked up under the feet of the most renowned courser, will neither be received as a stake at cards, nor procure a seat at the opera, nor buy candles for a rout, nor lace for a livery. And though there are many virtuosos, whose sole ambition is to possess something which can be found in no other hand, yet some are more accustomed to store their cabinets by theft than purchase, and none of them would either steal or buy one of the flowers of gratulation till he knows that all the rest are totally destroyed.

Little therefore did it avail this wonderful lady to be received, however joyfully, with such obsolete and barren ceremonies of praise. Had the way been covered with guineas, though but for the tenth part of the last mile, she would have considered her skill and diligence as not wholly lost; and might have rejoiced in the speed and perseverance which had left her such superfluity of time, and she could at leisure gather her reward without the danger of *Atalanta's* miscarriage.

So much ground could not, indeed, have been paved with gold but at a large expence, and we are at present engaged in a war, which demands and enforces frugality. But common rules are

made only for common life, and some deviation from general policy may be allowed in favour of a lady that rode a thousand miles in a thousand hours.

Since the spirit of antiquity so much prevails amongst us, that even on this great occasion we have given flowers instead of money, let us at least complete our imitation of the ancients, and endeavour to transmit to posterity the memory of that virtue, which we consider as superior to pecuniary recompence. Let an equestrian statue of this heroine be erected, near the starting-post on the heath of *Newmarket*, to fill kindred souls with emulation, and tell the grand-daughter of our grand-daughters what an *English* maiden has once performed.

As events, however illustrious, are soon obscured if they are intrusted to the tradition, I think it necessary, that the pedestal should be inscribed with a concise account of this great performance. The composition of this narrative ought not to be committed rashly to improper hands. If the rhetoricians of *Newmarket*, who may be supposed likely to conceive in its full strength the dignity of the subject, should undertake to express it, there is danger lest they admit some phrases which, though well understood at the present, may be ambiguous in another century. If posterity should read on a public monument, that *the lady carried her horse a thousand miles in a thousand hours*, they may think that the statue and inscription are at variance, because one will represent the horse as carrying his lady, and the other tell that the lady carried her horse,

Some doubts likewise may be raised by specula-

tists, and some controversies be agitated among historians, concerning the motive as well as manner of the action. As it will be known, that this wonder was performed in the time of war, some will suppose the lady was frightened by invaders, and fled to preserve her life or her chastity : others will conjecture, that she was thus honoured for some intelligence carried of the enemy's designs : some will think that she brought news of a victory ; others, that she was commissioned to tell of a conspiracy ; and some will congratulate themselves on their acuter penetration, and find, that all these notions of patriotism and public spirit are improbable and chimerical ; they will confidently tell, that she only ran away from her guardians, and that the true causes of her speed were fear and love.

Let it therefore be carefully mentioned, that by this performance *she won her wager* ; and, lest this should, by any change of manners, seem an inadequate or incredible incitement, let it be added, that at this time the original motives of human actions had lost their influence ; that the love of praise was extinct ; the fear of infamy was become ridiculous ; and the only wish of an *Englishman*, was *to win his wager*.

No. 7. SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1758,

O N E of the principal amusements of the *Idler* is to read the works of those minute historians the writers of news, who, though contemptuously overlooked by the composers of bulky volumes, are yet necessary in a nation where much wealth produces much leisure, and one part of the people has nothing to do but to observe the lives and fortunes of the other.

To us, who are regaled every morning and evening with intelligence, and are supplied from day to day with materials for conversation, it is difficult to conceive how man can subsist without a news-paper, or to what entertainment companies can assemble, in those wide regions of the earth that have neither *Chronicles* nor *Magazines*, neither *Gazettes* nor *Advertisers*, neither *Journals* nor *Evening-Posts*.

There are never great numbers in any nation, whose reason or invention can find employment for their tongues, who can raise a pleasing discourse from their own stock of sentiments and images ; and those few who have qualified themselves by speculation for general disquisitions are soon left without an audience. The common talk of men must relate to facts in which the talkers have, or think they have, an interest; and where such facts cannot be known, the pleasures of society will be merely sensual. Thus the natives of the *Mahometan* empires, who approach most nearly

to *European* civility, have no higher pleasure at their convivial assemblies than to hear a piper, or gaze upon a tumbler, and no company can keep together longer than they are diverted by sounds or shows.

All foreigners remark, that the knowledge of the common people of *England* is greater than that of any other vulgar. This superiority we undoubtedly owe to the rivulets of intelligence, which are continually trickling among us, which every one may catch, and of which every one partakes.

This universal diffusion of instruction is, perhaps, not wholly without its inconveniences; it certainly fills the nation with superficial disputants; enables those to talk who were born to work; and affords information sufficient to elate vanity, and stiffen obstinacy, but too little to enlarge the mind into complete skill for full comprehension.

Whatever is found to gratify the public, will be multiplied by the emulation of venders beyond necessity or use. This plenty indeed produces cheapness, but cheapness always ends in negligence and depravation.

The compilation of news-papers is often committed to narrow and mercenary minds, not qualified for the task of delighting or instructing; who are content to fill their paper, with whatever matter, without industry to gather, or discernment to select.

Thus Journals are daily multiplied without increase of knowledge. *The* tale of the morning paper is told again in the evening, and *the* narr-

tives of the evening are bought again in the morning. These repetitions, indeed waste time, but they do not shorten it. The most eager peruser of news is tired before he has completed his labour; and many a man who enters the coffee-house in his night-gown and slippers, is called away to his shop, or his dinner, before he has well considered the state of *Europe*:

It is discovered by *Reaumur*, that spiders might make silk, if they could be persuaded to live in peace together. The writers of news, if they could be confederated, might give more pleasure to the public. The morning and evening authors might divide an event between them; a single action, and that not of much importance, might be gradually discovered, so as to vary a whole week with joy, anxiety, and conjecture.

We know that a *French* ship of war was lately taken by a ship of *England*; but this event was suffered to burst upon us all at once, and then what we knew already was echoed from day to day, and from week to week.

Let us suppose these spiders of literature to spin together, and enquire to what an extensive web such another event might be regularly drawn, and how six morning and six evening writers might agree to retail their articles.

On *Monday Morning* the Captain of a ship might arrive, who left the *Friseur* of *France*, and the *Bull-dog*, Captain *Grim*, in sight of one another, so that an engagement seemed unavoidable.

Monday Evening. A sound of
of *Cape Finisterre*, supposed to be those of the *Bull-dog* and *Friseur*.

Tuesday Morning. It was this morning reported, that the *Bull-dog* engaged the *Friseur*, yard-arm and yard-arm, three glasses and a half, but was obliged to sheer off for want of powder. It is hoped that enquiry will be made into this affair in a proper place.

Tuesday Evening. The account of the engagement between the *Bull-dog* and *Friseur* was premature.

Wednesday Morning. Another express is arrived, which brings news, that the *Friseur* had lost all her masts, and three hundred of her men, in the late engagement ; and that Captain *Grim* is come into harbour much shattered.

Wednesday Evening. We hear that the brave Captain *Grim*, having expended his powder, proposed to enter the *Friseur* sword in hand ; but that his lieutenant, the nephew of a certain nobleman, remonstrated against it.

Thursday Morning. We wait impatiently for a full account of the late engagement between the *Bull-dog* and *Friseur*.

Thursday Evening. It is said the order of the *Bath* will be sent to Captain *Grim*.

Friday Morning. A certain Lord of the Admiralty has been heard to say of a certain Captain, that if he had done his duty, a certain *French* ship might have been taken. It was not thus that merit was rewarded in the days of *Cromwell*.

Friday Evening. There is certain information at the Admiralty, that the *Friseur* is taken, after a resistance of two hours.

Saturday Morning. A letter from one of the

gunners of the *Bull-dog* mentions the taking of the *Friseur*, and attributes their success wholly to the bravery and resolution of Captain *Grim*, who never owed any of his advancement to borough-jobbers, or any other corrupters of the people.

Saturday Evening. Captain *Grim* arrived at the Admiralty, with an account that he engaged the *Friseur*, a ship of equal force with his own, off *Cape Fimsterre*, and took her after an obstinate resistance, having killed one hundred and fifty of the *French*, with the loss of ninety-five of his own men.

No. 8. SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

[[N the time of public clanger, it is every man's duty to withdraw his thoughts in some measure from his private interest, and employ part of his time for the general welfare. National conduct ought to be the result of national wisdom, a plan formed by mature consideration and diligent selection out of all the schemes which may be offered, and all the information which can be procured.

In a battle, every man should fight as if he was the single champion ; in preparations for war, every man should think, as if the last event depended on his counsel. Norte can tell what discoveries are within his reach, or how much he may contribute to the public safety.

Full of these considerations, I have carefully re-

viewed the process of the war, and find, what every other man has found, that we have hitherto added nothing to our military reputation : that *it* one time we have been beaten by enemies whom we did not see; and, at another, have avoided the sight of enemies lest we should be beaten.

Whether our troops are defective in discipline or in courage, *it* not very useful to inquire ; they evidently want something necessary to success ; and he that shall supply that want will deserve well of his country.

To learn of an enemy has always been accounted politic and honourable ; and therefore I hope it will raise no prejudices against my project, to confess that I borrowed it from a *Frenchman*.

When the Isle of *Rhodes* was, many centuries ago, in the hands of that military order now called the *Knights of Malta*, it was ravaged by a dragon, who inhabited a den under a rock, from which he issued forth when he was hungry or wanton, and without fear or mercy devoured men and beasts as they came in his way. Many councils were held, and many devices offered, for his destruction ; but as his back was armed with impenetrable scales, none would venture to attack him. At last *Dudon*, a *French* knight, undertook the deliverance of the island. From some place of security he took a view of the dragon, or, as a modern soldier would say, *reconnoitred* him, and observed that his belly was naked and vulnerable. He then returned home to make his *arrangements* ; and, by a very exact imitation of nature, made a dragon of paste* board, in the belly of which he put beef and mut-

ton, and accustomed two sturdy mastiffs to feed themselves by tearing their way to the concealed flesh. When his dog's were well practised in this method of plunder, he marched out with them at his heels, and shewed them the dragon ; they rushed upon him in quest of their dinner ; *Dudon* battered his scull, while they lacerated his belly ; and neither his sting nor claws were able to defend him.

Something like this might be practised in our present state. Let a fortification be raised on *Salisbury-Plain*, resembling *Brest*, or *Toulon*, or *Paris* itself, with all the usual preparation for defence : let the inclosure be filled with beef and ale : let the soldiers, from some proper eminence, see shirts waving upon lines, and here and there a plump landlady hurrying about with pots in their hands. When they are sufficiently animated to advance, lead them in exact order, with fife and drum, to that side whence the wind blows, till they come within the scent of roast meat and tobacco. Contrive that they may approach the place fasting about an hour after dinner-time, assure them that there is no danger, and command an attack.

If nobody within either moves or speaks, it is not unlikely that they may carry the place by storm ; but if a panic should seize them, it will be proper to defer the enterprize to a more hungry hour. When they have entered, let them fill their bellies and return to the camp.

On the next day let the same place be shewn them again, but with some additions of strength or terror. I cannot pretend to inform our generals through what gradations of danger they should

train their men to fortitude. They best know what the soldiers and what themselves can bear. It will be proper that the war should every day vary its appearance. Sometimes, as they mount the rampart, a cook may throw fat upon the fire, to accustom them to a sudden blaze ; and sometimes, by the clatter of empty pots, they may be inured to formidable noises. But let it never be forgotten that victory must repose with a full belly.

In time it will be proper to bring our *French* prisoners from the coast, and place them upon the walls in martial order. At their first appearance their hands must be tied, but they may be allowed to grin- In a month they may guard the place with their hands loosed, provided that on pain of death they be forbidden to strike.

By this method our army will soon be brought to look an enemy in the face. But it has been lately observed, that fear is received by the ear as well as the eyes ; and the *Indian* war-cry is represented as too dreadful to be endured ; as a sound that will force the bravest veteran to drop his weapon, and desert his rank ; that will deafen his ear, and chill his breast ; that will neither suffer him to hear orders or to feel shame, or retain any sensibility but the dread of death.

That the savage clamours of naked barbarians should thus terrify troops disciplined to war, and ranged in array with arms in their hands, is surely strange. But this is no time to reason. I am of opinion, that by a proper mixture of asses, bulls, turkeys, geese, and tragedians, a noise might be procured equally horrid with the war-cry. When

our men have been encouraged by frequent victories, nothing will remain but to qualify them for extreme danger, by a sudden concert of terrific vociferation. When they have endured this last trial, let them be led to action, as men who are no longer to be frightened ; as men who can bear at once the grimaces of the *Gauls*, and the howl of the *Americans*.

No. 9. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

|| HAVE read you ; that is a favour few authors can boast of having received from me besides yourself. My intention in telling you of it is to inform you, that you have both pleased and angered me. Never did writer appear so delightful to me as you did when you adopted the name of the *Idler*. But what a falling-off was there when your first production was brought to light ! A natural irresistible attachment to that favourable passion, *idling*, had led me to hope for indulgence from the *Idler*, but I find him a stranger to the title.

What rules has he proposed totally to unbrace the slackened nerve ; to shade the heavy eye of inattention ; to give the smooth feature of the uncontracted muscle ; or procure insensibility to the whole animal composition ?

These were some of the placid blessings I promised myself the enjoyment of, when I committed

violence upon myself by mustering up all my strength to set about reading you ; but I am disappointed in them all, and the stroke of eleven in the morning is still as terrible to me as before, and I find putting on my clothes still as painful and laborious. Oh that our climate would permit that original nakedness which the thrice happy *Indians* to this day enjoy ! How many unsollicitous hours should I bask away, warmed in bed by the sun's glorious beams, could I, like them, tumble from thence in a moment, when necessity obliges me to endure the torment of getting upon my legs.

But wherefore do I talk to you upon subjects of this delicate nature ? you who seem ignorant of the inexpressible charms of the elbow-chair, attended with a soft stool for the elevation of the feet ! Thus, vacant of thought, do I indulge the live-long day.

You may define happiness as you please ; I embrace that opinion which makes it consist in the absence of pain. To reflect is pain ; to stir is pain ; therefore I never reflect or stir but when I cannot help it. Perhaps you will call my scheme of life indolence, and therefore think the *Idler* excused from taking any notice of me : but I have always looked upon indolence and idleness as the same ; and so desire you will now and then, while you profess yourself of our fraternity, take some notice of me, and others in my situation, who think they have a right to your assistance ; or relinquish the name.

You may publish, burn, or destroy this, just as you are in the humour ; it is ten to one but I forget that I wrote it, before it reaches you, I believe

you may find a motto for it in Horace, but I cannot reach him without getting out of my chair; that is a sufficient reason for my not affixing any.—**And** being obliged to sit upright to ring the bell for my servant to convey this to the penny-post, if I slip the opportunity of his being now in the room, makes me break off abruptly.

THIS correspondent, whoever he be, is not to be dismissed without some tokens of regard. There is no mark more certain of a genuine *Idler*, than uneasiness without molestation, and complaint without a grievance.

Yet my gratitude to the contributor of half a paper shall not wholly overpower my sincerity. I must inform you, that with all his pretensions, he that calls for directions to be idle, is yet but in the rudiments of idleness, and has attained neither the practice nor theory of wasting life. The true nature of idleness he will know in time, by continuing to be idle. *Virgil* tells us of an impetuous and rapid being, that acquires strength by motion. The *Idler* acquires weight by lying still.

The *vis inertiae*, the quality of resisting all external impulse, is hourly increasing; the restless and troublesome faculties of attention and distinction, reflection on the past, and solicitude for the future, by a long indulgence of idleness, will, like tapers in unelastic air, be gradually extinguished; and the officious lover, the vigilant soldier, the busy trader, by a judicious composure of the mind, sink into a state approaching to that of brute matter; in

which he shall retain the consciousness of his own existence, only by an obtuse langour and drowsy discontent.

This is the lowest stage to which the favourites of idleness can descend ; these regions of undelighted quiet can be entered by few. Of those that are prepared to sink down into their shade, some are roused into action by avarice and ambition, some are awakened by the voice of fame, some allured by the smile of beauty, and many withheld by the importunities of want. Of all the enemies of idleness, want is most formidable. Fame is soon found to be a sound, and love a dream; avarice and ambition may be justly suspected of privy confederacies with idleness ; for when they have for a while protected their votaries, they often deliver them up to end their lives under her dominion. Want always struggles against idleness, but Want herself is often overcome ; and every hour shews the careful observer those who had rather live in ease than in plenty.

So wide is the region of Idleness, and so powerful her influence. Cut she does not immediately confer all her gifts. My correspondent, who seems, with all his errors, worthy of advice, must be told that he is calling too hastily for the last effusion of total insensibility. Whatever we may have been taught by unskilful *Idlers* to believe, labour is necessary in his initiation to idleness. He that never labours may know the pains of idleness, but not the pleasure. The comfort is, that if he devotes himself to insensibility, he will daily lengthen the intervals of idleness, and shorten those of labour, till at

last he will lie down to rest, and no longer disturb the world or himself by bustle or competition.

Thus I have endeavoured to give him that information which, perhaps, after all, he did not want ; for a true *Idler* often calls for that which he knows is never to be had, and asks questions which he does not desire ever to be answered.

No. 10. SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1758.

CREDULITY, or confidence of opinion too great for the evidence from which opinion is derived, we find to be a general weakness imputed by every sect and party to all others, and indeed by every man to every other man.

Of all kinds of credulity, the most obstinate and wonderful is that of political zealots; of men, who being numbered, they know not how or why, in any of the parties that divide a state, resign the use of their own eyes and ears, and resolve to believe nothing that does not favour those whom they profess to follow.

The bigot of philosophy is seduced by authorities which he has not always opportunities to examine, is entangled in systems by which truth and falsehood are inextricably complicated, or undertakes to talk on subjects which nature did not form him able to comprehend.

The cartesian, who denies that his horse feels the spur, or that the hare is afraid when the hounds approach her ; the disciple of Malbranche, who main-

tains that the man was not hurt by the bullet, which, according to vulgar apprehension, swept away his legs ; the follower of *Berkeley*, who while he sits writing at his table, declares that he has neither table, paper, nor fingers; have all the honour at least of being deceived by fallacies not easily detected, and may plead that they did not forsake truth, but for appearances which they were not able to distinguish from it.

But the man who engages in a party has seldom to do with any thing remote or abstruse. The present state of things is before his eyes ; and, if he cannot be satisfied without retrospection, yet he seldom extends his views beyond the historical events of the last century. All the knowledge that he can want is within his attainment, and most of the arguments which he can hear are within his capacity.

Yet so it is that an *Idler* meets every hour of his life with men who have different opinions upon every thing past, present, and future ; who deny the most notorious facts, contradict the most cogent truths, and persist in asserting to-day what they asserted yesterday, in defiance of evidence, and contempt of confutation.

Two of my companions, who are grown old in idleness, are *Tom Tempest* and *Jack Sneaker*. Both of them consider themselves as neglected by their parties, and therefore entitled to credit ; for why should they favour in gratitude ? They are both men of integrity, where no factious interest is to be promoted ; and both lovers of truth, when they are not heated with political debate.

Tom Tempest is a steady friend to the house of

Stuart. He can recount the prodigies that have appeared in the sky, and the calamities that have afflicted the nation every year from the Revolution; and is of opinion, that, if the exiled family had continued to reign, there would have neither been worms in our ships nor caterpillars in our trees. He wonders that the nation was not awakened by the hard frost to a revocation of the true king-, and is hourly afraid that the whole island will be lost in the sea. He believes that king *William* burned *Whitehall* that he might steal the furniture ; and that *Tillotson* died an Atheist. Of queen *Anne* he speaks with more tenderness, owns that she meant well, and can tell by whom and why she was poisoned. In the succeeding reigns all has been corruption, malice, and design. He believes that nothing ill has ever happened for these forty years by chance or error; he holds that the battle of *Dettingen* was won by mistake, and that of *Fontenoy* lost by contract ; that the *Victory* was sunk by a private order ; that *Coruhill* was fired by emissaries from the council ; and the arch of *Westminster-bridge* was so contrived as to sink on purpose that the nation might be put to charge. He considers the new road to *Islington* as an encroachment on liberty, and often asserts that *broad wheels* will be the ruin of *England*.

Tom is generally vehement and noisy, but nevertheless has some secrets which he always communicates in a whisper. Many and many a time has *Tom* told me, in a corner, that our miseries were almost at an end, and that we should see, in a month, another monarch on the throne; the time elapses without a revolution ; *Tom* meets me again with new

intelligence, the whole scheme is now settled, and we shall see great events in another month.

Jack Sneaker is a hearty adherent to the present establishment ; he has known those who saw the bed into which the Pretender was conveyed in a warming-pan. He often rejoices that the nation was not enslaved by the *Irish*. He believes that *king William* never lost a battle, and that if he had lived one year longer he would have conquered *France*. He holds that *Charles* the First was a papist. He allows there were some good men in the reign of queen *Anne*, but the peace of *Utrecht* brought a blast upon the nation, and has been the cause of all the evil that we have suffered to the present hour. He believes that the scheme of the *South Sea* was well intended, but that it miscarried by the influence of *France*. He considers a standing army as the bulwark of liberty, thinks us secured from corruption by septennial parliaments, relates how we are enriched and strengthened by the electoral dominions, and declares that the public debt is a blessing to the nation.

Yet amidst all this prosperity, poor *Jack* is hourly disturbed by the dread of Popery. He wonders that some stricter laws are not made against Papists, and is sometimes afraid that they are busy with *French* gold among the bishops and judges.

He cannot believe that the Nonjurors are so quiet for nothing, they must certainly be forming some plot for the establishment of Popery; he does not think the present oaths sufficiently binding, and wishes that some better security could be found for the succession of *Hanover*. He is zealous for the naturalization of foreign Protestants, and re-

joiced at the admission of the *Jews* to the *English* privileges, because he thought a *Jew* would never be a papist.

No. 11. SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1758.

IT is commonly observed, that when two *Englishmen* meet, their first talk is of the weather; they are in haste to tell each other, what each must already know, that it is hot or cold, bright or cloudy, windy or calm.

There are, among the numerous lovers of subtilities and paradoxes, some who derive the civil institutions of every country from its climate, who impute freedom and slavery to the temperature of the air, can fix the meridians of vice and virtue, and tell at what degree of latitude we are to expect courage or timidity, knowledge or ignorance.

From these dreams of idle speculation, a slight survey of life, and a little knowledge of history, is sufficient to awaken any inquirer, whose ambition of distinction has not overpowered his love of truth. Forms of government are seldom the result of much deliberation; they are framed by chance in popular assemblies, or in conquered countries by despotic authority. Laws are often occasional, often capricious, made always by a few,

and sometimes by a single voice. Nations have changed their characters ; slavery is now no where more patiently endured, than in countries once inhabited by the zealots of liberty.

But national customs can arise only from general agreement ; they are not imposed, but chosen, and are continued only by the continuance of their cause. An *Englishman's* notice of the weather, is the natural consequence of changeable skies and uncertain seasons. In many parts of the world, wet weather and dry are regularly expected at certain periods ; but in our island every man goes to sleep, unable to guess whether he shall behold in the morning a bright or cloudy atmosphere, whether his rest shall be lulled by a shower, or broken by a tempest. We therefore rejoice mutually at good weather, as at an escape from something that we feared ; and mutually complain of bad, as of the loss of something that we hoped.

Such is the reason of our practice ; and who shall treat it with contempt ? Surely not the attendant on a court, whose business is to watch the looks of a being weak and foolish as himself, and whose vanity is to recount the names of men, who might drop into nothing, and leave no vacuity ; nor the proprietor of funds, who stops his acquaintance in the street to tell him of the loss of half-a-crown ; nor the inquirer after news, who fills his head with foreign events, and talks of skirmishes and sieges, of which no consequence will ever reach his hearers or himself. The weather is a nobler and more interesting subject ; it is the present state of the skies and of the earth, on which

plenty and famine are suspended, on which millions depend for the necessaries of life.

The weather is frequently mentioned for another reason, less honourable to my dear countrymen. Our dispositions too frequently change with the colour of the sky; and when we find ourselves cheerful and good-natured, we naturally pay our acknowledgments to the powers of sunshine; or, if we sink into dulness and peevishness, look round the horizon for an excuse, and charge our discontent upon an easterly wind or a cloudy day.

Surely nothing is more reproachful to a being endowed with reason, than to resign its powers to the influence of the air, and live in dependence on the weather and the wind, for the only blessings which nature has put into our power, tranquillity and benevolence. To look up to the sky for the nutriment of our bodies, is the condition of nature; to call upon the sun for peace and gaiety, to deprecate the clouds lest sorrow should overwhelm us, is the cowardice of idleness, and the idolatry of folly.

Yet even in this age of inquiry and knowledge, when superstition is driven away, and omens and prodigies have lost their terrors, we find this folly countenanced by frequent examples. Those that laugh at the portentous glare of a comet, and hear a crow with equal tranquillity from the right or left, will yet talk of times and situations proper for intellectual performances, will imagine the fancy exalted by vernal breezes, and the reason invigorated by a bright calm.

If men who have given up themselves to fanci-

fill credulity would confine their conceits in their own minds, they might regulate their lives by the barometer, with inconvenience only to themselves; but to fill the world with accounts of intellects subject to ebb and flow, of one genius that awakened in the spring, and another that ripened in the autumn, of one mind expanded in the summer, and of another concentrated in the winter, is no less dangerous than to tell children of bugbears and goblins. Fear will find every house haunted; and idleness will wait for ever for the moment of illumination.

This distinction of seasons is produced only by imagination operating on luxury. To temperance every day is bright, and every hour is propitious to diligence. He that shall resolutely excite his faculties, or exert his virtues, will soon make himself superior to the seasons, and may set at defiance the morning mist, and the evening damp, the blasts of the east, and the clouds of the south.

It was the boast of the *Stoic* philosophy, to make man unshaken by calamity, and unelated by success, incorruptible by pleasure, and invulnerable by pain; these are heights of wisdom which none ever attained, and to which few can aspire; but there are lower degrees of constancy necessary to common virtue; and every man, however he may distrust himself in the extremes of good or evil; might at least struggle against the tyranny of the climate, and refuse to enslave his virtue or his reason to the most variable of all variations, the changes of the weather.

No. 12. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1758.

T H A T every man is important in his own eyes, is a position of which we all either voluntarily or unwarily at least once an hour confess the truth ; and it will unavoidably follow, that every man believes himself important to the public.

The right which this importance gives us to general notice and visible distinction, is one of those disputable privileges which we have not always courage to assert ; and which we therefore suffer to lie dormant till some elation of mind, or vicissitude of fortune, incites us to declare our pretensions and enforce our demands. And hopeless as the claim of vulgar characters may seem to the supercilious and severe, there are few who do not at one time or other endeavour to step forward beyond their rank, who do not make some struggles for fame, and shew that they think all other conveniences and delights imperfectly enjoyed without a name.

To get a name, can happen but to few. A name, even in the most commercial nation, is one of the few things which cannot be bought. It is the free gift of mankind, which must be deserved before it will be granted, and is at last unwillingly bestowed. But this unwillingness only increases desire in him who believes his merit sufficient to overcome it.

There is a particular period of life, in which this fondness for a name seems principally to predomi-

nate in both sexes. Scarce any couple comes together but the nuptials are declared in the newspapers with encomiums on each party. Many an eye, ranging* over the page with eager curiosity in quest of statesmen and heroes, is stopped by a marriage celebrated between Mr. *Buckram*, an eminent salesman in *Threadneedle Street*, and Miss *Dolly Juniper*, the only daughter of an eminent distiller, of the parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, a young lady adorned with every accomplishment that can give happiness to the married state. Or we are told, amidst our impatience for the event of a battle, that on a certain day Mr. *Winker*, a tide-waiter at *Yarmouth*, was married to Mrs. *Cackle*, a widow lady of great accomplishments, and that as soon as the ceremony was performed they set out in a post-chaise for *Yarmouth*.

Many are the inquiries which such intelligence must undoubtedly raise, but nothing in the world is lasting. When the reader has contemplated with envy, or with gladness, the felicity of Mr. *Buckram* and Mr. *Winker*, and ransacked his memory for the names of *Juniper* and *Cackle*, his attention is diverted to other thoughts, by finding that *Mirza* will not cover this season; or that a spaniel has been lost or stolen, that answers to the name of *Ranger*.

Whence it arises that on the day of marriage all agree to call thus openly for honours, I am not able to discover. Some, perhaps, think it kind, by a public declaration, to put an end to the hopes of rivalry and the fears of jealousy, to let parents know that they may set their daughters at liberty, whom

they have locked up for fear of the bridegroom, or to dismiss to their counters and their offices the amorous youths that had been used to hover round the dwelling of the bride.

These connubial praises may have another cause. It may be the intention of the husband and wife to dignify themselves in the eyes of each other, and, according to their different tempers or expectations, to win affection, or enforce respect.

It was said of the family of *Lucas*, that it was noble, for *all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters were virtuous*. What would a stranger say of the *English* nation, in which on the day of marriage all the men are *eminent*, and all the women *beautiful, accomplished, and rich*?

How long the wife will be persuaded of the eminence of her husband, or the husband continue to believe that his wife has the qualities required to make marriage happy, may reasonably be questioned. I am afraid that much time seldom passes before each is convinced that praises are fallacious, and particularly those praises which we confer upon ourselves.

I should therefore think, that this custom might be omitted without any loss to the community; and that the sons and daughters of lanes and allies might go hereafter to the next church, with no witnesses of their worth or happiness but their parents and their friends; but if they cannot be happy on their bridal day without some gratification of their vanity, I hope they will be willing to encourage a friend of mine who proposes to devote his powers to their service.

Mr. *Settle*, a man whose *eminence* was once allowed by the *eminent*, and whose *accomplishments* were confessed by the *accomplished*, in the latter part of a long life supported himself by an uncommon expedient. He had a standing elegy and epithalamium, of which only the first and last were leaves varied occasionally, and the intermediate pages were, by general terms, left applicable alike to every character. When any marriage became known, *Settle* ran to the bridegroom with his epithalamium; and when he heard of any death, ran to the heir with his elegy.

Who can think himself disgraced by a trade that was practised so long by the rival of *Dryden*, by the poet whose *Empress of Moroccho* was played before princes by ladies of the court?

My friend purposes to open an office in the *Fleet* for matrimonial panegyrics, and will accommodate all with praise who think their own powers of expression inadequate to their merit. He will sell any man or woman the virtue or qualification which is most fashionable or most desired; but desires his customers to remember, that he sets beauty at the highest price, and riches at the next, and, if he be well paid, throws in virtue for nothing.

No. 13. SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1758.

To the IDLER.

DEAR MR. IDLER.

THOUGH few men of prudence are much inclined to interpose in disputes between man and wife, who commonly make peace at the expence of the arbitrator; yet I will venture to lay before you a controversy, by which the quiet of my house has been long disturbed, and which, unless you can decide it, is likely to produce lasting evils, and embitter those hours which nature seems to have appropriated to tenderness and repose.

I married a wife with no great fortune, but of a family remarkable for domestic prudence, and elegant frugality. I lived with her at ease, if not with happiness, and seldom had any reason of complaint. The house was always clean, the servants were active and regular, dinner was on the table every day at the same minute, and the ladies of the neighbourhood were frightened when I invited their husbands, lest their own economy should be less esteemed.

During this gentle lapse of life, my dear brought me three daughters. I wished for a son to continue the family; but my wife often tells *me*, that boys are dirty things, and are always troublesome in a house; and declares that she has hated the sight of them ever since she saw lady *Fondle's* eld-

est son ride over a carpet with his hobby-horse all mire.

I did not much attend to her opinion, but knew that girls could not be made boys ; and therefore composed myself to bear what I could not remedy, and resolved to bestow that care on my daughters, to which only the sons are commonly thought entitled.

But my wife's notions of education differ widely from mine. She is an irreconcilable enemy to idleness, and considers every state of life as idleness, in which the hands are not employed, or some art acquired, by which she thinks money may be got or saved.

In pursuance of this principle, she calls up her daughters at a certain hour, and appoints them a task of needle-work to be performed before breakfast. They are confined in a garret, which has its window in the roof, both because work is best done at a sky-light, and because children are apt to lose time by looking about them.

They bring down their work to breakfast, and as they deserve are commended or reprov'd ; they are then sent up with a new task till dinner ; if no company is expected, their mother sits with them the whole afternoon, to direct their operations, and to draw patterns, and is sometimes denied to her nearest relations when she is engaged in teaching them a new stitch.

By this continual exercise of their diligence, she has obtained a very considerable number of laborious performances. We have twice as many fire-screens as chimneys, and three flourished quilts for

every bed. Half the rooms are adorned with a kind of *sutile pictures*, which imitate tapestry. But all their work is not set out to shew ; she has boxes filled with knit garters and braided shoes. She has twenty covers for side-saddles embroidered with silver flowers, and has curtains wrought with gold in various figures, which she resolves some time or other to hang up. All these she displays to her company whenever she is elate with merit, and eager for praise ; and amidst the praises which her friends and herself bestow upon her merit, she never fails to turn to me, and ask what all these would cost, if I had been to buy them.

I sometimes venture to tell her, that many of the ornaments are superfluous ; that what is done with so much labour might have been supplied by a very easy purchase ; that the work is not always worth the materials ; and that I know not why the children should be persecuted with useless tasks, or obliged to make shoes that are never worn. She answers with a look of contempt, that men never care how money goes, and proceeds to tell of a dozen new chairs for which she is contriving covers, and of a couch which she intends to stand as a monument of needle-work.

In the mean time, the girls grow up in total ignorance of every thing past, present, and future. *Molly* asked me the other day, whether *Ireland* was in *France*, and was ordered by her mother to mend her hem. *Kitty* knows not, at sixteen, the difference between a Protestant and a Papist, because she has been employed three years in filling the side of a closet with a hanging that is to repre-

sent *Cranmer* in the flames. And *Dolly*, my eldest girl is now unable to read a chapter in the Bible, having spent all the time, which other children pass at school, in working the interview between *Solomon* and the queen of *Sheba*.

About a month ago, *Tent* and *Turkey-stitch* seemed at a stand ; my wife knew not what new work to introduce; I ventured to propose that the girls should now learn to read and write, and mentioned the necessity of a little arithmetic ; but, unhappily, my wife has discovered that linen wears out, and has bought the girls three little wheels, that they may spin huccabac for the servant's table. I remonstrated, that with larger wheels they might dispatch in an hour what must now cost them a day ; but she told me, with irresistible authority, that any business is better than idleness ; that when these wheels are set upon a table, with mats under them, they will turn without noise, and keep the girls upright ; that great wheels are not fit for gentlewomen ; and that with these, small as they are, she does not doubt but that the three girls, if they are kept close, will spin every year as much cloth as would cost five pounds if one were to buy it.

No. 14. SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1758.

W H E N *Diogenes* received a visit in his tub from *Alexander the Cheat*, and was asked, according to the ancient forms of royal courtesy, what petition he had to offer ; I *have nothing*, said he, *to ask, but that you would remove to the other side, that you may not, by intercepting the sunshine, take from me what you cannot give me.*

Such was the demand of *Diogenes* from the greatest monarch of the earth, which those, who have less power than *Alexander*, may, with yet more propriety, apply to themselves. He that does much good, may be allowed to do sometimes a little harm. But if the opportunities of beneficence be denied by fortune, innocence should at least be vigilantly preserved.

It is well known, that time once past never returns ; and that the moment which is lost, is lost for ever. Time therefore ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invasion ; and yet there is no man who does not claim the power of wasting that time which is the right of others.

This usurpation is so general, that a very small part of the year is spent by choice ; scarcely any thing is done when it is intended, or obtained when it is desired. Life is continually ravaged by invaders ; one steals away an hour, and another a day ;

one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement ; the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having lost all, we can lose no more.

This waste of the lives of men has been very frequently charged upon the Great, whose followers linger from year to year in expectations, and die at last with petitions in their hands. Those who raise envy will easily incur censure. I know not whether statesmen and patrons do not suffer more reproaches than they deserve, and may not rather themselves complain, that they are given up a prey to pretensions without merit, and importunity without shame.

The truth is, that the inconvenience of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number solicitation is its own reward. To be seen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freshest news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of encrease or decline of favour, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compensations more than equivalent to the delay of favours, which perhaps he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect.

A man conspicuous in a high station, who multiplies hopes that he may multiply dependants, may be considered as a beast of prey, justly dreaded, but easily avoided ; his den is known, and they who would not be devoured, need not approach it. The great danger of the waste of time is from caterpillars and moths, who are not resisted, because

they are not feared, and who work on with unheeded mischiefs, and invisible encroachments.

He, whose rank or merit procures him the notice of mankind, must give up himself, in a great measure, to the convenience or humour of those who surround him. Every man, who is sick of himself, will fly to him for relief; he that wants to speak will require him to hear ; and he that wants to bear will expect him to speak. Hour passes after hour, the noon succeeds to morning, and the evening to noon, while a thousand objects are forced upon his attention, which he rejects as fast as they are offered, but which the custom of the world requires to be received with appearance of regard.

If we will have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants ; to the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps ; to the consulter, who asks advice which he never takes ; to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised ; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied ; to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations which all but himself know to be vain : to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements ; to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances ; to the usurer, who compares the different funds ; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.

To put every man in possession of his own time, and rescue the day from this su

is beyond my power, and beyond my hope. Yet, perhaps some stop might be put to this unmerciful persecution, if all would seriously reflect, that whoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

No. 15. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

|| HAVE the misfortune to be a man of business; that, you will say, is a most grievous one; but what makes it the more so to me, is, that my wife has nothing to do: at least she had too good an education, and the prospect of too good a fortune in reversion when I married her, to think of employing herself either in my shop-affairs, or the management of my family.

Her time, you know as well as my own, must be filled up some way or other. For my part, I have enough to mind, in weighing my goods out, and waiting on my customers: but my wife, though she could be of as much use as a shopman to me, if she would put her hand to it, is now only in my way. She walks all the morning sauntering about the shop with her arms through her pocket-holes,

or stands gaping at the door-sill, and looking at every person that passes by. She is continually asking me a thousand frivolous questions about every customer that comes in and goes out ; and all the while that I am entering any thing in my day-book, she is lolling over the counter, and staring at it, as if I was only scribbling or drawing figures for her amusement. Sometimes, indeed, she will take a needle : but as she always works at the door, or in the middle of the shop, she has so many interruptions, that she is longer hemming a towel, or darning a stocking, than I am in breaking forty loaves of sugar, and making it up into pounds.

In the afternoon I am sure likewise to have her company, except she is called upon by some of her acquaintance : and then, as we let out all the upper part of our house, and have only a little room backwards for ourselves, they either keep such a chattering, or else are calling out every moment to me, that I cannot mind my business for them.

My wife, I am sure, might do all the little matters our family requires ; and I could wish that she would employ herself in them ; but, instead of that, we have a girl to do the work, and look after a little boy about two years old, which I may fairly say is the mother's own child. The brat must be humoured in every thing : he is therefore suffered constantly to play in the shop, pull all the goods about, and clamber up the shelves to get at the plums and sugar. I dare not correct him ; because, if I did, I should have wife and maid both upon me at once. As to the latter, she is as lazy

and sluttish as her mistress ; and because she complains she has too much work, we can scarcely get her to do any thing at all : nay, what is worse than that, I am afraid she is hardly honest ; and as she is entrusted to buy in all our provisions, the jade, I am sure, makes a market-penny out of every article.

But to return to my deary.—The evenings are the only time, when it is fine weather, that I am left to myself; for then she generally takes the child out to give it milk in the park. When she comes home again she is so fatigued with walking, that she cannot stir from her chair : and it is an hour, after shop is shut, before I can get a bit of supper, while the maid is taken up in undressing and putting the child to bed.

But you will pity me much more when I tell you the manner in which we generally pass our *Sundays*. In the morning she is commonly too ill to dress herself to go to church ; she therefore never gets up till noon ; and what is still more vexatious, keeps me in bed with her, when I ought to be busily engaged in better employment. It is well if she can get her things on by dinner-time ; and when that is over, I am sure to be dragged out by her, either to *Georgia*, or *Hornsey Wood*, or the *White Conduit House*. Yet even these near excursions are so very fatiguing to her, that besides what it costs me in tea and hot rolls, and syllabubs, and cakes for the boy, I am frequently forced to take a hackney-coach, or drive them out in a one-horse chair. At other times, as my wife is rather of the fattest, and a very poor walker, besides

bearing her whole weight upon my arm, I am obliged to carry the child myself.

Thus, Sir, does she constantly drawl out her time, without either profit or satisfaction; and, while I see my neighbours' wives helping in the shop, and almost earning as much as their husbands, I have the mortification to find, that mine is nothing but a dead weight upon me. In short, I do not know any greater misfortune can happen to a plain hard-working tradesmen, as I am, than to be joined to such a woman, who is rather a clog than an helpmate to him.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

ZACHARY TREACLE.

No. 16. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1768.

I PAID a visit yesterday to my old friend *Ned Drugget*, at his country-lodgings. Ned began trade with a very small fortune; he took a small house in an obscure street, and for some years dealt only in remnants. Knowing that *light gains make a heavy purse*, he was content with moderate profit; having observed or heard the effects of civility, he bowed down to the counter edge at the entrance and departure of every customer, listened without

impatience to the objections of the ignorant, and refused without resentment the offers of the penurious. His only recreation was to stand at his own door and look into the street. His dinner was sent him from a neighbouring alehouse, and he opened and shut the shop at a certain hour with his own hands.

His reputation soon extended from one end of the street to the other; and Mr. *Drugget's* exemplary conduct was recommended by every master to his apprentice, and by every father to his son. *Ned* was not only considered as a thriving trader, but as a man of elegance and politeness, for he was remarkably neat in his dress, and would wear his coat threadbare without spotting it; his hat was always brushed, his shoes glossy, his wig nicely curled, and his stockings without a wrinkle. With such qualifications it was not very difficult for him to gain the heart of Miss *Comfit*, the only daughter of Mr. *Comfit* the confectioner.

Ned is one of those whose happiness marriage has encreased. His wife had the same disposition with himself; and his method of life was very little changed, except that he dismissed the lodgers from the first floor, and took the whole house into his own hands.

He had already, by his parsimony, accumulated a considerable sum, to which the fortune of his wife was now added. From this time he began to grasp at greater acquisitions, and was always ready, with money in his hand, to pick up the refuse of a sale, or to buy the stock of a trader who retired from business. He soon added his parlour to his shop, and was obliged a few months afterwards to hire a warehouse.

He had now a shop splendidly and copiously Air-mailed with every thing that time had injured, or fashion had degraded, with fragments of tissues, odd yards of brocade, vast bales of faded silk, and innumerable boxes of antiquated ribbons. His shop was soon celebrated through all quarters of the town, and frequented by every form of ostentatious poverty. Every maid, whose misfortune it was to be taller than her lady, matched her gown at Mr. *Drugget's*; and many a maiden, who had passed a winter with her aunt in *London*, dazzled the rustics, at her return, with cheap finery which *Drugget* had supplied. His shop was often visited in a morning by ladies who left their coaches in the next street, and crept through the alley in linen gowns. *Drugget* knows the rank of his customers by their bashfulness; and, when he finds them unwilling to be seen, invites them up stairs, or retires with them to the back window.

I rejoiced at the encreasing prosperity of my friend, and imagined, that as he grew rich, he was growing happy. His mind has partaken the enlargement of his fortune. When I stepped in for the first live years, I was welcomed only with a shake of the hand; in the next period of his life, he beckoned across the way for a pot of beer; but for six years past, he invites me to dinner; and if he bespeaks me the day before, never fails to regale me with a fillet of veal.

His riches neither made him uncivil nor negligent; he rose at the same hour, attended with the same assiduity, and bowed with the same gentleness. But for some years he has been much inclined to

talk of the fatigues of business, and the confinement of a shop, and to wish that he had been so happy as to have renewed his uncle's lease of a farm, that he might have lived without noise and hurry, in a pure air, in the artless society of honest villagers, and the contemplation of the works of nature.

I soon discovered the cause of my friend's philosophy. He thought himself grown rich enough to have a lodging in the country, like the mercers on *Ludgate-hill*, and was resolved to enjoy himself in the decline of life. This was a revolution not to be made suddenly. He talked three years of the pleasures of the country, but passed every night over his own shop. **But** at last he resolved to be happy, and hired a lodging in the country, that he may steal some hours in the week from business ; for, says he, *when a man advances in life, he loves to entertain himself sometimes with his own thoughts.*

I was invited to this seat of quiet and contemplation among those whom Mr. *Drugget* considers as his most reputable friends, and desires to make the first witnesses of his elevation to the highest dignities of a shopkeeper. I found him at *Islington*, in a room which overlooked the high road, amusing himself with looking through the window, which the clouds of dust would not suffer him to open. He embraced me, told me I was welcome into the country, and asked me, if I did not feel myself refreshed. He then desired that dinner might be hastened, for fresh air always sharpened his appetite, and ordered me a toast and a glass of wine after my walk. He told me much of the pleasure he found in retirement,

and wondered what had kept him so long out of the country. After dinner, company came in, and Mr. *Drugget* again repeated the praises of the country, recommended the pleasures of meditation, and told them, that he had been all the morning at the window, counting the carriages as they passed before him.

No. 17. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1758.

T H E rainy weather, which has continued the last month, is said to have given great disturbance to the inspectors of barometers. The oraculous glasses have deceived their votaries; shower has succeeded shower, though they predicted sunshine and dry skies; and by fatal confidence in these fallacious promises, many coats have lost their gloss, and many curls been moistened to flaccidity.

This is one of the distresses to which mortals subject themselves by the pride of speculation. I had no part in this learned disappointment, who am content to credit my senses, and to believe that rain will fall when the air blackens, and that the weather will be dry when the sun is bright. My caution indeed does not always preserve me from a shower. To be wet, may happen to the genuine *Idler*; but to be wet in opposition to theory, can befall only the *Idler* that pretends to be busy. Of those that spin

out life in trifles and die without a memorial, many flatter themselves with high opinions of their own importance, and imagine that they are every day adding some improvement to human life. To be idle and to be poor, have always been reproaches, and therefore every man endeavours, with his utmost care, to hide his poverty from others, and his *idleness* from himself.

Among those whom I never could persuade to rank themselves with *Idlers*, and who speak with indignation of my morning sleeps and nocturnal rambles ; one passes the day in catching spiders, that he may count their eyes with a microscope ; another erects his head, and exhibits the dust of a marigold separated from the flower with a dexterity worthy of *Leuwenhoeck* himself. Some turn the wheel of electricity ; some suspend rings to a load-stone, and find that what they did yesterday they can do again to-day. Some register the changes of the wind, and die fully convinced that the wind is changeable.

There are men yet more profound, who have heard that two colourless liquors may produce a colour by union, and that two cold bodies will grow hot if they are mingled; they mingle them, and produce the effect expected, say it is strange, and mingle them again.

The *Idlers* that sport only with inanimate nature may claim some indulgence ; if they are useless, they are still innocent: but there are others, whom I know not how to mention without more emotion than my love of quiet willingly admits. Among the inferior professors of medical knowledge, is a

race of wretches, whose lives are only varied by varieties of cruelty ; whose favourite amusement is to nail dogs to tables and open them alive ; to try how long life may be continued in various degrees of mutilation, or with the excision or laceration of the vital parts; to examine whether burning irons are felt more acutely by the bone or tendon ; and whether the more lasting agonies are produced by poison forced into the mouth, or injected into the veins.

It is not without reluctance that I offend the sensibility of the tender mind with images like these. If such cruelties were not practised, it were to be desired that they should not be conceived; but, since they are published every day with ostentation, let me be allowed once to mention them, since I mention them with abhorrence.

Mead has invidiously remarked of *Woodward*, that he gathered shells and stones, and would pass for a philosopher. With pretensions much less reasonable, the anatomical novice tears out the living bowels of an animal, and styles himself physician, prepares himself by familiar cruelty for that profession which he is to exercise upon the tender and the helpless, upon feeble bodies and broken minds, and by which he has opportunities to extend his arts of torture, and continue those experiments upon infancy and age, which he has hitherto tried upon cats and dogs.

What is alleged in defence of these hateful practices, every one knows ; but the truth is, that by knives, fire, and poison, knowledge is not always sought, and is very seldom attained. The experi-

ments **that** have been tried, are tried again; he that burned an animal with irons yesterday, will be willing to amuse himself with burning another to-morrow. I know not, that by living dissections any discovery has been made by which a single malady is more easily cured. And if the knowledge of physiology has been somewhat encreased, he surely buys knowledge dear, who learns the use of the lacteals at the expence of his humanity. It is time that universal resentment should arise against these horrid operations, which tend to harden the heart, extinguish those sensations which give man confidence in man, and make the physician more dreadful than the gout or stone.

No. 18. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

IT commonly happens to him who endeavours to obtain distinction by ridicule, or censure, that he teaches others to practise his own arts against himself; and that, after a short enjoyment of the applause paid to his sagacity, or of the mirth excited by his wit, he is doomed to suffer the same severities of scrutiny, to hear inquiry detecting his faults, and exaggeration sporting with his failings.

The natural discontent of inferiority will seldom

fail to operate in some degree of malice against him who professes to superintend the conduct of others, especially if he seats himself uncalled in the chair of judicature, and exercises authority by his own commission.

You cannot, therefore, wonder that your observations on human folly, if they produce laughter at one time, awaken criticism at another; and that among the numbers whom you have taught to scoff at the retirement of *Drugget*, there is one who offers his apology.

The mistake of your old friend is by no means peculiar. The public pleasures of far the greater part of mankind are counterfeit. Very few carry their philosophy to places of diversion, or are very careful to analyse their enjoyments. The general condition of life is so full of misery, that we are glad to catch delight without enquiring whence it comes, or by what power it is bestowed.

The mind is seldom quickened to very vigorous operations but by pain, or the dread of pain. We do not disturb ourselves with the detection of fallacies which do us no harm, nor willingly decline a pleasing effect to investigate its cause. He that is happy, by whatever means, desires nothing but the continuance of happiness, and is no more solicitous to distribute his sensations into their proper species, than the common gazer on the beauties of the spring to separate light into its original rays.

Pleasure is therefore seldom such as it appears to others, nor often such as we represent it to ourselves. Of the ladies that sparkle at a musical performance, a very small number has any quick sensi-

bility of harmonious sounds. But every one that goes has her pleasure. She has the pleasure of wearing fine clothes, and of shewing them, of outshining those whom she suspects to envy her ; she has the pleasure of appearing among other ladies in a place whither the race of meaner mortals seldom intrudes, and of reflecting that, in the conversations of the next morning, her name will be mentioned among those that sat in the first row ; she has the pleasure of returning courtesies, or refusing to return them, of receiving compliments with civility, or rejecting them with disdain. She has the pleasure of meeting some of her acquaintance, of guessing why the rest are absent, and oftelling them that she saw the opera, on pretence of inquiring why they would miss it. She has the pleasure of being supposed to be pleased with a refined amusement, and of hoping* to be numbered among* the votresses of harmony. She has the pleasure of escaping for two hours the superiority of a sister, or the controul of a husband ; and from all these pleasures she concludes, that heavenly music is the balm of life.

All assemblies of gaiety are brought together by motives of the same kind. The theatre is not filled with those that know or regard the skill of the actor, nor the ball-room by those who dance, or attend to the dancers. To all places of general resort, where the standard of pleasure is erected, we run with equal eagerness, or appearance of eagerness, for very different reasons. One goes that he may say he has been there, another because he never misses. This man goes to try what he can find, and that to discover what others find. Whatever diversion is costly

will be frequented by those who desire to be thought rich ; and whatever has, by any accident, become fashionable, easily continues its reputation, because every one is ashamed of not partaking it.

To every place of entertainment we go with expectation and desire of being pleased ; we meet others who are brought by the same motives ; no one will be the first to own the disappointment ; one face reflects the smile of another, till each believes the rest delighted, and endeavours to catch and transmit the circulating rapture. In time all are deceived by the cheat to which all contribute. The fiction of happiness is propagated by every tongue, and confirmed by every look, till at last all profess the joy which they do not feel, consent to yield to the general delusion ; and when the voluntary dream is at an end, lament that bliss is of so short a duration.

If *Drugget* pretended to pleasures of which he had no perception, or boasted of one amusement where he was indulging another, what did he which is not done by all those who read his story ? of whom some pretend delight in conversation, only because they dare not be alone ; some praise the quiet of solitude, because they are envious of sense, and impatient of folly ; and some gratify their pride, by writing characters which expose the vanity of life.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.

No. 19. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1758.

SOME of those ancient sages that have exercised their abilities in the inquiry after the *supreme good*, have been of opinion, that the highest degree of earthly happiness is quiet; a calm repose both of mind and body undisturbed by the sight of folly or the noise of business, the tumults of public commotion, or the agitations of private interest; a state in which the mind has no other employment, but to observe and regulate her own motions, to trace thought from thought, combine one image with another, raise systems of science, and form theories of virtue.

To the scheme of these solitary speculatists, it has been justly objected, that if they are happy, they are happy only by being useless. That mankind is one vast republic, where every individual receives many benefits from the labours of others, which, by labouring in his turn for others, he is obliged to repay; and that where the united efforts of all are not able to exempt all from misery, none have a right to withdraw from their task of vigilance, or to be indulged in idle wisdom or solitary pleasures.

It is common for controvertists, in the heat of disputation, to add one position to another till they **reach the extremities of knowledge**, where truth and falsehood lose their distinction. **Their admirers follow them to the brink of absurdity, and then start**

back from each side towards the middle point. So it has happened in this great disquisition. Many perceive alike the force of the contrary arguments, find quiet shameful, and business dangerous, and therefore pass their lives between them, in bustle without business, and negligence without quiet.

Among the principal names of this moderate set is that great philosopher *Jack Whirler*, whose business keeps him in perpetual motion, and whose motion always eludes his business; who is always to do what he never does, who cannot stand still because he is wanted in another place, and who is wanted in many places because he stays in none.

Jack has more business than he can conveniently transact in one house; he has therefore one habitation near *Bow-Church*, and another about a mile distant. By this ingenious distribution of himself between two houses, *Jack* has contrived to be found at neither. *Jack's* trade is extensive, and he has many dealers; his conversation is sprightly, and he has many companions; his disposition is kind, and he has many friends. *Jack* neither forbears pleasure for business, nor omits business for pleasure, but is equally invisible to his friends and his customers; to him that comes with an invitation to a club, and to him that waits to settle an account.

When you call at his house, his clerk tells you, that Mr. *Whirler* was just stepped out, but will be at home exactly at two; you wait at a coffee-house till two, and then find that he has been at home, and is gone out again, but left word that he should be at the *Half-moon* tavern at seven, where he hopes to meet you. At seven you go to the tavern. At eight in comes Mr.

Whirler to tell you, that he is glad to see you, and only begs leave to run for a few minutes to a gentleman that lives near the *Exchange*, from whom he will return before supper can be ready. Away he runs to the *Exchange*, to tell those who are waiting for him, that he must beg them to defer the business till to-morrow, because his time is come at the *Half-moon*.

Jack's cheerfulness and civility rank him among those whose presence never gives pain, and whom all receive with fondness and caresses. He calls often on his friends, to tell them, that he will come again to-morrow ; on the morrow he comes again, to tell them how an unexpected summons hurries him away.—When he enters a house, his first declaration is, that he cannot sit down ; and so short are his visits, that he seldom appears to have come for any other reason but to say, He must go.

The dogs of *Egypt*, when thirst brings them to the Nile, are said to run as they drink for fear of the crocodiles. *Jack Whirler* always dines at full speed. He enters, finds the family at table, sits familiarly down, and fills his plate ; but while the first morsel is in his mouth, hears the clock strike, and rises ; then goes to another house, sits down again, recollects another engagement ; has only time to taste the soup, makes a short excuse to the company, and continues through another street his desultory dinner.

But, overwhelmed as he is with business, his chief desire is to have still more. Every new proposal takes possession of his thoughts ; he soon balances probabilities, engages in the project, brings

it almost to completion, and then forsakes it for another, which he catches with some alacrity, urges with the same vehemence, and abandons with the same coldness.

Every man may be observed to have a certain strain of lamentation, some peculiar theme of complaint on which he dwells in his moments of dejection. *Jack's* topic of sorrow is the want of time. Many an excellent design languishes in empty theory for want of time. For the omission of any civilities, want of time is his plea to others ; for the neglect of any affairs, want of time is his excuse to himself. That he wants time, he sincerely believes ; for he once pined away many months with a lingering distemper, for want of time to attend his health.

Thus *Jack Whirler* lives in perpetual fatigue without proportionate advantage, because he does not consider that no man can see all with his own eyes, or do all with his own hands ; that whoever is engaged in multiplicity of business, must transact much by substitution, and leave something to hazard : and that he who attempts to do all, will waste his life in doing little.

No. 20. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1758.

THERE is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth. It is apparent that men can be social beings no longer than they believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of falsehood, every man must disunite himself from others, inhabit his own cave, and seek prey only for himself.

Yet the law of truth, thus sacred and necessary, is broken without punishment, without censure, in compliance with inveterate prejudice and prevailing passions. Men are willing to credit what they wish, and encourage rather those who gratify them with pleasure, than those that instruct them with fidelity.

For this reason every historian discovers his country; and it is impossible to read the different accounts of any great event, without a wish that truth had more power over partiality.

Amidst the joy of my countrymen for the acquisition of *Louisbourg*, I could not forbear to consider how differently this revolution of *American* power is not only now mentioned by the contending nations, but will be represented by the writers of another century.

The *English* historian will imagine himself barely doing justice to *English* virtue, when he relates

the capture of *Louisbourg* in the following manner :

" The *English* had hitherto seen, with great indignation, their attempts baffled and their force defied by an enemy, whom they considered themselves as entitled to conquer by the right of prescription, and whom many ages of hereditary superiority had taught them to despise. Their fleets were more numerous, and their seamen braver, than those of *France*; yet they only floated useless on the ocean, and the *French* derided them from their ports. Misfortunes, as is usual, produced discontent, the people murmured at the ministers, and the ministers censured the commanders.

" In the summer of this year, the *English* began to find their success answerable to their cause. A fleet and an army were sent to *America* to dislodge the enemies from the settlements which they had so perfidiously made, and so insolently maintained, and to repress that power which was growing more every day by the association of the *Indians*, with whom these degenerate *Europeans* intermarried, and whom they secured to their party by presents and promises.

" In the beginning of *June* the ships of war and vessels containing the land-forces appeared before *Louisbourg*, a place so secure by nature that art was almost superfluous, and yet fortified by art as if nature had left it open. The *French* boasted that it was impregnable, and spoke with scorn of all attempts that could be made against it. The garrison was numerous, the stores equal to

" the longest seige, and their engineers and commanders high in reputation. The mouth of the harbour was so narrow, that three ships within might easily defend it against all attacks from the sea. The *French* had, with that caution which cowards borrow from fear, and attribute to policy, eluded our fleets, and sent into that port five great ships and six smaller, of which they sunk four in the mouth of the passage, having raised batteries, and posted troops at all the places where they thought it possible to make a descent, The *English*, however, had more to dread from the roughness of the sea, than from the skill or bravery of the defendants. Some days passed before the surges, which rise very high round that island, would suffer them to land. At last their impatience could be restrained no longer; they got possession of the shore with little loss by the sea, and with less by the enemy. In a few days the artillery was landed, the batteries were raised, and the *French* had no other hope than to escape from one post to another. A shot from the batteries fired the powder in one of their largest ship*, the flame spread to the two next, and all three were destroyed; the *English* admiral sent his boats against the two large ships yet remaining, took them without resistance, and terrified the garrison to an immediate capitulation."

Let us now oppose to this *English* narrative the relation which will be produced, about the same time, by the writer of the age of *Louis XV*.

" About this time the *English* admitted to the

" conduct of affairs a man who undertook to save
" from destruction that ferocious and turbulent
" people, who, from the mean insolence of wealthy
" trader?, and the lawless confidence of successful
" robbers, were now sunk in despair and stupified
" with horror. He called in the ships which had
" been dispersed over the ocean to guard their mer-
" chants, and sent a fleet and an army, in which
" almost the whole strength of *England* was com-
" prised, to secure their possessions in *America*,
" which were endangered alike by the *French* arms
" and the *French* virtue. We had taken the *En-*
" *glish* fortresses by force, and gained the *Indian*
" nations by humanity. The *English*, wherever
" they come, are sure to have the natives for their
" enemies ; for the only motive of their settlements
" is avarice, and the only consequence of their suc-
" cess is oppression. In this war they acted like
" other barbarians, and, with a degree of outrag-
" eous cruelty, which the gentleness of our man-
" ners scarcely suffers us to conceive, offered rewards
" by open proclamation to those who should bring
" in the scalps of Indian women and children. A
" trader always makes war with the cruelty of a
" pirate.

" They had long looked with envy and with ter-
" ror upon the influence which the *French* exerted
" over all the northern regions of *America* by the
" possession of *Louisbourg*, a place naturally strong,
" and now fortified with some slight outworks.
" They hoped to surprize the garrison unprovided :
" but that sluggishness which always defeats their
" malice, gave us time to send supplies, and to

" station ships for the defence of the harbour.
" They came before *Louisbourg* in *June*, and were
" for some time in doubt whether they should land.
" But the commanders, who had lately seen an ad-
" miral beheaded for not having done what he had
" not power to do, durst not leave the place unas-
" saulted. An *Englishman* has no ardour for ho-
" nour, nor zeal for duty ; he neither values glory
" nor loves his king, but balances one danger with
" another, and will fight rather than be hanged.
" They therefore landed, but with great loss ; their
" engineers had, in the last war with the *French*,
" learned something of the military science, and
" made their approaches with sufficient skill ; but
" all their efforts had been without effect, had not a
" ball unfortunately fallen into the powder of one
" of our ships, which communicated the fire to the
" rest, and, by opening the passage of the harbour,
" obliged the garrison to capitulate. Thus was
" *Louisbourg* lost, and our troops marched out with
" the admiration of their enemies, who durst hardly
" think themselves masters of the place."

No. 21. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1758.

To the IDLER.

DEAR MR. IDLER,

THERE is a species of misery, or of disease, for which our language is commonly supposed to be without a name, but which I think is emphatically enough denominated *listlessness*, and which is commonly termed a want of something to do.

Of the unhappiness of this state I do not expect all your readers to have an adequate idea. Many are overburdened with business, and can imagine no comfort but in rest ; many have minds so placid, as willingly to indulge a voluntary lethargy ; or so narrow, as easily to be filled to their utmost capacity. By these I shall not be understood, and therefore cannot be pitied. Those only will sympathize with my complaint, whose imagination is active and resolution weak, whose desires are ardent, and whose choice is delicate ; who cannot satisfy themselves with standing still, and yet cannot find a motive to direct their course.

I was the second son of a gentleman, whose estate was barely sufficient to support himself and his heir in the dignity of killing game. He therefore made use of the interest which the alliances of his family afforded him, to procure me a post in the army. I passed some years in the most contemp-

tible of all human stations, that of a soldier in time of peace. I wandered with the regiment as the quarters were changed, without opportunity for business, taste for knowledge, or money for pleasure. Wherever I came, I was for some time a stranger without curiosity, and afterwards an acquaintance without friendship. Having nothing to hope in these places of fortuitous residence, I resigned my conduct to chance ; I had no intention to offend, I had no ambition to delight.

I suppose every man is shocked when he hears how frequently soldiers are wishing for war. The wish is not always sincere; the greater part are content with sleep and lace, and counterfeit an ardour which they do not feel ; but those who desire it most are neither prompted by malevolence nor patriotism ; they neither pant for laurels, nor delight in blood ; but long to be delivered from the tyranny of idleness, and restored to the dignity of active beings.

I never imagined myself to have more courage than other men, yet was often involuntarily wishing for a war, but of a war at that time I had no prospect; and being enabled, by the death of an uncle, to live without my pay, I quitted the army, and resolved to regulate my own motions.

I was pleased, for a while, with the novelty of independence, and imagined that I had now found what every man desires. My time was in my own power, and my habitation was wherever my choice should fix it. I amused myself for two years in passing from place to place, and comparing one convenience with another ; but being at last

ashamed of enquiry, and weary of uncertainty, I purchased a house, and established my family.

I now expected to begin to be happy, and was happy for a short time with that expectation. But I soon perceived my spirits to subside, and my imagination to grow dark. The gloom thickened every day round me. I wondered by what malignant power my peace was blasted, till I discovered at last that I had nothing to do.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight. I am forced upon a thousand shifts to enable me to endure the tediousness of the day. I rise when I can sleep no longer, and take my morning walk ; I see what I have seen before, and return. I sit down, and persuade myself that I sit down to think, find it impossible to think without a subject, rise up to inquire after news, and endeavour to kindle in myself an artificial impatience for intelligence of events, which will never extend any consequence to me, but that a few minutes they abstract me from myself.

When I have heard any thing that may gratify curiosity, I am busied for a while in running to relate it. I hasten from one place of concourse to another, delighted with my own importance , and proud to think that I am doing something, though I know that another hour would spare my labour.

I had once a round of visits, which I paid very regularly ; but I have now tired most of my friends. When I have sat down I forget to rise, and have more than once overheard one asking another when I would be gone. I perceive the company tired, I observe the mistress of the family whispering to her

servants, I find orders given to put off business till to-morrow, I see the watches frequently inspected, and yet cannot withdraw to the vacuity of solitude, or venture myself in my own company.

Thus burdensome to myself and others, I form many schemes of employment which may make my life useful or agreeable, and exempt me from the ignominy of living by sufferance. This new course I have long designed, but have not yet begun. The present moment is never proper for the change, but there is always a time in view when all obstacles will be removed, and I shall surprize all that know me with a new distribution of *my* time. Twenty years have past since I have resolved a complete amendment, and twenty years have been lost in delays. Age is coming upon me ; and I should look back with rage and despair upon the waste of life, but that I am now beginning in earnest to begin a reformation.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

DICK LINGER.

No. 22. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

As I was passing lately under one of the gates of this city, I was struck with horror by a rueful cry, which summoned me *to remember the poor debtors.*

The wisdom and justice of the *English* laws are, by *Englishmen* at least, loudly celebrated ; but scarcely the most zealous admirers of our institutions can think that law wise, which, when men are capable of work, obliges them to beg; or just, which exposes the liberty of one to the passions of another.

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community, sedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleness an atrophy. Whatever body, and whatever society, wastes more than it acquires, must gradually decay ; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labour, takes away something from the public stock.

The confinement, therefore, of any man in the sloth and darkness of a prison, is a loss to the nation, and no gain to the creditor. For of the multitudes **who** are pining in those cells of misery, a very **small** part is suspected of any fraudulent act by which they retain what belongs to others. The rest **are** imprisoned by the wantonness of pride, the malignity of revenge, or the acrimony of **disappointed** expectation.

If those, who thus rigorously exercise the power which the law has put into their hands, be asked, why they continue to imprison those whom they know to be unable to pay them : one will answer, that his debtor once lived better than himself ; another, that his wife looked above her neighbours, and his children went in silk clothes to the dancing-school : and another, that he pretended to be a joker and a wit. Some will reply, that if they were in debt, they should meet with the same treatment ; some, that they owe no more than they can pay, and need therefore give no account of their actions. Some will confess their resolution, that their debtors shall rot in jail ; and some will discover, that they hope, by cruelty, to wring the payment from their friends.

The end of all civil regulations is to secure private happiness from private malignity ; to keep individuals from the power of one another ; but this end is apparently neglected, when a man, irritated with loss, is allowed to be the judge of his own cause, and to assign the punishment of his own pain ; when the distinction between guilt and happiness, between casualty and design, is entrusted to eyes blind with interest, to understandings depraved by resentment.

Since poverty is punished among us as a crime, it ought at least to be treated with the same lenity as other crimes ; the offender ought not to languish at the will of him whom he has offended, but to be allowed some appeal to the justice of his country. There can be no reason why any debtor should be imprisoned, but that he may be compelled to pay-

ment; and a term should therefore be fixed, in which the creditor should exhibit his accusation of concealed property. If such property can be discovered, let it be given to the creditor ; if the charge is not offered, or cannot be proved, let the prisoner be dismissed.

Those who made the laws have apparently supposed that every deficiency of payment is the crime of the debtor. But the truth is, that the creditor always shares the act, and often more than shares the guilt, of improper trust. It seldom happens that any man imprisons another but for debts which he suffered to be contracted in hope of advantage to himself, and for bargains in which he proportioned his profit to his own opinion of the hazard ; and there is no reason, why one should punish the other for a contract in which both concurred.

Many of the inhabitants of prisons may justly complain of harder treatment. He that once owes more than he can pay, is often obliged to bribe his creditor to patience, by encreasing his debt. Worse and worse commodities, at a higher and higher price, are forced upon him ; he is impoverished by compulsive traffic, and at last overwhelmed, in the common receptacles of misery, by debts, which, without his own consent, were accumulated on his head. To the relief of this distress, no other objection can be made, but that by an easy dissolution of debts fraud will be left without punishment, and imprudence without awe ; and that when insolvency should be no longer punishable, credit will cease.

The motive to credit, is the hope of advantage. Commerce can never be at a stop, while one man wants what another can supply ; and credit will never be denied, while it is likely to be repaid with profit. He that trusts one whom he designs to sue, is criminal by the act of trust ; the cessation of such insidious traffic is to be desired, and no reason can be given why a change of the law should impair any other.

We see nation trade with nation, where no payment can be compelled. Mutual convenience produces mutual confidence ; and the merchants continue to satisfy the demands of each other, though they have nothing to dread but the loss of trade.

It is vain to continue an institution, which experience shews to be ineffectual. We have now imprisoned one generation of debtors after another, but we do not find that their numbers lessen. We have now learned, that rashness and imprudence will not be deterred from taking credit ; let us try whether fraud and avarice may be more easily restrained from giving it.

I am. SIR. &c.

No. 23. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1758.

LIFE has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of friendship. It is painful to consider, that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession of which the duration is less certain.

Many have talked in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of friendship, of invincible constancy, and unalienable kindness ; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen, by which the ardour of kindness will be abated, without criminal baseness or contemptible inconstancy on either part. To give pleasure is not always in our power ; and little does he know himself, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Those who would gladly pass their days together **may** be separated by the different course of their

affairs ; and friendship, like love, is destroyed by long absence, though it may be encreased by short intermissions. What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained ; but that which has been lost till it is forgotten, will be found at last with little gladness, and with still less if a substitute has supplied the place. A man deprived of the companion to whom he used to open his bosom, and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him ; his difficulties oppress, and his doubts distract him ; he sees time come and *go* without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within, and solitude about him. But this uneasiness never lasts long ; necessity produces expedients, new amusements are discovered, and new conversation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently disappointed, than that which naturally arises in the mind from the prospect of meeting an old friend after long separation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed ; no man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. The first hour convinces them, that the pleasure, which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end ; different scenes have made different impressions ; the opinions of both are changed ; and that similitude of manners and sentiment is lost, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themselves.

Friendship is often destroyed by opposition of **interest**, not only by the ponderous and visible

interest which the desire of wealth and greatness forms and maintains, but by a thousand secret and slight competitions, scarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is scarcely any man without some favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, some desire of petty praise, which he cannot patiently suffer to be frustrated. This minute ambition is sometimes crossed before it is known, and sometimes defeated by wanton petulance; but such attacks are seldom made without the loss of friendship ; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the resentment will burn on in secret, of which shame hinders the discovery.

This, however, is a slow malignity, which a wise man will obviate as inconsistent with quiet, and a good man will repress as contrary to virtue ; but human happiness is sometimes violated by some more sudden strokes.

A dispute begun in jest upon a subject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careless indifference, is continued by the desire of conquest, till vanity kindles into rage, and opposition rankles into enmity. Against this hasty mischief, I know not what security can be obtained ; men will be sometimes surprized into quarrels; and though they might both hasten to reconciliation, as soon as their tumult had subsided, yet two minds will seldom be found together, which can at once subdue their discontent, or immediately enjoy the sweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendship has other enemies. Suspicion is always hardening the cautions, and disgust repelling the delicate. Very slender differences will sometimes part those whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united. *Lonelove* and *Ranger* retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in six weeks cold and petulant ; *Ranger's* pleasure was to walk in the fields, and *Lonelove's* to sit in a bower; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly encreased by causes too slender for complaint, and too numerous for removal.—Those who are angry may be reconciled ; those who have been injured may receive a recompence : but when the desire of pleasing and willingness to be pleased is silently diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless; as, when the vital powers sink into languor, there is no longer any use of the physician.

No. 24. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1758.

W H E N man sees one of the inferior creatures perched upon a tree, or basking in the sunshine, without any apparent endeavour or pursuit, he often asks himself, or his companions, *On what that animal can be supposed to be thinking ?*

Of this question, since neither bird nor beast can answer it, we must be content to live without the resolution. We know not how much the brutes recollect of the past, or anticipate of the future ; what power they have of comparing and preferring ; or whether their faculties may not rest in motionless indifference, till they are moved by the presence of their proper object, or stimulated to act by corporal sensations.

I am the less inclined to these superfluous inquiries, because I have always been able to find sufficient matter for curiosity in my own species. It is useless to go far in quest of that which may be found at home; a very narrow circle of observation will supply a sufficient number of men and women, who might be asked, with equal propriety, *On what they can be thinking?*

It is reasonable to believe, that thought, like every thing else, has its causes and effects; that it must proceed from something known, done, or suffered ; and must produce some action or event. Yet how great is the number of those in whose minds no source of thought has ever been opened

in whose life no consequence of thought is ever discovered; who have learned nothing upon which they can reflect ; who have neither seen nor felt any thing which could leave its traces on the memory ; who neither foresee nor desire any change of their condition, and have therefore neither fear, hope, nor design, and yet are supposed to be thinking beings.

To every act a subject is required. He that thinks must think upon something. But tell me, ye that pierce deepest into nature, ye that take the widest surveys of life, inform me, kind shades of *Malbranche* and of *Locke*, what that something can be, which excites and continues thought in maiden aunts with small fortunes ; in younger brothers **that** live upon annuities ; in traders retired from business ; in soldiers absent from their regiments ; or in widows that have no children ?

Life is commonly considered as either active or contemplative ; but surely this division, how long soever it has been received, is inadequate and fallacious. There are mortals whose life is certainly not active, for they do neither good nor evil ; and whose life cannot be properly called contemplative, for they never attend either to the conduct of men, or the works of nature, but rise in the morning, look round them till night in careless stupidity, go to bed and sleep, and rise again in the morning.

It has been lately a celebrated question in the schools of philosophy, *Whether the soul always thinks ?* Some have defined the soul to be the *power of thinking* ; concluded that its essence consists **in act ; that, if it should cease to act, it would cease**

to be; and that cessation of thought is but another name for extinction of mind. This argument is subtle, but not conclusive; because it supposes what cannot be proved, that the nature of mind is properly defined. Others affect to disdain subtilty, when subtilty will not serve their purpose, and appeal to daily experience. We spend many hours, they say, in sleep, without the least remembrance of any thoughts which then passed in our minds; and since we can only by our own consciousness be sure that we think, why should we imagine that we have had thought of which no consciousness remains?

This argument, which appeals to experience, may from experience be confuted. We every day do something which we forget when it is done, and know to have been done only by consequence. The waking hours are not denied to have been passed in thought; yet he that shall endeavour to recollect on one day the ideas of the former, will only turn the eye of reflection upon vacancy; he will find, that the greater part is irrevocably vanished, and wonder how the moments could come and go, and leave so little behind them.

To discover only that the arguments on both sides are defective, and to throw back the tenet into its former uncertainty, is the sport of wanton or malevolent scepticism, delighting to see the sons of philosophy at work upon a task which never can be decided. I shall suggest an argument hitherto overlooked, which may perhaps determine the controversy.

If it be impossible to think without materials,

there must necessarily be minds that do not always think; and whence shall we furnish materials for the meditation of the glutton between his meals, of the sportsman in a rainy month, of the annuitant between the days of quarterly payment, of the politician when the mails are detained by contrary winds?

But how frequent soever may be the examples of existence without thought, it is certainly a state not much to be desired. He that lives in torpid insensibility, wants nothing of a carcase but putrefaction. It is the part of every inhabitant of the earth to partake the pains and pleasures of his fellow beings; and, as in a road through a country desert and uniform, the traveller languishes for want of amusement, so the passage of life will be tedious and irksome to him who does not beguile it by diversified ideas.

No. 25. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1768.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I AM a **very** constant frequenter of the play-house, a place to which I suppose the *Idler* not **much** a stranger, since he can have no where else so **much entertainment** with so little concurrence

of his own endeavour. At all other assemblies, he that comes to receive delight, will be expected to give it; but in the theatre nothing is necessary to the amusement of two hours, but to sit down and be willing to be pleased.

The last week has offered two new actors to the town. The appearance and retirement of actors are the great events of the theatrical world ; and their first performances fill the pit with conjecture and prognostication, as the first actions of a new monarch agitate nations with hope or fear.

What opinion I have formed of the future excellence of these candidates for dramatic glory, it is not necessary to declare. Their entrance gave me a higher and nobler pleasure than any borrowed character can afford. I saw the ranks of the theatre emulating each other in candour and humanity, and contending who should most effectually assist the struggles of endeavour, dissipate the blush of diffidence, and still the flutter of timidity.

This behaviour is such as becomes a people, too tender to repress those who wish to please, too generous to insult those who can make no resistance. A public performer is so much in the power of spectators, that all unnecessary severity is restrained by that general law of humanity which forbids us to be cruel where there is nothing to be feared.

In every new performer something must be pardoned. No man can, by any force of resolution, secure to himself the full possession of his own powers under the eye of a large assembly. Varis-

tion of gesture, and flexion of voice, are to be obtained only by experience.

There is nothing for which such numbers think themselves qualified as for theatrical exhibition. Every human being has an action graceful to his own eye, a voice musical to his own ear, and a sensibility which nature forbids him to know that any other bosom can excel. An art in which such numbers fancy themselves excellent, and which the public liberally rewards, will excite many competitors, and in many attempts there must be many miscarriages.

The care of the critic should be to distinguish error from inability, faults of inexperience from defects of nature. Action irregular and turbulent may be reclaimed ; vociferation vehement and confused may be restrained and modulated ; the stalk of the tyrant may become the gait of the man ; the yell of inarticulate distress may be reduced to human lamentation. All these faults should be for a time overlooked, and afterwards censured with gentleness and candour. But if in an actor there appears an utter vacancy of meaning, a frigid equality, a stupid languor, a torpid apathy, the greatest kindness that can be shewn him, is a speedy sentence of expulsion.

I am, SIR, & C.

T H E plea which my correspondent has offered for young actors, I am very far from wishing to invalidate. I always considered those combinations which are sometimes formed in the playhouse as acts of fraud or of cruelty ; he that applauds

him who does not deserve praise, is endeavouring to deceive the public ; he that hisses in malice or sport, is an oppressor and a robber.

But surely this laudable forbearance might be justly extended to young poets. The art of the writer, like that of the player, is attained by slow degrees. The power of distinguishing and discriminating comic characters, or of filling tragedy with poetical images, must be the gift of nature, which no instruction nor labour can supply ; but the art of dramatic disposition, the contexture of the scenes, the opposition of characters, the involution of the plot, the expedients of suspension, and the stratagems of surprize, are to be learned by practice ; and it is cruel to discourage a poet for ever, because he has not from genius what only experience can bestow.

Life is a stage. Let me likewise solicit candour for the young actor on the stage of life. They that enter into the world are too often treated with unreasonable rigour by those that were once as ignorant and heady as themselves ; and distinction is not always made between the faults which require speedy and violent eradication, and those that will gradually drop away in the progression of life. Vicious solicitations of appetite, if not checked, will grow more importunate ; and mean arts of profit or ambition will gather strength in the mind, if they are not early suppressed. **But** mistaken notions of superiority, desires of useless show, pride of little accomplishments, and all the train of vanity, will be brushed away by the wing of Time.

Reproof should not exhaust its power upon petty failings; let it watch diligently against the incur-sion of vice, and leave foppery and futility to die of themselves.

No. 26. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1738.

Mr. IDLER,

I NEVER thought that I should write any thing to be printed ; but having lately seen your first essay, which was sent down into the kitchen, with a great bundle of gazettes and useless papers, I find that you are willing to admit any correspondent, and therefore hope you will not reject me. If you publish my letter, you may encourage others, in the same condition with myself, to tell their stories, which may be perhaps as useful as those of great ladies.

I am a poor girl. I was bred in the country at a charity-school, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The ladies, or patronesses, visited us from time to time, examined how we were taught, and saw that our clothes were clean. We lived happily enough, and were instructed to be thankful to those at whose cost we were educated." I was always the favourite of my mistress ; she used to call me to read and shew my copy-book to all strangers, who never dismissed me

without commendation, and very seldom without a shilling*.

At last the chief of our subscribers, having passed a winter in *London*, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country. She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, said she, are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the less they know. She told her friends, that *London* was in confusion by the insolence of servants ; that scarcely a wench was to be got for *all work*, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles, and to sit at work in the parlour window. But she was resolved, for her part, to spoil no more girls ; those, who were to live by their hands, should neither read nor write out of her pocket ; the world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse.

She was for a short time warmly opposed ; but she persevered in her notions, and withdrew her subscription. Few listen without a desire of conviction to those who advise them to spare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily ; and in less than a year, the whole parish was convinced, that the nation would be ruined, if the children of the poor were taught to read and write.

Our school was now dissolved : my mistress kissed me when we parted, and told me, that,

being old and helpless, she could not assist me, advised me to seek a service, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for scholarship, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the new opinion, considered as a crime ; and, when I offered myself to any mistress, I had no other answer than *Sure, child, you would not work ! hard work is not Jit for a pen-woman ; a scrubbing-brush would spoil your hand, child !*

I could not live at home ; and while I was considering to what I should betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our school to *London*, came down in a silk gown, and told her acquaintance how well she lived, what fine things she saw, and what great wages she received. I resolved to try my fortune, and took my passage in the next week's waggon to *London*. I had no snares laid for me at my arrival, but came safe to a sister of my mistress, who undertook to get me a place. She knew only the families of mean tradesmen ; and I, having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the first offer.

My first mistress was wife of a working watch-maker, who earned more than was sufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty ; but it was their constant practice to hire a chaise on *Sunday*, and spend half the wages of the week on *Richmond Hill* ; of *Monday* he commonly lay half in bed, and spent the other half in merriment ; *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* consumed the rest of his money ; and three days every week were passed in extre-

mity of want by us who were left at home, while my master lived on trust at an alehouse. You may be sure, that of the sufferers, the maid suffered most ; and I left them, after three months, rather than be starved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My mistress was a diligent woman, and rose early in the morning to set the journeymen to work ; my master was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and sat at one club or other every night. I was obliged to wait on my master at night, and on my mistress in the morning. He seldom came home before two, and she rose at five. I could no more live without sleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another servant.

My next removal was to a linen-draper's, who had six children. My mistress when I first entered the house, informed me, that I must never contradict the children, nor suffer them to cry. I had no desire to offend, and readily promised to do my best. But when I gave them their breakfast, I could not help all first; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the rest in expectation. That which was not gratified always resented the injury with a loud outcry, which put my mistress in a fury at me, and procured sugar-plums to the child. I could not keep six children quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous ; and was therefore dismissed, as a girl honest, but not good-natured.

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty shop

of remnants and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book ; and being therefore often called, at a busy time, to serve the customers, expected that I should now be happy, in proportion as I was useful. But my mistress appropriated every day part of the profit to some private use, and, as she grew bolder in her theft, at last deducted such sums, that my master began to wonder how he sold so much, and gained so little. She pretended to assist his enquiries, and began, very gravely, to hope that *Betty was honest, and yet those sharp girls were apt to be light-fingered.* You will believe that I did not stay there much longer.

The rest of my story I will tell you in another letter ; and only beg to be informed, in some paper, for which of my places, except perhaps the last, I was disqualified by my skill in reading and writing.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

BETTY BROOM.

No. 27. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1758.

IT has been the endeavour of all those whom the world has revered for superior wisdom, to persuade man to be acquainted with himself, to learn his own powers and his own weakness, to observe by what evils he is most dangerously beset, and by what temptations most easily overcome.

This counsel has been often given with serious dignity, and often received with appearance of conviction ; but as very few can search deep into their own minds without meeting what they wish to hide from themselves, scarcely any man persists in cultivating such disagreeable acquaintance, but draws the veil again between his eyes and his heart, leaves his passions and appetites as he found them, and advises others to look into themselves.

This is the common result of enquiry even among those that endeavour to grow wiser or better : but this endeavour is far enough from frequency ; the greater part of the multitudes that swarm upon the earth have never been disturbed by such uneasy curiosity, but deliver themselves up to business or to pleasure, plunge into the current of life, whether placid or turbulent, and pass on from one point of prospect to another, attentive

rather to any thing than the state of their minds ; satisfied, at an easy rate, with an opinion, that they are no worse than others, that every man must mind his own interest, or that their pleasures hurt only themselves, and are therefore no proper subjects of censure.

Some however, there are, whom the intrusion of scruples, the recollection of better notions, or the latent reprehension of good examples, will not suffer to live entirely contented with their own conduct ; these are forced to pacify the mutiny of reason with fair promises, and quiet their thoughts with designs of calling all their actions to review, and planning a new scheme for the time to come.

There is nothing which we estimate so fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times, and a thousand times deserted his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence but still believes himself his own master ; and able by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this mistake should prevail for a time, is very natural. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in speculation, is so plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt ; the whole soul yields itself to the predominance of truth, and

readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at last omitted.

I believe most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty ; but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promise and performance, between profession and reality, upon deep design and studied deceit ; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocrisy in the world ; we do not so often endeavour or wish to impose on others as on ourselves ; we resolve to do right, we hope to keep our resolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconstancy by calling witnesses of our actions ; but at last habit prevails, and those whom we invited to our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. " He that endeavours to free himself from an ill habit," says *Bacon*, " must not change too much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by difficulty ; nor too little, for then he will make but slow advances." This is a precept which may be ap-

plauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Those who have been able to conquer habit, are like those that are fabled to have returned from the realms of *Pluto* :

*Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.*

They are sufficient to give hope, but not security ; to animate the contest, but not to promise victory.

Those who are in the power of evil habits must conquer them as they can ; and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained : but those who are not yet subject to their influence may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom ; they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer.

No. 28. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

IT is very easy for a man who sits idle at home, and has nobody to please but himself, to ridicule or to censure the common practices of mankind; and those who have no present temptation to break the rules of propriety, may applaud his judgment, and join in his merriment: but let the author or his readers mingle with common life, they will find themselves irresistibly borne away by the stream of custom, and must submit, after they have laughed at others, to give others the same opportunity of laughing at them.

There is no paper published by the *Idler* which I have read with more approbation than that which censures the practice of recording vulgar marriages in the newspapers. I carried it about in my pocket, and read it to all those whom I suspected of having published their nuptials, or of being inclined to publish them, and sent transcripts of it to all the couples that transgressed your precepts for the next fortnight. I hoped that they were all vexed, and pleased myself with imagining their misery.

But short is the triumph of malignity. I was married last week to Miss *Mohair*, the daughter

of a salesman; and, at my first appearance after the wedding night, was asked by my wife's mother, whether I had sent our marriage to the *Advertiser*! I endeavoured to shew how unfit it was to demand the attention of the public to our domestic affairs; but she told me, with great vehemence, " That she would not have it thought to be a " stolen match ; that the blood of the *Mohairs* " should never be disgraced ; that her husband " had served all the parish offices but one ; that " she had lived five-and-thirty years at the same " house, had paid every body twenty shillings in " the pound, and would have me know, though " she was not as fine and as flaunting as Mrs. " *Gingham*, the deputy's wife, she was not ashamed " to tell her name, and would shew her face with " the best of them, and since I had married her " daughter—" At this instant entered my father-in-law, a grave man, from whom I expected succour; but upon hearing the case, he told me, " That it would be very imprudent to miss such " an opportunity of advertising my shop; and that " when notice was given of my marriage, many " of my wife's friends would think themselves " obliged to be my customers." I was subdued by clamour on one side, and gravity on the other, and shall be obliged to tell the town, that *three days ago* Timothy Mushroom, *an eminent oilman in Sea-Coal-Lane, was married to Miss Polly Mohair of Lothbury, a beautiful young lady, with a large fortune.*

I am, SIR, &c.

SIR,

I am the unfortunate wife of the grocer whose letter you published about ten weeks ago, in which he complains, like a sorry fellow, that I loiter in the shop with my needle-work in my hand, and that I oblige him to take me out on *Sundays*, and keep a girl to look after the child. Sweet Mr. *Idler*, if you did but know all, you would give no encouragement to such an unreasonable grumbler. I brought him three hundred pounds, which set him up in a shop, and bought in a stock, on which, with good management, we might live comfortably ; but now I have given him a shop, I am forced to watch him and the shop too. I will tell you, Mr. *Idler*, how it is. There is an alehouse over the way with a ninepin alley, to which he is sure to run when I turn my back, and there he loses his money, for he plays at ninepins as he does every thing else. While he is at this favourite sport, he sets a dirty boy to watch his door, and call him to his customers ; but he is long in coming, and so rude when he comes, that our custom falls off every day.

Those who cannot govern themselves, must be governed. I have resolved to keep him for the future behind his counter, and let him bounce at his customers if he dares. I cannot be above stairs and below at the same time, and have therefore taken a girl to look after the child and dress the dinner ; and, after all, pray who is to blame ?

On a *Sunday*, it is true, I make him walk abroad, and sometimes carry the child ; I wonder who should carry it ! But I never take him out till after

church-time, nor would do it then, but that, if he is left alone, he will be upon the bed. On a *Sunday*, if he stays at home, he has six meals, and, when he can eat no longer, has twenty stratagems to escape from me to the alehouse ; but I commonly keep the door locked, till *Monday* produces something for him to do.

This is the true state of the case, and these are the provocations for which he has written his letter to you. I hope you will write a paper to shew, that, if a wife must spend her whole time in watching her husband, she cannot conveniently tend her child, or sit at her needle.

I am, SIR, &c.

SIR,

T H E R E is in this town a species of oppression which the law has not hitherto prevented or redressed.

I am a chairman. You know, Sir, we come when we are called, and are expected to carry all who require our assistance. It is common for men of the most unwieldly corpulence to crowd themselves into a chair, and demand to be carried for a shilling as far as an airy young lady whom we scarcely feel upon our poles. Surely we ought to be paid like all other mortals in proportion to our labour. Engines should be fixed in proper places to weigh chairs as they weigh waggons ; and those, whom ease and plenty have made unable to carry themselves, should give part of their superfluities to those who carry them.

I am, SIR, &c.

No. 29. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I HAVE often observed, that friends are lost by discontinuance of intercourse without any offence on either part, and have long known, that it is more dangerous to be forgotten than to be blamed ; I therefore make haste to send you the rest of my story, lest, by the delay of another fortnight, the name of *Betty Broom* might be no longer remembered by you or your readers.

Having left the last place in haste to avoid the charge or the suspicion of theft, I had not secured another service, and was forced to take a lodging in a back street. I had now got good clothes. The woman who lived in the garret opposite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to inquire for a mistress. I knew not why she was so kind, nor how I could recompense her; but in a few days I missed some of my linen, went to another lodging, and resolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In six weeks I became under-maid at the house of a mercer in *Cornhill*, whose son was his apprentice. The young gentleman used to sit late at the tavern, without the knowledge of his father; and I was or-

dered by my mistress to let him in silently to his bed under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, whilst the rest of the family was in bed, I considered as supernumerary, and, having no business assigned for them, thought myself at liberty to spend them my own way : I kept myself awake with a book, and for some time liked my state the better for this opportunity of reading. At last, the upper-maid found my book, and shewed it to my mistress, who told me, that wenches like me might spend their time better ; that she never knew any of the readers that had good designs in their heads ; that she could always find something else to do with her time, than to puzzle over books ; and did not like that such a fine lady should sit up for her young master.

This was the first time that I found it thought criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was dismissed decently, lest I should tell tales, and had a small gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentlewoman of a small fortune. This was the only happy part of my life. My mistress, for whom public diversions were too expensive, spent her time with books, and was pleased to find a maid who could partake her amusements. I rose early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or listen, and was suffered to tell my opinion, or express my delight. Thus fifteen months stole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to servitude. But a burning fever seized my mistress, of whom I shall say no more, than that her servant wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me

very unfit for another place; and was rather too delicate for the conversation of a kitchen ; so that when I was hired in the family of an East India Director, my behaviour was so different, as they said, from that of a common servant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in disguise, and turned me out in three weeks, on suspicion of some design which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obstruction from my new accomplishments, and was hired under the housekeeper in a splendid family. Here I was too wise for the maids, and too nice for the footmen ; yet I might have lived on without much uneasiness, had not my mistress, the housekeeper, who used to employ me in buying necessaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's expences. I suppose it did not quite agree with her own book, for she fiercely declared her resolution, that there should be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the justice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation ; and I was easily admitted into another house in the neighbourhood, where my business was to sweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was for some time, the favourite of Mrs. *Simper*, my lady's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of some education. Mrs. *Simper* loved a novel, though she could not read hard words, and therefore, when her lady was abroad, we always laid hold on her books. At last, my abilities became so much celebrated, that the house-steward used to em-

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ploy me in keeping his accounts. Mrs. Simper then found out, that my sauciness was grown to such a height that nobody could endure it, and told my lady, that there never had been a room well swept since *Betty Broom* came into the house.

I was then hired by a consumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her four years, and though she was never pleased, yet when I declared my resolution to leave her, she burst into tears, and told me that I must bear the peevishness of a sick bed, and I should find myself remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour ; but in less than a week, when I set her gruel before her, I laid the spoon on the left side, and she threw her will into the fire. In two days she made another, which she burnt in the same manner because she could not eat her chicken. A third was made, and destroyed because she heard a mouse within the wainscot, and was sure that I should suffer her to be carried away alive. After this I was for some time out of favour, but as her illness grew upon her, resentment and sullenness gave way to kinder sentiments. She died, and left me five hundred pounds; with this fortune I am going to settle in my native parish, where I resolve to spend some hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

BETTY BROOM

No.30. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1758.

T H E desires of man increase with his acquisitions ; every step which he advances brings something within his view, which he did not see before, and which, as soon as he sees it, he begins to want. Where necessity ends, curiosity begins ; and no sooner are we supplied with every thing that nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.

By this restlessness of mind, every populous and wealthy city is filled with innumerable employments, for which the greater part of mankind is without a name : with artificers, whose labour is exerted in producing such petty conveniences, that many shops are furnished with instruments, of which the use can hardly be found without enquiry, but which he that once knows them quickly learns to number among necessary things.

Such is the diligence with which, in countries completely civilized, one part of mankind labours for another, that wants are supplied faster than they can be formed, and the idle and luxurious find life stagnate for want of some desire to keep it in motion. This species of distress furnishes a new set of occupations ; and multitudes are busied, from day to day, in finding the rich and the fortunate something to do.

It is very common to reproach those artists as useless, who produce only such superfluities as neither accommodate the body nor improve the mind ; and of which no other effect can be imagined, than that they are the occasions of spending money, and consuming time.

But this censure will be mitigated, when it is seriously considered, that money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and that the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use. To set himself free from these incumbrances, one hurries to *Newmarket*; another travels over *Europe* ; one pulls down his house and calls architects about him ; another buys a seat in the country, and follows his hounds over hedges and through rivers ; one makes collections of shells ; and another searches the world for tulips and carnations.

He is surely a public benefactor who finds employment for those to whom it is thus difficult to find it for themselves. It is true, that this is seldom done merely from generosity or compassion ; almost every man seeks his own advantage in helping others, and therefore it is too common for mercenary officiousness to consider rather what is grateful than what is right.

We all know that it is more profitable to be loved than esteemed; and ministers of pleasure will always be found, who study to make themselves necessary, and to supplant those who are practising the same arts.

One of the amusements of idleness is reading without the fatigue of; close attention, and the world

therefore swarms with writers whose wish is not to be studied, but to be read.

No species of literary men has lately been so much multiplied as the writers of news. Not many years ago the nation was content with one gazette ; but now we have not only in the metropolis papers for every morning and every evening, but almost every large town has its weekly historian, who regularly circulates his periodical intelligence, and fills the villages of his district with conjectures on the event of war, and with debates on the true interests of *Europe*.

To write news in its perfection requires such a combination of qualities, that a man completely fitted for the task is not always to be found. In Sir Henry Wottons jocular definition, *An ambassador is said to be a man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country ; a news-writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit.* To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness ; but contempt of shame and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary. He who by a long familiarity with infamy has obtained these qualities, may confidently tell to-day what he intends to contradict to-morrow ; he may affirm fearlessly what he knows that he shall be obliged to recant, and may write letters from *Amsterdam* or *Dresden* to himself.

In a time of war the nation is always of one mind, eager to hear something good of themselves and ill of the enemy. At this time the task of news-writers, is easy : they have nothing to do

but to tell that a battle is expected, and afterwards that a battle has been fought, in which we and our friends, whether conquering or conquered, did all, and our enemies did nothing.

Scarcely any thing awakens attention like a tale of cruelty. The writer of news never fails in the intermission of action to tell how the enemies murdered children and ravished virgins ; and, if the scene of action be somewhat distant, scalps half the inhabitants of a province.

Among the calamities of war may be justly numbered the diminution of the love of truth, by the falsehoods which interest dictates, and credulity encourages. A peace will equally leave the warrior and relator of wars destitute of employment ; and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder, or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie.

No. 31. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18. 1758.

MANY moralists have remarked, that pride has of all human vices the widest dominion, appears in the greatest multiplicity of forms, and lies hid under the greatest variety of disguises; of disguises, which, like the moon's *veil of brightness*, are both its *lustre and its shade*, and betray it to others, though they hide it from ourselves.

It is not my intention to degrade pride from this pre-eminence of mischief ; yet I know not whether idleness may not maintain a very doubtful and obstinate competition.

There are some that profess idleness in its full dignity, who call themselves the *Idle*, as *Busiris* in the play *calls himself the proud* ; who boast that they do nothing, and thank their stars that they have nothing to do ; who sleep every night till they can sleep no longer, and rise only that exercise may enable them to sleep again ; who prolong the reign of darkness by double curtains, and never see the sun but to *tell him how they hate his beams* ; whose whole labour is to vary the posture of indulgence, and whose day differs from their night but as a couch or chair differs from a bed.

These are the true and open votaries of idleness, for whom she weaves the garlands of poppies, and into whose cup she pours the waters of oblivion ; who exist in a state of unruffled stupidity, forgetting

and forgotten ; who have long ceased to live, and at whose death the survivors can only say, that they have ceased to breathe-

But idleness predominates in many lives where it is not suspected; for, being a vice which terminates in itself, it may be enjoyed without injury to others ; and it is therefore not watched like fraud, which endangers property; or like pride, which naturally seeks its gratifications in another's inferiority. Idleness is a silent and peaceful quality, that neither raises envy by ostentation, nor hatred by opposition; and therefore nobody is busy to censure or detect it.

As pride sometimes is hid under humility, idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty and real employment, naturally endeavours to crowd his mind with something that may bar out the remembrance of his own folly, and does any thing but what he ought to do with eager diligence, that he may keep himself in his own favour.

Some are always in a state of preparation, occupied in previous measures, forming plans, accumulating materials, and providing for the main affair. These are certainly under the secret power of idleness. Nothing is to be expected from the workman whose tools are for ever to be sought. I was once told by a great master, that no man ever excelled in painting, who was eminently curious about pencils and colours.

There are others to whom idleness dictates another expedient, by which life may be passed unprofitably away without the tediousness of many

vacant hours. The art is, to fill the day with petty business, to have always something in hand which may raise curiosity, but not solicitude, and keep the mind in a state of action, but not of labour.

This art has for many years been practised by my old friend *Sober* with wonderful success. *Sober* is a man of strong desires and quick imagination, so exactly balanced by the love of ease, that they can seldom stimulate him to any difficult undertaking; they have, however, so much power, that they will not suffer him to lie quite at rest; and though they do not make him sufficiently useful to others, they make him at least weary of himself.

Mr. *Sober's* chief pleasure is conversation; there is no end of his talk or his attention; to speak or to hear is equally pleasing; for he still fancies that he is teaching or learning something, and is free for the time from his own reproaches.

But there is one time at night when he must go home, that his friends may sleep; and another time in the morning, when all the world agrees to shut out interruption. These are the moments of which poor *Sober* trembles at the thought. But the misery of these tiresome intervals he has many means of alleviating. He has persuaded himself, that the manual arts are undeservedly overlooked; he has observed in many trades the effects of close thought, and just ratiocination. From speculation he proceeded to practice, and supplied himself with the tools of a carpenter, with which he mended his coal-box very successfully, and which **he still** continues to employ, as he finds occasion.

He has attempted at other times the crafts of the shoemaker, tinman, plumber, and potter; in all these arts he has failed, and resolves to qualify himself for them by better information. But his daily amusement is chemistry. He has a small furnace, which he employs in distillation, and which has long been the solace of his life. He draws oils and waters, and essences and spirits, which he knows to be of no use; sits and counts the drops as they come from his retort, and forgets that, whilst a drop is falling, a moment flies away.

Poor *Sober*! I have often teased him with reproof, and he has often promised reformation; for no man is so much open to conviction as the *Idler*, but there is none on whom it operates so little. What will be the effect of this paper I know not; perhaps he will read it and laugh, and light the fire in his furnace; but my hope is, that he will quit his trifles, and betake himself to rational and useful diligence.

No. 32. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1758.

AMONG the innumerable mortifications that way-lay human arrogance on every side, may well be reckoned our ignorance of the most common objects and effects, a defect of which we become more sensible, by every attempt to supply it. Vulgar and inactive minds confound familiarity with knowledge, and conceive themselves informed of the whole nature of things when they are shewn their form or told their use ; but the speculatist, who is not content with superficial views, harasses himself with fruitless curiosity, and still as he inquires more, perceives only that he knows less:

Sleep is a state in which a great part of every life is passed. No animal has yet been discovered, whose existence is not varied with intervals of insensibility ; and some late philosophers have extended the empire of sleep over the vegetable world.

Yet of this change, so frequent, so great, so general, and so necessary, no searcher has yet found either the efficient or final cause ; or can tell by what power the mind and body are thus chained down in irresistible stupefaction ; or what benefits the animal receives from this alternate suspension of its active powers.

Whatever may be the multiplicity or contrariety of opinions upon this subject, nature has taken sufficient care that theory shall have little influence

on practice. The most diligent enquirer is not able long to keep his eyes open ; the most eager disputant will begin about midnight to desert his argument ; and, once in four-and-twenty hours, the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the silent, the busy and the idle, are all overpowered by the gentle tyrant, and all lie down in the equality of sleep.

Philosophy has often attempted to repress insolence, by asserting, that all conditions are levelled by death ; a position which, however it may deject the happy, will seldom afford much comfort to the wretched. It is far more pleasing to consider, that sleep is equally a leveller with death ; that the time is never at a great distance, when the balm of rest shall be diffused alike upon every head, when the diversities of life shall stop their operation, and the high and the low shall lie down together.

It is somewhere recorded of *Alexander*, that in the pride of conquests, and intoxication of flattery, he declared that he only perceived himself to be a man by the necessity of sleep. Whether he considered sleep as necessary to his mind or body, it was indeed a sufficient evidence of human infirmity ; the body which required such frequency of renovation, gave but faint promises of immortality ; and the mind which, from time to time, sunk gladly into insensibility, had made no very near approaches to the felicity of the supreme and self-sufficient nature.

I know not what can tend more to repress all the passions that disturb the peace of the world, than the consideration that there is no height of

happiness or honour from which man does not eagerly descend to a state of unconscious repose ; that the best condition of life is such, that we contentedly quit its good, to be disentangled from its evils ; that in a few hoars splendour fades before the eye, and praise itself deadens in the ear ; the senses withdraw from their objects, and reason favours the retreat.

What then are the hopes and prospects of covetousness, ambition, and rapacity ? Let him that desires most have all his desires gratified, he never shall attain a state which he can for a day and a night, contemplate with satisfaction, or from which, if he had the power of perpetual vigilance, he would not long for periodical separations.

All envy would be extinguished, if it were universally known that there are none to be envied, and surely none can be much envied who are not pleased with themselves. There is reason to suspect, that the distinctions of mankind have more shew than value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of pleasures and of cares ; that the powerful and the weak, the celebrated and obscure, join in one common wish, and implore from nature's hand the nectar of oblivion.

Such is our desire of abstraction from ourselves, that very few are satisfied with the quantity of stupefaction which the needs of the body force upon the mind. *Alexander* himself added intemperance to sleep, and solaced with the fumes of wine the sovereignty of the world ; and almost every man has some art by which he steals his thoughts away from his present state.

It is not much of life that is spent in close attention to any important duty. Many hours of every day are suffered to fly away without any traces left upon the intellects. We suffer phantoms to rise up before us, and amuse ourselves with the dance of airy images, which, after a time, we dismiss for ever, and know not how we have been busied.

Many have no happier moments than those that they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own imagination, which sometimes puts sceptres in their hands, or mitres on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury.

It is easy in these semi-slumbers, to collect all the possibilities of happiness, to alter the course of the sun, to bring back the past, and anticipate the future, to unite all the beauties of all seasons, and all the blessings of all climates, to receive and bestow felicity, and forget that misery is the lot of man. All this is a voluntary dream, a temporary recession from the realities of life to airy fictions ; and habitual subjection of reason to fancy.

Others are afraid to be alone, and amuse themselves by a perpetual succession of companions : but the difference is not great ; in solitude we have our dreams to ourselves, and in company we agree to dream in concert. The end sought in both is for getfulness of ourselves.

No. 33. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1758.

[I hope the author of the following letter will excuse the omission of some parts, and allow me to remark, that the *Journal of the Citizen in the Spectator* has almost precluded the attempt of any future writer.]

—Non ita Romuh
Præscriptum, & intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque norma. HOR.

SIR,

YOU have often solicited correspondence. I have sent you the *Journal* of a *Senior Fellow*, or *Genuine Idler*, just transmitted from *Cambridge* by a facetious correspondent, and warranted to have been transcribed from the common-place book of the journalist.

Monday Nine o' Clock. Turned off my bed-maker for waking me at eight. Weather rainy. Consulted my weather-glass. No hopes of a ride before dinner.

Ditto, Ten. After breakfast transcribed half a sermon from Dr. *Hickman*. *N.B.* Never to transcribe any more from *Calamy*; Mrs. *Pilcocks*, at my curacy, having one volume of that author lying in her parlour-window.

Ditto, Eleven. Went down into my cellar. *Mem.* My *Mountain* will be fit to drink in a month's time. *N.B.* To remove the five-years-old port into the new bin on the left hand.

Ditto, Twelve. Mended a pen. Looked at my weather-glass again. Quicksilver very low. Shaved. Barber's hand shakes.

Ditto, One. Dined alone in my room on a *soal*. *N. B.* The shrimp-sauce not so good as Mr. *H.* of *Peterhouse* and I used to eat in *London* last winter at the *Mitre* in *Fleet-street*. Sat down to a pint of *Madeira*. Mr. *H.* surprised me over it. We finished two bottles of port together, and were very cheerful. *Mem.* To dine with Mr. *H.* at *Peterhouse* next *Wednesday*. One of the dishes a leg of pork and pease, by my desire.

Ditto, Six. Newspaper in the common-room.

Ditto Seven. Returned to my room. Made a tiff of warm punch, and to bed before nine ; did not fall asleep till ten, a young fellow commoner being very noisy over my head.

Tuesday, Nine. Rose squeamish. A fine morning. Weather-glass very high.

Ditto Ten. Ordered my horse, and rode to the five-mile stone on the *Newmarket* road. Appetite gets better. A pack of hounds in full cry, crossed the road, and startled my horse.

Ditto, Twelve. Drest. Found a letter on my table to be in *London* the 19th inst. Bespoke a new wig.

Ditto, One. At dinner in the hall. Too much water in the soup. Dr. *Dry* always orders the beef to be salted too much for me,

Ditto, Two. In the common-room. Dr. Dry gave us an instance of a gentleman who kept the gout out of his stomach by drinking old *Madeira*. Conversation chiefly on the expeditions. Company broke up at four. Dr. Dry and myself played at back-gammon for a brace of snipes. Won.

Ditto, Five. At the coffee-house. Met Mr. H. there. Could not get a sight of the *Monitor*.

Ditto, Seven. Returned home, and stirred my fire. Went to the common-room, and supped on the snipes with Dr. Dry.

Ditto, Eight. Began the evening in the common-room. Dr. Dry told several stories. Were very merry. Our new fellow, that studies physic, very talkative toward twelve. Pretends he will bring the youngest *M i s s* — t o drink tea with me soon. Impertinent blockhead !

Wednesday, Nine. Alarmed with a pain in my ancle. Q. The gout? Fear I can't dine at *Peterhouse*; but I hope a ride will set all to rights. Weather-glass below FAIR.

Ditto, Ten. Mounted my horse, though the weather suspicious. Pain in my ancle entirely gone. Caught in a shower coming back. Convinced that my weather-glass is the best in *Cambridge*.

Ditto, Twelve. Drest. Sauntered up to the *Fishmonger's-hill*. Met Mr. H. and went with him to *Peterhouse*. Cook made us wait thirty -six minutes beyond the time. The company, some of my *Emanuel* friends. For dinner, a pair of soals, a leg of pork and pease, among other things. *Mem.* Pease-pudding not boiled enough. Cook reprimanded and sconced in my presence.

Ditto, after dinner. Pain in my ankle returns. Dull all the afternoon. Rallied for being no company. Mr. *H.*'s account of the accommodations on the road in his *Bath* journey.

Ditto, Sir. Got into spirits. Never was more chatty. We sat late at whist. Mr. *H.* and self agreed at parting to take a gentle ride, and dine at the old house on the *London* road to-morrow.

Thursday, Nine. My sempstress. She has lost the measure of my wrist. Forced to be measured again. The baggage has got a trick of smiling.

Ditto, Ten to Eleven. Made some rappee-snuff. Read the magazines. Received a present of pickles from Miss *Pilcocks*. *Mem.* To send in return some collared eel, which I know both the old lady and miss are fond of.

Ditto, Eleven. Glass very high. Mounted at the gate with Mr. *H.* Horse skittish, and wants exercise. Arrive at the old house. All the provisions bespoke by some rakish fellow-commoner in the next room, who had been on a scheme to *Newmarket*. Could get nothing but mutton-chops off the worst end. Port very new. Agree to try some other house to-morrow.

HERE the Journal breaks off: for the next morning, as my friend informs me, our genial academic was waked with a severe fit of the gout ; and, at present, enjoys all the dignity of that disease. But I believe we have lost nothing by this interruption : since a continuation of the remainder of the Journal, through the remainder of the week, would most probably have exhibited nothing more than a re-

peated relation of the same circumstances of *idling* and luxury.

I hope it will not be concluded, from this specimen of academic life, that I have attempted to decry our universities. If literature is not the essential requisite of the modern academic, I am yet persuaded, that *Cambridge* and *Oxford*, however degenerated, surpass the fashionable *academies* of **our** metropolis, and the *gymnasia* of foreign countries. The number of learned persons in these celebrated seats is still considerable, and more conveniences and opportunities for study still subsist in them, than in any other place. There is at least one very powerful incentive to learning ; I mean the *GENIUS of the place*. It is a sort of inspiring deity, which every youth of quick sensibility and ingenuous disposition creates to himself, by reflecting, that he is placed under those venerable walls, where a *HOOKE*R and a *HAMMOND*, a *BACON* and a *NEWTON*, once pursued the same course of science, and from whence they soared to the most elevated heights of literary fame. This is that incitement which *Tully*, according to his own testimony, experienced at *Athens*, when he contemplated the porticos where *Socrates* sat, and the laurel-groves where *Plato* disputed. But there are other circumstances, and of the highest importance, which render our colleges superior to all other places of education. Their institutions, although somewhat fallen from their *primaeval* simplicity, are such **as influence** in a particular **manner**, the **moral conduct of their youth** ; **and in this general depravity of manners and laxity of principles, pure religion is no where more strongly inculcated.** The *academies*, as

they are presumptuously styled, are too low to be mentioned ; and foreign seminaries are likely to prejudice the unwary mind with Calvinism. But *English* universities render their students virtuous, at least by excluding all opportunities of vice; and, by teaching them the principles of the *Church of England*, confirm them in those of true Christianity.

No. 34. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1758.

||TO illustrate one thing by its resemblance to another, has been always the most popular and efficacious art of instruction. There is indeed no other method of teaching that of which any one is **ignorant** but by means of something already known ; and a mind so enlarged by contemplation and inquiry, that it has always many objects within its view, will seldom be long without some near and familiar image through which an easy transition may be made to truths more distant and obscure.

Of the parallels which have been drawn by wit and curiosity, some are literal and real, as between poetry and painting, two arts which pursue the same end, by **the** operation of **the** same mental faculties, **and which differ only at the one** represents things by **marks permanent and natural**, **the** other by signs ac-

cidental and arbitrary. The one therefore is more easily and generally understood, since similitude of form is immediately perceived; the other is capable of conveying more ideas, for men have thought and spoken of many things which they do not see.

Other parallels are fortuitous and fanciful, yet these have sometimes been extended to many particulars of resemblance by a lucky concurrence of diligence and chance. The animal *body* is composed of many members, united under the direction of one mind; any number of individuals, connected for some common purpose, is therefore called a *body*. From this participation of the same appellation arose the comparison of the *body* natural and *body* politic, of which, how far soever it has been deduced, no end has hitherto been found.

In these imaginary similitudes, the same word is used at once in its primitive and metaphorical sense. Thus health, ascribed to the *body* natural, is opposed to sickness; but attributed to the *body* politic stands as contrary to adversity. These parallels therefore have more of genius, but less of truth; they often please, but they never convince.

Of this kind is a curious speculation frequently indulged by a philosopher of my acquaintance, who had discovered, that the qualities requisite to conversation are very exactly represented by a bowl of punch.

Punch, says this profound investigator, is a liquor compounded of spirit and acid juices, sugar and water. The spirit, volatile and fiery, is the proper emblem of vivacity and wit; the acidity of the lemon will very aptly figure pungency of raillery, and acri-

mony of censure; sugar is the natural representative of luscious adulation and gentle complaisance ; and water is the proper hieroglyphic of easy prattle, innocent and tasteless.

Spirit alone is too powerful for use. It will produce madness rather than merriment ; and instead of quenching thirst will inflame the blood. Thus wit, too copiously poured out, agitates the hearer with emotions rather violent than pleasing ; every one shrinks from the force of its oppression, the company sits intranced and overpowered ; all are astonished, but nobody is pleased.

The acid juices give this genial liquor all its power of stimulating the palate. Conversation would become dull and vapid, if negligence were not sometimes roused, and sluggishness quickened, by due severity of reprehension. But acids unmixed will distort the face and torture the palate ; and he that has no other qualities than penetration and asperity, he whose constant employment is detection and censure, who looks only to find faults, and speaks only to punish them, will soon be dreaded, hated and avoided.

The taste of sugar is generally pleasing, but it cannot long be eaten by itself. Thus meekness and courtesy will always recommend the first address, but soon pall and nauseate, unless they are associated with more sprightly qualities. The chief use of sugar is to temper the taste of other substances; and softness of behaviour in the same manner mitigates the roughness of contradiction, and allays the bitterness of unwelcome truth.

Water is the universal vehicle by which are con-

veyed the particles necessary to sustenance and growth, by which thirst is quenched, and all the wants of life and nature are supplied. Thus all the business of the world is transacted by artless and easy talk, neither sublimed by fancy, nor discoloured by affectation, without either the harshness of satire, or the lusciousness of flattery. By this limpid vein of language, curiosity is gratified, and all the knowledge is conveyed which one man is required to impart for the safety or convenience of another. Water is the only ingredient in punch which can be used alone, and with which man is content till fancy has framed an artificial want. Thus while we only desire to have our ignorance informed, we are most delighted with the plainest diction ; and it is only in the moments of idleness or pride, that we call for the gratifications of wit or flattery.

He only will please long, who, by tempering the acidity of satire with the sugar of civility, and allaying the heat of wit with the frigidity of humble chat, can make the true punch of conversation; and as that punch can be drunk in the greatest quantity which has the largest proportion of water, so that companion will be oftenest welcome, whose talk flows out with inoffensive copiousness, and unenvied insipidity.

No. 35. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1758.

To the IDLER.

Mr. IDLER,

IF it be difficult to persuade the idle to be busy, it is likewise, as experience has taught me, not easy to convince the busy that it is better to be idle. When you shall despair of stimulating sluggishness to motion, I hope you will turn your thoughts towards the means of stilling the bustle of pernicious activity.

I am the unfortunate husband of a *buyer of bargains*. My wife has somewhere heard, that a good housewife *never* has any thing to *purchase when it is wanted*. This maxim is often in her mouth, and always in her head. She is not one of those philosophical talkers that speculate without practice ; and learn sentences of wisdom only to repeat them ; she is always making additions to her stores ; she never looks into a broker's shop, but she spies something that may be wanted some time ; and it is impossible to make her pass the door of a house where she hears *goods selling by auction*.

Whatever she thinks cheap, she holds it the duty of an œconomist to buy ; in consequence of this maxim, we are incumbered on every side with useless lumber. The servants can scarcely creep to their beds through the chests and boxes that sur-

round them. The carpenter is employed once a week in building closets, fixing cupboards, and fastening shelves ; and my house has the appearance of a ship stored for a voyage to the colonies.

I had often observed that advertisements set her on fire; and therefore, pretending to emulate her laudable frugality, I forbade the newspaper to be taken any longer ; but my precaution is vain ; I know not by what fatality, or by what confederacy, every catalogue of *genuine furniture* comes to her hand, every advertisement of a newspaper newly opened is in her pocket-book, and she knows before any of her neighbours when the stock of any man *leaving off trade* is to be *sold cheap for ready money*.

Such intelligence is to my dear-one the Syren's song. No engagement, no duty, no interest, can withhold her from a sale, from which she always returns congratulating herself upon her dexterity at a bargain ; the porter lays down his burden in the hall ; she displays her new acquisitions, and spends the rest of the day in contriving where they shall be put.

As she cannot bear to have any thing uncomplete, one purchase necessitates another ; she has twenty feather-beds more than she can use, and a late sale has supplied her with a proportionable number of *Whitney* blankets, a large roll of linen for sheets, and five quilts for every bed, which she bought because the seller told her, that if she would clear his hands he would let her have a bargain.

Thus by houely encroachments my habitation is made narrower and narrower ; the dining-room is

so crowded with tables, that dinner scarcely can be served ; the parlour is decorated with so many piles of china, that I dare not step within the door; at every turn of the stairs I have a clock, and half the windows of the upper floors are darkened, that shelves may be set before them.

This, however might be borne, if she would gratify her own inclinations without opposing mine. But I who am idle am luxurious, and she condemns me to live upon salt provision. She knows the loss of buying in small quantities, we have therefore whole hogs and quarters of oxen. Part of our meat is tainted before it is eaten, and part is thrown away because it is spoiled ; but she persists in her system, and will never buy any thing by single pennyworths.

The common vice of those who are still grasping at more, is to neglect that which they already possess; but from this failing my charmer is free. It is the great care of her life that the pieces of beef should be boiled in the order in which they are bought ; that the second bag of peas should not be opened till the first are eaten ; that every feather-bed shall be lain on in its turn ; that the carpets should be taken out of the chest once a month and brushed, and the rolls of linen opened now and then before the fire. She is daily inquiring after the best traps for mice, and keeps the rooms always scented by fumigations to destroy the moths. She employs workmen, from time to time, to adjust six clocks that never go, and clean five jacks that rust in the garret ; and a woman in the next alley lives by scouring the brass

and pewter, which are only laid up to tarnish again.

She is always imagining some distant time in which she shall use whatever she accumulates ; she has four looking-glasses which she cannot hang up in her house, but which will be handsome in more lofty rooms ; and pays rent for the place of a vast copper in some warehouse, because when we live in the country we shall brew our own beer.

Of this life I have long been weary, but know not how to change it ; all the married men whom I consult, advise me to have patience ; but some old bachelors are of opinion, that since she loves sales so well, she should have a sale of her own ; and I have, I think, resolved to open her hoards, and advertise an auction.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

PETER PLENTY.

No. 36. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1758.

T H E great differences that disturb the peace of mankind are not about ends, but means. We have all the same general desires, but how those desires shall be accomplished, will for ever be disputed. The ultimate purpose of government is temporal, and that of religion is eternal happiness. Hitherto we agree ; but here we must part, to try, according to the endless varieties of passion and understanding combined with one another, every possible form of government, and every imaginable tenet of religion.

We are told by *Cumberland* that *rectitude*, applied to action or contemplation, is merely metaphorical ; and that as a *right* line describes the shortest passage from point to point, so a *right* action effects a good design by the fewest means ; and so likewise a *rigid* opinion is that which connects distant truths by the shortest train of intermediate propositions.

To find the nearest way from truth to truth, or from purpose to effect, not to use more instruments where fewer will be sufficient, not to move by wheels and levers what will give way to the naked hand, is the great proof of a healthful and vigorous mind, neither feeble with helpless ignorance, nor overburdened with unwieldy knowledge.

But there are men who seem to think nothing so much the characteristic of a genius, as to do common things in an uncommon manner ; like *Hudibras*, to *tell the clock by algebra* ; or like the lady in Dr. *Young's* satires, to *drink tea by stratagem* ; to quit the beaten track only because it is known, and take a new path, however crooked or rough, because the strait was found out before.

Every man speaks and writes with intent to be understood ; and it can seldom happen but he that understands himself might convey his notions to another, if, content to be understood, he did not seek to be admired ; but when once he begins to contrive how his sentiments may be received, not with most ease to his reader, but with most advantage to himself, he then transfers his consideration from words to sounds, from sentences to periods, and as he grows more elegant becomes less intelligible.

It is difficult to enumerate every species of authors, whose labours counteract themselves ; the man of exuberance and copiousness, who diffuses every thought through so many diversities of expression, that it is lost like water in a mist ; the ponderous dictator of sentences, whose notions are delivered in the lump, and are, like uncoined bullion, of more weight than use ; the liberal illustrator, who shews by examples and comparisons, what was clearly seen when it was first proposed ; and the stately son of demonstration, who proves with mathematical formality, what no man has yet pretended to doubt.

There is a mode of style for which I know not that the masters of oratory have yet found a name ; a

style by which the most evident truths are so obscured, that they can no longer be perceived, and the most familiar propositions so disguised that they cannot be known* Every other kind of eloquence is the dress of sense; but this is the mask by which a true master of his art will so effectually conceal it, that a man will as easily mistake his own positions, if he meets them thus transformed, as he may pass in a masquerade his nearest acquaintance.

This style may be called the *terrific*, for its chief intention is to terrify and amaze ; it may be termed the *repulsive*, for its natural effect is to drive away the reader; or it may be distinguished, in plain *English*, by the denomination of the *bugbear style*, for it has more terror than danger, and will appear less formidable as it is more nearly approached.

A mother tells her infant, that *two and two make four*; the child remembers the proposition, and is able to count four to all the purposes of life, till the course of his education brings him among philosophers, who fright him from his former knowledge, by telling him, that four is a certain aggregate of units ; that all numbers being only the repetition of an unit, which, though not a number itself, is the parent, root, or original of all number, *four* is the denomination assigned to a certain number of such repetitions. The only danger is, lest, when he first hears these dreadful sounds, the pupil should run away; if he has but the courage to stay till the conclusion, he will find that, when speculation has done its worst, two and two still make four.

An illustrious example of this species of eloquence may be found in *Letters concerning Mind*. The au-

thor begins by declaring, that *the sorts of things are things that now are, have been, and shall be, and the things that strictly A R E* . In this position, except the last clause, in which he uses something of the scholastic language, there is nothing but what every man has heard and imagines himself to know. But who would not believe that some wonderful novelty is presented to his intellect, when he is afterwards told, in the true *bugbear* style, that *the ares, in the former sense, are things that lie between the have-beens and shall-bes*. The have-beens are things that are past ; the shall-bes are things that are to come ; and the things that A R E , in the latter sense, are things that have not been, nor shall be, nor stand in the midst of such as are before them, or shall be after them. The things that have been, and shall be, have respect to present, past, and future. Those likewise that now A R E have moreover place ; that, for instance, which is here, that which is to the east, that which is to the west.

All this my dear reader, is very strange ; but though it be strange, it is not new ; survey these wonderful sentences again and they will be found to contain nothing more than very plain truths, which till this Author arose had always been delivered in plain language.

No. 37. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1758.

THOSE who are skilled in the extraction and preparation of metals, declare, that iron is every where to be found ; and that not only its proper ore is copiously treasured in the caverns of the earth, but that its particles are dispersed throughout all other bodies.

If the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the universe, I believe it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greatest plenty, which the condition of life makes of greatest use ; and that nothing is penuriously imparted or placed far from the reach of man, of which a more liberal distribution, or more easy acquisition, would increase real and rational felicity.

Iron is common, and gold is rare. Iron contributes so much to supply the wants of nature, that its use constitutes much of the difference between savage and polished life, between the state of him that slumbers in *European* palaces, and him that shelters himself in the cavities of a rock from the chilness of the night, or the violence of the storm. Gold can never be hardened into saws or axes ; it can neither furnish instruments of manufacture, utensils of agriculture, nor weapons of defence ;

its only quality is to shine, and the value of its lustre arises from its scarcity.

Throughout the whole circle, both of natural and moral life, necessities are as iron, and superfluities as gold. What we really need we may readily obtain ; so readily, that far the greater part of mankind has, in the wantonness of abundance, confounded natural with artificial desires, and invented necessities for the sake of employment, because the mind is impatient of inaction, and life is sustained with so little labour, that the tediousness of idle time cannot otherwise be supported.

Thus plenty is the original cause of many of our needs; and even the poverty, which is so frequent and distressful in civilized nations, proceeds often from that change of manners which opulence has produced. Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities ; but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

When Socrates passed through shops of toys and ornaments, he cried out, *How many things are here which I do not need!* And the same exclamation may every man make who surveys the common accommodations of life.

Superfluity and difficulty begin together. To dress food for the stomach is easy, the art is to irritate the palate when the stomach is sufficed. A rude hand may build walls, form roofs, and lay floors, and provide all that warmth and security require ; we only call the nicer artificers to carve the cornice, or to paint the ceilings. Such dress as may enable the body to endure the different seasons, the most unenlightened nations have been

able to procure ; but the work of science begins in the ambition of distinction, in variations of fashion, and emulation of elegance. Corn grows with easy culture ; the gardener's experiments are only employed to exalt the flavours of fruits, and brighten the colours of flowers.

Even of knowledge, those parts are most easy which are generally necessary. The intercourse of society is maintained without the elegances of language. Figures, criticisms, and refinements, are the work of those whom idleness makes weary of themselves. The commerce of the world is carried on by easy methods of computation. Subtilty and study are required only when questions are invented merely to puzzle, and calculations are extended to shew the skill of the calculator. The light of the sun is equally beneficial to him whose eyes tell him that it moves, and to him whose reason persuades him that it stands still ; and plants grow with the same luxuriance, whether we suppose earth or water the parent of vegetation.

If we raise our thoughts to nobler enquiries, we shall still find facility concurring with usefulness. No man needs stay to be virtuous till the moralists have determined the essence of virtue ; our duty is made apparent by its proximate consequences, though the general and ultimate reason should never be discovered. Religion may regulate the life of him to whom the *Scotists* and *Thamists* are alike unknown ; and the assertors of **fate and** free-will, however different in their talk, **agree** to act in the same manner.

It is not my intention to depreciate the politer arts or abstruser studies. That curiosity which always succeeds ease and plenty, was undoubtedly given us as a proof of capacity which our present state is not able to fill, as a preparative for some better mode of existence, which shall furnish employment for the whole soul, and where pleasure shall be adequate to our powers of fruition. In the mean time, let us gratefully acknowledge that goodness which grants us ease at a cheap rate, which changes the seasons where the nature of heat and cold has not been yet examined, and gives the vicissitudes of day and night to those who never marked the tropics, or numbered the constellations.

No. 38. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1759.

SINCE the publication of the letter concerning the condition of those who are confined in gaols by their creditors, an inquiry is said to have been made, by which it appears that more than twenty thousand* are at this time prisoners for debt.

We often look with indifference on the successive parts of that, which, if the whole were seen together, would shake us with emotion. A debtor is dragged to prison, pitied for a moment, and then forgotten; another follows him, and is lost alike in the caverns of oblivion; but when the whole mass of calamity rises up at once, when twenty thousand reasonable beings are heard all groaning in unnecessary misery, not by the infirmity of nature, but the mistake or negligence of policy, who can forbear to pity and lament, to wonder and abhor!

There is here no need of declamatory vehemence; we live in an age of commerce and computation; let us therefore coolly enquire what is the sum of evil which the imprisonment of debtors brings upon our country.

It seems to be **the** opinion of the later computists, **that the inhabitants of *England* do not** exceed six

• This number was **at that** time confidently published; but **the** author has since found reason to question the calculation.

millions, of which twenty thousand is the three-hundredth part. What shall we say of the humanity or the wisdom of a nation that voluntarily sacrifices one in every three hundred to lingering destruction !

The misfortunes of an individual do not extend their influence to many ; yet if we consider the effects of consanguinity and friendship, and the general reciprocation of wants and benefits, which make one man dear or necessary to another, it may reasonably be supposed, that every man languishing in prison gives trouble of some kind to two others who love or need him. By this multiplication of misery we see distress extended to the hundredth part of the whole society.

If we estimate at a shilling a day what is lost by the inaction and consumed in the support of each man thus chained down to involuntary idleness, the public loss will rise in one year to three hundred thousand pounds ; in ten years to more than a sixth part of our circulating coin.

I am afraid that those who are best acquainted with the state of our prisons will confess that my conjecture is too near the truth, when I suppose that the corrosion of resentment, the heaviness of sorrow, the corruption of confined air, the want of exercise, and sometimes of food, the contagion of diseases, from which there is no retreat, and the severity of tyrants, against whom there can be no resistance, and all the complicated horrors of a prison, put an end every year to the life of one in four of those that are shut up from the common comforts of human life.

Thus perish yearly five thousand men, overborne with sorrow, consumed by famine, or putrified by filth ; many of them in the most vigorous and usefull part of life ; for the thoughtless and imprudent are commonly young, and the active and busy are seldom old.

According to the rule generally received, which supposes that one in thirty dies yearly, the race of man may be said to be renewed at the end of thirty years. Who would have believed till now, that of every *English* generation, an hundred and fifty thousand perish in our gaols ! that in every century, a nation eminent for science, studious of commerce, ambitious of empire, should willingly lose, in noisome dungeons, five hundred thousand of its inhabitants ; a number greater than has ever been destroyed in the same time by the pestilence and sword !

A very late occurrence may shew us the value of the number which we thus condemn to be useless ; in the re-establishment of the trained bands, thirty thousand are considered as a force sufficient against all exigencies. While, therefore, we detain twenty thousand in prison, we shut up in darkness and uselessness two-thirds of an army which ourselves judge equal to the defence of our country.

The monastic institutions have been often blamed, as tending to retard the increase of mankind. And perhaps retirement ought rarely to be permitted, except to those whose employment is consistent with abstraction, and who, though solitary, will not be idle ; to those whom infirmity makes useless to the commonwealth, or to those who have paid their due

proportion to society, and who, having lived for others, may be honourably dismissed to live for themselves. But whatever be the evil or the folly of these retreats, those have no right to censure them whose prisons contain greater numbers than the monasteries of other countries. It is, surely, less foolish and less criminal to permit inaction than compel it ; to comply with doubtful opinions of happiness, than condemn to certain and apparent misery ; to indulge the extravagancies of erroneous piety, than to multiply and enforce temptations to wickedness.

The misery of gaols is not half their evil: they are filled with every corruption which poverty and wickedness can generate between them ; with all the shameless and profligate enormities that can be produced by the impudence of ignominy, the rage of want, and the malignity of despair. In a prison the awe of the public eye is lost, and the power of the law is spent; there are few fears, there are no blushes. The lewd inflame the lewd, the audacious harden the audacious. Every one fortifies himself as he can against his own sensibility, endeavours to practise on others the arts which are practised on himself; and gains the kindness of his associates by similitude of manners.

Thus some sink amidst their misery, and others survive only to propagate villainy. It may be hoped, that our lawgivers will at length take away from us this power of starving and depraving one another ; but, if there be any reason why this inveterate evil should not be removed in our age, which true policy has enlightened beyond any former time, let those, whose writings form the opinions and the

practices of their contemporaries, endeavour to transfer the reproach of such imprisonment from the debtor to the creditor, till universal infamy shall pursue the wretch whose wantonness of power, or revenge of disappointment, condemns another to torture and to ruin; till he shall be hunted through the world as an enemy to man, and find in riches no shelter from contempt.

Surely, he whose debtor has perished in prison, although he may acquit himself of deliberate murder, must at least have his mind clouded with discontent, when he considers how much another has suffered from him; when he thinks on the wife bewailing her husband, or the children begging the bread which their father would have earned. If there are any made so obdurate by avarice or cruelty, as to revolve these consequences without dread or pity, I must leave them to be awakened by some other power, for I write only to human beings.

No. 39. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

AONE look more diligently about them than those who have nothing to do, or who do nothing, I suppose it has not escaped your observation, that the bracelet, or ornament of great antiquity, has been for some years revived among the *English* ladies.

The genius of our nation is said, I know not for what reason, to appear rather in improvement than invention. The bracelet was known in the earliest ages; but it was formerly only a hoop of gold, or a cluster of jewels, and shewed nothing but the wealth or vanity of the wearer, till our ladies, by carrying pictures on their wrists, made their ornaments works of fancy and exercises of judgment.

This addition of art to luxury is one of the innumerable proofs that might be given of the late increase of female erudition; and I have often congratulated myself that my life has happened at a time when those, on whom so much of human felicity depends, have learned to think as well as speak, and when respect takes possession of the ear, while love is entering at the eye.

I have observed, that, even by the suffrages of their

own sex, those ladies are accounted wisest, who do not yet disdain to be taught ; and therefore I shall offer a few hints for the completion of the bracelet, without any dread of the fate of *Orpheus*.

To the ladies who wear the pictures of their husbands or children, or any other relations, I can offer nothing more decent or more proper. It is reasonable to believe that she intends at least to perform her duty, who carries a perpetual excitement to recollection and caution, whose own ornaments mast upbraid her with every failure, and who, by an open violation of her engagements, must for ever forfeit her bracelet.

Yet I know not whether it is the interest of the husband to solicit very earnestly a place on the bracelet. If his image be not in the heart, it is of small avail to hang it on the hand. A husband encircled with diamonds and rubies may gain some esteem, but will never excite love. He that thinks himself most secure of his wife, should be fearful of persecuting her continually with his presence. The joy of life is variety ; the tenderest love requires to be rekindled by intervals of absence ; and Fidelity herself will be wearied with transferring her eye only from the same man to the same picture.

In many countries the condition of every woman is known by her dress. Marriage is rewarded with some honourable distinction, which celibacy is forbidden to usurp. Some such information a bracelet might afford. The ladies might enroll themselves in distinct classes, and carry in open view the emblems of their order. The bracelet of the authoress may exhibit the Muses in a grove of laurel ; the

housewife may shew *Penelope* with her web ; the votress of a single life may carry *Ursula* with her troop of virgins ; the gamester may have Fortune with her wheel ; and those women *that have no character at all* may display a field of white enamel, as imploring help to fill up the vacuity,

There is a set of ladies who have outlived most animal pleasures, and, having nothing rational to put in their place, solace with cards the loss of what time has taken away, and the want of what wisdom, having never been courted, has never given. For these I know not how to provide a proper decoration. They cannot be numbered among the gamesters; for though they are always at play, they play for nothing, and never rise to the dignity of hazard or the reputation of skill. They neither love nor are loved, and cannot be supposed to contemplate any human image with delight. Yet, though they despair to please, they always wish to be fine, and therefore cannot be without a bracelet. To this sisterhood I can recommend nothing more likely to please them than the king of clubs, a personage very comely and majestic, who will never meet their eyes without reviving the thought of some past or future party, and who may be displayed in the act of dealing with grace and propriety.

But the bracelet which might be most easily introduced into general use is a small convex mirror, in which the lady may see herself whenever she shall lift her hand. This will be a perpetual source of delight. Other ornaments are of use only in public, but this will furnish gratifications to soli-

tude. This will shew a face that must always please ; she who is followed by admirers will carry about her a perpetual justification of the public voice ; and she who passes without notice may appeal from prejudice to their own eyes.

But I know not why the privilege of the bracelet should be confined to women ; it was in former ages worn by heroes in battle ; and as modern soldiers are always distinguished by splendour of dress, I should rejoice to see the bracelet added to the cockade.

In hope of this ornamental innovation, I have spent some thoughts upon military bracelets. There is no passion more heroic than love ; and therefore I should be glad to see the sons of *England* marching in the field, every man with the picture of a woman of honour bound upon his hand. But since in the army, as every where else, there will always be men who love nobody but themselves, or whom no woman of honour will permit to love her, there is a necessity of some other distinctions and devices.

I have read of a prince who, having lost a town, ordered the name of it to be every morning- shouted in his ear till it should be recovered. For the same purpose (think the prospect of *Minorca* might be properly worn on the hands of some of our generals: others might delight their countrymen, and dignify themselves, with a view of *Rochefort* as it appeared to them at sea ; and those that shall return from the conquest of *America*, may exhibit the warehouse of *Frontenac*, with an inscription denoting, that it was taken in less than three years by less than twenty thousand men.

I am, SIR, &c.

TOM TOY

No. 40. SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1759.

THE practice of appending to the narratives of public transactions more minute and domestic intelligence, and filling the newspapers with advertisements, has grown up by slow degrees to its present state.

Genius is shewn only by invention. The man who first took advantage of the general curiosity that was excited by a siege or battle, to betray the readers of news into the knowledge of the shop where the best puffs and powder were to be sold, was undoubtedly a man of great sagacity, and profound skill in the nature of man. But when he had once shewn the way, it was easy to follow him ; and every man now knows a ready method of informing the public of all that he desires to buy or sell, whether his wares be material or intellectual ; whether he makes clothes, or teaches the mathematics ; whether he be a tutor that wants a pupil, or a pupil that wants a tutor.

Whatever is common is despised. Advertisements are now so numerous that they are very negligently perused, and it is therefore become necessary to gain attention by magnificence of promises, and by eloquence sometimes sublime and sometimes pathetic.

Promise, large promise, is the soul of an advertisement. I remember a *wash-ball* that had a quality truly wonderful—it gave *an exquisite edge to the*

razor. And there are now to be sold, *for ready money only, some duvets for bed-coverings, of down, beyond comparison, superior to what is called otter-down, and indeed such, that its many excellences cannot be here set forth.* With one excellence we are made acquainted—it is warmer than four or five blankets, and lighter than one.

There are some, however, that know the prejudice of mankind in favour of modest sincerity. The vender of the *beautifying fluid* sells a lotion that repels pimples, washes away freckles, smooths the skin, and plumps the flesh; and yet, with a generous abhorrence of ostentation, confesses, that it will not *restore the bloom of fifteen to a lady of fifty.*

The true pathos of advertisements must have sunk deep into the heart of every man that remembers the zeal shewn by the seller of the *anodyne necklace*, for the ease and safety of *poor toot/ting infants*, and the affection with which he warned every mother, that *she would never forgive herself* if her infant should perish without a necklace.

I cannot but remark to the celebrated author who gave, in his notifications of the camel and dromedary, so many specimens of the genuine sublime, that there is now arrived another subject yet more worthy of his pen. A *famous Mohawk Indian warrior, who took Dieskaw the French general prisoner, dressed in the same manner with the native Indians when they go to war, with his face and body painted, with his scalping-kmfe, tom-ax, and all other implements of war! a sight worthy the curiosity of every true Briton!* This is a very powerful description; but a critic of great refinement would say, that it conveys rather horror

and *terror*. An Indian, dressed as he goes to war, may bring company together ; but if he carries the scalping-knife and tom-ax, there are many true Briton, that will never be persuaded to see him but through a grate.

It lists been remarked by the severer judges, that the salutary sorrow of tragic scenes is too soon effaced by the merriment of the epilogue ; the same inconvenience arises from the improper disposition of advertisements. The noblest objects may be so associated as to be made ridiculous. The camel and dromedary themselves might have lost much of their dignity between *the true flower of mustard* and the *original Daffy's elixir* ; and I could not but feel some indignation when I found this illustrious *Indian* warrior immediately succeeded by *a fresh parcel of Dublin butter*.

The trade of advertising is now so near to perfection, that it is not easy to propose any improvement. But as every art ought to be exercised in due subordination to the public good, I cannot but propose it as a moral question to these masters of the public ear, Whether they do not sometimes play too wantonly with our passions, as when the registrar of lottery tickets invites us to his shop by an account of the prize which he sold last year ; and whether the advertising controvertists do not indulge asperity of language without any adequate provocation ; as in the dispute about *straps for razors*, now happily subsided, and in the altercation which at present subsists concerning *eau de luce* ?

In an advertisement it is allowed to every man to speak well of himself, but I know not why he should

assume the privilege of censuring his neighbour. He may proclaim his own virtue or skill, but ought not to exclude others from the same pretensions.

Every man that advertises his own excellence should write with some consciousness of a character which dares to call the attention of the public. He should remember that his name is to stand in the same paper with those of the king of *Prussia* and the emperor of *Germany*, and endeavour to make himself worthy of such association.

Some regard is likewise to be paid to posterity. There are men of diligence and curiosity who treasure up the papers of the day merely because others neglect them, and in time they will be scarce. When these collections shall be read in another century, how will numberless contradictions be reconciled? and how shall fame be possibly distributed among the tailors and boddice-makers of the present age?

Surely these things deserve consideration. It is enough for me to have hinted my desire that these abuses may be rectified; but such is the state of nature, that what all have the right of doing, many will attempt without sufficient care of due qualifications.

No. 41. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1759.

T H E following letter relates to an affliction perhaps not necessary to be imparted to the public ; but I could not persuade myself to suppress it, because I think I know the sentiments to be sincere, and I feel no disposition to provide for this day any other entertainment.

*At tu quisquis eris, miseri qui cruda poetic
Credideris fietu funera digna tuo,
Hæc postrema tibi fleudi causa, fluatque
Lenis inoffenso vitæque morsque gradu.*

MR. IDLER,

N O T W I T H S T A N D I N G the warnings of philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes which life forces upon our observation, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day, such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity, or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses us as a burden, but crushes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common course of nature, against which it is no reproach not to be provided, A flash of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concussion of an earthquake heaps the ruins of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miseries time

brings, though silently yet visible, forward by its even lapse, which yet approach us unseen because we turn our eyes away, and seize us unresisted because we could not arm ourselves against them but by setting them before us.

That it is vain to shrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourselves which must some time be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect, and perhaps none more than the speculative reasoner, whose thoughts are always from home, whose eye wonders over life, whose fancy dances after meteors of happiness kindled by itself, and who examines every tiling rather than his own state.

Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age must terminate in death ; yet there is no man, says *Tully*, who does not believe that he may yet live another year ; and there is none who does not, upon the same principle, hope another year for his parent or his friend : but the fallacy will be in time detected ; the last year, the last day, must come. It has come, and is past. The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end, and the gates of death are shut upon my prospects.

The loss of a friend upon whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavour tended, is a state of dreary desolation, in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself, and finds nothing but emptiness and horror. The blameless life, the artless tenderness, the pious simplicity, the modest resignation, the patient sickness, and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loss, to aggravate regret for what cannot be

amended, to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled.

These are the calamities by which Providence gradually disengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate ; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exercise resolution or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here but languishment and grief.

Yet such is the course of nature, that whoever lives long must outlive those whom he loves and honours. Such is the condition of our present existence, that life must one time lose its associations, and every inhabitant of the earth must walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any interested witness of his misfortunes or success.

Misfortune, indeed, he may yet feel ; for where is the bottom of the misery of man ? But what is success to him that has none to enjoy it ? Happiness is not found in self-contemplation ; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the state of departed souls, because such knowledge is not necessary to a good life. Reason deserts us at the brink of the grave, and can give no further intelligence. Revelation is not wholly silent. *There is joy in the angels of heaven over one sinner that repenteth* ; and surely this joy is not incommunicable to souls disentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let hope therefore dictate, what revelation does not confute, that the union of souls may still remain ; and that we who are struggling with sin,

sorrow, and infirmities, may have our part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving their reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in religion : when we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater Power ? and to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the greatest POWER is the BEST ?

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not seek succour in the *gospel*, which has brought *life and immortality to light*. The precepts of *Epicurus*, who teaches us to endure what the laws of the universe make necessary, may silence, but not content us. The dictates of *Zeno*, who commands us to look with indifference on external things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation for the loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promises of Him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurance of another and better state, in which all tears shall be wiped from the eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but Religion only can give patience.

I am, &c.

No. 42. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1759.

T H E subject of the following letter is not wholly unmentioned by the RAMBLER. The SPECTATOR has also a letter containing a case not much different. I hope my correspondent's performance is more an effort of genius, than effusion of the passions ; and that she hath rather attempted to paint some possible distress, than really feels the evils which she has described.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

T H E R E IS a cause of misery, which, though certainly known both to you and your predecessors, has been little taken notice of in your papers ; I mean the snares that the bad behaviour of parents extend over the paths of life which their children are to tread after them ; and as I make no doubt but the *Idler* holds the shield for virtue as well as the glass for folly, that he will employ his leisure hours as much to his own satisfaction in warning his readers against a danger, as in laughing them out of a fashion : for this reason I am tempted to ask admittance for my story in your paper, though it has nothing to recommend it but truth, and the honest wish of warning others to shun the track which I am afraid may lead me at last to ruin.

I am the child of a father, who, having always lived in one spot in the country where he was born, and having had no genteel education himself, thought no qualifications in the world desirable but as they led up to fortune, and no learning necessary to happiness but such as might most effectually teach me to make the best market of myself: I was unfortunately born a beauty, to a full sense of which my father took care to flatter me; and having, when very young, put me to a school in the country, afterwards transplanted me to another in town, at the instigation of his friends, where his ill-judged fondness let me remain no longer than to learn just enough experience to convince me of the sordidness of his views, to give me an idea of perfections which my present situation will never suffer me to reach, and to teach me sufficient morals to dare to despise what is bad, though it be in a father.

Thus equipped (as he thought completely) for life, I was carried back into the country, and lived with him and my mother in a small village, within a few miles of the county-town; where I mixed, at first with reluctance, among company which though I never despised, I could not approve, as they were brought up with other inclinations, and narrower views than *my* own. My father took great pains to shew me every where, both at his own house, and at such public diversions as the country afforded: he frequently told the people all he had was for his daughter; took care to repeat the civilities I had received from all his friends in London; told how much I was admired,

and all his little ambition could suggest to set me in a stronger light.

Thus have I continued tricked out for sale, as I may call it, and doomed, by parental authority, to a state little better than that of prostitution. I look on myself as growing cheaper every hour, and am losing all that honest pride, that modest confidence, in which the virgin dignity const. Nor does my misfortune stop here : though many would be too generous to impute the follies of a father to a child whose heart has set her above them ; yet I am afraid the most charitable of them will hardly think it possible for me to be a daily spectatress of his vices without tacitly allowing them, and at last consenting to them, as the eye of the frightened infant is, by degrees, reconciled to the darkness of which at first it was afraid. It is a common opinion, he himself must very well know, that vices, like diseases, are often hereditary ; and that the property of the one is to infect the manners, as the other poisons the springs of life.

Yet this, though bad, is not the worst ; my father deceives himself the hopes of the very child he has brought into the world ; he suffers his house to be the scat of drunkenness, riot, and irreligion ; who seduces, almost, in my sight, the menial servant, converses with the prostitute, and corrupts the wife ! Thus I, who from my earliest dawn of reason was taught to think that at my approach every eye sparkled with pleasure, or was dejected as conscious of superior charms, am excluded from society, through fear lest I should partake, if not of my father's crimes, at least of his reproach. Is

a parent, who is so little solicitous for the welfare of a child, better than a pirate who turns a wretch adrift in a boat at sea, without a star to steer by, or an anchor to hold it fast ? Am I not to lay all my miseries at those doors which ought to have opened only for my protection ? And if doomed to add at last one more to the number of those wretches whom neither the world nor its law befriends, may I not justly say that I have been awed by a parent into ruin ? But though a parent's power is screened from insult and violation by the very words of heaven, yet surely no laws divine or human, forbid me to remove myself from the malignant shade of a plant that poisons all around it, blasts the bloom of youth, checks its improvements, and makes all its flowrets fade ? But to whom can the wretched, can the dependant fly ? For me to fly a father's house is to be a beggar : I have only one comforter amidst my anxieties, a pious relation, who bids me appeal to heaven for a witness to my just intentions, fly as a deserted wretch to its protections ; and, being asked who my father is, point, like the ancient philosopher, with my finger to the heavens.

The hope in which I write this, is, that you will give it a place in your paper ; and, as your essays sometimes find their way into the country, that my father may read my story there ; and, if not for his own sake, yet for mine, spare to perpetuate that worst of calamities to me, the loss of character, from which all his dissimulation has not been able to rescue himself. Tell the world, Sir, that it is possible for virtue to keep its throne unshaken

without any other guard than itself ; that it is possible to maintain that purity of thought, so necessary to the completion of human excellence even in the midst of temptations ; when they have no friend within, nor are assisted by the voluntary indulgence of vicious thoughts.

If the insertion of a story like this does not break in on the plan of your paper, you have it in your power to be a better friend than her father to

PERDITA.

No. 43. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1758.

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines, and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and the year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its silence and darkness shews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of

the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not shew that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year; quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power, to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is observed even by the birds of passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for summer and winter.

Yet it is certain, that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left

children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him, who purposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and *the night cometh when no man can work.*

No. 44. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1759,

MEMORY is, among the faculties of the human mind, that of which we make the most frequent use, or rather that of which the agency is incessant or perpetual. Memory is the primary and fundamental power, without which there could be no other intellectual operation. Judgment and ratiocination suppose something already known, and draw their decisions only from experience. Imagination selects ideas from the treasures of remembrance, and produces novelty only by varied combinations. We do not even form conjectures of distant, or anticipations of future events, but by concluding what is possible from what is past.

The two offices of memory are collection and distribution; by one images are accumulated, and by the other produced for use. Collection is always the employment of our first years; and distribution commonly that of our advanced age.

To collect and reposit the various form of things, is far the most pleasing part of mental occupation. We are naturally delighted with novelty, and there is a time when all that we see is new. When first we enter into the world, whithersoever we turn our eyes, they meet knowledge with pleasure at her side; every diversity of nature pours ideas in upon the soul; neither search nor labour are necessary; we have nothing more to do than to open our eyes, and curiosity is gratified.

Much of the pleasure which the first survey of the world affords, is exhausted before we are conscious of our own felicity, or able to compare our condition with some other possible state. We have therefore few traces of the joy of our earliest discoveries ; yet we all remember a time when nature had so many untasted gratifications, that every excursion gave delight which can now be found no longer, when the noise of a torrent, the rustle of a wood, the song of birds, or the play of lambs, had power to fill the attention, and suspend all perception of the course of time.

But these easy pleasures are soon at an end ; we have seen in a very little time so much, that we call out for new objects of observation and endeavour to find variety in books and life. But study is laborious, and not always satisfactory ; and conversation has its pains as well as pleasures ; we are willing to learn, but not willing to be taught ; we are pained by ignorance, but pained yet more by another's knowledge.

From the vexation of pupillage men commonly set themselves free about the middle of life, by shutting up the avenues of intelligence, and resolving to rest in their present state ; and they, whose ardour of inquiry continues longer, find themselves insensibly forsaken by their instructors. As every man advances in life, the proportion between those that are younger and that are older than himself is continually changing ; and he that has lived half a century finds few that do not require from him that information which he once expected from those that went before him.

Then it is that the magazines of memory are opened, and the stores of accumulated knowledge are displayed by vanity or benevolence, or in honest commerce of mutual interest. Every man wants others, and is therefore glad when he is wanted by them. And as few men will endure the labour of intense meditation without necessity, he that has learned enough for his profit or his honour, seldom endeavours after further acquisitions.

The pleasure of recollecting speculative notions would not be much less than that of gaining them, if they could be kept pure and unmingled with the passages of life ; but such is the necessary concatenation of our thoughts, that good and evil are linked together, and no pleasure recurs but associated with pain. Every revived idea reminds us of a time when something was enjoyed that is now lost, when some hope was not yet blasted, when some purpose had yet not languished into sluggishness or indifference.

Whether it be that life has more vexations than comforts, or, what is in the event just the same, that evil makes deeper impression than good, it is certain that few can review the time past without heaviness of heart. He remembers many calamities incurred by folly, many opportunities lost by negligence. The shades of the dead rise up before him; and he laments the companions of his youth, the partners of his amusements, the assistants of his labours, whom the hand of death has snatched away.

When an offer was made to *Themistocles* of teaching him the art of memory, he answered, that he

would rather wish for the art of forgetfulness. He felt his imagination haunted by phantoms of misery which he was unable to suppress, and would gladly have calmed his thoughts with some *oblivious antidote*. In this we all resemble one another; the hero and the sage are, like vulgar mortals, overburdened by the weight of life; all shrink from recollection, and all wish for an art of forgetfulness.

No. 4a. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1759.

THERE is in many minds a kind of vanity exerted to the disadvantage of themselves ; a desire to be praised for superior acuteness discovered only in the degradation of their species, or censure of their country.

Defamation is sufficiently copious. The general lampooner of mankind may find long exercise for his zeal or wit, in the defects of nature, the vexations of life, the follies of opinion, and the corruptions of practice. But fiction is easier than discernment; and most of these writers spare themselves the labour of inquiry, and exhaust their virulence upon imaginary crimes, which, as they never existed, can never be amended.

That the painters find no encouragement among the *English* for many other works than portraits, has been imputed to national selfishness. 'Tis vain, says the satirist, to set before any *Englishman* the scenes of landscape, or the heroes of history; nature and antiquity are nothing in his eye; he has no value but for himself, nor desires any copy but of his own form.

Whoever is delighted with his own picture must derive his pleasure from the pleasure of another. Every man is always present to himself, and has, therefore, little need of his own resemblance, nor can desire it, but for the sake of those whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This use of the art is a natural and reasonable consequence of affection; and though, like other human actions, it is often complicated with pride, yet even such pride is more laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, that, however excellent, neither imply the owner's *virtue*, nor excite it.

Genius is chiefly exerted in historical pictures; and the art of the painter of portraits is often lost in the obscurity of his subject. But it is in painting as in life; what is greatest is not always best. I should grieve to see *Reynolds* transfer to heroes and to goddesses, to empty splendour and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in reviving tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead.

Yet in a nation great and opulent there is room, and ought to be patronage, for an art like that of painting through all its diversities; **and** it is to *he*

wished, that the reward now offered for an historical picture may excite an honest emulation, and give beginning to an *English* school.

It is not very easy to find an action or event that can be efficaciously represented by a painter.

He must have an action not successive but instantaneous ; for the time of a picture is a single moment. For this reason, the death of *Hercules* cannot well be painted, though at the first view it flatters the imagination with very glittering ideas: the gloomy mountain, overhanging the sea, and covered with trees, some bending to the wind, and some torn from their roots by the raging hero ; the violence with which he rends from his shoulders the invenomed garment; the propriety with which his muscular nakedness may be displayed ; the death of *Lycos* whirled from the promontory; the gigantic presence of *Philoctetes* ; the blaze of the fatal pile, which the deities behold with grief and terror from the sky.

All these images fill the mind, but will not compose a picture, because they cannot be united in a single moment. *Hercules* must have rent his flesh at one time, and tossed *Lycas* into the air at another; he must first tear up the trees, and then lie down upon the pile.

The action must be circumstantial and distinct. There is a passage in the *Iliad* which cannot be read without strong emotions. A *Trojan* prince, seized by *Achilles* in the battle, falls at his feet, and in moving terms supplicates for life. *How can a wretch like thee*, says the haughty Greek, *intreat to live, when thou knowest that the time must come when*

Achilles is to die ? This cannot be painted, because no peculiarity of attitude or disposition can so supply the place of language as to impress the sentiment.

The event painted must be such as excites passion, and different passions in the several actors, or a tumult of contending passions in the chief.

Perhaps the discovery of *Ulysses* by his nurse is of this kind. The surprise of the nurse mingled with joy ; that of *Ulysses* checked by prudence, and clouded by solicitude ; and the distinctness of the action by which the scar is found ; all concur to complete the subject. But the picture, having only two figures will want variety.

A much nobler assemblage may be furnished by the death of *Epaminondas*. The mixture of gladness and grief in the face of the messenger who brings his dying general an account of the victory ; the various passions of the attendants ; the sublimity of composure in the hero, while the dart is by his own command drawn from his side, and the faint gleam of satisfaction that diffuses itself over the languor of death ; are worthy of that pencil which yet I do not wish to see employed upon them.

If the design were not too multifarious and extensive, I should wish that our painters would attempt the dissolution of the parliament by *Cromwell*. The point of time may be chosen when *Cromwell*, looking round the *Pandæmonium* with contempt, ordered the bauble to be taken away ; and *Harrison* laid hands on the Speaker to drag him from the chair.

The various appearances, which rage, and terror, and astonishment, and guilt, might exhibit in the feces of that hateful assembly, of whom the principal persons may be faithfully drawn from portraits or prints ; the irresolute repugnance of some, the hypocritical submissions of others, the ferocious insolence of *Cromwell*, the rugged brutality of *Harrison*, and the general trepidation of fear and wickedness, would, if some proper disposition could be contrived, make a picture of unexampled variety, and irresistible instruction.

No. 46. SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1759.

MR. IDLER,

I AM encouraged, by the notice you have taken of *Betty Broom*, to represent the miseries which I suffer from a species of tyranny which, I believe, is not very uncommon, though perhaps it may have escaped the observation of those who converse little with fine ladies, or see them only in their public characters.

To this method of venting my vexation I am the more inclined, because if I do not complain to you, I must burst in silence ; for my mistress has teased me and teased me till I can hold no longer, and yet I must not tell her of her tricks. The girls that live in common services can quarrel, and

give warning, and find other places; but we that live with great ladies, if we once offend them, have nothing left but to return into the country.

I am waiting-maid to a lady who keeps the best company, and is seen at every place of fashionable resort. I am envied by all the maids in the square, for few countesses leave off so many clothes as my mistress, and nobody shares with me: so that I supply two families in the country with finery for the assizes and horse races, besides what I wear myself. The steward and house-keeper have joined against me to procure my removal, that they may advance a relation of their own; but their designs are found out by my lady, who says I need not fear them, for she will never have dowdies about her.

You would think, Mr. *Idler*, like others, that I am very happy, and may well be contented with my lot. But I will tell you. My lady has an odd humour. She never orders any thing in direct words, for she loves a sharp girl that can take a hint.

I would not have you suspect that she has any thing to hint which she is ashamed to speak at length; for none can have greater purity of sentiment, or rectitude of intention. She has nothing to hide, yet nothing will she tell. She always gives her directions obliquely and allusively, by the mention of something relative or consequential, without any other purpose than to exercise my acuteness and her own.

It is impossible to give a notion of this style otherwise than by examples. One night, when she

had sat writing letters till it was time to be dressed, Molly, said she, *the Ladies are all to be at Court to-night in white aprons.* When she means that I should send to order the chair, she says, *I think the streets are clean, I may venture to walk.* When she would have something put into its place, she bids me *lay it on the floor.* If she would have me snuff the candles, she asks *whether I think her eyes are like a cat's ?* If she thinks her chocolate delayed, she talks of *the benefit of abstinence.* If any needle-work is forgotten, she supposes I have *heard of the lady who died by pricking her finger.*

She always imagines that I can recall every thing past from a single word. If she wants her head from the milliner, she only says, *Molly, you know Mrs. Tape.* If she would have the mantua-maker sent for, she remarks *that Mr. Taffaty, the mercer, was here last week.* She ordered, a fortnight ago, that the first time she was abroad all day I should chuse her a new set of coffee-cups at the china-shop : of this she reminded me yesterday, as she was going down stairs, by saying, *You can't find your way now to Pall-Mall.*

All this would never vex me, if, by increasing my trouble, she spared her own ; but, dear Mr. Idler, is it not as easy to say *coffee-cups* as *Pall Mall* ? and to tell me in plain words what I am to do, and when it is to be done, as to torment her own head with the labour of finding hints, and mine with that of understanding them ?

When first I came to this lady, I had nothing like the learning that I have now ; for she has many books, and I have much time to read ; so that

of late I seldom have missed her meaning : but when she first took me I was an ignorant girl ; and she, who, as is very common, confounded want of knowledge with want of understanding, began once to despair of bringing me to any thing, because, when I came into her chamber at the call of her bell, she asked me, *Whether we lived in Zembla*; and I did not guess the meaning of her inquiry, but modestly answered, that I *could not tell*. She had happened to ring once when I did not hear her, and meant to put me in mind of that country where sounds are said to be congealed by the frost.

Another time, as I was dressing her head, she began to talk on a sudden of *Medusa*, and *snakes*, and *men turned into stone*, and *maids that, if they were not watched, would let their mistresses be Gorgons*. I looked round me half frightened, and quite bewildered ; till at last, finding that her literature was thrown away upon me, she bid me, with great vehemence, reach the curling-irons.

It is not without some indignation, Mr. *Idler*, that I discover, in these artifices of vexation, something worse than foppery or caprice ; a mean delight in superiority, which knows itself in no danger of reproof or opposition ; a cruel pleasure in seeing the perplexity of a mind obliged to find what is studiously concealed, and a mean indulgence of petty malevolence, in the sharp censure of involuntary, and very often of inevitable, failings. When, beyond her expectation, I hit upon her meaning, I can perceive a sudden cloud of disappointment spread over her face ; and have sometimes been

afraid, lest I should lose her favour by understanding her when she means to puzzle me.

This day, however, she has conquered my sagacity. When she went out of her dressing-room, she said nothing but, *Molly, you know*, and hastened to her chariot. What I am to know is yet a secret ; but if I do not know, before she comes back, what I yet have no means of discovering, she will make my dullness a pretence for a fortnight's ill humour, treat me as a creature devoid of the faculties necessary to the common duties of life, and perhaps give the next gown to the house-keeper.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

MOLLY QUICK.

No. 47. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1759.

To the IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

I AM the unfortunate wife of a city wit, and cannot but think that my case may deserve equal compassion with any of those which have been represented in your paper.

I married my husband within three months after

the expiration of his apprenticeship ; we put our money together, and furnished a large and splendid shop, in which he was for five years and a half diligent and civil. The notice which curiosity or kindness commonly bestows on beginners, continued by confidence and esteem ; one customer, pleased with his treatment and his bargain, recommended another ; and we were busy behind the counter from morning to night.

Thus every day increased our wealth and our reputation. My husband was often invited to dinner openly on the *Exchange* by hundred thousand pounds men ; and whenever I went to any of the halls, the wives of the aldermen made me low courtesies. We always took up our notes before the day, and made all considerable payments by draughts upon our banker.

You will easily believe that I was well enough pleased with my condition ; for what happiness can be greater than that of growing every day richer and richer ? I will not deny, that, imagining myself likely to be in a short time the sheriffs lady, I broke off my acquaintance with some of my neighbours ; and advised my husband to keep good company, and not to be seen with men that were worth nothing.

In time he found that ale disagreed with his constitution, and went every night to drink his pint at a tavern, where he met with a set of critics, who disputed upon the merit of the different theatrical performers. By these idle fellows he was taken to the play, which at first he did not seem much to heed ; for he owned, that he very seldom knew

what they were doing, and that, while his companions would let him alone, he was commonly thinking on his last bargain.

Having once gone, however, he went again and again, though I often told him that three shillings were thrown away ; at last he grew uneasy if he missed a night, and importuned me to go with him. I went to a tragedy which they called *Macbeth* ; and, when I came home, told him, that I could not bear to see men and women make themselves such fools, by pretending to be witches and ghosts, generals and king's, and to walk in their sleep when they were as much awake as those that looked at them. He told me, that I must get higher notions, and that a play was the most rational of all entertainments, and most proper to relax the mind after the business of the day.

By degrees he gained knowledge of some of the players ; and, when the play was over, very frequently treated them with suppers ; for which he was admitted to stand behind the scenes.

He soon began to lose some of his morning hours in the same folly, and was for one winter very diligent in his attendance on the rehearsals ; but of this species of idleness he grew weary, and said, that the play was nothing without the company.

His ardour for the diversion of the evening increased ; he bought a sword, and paid five shillings a night to sit in the boxes ; he went sometimes into a place which he calls the green-room, where all the wits of the age assemble ; and, when he had been there, could do nothing for two or three days, but repeat their jests, or tell their disputes.

He has now lost his regard for every thing but the play-house ; he invites, three times a week, one or other to drink claret, and talk of the drama. His first care in the morning is to read the play-bills ; and, if he remembers any lines of the tragedy which is to be represented, walks about the shop, repeating them so loud, and with such strange gestures, that the passengers gather round the door.

His greatest pleasure when I married him was to hear the situation of his shop commended, and to be told how many estates have been got in it by the same trade ; but of late he grows peevish at any mention of business, and delights in nothing so much as to be told that he speaks like *Mossop*.

Among his new associates he has learned another language, and speaks in such a strain that his neighbours cannot understand him. If a customer talks longer than he is willing to hear, he will complain that he has been excruciated with unmeaning verbosity ; he laughs at the letters of his friends for their tameness of expression, and often declares himself weary of attending to the *minutiæ* of a shop.

It is well for me that I know how to keep a book, for of late he is scarcely ever in the way. Since one of his friends told him that he had a genius for tragic poetry, he has locked himself in an upper room six or seven hours a day ; and, when I carry him any paper to be read or signed, I hear him talking vehemently to himself, sometimes of love and beauty, sometimes of friendship and virtue, but more frequently of liberty and his country.

I would gladly, Mr. *Idler*, be informed what to

think of a shopkeeper, who is incessantly talking about liberty ; a word, which, since his acquaintance with polite life, my husband has always in his mouth ; he is, on all occasions, afraid of our liberty, and declares his resolution to hazard all for liberty. What can the man mean ? I am sure he has liberty enough ? It were better for him and me if his liberty was lessened.

He has a friend, whom he calls a critic, that comes twice a week to read what he is writing. This critic tells him that his piece is a little irregular, but that some detached scenes will shine prodigiously, and that in the character of *Bombulus* he is wonderfully great. My scribbler then squeezes his hand, calls him the best of friends, thanks him for his sincerity, and tells him that he hates to be flattered. I have reason to believe that he seldom parts with his dear friend without lending him two guineas, and am afraid that he gave bail for him three days ago.

By this course of life our credit as traders is lessened ; and I cannot forbear to suspect, that my husband's honour as a wit is not much advanced, for he seems to be always the lowest of the company, and is afraid to tell his opinion till the rest have spoken. When he was behind his counter, he used to be brisk, active, and jocular, like a man that knew what he was doing, and did not fear to look another in the face ; but among wits and critics he is timorous and awkward, and hangs down his head at his own table. Dear Mr. *Idler*, persuade him, if you can, to return once more to his

native element. Tell him, that wit will never make him rich, but that there are places where riches will always make a wit.

I am, SIR, &c.

DEBORAH GINGER.



No. 48. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1759.

THERE is no kind of idleness, by which we are so easily seduced, as that which dignifies itself by the appearance of business, and by making the loiterer imagine that he has something to do which must not be neglected, keeps him in perpetual agitation, and hurries him rapidly from place to place.

He that sits still, or reposes himself upon a couch, no more deceives himself than he deceives others; he knows that he is doing nothing, and has no other solace of his insignificance than the resolution, which the lazy hourly make, of changing his mode of life.

To do nothing every man is ashamed : and to do much almost every man is unwilling or afraid. Innumerable expedients have therefore been invented to produce motion without labour, and employment without solicitude. The greater part of those whom the kindness of fortune has left to their own

direction, and whom want does not keep chained to the counter or the plough, play throughout life with the shadows of business, and know not at last what they have been doing.

These imitators of action are of all denominations. Some are seen at every auction without intention to purchase ; others appear punctually at the *Exchange*, though they are known there only by their faces. Some are always making parties to visit collections for which they have no taste ; and some neglect every pleasure and every duty to hear questions, in which they have no interest, debated in parliament.

These men never appear more ridiculous than in the distress which they imagine themselves to feel, from some accidental interruption of those empty pursuits. A tyger newly imprisoned is indeed more formidable, but not more angry, than *Jack Tulip* with-held from a florist's feast, or *Tom Distich* hindered from seeing the first representation of a play.

As political affairs are the highest and most extensive of temporal concerns, the mimic of a politician is more busy and important than any other trifler. *Monsieur le Noir*, a man who, without property or importance in any corner of the earth, has, in the present confusion of the world, declared himself a steady adherent to the *French*, is made miserable by a wind that keeps back the packet-boat, and still more miserable by every account of a *Malouin* privateer caught in his cruize ; he knows well that nothing can be done or said by him which can produce any effect but that of laughter, that he

can neither hasten nor retard good or evil, that his joys and sorrows have scarcely any partakers ; yet such is his zeal, and such his curiosity, that he would run barefooted to *Gravesend*, for the sake of knowing first that the *English* had lost a tender, and would ride out to meet every mail from the continent if he might be permitted to open it.

Learning is generally confessed to be desirable, and there are some who fancy themselves always busy in acquiring it. Of these ambulatory students, one of the most busy is my friend *Tom Restless*.

Tom has long had a mind to be a man of knowledge, but he does not care to spend much time among authors; for he is of opinion that few books deserve the labour of perusal, that they give the mind an unfashionable cast, and destroy that freedom of thought and easiness of manners indispensably requisite to acceptance in the world. *Tom* has therefore found another way to wisdom. When he rises he goes into a coffee-house, where he creeps so near to men whom he takes to be reasoners as to hear their discourse, and endeavours to remember something which, when it has been strained through *Tom's* head, is so near to nothing, that what it once was cannot he discovered. This he carries round from friend to friend through a circle of visits, till, hearing what each says upon the question, he becomes able at dinner to say a little himself; and, as every great genius relaxes himself among his inferiors, meets with some who wonder how so young a man can talk so wisely.

At night he has a new feast prepared for his intellects ; he always runs to a disputing society, or

a speaking club, where he half hears what, if he had heard the whole, he would but half understand; goes home pleased with the consciousness of a day well spent, lies down full of ideas, and rises in the morning empty as before.

No. 49. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1759.

I SUPPED three nights ago with my friend *Will Marvel*. His affairs obliged him lately to take a journey into *Devonshire*, from which he has just returned. He knows me to be a very patient hearer, and was glad of my company, as it gave him an opportunity of disburdening himself by a minute relation of the casualties of his expedition.

Will is not one of those who go out and return With nothing to tell. He has a story of his travels, which will strike a home-bred citizen with horror, and has in ten days suffered so often the extremes of terror and joy, that he is in doubt whether he shall ever again expose either his body or mind to such danger and fatigue.

When he left *London* the morning was bright, and a fair day was promised. But *Willis* born to struggle with difficulties. That happened to him, which has sometimes, perhaps, happened to others.

Before he had gone more than ten miles, it began to rain. What course was to be taken ? His soul disdained to turn back. He did what the king of *Prussia* might have done ; he slapped his hat, buttoned up his cape, and went forwards, fortifying his mind by the stoical consolation, that whatever is violent will be short.

His constancy was not long tried ; at the distance of about half a mile he saw an inn, which he entered wet and weary, and found civil treatment and proper refreshment. After a respite of about two hours, he looked about, and seeing the sky clear, called for his horse, and passed the first stage without any other memorable accident.

Will considered, that labour must be relieved by pleasure, and that the strength which great undertakings require must be maintained by copious nutriment ; he therefore ordered himself an elegant supper, drank two bottles of claret, and passed the beginning of the night in sound sleep ; but, waking before light, was forewarned of the troubles of the next day, by a shower beating against his windows with such violence as to threaten the dissolution of nature. When he arose, he found what he expected, that the country was under water. He joined himself, however, to a company that was travelling the same way, and came safely to the place of dinner, though every step of his horse dashed the mud into the air.

In the afternoon, having parted from his company, he set forward alone, and passed many collections of water, of which it was impossible to guess the depth, and which he now cannot review

without some censure of his own rashness ; but what a man undertakes he must perform, and *Marvel* hates a coward at his heart.

Few that lie warm in their beds think what others undergo, who have perhaps been as tenderly educated, and have as acute sensations as themselves. My friend was now to lodge the second night almost fifty miles from home, in a house which he never had seen before, among people to whom he was totally a stranger, not knowing whether the next man he should meet would prove good or bad ; but seeing an inn of a good appearance, he rode resolutely into the yard ; and knowing that respect is often paid in proportion as it is claimed, delivered his injunction to the hostler with spirit, and entering the house, called vigorously about him.

On the third day up rose the sun and Mr. *Marvel*. His troubles and his dangers were now such as he wishes no other man ever to encounter. The ways were less frequented, and the country more thinly inhabited. He rode many a lonely hour through mire and water, and met not a single soul for two miles together, with whom he could exchange a word. He cannot deny that, looking round upon the dreary region, and seeing nothing but bleak fields and naked trees, hills obscured by fogs, and flats covered with inundations, he did for some time suffer melancholy to prevail upon him, and wished himself again safe at home. One comfort he had, which was, to consider that none of his friends were in the same distress, for whom, if they had been with him, he should have suffered more than

for himself; he could not forbear sometimes to consider how happily the *Idler* is settled in an easier condition, who, surrounded like him with terrors, could have done nothing but lie down and die.

Amidst these reflections he came to a town, and found a dinner which disposed him to more cheerful sentiments : but the joys of life are short, and its miseries are long : he mounted and travelled fifteen miles more through dirt and desolation.

At last the sun set, and all the horrors of darkness came upon him. He then repented the weak indulgence in which he had gratified himself at noon with too long an interval of rest : yet he went forward along a path which he could no longer see, sometimes rushing suddenly into water, and sometimes incumbered with stiff clay, ignorant whither he was going, and uncertain whether his next step might not be the last.

In this dismal gloom of nocturnal peregrination his horse unexpectedly stood still. *Marvel* had heard many relations of the instinct of horses, and was in doubt what danger might be at hand. Sometime he fancied that he was on the bank of a river still and deep, and sometimes that a dead body lay across the track. He sat still awhile to recollect his thoughts ; and as he was about to alight and explore the darkness, out stepped a man with a lantern, and opened the turnpike. He hired a guide to the town, arrived in safety, and slept in quiet.

The rest of his journey was nothing but danger. He climbed and descended precipices on which vulgar mortals tremble to look ; he passed marshes like

the *Serbonian bog*, where armies whole have sunk ; he forded rivers where the current roared like the *Egre* or the *Severn* ; or ventured himself on bridges that trembled under him, from which he looked down on foaming whirlpools, or dreadful abysses ; he wandered over houseless heaths, amidst all the rage of the elements, with the snow driving in his face, and the tempest howling in his ears.

Such are the colours in which *Marvel* paints his adventures. He has accustomed himself to sounding words and hyperbolical images, till he has lost the power of true description. In a road through which the heaviest carriages pass without difficulty, and the post-boy every day and night goes and returns, he meets with hardships like those which are endured in *Siberian* deserts, and misses nothing of romantic danger but a giant and a dragon. When his dreadful story is told in proper terms, it is only that the way was dirty in winter, and that he experienced the common vicissitudes of rain and sunshine.

No. 50. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1759.

THE character of Mr. *Marvel* has raised the merriment of some, and the contempt of others, who do not sufficiently consider how often they hear and practise the same arts of exaggerated narration.

There is not, perhaps, among the multitudes of

all conditions that swarm upon the earth, a single man who does not believe that he has something extraordinary to relate of himself; and who does not at one time or other, summon the attention of his friends to the casualties of his adventures, and the vicissitudes of his fortune: casualties and vicissitudes that happen alike in lives uniform and diversified; to the commander of armies and the writer at a desk; to the sailor who resigns himself to the wind and water, and the farmer whose longest journey is to market.

In the present state of the world man may pass through *Shakespeare's* seven stages of life, and meet nothing singular or wonderful. But such is every man's attention to himself, that what is common and unheeded when it is only seen, becomes remarkable and peculiar when we happen to feel it.

It is well enough known to be according to the usual process of nature that men should sicken and recover, that some designs should succeed and others miscarry, that friends should be separated and meet again, that some should be made angry by endeavours to please them, and some be pleased when no care has been used to gain their approbation; that men and women should first come together by chance, like each other so well as to commence acquaintance, improve acquaintance into fondness, increase or extinguish fondness by marriage, and have children of different degrees of intellects and virtue, some of whom die before their parents, and others survive them.

Yet let any man tell his own story, and nothing of all this has ever befallen him according to the

common order of things; something has always discriminated his case ; some unusual concurrence of events has appeared which made him more happy or more miserable than other mortals ; for in pleasures or calamities, however common, every one has comforts and afflictions of his own.

It is certain that without some artificial augmentations, many of the pleasures of life, and almost all its embellishments, would fall to the ground. If no man was to express more delight than he felt, those who felt most would raise little envy. If travellers were to describe the most laboured performances of art with the same coldness as they survey them, all expectations of happiness from change of place would cease. The pictures of *Raphael* would hang without spectators, and the gardens of *Versailles* might be inhabited by hermits. All the pleasure that is received ends in an opportunity of splendid falsehood, in the power of gaining notice by the display of beauties which the eye was weary of beholding, and a history of happy moments, of which, in reality, the most happy was the last.

The ambition of superior sensibility and superior eloquence disposes the lovers of arts to receive rapture at one time, and communicate it at another ; and each labours first to impose upon himself, and then to propagate the imposture.

Pain is less subject than pleasure to caprices of expression. The torments of disease, and the grief for irremediable misfortunes, sometimes are such as no words can declare, and can only be signified by groans, or sobs, or inarticulate ejaculations. Man

has from nature a mode of utterance peculiar to pain, but he has none peculiar to pleasure, because he never has pleasure but in such degrees as the ordinary use of language may equal or surpass.

It is nevertheless certain, that many pains as well as pleasures are heightened by rhetorical affectation, and that the picture is, for the most part, bigger than the life.

When we describe our sensations of another's sorrows, either in friendly or ceremonious condolence, the customs of the world scarcely admit of rigid **veracity**. Perhaps the fondest friendship would enrage oftener than comfort, were the tongue on such occasions faithfully to represent the sentiments of the heart; and I think the strictest moralists allow forms of address to be used without much regard to their literal acceptation, when either respect or tenderness requires them, because they are universally known to denote not the degree but the species of our sentiments.

But the same indulgence cannot be allowed to him who aggravates dangers incurred or sorrow endured by himself, because he darkens the prospect of futurity, and multiplies the pains of our condition by useless terror. Those who magnify their delights are less criminal deceivers, yet they raise hopes which are sure to be disappointed. It would be undoubtedly best, if we could see and hear every thing as it is, that nothing might be too anxiously dreaded, or too ardently pursued.

No. 51. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1759.

|| has been commonly remarked, that eminent men are least eminent at home, that bright characters lose much of their splendour at a nearer view, and many who fill the world with their fame, excite very little reverence among those that surround them in their domestic privacies.

To blame or to suspect is easy and natural. When the fact is evident, and the cause doubtful, some accusation is always engendered between idleness and malignity. This disparity of general and familiar esteem is therefore imputed to hidden vices, and to practices indulged in secret, but carefully covered from the public eye.

Vice will indeed always produce contempt. The dignity of *Alexander*, though nations fell prostrate before him, was certainly held in little veneration by the partakers of his midnight revels, who had seen him, in the madness of wine, murder his friend, or set fire to the *Persian* palace at the instigation of a harlot; and it is well remembered among us, that the avarice of *Marlborough* kept him in subjection to his wife, while he was dreaded by *France* as her conqueror, and honoured by the emperor as his deliverer.

But though, where there is vice there must be want of reverence, it is not reciprocally true, that when there is want of reverence there is always

vice. That awe which great actions or abilities impress will be inevitably diminished by acquaintance, though nothing either mean or criminal should be found.

Of men, as of every thing else, we must judge according to our knowledge. When we see of a hero only his battles, or of a writer only his books, we have nothing to allay our ideas of their greatness. We consider the one only as the guardian of his country, and the other only as the instructor of mankind. We have neither opportunity nor motive to examine the minuter parts of their lives, or the less apparent peculiarities of their characters ; we name them with habitual respect, and forget, what we still continue to know, that they are men like other mortals.

But such is the constitution of the world, that much of life must be spent in the same manner by the wise and the ignorant, the exalted and the low. Men, however distinguished by external accidents or intrinsic qualities, have all the same wants, the same pains, and, as far as the senses are consulted, the same pleasures. The petty cares and petty duties are the same in every station to every understanding, and every hour brings some occasion on which we all sink into the common level. We are all naked till we are dressed, and hungry till we are fed; and the general's triumph, and sage's disputation, end, like the humble labours of the smith or plowman, in a dinner or in sleep.

Those notions which are to be collected by reason, in opposition to the senses, will seldom stand forward in the mind, but lie treasured in the re-

moter repositories of memory, to be found only when they are sought. Whatever any man may have written or done, his precepts or his valour will scarcely overbalance the unimportant uniformity which runs through his time. We do not easily consider him as great, whom our own eyes shew us to be little; nor labour to keep present to our thoughts the latent excellences of him who shares with us all our weaknesses and many of our follies; who like us is delighted with slight amusements, busied with trifling employments, and disturbed by little vexations.

Great powers cannot be exerted, but when great exigences make them necessary. Great exigences can happen but seldom, and therefore those qualities which have a claim to the veneration of mankind, lie hid, for the most part, like subterranean treasures, over which the foot passes as on common ground, till necessity breaks open the golden cavern.

In the ancient celebration of victory, a slave was placed on the triumphal car, by the side of the general, who reminded him by a short sentence, that he was a man. Whatever danger there might be lest a leader, in his passage to the capitol, should forget the frailties of his nature, there was surely no need of such an admonition ; the intoxication could not have continued long ; he would have been at home but a few hours before some of his dependants would have forgot his greatness, and shewn him, that notwithstanding his laurels he was yet a man.

There are some who try to escape this domestic

degradation, by labouring to appear always wise or always great ; but he that strives against nature, will for ever strive in vain. To be grave of mien and slow of utterance ; to look with solicitude and speak with hesitation, is attainable at will ; and the shew of wisdom is ridiculous when there is nothing to cause doubt, as that of valour where there is nothing to be feared.

A man who has duly considered the condition of his being, will contentedly yield to the course of things : he will not pant for distinction where distinction would imply no merit ; but though on great occasions he may wish to be greater than others, he will be satisfied in common occurrences not to be less.

No. 52. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1759.

Responsare cupidinibus. HOR.

T H E practice of self-denial, or the forbearance of lawful pleasure, has been considered by almost every nation, from the remotest ages, as the highest exaltation of human virtue ; and all have agreed to pay respect and veneration to those who abstain from the delights of life, even when they did not censure those who enjoy them.

The general voice of mankind, civil and barbarous, confesses that the mind and body are at variance, and that neither can be made happy by its proper gratifications but at the expence of the other ; that a pampered body will darken the mind, and an enlightened mind will macerate the body. And none have failed to confer their esteem on those who prefer intellect to sense, who controul their lower by their higher faculties, and forget the wants and desires of animal life for rational disquisition or pious contemplations.

The earth has scarcely a country so far advanced towards political regularity as to divide the inhabitants into classes, where some orders of men or women are not distinguished by voluntary severities, and where the reputation of their sanctity is **not** increased in proportion to the rigour of their rules, and the exactness of their performance.

When an opinion to which there is no temptation of interest spreads wide and continues long, it may be reasonably presumed to have been infused by nature or dictated by reason. It has been often observed that the fictions of imposture, and illusions of fancy, soon give way to time and experience; and that nothing keeps its ground but truth, which gains every day new influence by new confirmation.

But truth, when it is reduced to practice, easily becomes subject to caprice and imagination; and many particular acts will be wrong, though their general principle be right. It cannot be denied that a just conviction of the restraint necessary to be laid upon the appetites has produced extravagant and unnatural modes of mortification; and institutions, which, however favourably considered, will be found to violate nature without promoting piety.

But the doctrine of self-denial is not weakened in itself by the errors of those who misinterpret or misapply it; the encroachment of the appetites upon the understanding is hourly perceived; and the state of those, whom sensuality has enslaved, is known to be in the highest degree despicable and wretched.

The dread of such shameful captivity may justly raise alarms, and wisdom will endeavour to keep danger at a distance. By timely caution and suspicious vigilance those desires may be repressed, to which indulgence would soon give absolute dominion; those enemies may be overcome, which, when they have been a while accustomed to victory, can no longer be resisted.

Nothing is more fatal to happiness or virtue, than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own strength, and by assuring us of the power of retreat precipitates us into hazard. Some may safely venture farther than others into the regions of delight, lay themselves more open to the golden shafts of pleasure, and advance nearer to the residence of the Syrens ; but he that is best armed with constancy and reason is yet vulnerable in one part or other, and to every man there is a point fixed, beyond which, if he passes, he will not easily return. It is certainly most wise, as it is most safe, to stop before he touches the utmost limit, since every step of advance will more and more entice him to go forward, till he shall at last enter into the recesses of voluptuousness, and sloth and despondency close the passage behind him.

To deny early and inflexibly, is the only art of checking the importunity of desire, and of preserving quiet and innocence. Innocent gratifications must be sometimes withheld ; he that complies with all lawful desires will certainly lose his empire over himself, and in time either submit his Mason to his wishes, and think all his desires law-fill, or dismiss his reason as troublesome and intrusive, and resolve to snatch what he may happen to wish, without inquiring about right and wrong.

No man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity ; he that would be superior to external influences must first become superior to his own passions.

When the *Roman* general, sitting at supper with a plate of turnips before him, was solicited by large presents to betray his trust, he asked the messengers whether he that could sup on turnips was a man likely to sell his own country. Upon him who has reduced his senses to obedience, temptation has lost its power ; he is able to attend impartially to virtue, and execute her commands without hesitation.

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the Fathers observes to be not a virtue, but the ground-work of virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour or resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.

No. 53. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1769.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I HAVE a wife that keeps good company. You know that the word *good* varies its meaning according to the value set upon different qualities in different places. To be a good man in a college, is to be learned; in a camp, to be brave; and in the city, to be rich. By good company in the place which I have the misfortune to inhabit, we understand not only those from whom any good can be learned, whether wisdom or virtue ; or by whom any good can be conferred, whether profit or reputation. Good company is the company of those whose birth is high, and whose riches are great; or of those whom the rich and noble admit to familiarity.

I am a gentleman of a fortune by no means exuberant, but more than equal to the wants of my family, and for some years equal to our desires. My wife, who had never been accustomed to splendour, joined her endeavours to mine in the superintendence of our œconomy; we lived in decent plenty, and were not excluded from moderate pleasures.

But slight causes produce great effects. **All** my happiness has been destroyed by change of place ; virtue is too often merely local ; in some situations the air diseases the body, and in others poisons the mind. Being obliged to remove my habitation, I was led by my evil genius to a convenient house in a street where many of the nobility reside. We had scarcely ranged our furniture, and aired our rooms, when my wife began to grow discontented, and to wonder what the neighbours would think when they saw so few chairs and chariots at her door.

Her acquaintance, who came to see her from the quarter that we had left, mortified her without design, by continual inquiries about the ladies whose houses they **viewed** from our windows. She was ashamed to confess that she had no intercourse with them, and sheltered her distress under general answers, which always tended to raise suspicion **that** she knew more than she would tell ; but she was often reduced to difficulties, when the course of talk introduced questions about the furniture or ornaments of their houses, which, when she could get no intelligence, she was forced to pass slightly **OUT**, as things which she saw so often that she never minded them.

To all these vexations she was resolved to **put** an end, and redoubled her visits to those few of her friends who visited those who kept good company ; and, if ever she met a lady of quality, forced herself into notice by respect and assiduity. **Her** advances **were** generally rejected ; **and** she **heard**

them, as they went down stairs, talk how some creatures put themselves forward.

She was not discouraged, but crept forward from one to another; and, as perseverance will do great things, sapped her way unperceived, till, unexpectedly, she appeared at the card-table of lady *Biddy Porpoise*, a lethargic virgin of seventy-six, whom all the families in the next square visited very punctually when she was not at home.

This was the first step of that elevation to which my wife has since ascended. For five months she had no name in her mouth but that of lady *Biddy*, who, let the world say what it would, had a fine understanding, and such a command of her temper, that, whether she won or lost, she slept over her cards.

At lady *Biddy's* she met with lady *Tawdry*, whose favour she gained by estimating her ear-rings, which were counterfeit, at twice the value of real diamonds. When she had once entered two houses of distinction, she was easily admitted into more, and in ten weeks had all her time anticipated by parties and engagements. Every morning she is bespoke, in the summer, for the gardens: in the winter, for a sale; every afternoon she has visits to pay, and every night brings an inviolable appointment, or an assembly in which the best company in the town were to appear.

You will easily imagine that much of my domestic comfort is withdrawn. I never see my wife but in the hurry of preparation, or the languor of Weariness. To dress and to undress is almost her whole business in private, and the servants take

advantage of her negligence to increase expence. But I can supply her omissions by my own diligence, and should not much regret this new course of life, if it did nothing more than transfer to me the care of our accounts. The changes which it has made are more vexatious. My wife has no longer the use of her understanding. She has no rule of action hut the fashion. She has no opinion but that of the people of quality. She has no language but the dialect of her own set of company. She hates and admires in humble imitation ; and echoes the words charming and *detestable* without consulting her own perceptions.

If for a few minutes we sit down together, she entertains me with the repartees of lady *Cackle*, or the conversation of lord *Whiffler* and Miss *Quick*, and wonders to find me receiving with indifference savings which put all the company into laughter.

By her old friends she is no longer ver\ willing: to be seen, but she must not rid herself of them all at once; and is sometimes surprised by her best visitants in company which she would not shew, and cannot hide; but from the moment that a countess enters, she takes care neither to hear nor see them : they soon find themselves neglected, and retire ; and she tells her ladyship that they are somehow related at a great distance, and that as they are good sort of people she cannot be rude to them.

As by this ambitious union with those that are above her, she is always forced upon disadvantageous comparisons of her condition with theirs,

she has a constant source of misery within ; and never returns from glittering assemblies and magnificent apartments but she growls out her discontent, and wonders why she was doomed to so indigent a state. When she attends the duchess to a sale, she always sees something that she cannot buy ; and, that she may not seem wholly insignificant, she will sometimes venture to bid, and often make acquisitions which she did not want at prices which she cannot afford.

What adds to all this uneasiness is, that this expence is without use, and this vanity' without honour; she forsakes houses where she might be courted, for those where she is only suffered ; her equals are daily made her enemies, and her superiors **will** never be her friends.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

No. 54. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

YOU have lately entertained your admirers with the case of an unfortunate husband, and thereby given a demonstrative proof you are not averse even to hear appeals, and terminate differences between man and wife; I therefore take the liberty to present you with the case of an injured lady, which, as it chiefly relates to what I think the lawyers call a point of law, I shall do in as juridical a manner as I am capable, and submit it to the consideration of the learned gentlemen of that profession.

Imprimis. In the style of my marriage articles, a marriage was *had and solemnized*, about six months ago, between me and Mr. *Savecharges*, a gentleman possessed of a plentiful fortune of his own, and one who, I was persuaded, would improve, and not spend, mine.

Before our marriage, Mr. *Savecharges* had all along preferred the salutary exercise of walking on foot to the distempered ease, as he terms it, of lolling in a chariot; but, notwithstanding his fine panegyrics on walking, the great advantages the infantry were in the sole possession of, and the many dreadful dangers they escaped, he found I had very

different notions of an equipage, and was not easily to be converted, or gained over to his party.

An equipage I was determined to have, whenever I married. I too well knew the disposition of my intended consort to leave the providing one entirely to his honour, and flatter myself Mr. *Savecharges* has, in the articles made previous to our marriage, *agreed to keep me a coach*; but lest I should be mistaken, or the attorneys should not have done me justice in methodizing or legalizing these half dozen words, I will set about and transcribe that part of the agreement, which will explain the matter to you much better than can be done by one who is so deeply interested in the event; and shew on what foundation I build my hopes of being soon under the transporting, delightful denomination of a fashionable lady, who enjoys the exalted and much-envied felicity of bowling about in her own coach.

" And further the said *Solomon Savecharges*, for
" divers good causes and considerations him here-
" unto moving, hath agreed, and doth hereby
" agree, that the said *Solomon Savecharges* shall and
" will, so soon as conveniently may be after the so-
" lemnization of the said intended marriage, at his
" own proper cost and charges, find and provide a
" *certain vehicle, or four-wheel carriage, commonly*
" *called or known by the name of a coach* ; which said
" vehicle or wheel-carriage, so called or known by
" the name of a coach, shall be used *and enjoyed* by
" the said *Sukey Modish*, his intended wife," [pray
mind that, Mr. *Idler*,] " at such times and in such
" manner as she the said *Sukey Modish* shall think
" fit and convenient."

Such Mr. *Idler*, is the agreement my *passionate admirer* entered into ; and what the *dear frugal husband* calls a performance of it remains to be described. Soon after the ceremony of signing and sealing was over, our wedding clothes being sent home, and, in short, every thing in readiness except the coach, my own shadow was scarcely more constant than my passionate lover in his attendance on me: wearied by his perpetual importunities for what he called a completion of his bliss, I consented to make him happy ; in a few days I gave him my hand, and, attended by *Hymen* in his saffron robes, retired to a country seat of my husband's, where the honey-moon flew over our heads ere we had time to recollect ourselves, or think of our engagements in town. Well, to town we came, and you may be sure, Sir, I expected to step into my coach on my arrival here ; but what was my surprize and disappointment, when, instead of this, he began to sound in my ears, " That the interest of money was low, very low ; and what a terrible thing it was to be incumbered with a little regiment of servants in these hard times !" I could easily perceive what all this tended to, but would not seem to understand him; which made it highly necessary for Mr. *Save-charges* to explain himself more intelligibly ; to harp upon and protest he dreaded the expense of keeping a coach. And truly, for his part, he could not conceive how the pleasure resulting from such a convenience could be any way adequate to the heavy expence attending it. I now thought it high time to speak with equal plainness, and told him, as the fortune I brought fairly entitled me to ride

in my own coach, and as I was sensible his circumstances would very well afford it, he must pardon me if I insisted on a performance of his agreement.

I appeal to you, Mr. *Idler*, whether any thing could be more civil, more complaisant, than this? And, would you believe it, the creature in return, a few days after, accosted me, in an offended tone, with, "Madam, I can now tell you your coach is "ready; and since you are so passionately fond of "one, I intend you the honour of keeping a pair of "horses.—You insisted upon having an article of "pin-money, and horses are no part of my agree- "ment." Base, designing wretch!—I beg your pardon, Mr. *Idler*, the very recital of such mean-ungentleman-like behaviour fires my blood, and lights up a flame within me. But hence, thou worst of monsters, ill-timed rage, and let me not spoil my cause for want of temper.

Now, though I am convinced I might make a worse use of part of the pin-money, than by extending my bounty towards the support of so useful a part of the brute creation; yet, like a true-born Englishwoman, I am so tenacious of my rights and privileges, and moreover so good a friend to the gentlemen of the law, that I protest, Mr. *Idler*, sooner than tamely give up the point, and be quibbled out of my right, I will receive my pin-money, as it were, with one hand, and pay it to them with the other; provided they will give me, or, which is the same thing, my trustees, encouragement to commence a suit against this dear, frugal husband of mine.

And of this I can't have the least shadow of doubt, inasmuch as I have been told by very good authority, it is some way or other laid down as a rule, * " *That whenever* the law doth give any " thing to one, it giveth impliedly whatever is necessary for the taking and enjoying the same." Now, I would gladly know what enjoyment I, or any lady in the kingdom, can have of a coach without horses? The answer is obvious—None at all! For as Serj. *Catlyne* very wisely observes, " Though a coach has wheels, to the end it may " thereby and by the virtue thereof be enabled to " move; yet in point of utility it may as well have " none, if they are not put in motion by means of " its vital parts, that is, the horses."

And therefore, Sir, I humbly hope you and the learned in the law will be of opinion, that two certain animals, or quadruped creatures, commonly called or known by the name of horses, ought to be annexed to, and go along with, the coach.

SUKEY SAVECHARGES.

Coke on Littleton.

No. 55. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1759.

To the IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

I HAVE taken the liberty of laying before you my complaint, and of desiring advice or consolation with the greater confidence, because I believe many other writers have suffered the same indignities with myself, and hope my quarrel will be regarded by you and your readers as the common cause of literature.

Having been long a student, I thought myself qualified in time to become an author. My inquiries have been much diversified, and far extended, and not finding my genius directing me by irresistible impulse to any particular subject, I deliberated three years which part of knowledge to illustrate by my labours. Choice is more often determined by accident than by reason : I walked abroad one morning with a curious lady, and by her inquiries and observations was incited to write the natural history of the county in which I reside.

Natural history is no work for one that loves his chair or his bed. Speculation may be pursued on a soft couch, but nature must be observed in **the open air**. I have collected materials **with indefatigable pertinacity**. I have gathered glow-worms

in the evening, and snails in the morning; I have seen the daisy close and open, I have heard the owl shriek at midnight, and hunted insects in the heat of noon.

Seven yea is I was employed in collecting animals and vegetables, and then found that my design was yet imperfect. The subterranean treasures of the place had been passed unobserved, and another year was to be spent in mines and coal-pits. What I had already done supplied a sufficient motive to do more. I acquainted myself with the black inhabitants of metallic caverns, and, in defiance of damps and floods, wandered through gloomy labyrinths, and gathered fossils from every fissure.

At last I began to write, and as I finished any section of my book, read it to such of my friends as were most skilful in the matter which it treated. None of them were satisfied; one disliked the disposition of the parts, another the colours of the style ; one advised me to enlarge, another to abridge. I resolved to read no more, but to take my own way and write on, for by consultation I only perplexed my thoughts and retarded my work.

The book was at last finished, and I did not doubt but my labour would be repaid by profit, and my ambition satisfied with honours. I considered that natural history is neither temporary nor local, and that though I limited my enquiries to my own country, yet every part of the earth has productions 'common to all the rest. Civil history may be partially studied, the revolutions of one nation may be neglected by another ; but after that in which all have an interest, all must be inquisi-

tive. No man can have sunk so far into stupidity as not to consider the properties of the ground on which he walks, of the plants on which he feeds, or the animals that delight his ear, or amuse his eye; and therefore I computed that universal curiosity would call for many editions of my book, and that in five years I should gain fifteen thousand pounds by the sale of thirty thousand copies.

When I began to write, I insured the house ; and suffered the utmost solicitude when I entrusted my book to the carrier, though I had secured it against mischances by lodging two transcripts in different places. At my arrival, [expected that the patrons of learning would contend for the honour of a dedication, and resolved to maintain the dignity of letters, by a haughty contempt of pecuniary solicitations.

I took lodging's near the house of the Royal Society; and expected every morning a visit from the president. I walked in the Park, and wondered that I overheard no mention of the great naturalist. At last I visited a noble earl, and told him of my work: he answered, that he was under an engagement never to subscribe. I was angry to have that refused which I did not mean to ask, and concealed my design of making him immortal. I went next day to another, and, in resentment of my late affront, offered to prefix his name to my new book. He said, coldly, that *he did not understand those things* ; another thought *there were too many hooks* ; **and** another would *talk with me when the races were over*.

Being amazed to **find** a man of learning so in-

decently slighted, I resolved to indulge the philosophical pride of retirement and independence. I then sent to some of the principal booksellers the plan of my book, and bespoke a large room in the next tavern, that I might more commodiously see them together, and enjoy the contest, while they were outbidding one another. I drank my coffee, and yet nobody was come ; at last I received a note from one, to tell me that he was going out of town; and from another, that natural history was out of his way. At last there came a grave man, who desired to see the work, and, without opening it, told me, that a book of that size *would never do*.

I then condescended to step into shops, and mention my work to the masters. Some never dealt with authors ; others had their hands full; some never had known such a bad time ; others had lost by all that they had published for the last twelve-month. One offered to print my work, if I could procure subscriptions for five hundred, and would allow me two hundred copies for my property. I lost my patience, and gave him a kick : for which he has indicted me.

I can easily perceive, that there is a combination among them to defeat my expectations ; and I find it so general, that I am sure it must have been long concerted. I suppose some of my friends, to whom I read the first part, gave notice of my design, and, perhaps, sold the treacherous intelligence at a higher price than the fraudulence of trade will allow me for my book.

Inform me, Mr. *Idler*, what I must do ; where must knowledge and industry find their recom-

pence, thus neglected by the high, **and** cheated by the low ! I sometimes resolve to print my book at my own expence, and, like the Sibyl, double the price; and sometimes am tempted, in emulation of *Raleigh*, to throw it into the fire, and leave this sordid generation to the curses of posterity. Tell me, dear *Idler*, what I shall do.

I am, SIR, &C.

No. 56. SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1758.

THERE is such difference between the pursuits of men, that one part of the inhabitants of a great city live to little other purpose than to wonder at the rest. Some have hopes and fears, wishes and aversions, which never enter into the thoughts of others, and inquiry is laboriously exerted to gain that which those who possess it are ready to throw away.

To those who are accustomed to value every thing by its use, and have no such superfluity of time or money as may prompt them to unnatural wants or capricious emulations, nothing appears more improbable or extravagant than the love of curiosities, or that desire of accumulating trifles, which distinguishes many by whom no other distinction could have ever been obtained.

He that has lived without knowing to what

height desire may be raised by vanity, with **what** rapture baubles are snatched out of the hands of rival collectors, how the eagerness of one raises eagerness in another, and one worthless purchase makes a second necessary, may, by passing a few hours at an auction, learn more than can be shewn by many volumes of maxims or essays.

The advertisement of a sale is a signal which at once puts a thousand hearts in motion, and brings contenders from every part to the scene of distribution. He that had resolved to buy no more, feels his constancy subdued ; there is now something in the catalogue which completes his cabinet, and which he was never before able to find. He **whose** sober reflections inform him, that of adding collection to collection there is no end, and that it is wise to leave early that which must be left imperfect at last, yet cannot with-hold himself from coming to see what it is that brings so many together, and when he comes is soon overpowered by his habitual passion ; he is attracted by rarity, seduced by example, and inflamed by competition.

While the stores of pride and happiness are surveyed, one looks with longing eyes and gloomy countenance on that which he despairs to gain from a richer bidder ; another keeps his eye with care from settling too long on that which he most earnestly desires ; and another, with more art than virtue, depreciates that which he values most, in hope to have it at an easy rate.

The novice is often surprized to see what minute and unimportant discriminations increase or

diminish value. An irregular contortion of a turbinated shell, which oommon eyes pass unregarded, will ten times treble its price in the imagination of philosophers. Beauty is far from operating upon collectors as upon low and vulgar minds, even where beauty might be thought the only quality that could deserve notice. Among the shells that please by their variety of colours, if one can be found accidentally deformed by a cloudy spot, it is boasted as the pride of the collection. China is sometimes purchased for little less than its weight in gold, only because it is old, though neither less brittle, nor better painted than the modern ; and brown china is caught up with extacy, though no reason can be imagined for which it should be preferred to common vessels of common clay.

The fate of prints and coins is equally inexplicable. Some prints are treasured up as inestimably valuable, because the impression was made before the plate was finished. Of coins the price rises not from the purity of the metal, the excellence of the workmanship, the elegance of the legend, or the chronological use. A piece, of which neither the inscription can be read, nor the face distinguished, if there remain of it but enough to shew that it is rare, will be sought by contending nations, and dignify the treasury in which it shall be shown.

Whether this curiosity, so barren of immediate advantage, and so liable to depravation, does more harm or good, is not easily decided. Its harm is apparent at the first view. It fills the mind with trifling ambition ; fixes the attention upon things which have seldom any tendency towards virtue or

wisdom ; employs in idle inquiries the time that is given for better purposes ; and often ends in mean and dishonest practices, when desire increases by indulgence beyond the power of honest gratification.

These are the effects of curiosity in excess ; but what passion in excess will not become vicious ? All indifferent qualities and practices are bad if they are compared with those that are good, and good if they are opposed to those that are bad. The pride or the pleasure of making collections, if it be restrained by prudence and morality, produces a pleasing remission after more laborious studies ; furnishes an amusement not wholly unprofitable for that part of life, the greater part of many lives, which would otherwise be lost in idleness or vice ; it produces an useful traffic between the industry of indigence and the curiosity of wealth ; it brings many things to notice that would be neglected, and, by fixing the thoughts upon intellectual pleasures, resists the natural encroachments of sensuality, and maintains the mind in her lawful superiority.

No. 67. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1759.

PRUDENCE is of more frequent use than any other intellectual quality ; it is exerted on slight occasions, and called into act by the cursory business of common life.

Whatever is universally necessary, has been granted to mankind on easy terms. Prudence, as it is always wanted, is without great difficulty obtained. It requires neither extensive nor profound search, but forces itself, by spontaneous impulse, upon a mind neither great nor busy, neither engrossed by vast designs, nor distracted by multiplicity of attention:

Prudence operates on life in the same manner as rules on composition: it produces vigilance rather than elevation, rather prevents loss than procures advantage; and often escapes miscarriages, but seldom reaches either power or honour. It quenches that ardour of enterprize, by which every thing is done that can claim praise or admiration ; and represses that generous temerity which often fails and often succeeds. Rules may obviate faults, but can never confer beauties ; and prudence keeps life safe, but does not often make it happy. The world is not amazed with prodigies of excellence, **but** when wit tramples upon rules, and magnanimity breaks the chains of prudence.

One of the most prudent of all that have fallen within my observation, is my old companion *Sophron*, who has passed through the world in quiet, by perpetual adherence to a few plain maxims, and wonders how contention and distress can so often happen.

The first principle of *Sophron* is to *run no hazards*. Though he loves money, he is of opinion, that frugality is a more certain source of riches than industry. It is to no purpose that any prospect of large profit is set before him; he believes little about futurity, and does not love to trust his money out of his sight, for nobody knows what may happen. He has a small estate, which he lets at the old rent, because *it is better to have a little than nothing* ; but he rigorously demands payment on the stated day, for *he that cannot pay one quarter cannot pay two*. If he is told of any improvements in agriculture, he likes the old way, has observed that changes very seldom answer expectation, is of opinion that our forefathers knew how to till the ground as well as we ; and concludes with an argument that nothing can over-power, that the expence of planting and fencing is immediate, and the advantage distant, and that *he is no wise man that will quit a certainty for an uncertainty*.

Another of *Sophron's* rules is, *to mind no business but his own*. In the state he is of no party ; but hears and speaks of public affairs with the same coldness as of the administration of some ancient republic. If any flagrant act of fraud or oppression is mentioned, he hopes that *all is not true that is told* : if misconduct or corruption puts the na-

tion in a flame, he hopes that *every man means well*. At elections he leaves his dependants to their own choice, and declines to vote himself, for every candidate is a good man, whom he is unwilling to oppose or offend.

If disputes happen among his neighbours, he observes an invariable and cold neutrality. His punctuality has gained him the reputation of honesty, and his caution that of wisdom ; and few would refuse to refer their claims to his award. He might have prevented many expensive law-suits, and quenched many a feud in its first smoke ; but always refuses the office of arbitration, because he must decide against one or the other.

With the affairs of other families he is always unacquainted. He sees estates bought and sold, squandered and increased, without praising the economist, or censuring the spendthrift. He never courts the rising, lest they should fall ; nor insults the fallen, lest they should rise again. His caution has the appearance of virtue, and all who do not want his help praise his benevolence ; but if any man solicits his assistance, he has just sent away all his money ; and, when the petitioner is gone, declares to his family that he is sorry for his misfortunes, has always looked upon him with particular kindness, and therefore could not lend him money, lest he should destroy their friendship by the necessity of enforcing payment.

Of domestic misfortunes he has never heard. When he is told the hundredth time of a gentleman's daughter who has married the coachman, he lifts up his hands with astonishment, for he always

thought her a very sober girl. When nuptial quarrels, after having filled the country with talk and laughter, at last end in separation, he never can conceive how it happened, for he looked upon them as a happy couple.

If his advice is asked, he never gives any particular direction, because events are uncertain, and he will bring no blame upon himself; but he takes the consulter tenderly by the hand, tells him he makes his case his own, and advises him not to act rashly, but to weigh the reasons on both sides; observes, that a man may be as easily too hasty as too slow, and that as many fail by doing too much as too little; that *a wise man has two ears and one tongue*; and *that little said is soon mended*; that he could tell him this and that, but that after all every man is the best judge of his own affairs.

With this some are satisfied, and go home with great reverence of *Sophron's* wisdom; and none are offended, because every one is left in full possession of his own opinion.

Sophron gives no characters. It is equally vain to tell him of vice and virtue; for he has remarked, that no man likes to be censured, and that very few are delighted with the praises of another. He has a few terms which he uses to all alike. With respect to fortune, he believes every family to be in good circumstances; he never exalts any understanding by lavish praise, yet he meets with none but very sensible people. Every man is honest and hearty; and every woman is a good creature.

Thus *Sophron* creeps along, neither loved nor hated, neither favoured nor opposed: he **has** never

attempted to grow rich, for fear of growing poor ; and has raised no friends, for fear of making enemies.

No. 58. SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1759.

PLEASURE is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from seeds scattered by chance.

Nothing is more hopeless than a scheme of merriment. Wits and humourists are brought together from distant quarters by preconcerted invitations ; they come attended by their admirers prepared to laugh and to applaud ; they gaze a-while on each other, ashamed to be silent, and afraid to speak ; every man is discontented with himself, grows angry with those that give him pain, and resolves that he will contribute nothing to the merriment of such worthless company. Wine inflames the general malignity, and changes sullenness to petulance, till at last none can bear any longer the presence of the rest. They retire to vent their indignation in safer places, where they are heard with

attention; their importance is restored, they recover their good humour, and gladden the night with wit and jocularities.

Merriment is always the effect of a sudden impression. The jest which is expected is already destroyed. The most active imagination will be sometimes torpid under the frigid influence of melancholy, and sometimes occasions will be wanting to tempt the mind, however volatile, to sallies and excursions. Nothing was ever said with uncommon felicity, but by the co-operation of chance; and, therefore, wit as well as valour must be content to share its honours with fortune.

All other pleasures are equally uncertain; the general remedy of uneasiness is change of place; almost every one *has* some journey of pleasure in his mind, with which he flatters his expectation. He that travels in theory has no inconvenience; he has shade and sunshine at his disposal, and wherever he alights finds tables of plenty and looks of gaiety. These ideas are indulged till the day of departure arrives, the chaise is railed, and the progress of happiness begins.

A few miles teach him the fallacies of imagination. The road is dusty, the air is sultry, the horses are sluggish, and the postilion brutal. He longs for the time of dinner, that he may eat and rest. The inn is crowded, his orders are neglected, and nothing remains but that he devour in haste what the cook has spoiled, and drive on in quest of better entertainment. He finds at night a more commodious house, but the best is always worse **than he** expected.

He at last enters his native province, and resolves to feast his mind with the conversation of his old friends, and the recollection of juvenile frolics. He stops at the house of his friend, whom he designs to overpower with pleasure by the unexpected interview. He is not known till he tells his name, and revives the memory of himself by a gradual explanation. He is then coldly received, and ceremoniously feasted. He hastes away to another, whom his affairs have called to a distant place, and, having seen the empty house, goes away disgusted, by a disappointment which could not be intended because it could not be foreseen. At the next house he finds every face clouded with misfortune, and is regarded with malevolence as an unreasonable intruder, who comes not to visit but to insult them.

It is seldom that we find either men or places such as we expect them. He that has pictured a prospect upon his fancy, will receive little pleasure from his eyes; he that has anticipated the conversation of a wit, will wonder to what prejudice *he* owes his reputation. Yet it is necessary to hope, though hope should always be deluded ; for hope itself is happiness, and its frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction.

No. 59. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1759.

IN the common enjoyments of life, we cannot very liberally indulge the present hour, but by anticipating part of the pleasure which might have relieved the tediousness of another day; and any uncommon exertion of strength, or perseverance in labour, is succeeded by a long interval of languor and weariness. Whatever advantage we snatch beyond the certain portion allotted us by nature, is like money spent before it is due, which at the time of regular payment will be missed and regretted.

Fame, like all other things which are supposed to give or to encrease happiness, is dispensed with the same equality of distribution. He that is loudly praised will be clamorously censured ; he that rises hastily into fame will be in danger of sinking suddenly into oblivion.

Of many writers who filled their age with wonder, and whose names we find celebrated in the books of their contemporaries, the works are now no longer to be seen, or are seen only amidst the lumber of libraries which are seldom visited, where they lie only to shew the deceitfulness of hope, and the uncertainty of honour.

Of the decline of reputation many causes may be assigned. It is commonly lost because it never was

deserved ; and was conferred at first, not by the suffrage of criticism, but by the fondness of friendship, or servility of flattery. The great and popular are very freely applauded ; but all soon grow weary of echoing to each other a name which has no other claim to notice, but that many mouths are pronouncing it at once.

But many have lost the final reward of their labours, because they were too hasty to enjoy it. They have laid hold on recent occurrences, and eminent names, and delighted their readers with allusions and remarks, in which all were interested, and to which all therefore were attentive. But the effect ceased with its cause ; the time quickly came when new events drove the former from memory, when the vicissitudes of the world brought new hopes and fears, transferred the love and hatred of the public to other agents, and the writer, whose works were no longer assisted by gratitude or resentment, was left to the cold regard of idle curiosity.

He that writes upon general principles, or delivers universal truths, may hope to be often read, because his work will be equally useful at all times and in every country ; but he cannot expect it to be received with eagerness, or to spread with rapidity, because desire can have no particular stimulation : that which is to be loved long must be loved with reason rather than with passion. He that lays out his labours upon temporary subjects, easily finds readers, and quickly loses them ; for what should **make** the book valued **when** its subject is no more ?

These observations will shew the reason why the poem of *Hudibras* is almost forgotten, however embellished with sentiments and diversified with allusions, however bright with wit, and however solid with truth. The hypocrisy which it detected, and the folly which it ridiculed, have long vanished from public notice. Those who had felt the mischief of discord, and the tyranny of usurpation, read it with rapture, for every line brought back to memory something known, and gratified resentment by the just censure of something hated. But the book which was once quoted by princes, and which supplied conversation to all the assemblies of the gay and witty is now seldom mentioned, and even by those that affect to mention it, is seldom read. So vainly is wit lavished upon fugitive topics, so little can architecture secure duration when the ground is false.

No. 60. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1759.

CRITICISM is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may by mere labour be obtained is too great to be willingly endured ; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others ; and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a Critic.

I hope it will give comfort to great numbers who are passing through the world in obscurity, when I inform them how easily distinction may be obtained. All the other powers of literature are coy and haughty, they must be long courted, and at last are not always gained ; but Criticism is a goddess easy of access and forward of advance, who will meet the slow, and encourage the timorous ; the want of meaning she supplies with words, and the want of spirit she recompenses with malignity.

This profession has one recommendation peculiar to itself, that it gives vent to malignity without real mischief. No genius was ever blasted by the breath of critics. The poison which, if confined, would have burst the heart, fumes away in empty hisses, and malice is set at ease with very little danger to merit. The Critic is the only man whose

triumph is without another's pain, and whose greatness does not rise upon another's ruin.

To a study at once so easy and so reputable, so malicious and so harmless, it cannot be necessary to invite my readers by a long or laboured exhortation ; it is sufficient, since all would be Critics if they could, to shew by one eminent example that all can be Critics if they will.

Dick Minim, after the common course of puerile studies, in which he was no great proficient, was put an apprentice to a brewer, with whom he had lived two years, when his uncle died in the city, and left him a large fortune in the stocks. *Dick* had for six months before used the company of the lower players, of whom he had learned to scorn a trade, and, being now at liberty to follow his genius, he resolved to be a man of wit and humour. That he might be properly initiated in his new character, he frequented the coffee-houses near the theatres, where he listened very diligently, day after day, to those who talked of language and sentiments, and unities and catastrophes, till by slow degrees he began to think that he understood something of the stage, and hoped in time to talk himself.

But he did not trust so much to natural sagacity as wholly to neglect the help of books. When the theatres were shut, he retired to *Richmond* with a few select writers, whose opinions he impressed upon his memory by unwearied diligence ; and, when he returned with other wits to the town, was able to tell, in very proper phrases, that the chief business of art is to copy nature; that a perfect

writer is not to be expected, because genius decays as judgment increases ; that the great art is the art of blotting ; and that, according to the rule of *Horace*, every piece should be kept nine years.

Of the great authors he now began to display the characters, laying down as an universal position, that all had beauties and defects. His opinion was, that *Shakespear*, committing himself wholly to the impulse of nature, wanted that correctness which learning would have given him ; and that *Jonson*, trusting to learning, did not sufficiently cast his eye on nature. He blamed the stanza of *Spenser*, and could not bear the hexameters of *Sidney*. *Denham* and *Waller* he held the first reformers of *English* numbers; and thought that if *Waller* could have obtained the strength of *Denham*, or *Denham* the sweetness of *Waller*, there had been nothing wanting to complete a poet. He often expressed his commiseration of *Dryden's* poverty, and his indignation at the age which suffered him to write for bread; he repeated with rapture the first lines of *All for Love*, but wondered at the corruption of taste which could bear any thing so unnatural as rhyming tragedies. In *Otway* he found uncommon powers of moving the passions, but was disgusted by his general negligence, and blamed him for making a conspirator his hero ; and never concluded his disquisition, without remarking how happily the sound of the clock is made to alarm the audience. *Southern* would have been his favourite, but that he mixes comic with tragic scenes, intercepts the natural course of the passions, and fills the mind with a wild confusion of mirth and me-

lancholy. The versification of *Rowe* he thought too melodious for the stage, and too little varied in different passions. He made it the great fault of *Congreve*, that all his persons were wits, and that he always wrote with more art than nature. He considered *Cato* rather as a poem than a play, and allowed *Addison* to be the complete master of allegory and grave humour, but paid no great deference to him as a critic. He thought the chief merit of *Prior* was in his easy tales and lighter poems, though he allowed that his *Solomon* had many noble sentiments elegantly expressed. In *Swift* he discovered an inimitable vein of irony, and an easiness which all would hope and few would attain. *Pope* he was inclined to degrade from a poet to a versifier, and thought his numbers rather luscious than sweet. He often lamented the neglect of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, and wished to see the stage under better regulations.

These assertions passed commonly uncontradicted; and if now and then an opponent started up, he was quickly repressed by the suffrages of the company, and *Minim* went away from every dispute with elation of heart and increase of confidence.

He now grew conscious of his abilities, and began to talk of the present state of dramatic poetry; wondered what was become of the comic genius which supplied our ancestors with wit and pleasantry, and why no writer could be found that durst now venture beyond a farce. He saw no reason for thinking that the vein of humour was exhausted, since we live in a country where liberty suffers every character to spread itself to its utmost bulk, and

which therefore produces more originals than all the rest of the world together. Of tragedy he concluded business to be the soul, and yet often hinted that love predominates too much upon the modern stage.

He was now an acknowledged critic, and had his own seat in a coffee-house, and headed a party in the pit. *Minim* has more vanity than ill-nature, and seldom desires to do much mischief; he will perhaps murmur a little in the ear of him that sits next him, but endeavours to influence the audience to favour, by clapping when an actor exclaims *ye gods*, or laments the misery of his country.

By degrees he was admitted to rehearsals, and many of his friends are of opinion, that our present poets are indebted to him for their happiest thoughts; by his contrivance the bell was rung twice in *Barbarossa*, and by his persuasion the author of *Cleone* concluded his play without a couplet; for what can be more absurd, said *Minim*, than that part of a play should be rhymed, and part written in blank verse? and by what acquisition of faculties is the speaker, who never could find rhymes before, enabled to rhyme at the conclusion of an act?

He is the great investigator of hidden beauties, and is particularly delighted when he finds *the sound an echo to the sense*. He has read all our poets with particular attention to this delicacy of versification, and wonders at the supineness with which their works have been hitherto perused, so that no man has found the sound of a drum in this distich:

" When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,

" Was beat with firt instead of a stick;"

and that the wonderful lines upon honour **and a** bubble have hitherto passed without notice :

" Honour is like the glassy bubble,
" Which cost philosophers such trouble;
" Where, one part crack'd, the whole does fly,
" And wits are crack'd to find out why."

In these verses, says *Minim*, we have two striking accommodations of the sound to the sense. It is impossible to utter the two lines emphatically without an act like that which they describe ; *bubble* and *trouble* causing a momentary inflation of the cheeks by the retention of the breath, which is afterwards forcibly emitted, as in the practice of *blowing bubbles*. But the greatest excellence is in the third line, which is *crack^l d* in the middle to express a crack, and then shivers into monosyllables. Yet has this diamond laid neglected with common stones, and among the innumerable admirers of *Hudibras* the observation of this superlative passage has been reserved for the sagacity of *Minim*.

No. 61. SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1759.

M R . *Minim* had now advanced himself to the zenith of critical reputation ; when he was in the pit, every eye in the boxes was fixed upon him ; when he entered his coffee-house, he was surrounded by circles of candidates, who passed their noviciate of literature under his tuition : his opinion was asked by all who had no opinion of their own, and yet loved to debate and decide ; and no composition was supposed to pass in safety to posterity, till it had been secured by *Minim's* approbation.

Minim professes great admiration of the wisdom and munificence by which the academies of the Continent were raised ; and often wishes for some standard of taste, for some tribunal, to which merit may appeal from caprice, prejudice, and malignity. He has formed a plan for an academy of criticism, where every work of imagination may be read before it is printed, and which shall authoritatively direct the theatres what pieces to receive or reject, to exclude or to revive.

Such an institution would, in *Dick's* opinion, spread the fame of *English* literature over *Europe*, and make *London* the metropolis of elegance and politeness, the place to which the learned and ingenious of all countries would repair for instruction and improvement, and where nothing would any longer be applauded or endured that was not con-

formed to the nicest rules, and finished with the highest elegance.

Till some happy conjunction of the planets shall dispose our princes or ministers to make themselves immortal by such an academy, *Minim* contents himself to preside four nights in a week in a critical society selected by himself, where he is heard without contradiction, and whence his judgment is disseminated through the great vulgar and the small.

When he is placed in the chair of criticism, he declares loudly for the noble simplicity of our ancestors, in opposition to the petty refinements, and ornamental luxuriance. Sometimes he is sunk in despair, and perceives false delicacy daily gaining ground, and sometimes brightens his countenance with a gleam of hope, and predicts the revival of the true sublime. He then fulminates his loudest censures against the monkish barbarity of rhyme; wonders how beings that pretend to reason can be pleased with one line always ending like another; tells how unjustly and unnaturally sense is sacrificed to sound; how often the best thoughts are mangled by the necessity of confining or extending them to the dimensions of a couplet; and rejoices that genius has, in our days, shaken off the shackles which had encumbered it so long. Yet he allows that rhyme may sometimes be borne, if the lines be often broken, and the pauses judiciously diversified.

From blank verse he makes an easy transition to *Milton*, whom he produces as an example of the slow advance of lasting reputation. *Milton* is the only writer in whose books *Minim* can read for ever without weariness. What cause it is that exempts

this pleasure from satiety he has long and diligently inquired, and believes it to consist in the perpetual variation of the numbers, by which the ear is gratified and the attention awakened. The lines that are commonly thought rugged and unmusical, he conceives to have been written to temper the melodious luxury of the rest, or to express things by a proper cadence : for he scarcely finds a verse that has not this favourite beauty; he declares that he could shiver in a hot-house when he reads that

" the ground

" Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire;

and that, when *Milton* bewails his blindness, the verse,

" So thick a drop serene has quench'd these orbs,"

has, he knows not how, something that strikes him with an obscure sensation like that which he fancies would be felt from the sound of darkness.

Minim is not so confident of his rules of judgment as not very eagerly to catch new light from the name of the author. He is commonly so prudent as to spare those whom he cannot resist, unless, as will sometimes happen, he finds the public combined against them. But a fresh pretender to fame he is strongly inclined to censure, till his own honour requires that he commend him. Till he knows the success of a composition, he intrenches himself in general terms ; there are some new thoughts and beautiful passages, but there is likewise much which he would have advised the author to expunge. He has* several favourite epithets, of which he has never

settled the meaning, but which are very commodiously applied to books which he has not read, or cannot understand. One is *manly*, another is *dry*, another *stiff*, and another flimsy ; sometimes he discovers delicacy of style, and sometimes meets with *strange expressions*.

He is never so great, or so happy, as when a youth of promising parts is brought to receive his directions for the prosecution of his studies. He then puts on a very serious air ; he advises the pupil to read none but the best authors, and, when he finds one congenial to his own mind, to study his beauties, but avoid his faults ; and, when he sits down to write, to consider how his favourite author would think at the present time on the present occasion. He exhorts him to catch those moments when he finds his thoughts expanded and his genius exalted, but to take care lest imagination hurry him beyond the bounds of nature. He holds diligence the mother of success ; yet enjoins him, with great earnestness, not to read more than he can digest, and not to confuse his mind by pursuing studies of contrary tendencies. He tells him, that every man has his genius, and that *Cicero* could never be a poet. The boy retires illuminated, resolves to follow his genius, and to think how *Milton* would have thought : and *Minim* feasts upon his own beneficence till another day brings another pupil.

No. 62. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

AN opinion prevails almost universally in the world, that he who has money has every thing. This is not a modern paradox, or the tenet of a small and obscure sect, but a persuasion which appears to have operated upon most minds in all ages, and which is supported by authorities so numerous and so cogent, that nothing but long experience could have given me confidence to question its truth.

But experience is the test by which all the philosophers of the present age agree, that speculation must be tried ; and I may be therefore allowed to doubt the power of money, since I have been a long time rich, and have not yet found that riches can make me happy.

My father was a farmer neither wealthy nor indigent, who gave me a better education than was suitable to my birth, because my uncle in the city designed me for his heir, and desired that I might be bred a gentleman. My uncle's wealth was the perpetual subject of conversation in the house; and when any little misfortune befell us, or any mortification dejected us, my father always exhorted me to hold up my head, for my uncle would never marry.

My uncle, indeed, kept his promise. Having his mind completely busied between his warehouse and the 'Change, he felt no tediousness of life, nor any want of domestic amusements. When my father died, he received me kindly ; but, after a few months, finding no great pleasure in the conversation of each other, we parted ; and he remitted me a small annuity, on which I lived a quiet and studious life, without any wish to grow great by the death of my benefactor.

But though I never suffered any malignant impatience to take hold on my mind, I could not forbear sometimes to imagine to myself the pleasure of being rich ; and, when I read of diversions and magnificence, resolved to try, when time should put the trial in my power, what pleasure they could afford.

My uncle, in the latter spring of his life, when his ruddy cheek and his firm nerves promised him a long and healthy age, died of an apoplexy. His death gave me neither joy nor sorrow. He did me good, and I regarded him with gratitude ; but I could not please him, and therefore could not love him.

He had the policy of little minds, who love to surprise ; and, having always represented his fortune as less than it was, had I suppose, often gratified himself with thinking, how I should be delighted to find myself twice as rich as I expected. My wealth was such as exceeded all the schemes of expence which I had formed ; and I soon began to expand my thoughts, and look round for some purchase of felicity.

The most striking effect of riches is the splendour of dress, which every man has observed to enforce respect, and facilitate reception ; and my first desire was to be fine. I sent for a taylor who was employed by the nobility, and ordered such a suit of clothes as I had often looked on with involuntary submission, and am ashamed to remember with what flutters of expectation I waited for the hour when I should issue forth in all the splendour of embroidery. The clothes were brought, and for three days I observed many eyes turned towards me as I passed : but I felt myself obstructed in the common intercourse of civility, by an uneasy consciousness of my new appearance ; as I thought myself more observed, I was more anxious about my mien and behaviour; and the mien which is formed by care is commonly ridiculous. A short time accustomed me to myself, and my dress was without pain and without pleasure.

For a little while I tried to be a rake, but I began too late ; and having by nature no turn for a frolic, was in great danger of ending in a drunkard. A fever, in which not one of my companions paid me a visit, gave me time for reflexion. I found that there was no great pleasure in breaking windows and lying in the round-house ; and resolved to associate no longer with those whom, though I had treated and bailed them, I could not make friends.

I then changed my measures, kept running horses, and had the comfort of seeing my name very often in the news. I had a chesnut horse, the grandson of *Childers*, who won four plates, and ten

by-matches ; and a bay filly, who carried off the five years old plate, and was expected to form much greater exploits, when my groom broke her wind, because I happened to catch him selling oats for beef. This happiness was soon at an end ; there was no pleasure when I lost, and when I won I could not much exalt myself by the virtues of my horse. I grew ashamed of the company of jockey lords, and resolved to spend no more time in the stable.

It was now known that I had money and would spend it, and I passed four months in the company of architects, whose whole business was to persuade me to build an house. I told them I had more room than I wanted, but could not get rid of their importunities. A new plan was brought to me every morning ; till at last my constancy was overpowered, and I began to build. The happiness of building lasted but a little while, for though I love to spend, I hate to be cheated ; and I soon found, that to build is to be robbed.

How I proceed in the pursuit of happiness, you shall hear when I find myself disposed to write.

I am, SIR, &c.

TIM. RANGER.

No. 63. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1759.

T H E natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The first labour is enforced by necessity. The savage finds himself incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind ; he shelters himself in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the sun and the wind excluded by the thicket, and when the accidents of the chase, or the convenience of pasturage, leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himself, by planting stakes at proper distances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of skill and industry produces a house closed with doors, and divided by partitions ; and apartments are multiplied and disposed according to the various degrees of power or invention ; improvement succeeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a less, till ease in time is advanced to pleasure.

The mind, set free from the importunities of natural want, gains leisure to go in search of superfluous gratifications, and adds to the uses of habitation the delights of prospect. Then begins the reign of symmetry ; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to

another, without any other reason, than that the eye may not be offended.

The passage is very short from elegance to luxury. *Ionick* and *Corinthian* columns are soon succeeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which shew rather the wealth than the taste of the possessor.

Language proceeds, like every thing else, through improvement to degeneracy. The rovers who first take possession of a country, having not many ideas, and those not nicely modified or discriminated, were contented, if by general terms and abrupt sentences, they could make their thoughts known to one another ; as life begins to be more regulated, and property to become limited, disputes must be decided, and claims adjusted; the differences of things are noted, and distinctness and propriety of expression become necessary. In time, happiness and plenty give rise to curiosity, and the sciences are cultivated for ease and pleasure ; to the arts, which are now to be taught, emulation soon adds the art of teaching ; and the studious and ambitious contend not only who shall think best, but who shall tell their thoughts in the most pleasing manner.

Then begin the arts of rhetoric and poetry, the regulation of figures, the selection of words, the modulation of periods, the graces of transition, the complication of clauses, and all the delicacies of style and subtilties of composition, useful while they advance perspicuity, and laudable while they increase pleasure, but easy to be refined by needless scrupulosity till they shall more embarrass the writer than assist the reader or delight him.

The first state is commonly antecedent to the practice of writing; the ignorant essays of imperfect diction pass away with the savage generation that uttered them. No nation can trace their language beyond the second period, and even of that it does not often happen that many monuments remain.

The fate of the *English* tongue is like that of others. We know nothing of the scanty jargon of our barbarous ancestors ; but we have specimens of our language when it began to be adapted to civil and religious purposes, and find it such as might naturally be expected, artless and simple, unconnected and concise. The writers seem to have desired little more than to be understood, and perhaps seldom aspired to the praise of pleasing. Their verses were considered chiefly as memorial, and therefore did not suffer from prose, but by the measure or the rhyme.

In this state, varied a little according to the different purposes or abilities of writers, our language may be said to have continued to the time of *Gower*, whom *Chancer* calls his master, and who, however obscured by his scholar's popularity, seems justly to claim the honour which has been hitherto denied him, of shewing his countrymen that something more was to be desired, than that *English* verse might be exalted into poetry.

From the time of *Gower* and *Chaucer*, the *English* writers have studied elegance, and advanced their language, by successive improvements, to as much harmony as it can easily receive, and as much copiousness as human knowledge has hitherto required. These advances have not been made at

all times with the same diligence or the same success. Negligence has suspended the course of improvement, or affectation turned it aside ; time has elapsed with little change, or change has been made without amendment. But elegance has been long kept in view with attention as near to constancy as life permits, till every man now endeavours to excel others in accuracy, or outshine them in splendour of style, and the danger is, lest care should too soon pass to affectation.

No. 64. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

As nature has made every man desirous of happiness, I flatter myself, that you and your readers cannot but feel some curiosity to know the sequel of my story ; for though, by trying the different schemes of pleasure, I have yet found nothing in which I could finally acquiesce ; yet the narrative of my attempts will not be wholly without use, since we always approach nearer to truth as we detect more and more varieties of error.

When I had sold my racers, and put the orders of architecture out of my head, my next resolution was to be a *fine gentleman*. I frequented the polite

coffee-houses, grew acquainted with all the men of humour, and gained the right of bowing familiarly to half the nobility. In this new scene of life my great labour was to learn to laugh. I had been used to consider laughter as the effect of merriment ; but I soon learned that it is one of the arts of adulation, and, from laughing only to shew that I was pleased, I now began to laugh when I wished to please. This was at first very difficult. I sometimes heard the story with dull indifference, and, not exalting myself to merriment by due gradations, burst out suddenly into an awkward noise, which was not always favourably interpreted. Sometimes I was behind the rest of the company, and lost the grace of laughing by delay, and sometimes, when I began at the right time was deficient in loudness or in length. But, by diligent imitation of the best models, I attained at last such flexibility of muscles, that I was always a welcome auditor of a story, and got the reputation of a good-natured fellow.

This was something ; but much more was to be done, that I might be universally allowed to be a fine gentleman. I appeared at court on all public days ; betted at gaming tables ; and played at all the routs of eminence. I went every night to the opera, took a fidler of disputed merit under my protection, became the head of a musical faction, and had sometimes concerts at my own house. I once thought to have attained the highest rank of elegance, by taking a foreign singer into keeping. But my favourite fidler contrived to be arrested on the night of a concert, for a finer suit of

clothes than I had ever presumed to wear, and I lost all the fame of patronage by refusing to bail him.

My next ambition was to sit for my picture. I spent a whole winter in going from painter to painter, to bespeak a whole length of one, and a half length of another ; I talked of nothing but attitudes, draperies, and proper lights ; took my friends to see the pictures after every sitting ; heard every day of a wonderful performer in crayons and miniature, and sent my pictures to be copied ; was told by the judges that they were not like, and was recommended to other artists. At length, being not able to please my friends, I grew less pleased myself, and at last resolved to think no more about it.

It was impossible to live in total idleness : and wandering about in search of something to do, I was invited to a weekly meeting of virtuosos, and felt myself instantaneously seized with an unextinguishable ardour for all natural curiosities. I ran from auction to auction, became a critic in shells and fossils, and bought a *Hortus siccus* of inestimable value, and purchased a secret art of preserving insects, which made my collection the envy of the other philosophers. I found this pleasure mingled with much vexation. All the faults of my life were for nine months circulated through the town with the most active malignity, because I happened to catch a moth of peculiar variegation; and because I once out-bid all the lovers of shells and carried off a nautilus, it was hinted that the validity of my uncle's will ought to be disputed.

I will not deny that I was very proud both of the moth and of the shell, and gratified myself with the envy of my companions, perhaps more than became a benevolent being. But in time I grew weary of being hated for that which produced no advantage, gave my shells to children that wanted play-things, and suppressed the art of drying butterflies, because I would not tempt idleness and cruelty to kill them.

I now began to feel life tedious, and wished to store myself with friends, with whom I might grow old in the interchange of benevolence. I had observed that popularity was most easily gained by an open table, and therefore hired a French cook, furnished my sideboard with great magnificence, filled my cellar with wines of pompous appellations, bought every thing that was dear before it was good, and invited all those who were most famous for judging of a dinner. In three weeks my cook gave me warning, and, upon enquiry, told me that Lord *Queasy*, who dined with me the day before, had sent him an offer of double wages. My pride prevailed ; I raised his wages, and invited his lordship to another feast. I love plain meat, and was therefore soon weary of spreading a table of which I could not partake. I found that my guests, when they went away, criticised their entertainment, and censured my profusion ; my cook thought himself necessary, and took upon him the direction of the house ; and I could not rid myself of flatterers, or break from slavery, but by shutting up my house, and declaring my resolution to live in lodgings.

After all this, tell me, dear *Idler*, what I must do next ; I have health, I have money, and hope that I have understanding ; yet, with all these, I have never been able to pass a single day which I did not wish at an end before sun-set. Tell me, dear *Idler*, what I shall do. I am

Your humble servant,

T I M . R A N G E R ;

No. 65. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1759.

T H E sequel of *Clarendon's* history, at last happily published, is an accession to *English* literature equally agreeable to the admirers of elegance and the lovers of truth ; many doubtful facts may now be ascertained, and many questions, after long debate, may be determined by decisive authority. He that records transactions in which himself was engaged, has not only an opportunity of knowing innumerable particulars which escape spectators, but has his natural powers exalted by that ardour which always rises at the remembrance of our own importance, and by which every man is enabled to relate his own actions better than another's.

The difficulties through which this **work** has

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struggled into light, and the delays with which our hopes have been long mocked, naturally lead the mind to the consideration of the common fate of posthumous compositions.

He who sees himself surrounded by admirers, and whose vanity is hourly feasted with all the luxuries of studied praise, is easily persuaded that his influence will be extended beyond his life ; that they who cringe in his presence will reverence his memory, and that those who are proud to be numbered among his friends, will endeavour to vindicate his choice by zeal for his reputation.

With hopes like these, to the executors of *Swift* was committed the history of the last years of Queen *Anne*, and to those of *Pope*, the works which remained unprinted in his closet. The performances of *Pope* were burnt by those whom he had perhaps selected from all mankind as most likely to publish them ; and the history had likewise perished, had not a straggling transcript fallen into busy hands.

The papers left in the closet of *Pieresc* supplied his heirs with a whole winter's fuel ; and many of the labours of the learned Bishop *Lloyd* were consumed in the kitchen of his descendants.

Some works, indeed, have escaped total destruction, but yet have had reason to lament the fate of orphans exposed to the frauds of unfaithful guardians. How *Hale* would have borne the mutilations which his *Pleas of the Crown* have suffered from the editor, they who know his character will easily conceive.

The original copy of *Burnet's* history, though promised to some public* library, has been never given ; and who then can prove the fidelity of the publication, when the authenticity of *Clarendons* history, though printed with the sanction of one of the first universities in the world, had not an unexpected manuscript been happily discovered, would, with the help of factious credulity, have been brought into question by the two lowest of all human beings, a scribbler for a party, and a commissioner of excise.

Vanity is often no less mischievous than negligence or dishonesty. He that possesses a valuable manuscript, hopes to raise its esteem by concealment, and delights in the distinction which he imagines himself to obtain, by keeping the key of a treasure which he neither uses nor imparts. From him it falls to some other owner, less vain but more negligent, who considers it as useless lumber, and rids himself of the incumbrance.

Yet there are some works which the authors must consign unpublished to posterity, however uncertain be the event, however hopeless be the trust. He that writes the history of his own times, if he adheres steadily to truth, will write that which his own times will not easily endure. He must be content to reposit his book till all private passions shall cease, and love and hatred give way to curiosity.

But many leave the labours of half their life to

* It would be proper to reposit, in some public place, the manuscript of *Clarendon*, which has not escaped all suspicion of unfaithful publication

their executors and to chance, because they will not send them abroad unfinished, and are unable to finish them, having prescribed to themselves such a degree of exactness as human diligence can scarcely attain. *Lloyd, says Burnet, did not lay out his learning with the same diligence as he laid it in** He was always hesitating and inquiring, raising objections and removing them, and waiting for clearer light and fuller discovery. *Baker*, after many years passed in biography, left his manuscripts to be buried in a library, because that was imperfect, which could never be perfected.

Of these learned men, let those who aspire to the same praise, imitate the diligence, and avoid the scrupulosity. Let it be always remembered that life is short, that knowledge is endless, and that many doubts deserve not to be cleared. Let those whom nature and study have qualified to teach mankind, tell us what they have learned while they are yet able to tell it, and trust their reputation only to themselves.

No. 66. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1759.

NO complaint is more frequently repeated among the learned, than that of the waste made by time among the labours of antiquity. Of those who once filled the civilized world with their renown, nothing is now left but their names, which are left only to raise desires that never can be satisfied, and sorrow which never can be comforted.

Had all the writings of the ancients been faithfully delivered down from age to age, had the *Alexandrian* library been spared, and the *Palatine* repositories remained unimpaired, how much might we have known of which we are now doomed to be ignorant! how many laborious inquiries, and dark conjectures; how many collations of broken hints and mutilated passages might have been spared! We should have known the successions of princes, the revolutions of empire, the actions of the great, and opinions of the wise, the laws and constitutions of every state, and the arts by which public grandeur and happiness are acquired and preserved: we should have traced the progress of life, seen colonies from distant regions take possession of *European* deserts, and troops of savages settled into communities by the desire of keeping what they had acquired; we should have traced the gradations of civility, and travelled upward to the original of things by the light of history, till in remoter times it had glimmered in fable, and at last sunk into darkness.

If the works of imagination had been less diminished, it is likely that all future times might have been supplied with inexhaustible amusement by the fictions of antiquity. The tragedies of *Sophocles* and *Euripides* would all have shewn the stronger passions in all their diversities; and the comedies of *Menander* would have furnished all the maxims of domestic life. Nothing would have been necessary to moral wisdom but to have studied these great masters, whose knowledge would have guided doubt, and whose authority would have silenced cavils.

Such are the thoughts that rise in every student, when his curiosity is eluded, and his searches are frustrated; yet it may perhaps be doubted, whether our complaints are not sometimes inconsiderate, and whether we do not imagine more evil than we feel. Of the ancients enough remains to excite our emulation and direct our endeavours. Many of the works which time has left us, we know to have been those that were most esteemed, and which antiquity itself considered as models; so that, having the originals, we may without much regret lose the imitations. The obscurity which the want of contemporary writers often produces, only darkens single passages, and those commonly of slight importance. The general tendency of every piece may be known; and though that diligence deserves praise which leaves nothing unexamined, yet its miscarriages are not much to be lamented; for the most useful truths are always universal, and unconnected with accidents and customs.

Such is the general conspiracy of human nature

against contemporary merit, that, if we had inherited from antiquity enough to afford employment for the laborious, and amusement for the idle, I know not what room would have been left for modern genius or modern industry; almost every subject would have been pre-occupied, and every style would have been fixed by a precedent from which few would have ventured to depart. Every writer would have had a rival, whose superiority was already acknowledged, and to whose fame his work would, even before it was seen, be marked out for a sacrifice.

We see how little the united experience of mankind hath been able to add to the heroic characters displayed by *Homer*, and how few incidents the fertile imagination of modern *Italy* has yet produced, which may not be found in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. It is likely, that if all the works of the *Athenian* philosophers had been extant, *Malbranche* and *Locke* would have been condemned to be silent readers of the ancient metaphysicians; and it is apparent, that, if the old writers had all remained, the *Idler* could not have written a disquisition on the loss.

No. 67. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

UN the observations which you have made on the various opinions and pursuits of mankind, you must often, in literary conversations, have met with men who consider dissipation as the great enemy of the intellect ; and maintain, that, in proportion as the student keep himself within the bounds of a settled plan, he will more certainly advance in science.

This opinion is, perhaps, generally true ; yet, when we contemplate the inquisitive nature of the human mind, and its perpetual impatience of all restraint, it may be doubted whether the faculties may not be contracted by confining the attention ; and whether it may not sometimes be proper to risque the certainty of little for the chance of much. Acquisitions of knowledge, like blazes of genius, are often fortuitous. Those who had proposed to themselves a methodical course of reading, light by accident on a new book, which seizes their thoughts and kindles their curiosity, and opens an unexpected prospect, to which the way which they had prescribed to themselves would never have conducted them.

To enforce and illustrate my meaning, I have sent you a journal of three days employment, found

among the papers of a late intimate acquaintance ; who, as will plainly appear, was a man of vast designs, and of vast performances, though he sometimes designed one thing, and performed another. I allow that the *Spectator's* inimitable productions of this kind may well discourage all subsequent journalists; but, as the subject of this is different from that of any which the *Spectator* has given us, I leave it to you to publish or suppress it.

Mem. The following three days I propose to give up to reading ; and intend, after all the delays which have obtruded themselves upon me, to finish my *Essay on the Extent of the Mental Powers*; to revise my *Treatise on Logic*; to begin the *Epic* which I have long projected ; to proceed in my perusal of the *Scriptures* with *Grotius's Comment*; and at my leisure to regale myself with the works of classics, ancient and modern, and to finish my *Ode to Astronomy*.

Monday.] Designed to rise at six, but, by my servant's laziness, my fire was not lighted before eight, when I dropped into a slumber that lasted till nine ; at which time I rose, and, after breakfast, at ten sat down to study, proposing to begin upon my *Essay* ; but, finding occasion to consult a passage in *Plato*, was absorbed in the perusal of the *Republic* till twelve. I had neglected to forbid company, and now enters *Tom Careless*, who, after half an hour's chat, insisted upon my going with him to enjoy an absurd character, that he had appointed, by an advertisement, to meet him at a particular coffee-house. After we had for some time entertained our-

selves with him, we sallied out, designing each to repair to his home; but, as it fell out, coming up in the street to a man whose steel by his side declared him a butcher, we overheard him opening an address to a genteelish sort of young lady, whom he walked with: "Miss, though your father is master of a coal-lighter, and you will be a great fortune, 'tis true; yet I wish I may be cut into quarters if it is not only love, and not lucre of gain, that is my motive for offering terms of marriage." As this lover proceeded in his speech, he misled us the length of three streets, in admiration at the unlimited power of the tender passion, that could soften even the heart of a butcher. We then adjourned to a tavern, and from thence to one of the public gardens, where I was regaled with a most amusing variety of men possessing great talents, so discoloured by affectation, that they only made them eminently ridiculous; shallow things, who, by continual dissipation, had annihilated the few ideas nature had given them, and yet were celebrated for wonderful pretty gentlemen; young ladies extolled for their wit, because they were handsome; illiterate empty women as well as men, in high life, admired for their knowledge, from their being resolutely positive; and women of real understanding so far from pleasing the polite million, that they' frightened them away, and were left solitary. When we quitted this entertaining scene, *Tom* pressed me, irresistibly, to sup with him. I reached home at twelve, and then reflected, that though indeed I had, by remarking various characters, improved my insight into human nature, yet still I had neglected

the studies proposed, and accordingly took up my *Treatise on Logic*, to give it the intended revisal, but found my spirits too much agitated, and could not forbear a few satirical lines, under the title of *The Evening's Walk*.

Tuesday.] At breakfast, seeing my *Ode to Astronomy* lying on my desk, I was struck with a train of ideas, that I thought might contribute to its improvement. I immediately rang my bell to forbid all visitants, when my servant opened the door, with, " Sir, Mr. *Jeffery Gape*." My cup dropped out of one hand, and my poem out of the other. I could scarcely ask him to sit ; he told me he was going to walk, but, as there was a likelihood of rain, he would sit with me; he said, he intended at first to have called at Mr. *Vacant's*, but, as he had not seen me a great while, he did not mind coming out of his way to wait on me ; I made him a bow, but thanks for the favour stuck in my throat. I asked him if he had been to the coffee-house ; he replied, two hours.

Under the oppression of this dull interruption, I sat looking wishfully at the clock; for which, to increase my satisfaction, I had chosen the inscription, *Art is long, and life is short*; exchanging questions and answers at long intervals, and not without some hints that the weather-glass promised fair weather. At half an hour after three he told me he would trespass on me for a dinner, and desired me to send to his house for a bundle of papers, about inclosing a common upon his estate, which he would read to me in the evening. I declared myself busy, and Mr, *Gape* went away.

Having dined, to compose my chagrin I took up *Virgil*, and several other classics, but could not calm my mind, or proceed in my scheme. At about five I laid my hand on a Bible that lay on my table, at first with coldness and insensibility ; but was imperceptibly engaged in a close attention to its sublime morality, and felt my heart expanded by warm philanthropy, and exalted to dignity of sentiment. I then censured my too great solicitude, and my disgust conceived at my acquaintance, who had been so far from designing to offend, that he only meant to shew kindness and respect. In this strain of mind I wrote *An Essay on Benevolence*, and *An Elegy on Sublunary Disappointments*. When I had finished these, at eleven, I supped, and recollected how little I had adhered to my plan, and almost questioned the possibility of pursuing any settled and uniform design ; however, I was not so far persuaded of the truth of these suggestions, but that I resolved to try once more at my scheme. As I observed the moon shining through my window, from a calm and bright sky spangled with innumerable stars, I indulged a pleasing meditation on the splendid scene, and finished my *Ode to Astronomy*.

Wednesday.] Rose at seven, and employed three hours in perusal of the *Scriptures* with *Grotius's Comment* ; and after breakfast fell into meditation concerning my projected *Epick* ; and being in some doubt as to the particular lives of some heroes, whom I proposed to celebrate, I consulted *Bayle* and *Moreri*, and was engaged two hours in examining various lives and characters, but then re-

solved to go to my employment. When I was seated at my desk, and began to feel the growing succession of poetical ideas, my servant brought me a letter from a lawyer, requiring my instant attendance at *Gray's Inn* for half an hour. I went full of vexation, and was involved in business till eight at night; and then being too much fatigued for study, supped, and went to bed.

HERE my friend's journal concludes, which perhaps is pretty much a picture of the manner in which many prosecute their studies. I therefore resolved to send it you, imagining, that, if you think it worthy of appearing in your paper, some of your readers may receive entertainment by recognising a resemblance between my friend's conduct and their own. It must be left to the *Idler* accurately to ascertain the proper methods of advancing in literature; but this one position, deducible from what has been said above, may, I think, be reasonably asserted, that he who finds himself strongly attracted to any particular study, though it may happen to be out of his proposed scheme, if it is not trifling or vicious, had better continue his application to it, since it is likely that he will, with much more ease and expedition, attain that which a warm inclination stimulates him to pursue, than that at which a prescribed law compels **him** to toil.

I am, &c.

No. 68. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1758.

AMONG the studies which have exercised the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more successfully cultivated than the art of translation; by which the impediments which bar the way to science are, in some measure, removed, and the multiplicity of languages becomes less incommodious.

Of every other kind of writing the ancients have left us models which all succeeding ages have laboured to imitate; but translation may justly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the first ages of the world instruction was commonly oral, and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be translated. When alphabetical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the transmission of events more easy and certain, literature did not flourish in more than one country at once, or distant nations had little commerce with each other; and those few whom curiosity sent abroad in quest of improvement, delivered their acquisitions in their own manner, desirous perhaps to be considered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

The *Greeks* for a time travelled into *Egypt*, but they translated no books from the *Egyptian* lan-

guage ; and when the *Macedonians* had overthrown the empire of *Persia*, the countries that became subject to *Grecian* dominion studied only the *Grecian* literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among them, sunk into oblivion ; *Greece* considered herself as the mistress, if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was supposed to be known, and, except the sacred writings of the Old Testament, I know not that the library of *Alexandria* adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The *Romans* confessed themselves the scholars of the *Greeks*, and do not appear to have expected, what has since happened, that the ignorance of succeeding ages would prefer them to their teachers. Every man, who in *Rome* aspired to the praise of literature, thought it necessary to learn *Greek*, and had no need of versions when they could study the originals. Translation, however, was not wholly neglected. Dramatic poems could be understood by the people in no language but their own, and the *Romans* were sometimes entertained with the tragedies of *Euripides* and the comedies of *Menander*. Other works were sometimes attempted ; in an old scholiast there is mention of a *Latin Iliad* ; and we have not wholly lost *Tully's* version of the poem of *Aratus* ; but it does not appear that any man grew eminent by interpreting another, and perhaps it was more frequent to translate for exercise or amusement, than for fame.

The *Arabs* were the first nation who felt the ardour of translation ; when they had subdued the eastern provinces of the *Greek* empire, they found

their captives wiser than themselves, and made haste to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge: They discovered that many might grow wise by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with speed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haste to lay hold on medicine and philosophy, and turned their chief authors into *Arabic*. Whether they attempted the poets is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was short; and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to those of necessity.

The study of ancient literature was interrupted in *Europe* by the irruption of the Northern nations, who subverted the *Roman* empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not strange, that such confusion should suspend literary attention; those who lost, and those who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter, and immediate miseries to redress, and had little leisure, amidst the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the distresses of forced migration, or the tumults of unsettled conquest, to enquire after speculative truth, to enjoy the amusement of imaginary adventures, to know the history of former ages, or study the events of any other lives. But no sooner had this chaos of dominion sunk into order, than learning began again to flourish in the calm of peace. When life and possessions were secure, convenience and enjoyment were soon sought, learning was found the highest gratification of the mind, and translation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At last, by a concurrence of many causes, the *European* world was roused from its lethargy ; those arts which had been long obscurely studied in the gloom of monasteries became the general favourites of mankind ; every nation vied with his neighbour for the prize of learning ; the epidemical emulation spread from south to north, and curiosity and translation found their way to *Britain*.

No. 69. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1759.

HE that reviews the progress of *English* literature will find that translation was very early cultivated among us, but that some principles, either wholly erroneous or too far extended, hindered our success from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally considered as the father of our poetry, has left a version of *Boetius on the Comforts of Philosophy*, the book which seems to have been the favourite of the middle ages, which had been translated into *Saxon* by king *Alfred*, and illustrated With a copious *comment* ascribed to *Aquinas*. It may be supposed that *Chaucer* would apply more than common attention to an author of so much celebrity, yet he has attempted nothing higher than a version strictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to prose, that the constraint of versification might not obstruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us typography about the year 1474. The first book printed in *English* was a translation. *Caxton* was both the translator and printer of the *Destruction of Troye*, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was considered as the best account of the fabulous ages, and which, though now driven Out of notice by authors of no greater use or value, still continued to be read in *Caxton's English* to the beginning of the present century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of *Gower* and *Chaucer*, printed nothing but translations from the *French*, in which the original is so scrupulously followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language ; though the words are *English*, the phrase is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of translation, though foreign nations and other languages offered as models of a better method; till in the age of *Elizabeth* we began to find that greater liberty was necessary to elegance, and that elegance was necessary to general reception ; some essays were then made upon the *Italian* poets, which deserve the praise and gratitude of posterity.

But the old practice was not suddenly forsaken ; *Holland* filled the nation with literal translation ; and what is yet more strange, the same exactness was obstinately practised in the versions of the poets. This absurd labour of construing into rhyme was countenanced by *Jonson* in his version of *Horace* ; and whether it be that more men have **learning than** genius, **or that** the endeavours of that time

were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of *Jonson* found more imitators than the elegance of *Fairfax*; and *May*, *Sandys*, and *Holiday*, confined themselves to the toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for *May* and *Sandys* were poets, and *Holiday* only a scholar and a critic.

Feltham appears to consider it as the established law of poetical translation, that the lines should be neither more nor fewer than those of the original ; and so long had this prejudice prevailed, that *Denham* praises *Fanshaw's* version of *Guarini* as the example of a *new and noble way*, as the first attempt to break the boundaries of custom, and assert the natural freedom of the Muse.

In the general emulation of wit and genius which the festivity of the Restoration produced, the poets shook off their constraint, and considered translation as no longer confined to servile closeness. But reformation is seldom the work of pure virtue or unassisted reason. Translation was improved more by accident than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at least learning equal to their genius ; and being often more able to explain the sentiments or illustrate the allusions of the ancients, than to exhibit their graces and transfuse their spirit, were perhaps willing sometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profusion of literature, and therefore translated literally, that their fidelity might shelter their insipidity or harshness. The wits of *Charles's* time had seldom more than slight and superficial views ; and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay

imagination ; they therefore translated always with freedom, sometimes with licentiousness, and perhaps expected that their readers should accept spriteliness for knowledge, and consider ignorance and mistake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to stop at difficulties, and too elevated to descend to minuteness.

Thus was translation made more easy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader ; and there is no wonder if ease and pleasure have found their advocates. The paraphrastic liberties have been almost universally admitted ; and *Sherbourn*, whose learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuse to pass slightly over obscurities, is the only writer who in later times has attempted to justify or revive the ancient severity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be observed. *Dryden* saw very early that closeness best preserved an author's sense, and that freedom best exhibited his spirit ; he therefore will deserve the highest praise who can give a representation at once faithful and pleasing, who can convey the same thoughts with the same graces, and who, when he translates, changes nothing but the language.

No. 70. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1759.

FEW faults of style, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous class of readers, than the use of hard words.

If an author be supposed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obscurity, and to obstruct, by unnecessary difficulties, a mind eager in pursuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boast the learning which he possesses himself, and wishes to be admired rather than understood, he counteracts the first end of writing, and justly suffers the utmost severity of censure, or the more afflictive severity of neglect.

But words are only hard to those who do not understand them; and the critic ought always to inquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many questions are such as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither interest nor pleasure in discussing, and which therefore it would be an useless endeavour to level with common minds, by tiresome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many subjects of general use may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffusion and explication are necessary to the instruction of those who, being neither able **nor** accustomed to think for themselves,

can learn only what is expressly taught ; but they who can form parallels, discover consequences, and multiply conclusions, are best pleased with involution of argument and compression of thought ; they desire only to receive the seeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils *to think with the wise, but speak with the vulgar*. This is a precept specious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning ; he that thinks with more subtilty will seek for terms of more nice discrimination ; and where is the wonder, since words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the original should not know the copies ?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourselves. He that reads and grows no wiser, seldom suspects his own deficiency ; but complains of hard words and obscure sentences, and asks why books are written which cannot be understood ?

Among the hard words which are no longer to be used, it has been long the custom to number terms of art. *Every man* (says Swift) *is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors ; a farmer will tell you, in two words that he has broken his leg ; but a surgeon, after a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before*. This could only have been said by such an exact observer of

life, in gratification of malignity, or in ostentation of acuteness. Every hour produces instances of the necessity of terms of art. Mankind could never conspire in uniform affectation ; it is not but by necessity that every science and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themselves with general ideas may rest in general terms; but those, whose studies or employments force them upon closer inspection, must have names for particular parts, and words by which they may express various modes of combination, such as none but themselves have occasion to consider.

Artists are indeed sometimes ready to suppose that none can be strangers to words to which themselves are familiar, talk to an incidental inquirer as they talk to one another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtrusion. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always necessary to teach the art.

That the vulgar express their thoughts clearly is far from true ; and what perspicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the easiness of their language, but the shallowness of their thoughts. He that sees a building as a common spectator, contents himself with relating that it is great or little, mean or splendid, lofty or low ; all these words are intelligible and common, but they convey no distinct or limited ideas ; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally displease, because they are **understood** by few ; **but** they are little **understood only because**

few, that look upon an edifice, examine its parts, or analyse its columns into their members.

The state of every other art is the same; as it is cursorily surveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expression become proper. In morality it is one thing to discuss the niceties of the casuist, and another to direct the practice of common life, In agriculture, he that instructs the farmer to plough and sow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find necessary in explaining to philosophers the process of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honest by the shortest way, will perplex his mind with subtile speculations; or if he, whose task is to reap and thresh, will not be contented without examining the evolution of the seed and circulation of the sap; the writers whom either shall consult are very little to be blamed, though it should sometimes happen that they are read in vain.

No. 71. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1759.

DICK SHIFTER was born in *Cheapside*, and, having passed reputably through all the classes of *St. Paul's* school, has been for some years a student in the *Temple*. He is of opinion, that intense application dulls the faculties, and thinks it necessary to temper the severity of the law by books that engage the mind, but do not fatigue it. He has therefore made a copious collection of plays, poems, and romances, to which he has recourse when he fancies himself tired with statutes and reports ; and he seldom inquires very nicely whether he is weary or idle.

Dick has received from his favourite authors very strong impressions of a country life ; and though his furthest excursions have been to *Greenwich* on one side, and *Chelsea* on the other, he has talked for several years, with great pomp of language and elevation of sentiments, about a state too high for contempt and too low for envy, about homely quiet and blameless simplicity, pastoral delights and rural innocence.

His friends who had estates in the country, often invited him to pass the summer among them, but something or other had always hindered him ; and he considered, that to reside in the house of another man was to incur a kind of dependence inconsistent with that laxity of life which he had imaged as the chief good.

This summer he resolved to be happy, and procured a lodging to be taken for him at a solitary house, situated about thirty miles from *London*, on the banks of a small river, with corn fields before it, and a hill on each side covered with wood. He concealed the place of his retirement, that none might violate his obscurity, and promised himself many a happy day when he should hide himself among the trees, and contemplate the tumults and vexations of the town.

He stepped into the post-chaise with his heart beating and his eyes sparkling, was conveyed through many varieties of delightful prospects, saw hills and meadows, corn fields and pasture, succeed each other, and for four hours charged none of his poets with fiction or exaggeration. He was now within six miles of happiness, when, having never felt so much agitation before, he began to wish his journey at an end, and the last hour was passed in changing his posture, and quarrelling with his driver.

An hour may be tedious, but cannot be long. He at length alighted at his new dwelling, and was received as he expected ; he looked round upon the hills and rivulets, but his joints were stiff and his muscles sore, and his first request was to see his bed-chamber.

He rested well, and ascribed the soundness of his sleep to the stillness of the country. He expected from that time nothing but nights of quiet and days of rapture, and, as soon as he had risen, wrote an account of his new state to one of his friends in the *Temple*.

Dear FRANK,

I never pitied thee before. I am now as I could wish every man of wisdom and virtue to be, in the regions of calm content and placid meditation ; with all the beauties of nature soliciting my notice, and all the diversities of pleasure courting my acceptance ; the birds are chirping in the hedges, and the flowers blooming in the mead ; the breeze is whistling in the wood, and the sun dancing on the water. I can now say, with truth, that a man, capable of enjoying the purity of happiness, is never more busy than in his hours of leisure, nor ever less solitary than in a place of solitude.

I am, dear FRANK, & C.

When he had sent away his letter, he walked into the wood, with some inconvenience, from the furze that pricked his legs, and the briars that scratched his face. He at last sat down under a tree, and heard with great delight a shower, by which he was not wet, rattling among the branches : this, said he, is the true image of obscurity ; we hear of troubles and commotions, but never feel them.

His amusement did not overpower the calls of nature, and he therefore went back to order his dinner. He knew that the country produces whatever is eaten or drunk, and, imagining that he was now at the source of luxury, resolved to indulge himself with dainties which he supposed might be procured at a price next to nothing, if any price at all was expected ; and intended to amaze the rusticks with his generosity, by paying more than they

would ask. Of twenty dishes which he named, he was amazed to find that scarcely one was to be had ; and heard, with astonishment and indignation, that all the fruits of the earth were sold at a higher price than in the streets of *London*.

His meal was short and sullen ; and he retired again to his tree, to inquire how dearness could be consistent with abundance, or how fraud should be practised by simplicity. He was not satisfied with his own speculations, and, returning home early in the evening, went a while from window to window, and found that he wanted something to do.

He inquired for a news-paper, and was told that farmers never minded news, but that they could send for it from the ale-house. A messenger was dispatched, who ran away at full speed, but loitered an hour behind the hedges, and at last coming back with his feet purposely bemired, instead of expressing the gratitude which Mr. *Shifter* expected for the bounty of a shilling, said, that the night was wet, and the way dirty, and he hoped that his worship would not think it much to give him half a crown.

Dick now went to bed with some abatement of his expectations ; but sleep, I know not how, revives our hopes, and rekindles our desires. He rose early in the morning, surveyed the landscape, and was pleased. He walked out, and passed from field to field, without observing any beaten path, and wondered that he had not seen the shepherdesses dancing, nor heard the swains piping to their flocks.

At last he saw some reapers and harvest-women

at dinner. Here, said he, are the true *Arcadians*, and advanced courteously towards them, as afraid of confusing them by the dignity of his presence. They acknowledged his superiority by no other token than that of asking him for something to drink. He imagined that he had now purchased the privilege of discourse, and began to descend to familiar questions, endeavouring to accommodate his discourse to the grossness of rustic understandings. The clowns soon found that he did not know wheat from rye, and began to despise him ; one of the boys, by pretending to shew him a bird's nest, decoyed him into a ditch ; and one of the wenches sold him a bargain.

This walk had given him no great pleasure ; but he hoped to find other rustics less coarse of manners, and less mischievous of disposition. Next morning he was accosted by an attorney, who told him, that, unless he made farmer *Dobson* satisfaction for trampling his grass, he had orders to indict him. *Shifter* was offended, but not terrified ; and, telling the attorney that he was himself a lawyer, talked so volubly of pettyfoggers and barraters, that he drove him away.

Finding his walks thus interrupted, he was inclined to ride, and, being pleased with the appearance of a horse that was grazing in a neighbouring meadow, inquired the owner, who warranted him sound, and would not sell him, but that he was too fine for a plain man. *Dick* paid down the price, and, riding out to enjoy the evening, fell with his new horse into a ditch ; they got out with difficulty, and, as he was going to mount again, a country-

man looked at the horse, and perceived him to be blind. *Dick* went to the seller, and demanded back his money ; but was told, that a man who rented his ground must do the best for himself, that his landlord had his rent though the year was barren, and that, whether horses had eyes or no, he should sell them to the highest bidder.

Shifter now began to be tired with rustic simplicity, and on the fifth day took possession again of his chambers, and bade farewell to the regions of calm content and placid meditation.

No. 72. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1756.

M E N complain of nothing more frequently than of deficient memory ; and, indeed, every one finds that many of the ideas which he desired to retain have slipped irretrievably away ; that the acquisitions of the mind are sometimes equally fugitive with the gifts of fortune ; and that a short intermission of attention more certainly lessens knowledge than impairs an estate.

To assist this weakness of our nature, many methods have been proposed, all of which may be justly suspected of being ineffectual ; for no art of memory, however its effects have been boasted or admired, has been ever adopted into general use, nor have those who possessed it appeared to excel others in readiness of recollection or multiplicity of attainments.

There is another art of which all have felt the want, though *Themistocles* only confessed it. We suffer equal pain from the pertinacious adhesion of unwelcome images, as from the evanescence of those which are pleasing and useful ; and it may be doubted whether we should be more benefited by the art of memory or the art of forgetfulness.

Forgetfulness is necessary to remembrance. Ideas are retained by renovation of that impression which time is always wearing away, and which new images are striving to obliterate. If useless thoughts could be expelled from the mind, all the valuable parts of our knowledge would more frequently recur, and every recurrence would reinstate them in their former place.

It is impossible to consider, without some regret, how much might have been learned, or how much might have been invented, by a rational and vigorous application of time, uselessly or painfully passed in the revocation of events, which have left neither good nor evil behind them, in grief for misfortunes either repaired or irreparable, in resentment of injuries known only to ourselves, of which death has put the authors beyond our power.

Philosophy has accumulated precept upon precept, to warn us against the anticipation of future calamities. All useless misery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before they come may be deservedly censured ; yet surely to dread the future is more reasonable than to lament the past. The business of life is to go forwards : he who sees evil in prospect meets it in his way ; but he who catches it by retrospection turns back to find it. That

which is feared may sometimes be avoided, but that which is regretted to-day may be regretted again to-morrow.

Regret is indeed useful and virtuous, and not only allowable but necessary, when it tends to the amendment of life, or to admonition of error which we may be again in danger of committing. But a very small part of the moments spent in meditation on the past, produce any reasonable caution or salutary sorrow. Most of the mortifications that we have suffered, arose from the concurrence of local and temporary circumstances, which can never meet again ; and most of our disappointments have succeeded those expectations, which life allows not to be formed a second time.

It would add much to human happiness, if an art could be taught of forgetting all of which the remembrance is at once useless and afflictive, if that pain which never can end in pleasure could be driven totally away, that the mind might perform its functions without incumbrance, and the past might no longer encroach upon the present.

Little can be done well to which the whole mind is not applied ; the business of every day calls for the day to which it is assigned ; and he will have no leisure to regret yesterday's vexations who resolves not to have a new subject of regret to-morrow.

But to forget or to remember at pleasure, are equally beyond the power of man. Yet as memory may be assisted by method, and the decays of knowledge repaired by stated times of recollection, so the power of forgetting is capable of improvement.

Reason will, by a resolute contest, prevail over imagination, and the power may be obtained of transferring the attention as judgment shall direct.

The incursions of troublesome thoughts are often violent and importunate ; and it is not easy to a mind accustomed to their inroads to expel them immediately by putting better images into motion ; but this enemy of quiet is above all others weakened by every defeat; the reflexion which has been once overpowered and ejected, seldom returns with any formidable vehemence.

Employment is the great instrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire from its enemy into total vacancy, or turn aside from one object but by passing to another. The gloomy and the resentful are always found among those who have nothing to do, or who do nothing. We must be busy about good or evil, and he to whom the present offers nothing will often be looking backward on the past.

No. 73. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1759.

1 H A T every man would be rich if a wish could obtain riches, is a position which I believe few will contest, at least in a nation like ours, in which commerce has kindled an universal emulation of wealth, and in which money receives all the honours which are the proper right of knowledge and of virtue.

Yet though we are all labouring for gold as for the chief good, and, by the natural effort of unwearied diligence, have found many expeditious methods of obtaining it, we have not been able to improve the art of using it, or to make it produce more happiness than it afforded in former times, when every declaimer expatiated on its mischiefs, and every philosopher taught his followers to despise it.

Many of the dangers imputed of old to exorbitant wealth, are now at an end. The rich are neither waylaid by robbers, nor watched by informers ; there is nothing to be dreaded from proscriptions, or seizures. The necessity of concealing treasure has long ceased ; no man now needs counterfeit mediocrity, and condemn his plate and jewels to caverns and darkness, or feast his mind with the consciousness of clouded splendour, of finery which is useless till it is shewn, and which he dares not shew.

In our time the poor are strongly tempted to assume the appearance of wealth, but the wealthy very rarely desire to be thought poor ; for we are all at full liberty to display riches by every mode of ostentation. We fill our houses with useless ornaments, only to shew that we can buy them; we cover our coaches with gold, and employ artists in the discovery of new fashions of expence; and yet it cannot be found that riches produce happiness.

Of riches, as of every thing else, the hope is more than the enjoyment ; while we consider them as the means to be used, at some future time, for the attainment of felicity, we press on our pursuit ardently and vigorously, and that ardour secures us from weariness of ourselves; but no sooner do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions, than we find them insufficient to fill up the vacuities of life.

One cause which is not always observed of the insufficiency of riches, is, that they very seldom make their owner rich. To be rich, is to have more than is desired, and more than is wanted ; to have something which may be spent without reluctance, and scattered without care, with which the sudden demands of desire may be gratified, the casual freaks of fancy indulged, or the unexpected opportunities of benevolence improved.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault. There is another poverty to which the rich are exposed with less guilt by the officiousness of others. Every man, eminent for exuberance of fortune, is surrounded from morning to evening,

and from evening to midnight, by flatterers, whose art of adulation consists in exciting artificial wants, and in forming new schemes of profusion.

Tom Tranquil, when he came to age, found himself in possession of a fortune, of which the twentieth part might perhaps have made him rich. His temper is easy, and his affections soft ; he receives every man with kindness, and hears him with credulity. His friends took care to settle him by giving him a wife, whom, having no particular inclination, he rather accepted than chose, because he was told that she was proper for him.

He was now to live with dignity proportionate to his fortune. What his fortune requires or admits *Tom* does not know, for he has little skill in computation, and none of his friends think it their interest to improve it. If he was suffered to live by his own choice, he would leave every thing as he finds it, and pass through the world distinguished only by inoffensive gentleness. But the ministers of luxury have marked him out as one at whose expence they may exercise their arts. A companion, who had just learned the names of the *Italian* masters, runs from sale to sale, and buys pictures, for which *Mr. Tranquil* pays, without inquiring where they shall be hung. Another fills his garden with statues, which *Tranquil* wishes away, but dares not remove. One of his friends is learning architecture by building him a house, which he passed by, and inquired to whom it belonged ; another has been for three years digging canals and raising mounts, cutting trees down in one place, and planting them in another, on which

Tranquil looks with serene indifference, without asking what will be the cost. Another projector tells him that a water-work, like that of *Versailles*, will complete the beauties of his seat, and lays his draughts before him ; *Tranquil* turns his eyes upon them, and the artist begins his explanations; *Tranquil* raises no objections, but orders him to begin the work, that he may escape from talk which he does not understand.

Thus a thousand hands are busy at his expence, without adding to his pleasures. He pays and receives visits, and has loitered in public or in solitude, talking in summer of the town, and in winter of the country, without knowing that his fortune is impaired, till his steward told him this morning, that he could pay the workmen no longer but by mortgaging a manor.

No. 74 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1759.

IN the mythological pedigree of learning, memory is made the mother of the muses, by which the masters of ancient wisdom, perhaps, meant to shew the necessity of storing the mind copiously with true notions, before the imagination should be suffered to form fictions or collect embellishments ; for the works of an ignorant poet can afford nothing higher than pleasing sound, and fiction is of no other use than to display the treasures of memory.

The necessity of memory to the acquisition of knowledge is inevitably felt and universally allowed, so that scarcely any other of the mental faculties are commonly considered as necessary to a student : he that admires the proficiency of another, always **attributes it** to the happiness of his memory ; and he that laments his own defects, concludes with a wish that his memory was better.

It is evident, that when the power of retention is weak, all the attempts at eminence of knowledge must be vain ; and as few are willing to be doomed to perpetual ignorance, I may, perhaps, afford consolation to some that have fallen too easily into despondence, by observing that such weakness is, in my opinion, very rare, and that few have reason to complain of nature as unkindly sparing of the gifts of memory.

In the common business of life, we find the memory of one like that of another, and honestly impute omissions not to involuntary forgetfulness, but culpable inattention ; but in literary inquiries, failure is imputed rather to want of memory than of diligence.

We consider ourselves as defective in memory, either because we remember less than we desire, or less than we suppose others to remember.

Memory is like all other human powers, with which no man can be satisfied who measures them by what he can conceive, or by what he can desire. He whose mind is most capacious, finds it much too narrow for his wishes : he that remembers most, remembers little compared with what he forgets. He therefore that, after the perusal of a book, finds few ideas remaining in his mind, is not to consider the disappointment as peculiar to himself, or to resign all hopes of improvement, because he does not retain what even the author has perhaps forgotten.

He who compares his memory with that of others, is often too hasty to lament the inequality. Nature has sometimes, indeed, afforded examples of enormous, wonderful, and gigantic memory. *Scaliger* reports of himself, that, in his youth, he could repeat above an hundred verses, having once read them ; and *Barthieus* declares, that he wrote his *Comment upon Claudian* without consulting the text. But not to have such degrees of memory, is no more to be lamented, than not to have the strength of *Hercules*, or the swiftness of *Achilles*. He that, in the distribution of good, has an equal

share with common men, may justly be contented. Where there is no striking disparity, it is difficult to know of two which remembers most, and still more difficult to discover which reads with greater attention, which has renewed the first impression by more frequent repetitions, or by what accidental combination of ideas either mind might have united any particular narrative or argument to its former stock.

But memory, however impartially distributed, so often deceives our trust, that almost every man attempts, by some artifice or other, to secure its fidelity.

It is the practice of many readers to note, in the margin of their books, the most important passages, the strongest arguments, or the brightest sentiments. Thus they load their minds with superfluous attention, repress the vehemence of curiosity by useless deliberation, and by frequent interruption break the current of narration or the chain of reason, and at last close the volume, and forget the the passages and marks together.

Others I have found unalterably persuaded, that nothing is certainly remembered but what is transcribed ; and they have therefore passed weeks and months in transferring large quotations to a common-place book. Yet, why any part of a book, which can be consulted at pleasure, should be copied, I was never able to discover. The hand has no closer correspondence with the memory than the eye. The act of writing itself distracts the thoughts, and what is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed. This

method therefore consumes time without assisting memory.

The true art of memory is the art of attention. No man will read with much advantage, who is not able, at pleasure to evacuate his mind, or who brings not to his author an intellect defecated and pure, neither turbid with care, nor agitated by pleasure. If the repositories of thought are already full, what can they receive ? If the mind is employed on the past or future, the book will be held before the eyes in vain. What is read with delight is commonly retained, because pleasure always secures attention ; but the books which are consulted by occasional necessity, and perused with impatience, seldom leave any traces on the mind.

No. 75. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1759.

IN the time when *Bassora* was considered as the school of *Asia*, and flourished by the reputation of its professors and the confluence of its students, among the pupils that listened round the chair of *Albumazar* was *Gelaleddin*, a native of *Tauris* in *Persia*, a young man amiable in his manners and beautiful in his form, of boundless curiosity, incessant diligence, and irresistible genius, of quick apprehension and tenacious memory, accurate without narrowness, and eager for novelty without inconstancy.

No sooner did *Gelaleddin* appear at *Bassora*, than his virtues and abilities raised him to distinction. He passed from class to class, rather admired than envied by those whom the rapidity of his progress left behind ; he was consulted by his fellow-students as an oraculous guide, and admitted as a competent auditor to the conferences of the sages.

After a few years, having passed through all the exercises of probation, *Gelaleddin* was invited to a professor's seat, and entreated to increase the splendour of *Bassora*. *Gelaleddin* affected to deliberate on the proposal, with which, before he considered it, he resolved to comply ; and next morning retired to a garden planted for the recreation of the students, and entering a solitary walk, began to meditate upon his future life.

" If I am thus eminent," said he, " in the regions
" of literature, I shall be yet more conspicuous in
" any other place ; if I should now devote myself
" to study and retirement, I must pass my life in
" silence, unacquainted with the delights of wealth,
" the influence of power, the pomp of greatness,
" and the charms of elegance, with all that man
" envies and desires, with all that keeps the world
" in motion, by the hope of gaining or the fear of
" losing it. I will therefore depart to *Tauris*, where
" the *Persian* monarch resides in all the splendour
" of absolute dominion : my reputation will fly
" before me, my arrival will be congratulated by
" my kindsmen and my friend : I shall see the eyes
" of those who predict my greatness sparkling with
" exultation, and the faces of those that once de-
" spised me clouded with envy, or counterfeiting
" kindness by artificial smiles. I will shew my
" wisdom by my discourse, and my moderation by
" my silence ; I will instruct the modest with easy
" gentleness, and repress the ostentatious by sea-
" sonable superciliousness. My apartments will
" be crowded by the inquisitive and the vain, by
" those that honour and those that rival me ; my
" name will soon reach the court; I shall stand be-
" fore the throne of the emperor; the judges of the
" law will confess my wisdom, and the nobles will
" contend to heap gifts upon me. If I shall find
" that my merit like that of others, excites malig-
" nity, or feel myself tottering on the seat of eleva-
" tion, I may at last retire to academical obscurity,
" and become, in my lowest state, a professor of

Having thus settled his determination, he declared to his friends his design of visiting *Tauris*, and saw with more pleasure than he ventured to express, the regret with which he was dismissed. He could not bear to delay the honours to which he was destined, and therefore hastened away, and in a short time entered the capital of *Persia*. He was immediately immersed in the crowd, and passed unobserved to his father's house. He entered, and was received, though not unkindly, yet without any excess of fondness or acclamations of rapture. His father had, in his absence, suffered many losses, and *Gelaleddin* was considered as an additional burden to a falling family.

When he recovered from his surprise, he began to display his acquisitions, and practised all the arts of narration and disquisition ; but the poor have no leisure to be pleased with eloquence ; they heard his arguments without reflection, and his pleasantries without a smile. He then applied himself singly to his brothers and sisters, but found them all chained down by invariable attention to their own fortunes, and insensible of any other excellence than that which could bring some remedy for indigence.

It was now known in the neighbourhood that *Gelaleddin* was returned, and he sat for some days in expectation that the learned would visit him for consultation, or the great for entertainment. But who will be pleased or instructed in the mansions of poverty ? He then frequented places of public resort, and endeavoured to attract notice by the copiousness of his talk. The spritely were silenced, and went away to censure in some other place his

arrogance and his pedantry ; and the dull listened quietly for a while, and then wondered why any man should take pains to obtain so much knowledge which would never do him good.

He next solicited the visiers for employment, not doubting but his service would be eagerly accepted. He was told by one that there was no vacancy in his office ; by another, that his merit was above any patronage but that of the emperor ; by a third, that he would not forget him ; and by the chief visier, that he did not think literature of any great use in public business. He was sometimes admitted to their tables, where he exerted his wit and diffused his knowledge ; but he observed, that where, by endeavour or accident, he had remarkably excelled, he was seldom invited a second time.

He now returned to *Bassora*, wearied and disgusted, but confident of resuming his former rank, and revelling again in satiety of praise. But he who had been neglected at *Tauris*, was not much regarded at *Bassora*; he was considered as a fugitive, who returned only because he could live in no other place ; his companions found that they had formerly over-rated his abilities, and he lived long without notice or esteem.

No. 76. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I WAS much pleased with your ridicule of those shallow critics, whose judgment, though often right as for it goes, yet reaches only to inferior beauties, and who, unable to comprehend the whole, judge only by parts, and from thence determine the merit of extensive works. But there is another kind of critic still worse, who judges by narrow rules, and those too often false, and which, though they should be true, and founded on nature, will lead him but a very little way toward the just estimation of the sublime beauties in works of genius ; for whatever part of an art can be executed or criticised by rules, that part is no longer the work of genius, which implies excellence out of the reach of rules. For my own part, I profess myself an *Idler*, and love to give my judgment, such as it is, from my immediate perceptions, without much fatigue of thinking ; and I am of opinion, that if a man has not those perceptions right, it will be vain for him to endeavour to supply their place by rules, which may enable him to talk more learnedly, but not to distinguish more acutely. Another reason which has lessened my affection for the study of criticism is,

that critics, so far as I have observed, debar themselves from receiving any pleasure from the polite arts, at the same time that they profess to love and admire them : for these rules, being always uppermost, give them such a propensity to criticise, that, instead of giving up the reins of their imagination into their author's hands, their frigid minds are employed in examining whether the performance be according to the rules of art.

To those who are resolved to be critics in spite of nature, and at the same time have no great disposition to much reading and study, I would recommend to them to assume the character of connoisseur, which may be purchased at a much cheaper rate than that of a critic in poetry. The remembrance of a few names of painters, with their general characters, with a few rules of the academy, which they may pick up among the painters, will go a great way towards making a very notable connoisseur.

With a gentleman of this cast, I visited last week the *Cartoons* at *Hampton-court* ; he was just returned from *Italy*, a connoisseur of course, and of course his mouth full of nothing but the grace of *Raffaelle*, the purity of *Domenichino*, the learning of *Poussin*, the air of *Guido*, the greatness of taste of the *Charaches*, and the sublimity and grand contorno of *Michael Angelo*; with all the rest of the cant of criticism, which he emitted with that volubility which generally those orators have who annex no ideas to their words.

As we were passing through the rooms, in our way to the gallery, I made him observe a **whole**

length of *Charles the First* by *Vandyke*, as a perfect representation of the character as well as the figure of the man. He agreed it was very fine, but it wanted spirit and contrast, and had not the flowing line, without which a figure could not possibly be graceful. When we entered the gallery, I thought I could perceive him recollecting his rules by which he was to criticise *Raffaelle*. I shall pass over his observation of the boats being too little, and other criticisms of that kind, till we arrived at *St. Paul preaching*. "This," says he, "is esteemed the most excellent of all the *cartoons*; what nobleness, what dignity, there is in that figure of *St. Paul*! and yet what an addition to that nobleness could *Raffaelle* have given, had the art of contrast been known in his time! but, above all, the flowing line, which constitutes grace and beauty! You would not then have seen an upright figure standing equally on both legs, and both hands stretched forward in the same direction, and his drapery, to all appearance, without the least art of disposition." The following picture is the *Charge to Peter*. "Here," says he, "are twelve upright figures; what a pity it is that *Raffaelle* was not acquainted with the pyramidal principle! He would then have contrived the figures in the middle to have been on higher ground, or the figures at the extremities stooping or lying, which would not only have formed the group into the shape of a pyramid, but likewise contrasted the standing figures. Indeed," added he, "I have often lamented that so great a genius as *Raffaelle* had not lived in this enlightened age, since the art

has been reduced to principles, and had had his education in one of the modern academies ; what glorious works might we then have expected from his divine pencil !"

I shall trouble you no longer with my friend's observations, which, I suppose, you are now able to continue by yourself. It is curious to observe, that, at the same time that great admiration is pretended for a name of fixed reputation, objections are raised against those very qualities by which that great name was acquired.

Those critics are continually lamenting that *Raffaello* had not the colouring and harmony of *Huberts*, or the light and shadow of *Rembrant*, without considering how much the gay harmony of the former, and affectation of the latter, would take from the dignity of *Raffaello*; and yet *Rubens* had great harmony, and *Rembrant* understood light and shadow : but what may be an excellence in a lower class of painting, becomes a blemish in a higher; as the quick, spritely turn, Which is the life and beauty of epigrammatic compositions, would but ill suit with the majesty of heroic poetry.

To conclude : I would not be thought to infer, from any thing that has been said, that rules are absolutely unnecessary ; but to censure scrupulosity, a servile attention to minute exactness, which is sometimes inconsistent with higher excellency, and is lost in the blaze of expanded genius.

I do not know whether you will think painting a general subject. By inserting this letter, perhaps you will incur the censure a man would deserve,

whose business being to entertain a whole room, should turn his back to the company, and talk to a particular person.

I am, SIR, &c.



No. 77. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1759.

EASY poetry is universally admired; but I know not whether any rule has yet been fixed, by which it may be decided when poetry can be properly called easy. *Horace* has told us, that it is such as *every reader hopes to equal, but after long labour finds unattainable*. This is a very loose description, in which only the effect is noted; the qualities which produce this effect remain to be investigated.

Easy poetry is that in which natural thoughts are expressed without violence to the language. The discriminating character of ease consists principally in the diction; for all true poetry requires that the sentiments be natural. Language suffers violence by harsh or by daring figures, by transposition, by unusual acceptations of words, and by any licence, which would be avoided by a writer of prose. Where any artifice appears in the construction of the verse, that verse is no longer easy. Any epithet

which can be ejected without diminution of the sense, any curious iteration of the same word, and all unusual, though not ungrammatical structure of speech, destroy the grace of easy poetry.

The first lines of *Popes Iliad* afford examples of many licences which an easy writer must decline :

*Achilles wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly Goddess sing,
The wrath which hurl'd to Plato's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain.*

In the first couplet the language is distorted by inversions, clogged with superfluities, and clouded by a harsh metaphor; and in the second there are two words used in an uncommon sense, and two epithets inserted only to lengthen the line; all these practices may in a long work easily be pardoned, but they always produce some degree of obscurity, and ruggedness.

Easy poetry has been so long excluded by ambition of ornament, and luxuriance of imagery, that its nature seems now to be forgotten. Affectation, however opposite to ease, is sometimes mistaken for it: and those who aspire to gentle elegance, collect female phrases and fashionable barbarisms, and imagine that style to be easy which custom has made familiar. Such was the idea of the poet who wrote the following verses to a *countess cutting paper* :

*Pallas grew vap'rish once and odd,
She would not do the least right thing
Either for Goddess or for God,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.*

Jove frown'd, and "Use, (he cry'd) those eyes
" So skilful, and those hands so taper;
" Do something exquisite and wise"—
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all Heaven a *burning shame*,
What does she next, but bids on earth
Her *Burlington* do just the same?

Pallas, you give yourself *strange airs*;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one that bears
The name of *Savile* and of *Boyle*.

Alas! one bad example shown,
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam! see the arts o'erthrown
Between *John Overton* and you.

It is the prerogative of easy poetry to be understood as long as the language lasts ; but modes of speech, which owe their prevalence only to modish folly, or to the eminence of those that use them, die away with their inventors, and their meaning, in a few years, is no longer known.

Easy poetry is commonly sought in petty compositions upon minute subjects ; but ease, though it excludes pomp, will admit greatness. Many lines in *Cato's* soliloquy are at once easy and sublime :

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
—If there's a power above us,
And that there is all nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works, he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy.

Nor is ease more contrary to wit than to sublimity • the celebrated stanza of *Cowley*, on a lady elaborately dressed, loses nothing of its freedom by the spirit of the sentiment :

TV adorning thee with so much ait
Is but a barb'rous skill,
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill,

Cowley seems to have possessed the power of writing easily beyond any other of our poets ; yet his pursuit of remote thought led him often into harshness of expression. *Waller* often attempted, but seldom attained it ; for he is too frequently driven into transpositions. The poets, from the time of *Dryden*, have gradually advanced in embellishment and consequently departed from simplicity and ease.

To require from any author many pieces of easy poetry, would be indeed to oppress him with too hard a task. It is less difficult to write a volume of lines swelled with epithets, brightened by figures, and stiffened by transpositions, than to produce a few couplets graced only by naked elegance and simple purity, which require so much care and skill, that I doubt whether any of our authors have yet been able, for twenty lines together, nicely to observe the true definition of easy poetry.

No. 78. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1759.

I HAVE passed the summer in one of those places to which a mineral spring gives the idle and luxurious an annual reason for resorting, whenever they fancy themselves offended by the heat of *London*. What is the true motive of this periodical assembly, I have never yet been able to discover. The greater part of the visitants neither feel diseases nor fear them. What pleasure can be expected more than the variety of the journey, I know not, for the numbers are too great for privacy, and too small for diversion. As each is known to be a spy upon the rest, they all live in continual restraint; and having but a narrow range for censure, they gratify its cravings by preying on one another.

But every condition has some advantages. In this confinement, a smaller circle affords opportunities for more exact observation. The glass that magnifies its object contracts the sight to a point; and the mind must be fixed upon a single character to remark its minute peculiarities. The quality or habit which passes unobserved in the tumult of successive multitudes, becomes conspicuous when it is offered to the notice day after day; and perhaps I have, without any distinct notice, seen thousands like my late companions; for when the scene can be varied at pleasure, a slight disgust turns us

aside before a deep impression can be made upon the mind.

There was a select sett, supposed to be distinguished by superiority of intellects, who always passed the evening together. To be admitted to their conversation was the highest honour of the place ; many youths aspired to distinction, by pretending to occasional invitations; and the ladies were often wishing to be men, that they might partake the pleasures of learned society.

I know not whether by merit or destiny, I was, soon after my arrival, admitted to this envied party, which I frequented till I had learned the art by which each endeavoured to support his character.

Tom Steady was a vehement assertor of uncontroverted truth; and by keeping himself out of the reach of contradiction, had acquired all the confidence which the consciousness of irresistible abilities could have given. I was once mentioning a man of eminence, and, after having recounted his virtues, endeavoured to represent him fully, by mentioning his faults. Sir, said Mr. Steady, *that he has faults I can easily believe, for who is without them ? No man, Sir, is now alive, among the innumerable multitudes that swarm upon the earth, however wise, or however good, who has not, in some degree, his failings and his faults. If there be any man faultless, bring him forth into public view, shew him openly, and let him be known ; but I will venture to affirm, and, till the contrary be plainly shewn, shall always maintain, that no such man is to be found. Tell not me, Sir, of impeccability and perfection ; such talk is for those that are strangers in the world : I have*

seen several nations, and conversed with all ranks of people : I have known the great and the mean, the learned and the ignorant, the old and the young, the clerical and the lay ; but I have never found a man without a fault ; and I suppose shall die in the opinion, that to be human is to be frail.

To all this nothing could be opposed. I listened with a hanging head ; Mr. *Steady* looked round on the hearers with triumph, and saw every eye congratulating his victory ; he departed, and spent the next morning in following those who retired from the company, and telling them, with injunctions of secrecy, how poor *Spritely* began to take liberties with men wiser than himself ; but that he suppressed him by a decisive argument, which put him totally to silence.

Dick Snug is a man of sly remark and pithy sententiousness: he never immerses himself in the stream of conversation, but lies to catch his companions in the eddy : he is often very successful in breaking narratives and confounding eloquence. A gentleman, giving the history of one of his acquaintance, made mention of a lady that had many lovers : *Then*, said *Dick*, *she was either handsome or rich.* This observation being well received, *Dick* watched the progress of the tale ; and hearing of a man lost in a shipwreck, remarked, that *no man was ever drowned upon dry land.*

Will Startle is a man of exquisite sensibility, whose delicacy of frame and quickness of discernment, subject him to impressions from the slightest causes ; and who therefore passes his life between rapture and horror, in quiverings of delight, or con-

vulsions of disgust. His emotions are too violent for many words ; his thoughts are always discovered by exclamations. *Vile, odious, horrid, detestable, and sweet, charming, delightful, astonishing,* compose almost his whole vocabulary, which he utters with various contortions and gesticulations, not easily related or described.

Jack Solid is a man of much reading, who utters nothing but quotations ; but having been, I suppose, too confident of his memory, he has for some time neglected his books, and his stock grows every day more scanty. Mr. *Solid* has found an opportunity every night to repeat, from *Hudibras*,

**Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat ;**

and from *Waller*,

**Poets lose hall' the praise they would have got,
Were it but known that they discreetly blot.**

Dick Misty is a man of deep research, and forcible penetration. Others are content with superficial appearances; but *Dick* holds, that there is no effect without a cause, and values himself upon his power of explaining the difficult, and displaying the abstruse. Upon a dispute among us, which of two young strangers was more beautiful, *You*, says Mr. *Misty*, turning to me, *like Amaranthia better than Choloris. I do not wonder at the preference, for the cause is evident : there is in man a perception of harmony, and a sensibility of perfection, which touches the finer fibres of the mental texture ; and be-*

fore reason can descend from her throne, to pass her sentence upon the things compared, drives us towards the object proportioned to our faculties, by an impulse gentle, yet irresistible ; for the harmonic system of the Universe, and the reciprocal magnetism of similar natures, are always operating towards conformity and union ; nor can the powers of the soul cease from agitation, till they find something on which they can repose. To this nothing was opposed; and Amaranthia was acknowledged to excel Chloris.

Of the rest you may expect an account from,

SIR, yours,

ROBIN SPRITELY.

No. 79. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1769.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

YOUR acceptance of a former letter on painting, gives me encouragement to offer a few more sketches on the same subject.

Amongst the painters, and the writers on painting, there is one maxim universally admitted and continually inculcated. *Imitate nature* is the invariable rule ! but I know none who have explained in what manner this rule is to be understood ; the consequence of which is, that every one takes it in the most obvious sense, that objects are represented naturally when they have such relief that they seem real. It may appear strange, perhaps, to hear this sense of the rule disputed ; but it must be considered, that, if the excellency of a painter consisted only in this kind of imitation, painting must lose its rank, and be no longer considered as a liberal art, and sister to poetry, this imitation being merely mechanical, in which the slowest intellect is always sure to succeed best ; for the painter of genius cannot stoop to drudgery, in which the understanding has no part ; and what pretence has the art to claim kindred with poetry, but by its powers over the imagination ? To this power the painter of genius directs him ; in this sense he studies nature, and

often arrives at his end, even by being unnatural in the confined sense of the word.

The grand style of painting requires this minute attention to be carefully avoided, and must be kept as separate from it as the style of poetry from that of history. Poetical ornaments destroy that air of truth and plainness which ought to characterise history ; but the very being of poetry consists in departing from this plain narration, and adopting every ornament that will warm the imagination. To desire to see the excellences of each style united, to mingle the *Dutch* with the *Italian* school, is to join contrarieties which cannot subsist together, and which destroy the efficacy of each other. The *Italian* attends only to the invariable, the great and general ideas which are fixed and inherent in universal nature ; the *Dutch*, on the contrary, to literal truth and a minute exactness in the detail, as I may say of nature modified by accident. The attention to these petty peculiarities is the very cause of this naturalness so much admired in the *Dutch* pictures, which, if we suppose it to be a beauty, is certainly of a lower order, which ought to give place to a beauty of a superior kind, since one cannot be obtained but by departing from the other.

If my opinion was asked concerning the works of *Michael Angela*, whether they would receive any advantage from professing this mechanical merit, I should not scruple to say they would not only receive no advantage, but would lose, in a great measure, the effect which they now have on every mind susceptible of great and noble ideas. His works

may be said to be **all** genius **and** soul ; and why should they be loaded with heavy matter, which can only counteract his purpose by retarding the progress of the imagination.

If this opinion should be thought one of the wild extravagances of enthusiasm, I shall only say, that those who censure it are not conversant in the works of the great masters. It is very difficult to determine the exact degree of enthusiasm that the arts of painting and poetry may admit. There may perhaps be too great an indulgence, as well as too great a restraint of imagination ; and if the one produces incoherent monsters, the other produces what is full as bad, lifeless insipidity. An intimate knowledge of the passions, and good sense, but not common sense, must at last determine its limits. It has been thought, and I believe with reason, that *Michael Angelo* sometimes transgressed those limits ; and I think I have seen figures of him of which it was very difficult to determine whether they were in the highest degree sublime or extremely ridiculous. Such faults, may be said to be the ebullitions of genius ; but at least he had this merit, that he never was insipid, and whatever passion his works may excite, they will always escape contempt.

What I have had under consideration is the sublimest style, particularly that of *Michael Angelo*, the *Homer* of painting. Other kinds may admit of this naturalness, which of the lowest kind is the chief merit ; but in painting, as in poetry, the highest style has the least of common nature.

One may very safely recommend a little more enthusiasm to the modern painters ; too much is cer-

tainly not the vice of the present age. The *Italians* seem to have been continually declining in this respect from the time of *Michael Angelo* to that of *Carlo Maratti*, and from thence to the very bathos of insipidity to which they are now sunk ; so that there is no need of remarking, that where I mentioned the *Italian* painters in opposition to the *Dutch*, I mean not the moderns, but the heads of the old *Roman* and *Bolognian* schools ; nor did I mean to include in my idea of an *Italian* painter, the *Venetian* school, which may be said to be the *Dutch* part of the *Italian* genius. I have only to add a word of advice to the painters, that, however excellent they may be in painting naturally, they would not flatter themselves very much upon it ; and to the connoisseur, that when they see a cat or fiddle painted so finely, that, as the phrase is, *It looks as if you could take it up*, they would not for that reason immediately compare the painter to *Raffaelle* and *Michael Angelo*.

No. 80. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1759.

THAT every day has its pains and sorrows is universally experienced, and almost universally confessed : but let us not attend only to mournful truths; if we look impartially about us, we shall find that every day has likewise its pleasures and its

The time is now come when the town is again beginning to be full, and the rusticated beauty sees an end of her banishment. Those whom the tyranny of fashion had condemned to pass the summer among shades and brooks, are now preparing to return to plays, balls, and assemblies, with health restored by retirement, and spirits kindled by expectation.

Many a mind, which has languished some months without emotion or desire, now feels a sudden renovation of its faculties. It was long ago observed by *Puthagoras*, that ability and necessity dwell near each other. She that wandered in the garden without sense of its fragrance, and lay day after day stretched upon a couch behind a green curtain, unwilling to wake, and unable to sleep, now summons her thoughts to consider which of her last year's clothes shall be seen again, and to anticipate the raptures of a new suit ; the day and the night are now filled with occupation} the laces, which were too fine to be worn among rustics, are taken from the boxes and reviewed, and the eye is no

sooner closed after its labours, than whole shops of silk busy the fancy.

But happiness is nothing if it is not known, and very little if it is not envied. Before the day of departure a week is always appropriated to the payment and reception of ceremonial visits, at which nothing can be mentioned but the delight of *London*. The lady who is hastening to the scene of action flutters her wings, displays her prospects of felicity, tells how she grudges every moment of delay, and, in the presence of those whom she knows are condemned to stay at home, is sure to wonder by what arts life can be made supportable through a winter in the country, and to tell how often, amidst the extasies of an opera, she shall pity those friends whom she has left behind. Her hope of giving pain is seldom disappointed ; the affected indifference of one, the faint congratulations of another, the wishes of some openly confessed, and the silent dejection of the rest, all exalt their opinion of her own superiority.

But, however we may labour for our own deception, truth, though unwelcome, will sometimes intrude upon the mind. They who have already enjoyed the crowds and noise of the great city, know that their desire to return is little more than the restlessness of a vacant mind, that they are not so much led by hope as driven by disgust, and wish rather to leave the country than to see the town. There is commonly in every coach a passenger enwrapped in silent expectation, whose joy is more sincere, and whose hopes are more exalted. The virgin whom the last summer released from her go-

verness, and who is now going between her mother and her aunt to try the fortune of her wit and beauty, suspects no fallacy in the gay representation. She believes herself passing into another world, and imagines *London* as an elysian region, where every hour has its proper pleasure, where nothing is seen but the blaze of wealth, and nothing heard but merriment and flattery ; where the morning always rises on a show, and the evening closes on a ball ; where the eyes are used only to sparkle, and the feet only to dance.

Her aunt and her mother amuse themselves on the road, with telling her of dangers to be dreaded, and cautions to be observed. She hears them as they heard their predecessors, with incredulity or contempt. She sees that they have ventured and escaped ; and one of the pleasures which she promises herself is to detect their falsehoods, and be freed from their admonitions.

We are inclined to believe those whom we do not know, because they never have deceived us. The fair adventurer may perhaps listen to the *Idler*, whom she cannot suspect of rivalry or malice ; yet he scarcely expects to be credited when he tells her, that her expectations will likewise end in disappointment.

The uniform necessities of human nature produce in a great measure uniformity of life, and for part of the day make one place like another ; to dress and to undress, to eat and to sleep, are the same in *London* as in the country. The supernumerary hours have indeed a great variety both of pleasure and of pain. The stranger, gazed on by multitudes at her first appearance in the Park, is perhaps on the

highest summit of female happiness; but how great is the anguish when the novelty of another face draws her worshippers away! The heart may leap for a time under a fine gown; but the sight of a gown yet finer puts an end to rapture. In the first row at an opera two hours may be happily passed in listening to the music on the stage, and watching the glances of the company ; but how will the night end in despondency when she, that imagined herself the sovereign of the place, sees lords contending to lead *Iris* to her chair ! There is little pleasure in conversation to her whose wit is regarded but in the second place : and who can dance with ease or spirit that sees *Amaryllis* led out before her ? She that fancied nothing but a succession of pleasures, will find herself engaged without design in numberless competitions, and mortified without provocation with numberless afflictions.

But I do not mean to extinguish that ardour which I wish to moderate, or to discourage those whom I am endeavouring to restrain. To know the world is necessary, since we were born for the help of one another ; and to know it early is convenient, if it be only that we may learn early to despise it. She that brings to *London* a mind well prepared for improvement, though she misses her hope of uninterrupted happiness, will gain in return an opportunity of adding knowledge to vivacity, and enlarging innocence to virtue.

No. 81. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1759.

As the *English* army was passing towards *Quebec* along a soft savanna between a mountain and a lake, one of the petty chiefs of the inland regions stood upon a rock surrounded by his clan, and from behind the shelter of the bushes contemplated the art and regularity of *European* war. It was evening*, the tents were pitched : he observed the security with which the troops rested in the night, and the order with which the march was renewed in the morning. He continued to pursue them with his eye till they could be seen no longer, and then stood for some time silent and pensive.

Then turning to his followers, " My children " (said he) I have often heard from men hoary " with long life, that there was a time when our " ancestors were absolute lords of the woods, the " meadows, and the lakes, wherever the eye can " reach or the foot can pass. They fished and " hunted, feasted and danced, and when they " were weary lay down under the first thicket, " without danger, and without fear. They changed " their habitations as the seasons required, convenience prompted, or curiosity allured them ; and

" sometimes gathered the fruits of the mountain, and sometimes sported in canoes along the coast.

" Many years and ages are supposed to have been thus passed in plenty and security; when, at last, a new race of men entered our country from the great ocean. They inclosed themselves in habitations of stone, which our ancestors could neither enter by violence, nor destroy by fire. They issued from those fastnesses, sometimes covered like the armadillo with shells, from which the lance rebounded on the striker, and sometimes carried by mighty beasts which had never been seen in our vales or forests, of such strength and swiftness, that flight and opposition were vain alike. Those invaders ranged over the continent, slaughtering in their rage those that resisted, and those that submitted, in their mirth. Of those that remained, some were buried in caverns, and condemned to dig metals for their masters; some were employed in tilling the ground, of which foreign tyrants devour the produce; and, when the sword and the mines have destroyed the natives, they supply their place by human beings of another colour, brought from some distant country to perish here under toil and torture.

" Some there are who boast their humanity, and content themselves to seize our chaces and fisheries, who drive us from every track of ground where fertility and pleasantness invite them to settle, and make no war upon us except when we intrude upon our own lands.

" Others pretend to have purchased a right of
" residence and tyranny ; but surely the insolence
" of such bargains is more offensive than the avowed
" and open dominion of force. What reward can
" induce the possessor of a country to admit a
" stranger more powerful than himself ? Fraud or
" terror must operate in such contracts; either they
" promised protection which they never have af-
" forded, or instruction which they never imparted.
" We hoped to be secured by their favor from
" some other evil, or to learn the arts of *Europe*,
" by which we might be able to secure ourselves.
" Their power they never have exerted in our de-
" fence, and their arts they have studiously con-
" cealed from us. Their treaties are only to de-
" ceive, and their traffick only to defraud us.
" They have a written law among them, of which
" they boast as derived from Him who made the
" earth and sea, and by which they profess to be-
" lieve that man will be made happy when life
" shall forsake him. Why is not this law com-
" municated to us ? It is concealed because it is
" violated. For how can they preach it to an
" *Indian* nation, when I am told that one of its
" first precepts forbids them to do to others
" what they would not that others should do to
" them ?

" But the time perhaps is now approaching
" when the pride of usurpation shall be crushed,
" and the cruelties of invasion shall be revenged.
" The sons of rapacity have now drawn their
" swords upon each other, and referred their
" claims to the decision of war ; let us look un-

"concerned upon the slaughter, and remember
" that the death of every *European* delivers the
" country from a tyrant and a robber; for what
" is the claim of either nation, but the claim of the
" vulture to the leveret, of the tiger to the fawn ?
" Let them then continue to dispute their title to
" regions which they cannot people, to purchase
" by danger and blood the empty dignity of do-
" minion over mountains which they will never
" climb, and rivers which they will never pass.
" Let us endeavour, in the mean time, to learn
" their discipline, and to forge their weapons ; and,
" when they shall be weakened with mutual
" slaughter, let us rush down upon them, force
" their remains to take shelter in their ships, and
" reign once more in our native country."

No. 82. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

DISCOURSING in my last letter on the different practice of the *Italian* and *Dutch* painters, I observed, that " the *Italian* painter attends " only to the invariable, the great and general " ideas which are fixed and inherent in universal " nature."

I was led into the subject of this letter by endeavouring to fix the original cause of this conduct of the *Italian* masters. If it can be proved that by this choice they selected the most beautiful part of the creation, it will shew how much their principles are founded on reason, and, at the same time, discover the origin of our ideas of beauty.

I suppose it will be easily granted, that no man can judge whether any animal be beautiful in its kind, or deformed, who has seen only one of that species; that is as conclusive in regard to the human figure ; so that if a man, born blind, was to recover his sight, and the most beautiful woman was brought before him, he could not determine whether she was handsome or not ; nor, if the most beautiful and most deformed were produced, could he any better determine to which he should give

the preference, having seen only those two. To distinguish beauty, then, implies the having seen many individuals of that species. If it is asked, how is more skill acquired by the observation of greater numbers? I answer that, in consequence of having seen many, the power is acquired, even without seeking after it, of distinguishing between accidental blemishes and excrescences which are continually varying the surface of Nature's works, and the invariable general form which Nature most frequently produces, and always seems to intend in her productions.

Thus amongst the blades of grass or leaves of the same tree, though no two can be found exactly alike, yet the general form is invariable : A naturalist, before he chose one as a sample, would examine many, since, if he took the first that occurred, it might have, by accident or otherwise, such a form as that it would scarcely be known to belong to that species ; he selects, as the painter does, the most beautiful, that is, the most general form of nature.

Every species of the animal as well as the vegetable creation may be said to have a fixed or determinate form towards which nature is continually inclining, like various lines terminating in the center; or it may be compared to pendulums vibrating in different directions over one central point, and as they all cross the center, though only one passes through any other point, so it will be found that perfect beauty is oftener produced by nature than deformity : I do not mean than deformity in general, but than any one kind of deformity. To in-

stance in a particular part of a feature : the line that forms the ridge of the nose is beautiful when it is strait; this then is the central form, which is oftener found than either concave, convex, or any other irregular form that shall be proposed* As we are then more accustomed to beauty than deformity, we may conclude that to be the reason why we approve and admire it, as we approve and admire customs and fashions of dress for no other reason than that we are used to them ; so that though habit and custom cannot be said to be the cause of beauty, it is certainly the cause of our liking it : and I have no doubt but that, if we were more used to deformity than beauty, deformity would then lose the idea now annexed to it, and take that of beauty ; as, if the whole world should agree that *yes* and *no* should change their meanings, *yes* would then deny, and *no* would affirm.

Whoever undertakes to proceed further in this argument, and endeavours to fix a general criterion of beauty respecting different species, or to shew why one species is more beautiful than another, it will be required from him first to prove that one species is really more beautiful than another. That we prefer one to the other, and with very good reason, will be readily granted ; but it does not follow from thence that we think it a more beautiful form ; for we have no criterion of form by which to determine our judgment. He who says a swan is more beautiful than a dove, means little more than that he has more pleasure in seeing a swan than a dove, either from the stateliness of its motions, or its being a more rare bird ; and he who gives the preference

to the dove, does it from some association of ideas of innocence that he always annexes to the dove ; but, if he pretends to defend the preference he gives to one or the other by endeavouring to prove that this more beautiful form proceeds from a particular gradation of magnitude, undulation of a curve, or direction of a line, or whatever other conceit of his imagination he shall fix on as a criterion of form, he will be continually contradicting himself, and find at last that the great Mother of Nature will not *be* subjected to such narrow rules. Among the various reasons why we prefer one part of her works to another, the most general, I believe, is habit and custom ; custom makes, in a certain sense, white black, and black white ; it is custom alone determines our preference of the colour of the *Europeans* to the *Æthiopians* ; and they, for the same reason, prefer their own colour to ours. I suppose nobody will doubt, if one of their painters were to paint the goddess of beauty, but that he would represent her black, with thick lips, flat nose, and woolly hair ; and, it seems to me, he would act very unnaturally if he did not : *for* by what criterion will any one dispute the propriety of his idea ? We, indeed, say, that the form and colour of the *European* is preferable to that of the *Æthiopian* ; but I know of no other reason we have for it, but that we are more accustomed to it. It is absurd to say, that beauty is possessed of attractive powers, which irresistibly seize the corresponding mind with love and admiration, since that argument is equally conclusive in favour of the white and the black philosopher.

The black and white nations must, in respect of beauty, be considered as of different kinds, at least a different species of the same kind ; from one of which to the other, as I observed, no inference can be drawn.

Novelty is said to be one of the causes of beauty : that novelty is a very sufficient reason why we should admire, is not denied ; but because it is uncommon, is it therefore beautiful ? The beauty that is produced by colour, as when we prefer one bird to another, though of the same form, on account of its colour, has nothing to do with this argument, which reaches only to form. I have here considered the word *beauty* as being properly applied to form alone. There is a necessity of fixing this confined sense ; for there can be no argument, if the sense of the word is extended to every thing that is approved. A rose may as well be said to be beautiful, because it has a fine smell, as a bird because of its colour. When we apply the word *beauty* we do not mean always by it a more beautiful form, but something valuable on account of its rarity, usefulness, colour, or any other property. A horse is said to be a beautiful animal ; but, had a horse as few good qualities as a tortoise, I do not imagine that he would be then esteemed beautiful.

A fitness to the end proposed, is said to be another cause of beauty ; but supposing we were proper judges of what form is the most proper in an animal to constitute strength or swiftness, we always determine concerning its beauty, before we exert our understanding to judge of its fitness.

From what has been said it may be inferred, **that** the works of nature, if we compare one species **with** another, are all equally beautiful; and **that** preference is given from custom, or some association of ideas : and that, in creatures of the same species, beauty is the medium or center of all various forms.

To conclude, then, by way of corollary : if it **has** been proved, that the painter, by attending to **the** invariable and general ideas of nature, produces beauty, he must, by regarding minute particularities and accidental discriminations, deviate **from** the universal rule, and pollute his canvas with deformity.

No. 83. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I SUPPOSE you have forgotten that many weeks ago I promised to send you an account of my companions at the Wells. You would not deny me a place among the most faithful votaries of idleness, if you knew how often I have recollected my engagement, and contented myself to delay the performance for some reason which I durst not examine, because I knew it to be false ; how often I have sat down to write, and rejoiced at interruption ; and how often I have praised the dignity of resolution, determined at night to write in the morning, and referred it in the morning to the quiet hours of night.

I have at last begun what I have long wished at an end, and find it more easy than I expected to continue my narration.

Our assembly could boast no such constellation of intellects as *Clarendon's* band of associates. We had among us no *Selden*, *Falkland*, or *Waller*; but we had men not less important in their own eyes, though less distinguished by the public ; and many a time have we lamented the partiality of mankind, and agreed that men of the deepest inquiry sometimes let their discoveries die away in silence, that

the most comprehensive observers have seldom opportunities of imparting their remarks, and that modest merit passes in the crowd unknown and unheeded.

One of the greatest men of the society was *S I M* *SCRUPLE*, who lives in a continual equipoise of doubt, and is a constant enemy to confidence and dogmatism. *Sim's* favourite topic of conversation is the narrowness of the human mind, the fallaciousness of our senses, the prevalence of early prejudice, and the uncertainty of appearances. *Sim* has many doubts about the nature of death, and is sometimes inclined to believe that sensation may survive motion, and that a dead man may feel though he cannot stir. He has sometimes hinted that man might perhaps have been naturally a quadruped; and thinks it would be very proper, that at the Foundling Hospital some children should be inclosed in an apartment in which the nurses should be obliged to walk half upon four and half upon two, that the younglings, being bred without the prejudice of example, might have no other guide than nature, and might at last come forth into the world as genius should direct, erect or prone, on two legs or on four.

The next in dignity of mien and fluency of talk was *DICK WORMWOOD*, whose sole delight is to find every thing wrong. *Dick* never enters a room but he shews that the door and the chimney are ill-placed. He never walks into the fields but he finds ground ploughed which is fitter for pasture. He is always an enemy to the present fashion. He holds that all the beauty and virtue of women will soon

be destroyed by the use of tea. He triumphs when he talks on the present system of education, and tells us with great vehemence, that we are learning words when we should learn things. He is of opinion that we suck in errors at the nurse's breast, and thinks it extremely ridiculous that children should be taught to use the right hand rather than the left.

BOB STURDY considers it as a point of honour to say again what he has once said, and wonders how any man that has been known to alter his opinion, can look his neighbours in the face. *Bob* is the most formidable disputant of the whole company; for without troubling himself to search **for** reasons, he tires his antagonist with repeated affirmations. When *Bob* has been attacked for an hour with all the powers of eloquence and reason, and his position appears to all but himself utterly untenable, he always closes the debate with his first declaration, introduced by a stout preface of contemptuous civility. "All this is very judicious; you may talk, Sir, as you please; but I will still say what I said at first." *Bob* deals much in universal, which he has now obliged us to let pass without exceptions. He lives on an annuity, and holds that *there are as many thieves as traders*; he is of loyalty unshaken, and always maintains, that *he who sees a Jacobite sees a rascal*.

PHIL GENTLE is an enemy to the rudeness of contradiction and the turbulence of debate. *Phil* has **no** notions of his own, and therefore **willingly** catches from the last speaker such as he **shall drop**. This inflexibility of ignorance is easily accommo-

dated to any tenet; his only difficulty is, when the disputants grow zealous, how to be of two contrary opinions at once. If no appeal is made to his judgment, he has the art of distributing his attention and his smiles in such a manner, that each thinks him of his own party ; but if he is obliged to speak, he then observes that the question is difficult ; that he never received so much pleasure from a debate before; that neither of the controvertists could have found his match in any other company ; that Mr. *Wormwood's* assertion is very well supported, and yet there is great force in what Mr. *Scruple* advanced against it. By this indefinite declaration both are commonly satisfied ; for he that has prevailed is in good humour; and he that has felt his own weakness is very glad to have escaped so well.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

ROBIN SPRITELY.

No. 84. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1759.

BIOGRAPHY is, of the various kinds of narrative writing, that which is most eagerly read, and most easily applied to the purposes of life.

In romances, when the wild field of possibility lies open to invention, the incidents may easily be made more numerous, the vicissitudes more sudden, and the events more wonderful ; but from the time of life when fancy begins to be over-ruled by reason and corrected by experience, the most artful tale raises little curiosity when it is known to be false ; though it may, perhaps, be sometimes read as a model of a neat or elegant style, not for the sake of knowing what it contains, but how it is written ; or those that are weary of themselves, may have recourse to it as a pleasing dream, of which, when they awake, they voluntarily dismiss the images from their minds.

The examples and events of history press, indeed, upon the mind with the weight of truth ; but when they are repositied in the memory, they are oftener employed for shew than use, and rather diversify conversation than regulate life. Few are engaged in such scenes as give them opportunities of growing wiser by the downfall of statesmen or the defeat of generals. The stratagems of war, and the intrigues of courts, are read by far the greater part of mankind with the same indifference as the adventures of fabled heroes, or the revolutions of a fairy

region. Between falsehood and useless truth there is little difference. As gold which he cannot spend will make no man rich, so knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wise.

The mischievous consequences of vice and folly, of irregular desires and predominant passions, are best discovered by those relations which are levelled with the general surface of life, which tell not how any man became great, but how he was made happy; not how he lost the favour of his prince, but how he became discontented with himself.

Those relations are therefore commonly of most value in which the writer tells his own story. He that recounts the life of another, commonly dwells most upon conspicuous events, lessens the familiarity of his tale to increase its dignity, shews his favourite at a distance, decorated and magnified like the ancient actors in their tragic dress, and endeavours to hide the man that he may produce a hero.

But if it be true, which was said by a *French* prince, *That no man was a hero to the servants of his chamber*, it is equally true, that every man is yet less a hero to himself. He that is most elevated above the crowd by the importance of his employments, or the reputation of his genius, feels himself affected by fame or business but as they influence his domestic life. The high and low, as they have the same faculties and the same senses, have no less similitude in their pains and pleasures. The sensations are the same in all, though produced by very different occasions. The prince feels the same pain when an invader seizes a province, as the farmer

when a thief drives away his cow. Men thus equal in themselves will appear equal in honest and impartial biography ; and those whom fortune or nature place at the greatest distance may afford instruction to each other.

The writer of his own life has at least the first qualification of an historian, the knowledge of the truth ; and though it may be plausibly objected that his temptations to disguise it are equal to his opportunities of knowing it, yet I cannot but think that impartiality may be expected with equal confidence from him that relates the passages of his own life, as from him that delivers the transactions of another.

Certainty of knowledge not only excludes mistake, but fortifies veracity. What we collect by conjecture, and by conjecture only can one man judge of another's motives or sentiments, is easily modified by fancy or by desire ; as objects imperfectly discerned take forms from the hope or fear of the beholder. But that which is fully known cannot be falsified but with reluctance of understanding, and alarm of conscience : of understanding, the lover of truth ; of conscience, the sentinel of virtue.

He that writes the life of another is either his friend or his enemy, and wishes either to exalt his praise or aggravate his infamy ; many temptations to falsehood will occur in the disguise of passions, too specious to fear much resistance. Love of virtue will animate panegyric, and hatred of wickedness imbitter censure. The zeal of gratitude, the ardour of patriotism, fondness for an

opinion, or fidelity to a party, may easily overpower the vigilance of a mind habitually well disposed, and prevail over unassisted and unfriended veracity.

But he that speaks of himself has no motive to falsehood or partiality except self-love, by which all have so often been betrayed, that all are on the watch against its artifices. He that writes an apology for a single action, to confute an accusation, to recommend himself to favour, is indeed always to be suspected of favouring his own cause ; but he that sits down calmly and voluntarily to review his life for the admonition of posterity, or to amuse himself, and leaves this account unpublished, may be commonly presumed to tell truth, since falsehood cannot appease his own mind, and fame will not be heard beneath the tomb.

No. 85. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1759.

O N E of the peculiarities which distinguish the present age is the multiplication of books. Every day brings new advertisements of literary undertakings, and we are flattered with repeated promises of growing wise on easier terms than our progenitors.

How much either happiness or knowledge is advanced by this multitude of authors, it is not very easy to decide.

He that teaches us any thing which we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be revered as a master.

He that conveys knowledge by more pleasing ways, may very properly be loved as a benefactor; and he that supplies life with innocent amusement, will be certainly caressed as a pleasing companion.

But few of those who fill the world with books, have any pretensions to the hope of either pleasing or instructing. They have often no other task than to lay two books before them, out of which they compile a third, without any new materials of their own, and with very little application of judgment to those which former authors have supplied.

That all compilations are useless I do not assert. Particles of science are often very widely scattered. Writers of extensive comprehension have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the prin-

cipal subject, which are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet are not known because they are not promised in the title. He that collects those under proper heads is very laudably employed, for though he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progress of others and by making that easy of attainment which is already written, may give some mind, more vigorous or more adventurous than his own, leisure for new thoughts and original designs.

But the collections poured lately from the press have been seldom made at any great expense of time or inquiry, and therefore only serve to distract choice without supplying any real want.

It is observed that *a corrupt society has many laws*; I know not whether it is not equally true, that *an ignorant age has many books*. When the treasures of ancient knowledge lie unexamined, and original authors are neglected and forgotten, compilers and plagiaries are encouraged, who give us again what we had before, and grow great by setting before us what our own sloth had hidden from our view.

Yet are not even these writers to be indiscriminately censured and rejected. Truth like beauty varies its fashions, and is best recommended by different dresses to different minds; and he that recalls the attention of mankind to any part of learning which time has left behind it, may be truly said to advance the literature of his own age. As the manners of nations vary, new topics of persuasion become necessary, and new combinations of imagery are produced; and he that can accommodate himself to the reigning taste, may always have

readers who perhaps would not have looked upon better performances.

To exact of every man who writes that he should say something new, would be to reduce authors to a small number ; to oblige the most fertile genius to say only what is new would be to contract his volumes to a few pages. Yet, surely, there ought to be some bounds to repetition ; libraries ought no more to be heaped for ever with the same thoughts differently expressed, than with the same books differently decorated.

The good or evil which these secondary writers produce is seldom of any long duration. As they owe their existence to change of fashion, they commonly disappear when a new fashion becomes prevalent. The authors that in any nation last from age to age are very few, because there are very few that have any other claim to notice than that they catch hold on present curiosity, and gratify some accidental desire, or produce some temporary conveniency.

But however the writers of the day may despair of future fame, they ought at least to forbear any present mischief. Though they cannot arrive at eminent heights of excellence, they might keep themselves harmless. They might take care to inform themselves before they attempt to inform others, and exert the little influence which they have for honest purposes.

But such is the present state of our literature, that the ancient sage, who thought *a great book a great evil*, would now think the multitude of books a multitude of evils. He would consider a bulky

writer who engrossed a year, and a swarm of pamphleteers who stole each an hour, as equal wasters of human life, and would make no other difference between them, than between a beast of prey and a flight of locusts.

No. 86. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1759.

To the IDLER

SIB,

I AM am a young lady newly married to a young gentleman. Our fortune is large, our minds are vacant, our dispositions gay, our acquaintances numerous, and our relations splendid. We considered that marriage, like life, has its youth ; that the first year is the year of gaiety and revel, and resolved to see the shows and feel the joys of *London* before the increase of our family should confine us to domestic cares and domestic pleasures.

Little time was spent in preparation ; the coach was harnessed, and a few days brought us to *London*, and we alighted at a lodging provided for us by Miss *Biddy Trifle*, a maiden niece of my husband's father, where we found apartments on a second floor, which my cousin told us would serve us till we

could please ourselves with a more commodious and elegant habitation, and which she had taken at a very high price, because it was not worth the while to make a hard bargain for so short a time.

Here I intended to lie concealed till my new clothes were made, and my new lodging hired ; but Miss *Trifle* had so industriously given notice of our arrival to all her acquaintance, that I had the mortification next day of seeing the door thronged with painted coaches and chairs with coronets, and was obliged to receive all my husband's relations on a second floor.

Inconveniences are often balanced by some advantage : the elevation of my apartments furnished a subject for conversation, which, without some such help, we should have been in danger of wanting. Lady *Stately* told us how many years had passed since she climbed so many steps. Miss *Airy* ran to the window, and thought it charming to see the walkers so little in the street ; and Miss *Gentle* went to try the same experiment, and screamed to find herself so far above the ground.

They all knew that we intended to remove, and therefore all gave me advice about a proper choice. One street was recommended for the purity of its air, another for its freedom from noise, another for its nearness to the park, another because there was but a step from it to all places of diversion, and another, because its inhabitants enjoyed at once the town and country.

I had civility enough to hear every recommendation with a look of curiosity while it was made, and of acquiescence when it was concluded, but in

my heart felt no other desire than to be free from the disgrace of a second floor, and cared little where I should fix, if the apartments were spacious and splendid.

Next day a chariot was hired, and Miss *Trifle* was dispatched to find a lodging*. She returned in the afternoon, with an account of a charming place, to which my husband went in the morning to make the contract. Being young and unexperienced, he took with him his friend *Ned Quick*, a gentleman of great skill in rooms and furniture, who sees, at a single glance, whatever there is to be commended or censured. Mr. *Quick*, at the first view of the house, declared that it could not be inhabited, for the sun in the afternoon shone with fall glare on the windows of the dining room.

Miss *Trifle* went out again and soon discovered another lodging, which Mr. *Quick* went to survey, and found, that, whenever the wind should blow from the east, all the smoke of the city would be driven upon it.

A magnificent set of rooms was then found in one of the streets near *Westminster-Bridge*, which Miss *Trifle* preferred to any which she had yet seen ; but Mr. *Quick*, having mused upon it for a time, concluded that it would be too much exposed in the morning to the fogs that rise from the river.

Thus Mr. *Quick* proceeded to give us every day new testimonies of his taste and circumspection ; sometimes the street was too narrow for a double range of coaches ; sometimes it was an obscure place, not inhabited by persons of quality. Some places were dirty, and some crowded ; in some

bouses the furniture was ill-suited, and in others the stairs were too narrow. He had such fertility of objections, that Miss *Trifle* was at last tired, and desisted from all attempts for our accommodation.

In the mean time I have still continued to see my company on a second floor, and am asked twenty times a day when I am to leave those odious lodgings, in which I live tumultuously without pleasure, and expensively without honour. My husband thinks so highly of Mr. *Quick*, that he cannot be persuaded to remove without his approbation; and Mr. *Quick* thinks his reputation raised by the multiplication of difficulties.

In this distress to whom can I have recourse ? I find my temper vitiated by daily disappointment, by the sight of pleasures which I cannot partake, and the possession of riches which I cannot enjoy. Dear Mr. *Idler*, inform my husband that he is trifling away, in superfluous vexation, the few months which custom has appropriated to delight ; that matrimonial quarrels are not easily reconciled between those that have no children ; that wherever we settle he must always find some inconvenience ; but nothing is so much to be avoided, as a perpetual state of inquiry and suspense.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

PEGGY HEARTLESS.

No. 87. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1759.

OF what we know not, we can only judge by what we know. Every novelty appears more wonderful as it is more remote from any thing with which experience or testimony have hitherto acquainted us ; and if it passes further beyond the notions that we have been accustomed to form, it becomes at last incredible.

We seldom consider that human knowledge is very narrow, that national manners are formed by chance, that uncommon conjunctures of causes produce rare effects, or that what is impossible at one time or place may yet happen in another. It is always easier to deny than to inquire. To refuse credit confers for a moment an appearance of superiority, which every little mind is tempted to assume when it may be gained so cheaply as by withdrawing attention from evidence, and declining the fatigue of comparing probabilities. The most pertinacious and vehement demonstrator may be wearied in time by continual negation ; and incredulity, which an old poet, in his address to *Raleigh*, calls *the wit of fools*, obtunds the argument which it cannot answer, as woolsacks deaden arrows though they cannot repel them.

Many relations of travellers have been slighted as fabulous, till more frequent voyages have confirmed their veracity ; and it may reasonably be imagined,

that many ancient historians are unjustly suspected of falsehood, because our own times afford nothing that resembles what they tell.

Had only the writers of antiquity informed us that there was once a nation in which the wife lay down upon the burning pile only to mix her ashes with those of her husband, we should have thought it a tale to be told with that of *Endymion's* commerce with the Moon. Had only a single traveller related that many nations of the earth were black, we should have thought the accounts of the *Negroes* and of the *Phoenix* equally credible. But of black men the numbers are too great who are now repining under *English* cruelty, and the custom of voluntary cremation is not yet lost among the ladies of *India*.

Few narratives will either to men or women appear more incredible than the histories of the *Amazons* ; of female nations of whose constitution it was the essential and fundamental law, to exclude men from all participation either of public affairs or domestick business ; where female armies marched under female captains, female farmers gathered the harvest, female partners danced together, and female wits diverted one another.

Yet several ages of antiquity have transmitted account of the *Amazons* of *Caucasus* ; and of the *Amazons* of *America*, who have given their name to the greatest river in the world. *Condamine* lately found such memorials, as can be expected among erratic and unlettered nations, where events are recorded only by tradition, and new swarms settling in the country from time to time, confuse and efface all traces of former times.

To die with husbands, or to live without them, are the two extremes Which the prudence and moderation of *European* ladies have, in all ages, equally declined ; they have never been allured to death by the kindness or civility of the politest nations, nor has the roughness and brutality of more savage countries ever provoked them to doom their male associates to irrevocable banishment. The *Bohemian* matrons are said to have made one short struggle for superiority, but instead of banishing the men they contented themselves with condemning them to servile offices; and their constitution thus left imperfect, was quickly overthrown.

There is, I think, no class of *English* women from whom we are in any danger of *Amazonian* usurpation. The old maids seem nearest to independence, and most likely to be animated by revenge against masculine authority ; they often speak of men with acrimonious vehemence, but it is seldom found that they have any settled hatred against them, and it is yet more rarely observed that they have any kindness for each other. They will not easily combine in any plot ; and if they should ever agree to retire and fortify themselves in castles or in mountains, the sentinel will betray the passes in spite, and the garrison will capitulate Upon easy terms, if the besiegers have handsome swordknots, and are well supplied with fringe and lace.

The gamesters, if they were united, would make a formidable body; **and** since they consider men only **as beings** that are to lose their money, they

might live together without any wish for the officiousness of gallantry at the delights of diversified conversation. But as nothing would hold them together but the hope of plundering one another, their government would fail from the defect of its principles, the men would need only to neglect them, and they would perish in a few weeks by a civil war.

I do not mean to censure the ladies of *England* as defective in knowledge or in spirit, when I suppose them unlikely to revive the military honours of their sex. The character of the ancient *Amazons* was rather terrible than lovely ; the hand could not be very delicate that was only employed in drawing the bow and brandishing the battle axe : their power was maintained by cruelty, their *courage* was deformed by ferocity, and their example only shews that men and women live best together.

No. 88. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1759,

WHEN the philosophers of the last age were first congregated into the Royal Society, great expectations were raised of the sudden progress of useful arts ; the time was supposed to be near, when engines should turn by a perpetual motion, and health be secured by the universal medicine ; when learning should be facilitated by a real character, and commerce extended by ships which could reach their ports in defiance of the tempest.

But improvement is naturally slow. The Society met and parted without any visible diminution of the miseries of life. The gout and stone were still painful, the ground that was not ploughed brought no harvest, and neither oranges nor grapes would grow upon the hawthorn. At last, those who were disappointed began to be angry ; those likewise who hated innovation were glad to gain an opportunity of ridiculing men who had depreciated, perhaps with too much arrogance, the knowledge of antiquity. And it appears from some of their earliest apologies, that the philosophers felt with great sensibility the unwelcome importunities of those who were daily asking, "What have ye done?"

The truth is, that little had been done compared with what fame had been suffered to promise ; and the question could only be answered by general apologies and by new hopes, which, when they were

frustrated, gave a new occasion to the same vexatious inquiry.

This fatal question has disturbed the quiet of many other minds. He that in the latter part of his life too strictly inquires what he has done, can very seldom receive from his own heart such an account as will give him satisfaction.

We do not indeed so often disappoint others as ourselves. We not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourselves to form hopes which we never communicate, and please our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to rise ; and when our days and years have passed away in common business or common amusements, and we find at last that we have suffered our purposes to sleep till the time of action is past, we are reproached only by our own reflections ; neither our friends nor our enemies wonder that we live and die like the rest of mankind ; that we live without notice, and die without memorial ; they know not what task we had proposed, and therefore cannot discern whether it is finished.

He that compares what he has done with what he has left undone, will feel the effect which must always follow the comparison of imagination with reality ; he will look with contempt on his own unimportance, and wonder to what purpose he came into the world ; he will repine that he shall leave behind him no evidence of his having been, that he has added nothing to the system of life, **but** has glided from youth **to** age among **the crowd, without** any effort for distinction.

Man is seldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity, or to believe that he does little only because every individual is a very little being. He is better content to want diligence than power, and sooner confesses the depravity of his will than the imbecility of his nature.

From this mistaken notion of human greatness it proceeds, that many who pretend to have made great advances in wisdom, so loudly declare that they despise themselves. If I had ever found any of the self-contemnners much irritated or pained by the consciousness of their meanness, I should have given them consolation by observing, that a little more than nothing is as much as can be expected from a being, who with respect to the multitudes about him is himself little more than nothing. Every man is obliged by the Supreme Master of the universe to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity such abilities as are bestowed upon him. But he has no reason to repine, though his abilities are small and his opportunities few. He that has improved the virtue, or advanced the happiness of one fellow-creature, he that has ascertained a single moral proposition, or added one useful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance, and, with respect to mortals like himself, may demand, like *Augustus*, to be dismissed at his departure with applause.

No. 89. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1759.

H o w evil came into the world ; for what reason it is that life is overspread with such boundless varieties of misery ; why the only thinking being of this globe is doomed to think merely to be wretched, and to pass his time from youth to age in fearing or in suffering calamities, is a question which philosophers have long asked, and which philosophy could never answer.

Religion informs us that misery and sin were produced together. The depravation of human will was followed by a disorder of the harmony of nature ; and by that providence which often places antidotes in the neighbourhood of poisons, vice was checked by misery, lest it should swell to universal and unlimited dominion.

A state of innocence and happiness is so remote from all that we have ever seen, that though we can easily conceive it possible, and may therefore hope to attain it, yet our speculations upon it must be geneal and confused. We can discover that where there is universal innocence, there will probably be universal happiness ; for why should afflictions be permitted to infest beings who are not in danger of corruption from blessings, **and where**

there is no use of terror nor cause of punishment ? But in a world like ours, where our senses assault us, and our hearts betray us, we should pass on from crime to crime, heedless and remorseless, if misery did not stand in our way, and our own pains admonish us of our folly.

Almost all the moral good which is left among us, is the apparent effect of physical evil.

Goodness is divided by divines into soberness, righteousness, and godliness. Let it be examined how each of these duties would be practised if there were no physical evil to enforce it.

Sobriety, or temperance, is nothing but the forbearance of pleasure ; and if pleasure was not followed by pain, who would forbear it ? We see every hour those in whom the desire of present indulgence overpowers all sense of past, and all foresight of future misery. In a remission of the gout, the drunkard returns to his wine, and the glutton to his feast ; and if neither disease nor poverty were felt or dreaded, every one would sink down in idle sensuality, without any care of others, or of himself. To eat and drink, and lie down to sleep, would be the whole business of mankind.

Righteousness, or the system of social duty, may be subdivided into justice and charity. Of justice one of the Heathen sages has shown, with great acuteness, that it was impressed upon mankind only by the inconveniences which injustice had produced. " In the first ages ;" says he, " men acted " without any rule but the impulse of desire ; they " practised injustice upon others, and suffered it " from others in their turn ; but in time it was

" discovered, that the pain of suffering wrong was
" greater than the pleasure of doing it ; and man-
" kind, by a general compact, submitted to the re-
" straint of laws, and resigned the pleasure to
" escape the pain."

Of charity it is superfluous to observe, that it could have no place if there were no want ; for of a virtue which could not be practised, the omission could not be culpable. Evil is not only the occasional but the efficient cause of charity ; we are incited to the relief of misery by the consciousness that we have the same nature with the sufferer, that we are in danger of the same distresses, and may sometimes implore the same assistance.

Godliness, or piety, is elevation of the mind towards the Supreme Being, and extension of the thoughts of another life. The other life is future, and the Supreme Being is invisible. None would have recourse to an invisible power, but that all other subjects have eluded their hopes. None would fix their attention upon the future, but that they are discontented with the present. If the senses were feasted with perpetual pleasure, they would always keep the mind in subjection. Reason has no authority over us, but by its power to warn us against evil.

In childhood, while our minds are yet unoccupied, religion is impressed upon them, and the first years of almost all who have been well educated are passed in a regular discharge of the duties of piety. But as we advance forward into the crowds of life, innumerable delights solicit our inclinations, and innumerable cares distract our attention ; the time

of youth is passed in noisy frolics ; manhood is led on from hope to hope, and from project to project ; the dissoluteness of pleasure, the inebriation of success, the ardour of expectation, and the vehemence of competition, chain down the mind alike to the present scene, nor is it remembered how soon this mist of trifles must be scattered, and the bubbles that float upon the rivulet of life be lost for ever in the gulph of eternity. To this consideration scarcely any man is awakened but by some pressing and resistless evil. The death of those from whom he derived his pleasures, or to whom he destined his possessions, some disease which shews him the vanity of all external acquisitions, or the gloom of age, which intercepts his prospects of long enjoyment, forces him to fix his hopes upon another state, and when he has contended with the tempests of life till his strength fails him, he flies at last to the shelter of religion.

That misery does not make all virtuous, experience too certainly informs us ; but it is no less certain that what of virtue there is, misery produces far the greater part. Physical evil may be therefore endured with patience, since it is the cause of moral good ; and patience itself is one virtue by which we are prepared for that state in which evil **shall** be no more.

No. 90. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1760.

IT is a complaint which has been made from time to time, and which seems to have lately become more frequent, that *English* oratory, however, forcible in argument, or elegant in expression, is deficient and inefficacious, because our speakers want the grace and energy of action.

Among the numerous projectors who are desirous to refine our manners, and improve our faculties, some are willing to supply the deficiency of our speakers. We have had more than one exhortation to study the neglected art of moving the passions, and have been encouraged to believe that bur tongues, however feeble in themselves, may, by the help of our hands and legs, obtain an uncontrollable dominion over the most stubborn audience, animate the insensible, engage the careless, force tears from the obdurate, and money from the avaricious.

If by sleight of hand, or nimbleness of foot, all these wonders can be performed, he that shall neglect to attain the free use of his limbs may be justly censured as criminally lazy. But I am afraid that no specimen of such effects will easily be shewn. If I could once find a speaker in *Change-Alley* raising

the price of stocks by the power of persuasive gestures, I should very zealously recommend the study of his art ; but having never seen any action by which language was much assisted, I have been hitherto inclined to doubt whether my countrymen are not blamed too hastily for their calm and motionless utterance.

Foreigners of many nations accompany their speech with action ; but why should their example have more influence upon us than ours upon them ? Customs are not to be changed but for better. Let those who desire to reform us shew the benefits of the change proposed. When the *Frenchman* waves his hands and writhes his body in recounting the revolutions of a game at cards, or the *Neapolitan*, who tells the hour of the day, shews upon his fingers the numbers which he mentions ; I do not perceive that their manual exercise is of much use, or that they leave any image more deeply impressed by their bustle and vehemence of communication.

Upon the *English* stage there is no want of action ; but the difficulty of making it at once various and proper, and its perpetual tendency to become ; ridiculous, notwithstanding all the advantages which art and show, and custom and prejudice, can give it, may prove how little it can be admitted into any other place, where it can have no recommendation but from truth and nature.

The use of *English* oratory is only at the bar, in the parliament, and in the church. Neither the judges of our laws nor the representatives of our people would be much affected by laboured gesticulation, or believe any man the more because he

rolled his eyes, or puffed his cheeks, or spread abroad his arms, or stamped the ground, or thumped his breast, or turned his eyes sometimes to the ceiling and sometimes to the floor. Upon men intent only upon truth, the arm of an orator has little power ; a credible testimony, or a cogent argument, will overcome all the art of modulation, and all the violence of contortion.

It is well known that, in the city which may be called the parent of oratory, all the arts of mechanical persuasion were banished from the court of supreme judicature. The judges of the *Areopagus* considered action and vociferation as a foolish appeal to the external senses, and unworthy to be practised before those who had no desire of idle amusement, and whose only pleasure was to discover right.

Whether action may not be yet of use in churches, where the preacher addresses a mingled audience, may deserve inquiry. It is certain that the senses are more powerful as the reason is weaker ; and that he whose ears convey little to his mind, may sometimes listen with his eyes till truth may gradually take possession of his heart. If there be any use of gesticulation, it must be applied to the ignorant and rude, who will be more affected by vehemence than delighted by propriety. In the pulpit little action can be proper, for action can illustrate nothing but that to which it may be referred by nature or by custom. He that imitates by his hand a motion which he describes, explains it by natural similitude ; he that lays his hand on his breast, when he expresses pity, enforces his

words by a customary illusion. But theology has few topics to which action can be appropriated ; that action which is vague and indeterminate will at last settle into habit, and habitual peculiarities are quickly ridiculous.

It is perhaps the character of the *English* to despise trifles ; and that art may surely be accounted a trifle which is at once useless and ostentatious, which can seldom be practised with propriety, and which, as the mind is more cultivated, is less powerful. Yet as all innocent means are to be used for the propagation of truth, I would not deter those who are employed in preaching to common congregations from any practice which they may find persuasive ; for, compared with the conversion of Sinners, propriety and elegance are less than nothing.

No. 91. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1760.

IT is common to overlook what is near, by keeping the eye fixed upon something remote. In the same manner *present* opportunities are neglected, and attainable good is slighted, by minds busied in extensive ranges, and intent upon future advantages. Life, howevet short, is made still shorter by waste of time, and its progress towards happi-

ness, though naturally slow, is yet retarded by unnecessary labour.

The difficulty of obtaining knowledge is universally confessed. To fix deeply in the mind the principles of science, to settle their limitations, and deduce the long succession of their consequences ; to comprehend the whole compass of complicated systems, with all the arguments, objections, and solutions, and to reposit in the intellectual treasury the numberless facts, experiments, apophthegms, and positions, which must stand single in the memory, and of which none has any perceptible connexion with the rest, is a task which, though undertaken with ardour and pursued with diligence, must at last be left unfinished by the frailty of our nature.

To make the way to learning either less short or less smooth, is certainly absurd ; yet this is the apparent effect of the prejudice which seems to prevail among us in favour of foreign authors, and of the contempt of our native literature, which this excursive curiosity must necessarily produce. Every man is more speedily instructed by his own language, than by any other ; before we search the rest of the world for teachers, let us try whether we may not spare our trouble by finding them at home.

The riches of the *English* language are much greater than they are commonly supposed. Many useful and valuable books lie buried in shops and libraries, unknown and unexamined, unless some lucky cempiler opens them by chance, and finds an easy spoil of wit and learning. I am far from

intending to insinuate, that other languages are not necessary to him who aspires to eminence, and whose whole life is devoted to study ; but to him who reads only for amusement, or whose purpose is not to deck himself with the honours of literature, but to be qualified for domestic usefulness, and sit down content with subordinate reputation, we have authors sufficient to fill up all the vacancies of his time, and gratify most of his wishes for information.

Of our poets I need say little, because they are perhaps the only authors to whom their country has done justice. We consider the whole succession from *Spencer* to *Pope*, as superior to any names which the continent can boast ; and therefore the poets of other nations, however familiarly they may be sometimes mentioned, are very little read, except by those who design to borrow their beauties.

There is, I think, not one of the liberal arts which may not be competently learned in the *English* language. He that searches after mathematical knowledge may busy himself among his own countrymen, and will find one or other able to instruct him in every part of those abstruse sciences. He that is delighted with experiments, and wishes to know the nature of bodies from certain and visible effects, is happily placed where the mechanical philosophy was first established by a public institution, and from which it was spread to all other countries.

The more airy and elegant studies of philology and criticism have little need of any foreign help. Though our language, not being very analogical,

gives few opportunities for grammatical researches, yet we have not wanted authors who have considered the principles of speech ; and with critical writings we abound sufficiently to enable pedantry to impose rules which can seldom be observed, and vanity to talk of books which are seldom read.

But our own language has, from the Reformation to the present time, been chiefly dignified and adorned by the works of our divines, who, considered as commentators, controvertists, or preachers, have undoubtedly left all other nations far behind them. No vulgar language can boast such treasures of theological knowledge, or such multitudes of authors at once learned, elegant, and pious. Other countries and other communions have authors perhaps equal in abilities and diligence to ours ; but if we unite number with excellence, there is certainly no nation which must not allow us to be superior. Of morality little is necessary to be said, because it is comprehended in practical divinity, and is perhaps better taught in *English* sermons than in any other books ancient and modern. Nor shall I dwell on our excellence in metaphysical speculations, because he that reads the works of our divines will easily discover how far human subtilty has been able to penetrate.

Political knowledge is forced upon us by the form of our constitution ; and all the mysteries of government are discovered in the attack or defence of every minister. The original law of society, the rights of subjects, and the prerogatives of kings, have been considered with the utmost nicety,

sometimes profoundly investigated, and sometimes familiarly explained.

Thus copiously instructive is the *English* language ; and thus needless is all recourse to foreign writers. Let us not therefore make our neighbours proud by soliciting help which we do not want, nor discourage our own industry by difficulties which we need not suffer.

No. 92. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1760.

WHATEVER is useful or honourable will be desired by many who never can obtain it ; and that which cannot be obtained when it is desired, artifice or folly will be diligent to counterfeit. Those to whom fortune has denied gold and diamonds, decorate themselves with stones and metals, which have something of the show, but little of the value ; and every moral excellence or intellectual faculty has some vice or folly which imitates its appearance.

Every man wishes to be wise, and they who cannot be wise are almost always cunning. The less is the real discernment of those whom business or conversation brings together, the more illusions are practised, nor is caution ever so necessary as with associates or opponents of feeble minds.

Cunning differs from wisdom as twilight from open day. He that walks in the sunshine goes

boldly forward by the nearest way 5 he sees that where the path is straight and even he may proceed in security, and where it is rough and crooked he easily complies with the turns, and avoids the obstructions. But the traveller in the dusk fears more as he sees less ; he knows there may be danger, and therefore suspects that he is never safe, tries every step before he fixes his foot, and shrinks at every noise lest violence should approach him. Wisdom comprehends at once the end and the means, estimates easiness or difficulty, and is cautious or confident in due proportion. Cunning discovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty than multiplication of stratagems and superfluity of suspicion. The man of cunning always considers that he can never be too safe, and therefore always keeps himself enveloped in a mist, impenetrable, as he hopes, to the eye of rivalry or curiosity.

Upon this principle, *Tom Double* has formed a habit of eluding the most harmless question. What he has no inclination to answer, he pretends sometimes not to hear, and endeavours to divert the inquirer's attention *by* some other subject; but if he be pressed hard by repeated interrogation, he always evades a direct reply. Ask him whom he likes best on the stage ; he is ready to tell that there are several excellent performers. Inquire when he was last at the coffee-house ; he replies, that the weather has been bad lately. Desire him to tell the age of any of his acquaintance ; he immediately mention* another who is older or younger.

Will Puzzle values himself upon a long reach. He foresees every thing before it will happen, though he never relates his prognostications till the event is past. Nothing has come to pass for these twenty years of which *Mr. Puzzle* had not given broad hints, and told at least that it was not proper to tell. Of those predictions, which every conclusion will equally verify, he always claims the credit, and wonders that his friends did not understand them. He supposes very truly that much may be known which he knows not, and therefore pretends to know much of which he and all mankind are equally ignorant. I desired his opinion yesterday of the *German* war, and was told, that if the *Prussians* were well supported, something great may be expected ; but that they have very powerful enemies to encounter ; that the *Austrian* general has long experience, and the *Russians* are hardy and resolute ; but that no human power is invincible. I then drew the conversation to our own affairs, and invited him to balance the probabilities of war and peace. He told me that war requires courage, and negotiation judgment, and that the time will come when it will be seen whether our skill in treaty is equal to our bravery in battle. To this general prattle he will appeal hereafter, and will demand to have his foresight applauded, whoever shall at last be conquered or victorious.

With *Ned Smuggle* all is a secret. He believes himself watched by observation and malignity on every side, and rejoices in the dexterity by which he has escaped snares that never were laid. *Ned* holds that a man is never deceived if he never

trusts, and therefore will not tell the name of his tailor or his hatter. He rides out every morning for the air, and pleases himself with thinking that nobody knows where he has been. When he dines with a friend, he never goes to his house the nearest way, but walks up a bye street to perplex the scent. When he has a coach called, he never tells him at the door the true place to which he is going, but stops him in the way that he may give him directions where nobody can hear him. The price of what he buys or sells is always concealed. He often takes lodgings in the country by a wrong name, and thinks that the world is wondering where he can be hid. All these transactions he registers in a book, which, he says, will some time or other amaze posterity.

It is remarked by *Bacon*, that many men try to procure reputation only by objections, of which, if they are once admitted, the nullity never appears, because the design is laid aside. *This false feint of wisdom*, says he, *is the ruin of business*. The whole power of cunning is privative; to say nothing, and to do nothing, is the utmost of its reach. Yet men thus narrow by nature, and mean by art, are sometimes able to rise by the miscarriages of bravery and the openness of integrity; and by watching failures and snatching opportunities, obtain advantages which belong properly to higher characters.

No. 93. SATURDAY, JANUARY, 26, 1760.

SAM SOFTLY was bred a sugar-baker ; but succeeding to a considerable estate on the death of his elder brother, he retired early from business, married a fortune, and settled in a country house near *Kentish-town*. *Sam*, who formerly was a sportsman, and in his apprenticeship used to frequent *Barnet* races, keeps a high chaise, with a brace of seasoned geldings. During the summer months, the principal passion and employment of Sam's life is to visit, in this vehicle, the most eminent seats of the nobility and gentry in different parts of the kingdom, with his wife and some select friends. By these periodical excursions *Sam* gratifies many important purposes. He assists the several pregnancies of his wife ; he shews his chaise to the best advantage ; he indulges his insatiable curiosity for finery, which, since he has turned gentleman, has grown upon him to an extraordinary degree ; he discovers taste and spirit ; and, what is above all, he finds frequent opportunities of displaying to the party, at every house he sees, his knowledge of family connection. At first, *Sam* was contented with driving a friend between *London* and his villa. Here he prided himself in pointing out the boxes of the citizens on each side of the road, with an accurate detail of their respective

failures or success in trade ; and harangued on the several equipages that were accidentally passing. Here, too, the seats, interspersed on the surrounding hills, afforded ample matter for *Sam's* curious discoveries. For one, he told his companion, a rich *Jew* had offered money ; and that a retired widow was courted at another, by an eminent dry-salter. At the same time he discussed the utility, and enumerated the expenses, of the *Islington* turnpike. But *Sam's* ambition is at present raised to nobler undertakings.

When the happy hour of the annual expedition arrives, the seat of the chaise is furnished with *Ogilvy's Book of Roads*, and a choice quantity of cold tongues. The most alarming disaster which can happen to our hero, who thinks he *throws a whip* admirably well, is to be overtaken in a road which affords no *quarter* for wheels. Indeed, few men possess more skill or discernment for concerting and conducting a *party of pleasure*. When a seat is to be surveyed, he has a peculiar talent in selecting some shady bench in the park, where the company may most commodiously refresh themselves with cold tongue, chicken, and *French* rolls ; and is very sagacious in discovering what cool temple in the garden will be best adapted for drinking tea, brought for this purpose in the afternoon, and from which the chaise may be resumed with the greatest convenience. In viewing the house itself, he is principally attracted by the chairs and beds, concerning the cost of which his minute inquiries generally gain the clearest information. An agate table easily diverts his eyes from the most

capital strokes of *Rubens*, and a *Turkey* carpet has more charms than a *Titian*. *Sam*, however, dwells with some attention on the family portraits, particularly the most modern ones ; and as this is a topic on which the house-keeper usually harangues in a more copious manner, he takes this opportunity of improving his knowledge of intermarriages. Yet, notwithstanding this appearance of satisfaction, *Sam* has some objection to all he sees. One house has too much gilding ; at another, the chimney-pieces are all monuments ; at a third, he conjectures that the beautiful canal must certainly be dried up in a hot summer. He despises the statues at *Wilton*, because he thinks he can see much better carving at *Westminster Abbey*. But there is one general objection which he is sure to make at almost every house, particularly at those which are most distinguished. He allows that all the apartments are extremely fine, but adds, with a sneer, that they are too fine to be inhabited

Misapplied genius most commonly proves ridiculous. Had *Sam*, as Nature intended, contentedly continued in the calmer and less conspicuous pursuits of sugar-baking, he might have been a respectable and useful character. At present he dissipates his life in a specious idleness, which neither improves himself nor his friends. Those talents which might have benefited society, he exposes to contempt by false pretensions. He affects pleasures which he cannot enjoy, and is acquainted only with those subjects on which he has no right to talk, and which it is no merit to understand.

No. 94. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1760.

IT is common to find young men ardent and diligent in the pursuit of knowledge ; but the progress of life very often produces laxity and indifference ; and not only those who are at liberty to chuse their business and amusements, but those likewise whose professions engage them in literary enquiries, pass the latter part of their time without improvement, and spend the day rather in any other entertainment than that which they might find among their books.

This abatement of the vigour of curiosity is sometimes imputed to the insufficiency of learning. Men are supposed to remit their labours, because they find their labours to have been vain ; and to search no longer after truth and wisdom, because they at last despair of finding them.

But this reason is for the most part very falsely assigned. Of learning, as of virtue, it may be affirmed, that it is at once honoured and neglected. Whoever forsakes it will for ever look after it with longing, lament the loss which he does not endeavour to repair, and desire the good which he wants resolution to seize and keep. The idler never applauds his own idleness, nor does any man repent of the diligence of his youth.

So many hindrances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little reason for wonder-

ing that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconsistent with much study ; and the hours which they would spend upon letters must be stolen from, their occupations and their families. Many suffer themselves to be lured by more sprightly and luxurious pleasures from the shades of contemplation, where they find seldom more than a calm delight, such as, though greater than all others, its certainty and its duration being reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet easily quitted for some extemporary joy, which the present moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of learning, that it borrows very little from time or place ; it is not confined to season or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of its value, is one occasion of neglect ; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered, and the soul shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenseness of meditation.

That those who profess to advance learning sometimes obstruct it, cannot be denied ; the continual multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints inquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty ; or what little they have to add to the common stock of learning, is so buried in the mass of

general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation; and he that has often been deceived by the promise of a title, at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious.

There are indeed some repetitions always lawful, because they never deceive. He that writes the history of past times, undertakes only to decorate known facts by new beauties of method or of style, or at most to illustrate them by his own reflections. The author of a system, whether moral or physical, is obliged to nothing beyond care of selection and regularity of disposition. But there are others who claim the name of authors merely to disgrace it, and fill the world with volumes only to bury letters in their own rubbish. The traveller, who tells, in a pompous folio, that he saw the *Pantheon* at *Rome*, and the *Medicean Venus* at *Florence*; the natural historian, who, describing the productions of a narrow island, recounts all that it has in common with every other part of the world; the collector of antiquities, that accounts every thing a curiosity which the ruins of *Herculaneum* happen to emit, though an instrument already shewn in a thousand repositories, or a cup common to the ancients, the moderns, and all mankind; may be justly censured as the persecutors of students, and the thieves of that time which never can be restored.

No. 95. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1760.

To the IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

IT is, I think, universally agreed, that seldom any good is gotten by complaint; yet we find that few forbear to complain, but those who are afraid of being reproached as the authors of their own miseries. I hope therefore for the common permission, to lay my case before you and your readers, by which I shall disburden my heart, though I cannot hope to receive either assistance or consolation.

I am a trader, and owe my fortune to frugality and industry. I began with little; but by the easy and obvious method of spending less than I gain, I have every year added something to my stock, and expect to have a seat in the common-council at the next election.

My wife, who was as prudent as myself, died six years ago, and left me one son and one daughter, for whose sake I resolved never to marry again, and rejected the overtures of Mrs. *Squeeze*, the broker's widow, who had ten thousand pounds at her own disposal.

I bred my son at a school near *Islington*; and when he had learned arithmetic, and wrote a good hand,

I took him into the shop, designing, in about ten years, to retire to *Stratford* or *Hackney*, and leave him established in the business.

For four years he was diligent and sedate, entered the shop before it was opened, and when it was shut, always examined the pins of the window. In any intermission of business it was his constant practice to peruse the ledger. I had always great hopes of him, when I observed how sorrowfully he would shake his head over a bad debt, and how eagerly he would listen to me when I told him that he might at one time or other become an alderman.

We lived together with mutual confidence, till unluckily a visit was paid him by two of his school-fellows who were placed, I suppose, in the army, because they were fit for nothing better : they came g l i t t e r i n g in their military dress, accosted their old acquaintance, and invited him to a tavern, where, as I have been since informed, they ridiculed the meanness of commerce, and wondered how a youth of spirit could spend the prime of life behind a counter.

I did not suspect any mischief. I knew my son was never without money in his pocket, and was better able to pay his reckoning than his companions ; and expected to see him return triumphing in his own advantages, and congratulating himself that he was not one of those who expose their heads to a musquet bullet for three shillings a day.

He returned sullen and thoughtful ; I supposed him sorry for the hard fortune of his friends ; and tried to comfort him, by saying that the war would soon be at an end, and that, if they had any honest

occupation, half-pay would be a pretty help. He looked at me with indignation ; and snatching up his candle, told me, as he went up stairs, that *he hoped to see a battte yet.*

Why he should hope to see a battle, I could not conceive, but let him go quietly to sleep away his folly. Next day he made two mistakes in the first bill, disoblged a customer by surly answers, and dated all his entries in the journal in a wrong month. At night he met his military companions again, came home late, and quarrelled with the maid.

From this fatal interview he has gradually lost all his laudable passions and desires. He soon grew useless in the shop, where, indeed, I did not willingly trust him any longer : for he often mistook the price of goods to his own loss, and once gave a promissory note instead of a receipt.

I did not know to what degree he was corrupted, till an honest taylor gave me notice that he had bespoke a laced suit, which was to be left for him at a house kept by the sister of one of my journeymen. I went to this clandestine lodging, and find, to my amazement, all the ornaments of a fine gentleman, which he has taken upon credit, or purchased with money subducted from the shop.

This detection has made him desperate. He now openly declares his resolution to be a gentleman; says that his soul is too great for a counting-house ; ridicules the conversation of city taverns ; talks of new plays, and boxes and ladies ; gives duchesses for his toasts; carries silver, for readiness, in his waistcoat-pocket ; and comes home at night in a

chair, with such thunders at the door, as have more than once brought the watchmen from their stands.

Little expenses will not hurt us ; and I could forgive a few juvenile frolics, if he would be careful of the main ; but his favourite topic is contempt of money, which, he says, is of no use but to be spent. Riches, without honour, he holds empty things ; and once told me to my face, that wealthy plodders were only purveyors to men of spirits.

He is always impatient in the company of his old friends, and seldom speaks till he is warmed with wine ; he then entertains us with accounts that we do not desire to hear, of intrigues among lords and ladies, and quarrels between officers of the guards ; shews a miniature on his snuff-box, and wonders that any man can look upon the new dancer without rapture.

All this is very provoking ; and yet all this might be borne, if the boy could support his pretensions. But, whatever he may think, he is yet far from the accomplishments which he has endeavoured to purchase at so dear a rate. I have watched him in public places. He sneaks in like a man that knows he is where he should not be ; he is proud to catch the slightest salutation, and often claims it when it is not intended. Other men receive dignity from dress, but my booby looks always more meanly for his finery. Dear Mr. *Idler*, tell him what must at last become of a fop, whom pride will not suffer to be a trader, and whom long habits in a shop forbid to be a gentleman.

I am, SIR, &c.

TIM WAINSCOT.

No. 96. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1760.

HACHO, a king of *Lapland*, was in his youth the most renowned of the Northern warriors. His martial achievements remain engraved on a pillar of flint in the rock of *Hanga*, and are to this day solemnly carrolled to the harp by the *Laplanders*, at the fires with which they celebrate their nightly festivities. Such was his intripid spirit, that he ventured to pass the lake *Vether* to the isle of *Wizards*, where he descended alone into the dreary vault in which a magician had been kept bound for six ages, and read the *Gothic* characters inscribed on his brazen mace. His eye was so piercing, that, as ancient chronocles reported, he could blunt the weapons of his enemies only by looking at them. At twelve years of age he carried an iron vessel of a prodigious weight, for the length of five furlongs, in the presence of all the chiefs of his father's castle.

Nor was he less celebrated for his prudence and wisdom. Two of his proverbs are yet remembered and repeated among *Laplanders*. To express the vigilance of the Supreme Being, he was wont to say, *Odin's belt is always buckled*. To shew that the most prosperous condition of life is often hazardous, his lesson was, *When you slide on the*

smoothest ice, beware of pits beneath. He consoled his countrymen, when they were once preparing to leave the frozen deserts of *Lapland*, and resolved to seek some warmer climate, by telling them, that the Eastern nations, notwithstanding their boasted fertility, passed every night amidst the horrors of anxious apprehension, and were inexpressibly affrighted, and almost stunned, every morning, with the noise of the sun while it was rising.

His temperance and severity of manners were his chief praise. In his early years he never tasted wine; nor would he drink out of a painted cup. He constantly slept in his armour, with his spear in his hand; nor would he use a battle-axe whose handle was inlaid with brass. He did not, however, persevere in this contempt of luxury; nor did he close his days with honour.

One evening, after hunting the *Gulos*, or wild-dog, being bewildered in a solitary forest, and having passed the fatigues of the day without any interval of refreshment, he discovered a large store of honey in the hollow of a pine. This was a dainty which he had never tasted before; and being at once faint and hungry, he fed greedily upon it. From this unusual and delicious repast he received so much satisfaction, that, at his return home, he commanded honey to be served up at his table every day. His palate, by degrees, became refined and vitiated; he began to lose his native relish for simple fare, and contracted a habit of indulging himself in delicacies; he ordered the delightful gardens of his castle to be thrown open, in which the most luscious fruits had been suffered to ripen

and decay, unobserved and untouched, for many revolving autumns, and gratified his appetite with luxurious deserts. At length he found it expedient to introduce wine, as an agreeable improvement, or a necessary ingredient, to his new way of living: and having once tasted it, he was tempted, by little, and little, to give a loose to the excesses of intoxication. His general simplicity of life was changed; he perfumed his apartments by burning the wood of the most aromatic fir, and commanded his helmet to be ornamented with beautiful rows of the teeth of the rein-deer. Indolence and effeminacy stole upon him by pleasing and imperceptible gradations, relaxed the sinews of his resolution, and extinguished his thirst of military glory.

While *Hacho* was thus immersed in pleasure and in repose, it was reported to him, one morning, that the preceding night, a disastrous omen had been discovered, and that bats and hideous birds had drank up the oil which nourished the perpetual lamp in the temple of *Odin*. About the same time, a messenger arrived to tell him, that the king of *Norway* had invaded his kingdom with a formidable army. *Hacho*, terrified as he was with the omen of the night, and enervated with indulgence, roused himself from his voluptuous lethargy, and recollecting some faint and few sparks of veteran valour, marched forward to meet him. Both armies joined battle in the forest where *Hacho* had been lost after hunting; and it so happened, that the king of *Norway* challenged him to single combat, near the place where he had tasted the honey. **The** *Lapland* chief, languid and long disused to

arms, was soon overpowered ; he fell to the ground ; and before his insulting adversary struck his head from his body, uttered this exclamation, which the *Laplanders* still use as an early lesson to their children : " The vicious man should date his destruction from the first temptation. How justly do I fall a sacrifice to sloth and luxury, in the place where I first yielded to those allurements which seduced me to deviate from temperance and innocence ! the honey which I tasted in this forest, and not the hand of the king of *Norway*, conquers *Hacho*."

No. 97. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1760.

IT may, I think, be justly observed, that few books disappoint their readers more than the narrations of travellers. One part of mankind is naturally curious to learn the sentiments, manners, and condition of the rest ; and every mind that has leisure or power to extend its views, must be desirous of knowing in what proportion Providence has distributed the blessing's of nature, or the advantages of art, among the several nations of the earth.

This general desire easily procures readers to every book from which it can expect gratification. The adventurer upon unknown coasts, and the describer of distant regions, is always welcomed as a man who has laboured for the pleasure of others, and who is able to enlarge our knowledge and rectify our opinions; but when the volume is opened, nothing is found but such general accounts as leave no distinct idea behind them, or such minute enumerations as few can read with either profit or delight.

Every writer of travels should consider, that, like all other authors, he undertakes either to instruct or please, or to mingle pleasure with instruction. He that instructs must offer to the mind something to be imitated, or something to be avoided ; he that pleases must offer new images to his reader, and enable him to form a tacit comparison of his own state with that of others.

The greater part of travellers tell nothing, because their method of travelling supplies them with nothing to be told. He that enters a town at night and surveys it in the morning, and then hastens away to another place, and guesses at the manners of the inhabitants, by the entertainment which his inn afforded him, may please himself for a time with a hasty change of scenes, and a confused remembrance of palaces and churches ; he may gratify his eye with a variety of landscapes, and regale his palate with a succession of vintages ; but let him be contented to please himself without endeavouring to disturb others. Why should he record excursions by which nothing could be learned, or wish to make a shew of knowledge, which, without some power of intuition unknown to other mortals, he never could attain ?

Of those who crowd the world with their itineraries, some have no other purpose than to describe the face of the country ; those who sit idle at home, and are curious to know what is done or suffered in distant countries, may be informed by one of these wanderers, that on a certain day he set out early with the caravan, and in the first hour's march saw, towards the south, a hill covered with trees, then passed over a stream, which ran northward with a swift course, but which is probably dry in the summer months ; that an hour after he saw something to the right which looked at a distance like a castle with towers, but which he discovered afterwards to be a craggy rock ; that he then entered a valley, in which he saw several trees tall and flourishing, watered by a rivulet not mark-

ed in the maps, of which he was not able to learn the name ; that the road afterward grew stony, and the country uneven, where he observed among the hills many hollows worn by torrents, and was told that the road was passable only part of a year ; that going on they found the remains of a building, once perhaps a fortress to secure the pass, or to restrain the robbers, of which the present inhabitants can give no other account than that it is haunted by fairies ; that they went to dine at the foot of a rock, and travelled the rest of the day along the banks of a river, from which the road turned aside towards evening, and brought them within sight of a village, which was once a considerable town, but which afforded them neither good victuals nor commodious lodging.

Thus he conducts his reader through wet and dry, over rough and smooth, without incidents, without reflection ; and, if he obtains his company for another day, will dismiss him again at night, equally fatigued with a like succession of rocks and streams, mountains and ruins.

This is the common style of those sons of enterprise, who visit savage countries, and range through solitude and desolation ; who pass a desert, and tell that it is sandy ; who cross a valley, and find that it is green. There are others of more delicate sensibility, that visit only the realms of elegance and softness ; that wander through *Italian* palaces, and amuse the gentle reader with catalogues of pictures ; that hear masses in magnificent churches, and recount the number of the pillars or variegations of the pavement. And there are yet others,

who, in disdain of trifles, copy inscriptions elegant and rude, ancient and modern; and transcribe into their book the walls of every edifice, sacred or civil. He that reads these books must consider his labour as its own reward; for he will find nothing on which attention can fix, or which memory can retain.

He that would travel for the entertainment of others, should remember that the great object of remark is human life. Every nation has something particular in its manufactures, its works of genius, its medicines, its agriculture, its customs, and its policy. He only is a useful traveller, who brings home something by which his country may be benefited; who procures some supply of want, or some mitigation of evil, which may enable his readers to compare their condition with that of others, to improve it whenever it is worse, and whenever it is better to enjoy it.

No. 98. SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1760.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I AM the daughter of a gentleman, who, during his life-time, enjoyed a small income which arose from a pension from the court, by which he was enabled to live in a genteel and comfortable manner.

By the situation in life in which he was placed, he was frequently introduced into the company of those of much greater fortunes than his own, among whom he was always received with complaisance, and treated with civility.

At six years of age I was sent to a boarding-school in the country, at which I continued till my father's death. This melancholy event happened at a time when I was by no means of sufficient age to manage for myself, while the passions of youth continued unsubdued, and before experience could guide my sentiments or my actions.

I was then taken from school by an uncle, to the care of whom my father had committed me on his dying-bed. With him I lived several years ; and as he was unmarried, the management of his family was committed to me. In this character I always endeavoured to acquit myself, if not **with applause, at least** without censure.

At the age of twenty-one, a young gentleman of some fortune paid his addresses to me, and offered me terms of marriage. This proposal I should readily have accepted, because from vicinity of residence, and from many opportunities of observing his behaviour, I had in some sort contracted an affection for him. My uncle, for what reason I do not know, refused his consent to this alliance, though it would have been complied with by the father of the young gentleman ; and as the future condition of my life was wholly dependent on him, I was not willing to disoblige him, and therefore, though unwillingly, declined the offer.

My uncle, who possessed a plentiful fortune, frequently hinted to me in conversation, that at his death I should be provided for in such a manner that I should be able to make my future life comfortable and happy. As this promise was often repeated, I was the less anxious about any provision for myself. In a short time my uncle was taken ill, and though all possible means were made use of for his recovery, in a few days he died.

The sorrow arising from the loss of a relation, by whom I had been always treated with the greatest kindness, however grievous, was not the worst of my misfortunes. As he enjoyed an almost uninterrupted state of health, he was the less mindful of his dissolution, and died intestate ; by which means his whole fortune devolved to a nearer relation, the heir at law.

Thus excluded from all hopes of living in the

manner with which I have so long flattered myself, I am doubtful what method I shall take to procure a decent maintenance. I have been educated in a manner that has set me above a state of servitude, and my situation renders me unfit for the company of those with whom I have hitherto conversed. But, though disappointed in my expectations, I do not despair. I will hope that assistance may still be obtained for innocent distress, and that friendship, though rare, is yet not impossible to be found.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

SOPHIA HEEDFUL.

No.99 SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1760.

As *Ortogrul* of *Basra* was one day wandering along the streets of *Bagdat*, musing on the varieties of merchandise which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitudes on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief visier, who, having returned from the divan was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the visier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the floors covered with silken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation.

Surely, said he to himself, this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission. Whatever Nature has provided for the delight of sense is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of Luxury cover his table, and the voice of Harmony lulls him in his bowers ; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of *Java*, and sleeps upon

the down of the cygnets of *Ganges*. He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed ; he wishes, and his wish is gratified ; all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, *Ortogrul*, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and who hast no amusement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections ! They tell thee that thou art wise : but what does wisdom avail with poverty ? None will flatter the poor, and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it ; I will from this moment endeavour to be rich.

Full of his new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich ; he sometimes proposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings of *India*, and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of *Golcanda*. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair ; he dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich ; and as he stood on the top of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. *Ortogrul*, said the old man, I know thy perplexity ; listen to thy father ; turn thine eye on the opposite moun-

tain. *Ortogrul* looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. Now, said his father, behold the valley that lies between the hills. *Ortogrul* looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. Tell me now, said his father, dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a slow and gradual encrease, resembling the rill gliding from the well? Let me be quickly rich, said *Ortogrul*; let the golden stream be quick and violent. Look round thee, said his father, once again. *Ortogrul* looked and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by silent profit and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandise, and in twenty years purchased lands, on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the visier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. *Ortogrul* heard his flatterers without delight, because he found

himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him its frailties, his own understanding reproached him with his faults. How long, said he, with a deep sigh, have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth which at last is useless ! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered.

No. 100. SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1760.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

T H E uncertainty and defects of language have produced very frequent complaints among the learned ; yet there still remain many words among us undefined, which are very necessary to be rightly understood, and which produce very mischievous mistakes when they are erroneously interpreted.

I lived in a state of celibacy beyond the usual time. In the hurry first of pleasure, and afterwards; of business, I felt no want of a domestic companion; but becoming weary of labour, I soon grew more weary of idleness, and thought it reasonable to follow the custom of life, and to seek some solace of nay cares in female tenderness, and some amusement of my leisure in female cheerfulness.

The choice which has been long delayed is commonly made at last with great caution. My resolution was, to keep my passions neutral, and to

marry only in compliance with my reason. I drew upon a page of my pocket book a scheme of all female virtues and vices, with the vices which border upon every virtue, and the virtues which are allied to every vice. I considered that wit was sarcastic, and magnanimity imperious; that avarice was æconomical, and ignorance obsequious ; and having estimated the good and evil of every quality, employed my own diligence and that of my friends, to find the lady in whom nature and reason had reached that happy mediocrity, which is equally remote from exuberance and deficiency.

Every woman had her admirers and her censurers : and the expectations which one raised were by another quickly depressed ; yet there was one in whose favour almost all suffrages concurred. Miss *Gentle* was universally allowed to be a good sort of woman. Her fortune was not large, but so prudently managed, that she wore finer clothes, and saw more company, than many who were known to be twice as rich. MISS *Gentle's* visits were every where welcome ; and whatever family she favoured with her company, she always left behind her such a degree of kindness as recommended her to others. Every day extended her acquaintance, and all who knew her declared that they never met with a better sort of woman.

To Miss *Gentle* I made my addresses, and was received with great equality of temper. She did not in the days of courtship assume the privilege of imposing rigorous commands, or resenting slight offences. If J forgot any of her injunctions, I was gently reminded ; if I missed the minute of ap-

pointment, I was easily forgiven. I foresaw nothing in marriage but a halcyon calm, and longed for the happiness which was to be found in the inseparable society of a good sort of woman.

The jointure was soon settled by the intervention of friends, and the day came in which Miss *Gentle* was made mine for ever. The first month was passed easily enough in receiving and repaying the civilities of our friends. The bride practised with great exactness all the niceties of ceremony, and distributed her notice in the most punctilious proportions to the friends who surrounded us with their happy auguries.

But the time soon came when we were left to ourselves, and were to receive our pleasures from each other, and I then began to perceive that I was not formed to be much delighted by a good sort of woman. Her great principle is, that the orders of a family must not be broken. Every hour of the day has its employment inviolably appropriated; nor will any importunity persuade her to walk in the garden at the time which she has devoted to her needlework, or to sit up stairs in that part of the forenoon which she has accustomed herself to spend in the back parlour. She allows herself to sit half an hour after breakfast, and an hour after dinner; while I am talking or reading to her, she keeps her eye upon her watch, and when the minute of departure comes, will leave an argument unfinished, or the intrigue of a play unravelled. She once called me to supper when I was watching an eclipse, and summoned

me at another time to bed when I was going to give directions at a fire.

Her conversation is so habitually cautious, that she never talks to me but in general terms, as to one whom it is dangerous to trust. For discriminations of character she has no names : all whom she mentions are honest men and agreeable women. She smiles not by sensation, but by practice. Her laughter is never excited but by a joke, and her notion of a joke is not very delicate. The repetition of a good joke does not weaken its effect ; if she has laughed once, she will laugh again.

She is an enemy to nothing but ill-nature and pride ; but she has frequent reason to lament that they are so frequent in the world. All who are not equally pleased with the good and bad, with the elegant and the gross, with the witty and the dull, all who distinguish excellence from defect, she considers as ill-natured ; and she condemns as proud all who repress impertinence or quell presumption, or expect respect from any other eminence than that of fortune, to which she is always willing to pay homage.

There are none whom she openly hates ; for if once she suffers, or believes herself to suffer, any contempt or insult. she never dismisses it from her mind, but takes all opportunities to tell how easily she can forgive. There are none whom she loves much better than others ; for when any of her acquaintance decline in the opinion of the world, she always finds it inconvenient to visit them ; her affection continues unaltered, but it is impossible to be intimate with the whole town.

She daily exercises her benevolence by pitying every misfortune that happens to every family within her circle of notice ; she is in hourly terrors lest one should catch cold in the rain, and another be frightened by the high wind. Her charity she shews by lamenting that so many poor wretches should languish in the streets, and by wondering what the great can think on that they do so little good with such large estates.

Her house is elegant and her table dainty, though she has little taste of elegance, and is wholly free from vicious luxury ; but she comforts herself that nobody can say that her house is dirty, or that her dishes are not well drest.

This, Mr. *Idler*, I have found by long experience to be the character of a good sort of woman, which I have sent you for the information of those by whom *a good sort of woman*, and *a good woman*, may happen to be used as equivalent terms, and who may suffer by the mistake, like

Your humble servant,

TIM WARNER.

No. 101. SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1760.

OMAR the son of *Hussan*, had passed seventy-five years in honour and prosperity. The favour of three successive califs had filled his house with gold and silver ; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel ; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odours. The vigour of *Omar* began to fail, the curls of beauty fell from his head, strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the calif the keys of trust, and the seals of secrecy ; and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. *Caled*, the son of the viceroy of *Egypt*, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent ; *Omar* admired his wit, and loved his docility. Tell me, said *Caled*, thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of *Asia*, tell me how I may resemble *Omar* the prudent. The arts by which you have gained power and pre-

served it, are to you no longer necessary or useful ; impart to me the secret of your conduct, and teach me the plan upon which your wisdom has built your fortune.

Young man, said *Omar*, it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar which spread its branches over my head : Seventy years are allowed to man ; I have yet fifty remaining : ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries ; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honoured ; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy through the rest of my life in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches ; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself. I will, however, not deviate too far from the beaten track of life, but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the *Hou-ries*, and wise as *Zobeide* ; with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of *Bagdat*, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my last days in obscurity and contemplation, and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend upon the smile of princes ; that I will

never stand exposed to the artifices of courts ; I will never pant for public honours, not disturb my quiet with affairs of state. Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge ; and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honour and the most engaging pleasure ; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them. I now postponed my purpose of travelling ; for why should I go abroad while so much remained to be learned at home ? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges ; I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the calif. I was heard with attention, I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

I still wished to see distant countries, listened with rapture to the relations of travellers, and resolved some time to ask my dismissal, that I might feast my soul with novelty ; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude ; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

In my fiftieth year I began to suspect that the

time of travelling was past, and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the *Hou-ries*, and wise as *Zobeide*. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of gazing upon girls. I had now nothing left but retirement ; and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment.

Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried ; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of *Bagdat*.

N° 102. SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1760.

IT very seldom happens to man that his business is his pleasure. What is done from necessity is so often to be done when against the present inclination, and so often fills the mind with anxiety, that an habitual dislike steals upon us, and we shrink involuntarily from the remembrance of our task. This is the reason why almost every one wishes to quit his employment; he does not like another state, but is disgusted with his own.

From this unwillingness to perform more than is required of that which is commonly performed with reluctance, it proceeds that few authors write their own lives. Statesmen, courtiers, ladies, generals, and seamen, have given to the world their own stories, and the events with which their different stations have made them acquainted. They retired to the closet as a place of quiet and amusement, and pleased themselves with writing, because they could lay down the pen whenever they were weary. But the author, however conspicuous, or however important, either in the public eye or in his own, leaves his life to be related by his successors, for he cannot gratify his vanity but by sacrificing his ease.

It is commonly supposed that the uniformity of a studious life affords no matter for narration: but the truth is, that of the most studious life a great part passes without study. An author partakes of

the common condition of humanity ; he is born and married like another man ; he has hopes and fears, expectations and disappointments, grief and joys, and friends and enemies, like a courtier or a satesman ; nor can I conceive why his affairs should not excite curiosity as much as the whisper of a drawing-room, or the factions of a camp.

Nothing detains the reader's attention more powerfully than deep involutions of distress, or sudden vicissitudes of fortune ; and these might be abundantly afforded by memoirs of the sons of literature. They are intangled by contracts which they know not how to fulfil, and obliged to write on subjects which they do not understand. Every publication is a new period of time, from which some increase or declension of fame is to be reckoned. The gradations of a hero's life are from battle to battle, and of an author's from book to book.

Success and miscarriage have the same effects in all conditions. The prosperous are feared, hated, and flattered ; and the unfortunate avoided, pitied, and despised. No sooner is a book published than the writer may judge of the opinion of the world. If his acquaintance press round him in public places, or salute him from the other side of the street ; if invitations to dinner come thick upon him, and those with whom he dines keep him to supper ; if the ladies turn to him when his coat is plain, and the footmen serve him with attention and alacrity ; he may be sure that his work has been praised by some leader of literary fashions.

Of declining reputation the symptoms are not less easily observed. If the author enters a coffee-

house, he has a box to himself; if he calls at a bookseller's, the boy turns his back ; and, what is the most fatal of all prognostics, authors will visit him in a morning, and talk to him hour after hour of the malevolence of critics, the neglect of merit, the bad taste of the age, and the candour of posterity.

All this, modified and varied by accident and custom, would form very amusing scenes of biography, and might recreate many a mind which is very little delighted with conspiracies or battles, intrigues of a court, or debates of a parliament ; to this might be added all the changes of the countenance of a patron, traced from the first glow which flattery raises in his cheek, through ardour of fondness, vehemence of promise, magnificence of praise, excuse of delay, and lamentation of inability, to the last chill look of final dismissal, when the one grows weary of soliciting and the other of hearing solicitation.

Thus copious are the materials which have been hitherto suffered to lie neglected, while the repositories of every family that has produced a soldier or a minister are ransacked, and libraries are crowded with useless folios of state papers which will never be read, and which contribute nothing to valuable knowledge.

I hope the learned will be taught to know their own strength and their value, and, instead of devoting their lives to the honour of those who seldom thank them for their labours, resolve at last to do justice to themselves.

N°103. SATURDAY, APRIL, 5, 1760.

Respicere ad longæ jussit spatia ultima vita.

Juv.

MUCH of the pain and pleasure of mankind arises from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others ; we all enjoy praise which we do not hear, and resent contempt which we do not see. The *Idler* may therefore be forgiven, if he suffers his imagination to represent to him what his readers will say or think when they are informed that they have now his last paper in their hands.

Value is more frequently raised by scarcity than by use. That which lay neglected when it was common, rises in estimation as its quantity becomes less. We seldom learn the true want of what we have till it is discovered that we can have no more.

This essay will, perhaps, be read with care even by those who have not yet attended to any other ; and he that finds this late attention recompensed, will not forbear to wish that he had bestowed it sooner.

Though the *Idler* and his readers have contracted no close friendship, they are perhaps both unwilling to part. There are few things not purely evil, of which we can say, without some emotion of uneasiness, *this is the last* Those who never could agree together, shed tears when mutual discontent has de-

terminated them to final separation ; of a place which has been frequently visited, though without pleasure, the last look is taken with heaviness of heart; and the *Idler*, with all his chillness of tranquillity, is not wholly unaffected by the thought that his last essay is now before him.

This secret horror of the last is inseparable from a thinking being, whose life is limited, and to whom death is dreadful. We always make a secret comparison between a part and the whole ; the termination of any period of life reminds us that life itself has likewise its termination ; when we have done any thing for the last time, we involuntarily reflect that a part of the days allotted to us is past, and that as more is past there is less remaining.

It is very happily and kindly provided, that in every life there are certain pauses and interruptions, which force consideration upon the careless, and seriousness upon the light ; points of time where one course of action ends, and another begins ; and by vicissitudes of fortune, or alteration of employment, by change of place or loss of friendship, we are forced to say of something, *this is the*

An even an unvaried tenor of life always hides from our apprehension the approach of its end. Succession is not perceived but by variation ; he that lives to-day as he lived yesterday, and expects that as the present day is such will be the morrow, easily conceives time as running in a circle, and returning to itself. The uncertainty of our duration is impressed commonly by dissimilitude of condition; it is only by finding life changeable that we are reminded of its shortness.

This conviction, however forcible at every new impression, is every moment fading from the mind ; and partly by the inevitable incursion of new images, and partly by voluntary exclusion of unwelcome thoughts, we are again exposed to the universal fallacy ; and we must do another thing for the last time, before we consider that the time is nigh when we shall do no more.

As the last *Idler* is published in that solemn week which the Christian world has always set apart for the examination of the conscience, the review of life, the extinction of earthly desires, and the renovation of holy purposes ; I hope that my readers are already disposed to view every incident with seriousness, and improve it by meditation ; and that, when they see this series of trifles brought to a conclusion, they will consider that, by outliving the *Idler*, they have passed weeks, months, and years, which are now no longer in their power ; that an end must in time be put to every thing—great as to every thing little ; that to life must come its last hour, and to this system of being its last day, the hour at which probation ceases, and repentance will be vain ; the day in which every work of the hand, and imagination of the heart shall be brought to judgment, and an everlasting futurity shall be determined by the past.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

THE
WORKS
OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D
A NEW EDITION,
IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,
BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.



VOL. VIII.
CONTAINING ESSAYS, TRACTS, AND JOURNEY.



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PREFACE *

TO

AN ESSAY ON MILTON'S

USE AND IMITATION OF THE MODERNS IN HIS
PARADISE LOST.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1750.

IT is now more than half a century since the *Paradise Lost*, having broke through the clouds with which the unpopularity of the author for a time obscured it, has attracted the general admiration of mankind; who have endeavoured to compensate the error of their first neglect, by lavish praises and boundless veneration. There seems to have arisen a contest among men of genius and literature, who should most advance its honour, or best distinguish its beauties. Some have revised

* " It is to be hoped, nay, it is expected, that the elegant and nervous writer, whose judicious sentiments, and inimitable style points out the author of *Lauder's Preface and Postscript*, will no longer allow one to *plume himself with his feathers*, who appears so little to have deserved his assistance; an assistance which I am persuaded would never have been communicated, had there been the least suspicion of those facts which I have been the instrument of conveying to the world in these sheets." " Milton vindicated from the charge of plagiarism brought against him by Mr *Lauder*; and *Lauder* himself convicted of several forgeries and gross impositions on the public. By John Douglas, M.A. Rector of Eaton Constantine, Salop," 8vo. 1751, p. 77.

editions, others have published commentaries, and all have endeavoured to make their particular studies in some degree subservient to this general emulation.

Among the inquiries to which this ardour of criticism has naturally given occasion, none is more obscure in itself, or more worthy of rational curiosity, than a retrospection of the progress of this mighty genius, in the construction of his work ; a view of the fabric gradually rising, perhaps from small beginnings, till its foundation rests in the centre, and its turrets sparkle in the skies ; to trace back the structure, through all its varieties, to the simplicity of its first plan ; to find what was first projected, whence the scheme was taken, how it was improved, by what assistance it was executed, and from what stores the materials were collected, whether its founder dug them from the quarries of nature, or demolished other buildings to embellish his own.

This inquiry has been, indeed, not wholly neglected, nor, perhaps, prosecuted with the care and diligence that it deserves. Several critics have offered their conjectures ; but none have much endeavoured to enforce or ascertain them. * Mr Voltaire tells us, without proof, that the first hint of *Paradise Lost* was taken from a farce called *Adamo*, written by a player : † Dr Pearce, that it was derived from an Italian tragedy, called *Il Pa-*

* *Essay upon the Civil Wars of France, and also upon the Epic Poetry of the European Nations, from Homer down to Milton*, 8vo, 1727, p. 103. E.

† *Preface to a Review of the Text of the Twelve Books of Milton's Paradise Lost, in which the chief of Dr Bentley's emendations are considered*, 8vo, 1733. E.

radiso Persa; and * Mr Peck, that it was borrowed from a wild romance. Any of these conjectures may possibly be true; but, as they stand without sufficient proof, it must be granted, likewise, that they may all possibly be false; at least they cannot preclude any other opinion, which without argument has the same claim to credit, and may perhaps be shown, by resistless evidence, to be better founded.

It is related, by steady and uncontroverted tradition, that the Paradise Lost was at first a Tragedy, and therefore, amongst tragedies, the first hint is properly to be sought. In a manuscript, published from Milton's own hand, among a great number of subjects for tragedy, is Adam Unparadised, or Adam in Exile; and this, therefore, may be justly supposed the embryo of this great poem. As it is observable, that all these subjects had been treated by others, the manuscript can be supposed nothing more than a memorial or catalogue of plays, which, for some reason, the writer thought worthy of his attention. When, therefore, I had observed, that Adam in Exile was named amongst them, I doubted not but, in finding the original of that tragedy, I should disclose the genuine source of Paradise Lost. Nor was my expectation disappointed; for, having procured the *Adamus Exul* of Grotius, I found, or imagined myself to find, the first draught, the *prima stamina* of this wonderful poem.

Having thus traced the original of this work, 1

* New Memoirs of Mr. John Milton. By Francis Peck, 4to 1740, p. 52. E.

was naturally induced to continue my search to the collateral relations which it might be supposed to have contracted in its progress to maturity : and having at least persuaded my own judgment that the search has not been entirely ineffectual, I now lay the result of my labours before the public ; with full conviction, that in questions of this kind, the world cannot be mistaken, at least cannot long continue in error.

I cannot avoid acknowledging the candour of the author of that excellent monthly book, the Gentleman's Magazine, in giving admission to the specimens in favour of this argument ; and his impartiality in as freely inserting the several answers. I shall here subjoin some extracts from the 17th volume of this work, which I think suitable to my purpose. To which I have added, in order to obviate every pretence for cavil, a list of the authors quoted in the following essay, with their respective dates, in comparison with the date of *Paradise Lost*.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHEN this essay was almost finished, the splendid edition of *Paradise Lost*, so long promised by the reverend Dr Newton fell into my hands ; of which I had, however, so little use, that as it would be injustice to censure, it would be flattery to commend it : and I should have totally forborne the mention of a book that I have not read, had not one passage, at the conclusion of the life of Milton, excited in me too much pity and indignation to be suppressed in silence.

" Deborah, Milton's youngest daughter," says the editor, " was married to Mr Abraham Clarke,

a weaver, in Spitalfields, and died in August 1727, in the 76th year of her age. She had ten children. Elizabeth, the youngest, was married to Mr Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spitalfields, and had seven children, who are all dead ; and she herself is aged about sixty, and weak and infirm. She seemeth to be a good plain sensible woman, and has confirmed several particulars related above, and informed me of some others, which she had often heard from her mother." These the Doctor enumerates, and then adds, " In all probability Milton's whole family will be extinct with her, and he can live only in his writings. And such is the caprice of fortune, this grand-daughter of a man who will be an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for some years, with her husband, kept a little chandler's or grocer's shop, for their subsistence, lately at the lower Holloway, in the road between Highgate and London, and at present in Cock-lane, not far from Shoreditch church."

That this relation is true cannot be questioned : but surely the honour of letters, the dignity of sacred poetry, the spirit of the English nation, and the glory of human nature, require, that it should be true no longer. In an age in which statues are erected to the honour of this great writer, in which his effigy has been diffused on medals, and his work propagated by translations, and illustrated by commentaries ; in an age which, amidst all its vices, and all its follies, has not become infamous for want of charity : it may be surely allowed to hope, that the living remains of Milton will be no longer suffered to languish in distress. It is yet in the power of a

great people, to reward the *poet* whose name they boast, and from their alliance to whose genius, they claim some kind of superiority to every other nation of the earth ; that poet, whose works may possibly be read when every other monument of British greatness shall be obliterated ; to reward him, not with pictures, or with medals, which, if he sees, he sees with contempt, but, with tokens of gratitude, winch he, perhaps, may even now consider as not unworthy the regard of an immortal spirit And surely to those who refuse their names to no other scheme of expense, it will not be unwelcome, that a subscription is proposed, for relieving, in the languor of age, the pains of disease, and the contempt of poverty, the grand-daughter of the author of *Paradise Lost*. Nor can it be questioned, that if I, who have been marked out as the *Zoilus* of Milton, think this regard due to his posterity, the design will be warmly seconded by those, whose lives have been employed in discovering his excellences, and extending his reputation.

Subscriptions

For the Relief of

Mrs ELIZABETH FOSTER,

Grand-daughter to JOHN MILTON,

are taken in by

Mr Dodsley, in Pall-Mall ;

Messrs Cox and Collings, under the Royal Exchange ;

Mr Cave, at St John's Gate, Clerkenwell; and

Messrs Payne and Bouquet, in Paternoster-Row.

A
LETTER
TO
THE REVEREND MR DOUGLAS,
OCCASIONED BY
HIS VINDICATION OF MILTON.

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED,
Several Curious Original Letters

FROM THE
AUTHORS OF THE UNIVERSAL HISTORY,
MR AINSWORTH, MR MACLAURIN,

BY
WILLIAM LAUDER, A. M.

Quem penitet peccasse pæne est innocens. SENECA.
Corpora magnanimo satis est prostrasse Leoni.
Pugna suum finem, quum jacet hostis, habet. OVID.
. . . . Prætuli Clementiam
Juris rigori. — GROTH Adamus. Exul.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1751.

OF this pamphlet, Mr Lauder gives the following account ;
" An ingenious gentleman (for whose amazing abilities I had conceived the highest veneration, and in whose candour and friendship I reposed the most implicit and unlimited confidence) advised me to make an unreserved disclosure of all the lines I had interpolated against Milton, with this view, chiefly, that no future critics might ever have an opportunity of valuing themselves upon small discoveries of a few lines, which would serve to revive my error, and keep the controversy eternally alive.

" With this expedient I then cheerfully complied, when that gentleman wrote for me the letter that was published in my name to Mr Douglas, in which he committed one error that proved fatal to me, and at the same time injurious to the public. For, in place of acknowledging that such and such particular passages only were interpolated, he gave up the whole Essay against Milton as delusion and misrepresentation, and thereby imposed more grievously on the public than I had done, and that, too, in terms much more submissive and abject than the nature of the offence required.

" Though this letter, in many respects, contained not my sentiments, as plainly appears from the contradictory Postscript subjoined to it ; yet such was my infatuation at that time, and implicit confidence in my friend, that I suffered it to be printed in my name, though I was previously informed by one of the greatest men of the age, of its hurtful tendency ; which I have since fully experienced to my cost.

" That the gentleman meant to serve me, and was really of opinion that the method he proposed might probably prove effectual for rescuing me from the odium of the public, and in some measure restoring my character to the honour it had lost, I was then disposed to believe. His repeated acts of friendship to me on former occasions, in conjunction with a reputation universally established for candour and integrity, left me little room to doubt it : though it is certainly a most preposterous method for a criminal, in order to obtain pardon for one act of felony, to confess himself guilty of a thousand. However, I cannot but condemn myself for placing so implicit a confidence in the judgment of any man, how great or good soever, as to suffer his mistakes to be given to the public as my opinion."

" King Charles vindicated from the charge of plagiarism brought against him by Milton, and Milton himself convicted of forgery and a gross imposition on the public," 8vo, 1754, p. 3. E.

TO THE
REVEREND MR DOUGLAS.

SIR,

CANDOUR and tenderness are, in any relation, and on all occasions, eminently amiable ; but when they are found in an adversary, and found so prevalent as to overpower that zeal which his cause excites, and that heat which naturally increases in the prosecution of argument, and which may be in a great measure justified by the love of truth, they certainly appear with particular advantages ; and it is impossible not to envy those who possess the friendship of him, whom it is even some degree of good fortune to have known as an enemy.

I will not so far dissemble my weakness, or my fault, as not to confess that my wish was to have passed undetected ; but since it has been my fortune to fail in my original design, to have the supposititious passages which I have inserted in my quotations made known to the world, and the shade which began to gather on the splendour of Milton totally dispersed, I cannot but count it an alleviation of my pain, that I have been defeated by a man who knows how to use advantages with so much moderation, and can enjoy the honour of conquest without the insolence of triumph.

It was one of the maxims of the Spartans, not to press upon a flying army, and therefore their enemies were always ready to quit the field, because they knew the danger was only in opposing. The civility with which you have thought proper to treat me, when you had incontestible superiority, has inclined me to make your victory complete, without any farther struggle, and not only publicly to acknowledge the truth of the charge which you have hitherto advanced, but to confess, without the least dissimulation, subterfuge, or concealment, every other interpolation I have made in those authors, which you have not yet had opportunity to examine.

On the sincerity and punctuality of this confession, I am willing to depend for all the future regard of mankind, and cannot but indulge some hopes, that they whom my offence has alienated from me, may by this instance of ingenuity and repentance, be propitiated and reconciled. Whatever be the event, I shall at least have done all that can be done in reparation of my former injuries to Milton, to truth, and to mankind; and entreat that those who shall continue implacable, will examine their own hearts, whether they have not committed equal crimes without equal proofs of sorrow, or equal acts of atonement. *

* The interpolations are distinguished by inverted comas.

Passages interpolated in Masenius.

The word *pandæmonium* in the marginal notes of Book I. Essay, page 10.

CITATION VI. Essay, page 38.

Adnuit ipsa dolo, malumque (heu ! longa dolendi
Materies ! et triste nefas !) vesana momordit
Tanti ignara mali. Mora nulla, solutus Avernus
Exspuit infandas acies; fractumque remugit
Divulsa compage solum. Nabathæa receptum
Regna dedere sonum, Pharioque in littore Nereus
Territus erubuit: simul adgemuere dolentes
Hesperiaë valles, Labyæque calentis arenæ
Exarsere procul. Stupefacta Lycaonis ursa
Constitit, et pavido riguit glacialis in axe :
Omnis cardinibus submotus inhorruit orbis ;
" Angeli hoc effieunt, cælestia jussa secuti."

CITATION VII. Essay, page 41.

Illa quidem fugiens, sparsis per terga capillis,
Ora rigat lacrimis, et cælum questibus implet :
Talia voce rogans. Magni Deus arbiter orbis !
Qui rerum momenta tenes, solusque futuri
Præscius, elapsique memor: quern terra potentem
Imperio, cælique tremunt; quern dite superbus
Horrescit Phlegethon, pavidoque furore veretur :
En ! Styge crudeli premimur. Laxantur hiatus
Tartarei, dirusque solo dominatur Avernus,
" Infernique canes populantur cuncta creata,"
Et manes violant superos : discrimina rerum

Sustulit Antitheus, divumque oppressit honorem.
 Respice Sarcotheam : nimis, heu ! decepta momordit
 Infaustas epulas, nosque omnes prodidit hosti.

CITATION VIII. Essay, page 42, the whole passage.

" Quadrupedi pugnat quadrupes, volucrique volu-
 cris ;

Et piseis cum pisce ferox hostilibus armis
 Prælia sæva gerit : jam pristina pabula spernunt.
 Jam tondere piget viridantes gramine campos :
 Alterum et alterius vivunt animalia letho :
 Prisca nec in gentem humanam reverentia durat ;
 Sed fugiunt, vel si steterant fera bella minantur
 Fronte truci, torvosque oculos jaculantur in illam.*

CITATION IX. Essay, page 43.

" Vatibus antiquis numerantur lumine cassis,"
 Tiresias, Phineus, Thamyrisque, et magnus Homerus.

The above passage stands thus in Masenius, in
 one line :—

Tiresias cæcus, Thamyrisque, et Daphnis, Homerus.

N.B. The verse now cited is in Masenius's
 Poems, but not in the Sarcotis.

CITATION X. Essay, page 46.

In medio, turmas inter provectus ovantes
 Cernitur Antitheus, reliquis hie altier unus
 Eminent, et circum vulgus despectat inane :
 Frons nebulis obscura latet, torvumque furorem
 Dissimulat, fidæ teetus velamine noctis ;

" Persimilis turri præcelsæ, aut montibus altis
Antiquæ cedro, nudatæ frondis honore."

Passages interpolated in Grotius.

CITATION I. Essay, page 55.

Sacri tonantis hostis, exsul patriæ
Cœlestis adsum ; tartari tristem specum
Fugiens, et atram noctis æternæ plagam.
Hac spe, quod unum maximum fugio malum,
Superos videbo. Fallor ? an certe meo
Concussa tellus tota trepidat pondere ?
" Quid dico ? Tellus ? Orcus et pedibus tremit

CITATION II. Essay, page 58, the whole passage

" Nam, me iudice,
Regnare dignum est ambitu, etsi in Tartaro.
Alto præeesse Tartaro siquidem juvat,
Cœlis quam in ipsis servi obire munia."

CITATION IV. Essay, page 61, the whole passage

" Innominata quæue nominibus suis,
Libet vocare propriis vocabulis."

CITATION V. Essay, page 63.

Terrestris orbis rector ! et princeps freti !
" Cœli solique soboles ; ætherium genus !"
Adame ! dextram liceat amplecti tuam !

CITATION VI. Essay, *ibid.*

Quod illud animal, tramite obliquo means,
Ad me volutum flexili serpit via ?

Sibila retorquet ora setosum caput
Trifidamque linguam vibrat : oculi ardent due,
" Carbunculorum luce certantes rubra."

CITATION VII. Essay, page 65, the whole passage,

—" Nata deo ! atque homine sata !
Regina mundi ! eademque interitus inscia !
Cunctis colenda !" —————

CITATION VIII. Essay, page 66, the whole passage.

" Rationis etenim omnino paritas exigit,
Ego bruta quando bestia evasi loquens :
Ex homine, qualis ante, te fieri Deam."

CITATION IX. Essay, *ibid.*

Per sancta thalami sacra, per jus nominis
Quodcumque nostri : sive me natam vocas,
Ex te creatam ; sive communi patre
Ortam, sororem ; sive potius conjugem :
" Cassam, oro, dulci luminis jubare tui"
Ne me relinquo : nunc tuo auxilio est opus
Cum versa sors est. Unicum lapsæ mihi
Firmamen, unam spem gravi adflictæ malo,
Te mihi reserva, dum licet ; mortalium
Ne tota soboles pereat unius nece :
" Tibi nam relictæ, quo petam ? aut ævum exigam ?"

CITATION X. Essay, page 67, the whole passage.

"Tu namque soli numini contraritis,
Minus es nocivus ; ast ego nocentior.

" (Adeoque misera magis, quippe miseræ comes
 Origoque scelus est, lurida mater male !)
 Deumque læsi scelere, teque, vir ! simul."

CITATION XI. Essay, page 68, the whole passage.

" Quod comedo, poto, gigno, diris subjacet."

Interpolation in Ramsay.

CITATION VI. Essay, page 88.

O judex ! nova me facies inopinaque terret ;
 Me maculae turpes, nudæque in corpore sordes,
 Et cruciant duris exercita pectora pœnis :
 Me ferus horror agit. Mihi non vernantia prata,
 Non vitrei fontes, cœli non aurea templa,
 Nec sunt grata mihi sub utroque jacentia sole :
 Judicis ora Dei sic torrent, lancinat ægrum
 Sic pectus mihi noxa. O si mi abrumpere vitam,
 Et detur pœnam quovis evadere letho !
 Ipsa parens utinam mihi tellus ima dehiscat !
 Ad piceas trudarque umbras, atque infera regna !
 " Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam !"
 Montibus aut premar injectis, cœlique ruina !
 Ante tuos vultus, tua quam flammantiaque ora
 Suspiciam, caput objectem et cœlestibus armis !

Interpolations in Starphorstius.

CITATION III. Essay, page 104.

Fœd us in humanis fragili quod sanctius ævo !
 Firmius et melius, quod magnificentius, ac quam
 Conjugii, sponsi sponsæque jugalia sacra !

" Auspice te, fugiens alieni subcuba lecti,
 Dira libido hominum tota de gente repulsa est :
 Ac tantum gregibus pecundum ratione carentum
 Imparat, et sine lege tori furibunda vagatur.
 Auspice te, quam jura probant, rectunque, piumque,
 Filius atque pater, fraterque innotuit ; et quot
 Vincula vicina sociarunt sanguinis, a te
 Nominibus didicere suam distinguere gentem."

CITATION VI. Essay, page 109.

Cœlestes animæ ! sublimia templa tenentes,
 Laudibus adcumulate deum super omnia magnum !
 Tu quoque nunc animi vis tota ac maxuma nostri !
 Tota tui in Domini grates dissolvere laudes !
 " Aurora redeunte nova, redeuntibus umbris."
 Immensum ! augustum ! verum ! inscrutabile numen !
 Summe Deus ! sobolesque Dei ! consorsque deorum,
 Spiritus ! æternas retines, bone rector ! habenas,
 Per mare, per terras, cœlosque, atque unus Jehova,
 Existens, celebrabo tuas, memorique sonabo
 Organico plectro laudes. Te pectore amabo,
 " Te primum, et medium, et summum, sed fine ca-
 rentem,"
 O miris mirande modis ! ter maxime rerum !
 Collustrat terras dum lumine Titan Eoo !

Interpolation in Fox. Essay, page 116.

Tu Psychephone
 Hypocrisis esto, hoc sub Francisci pallio.
 Tu Thanate, Martyromastix re et nomine sies.

REVEREND MR DOUGLAS.

Altered thus,

Tu Psychephone !

Hypocrisis esto ; hoc sub Francisci pallio,

" Quo tuto tecti sese credunt emori."

Interpolation in Quintianus. Essay, page 117.

Mic. Cur hue procaci veneris cursu refer ?

Manere si quis in sua potest domo,

Habitare nunquam curet alienas domos.

Luc. Quis non relictæ Tartari nigri domo,

Veniret ? Illic summa tenebrarum lues,

Ubi pedor ingens redolet extremum situm.

Hic autem amœna regna, et dulcis quies ;

Ubi serenus ridet æternum dies.

Mutare facile * est pondus immensum levi,

" Summos dolores maximisque gaudiis."

Interpolation in Beza. Essay, page 119.

Stygemque testor, et profunda Tartari,

Nisi impediret livor, et queis prosequor

Odia supremum numen, atque hominum genus,

Pietate motus hinc patris, et hinc filii,

Possem parenti condolare et filio,

" Quasi exuissem omnem malitiam ex pectore."

Interpolation in Fletcher. Essay, page 124.

Nec tamen æternos obliti (absiste timere)

Umquam animos, fessique ingentes ponimus iras.

* For *facile*, the word *volupe* was substituted in the Essay

Nec fas ; non sic deficimus, nec talia tecum
Gessimus, in cœlos olim tua signa secuti.
Est hic, est vitæ et magni contemptor Olympi.
Quique oblatam animus lucis nunc respuat aulam,
Et domiti tantum placeat cui regia cœli.
Ne dubita, numquam fractis hæc pectora, numquam
Deficient animis : prius ille ingentia cœli
Atria, desertosque æternæ lucis alumnos
Destituens, Erebum admigret noctemque pro-
fundam,
Et Stygiis mutet radiantia lumina flammis.
" In promptu caussa est : superest invicta voluntas,
Immortale odium, vindictæ et seva cupido."

Interpolation in Taubman. Essay, page 132.

Tune, ait, imperio regere omnia solus ; et una
Filius iste tuus, qui se tibi subjicit ultro,
Ac genibus minor ad terram prosternit, et offert
Nescio quos toties animi servilis honores ?
Et tamen æterni proles æterna Jehovæ
Audit ab ætherea luteaque propagine mundi.
" (Scilicet hunc natum dixisti cuncta regentem ;
Cœlitibus regem cunctis, dominumque supremum)"
Huic ego sim supplex? ego? quo prastantior alter
Non agit in superis. Mihi jus dabit ille, suum qui
Dat caput alterius sub jus et vincula legum ?
Semideus reget iste polos ? reget avia terræ ?
Me pressum levioire manu fortuna tenebit ?
" Et cogar æternum duplici servire tyranno ?"
Haud ita. Tu solus non polles fortibus ausis
Non ego sic cecidi, nec sic mea fata premuntur.

Ut nequeam relevare caput, colloque superbum
 Excutere imperium. Mihi si mea dextra favebit,
 Audeo totius mihi jus promittere mundi.

Essay, page 152.

"Throni, dominationes, principatus, virtutes, potestates," is said to be a line borrowed by Milton from the title-page of Heywood's *Hierarchy of Angels*. But there are more words in Heywood's title; and, according to his own arrangement of his subjects, they should be read thus:—"Seraphim, cherubim, throni, potestates, angeli, archangeli, principatus, dominationes."

These are my interpolations, minutely traced without any arts of evasion. Whether from the passages that yet remain, any reader will be convinced of my general assertion, and allow, that Milton had recourse for assistance to any of the authors whose names I have mentioned, I shall not now be very diligent to enquire, for I had no particular pleasure in subverting the reputation of Milton, which I had myself once endeavoured to exalt*; and of which, the foundation had always remained untouched by me, had not my credit and my interest been blasted,

* *Virorum maximus, Joannes Miltonus, poeta celebrissimus—non Angliæ modo, soli natalis, verum generis humani ornamentum—cujus eximius liber, Anglicanis versibus conscriptus, vulgo Paradisus amissus, immortalis illud ingenii monumentum, cum ipsa fere æternitate perennaturum est opus!—Hujus memoriam Anglorum primus, post tantum, proh dolor! ab tanti excessu poetæ intervallum, statua eleganti in loco celeberrimo, cœnobio Westmonasteriensi, posita, regum, principum,*

or thought to be blasted, by the shade which it cast from its boundless elevation.

About ten years ago, I published an edition of Dr Johnston's translation of the Psalms ; and having procured from the general assembly of the church of Scotland, a recommendation of its use to the lower classes of grammar-schools, into which I had begun to introduce it, though not without much controversy and opposition; I thought it likely that I should, by annual publications, improve my little fortune, and be enabled to support myself in freedom from the miseries of indigence. But Mr Pope, in his malevolence to Mr Benson, who had distinguished himself by his fondness for the same version, destroyed all my hopes by a distich, in which he places Johnston in a contemptuous comparison with the author of *Paradise Lost*. †

antistitum, illustriumque Angliæ viorum cæmeterio, vir ornatissimus, Gulielmus Benson prosecutus est.

Pœtarum Scotorum Musæ Sacræ in præfatione, Edin. 1739.

A character, as high and honourable as ever was bestowed upon him by the most sanguine of his admirers ! and as this was my cool and sincere opinion of that wonderful man formerly, so I declare it to be the same still, and ever will be, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, occasioned merely by passion and resentment ; which appear, however, by the Postscript to the Essay, to be so far from extending to the posterity of Milton, that I recommend his only remaining descendant, in the warmest terms to the public.

† On two unequal crutches prop'd he * came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.

Dunciad. Book IV.

* Benson. This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame, by erecting monuments, striking coins, and procuring translations of

From this time, all my praises of Johnston became ridiculous ; and I was censured with great freedom, for forcing upon the schools, an author whom Mr Pope had mentioned only as a foil to a better poet. On this occasion it was natural not to be pleased ; and my resentment seeking to discharge itself some where, was unhappily directed against Milton. I resolved to attack his fame, and found some passages in cursory reading, which gave me hopes of stigmatising him as a plagiary. The farther I carried my search, the more eager I grew for the discovery ; and the more my hypothesis was opposed, the more I was heated with rage. The consequence of my blind passion, I need not relate ; it has, by your detection, become apparent to mankind. Nor do I mention this provocation as adequate to the fury which I have shown, but as a cause of anger, less shameful and reproachful than fractious malice, personal envy, or national jealousy.

Milton ; and afterwards by a great passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scots physician's version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. Notes on the Dunciad.

No fewer than six different editions of that useful and valuable book, two in quarto, two in octavo, and two in a lesser form, now lie like lumber in the hand of Mr Vaillant, bookseller, the effects of Mr Pope's ill-natured criticism

One of these editions in quarto, illustrated with an interpretation and notes, after the manner of the classic authors *in usum Delphini*, was by the worthy editor, anno 1741, inscribed to his Royal Highness Prince George, as a proper book for his instruction in principles of piety, as well as knowledge of the Latin tongue, when he should arrive at due maturity of age. To restore this book to credit was the cause that induced me to engage in this disagreeable controversy, **rather than** any design to depreciate the just reputation of Milton,

But for the violation of truth, I offer no excuse ; because I well know, that nothing can excuse it. Nor will I aggravate my crime, by disingenuous palliations. I confess it, I repent it, and resolve that my first offence shall be my last. More I cannot perform, and more therefore cannot be required. I entreat the pardon of all men, whom I have by any means induced to support, to countenance, or patronise my frauds, of which I think myself obliged to declare, that not one of my friends was conscious. I hope to deserve, by better conduct and more useful undertakings, that patronage which I have obtained from the most illustrious and venerable names by misrepresentation and delusion, and to appear hereafter in such a character, as shall give you no reason to regret that your name is frequently mentioned with that of,

Reverend Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

WILLIAM LAUDER

DECEMBER 20, 1750.

REVIEW
OF
A FREE ENQUIRY
INTO
THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF EVIL.

THIS is a treatise consisting of Six Letters upon a very difficult and important question, which I am afraid this author's endeavours will not free from the perplexity which has entangled the speculatists of all ages, and which must always continue while we see but in part. He calls it a Free Enquiry ; and indeed his freedom is, I think, greater than his modesty. Though he is far from the contemptible arrogance, or the impious licentiousness of Bolingbroke, yet he decides too easily upon questions out of the reach of human determination, with too little consideration of mortal weakness, and with too much vivacity for the necessary caution.

In the first letter on Evil in General, he observes, that, " it is the solution of this important question, *Whence came evil*, alone, that can ascertain the moral characteristic of God, without which there is an end of all distinction between good and evil." Yet he begins this enquiry by this declaration : " That there is a Supreme Being, infinitely powerful, wise, and benevolent, the great Creator and Preserver of all things, is a truth so clearly demonstrated, that it shall be here taken for granted." What is this but to say, that we have already reason to grant the existence of those attributes of God, which the present enquiry is designed to prove ? The present enquiry is then surely made to no purpose. The attributes, to the demonstration of which the solution of this great question is necessary, have been demonstrated without any solution, or by means of the solution of some former writer.

He rejects the Manichean system, but imputes to it an absurdity, from which, amidst all its absurdities, it seems to be free, and adopts the system of Mr Pope. " That pain is no evil, if asserted with regard to the individuals who suffer it, is downright nonsense ; but if considered as it affects the universal system, is an undoubted truth, and means only that there is no more pain in it than what is necessary to the production of happiness. How many soever of these evils then force themselves into the creation, so long as the good preponderates, it is a work well worthy of infinite wisdom and benevolence; and, notwithstanding the imperfections of its parts, the whole is most undoubtedly

perfect." And in the former part of the letter he gives the principle of his system in these words, " Omnipotence cannot work contradictions, it can only effect all possible things. But so little are we acquainted with the whole system of nature, that we know not what are possible, and what are not : but if we may judge from that constant mixture of pain with pleasure, and inconveniency with advantage, which we must observe in every thing round us, we have reason to conclude, that to endue created beings with perfection, that is, to produce good exclusive of evil, is one of those impossibilities which even infinite power cannot accomplish."

This is elegant and acute, but will by no means calm discontent, or silence curiosity ; for whether evil can be wholly separated from good or not, it is plain that they may be mixed in various degrees ; and as far as human eyes can judge, the degree of evil might have been less without any impediment to good.

The second letter, on the evils of imperfection, is little more than a paraphrase of Pope's Epistles, or yet less than a paraphrase, a mere translation of poetry into prose. This is surely to attack difficulty with very disproportionate abilities, to cut the Gordian knot with very blunt instruments. When we are told of the insufficiency of former solutions, why is one of the latest, which no man can have forgotten, given us again ? I am told, that this pamphlet is not the effort of hunger: what can it be then but the product of vanity ? and yet how can vanity be gratified by plagiarism or transcrip-

tion ? When this speculatist finds himself prompted to another performance, let him consider whether he is about to disburthen his mind, or employ his fingers ; and if I might venture to offer him a subject, I should wish that he would solve this question, Why he that has nothing to write should desire to be a writer ?

Yet is not this letter without some sentiments which, though not new, are of great importance, and may be read with pleasure in the thousandth repetition.

" Whatever we enjoy is purely a free gift from our Creator : but that we enjoy no more, can never sure be deemed an injury, or a just reason to question his infinite benevolence. All our happiness is owing to his goodness ; but that it is no greater, is owing only to ourselves ; that is, to our not having any inherent right to any happiness, or even to any existence at all. This is no more to be imputed to God, than the wants of a beggar to the person who has relieved him : that he had something, was owing to his benefactor ; but that he had no more, only to his own original poverty."

Thus far he speaks what every man must approve, and what every wise man has said before him. He then gives us the system of subordination, not invented, for it was known I think to the Arabian metaphysicians, but adopted by Pope ; and from him borrowed by the diligent researches of this great investigator.

" No system can possibly be formed, even in imagination, without a subordination of parts. Every animal body must have different members

subservient to each other ; every picture must be composed of various colours, and of light and shade ; all harmony must be formed of trebles, tenors, and basses ; every beautiful and useful edifice must consist of higher and lower, more and less magnificent apartments. This is in the very essence of all created things, and therefore cannot be prevented by any means whatever, unless by not creating them at all."

These instances are used instead of Pope's oak and weeds, or Jupiter and his satellites ; but neither Pope, nor this writer, have much contributed to solve the difficulty. Perfection or imperfection of unconscious beings has no meaning as referred to themselves : the bass and the treble are equally perfect ; the mean and magnificent apartments feel no pleasure or pain from the comparison. Pope might ask the weed, why it was less than the oak, but the weed would never ask the question for itself. The bass and treble differ only to the hearer, meanness and magnificence only to the inhabitant. There is no evil but must inhere in a conscious being, or be referred to it ; that is, evil must be felt before it is evil. Yet even on this subject many questions might be offered which human understanding has not yet answered, and which the present haste of this extract will not suffer me to dilate.

He proceeds to a humble detail of Pope's opinion : " The universe is a system whose very essence consists in subordination ; a scale of beings descending by insensible degrees from infinite perfection to absolute nothing ; in which, though we may justly expect to find perfection in the whole, could

we possibly comprehend it ; yet would it be the highest absurdity to hope for it in all its parts, because the beauty and happiness of the whole depend altogether on the just inferiority of its parts, that is, on the comparative imperfections of the several beings of which it is composed.

" It would have been no more an instance of God's wisdom to have created no beings but of the highest and most perfect order, than it would be of a painter's art to cover his whole piece with one single colour the most beautiful he could compose. Had he confined himself to such, nothing could have existed but demi-gods, or archangels, and then all inferior orders must have been void and uninhabited : but as it is surely more agreeable to infinite benevolence, that all these should be filled up with beings capable of enjoying happiness themselves, and contributing to that of others, they must necessarily be filled with inferior beings, that is, with such as are less perfect, but from whose existence, notwithstanding that less perfection, more felicity upon the whole accrues to the universe, than if no such had been created. It is moreover highly probable, that there is such a connection between all ranks and orders by subordinate degrees, that they mutually support each other's existence, and every one in its place is absolutely necessary towards sustaining the whole vast and magnificent fabric.

" Our pretences for complaint could be of this only, that we are not so high in the scale of existence as our ignorant ambition may desire ; a pretence which must eternally subsist ; because, were

we ever so much higher, there would be still room for infinite power to exalt us ; and since no link in the chain can be broke, the same reason for disquiet must remain to those who succeed to that chasm, which must be occasioned by our preferment. A man can have no reason to repine that he is not an angel ; nor a horse that he is not a man ; much less, that in their several stations they possess not the faculties of another ; for this would be an insufferable misfortune."

This doctrine of the regular subordination of beings, the scale of existence, and the chain of nature, I have often considered, but always left the enquiry in doubt and uncertainty.

That every being not infinite, compared with infinity, must be imperfect, is evident to intuition ; that whatever is imperfect must have a certain line which it cannot pass, is equally certain. But the reason which determined this limit. and for which such being was suffered to advance thus far and no farther, we shall never be able to discern. Our discoverers tell us, the Creator has made beings of all orders, and that therefore one of them must be such as man. But this system seems to be established on a concession, which, if it be refused, cannot be extorted.

Every reason which can be brought to prove, that there are beings of every possible sort, will prove that there is the greatest number possible of every sort of beings ; but this with respect to man we know, if we know any thing, not to be true.

It does not appear even to the imagination, that of three orders of being, the first and the third re-

ceive any advantage from the imperfection of the second, or that indeed they may not equally exist, though the second had never been, or should cease to be ; and why should that be concluded necessary, which cannot be proved even to be useful ?

The scale of existence from infinity to nothing, cannot possibly have being. The highest being not infinite, must be, as has been often observed, at an infinite distance below infinity. Cheyne, who, with the desire inherent in mathematicians to reduce every thing to mathematical images, considers all existence as a cone, allows that the basis is at an infinite distance from the body. And in this distance between finite and infinite, there will be room for ever for an infinite series of indefinable existence.

Between the lowest positive existence and nothing, wherever we suppose positive existence to cease, is another chasm infinitely deep ; where there is room again for endless orders of subordinate nature, continued for ever and for ever, and yet infinitely superior to non-existence.

To these meditations humanity is unequal. But yet we may ask, not of our Maker, but of each other, since on the one side creation, wherever it stops, must stop infinitely below infinity, and on the other infinitely above nothing, what necessity there is that it should proceed so far either way, that beings so high or so low should ever have existed ? We may ask ; but I believe no created wisdom can give an adequate answer.

Nor is this all. In the scale, wherever it begins or ends, are infinite vacuities. At whatever distance we suppose the next order of beings to be above

man, there is room for an intermediate order of beings between them ; and if for one order, then for infinite orders ; since every thing that admits of more or less, and consequently all the parts of that which admits them, may be infinitely divided. So that as far as we can judge, there may be room in the vacuity between any two steps of the scale, or between any two points of the cone of being, for infinite exertion of infinite power.

Thus it appears how little reason those who repose their reason upon the scale of being have to triumph over them who recur to any other expedient of solution, and what difficulties arise on every side to repress the rebellions of presumptuous decision. "*Qui pauca considerat, facile pronunciat.*" In our passage through the boundless ocean of disquisition we often take fogs for land, and after having long toiled to approach them, find, instead of repose and harbours, new storms of objection, and fluctuations of uncertainty.

We are next entertained with Pope's alleviations of those evils which we are doomed to suffer.

"Poverty, or the want of riches, is generally compensated by having more hopes, and fewer fears, by a greater share of health, and a more exquisite relish of the smallest enjoyments, than those who possess them are usually blessed with. The want of taste and genius, with all the pleasures that arise from them, are commonly recompensed by a more useful kind of common sense, together with a wonderful delight, as well as success, in the busy pursuits of a scrambling world. The sufferings of the sick are greatly relieved by many trifling gra-

tifications imperceptible to others, and sometimes almost repaid by the inconceivable transports occasioned by the return of health and vigour. Folly cannot be very grievous, because imperceptible; and I doubt not but there is some truth in that rant of a mad poet, that there is a pleasure in being mad, which none but madmen know. Ignorance, or the want of knowledge and literature, the appointed lot of all born to poverty, and the drudgeries of life, is the only opiate capable of infusing that insensibility which can enable them to endure the miseries of the one and the fatigues of the other. It is a cordial administered by the gracious hand of Providence ; of which they ought never to be deprived by an ill-judged and improper education. It is the basis of all subordination, the support of society, and the privilege of individuals : and I have ever thought it a most remarkable instance of the divine wisdom, that whereas in all animals, whose individuals rise little above the rest of their species, knowledge is instinctive ; in man, whose individuals are so widely different, it is acquired by education ; by which means the prince and the labourer, the philosopher and the peasant, are in some measure fitted for their respective situations."

Much of these positions is perhaps true, and the whole paragraph might well pass without censure, were not objections necessary to the establishment of knowledge. Poverty is very gently paraphrased by want of riches. In that sense almost every man may in his own opinion be poor. But there is another poverty, which is want of competence, of

all that can soften the miseries of life, of all that can diversify attention, or delight imagination. There is yet another poverty, which is want of necessities ; a species of poverty which no care of the public, no charity of particulars, can preserve many from feeling openly, and many secretly.

That hope and fear are inseparably or very frequently connected with poverty and riches, my surveys of life have not informed me. The milder degrees of poverty are sometimes supported by hope, but the more severe often sink down in motionless despondence. Life must be seen before it can be known. This author and Pope perhaps never saw the miseries which they imagine thus easy to be borne. The poor indeed are insensible of many little vexations which sometimes embitter the possessions and pollute the enjoyments of the rich. They are not pained by casual incivility, or mortified by the mutilation of a compliment ; but this happiness is like that of a malefactor, who ceases to feel the cords that bind him, when the pincers are tearing his flesh.

That want of taste for one enjoyment is supplied by the pleasures of some other, may be fairly allowed. But the compensations of sickness I have never found near to equivalence, and the transports of recovery only prove the intenseness of the pain.

With folly no man is willing to confess himself very intimately acquainted, and therefore its pains and pleasures are kept secret. But what the author says of its happiness seems applicable only to fatuity, or gross dulness; for that inferiority of understanding which makes one man without any

other reason, the slave, or tool, or property of another, which makes him sometimes useless and sometimes ridiculous, is often felt with very quick sensibility. On the happiness of madmen, as the case is not very frequent, it is not necessary to raise a disquisition ; but I cannot forbear to observe, that I never yet knew disorders of mind increase felicity : every madman is either arrogant and irascible, or gloomy and suspicious, or possessed by some passion or notion destructive to his quiet. He has always discontent in his look, and malignity in his bosom. And, if he had the power of choice, he would soon repent who should resign his reason to secure his peace.

Concerning the portion of ignorance necessary to make the condition of the lower classes of mankind safe to the public and tolerable to themselves, both morals and policy exact a nicer enquiry than will be very soon or very easily made. There is undoubtedly a degree of knowledge which will direct a man to refer all to Providence, and to acquiesce in the condition with which omniscient goodness has determined to allot him ; to consider this world as a phantom that must soon glide from before his eyes, and the distresses and vexations that encompass him, as dust scattered in his path, as a blast that chills him for a moment, and passes off for ever.

Such wisdom, arising from the comparison of a part with the whole of our existence, those that want it most, cannot possibly obtain from philosophy ; nor, unless the method of education, and the general tenor of life are changed, will very easily receive it from religion. The bulk of mankind is not likely to be very wise or very good : and I know

not whether there are not many states of life, in which all knowledge, less than the highest wisdom, will produce discontent and danger. I believe it may be sometimes found, that a little learning is to a poor man a dangerous thing. But such is the condition of humanity, that we easily see, or quickly feel the wrong, but cannot always distinguish the right. Whatever knowledge is superfluous in irremediable poverty, is hurtful ; but the difficulty is to determine when poverty is irremediable, and at what point superfluity begins. Gross ignorance every man has found equally dangerous with perverted knowledge. Men left wholly to their appetites and their instincts, with little sense of moral or religious obligation, and with very faint distinctions of right and wrong, can never be safely employed or confidently trusted : they can be honest only by obstinacy, and diligent only by compulsion or caprice. Some instruction, therefore, is necessary, and much perhaps may be dangerous.

Though it should be granted that those who are born to poverty and drudgery should not be deprived by an improper education of the opiate of ignorance; even this concession will not be of much use to direct our practice, unless it be determined who are those that are born to poverty. To entail irreversible poverty upon generation after generation, only because the ancestor happened to be poor, is in itself cruel, if not unjust, and is wholly contrary to the maxims of a commercial nation, which always suppose and promote a rotation of property, and offer every individual a chance of mending his condition by his diligence. Those who communicate

literature to **the** eon of a poor man, consider him as one not born to poverty, but to the necessity of deriving a better fortune from himself. In this attempt, as in others, many fail, and many succeed : Those that fail will feel their misery more acutely ; but since poverty is now confessed to be such a calamity as cannot be borne without the opiate of insensibility, I hope the happiness of those whom education enables to escape from it, may turn the balance against that exacerbation which the others suffer.

I am always afraid of determining on the side of envy or cruelty. The privileges of education may sometimes be improperly bestowed, but I shall always fear to withhold them, lest I should be yielding to the suggestions of pride, while I persuade myself that I am following the maxims of policy ; and under the appearance of salutary restraints, should be indulging the lust of dominion, and that malevolence which delights in seeing others depressed.

Pope's doctrine is at last exhibited in a comparison which, like other proofs of the same kind, is better adapted to delight the fancy than convince the reason.

" Thus the universe resembles a large and well-regulated family, in which all the officers and servants, and even the domestic animals are subservient to each other in a proper subordination : each enjoys the privileges and perquisites peculiar to his place, and at the same time contributes by that just subordination to the magnificence and happiness of the whole."

The magnificence of a house is of use or pleasure always to the master, and sometimes to the domestics. But the magnificence of the universe adds

nothing to the Supreme Being ; for any part of its inhabitants with which human knowledge is acquainted, an universe much less spacious or splendid would have been sufficient ; and of happiness it does not appear that any is communicated from the beings of a lower world to those of a higher.

The enquiry after the cause of natural evil is continued in the third letter ; in which, as in the former, there is a mixture of borrowed truth and native folly, of some notions just and trite, with others uncommon and ridiculous.

His opinion of the value and importance of happiness is certainly just, and I shall insert it, not that it will give any information to any reader, but it may serve to show how the most common notion may be swelled in sound, and diffused in bulk, till it shall perhaps astonish the author himself.

" Happiness is the only thing of real value in existence ; neither riches, nor power, nor wisdom, nor learning, nor strength, nor beauty, nor virtue, nor religion, nor even life itself, being of any importance, but as they contribute to its production. All these are in themselves neither good nor evil : happiness alone is their great end, and they are desirable only as they tend to promote it."

Success produces confidence. After this discovery of the value of happiness, he proceeds, without any distrust of himself, to tell us what has been hid from all former enquirers.

" The true solution of this important question, so long and so vainly searched for by the philosophers of all ages and all countries, I take to be at last no more than this, that these real evils proceed from

the same source as those imaginary ones of imperfection, before treated of, namely, from that subordination, without which no created system can subsist; all subordination implying imperfection, all imperfection evil, and all evil some kind of inconvenience or suffering: so that there must be particular inconveniences and sufferings annexed to every particular rank of created beings, by the circumstances of things, and their modes of existence.

"God indeed might have made us quite other creatures, and placed us in a world quite differently constituted; but then we had been no longer men; and whatever beings had occupied our stations in the universal system, they must have been liable to the same inconveniences."

In all this there is nothing that can silence the inquiries of curiosity, or calm the perturbations of doubt. Whether subordination implies imperfection may be disputed. The means respecting themselves may be as perfect as the end. The weed as a weed is no less perfect than the oak as an oak. That "imperfection implies evil, and evil suffering," is by no means evident. Imperfection may imply privative evil, or the absence of some good, but this privation produces no suffering, but by the help of knowledge. An infant at the breast is yet an imperfect man, but there is no reason for belief that he is unhappy by his immaturity, unless some positive pain be superadded.

When this author presumes to speak of the universe, I would advise him a little to distrust his own faculties, however large and comprehensive.

Many words easily understood on common occasion, become uncertain and figurative when applied to the works of Omnipotence. Subordination in human affairs is well understood ; but when it is attributed to the universal system, its meaning grows less certain, like the petty distinctions of locality, which are of good use upon our own globe, but have no meaning with regard to infinite space, in which nothing is high or low.

That if man, by exaltation to a higher nature, were exempted from the evils which he now suffers, some other being must suffer them ; that if man were not man, some other being must be man, is a position arising from his established notion of the scale of being. A notion to which Pope has given some importance by adopting it, and of which I have therefore endeavoured to shew the uncertainty and inconsistency. This scale of being I have demonstrated to be raised by presumptuous imagination, to rest on nothing at the bottom, to lean on nothing at the top, and to have vacuities from step to step through which any order of being may sink into nihility without any inconvenience, so far as we can judge, to the next rank above or below it. We are therefore little enlightened by a writer who tells us, that any being in the state of man must suffer what man suffers, when the only question that requires to be resolved is, Why any being is in this state ?

Of poverty and labour he gives just and elegant representations, which yet do not remove the difficulty of the first and fundamental question ; though,

supposing the present state of man necessary, they may supply some motives to content

" Poverty is what all could not possibly have been exempted from, not only by reason of the fluctuating nature of human possessions, but because the world could not subsist without it ; for had all been rich, none could have submitted to the commands of another, or the necessary drudgeries of life ; thence all government must have been dissolved, arts neglected, and lands uncultivated, and so an universal penury have overwhelmed all, instead of now and then pinching a few. Hence, by the by, appears the great excellence of charity, by which men are enabled by a particular distribution of the blessings and enjoyments of life, on proper occasions, to prevent that poverty which by a general one Omnipotence itself could never have prevented : so that, by enforcing this duty, God as it were demands our assistance to promote universal happiness, and to shut out misery at every door, where it strives to intrude itself.

Labour, indeed, God might easily have excused us from, since at his command the earth would readily have poured forth all her treasures without our inconsiderable assistance : but if the severest labour cannot sufficiently subdue the malignity of human nature, what plots and machinations, what wars, rapine, and devastation, what profligacy and licentiousness, must have been the consequences of universal idleness ! so that labour ought only to be looked upon as a task kindly imposed upon us by

our indulgent Creator, necessary to preserve our health, our safety, and our innocence."

I am afraid that the latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning. If God could easily have excused us from labour, I do not comprehend why he could not possibly have exempted all from poverty. For poverty, in its easier and more tolerable degree, is little more than necessity of labour; and in its more severe and deplorable state, little more than inability for labour. To be poor is to work for others, or to want the succour of others without work. And the same exuberant fertility which would make work unnecessary, might make poverty impossible.

Surely a man who seems not completely master of his own opinion, should have spoken more cautiously of Omnipotence, nor have presumed to say what it could perform, or what it could prevent. I am in doubt whether those who stand highest in the scale of being speak thus confidently of the dispensations of their Maker :

For fools rush in, where angels fear to tread.

Of our inquietudes of mind his account is still less reasonable. " Whilst men are injured, they must be inflamed with anger; and whilst they see cruelties, they must be melted with pity; whilst they perceive danger, they must be sensible of fear." This is to give a reason for all evil, by shewing that one evil produces another. If there is danger, there ought to be fear; but if fear is an evil, why should there be danger? His vindication of pain is of the same kind: pain is useful to alarm us, that we may

shun greater evils, but those greater evils must be presupposed, that the fitness of pain may appear.

Treating on death, he has expressed the known and true doctrine with sprightliness of fancy, and neatness of diction. I shall therefore insert it. There are truths which, as they are always necessary, do not grow stale by repetition.

" Death, the last and most dreadful of all evils, is so far from being one, that it is the infallible cure for all others.

**To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar.
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er. GARTH.**

" For, abstracted from the sickness and sufferings usually attending it, it is no more than the expiration of that term of life God was pleased to bestow on us, without any claim or merit on our part. But was it an evil ever so great, it could not be remedied but by one much greater, which is by living for ever ; by which means our wickedness, unrestrained by the prospect of a future state, would grow so insupportable, our sufferings so intolerable by perseverance, and our pleasures so tiresome by repetition, that no being in the universe could be so completely miserable as a species of immortal men. We have no reason, therefore, to look upon death as an evil, or to fear it as a punishment, even without any supposition of a future life : but if we consider it as a passage to a more perfect state, or a remove only in an eternal succession of still-improving states (for which we have the strongest reasons) it will then appear

a new favour from the divine munificence ; and a man must be as absurd to repine at dying, as a traveller would be, who proposed to himself a delightful tour through various unknown countries, to lament that he cannot take up his residence at the first dirty inn which he baits at on the road.

" The instability of human life, or of the changes of its successive periods, of which we so frequently complain, are no more than the necessary progress of it to this necessary conclusion ; and are so far from being evils deserving these complaints, that they are the source of our greatest pleasures, as they are the source of all novelty, from which our greatest pleasures are ever derived. The continual succession of seasons in the human life, by daily presenting to us new scenes, render it agreeable, and like those of the year, afford us delights by their change, which the choicest of them could not give us by their continuance. In the spring of life, the gilding of the sun-shine, the verdure of the fields, and the variegated paintings of the sky, are so exquisite in the eyes of infants at their first looking abroad into a new world, as nothing perhaps afterwards can equal : The heat and vigour of the succeeding summer of youth ripens for us new pleasures, the blooming maid, the nightly revel, and the jovial chace : The serene autumn of complete manhood feasts us with the golden harvests of our worldly pursuits : Nor is the hoary winter of old age destitute of its peculiar comforts and enjoyments, of which the recollection and relation of those past are perhaps none of the least ; and at last death opens to us a new prospect, from whence

we shall probably look back upon the diversions and occupations of this world with the same contempt we do now on our tops and hobby-horses, and with the same surprise that they could ever so much entertain or engage us."

I would not willingly detract from the beauty of this paragraph ; and in gratitude to him who has so well inculcated such important truths, I will venture to admonish him, since the chief comfort of the old is the recollection of the past, so to employ his time and his thoughts, that when the imbecility of age shall come upon him, he may be able to recreate its languors by the remembrance of hours spent, not in presumptuous decisions, but modest enquiries, not in dogmatical limitations of Omnipotence, but in humble acquiescence and fervent adoration. Old age will show him that much of the book now before us has no other use than to perplex the scrupulous, and to shake the weak, to encourage impious presumption, or stimulate idle curiosity.

Having thus dispatched the consideration of particular evils, he comes at last to a general reason for which evil may be said to be our good. He is of opinion that there is some inconceivable benefit in pain abstractedly considered ; that pain, however inflicted, or wherever felt, communicates some good to the general system of being, and that every animal is some way or other the better for the pain of every other animal. This opinion he carries so far as to suppose that there passes some principle of union through all animal life, as attraction is communicated to all corporeal nature ;

and that the evils suffered on this globe, may by some inconceivable means contribute to the felicity of the inhabitants of the remotest planet.

How the origin of evil is brought nearer to human conception by any inconceivable means, I am not able to discover. We believed that the present system of creation was right, though we could not explain the adaptation of one part to the other, or for the whole succession of causes and consequences. Where has this enquirer added to the little knowledge that we had before ? He has told us of the benefits of evils, which no man feels, and relations between distant parts of the universe, which he cannot himself conceive. There was enough in this question inconceivable before, and we have little advantage from a new inconceivable solution.

I do not mean to reproach this author for not knowing what is equally hidden from learning and from ignorance. The shame is to impose words for ideas upon ourselves or others. To imagine that we are going forward when we are only turning round. To think that there is any difference between him that gives no reason, and him that gives a reason, which by his own confession cannot be conceived.

But that he may not be thought to conceive nothing but things inconceivable, he has at last thought on a way by which human sufferings may produce good effects. He imagines that as we have not only animals for food, but choose some for our diversion, the same privilege may be allowed to some beings above us, " who may deceive, tor-

ment, or destroy us for the ends only of their own pleasure or utility." This he again finds impossible to be conceived, " but that impossibility lessens not the probability of the conjecture, which by analogy is so strongly confirmed."

I cannot resist the temptation of contemplating this analogy, which I think he might have carried further very much to the advantage of his argument. He might have shown that these hunters whose game is man, have many sports analogous to our own. As we drown whelps and kittens, they amuse themselves now and then with sinking a ship, and stand round the fields of Bleheim or the walls of Prague, as we encircle a cock-pit. As we shoot a bird flying, they take a man in the midst of his business or pleasure, and knock him down with an apoplexy. Some of them, perhaps, are virtuosi, and delight in the operations of an asthma, as a human philosopher in the effects of the air-pump. To swell a man with a tympany is as good sport as to blow a frog. Many a merry bout have these frolic beings at the vicissitudes of an ague, and good sport it is to see a man tumble with an epilepsy, and revive and tumble again, and all this he knows not why. As they are wiser and more powerful than we, they have more exquisite diversions, for we have no way of procuring any sport so brisk and so lasting, as the paroxysms of the gout and stone, which undoubtedly must make high mirth, especially if the play be a little diversified with the blunders and puzzles of the blind and deaf. We know not how far their sphere of observation may extend. Perhaps now and then a

merry being may place himself in such a situation as to enjoy at once all the varieties of an epidemical disease, or amuse his leisure with the tossings and contortions of every possible pain exhibited together.

One sport the merry malice of these beings has found means of enjoying, to which we have nothing equal or similar. They now and then catch a mortal proud of his parts, and flattered either by the submission of those who court his kindness, or the notice of those who suffer him to court theirs. A head thus prepared for the reception of false opinions, and the projection of vain designs, they easily fill with idle notions, till in time they make their plaything an author : their first diversion commonly begins with an ode or an epistle, then rises perhaps to a political irony, and is at last brought to its height, by a treatise of philosophy. Then begins the poor animal to entangle himself in sophisms, and flounder in absurdity, to talk confidently of the scale of being, and to give solutions which himself confesses impossible to be understood. Sometimes, however, it happens that their pleasure is without much mischief. The author feels no pain ; but while they are wondering at the extravagance of his opinion, and pointing him out to one another as a new example of human folly, he is enjoying his own applause, and that of his companions, and perhaps is elevated with the **hope** of standing at the head of a new sect.

Many of the books which now crowd the **world**, may be justly suspected to be written for **the sake**

of some invisible order of beings, for surely they are of no use to any of the corporeal inhabitants of the world. Of the production of the last bounteous year, how many can be said to serve any purpose of use or pleasure ? The only end of writing is to enable the readers better to enjoy life, or better to endure it : and how will either of those be put more in our power by him who tells us that we are puppets, of which some creature not much wiser than ourselves manages the wires. That a set of beings unseen and unheard, are hovering about us, trying experiments upon our sensibility, putting us in agonies to see our limbs quiver, torturing us to madness, that they may laugh at our vagaries, sometimes obstructing the bile, that they may see how a man looks when he is yellow ; sometimes breaking a traveller's bones to try how he will get home ; sometimes wasting a man to a skeleton, and sometimes killing him fat for the greater elegance of his hide.

This is an account of natural evil, which though, like the rest, not quite new, is very entertaining ; though I know not how much it may contribute to patience. The only reason why we should contemplate evil is, that we may bear it better ; and I am afraid nothing is much more placidly endured, for the sake of making others sport.

The first pages of the fourth letter are such as incline me both to hope and wish that I shall find nothing to blame in the succeeding part. He offers a criterion of action, on account of virtue and vice, for which I have often contended, and which

must be embraced by all who are willing to know why they act, or why they forbear to give any reason of their conduct to themselves or others.

" In order to find out the true origin of moral evil, it will be necessary, in the first place, to inquire into its nature and essence ; or what it is that constitutes one action evil, and another good. Various have been the opinions of various authors on this criterion of virtue ; and this variety has rendered that doubtful, which must otherwise have been clear and manifest to the meanest capacity. Some indeed have denied that there is any such thing, because different ages and nations have entertained different sentiments concerning it ; but this is just as reasonable as to assert, that there are neither sun, moon, nor stars, because astronomers have supported different systems of the motions and magnitudes of these celestial bodies. Some have placed it in conformity to truth, some to the fitness of things, and others to the will of God. But all this is merely superficial : they resolve us not why truth, or the fitness of things, are either eligible or obligatory, or why God should require us to act in one manner rather than another. The true reason of which can possibly be no other than this, because some actions produce happiness, and others misery : so that all moral good and evil are nothing more than the production of natural. This alone it is that makes truth preferable to falsehood, this that determines the fitness of things, and this that induces God to command some actions, and forbid others. They who extol the truth, beauty, and harmony of

virtue, exclusive of its consequences, deal hut in pompous nonsense; and they who persuade us, that good and evil are things indifferent, depending wholly on the will of God, do but confound the nature of tilings, as well as all our notions of God himself, by representing him capable of willing contradictions ; that is, that we should be, and be happy, and at the same time that we should torment and destroy each other ; for injuries cannot be made benefits, pain cannot be made pleasure, and consequently vice cannot be made virtue by any power whatever. It is the consequences, therefore, of all human actions that must stamp their value. So far as the general practice of any action tends to produce good, and introduce happiness into the world, so far we may pronounce it virtuous; so much evil as it occasions, such is the degree of vice it contains. I say, the general practice; because we must always remember, in judging by this rule, to apply it only to the general species of actions, and not to particular actions ; for the infinite wisdom of God, desirous to set bounds to the destructive consequences which must otherwise have followed from the universal depravity of mankind, has so wonderfully contrived the nature of things, that our most vicious actions may sometimes accidentally and collaterally produce good. Thus, for instance, robbery may disperse useless hoards to the benefit of the public; adultery may bring heirs and good humour too into many families, where they would otherwise have been wanting ;

and murder free the world from tyrants and oppressors. Luxury maintains its thousands, and vanity its ten thousands. Superstition and arbitrary power contribute to the grandeur of many nations, and the liberties of others are preserved by the perpetual contentions of avarice, knavery, selfishness, and ambition ; and thus the worst of vices, and the worst of men, are often compelled by Providence to serve the most beneficial purposes, contrary to their own malevolent tendencies and inclinations ; and thus private Vices become public benefits, by the force only of accidental circumstances. But this impeaches not the truth of the criterion of virtue before mentioned, the only solid foundation on which any true system of ethics can be built, the only plain, simple, and uniform rule by which we can pass any judgment on our actions ; but by this we may be enabled, not only to determine which are good, and which are evil, but almost mathematically to demonstrate the proportion of virtue or vice which belongs to each, by comparing them with the degrees of happiness or misery which they occasion. But though the production of happiness is the essence of virtue, it is by no means the end ; the great end is the probation of mankind, or the giving them an opportunity of exalting or degrading themselves in another state by their behaviour in the present. And thus indeed it answers two most important purposes ; those are the conservation of our happiness, and the test of our obedience ; for had not such a test seemed necessary to God's infinite wisdom, and productive of

universal good, he would never have permitted the happiness of men, even in this life, to have depended on so precarious a tenure, as their mutual good behaviour to each other. For it is observable, that he who best knows our formation, has trusted no one thing of importance to our reason or virtue : he trusts only to our appetites, for the support of the individual, and the continuance of our species ; to our vanity or compassion, for our bounty to others ; and to our fears, for the preservation of ourselves ; often to our vices for the support of government, and sometimes to our follies for the preservation of our religion. But since some test of our obedience was necessary, nothing sure could have been commanded for that end so fit and proper, and at the same time so useful, as the practice of virtue : nothing could have been so justly rewarded with happiness, as the production of happiness in conformity to the will of God. It is this conformity alone which adds merit to virtue, and constitutes the essential difference between morality and religion. Morality obliges men to live honestly and soberly, because such behaviour is most conducive to public happiness, and consequently to their own ; religion, to pursue the same course, because conformable to the will of their Creator. Morality induces them to embrace virtue from prudential considerations ; religion from those of gratitude and obedience. Morality, therefore, entirely abstracted from religion, can have nothing meritorious in it ; it being but wisdom, prudence, or good economy, which like health, beauty, or riches, are

rather obligations conferred upon us by God, than merits in us towards him ; for though we may be justly punished for injuring ourselves, we can claim no reward for self-preservation ; as suicide deserves punishment and infamy, but a man deserves no reward or honours for not being guilty of it. This I take to be the meaning of all those passages in our Scripture, in which works are represented to have no merit without faith ; that is, not without believing in historical facts, in creeds, and articles ; but without being done in pursuance of our belief in God, and in obedience to his commands. And now, having mentioned Scripture, I cannot omit observing that the Christian is the only religious or moral institution in the world, that ever set in a right light these two material points, the essence and the end of virtue, that ever founded the one in the production of happiness, that is, in universal benevolence, or, in their language, charity to all men ; the other, in the probation of man, and his obedience to his Creator. Sublime and magnificent as was the philosophy of the ancients, all their moral systems were deficient in these two important articles. They were all built on the sandy foundations of the innate beauty of virtue, or enthusiastic patriotism ; and their great point in view was the contemptible reward of human glory ; foundations which were by no means able to support the magnificent structures which they erected upon them ; for the beauty of virtue, independent of its effects, is unmeaning nonsense ; patriotism, which injures mankind in general for

the sake of a particular country, is but a more extended selfishness, and really criminal: and all human glory but a mean and ridiculous delusion. The whole affair, then, of religion and morality, the subject of so many thousand volumes, is, in short, no more than this:—The Supreme Being, infinitely good, as well as powerful, desirous to diffuse happiness by all possible means, has created innumerable ranks and orders of beings, all subservient to each other by proper subordination. One of these is occupied by man, a creature endued with such a certain degree of knowledge, reason, and free-will, as is suitable to his situation, and placed for a time on this globe as in a school of probation and education. Here he has an opportunity given him of improving or debasing his nature, in such a manner as to render himself fit for a rank of higher perfection and happiness, or to degrade himself to a state of greater imperfection and misery; necessary indeed towards carrying on the business of the universe, but very grievous and burthensome to those individuals, who, by their own misconduct, are obliged to submit to it. The test of this his behaviour, is doing good, that is, co-operating with his Creator, as far as his narrow sphere of action will permit, in the production of happiness. And thus the happiness and misery of a future state will be the just reward or punishment of promoting or preventing happiness in this. So artificially by this means is the nature of all human virtue and vice contrived, that their rewards and punishments are woven as it were in their very

essence ; their immediate effects give us a foretaste of their future, and their fruits in the present life are the proper samples of what they must unavoidably produce in another. We have reason given us to distinguish these consequences, and regulate our conduct ; and, lest that should neglect its post, conscience also is appointed as an instinctive kind of monitor, perpetually to remind us both of our interest and our duty."

Si sic omnia dixisset! To this account of the essence of vice and virtue, it is only necessary to add, that the consequences of human actions being sometimes uncertain, and sometimes remote, it is not possible in many cases for most men, nor in all cases for any man to determine what actions will ultimately produce happiness ; and therefore it was proper that revelation should lay down a rule to be followed invariably in opposition to appearances, and in every change of circumstances, by which we may be certain to promote the general felicity, and be set free from the dangerous temptation of doing evil that good may come.

Because it may easily happen, and in effect will happen very frequently, that our own private happiness may be promoted by an act injurious to others ; when yet no man can be obliged by nature to prefer ultimately the happiness of others to his own. Therefore, to the instructions of infinite wisdom, it was necessary that infinite power should add penal sanctions ; that every man to whom those instructions shall be imparted may know that he can never ultimately injure himself by benefiting

others ; or ultimately by injuring others benefit himself; but that however the lot of the good and bad may be huddled together in the seeming confusion of our present state, the time shall undoubtedly come, when the most virtuous will be most happy.

I am sorry that the remaining part of this letter is not equal to the first. The author has indeed engaged in a disquisition in which we need not wonder if he fails, in the solution of questions on which philosophers have employed their abilities from the earliest times,

And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.

He denies that man was created perfect, because the system requires subordination, and because the power of losing his perfection, " of rendering himself wicked and miserable, is the highest imperfection imaginable." Besides, the regular gradations of the scale of being required somewhere " such a creature as man with all his infirmities about him, and the total removing of those would be altering his nature, and when he became perfect he must cease to be man."

I have already spent some considerations on the scale of being, of which yet I am obliged to renew the mention whenever a new argument is made to rest upon it ; and I must therefore again remark, that consequences cannot have greater certainty than the postulate from which they are drawn, and that no system can be more hypothetical than this, and perhaps no hypothesis more absurd.

He again deceives himself with respect to the perfection with which man is held to be originally Tested. " That man came perfect, that is, endued with all possible perfection, out of the hands of his Ceator, is a false notion, derived from the philosophers.—The universal system required subordination, and consequently comparative imperfection. That man was ever endued with all possible perfection, that is, with all perfection of which the idea is not contradictory or destructive of itself, is undoubtedly false." But it can hardly be called a false notion, because no man ever thought it ; nor can it be derived from the philosophers ; for without pretending to guess what philosophers he may mean, it is very safe to affirm, that no philosopher ever said it. Of those who now maintain that man was once perfect, who may very easily be found, let the author enquire whether man was ever omniscient, whether he was ever omnipotent, whether he ever had even the lower power of archangels or angels. Their answers will soon inform him, that the supposed perfection of man was not absolute, but respective, that he was perfect in a sense consistent enough with subordination, perfect, not as compared with different beings, but with himself in his present degeneracy ; not perfect as an angel, but perfect as man.

From this perfection, whatever it was, he thinks it necessary that man should be debarred, because pain is necessary to the good of the universe ; and the pain of one order of beings extending its salutary influence to innumerable orders above and below, it was necessary that man should suffer :

but because it is not suitable to justice that pain should be inflicted on innocence, it was necessary that man should be criminal.

This is given as a satisfactory account of the original of moral evil, which amounts only to this, That God created beings whose guilt he foreknew, in order that he might have proper objects of pain ; because the pain of part is, no man knows how or why, necessary to the felicity of the whole.

The perfection which man once had, may be so easily conceived, that without any unusual strain of imagination we can figure its revival. All the duties to God or man that are neglected, we may fancy performed ; all the crimes that are committed we may conceive forborne, Man will then be restored to his moral perfections ; and into what head can it enter, that by this change the universal system would be shaken, or the condition of any order of beings altered for the worse ?

He comes in the fifth letter to political, and in the sixth to religious evils. Of political evil, if we suppose the origin of moral evil discovered, the account is by no means difficult : polity being only the conduct of immoral men in public affairs. The evils of each particular kind of government are very clearly and elegantly displayed, and from their secondary causes very rationally deduced ; but the first cause lies still in its ancient obscurity. There is in this letter nothing new, nor any thing eminently instructive ; one of his practical deductions, that " from government evils cannot be eradicated, and their excess only can be pre-

vented," has been always allowed; the question upon which all dissension arises is, when that excess begins, at what point men shall cease to bear, and attempt to remedy.

Another of his precepts, though not new, well deserves to be transcribed, because it cannot be too frequently impressed.

" What has here been said of their imperfections and abuses, is by no means intended as a defence of them : every wise man ought to redress them to the utmost of his power ; which can be effected by one method only, that is, by a reformation of manners : for as all political evils derive their original from moral, these can never be removed, until those are first amended. He, therefore, who strictly adheres to virtue and sobriety in his conduct, and enforces them by his example, does more real service to a state, than he who displaces a minister, or dethrones a tyrant ; this gives but a temporary relief, but that exterminates the cause of the disease. No immoral man, then, can possibly be a true patriot ; and all those who profess outrageous zeal for the liberty and prosperity of their country, and at the same time infringe her laws, affront her religion, and debauch her people, are but despicable quacks, by fraud or ignorance increasing the disorders they pretend to remedy."

Of religion he has said nothing but what he has learned, or might have learned, from the divines ; that it is not universal, because it must be received upon conviction, and successively received by those whom conviction reached ; that its evidences and sanctions are not irresistible, because it was in-

tended to induce, not to compel; and that it is obscure, because we want faculties to comprehend it. What he means by his assertion, that it wants policy, I do not well understand; he does not mean to deny that a good christian will be a good governor, or a good subject; and he has before justly observed, that the good man only is a patriot.

Religion has been, he says, corrupted by the wickedness of those to whom it was communicated, and has lost part of its efficacy by its connection with temporal interest and human passion.

He justly observes, that from all this, no conclusion can be drawn against the divine original of Christianity, since the objections arise not from the nature of the revelation, but of him to whom it is communicated.

All this is known, and all this is true; but why, we have not yet discovered. Our author, if I understand him right, pursues the argument thus: The religion of man produces evils, because the morality of man is imperfect; his morality is imperfect, that he may be justly a subject of punishment: he is made subject to punishment because the pain of part is necessary to the happiness, of the whole; pain is necessary to happiness no mortal can tell why or how.

Thus, after having clambered with great labour from one step of argumentation to another, instead of rising into the light of knowledge, we are devolved back into dark ignorance; and all our effort ends in belief, that for the evils of life there is some good reason, and in confession, that the reason can-

not be found. This is all that has been produced by the revival of Chrysippus's untractableness of matter, and the Arabian scale of existence. A system has been raised, which is so ready to fall to pieces of itself, that no great praise can be derived from its destruction. To object is always easy, and it has been well observed by a late writer, that " the hand which cannot build a hovel, may demolish a temple."*

* New Practice of Physic.

Political Tracts.

Fallitur, *egregio* quisquis sub principe credit
Servitium, nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam sub rege pio

CLAUDIANUS.

THE
FALSE ALARM.

1770.

ONE of the chief advantages derived by the present generation from the improvement and diffusion of philosophy, is deliverance from unnecessary terrors, and exemption from false alarms. The unusual appearances, whether regular or accidental, which once spread consternation over ages of ignorance, are now the recreations of inquisitive security. The sun is no more lamented when it is eclipsed, than when it sets ; and meteors play their coruscations without prognostic or prediction.

The advancement of political knowledge may be expected to produce in time the like effects. Causeless discontent and seditious violence will grow less frequent, and less formidable, as the science of government is better ascertained, by a diligent study of the theory of man.

It is not indeed to be expected, that physical and political truth should meet with equal acceptance, or gain ground upon the world with equal facility. The notions of the naturalist find mankind in a state

of neutrality, or at worst have nothing to encounter but prejudice and vanity ; prejudice without malignity, and vanity without interest. But the politician's improvements are opposed by every passion that can exclude conviction or suppress it ; by ambition, by avarice, by hope, and by terror, by public faction, and private animosity.

It is evident, whatever be the cause, that this nation, with all its renown for speculation and for learning, has yet made little proficiency in civil wisdom. We are still so much unacquainted with our own state, and so unskillful in the pursuit of happiness, that we shudder without danger, complain without grievances, and suffer our quiet to be disturbed, and our commerce to be interrupted, by an opposition to the government, raised only by interest, and supported only by clamour; which yet has so far prevailed upon ignorance and timidity, that many favour it as reasonable, and many dread it as powerful.

What is urged by those who have been so industrious to spread suspicion, and incite fury from one end of the kingdom to the other, may be known by perusing the papers which have been at once presented as petitions to the king, and exhibited in print as remonstrances to the people. It may therefore not be improper to lay before the public the reflections of a man who cannot favour the opposition, for he thinks it wicked, and cannot fear it, for he thinks it weak.

The grievance which has produced all this tempest of outrage, the oppression in which all other oppressions are included, the invasion which has

left us no property, **the** alarm that suffers no patriot to sleep in quiet, is comprised in a vote of the House of Commons, by which the freeholders of Middlesex are deprived of a Briton's birthright—representation in parliament.

They have indeed received the usual writ of election, but that writ, alas ! was malicious mockery ; they were insulted with the form, but denied the reality, for there was one man excepted from their choice.

*Non de vi, neque caede, nec veneno,
Sed lis eat mihi de tribus capellis.*

The character of the man thus fatally excepted, I have no purpose to delineate. Lampoon itself would disdain to speak ill of him of whom no man speaks well. It is sufficient that he is expelled the House of Commons, and confined in jail as being legally convicted of sedition and impiety.

That this man cannot be appointed one of the guardians and counsellors of the church and state, is a grievance not to be endured. Every lover of liberty stands doubtful of the fate of posterity, because the chief county in England cannot take its representative from a jail.

Whence Middlesex should obtain the right of being denominated the chief county, cannot easily be discovered ; it is indeed the county where the chief city happens to stand, but how that city treated the favourite of Middlesex, is not yet forgotten. The county, as distinguished from the city, has no claim to particular consideration.

That a man was in jail for sedition and impiety, would, I believe, have been within memory a suffi-

cient reason why he should not come out of jail a legislator. This reason, notwithstanding the mutability of fashion, happens still to operate on the House of Commons. Their notions, however strange, may be justified by a common observation, that few are mended by imprisonment, and that he whose crimes have made confinement necessary, seldom makes any other use of his enlargement, than to do with greater cunning what he did before with less.

But the people have been told with great confidence, that the house cannot controul the right of constituting representatives ; that he who can persuade lawful electors to choose him, whatever be his character, is lawfully choosen, and has a claim to a seat in parliament, from which no human authority can depose him.

Here however, the patrons of opposition are in some perplexity. They are forced to confess, that by a train of precedents sufficient to establish a custom of parliament, the House of Commons has jurisdiction over its own members ; that the whole has power over individuals ; and that this power has been exercised sometimes in imprisonment, and often in expulsion.

That such power should reside in the House of Commons in some cases, is inevitably necessary, since it is required by every polity, that where there is a possibility of offence, there should be a possibility of punishment. A member of the house cannot be cited for his conduct in parliament before any other court; and therefore, if the house cannot punish him, he may attack with impunity the rights of the people, and the title of the king.

This exemption from the authority of other courts was, I think, first established in favour of the five members in the long parliament. It is not to be considered as an usurpation, for it is implied in the principles of government. If legislative powers are not co-ordinate, they cease in part to be legislative; and if they be co-ordinate, they are unaccountable ; for to whom must that power account, which has no superior ?

The House of Commons is indeed dissoluble by the king, as the nation has of late been very clamorously told ; but while it subsists it is co-ordinate with the other powers, and this co-ordination ceases only when the house by dissolution ceases to subsist

As the particular representatives of the people are in their public character above the controul of the courts of law, they must be subject to the jurisdiction of the house ; and as the house, in the exercise of its authority, can be neither directed nor restrained, its own resolutions must be its laws, at least, if there is no antecedent decision of the whole legislature.

This privilege, not confirmed by any written law or positive compact, but by the resistless power of political necessity, they have exercised, probably from their first institution, but certainly, as their records inform us, from the 23d of Elizabeth, when they expelled a member for derogating from their privileges.

It may perhaps be doubted, whether it was originally necessary, that this right of controul and punishment, should extend beyond offences in the exercise of parliamentary duty, since all other crimes

are cognizable by other courts. But they who are the only judges of their own rights, have exerted the power of expulsion on other occasions, and when wickedness arrived at a certain magnitude, have considered an offence against society as an offence against the house.

They have therefore divested notorious delinquents of their legislative character, and delivered them up to shame or punishment, naked and unprotected, that they might not contaminate the dignity of parliament.

It is allowed that a man attainted of felony cannot sit in parliament ; and the Commons probably judged, that not being bound to the forms of law, they might treat these as felons, whose crimes were in their opinion equivalent to felony ; and that as a known felon could not be chosen, a man so like a felon, that he could not easily be distinguished, ought to be expelled.

The first laws had no law to enforce them, the first authority was constituted by itself. The power exercised by the House of Commons is of this kind, a power rooted in the principles of government, and branched out by occasional practice ; a power which necessity made just, and precedents have made legal.

It will occur that authority thus uncontrollable, may, in times of heat and contest, be oppressively and injuriously exerted, and that he who suffers injustice, is without redress, however innocent, however miserable.

The position is true, but the argument is useless. The Commons must be controuled, or be exempt

from controul. If they are exempt, they may do injury which cannot be redressed ; if they are controuled they are no longer legislative.

If the possibility of abuse be an argument against authority, no authority ever can be established; if the actual abuse destroys its legality, there is no legal government now in the world.

This power, which the Commons have so long exercised, they ventured to use once more against Mr Wilkes ; and on the 3d of February 1769, expelled him the house, " for having printed and published a seditious libel, and three obscene and impious libels."

If these imputations were just, the expulsion was surely reasonable; and that they were just, the house had reason to determine, as he had confessed himself, at the bar, the author of the libel which they term seditious, and was convicted in the King's Bench of both the publications.

But the freeholders of Middlesex were of another opinion. They either thought him innocent, or were not offended by his guilt. When a writ was issued for the election of a knight for Middlesex, in the room of John Wilkes, Esq. expelled the house, his friends on the 16th of February chose him again.

On the 17th, it was resolved, " that John Wilkes, Esq. having been in this session of parliament expelled the house, was, and is incapable of being elected a member to serve in this present parliament."

As there was no other candidate, it was resolved, at the same time, that the election of the 16th was a void election.

The freeholders still continued to think that no other man was fit to represent them ; and on the sixteenth of March elected him once more. Their resolution was now so well known, that no opponent ventured to appear.

The Commons began to find, that power without materials for operation can produce no effect. They might make the election void for ever, but if no other candidate could be found, their determination could only be negative. They, however, made void the last election, and ordered a new writ.

On the 13th of April was a new election, at which Mr Lutterel, and others, offered themselves candidates. Every method of intimidation was used, and some acts of violence were done to hinder Mr Lutterel from appearing. He was not deterred, and the poll was taken, which exhibited for

Mr Wilkes.....1143

Mr Lutterel.....296

The sheriff returned Mr Wilkes ; but the house on April the fifteenth, determined that Mr Lutterel was lawfully elected.

From this day begun the clamour which has continued till now. Those who had undertaken to oppose the ministry, having no grievance of greater magnitude, endeavoured to swell this decision into bulk, and distort it into deformity, and then held it out to terrify the nation.

Every artifice of sedition has been since practised to awaken discontent and inflame indignation. The papers of every day have been filled with exhortations and menaces of faction. The madness has

spread through all ranks and through both sexes ; women and children have clamoured for Mr Wilkes, honest simplicity has been cheated into fury, and only the wise have escaped infection.

The greater part may justly be suspected of not believing their own position, and with them it is not necessary to dispute. They cannot be convinced who are convinced already, and it is well known that they will not be ashamed.

The decision, however, by which the smaller number of votes was preferred to the greater, has perplexed the minds of some, whose opinions it were indecent to despise, and who by their integrity well deserve to have their doubts appeased.

Every diffuse and complicated question may be examined by different methods, upon different principles ; and the truth, which is easily found by one investigator, may be missed by another, equally honest and equally diligent.

Those who enquire, whether a smaller number of legal votes can elect a representative in opposition to a greater, must receive from every tongue the same answer.

The question, therefore, must be, whether a smaller number of legal votes, shall not prevail against a greater number of votes not legal ?

It must be considered, that those votes only are legal which are legally given ; and that those only are legally given, which are given for a legal candidate.

It remains then to be discussed, whether a man expelled can be so disqualified by a vote of *the*

house, as that he shall be no longer eligible by lawful electors ?

Here we must again recur, not to positive institutions, but to the unwritten law of social nature, to the great and pregnant principle of political necessity. All government supposes subjects, all authority implies obedience. To suppose in one the right to command what another has the right to refuse, is absurd and contradictory. A state so constituted must rest for ever in motionless equipoise, with equal attractions of contrary tendency, with equal weights of power balancing each other.

Laws which cannot be enforced, can neither prevent nor rectify disorders. A sentence which cannot be executed, can have no power to warn or to reform. If the Commons have only the power of dismissing for a few days the man whom his constituents can immediately send back, if they can expel but cannot exclude, they have nothing more than nominal authority, to which perhaps obedience never may be paid.

The representatives of our ancestors had an opinion very different : they fined and imprisoned their members; on great provocation they disabled them for ever ; and this power of pronouncing perpetual disability is maintained by Selden himself.

These claims seem to have been made and allowed, when the constitution of our government had not yet been sufficiently studied. Such powers are not legal, because they are not necessary : and of that power which only necessity justifies, no more is to be admitted than necessity obtrudes.

The Commons cannot make laws, they can only pass resolutions ; which, like all resolutions, are of force only to those that make them, and to those only while they are willing to observe them.

The vote of the House of Commons has therefore only so far the force of a law, as that force is necessary to preserve the vote from losing its efficacy ; it must begin by operating upon themselves, and extends its influence to others, only by consequences arising from the first intention. He that starts game on his own manor, may pursue it in another.

They can properly make laws only for themselves : a member, while he keeps his seat, is subject to these laws ; but when he is expelled, the jurisdiction ceases, for he is now no longer within their dominion.

The disability, which a vote can superinduce to expulsion, is no more than was included in expulsion itself; it is only a declaration of the Commons, that they will permit no longer him whom they thus censure to sit with them in parliament ; a declaration made by that right which they necessarily possess, of regulating their own house, and of inflicting punishment on their own delinquents.

They have therefore no other way to enforce the sentence of incapacity, than that of adhering to it. They cannot otherwise punish the candidate so disqualified for offering himself, nor the electors for accepting him. But if he has any competitor, that competitor must prevail, and if he has none, his election will be void ; for the right of the house to

reject, annihilates with regard to the **man** so rejected the right of electing.

It has been urged, that the power of the house terminates with their session ; since a prisoner committed by the speaker's warrant cannot be detained during the recess. That power indeed ceases with the session, which must operate by the agency of others ; because, when they do not sit, they can employ no agents having no longer any legal existence; but that which is exercised on themselves revives at their meeting, when the subject of that power still subsists. They can in the next session refuse to re-admit him, whom in the former session they expelled.

That expulsion inferred exclusion in the present case, must be, I think, easily admitted. The expulsion, and the writ issued for a new election, were in the same session ; and since the house is by the rule of parliament bound for the session by a vote once passed, the expelled member cannot be admitted. He that cannot be admitted, cannot be elected ; and the votes given to a man ineligible being given in vain, the highest number for an eligible candidate becomes a majority.

To these conclusions, as to most moral, and to all political positions, many objections may be made. The perpetual subject of political disquisition is not absolute, but comparative good. Of two systems of government, or two laws relating to the same subject, neither will ever be such as theoretical nicety would desire, and therefore neither can easily force its way against prejudice and obstinacy; each will have its excellences and defects, and every

man, with a little help from pride, may think his own the best.

It seems to be the opinion of many, that expulsion is only a dismissal of the representative to his constituents, with such a testimony against him as his sentence may compromise; and that if his constituents, notwithstanding the censure of the house, thinking his case hard, his fault trifling, or his excellences such as overbalance it, should again chuse him as still worthy of their trust, the house cannot refuse him, for his punishment has purged his fault, and the right of electors must not be violated.

This is plausible, but not cogent. It is a scheme of representation, which would make a spaciovis appearance in a political romance, but cannot be brought into practice among us, who see every day the towering head of speculation bow down unwillingly to grovelling experience.

Governments formed by chance, and gradually improved by such expedients as the successive discovery of their defects happened to suggest, are never to be tried by a regular theory. They are fabrics of dissimilar materials, raised by different architects, upon different plans. We must be content with them as they are; should we attempt to mend their disproportions, we might easily demolish, and difficultly rebuild them.

Laws are now made, and customs are established; these are our rules, and by them we must be guided.

It is uncontrovertibly certain, that the Commons never intended to leave electors the liberty of re-

turning them an expelled member, for they always require one to be chosen in the room of him that is expelled ; and I see not with what propriety a man can be re-chosen in his own room.

Expulsion, if this were its whole effect, might very often be desirable. Sedition, or obscenity, might be no greater crimes in the opinion of other electors, than in that of the freeholders of Middlesex ; and many a wretch, whom his colleagues should expel, might come back persecuted into fame, and provoke with harder front a second expulsion.

Many of the representatives of the people can hardly be said to have been chosen at all. Some by inheriting a borough inherit a seat ; and some sit by the favour of others, whom perhaps they may gratify by the act which provoked the expulsion. Some are safe by their popularity, and some by their alliances. None would dread expulsion, if this doctrine were received, but those who bought their elections, and who would be obliged to buy them again at a higher price.

But as uncertainties are to be determined by things certain, and customs to be explained, where it is possible, by written law, the patriots have triumphed with a quotation from an act of the fourth and fifth of Anne, which permits those to be re-chosen, whose seats are vacated by the acceptance of a place of profit. This they wisely consider as an expulsion ; and from the permission, in this case, of a re-election, infer that every other expulsion leaves the delinquent entitled to the same indulgence. This is the paragraph :

" If any person, being chosen a member of the House of Commons, shall accept of any office from the crown, during such time as he shall continue a member, his election shall be, and is hereby declared to be void, and a new writ shall issue for a new election, as if such person so accepting was naturally dead. Nevertheless such person shall be capable of being again elected, as if his place had not become void as aforesaid."

How this favours the doctrine of re-admission by a second choice, I am not able to discover. The statute of 30th Ch. I I . had enacted, " That he who should sit in the House of Commons, without taking the oaths and subscribing the test, should be disabled to sit in the house during that parliament, and a writ should issue for the election of a new member, in place of the member so disabled, as if such member had naturally died."

This last clause is apparently copied in the act of Anne, but with the common fate of imitators. In the act of Charles, the political death continued during the parliament, in that of Anne it was hardly worth the while to kill the man whom the next breath was to revive. It is, however, apparent, that in the opinion of the parliament, the dead-doing lines would have kept him motionless, if he had not been recovered by a kind exception. A seat vacated, could not be regained without express permission of the same statute.

The right of being chosen again to a seat thus vacated, is not enjoyed by any general right, but required a special clause, and solicitous provision.

But what resemblance can imagination conceive between one man vacating his seat, by a mark of favour from the crown, and another driven from it for sedition and obscenity ? The acceptance of a place contaminates no character; the crown that gives it, intends to give with it always dignity, sometimes authority. The Commons, it is well known, think not worse of themselves or others for their offices of profit ; yet profit implies temptation, and may expose a representative to the suspicion of his constituents ; though, if they still think him worthy of their confidence, they may again elect him.

Such is the consequence. When a man is dismissed by law to his constituents, with new trust and new dignity, they may, if they think him incorruptible, restore him to his seat ; what can follow, therefore, but that when the house drives out a varlet with public infamy, he goes away with the like permission to return ?

If infatuation be, as the proverb tells us, the forerunner of destruction, how near must be the ruin of a nation that can be incited against its governors, by sophistry like this. I may be excused if I catch the panic, and join my groans at this alarming crisis, with the general lamentation of weeping patriots.

Another objection is, that the Commons, by pronouncings the sentence of disqualification, make a law, and take upon themselves the power of the whole legislature. Many quotations are then produced to prove that the House of Commons can make no laws.

Three acts have been cited, disabling members for different terms on different occasions ; and it is profoundly remarked, that if the Commons could by their own privilege have made a disqualification, their jealousy of their privileges would never have admitted the concurrent sanction of the other powers.

I must for ever remind these puny controvertists, that those acts are laws of permanent obligation : that two of them are now in force, and that the other expired only when it had fulfilled its end—Such laws the Commons cannot make ; they could perhaps have determined for themselves, that they would expel all who should not take the test, but they could leave no authority behind them, that should oblige the next parliament to expel them. They could refuse the South Sea directors, but they could not entail the refusal. They can disqualify by vote, but not by law ; they cannot know that the sentence of disqualification pronounced to-day may not become void to-morrow, by the dissolution of their own house. Yet, while the same parliament sits, the disqualification continues, unless the vote be rescinded ; and while it so continues, makes the votes which freeholders may give to the interdicted candidate, useless and dead, since there cannot exist, with respect to the same subject at the same time, an absolute power to choose and an absolute power to reject.

In 1614, the attorney-general was voted incapable of a seat in the House of Commons ; and the nation is triumphantly told, that though the vote never was revoked, the attorney-general is now a

member. He certainly may now be a member without revocation of the vote. A law is of perpetual obligation, but a vote is nothing when the voters are gone. A law is a compact reciprocally made by the legislative powers, and therefore not to be" abrogated but by all the parties. A vote is simply a resolution, which binds only him that is willing to be bound.

I have thus punctiliously and minutely pursued this disquisition ; because I suspect that these reasoners, whose business is to deceive others, have sometimes deceived themselves ; and I am willing to free them from their embarrassment, though I do not expect much gratitude for my kindness.

Other objections are yet remaining ; for of political objections there cannot easily be an end. It has been observed, that vice is no proper cause of expulsion ; for if the worst man in the house were always to be expelled, in time none would be left. But no man is expelled for being worst, he is expelled for being enormously bad ; his conduct is compared, not with that of others, but with the rule of action.

The punishment of expulsion being in its own nature uncertain, may be too great or too little for the fault.

This must be the case of many punishments. Forfeiture of chattels is nothing to him that has no possessions. Exile itself may be accidentally a good ; and indeed any punishment less than death is very different to different men.

But if this precedent be admitted and established, no man can hereafter be sure that he shall be re

presented by him whom he would choose. One half of the house may meet early in the morning, and snatch an opportunity to expel the other, and the greater part of the nation may by this stratagem be without its lawful representatives.

He that sees all this, sees very far. But I can tell him of greater evils yet behind. There is one possibility of wickedness, which, at this alarming crisis, has not yet been mentioned. Every one knows the malice, the subtilty, the industry, the vigilance, and the greediness of the Scots. The Scotch members are about the number sufficient to make a house. I propose it to the consideration of the supporters of the bill of rights, whether there is not reason to suspect, that these hungry intruders from the north, are now contriving to expel all the English. We may then curse the hour in which it was determined, that expulsion and exclusion are the same. For who can guess what may be done when the Scots have the whole house to themselves ?

Thus agreeable to custom and reason, notwithstanding all objections, real or imaginary, thus consistent with the practice of former times, and thus consequential to the original principles of government, is that decision by which so much violence of discontent has been excited, winch has been so dolorously bewailed, and so outrageously resented.

Let us however not be seduced to put too much confidence in justice or in truth ; they have often been found inactive in their own defence, and give more confidence than help to their friends and their advocates. It may perhaps be prudent to make one momentary concession to falsehood.

by supposing the vote in Mr Lutterel's fevour to be wrong.

All wrong ought to be rectified. If Mr Wilkes is deprived of a lawful seat, both he and his electors have reason to complain ; but it will not be easily found why, among the innumerable wrongs of which a great part of mankind are hourly complaining, the whole care of the public should be transferr d to Mr Wilkes and the freeholders of Middlesex, who might all sink into non-existence without any other effect, than that there would be room made for a new rabble, and a new retailer of sedition and obscenity. The cause of our country would suffer little ; the rabble, whencesoever they come, will be always patriots, and always supporters of the bill of rights.

The House of Commons decides the disputes arising from elections. Was it ever supposed, that in all cases their decisions were right ? Every man whose lawful election is defeated, is equally wronged with Mr Wilkes, and his constituents feel their disappointment with no less anguish than the freeholders of Middlesex. These decisions have often been apparently partial, and sometimes tyrannically oppressive. A majority has been given to a favourite candidate, by expunging votes which had always been allowed, and which therefore had the authority by which all votes are given, that of custom uninterrupted. When the Commons determine who shall be constituents, they may with some propriety be said to make law ; because those determinations have hitherto, for the sake of quiet, been

adopted by succeeding parliaments. A vote therefore of the house, when it operates as a law, is to individuals a law only temporary, but to communities perpetual.

Yet, though all this has been done, and though at every new parliament much of this is expected to be done again, it has never produced in any former time such an alarming crisis. We have found by experience, that though a squire has given ale and venison in vain, and a borough has been compelled to see its dearest interest in the hands of him whom it did not trust, yet the general state of the nation has continued the same. The sun has risen, and the corn has grown, and whatever talk has been of the danger of property, yet he that ploughed the field commonly reaped it, and he that built a house was master of the door ; the vexation excited by injustice suffered, or supposed to be suffered, by any private man, or single community, was local and temporary, it neither spread far, nor lasted long.

The nation looked on with little care, because there did not seem to be much danger. The consequence of small irregularities was not felt, and we had not yet learned to be terrified by very distant enemies.

But quiet and security are now at an end. Our vigilance is quickened, and our comprehension is enlarged. We not only see events in their causes, but before their causes ; we hear the thunder white the sky is clear, and see the mine sprung before it is dug. Political wisdom has, by the force of English genius, been improved at last, not only to political intuition, but to political prescience.

But it cannot, I am afraid, be said, that as we are grown wise, we are made happy. It is said of those who have the wonderful power called second sight, that they seldom see any thing but evil : political second sight has the same effect ; we hear of nothing but of an alarming crisis, of violated rights, and expiring liberties. The morning rises upon new wrongs, and the dreamer passes the night in imaginary shackles.

The sphere of anxiety is now enlarged ; he that hitherto cared only for himself, now cares for the public; for he has learned that the happiness of individuals is comprised in the prosperity of the whole, and that his country never suffers but he suffers with it, however it happens that he feels no pair).

Fired with this fever of epidemic patriotism, the tailor slips his thimble, the draper drops his yard, and the blacksmith lays down his hammer ; they meet at an honest alehouse, consider the state of the nation, read or hear the last petition, lament the miseries of the time, are alarmed at the dreadful crisis, and subscribe to the support of the bill of rights.

It sometimes indeed happens, that an intruder of more benevolence than prudence attempts to disperse their cloud of dejection, and ease their hearts by seasonable consolation. He tells them, that though the government cannot be too diligently watched, it may be too hastily accused ; and that, though private judgment is every man's right, yet we cannot judge of what we do not know ; that we feel at present no evils which government can allc-

viate, and that the public business is committed to men who have as much right to confidence as their adversaries; that the freeholders of Middlesex, if they could not choose Mr Wilkes, might have chosen any other man, and that he trusts we have within the realm five hundred as good as he ; that even if this which has happened to Middlesex had happened to every other county, that one man should be made incapable of being elected, it could produce no great change in the parliament, nor much contract the power of election ; that what has been done is probably right, and that if it be wrong it is of little consequence, since a like case cannot easily occur ; that expulsions are very rare, and if they should, by unbounded insolence of faction, become more frequent, the electors may easily provide a second choice.

All this he may say, but not half of this will be heard ; his opponents will stun him and themselves with a confused sound of pensions and places, venality and corruption, oppression and invasion, slavery and ruin.

Outcries like these, uttered by malignity, and echoed by folly ; general accusations of indeterminate wickedness ; and obscure hints of impossible designs, dispersed among those that do not know their meaning, by those that know them to be false, have disposed part of the nation, though but a small part, to pester the court with ridiculous petitions.

The progress of a petition is well known. An ejected placeman goes down to his county or his borough, tells his friends of his inability to serve

them ; and his constituents, of the corruption of the government His friends readily understand that he who can get nothing, will have nothing to give. They agree to proclaim a meeting ; meat and drink are plentifully provided ; a crowd is easily brought together, and those who think that they know the reason of their meeting, undertake to tell those who know it not. Ale and clamour unite their powers ; the crowd, condensed and heated, begins to ferment with the leaven of sedition. All see a thousand evils though they cannot show them, and grow impatient for a remedy, though they know not what.

A speech is then made by the Cicero of the day ; he says much, and suppresses more ; and credit is equally given to what he tells, and what he conceals. The petition is read and universally approved. Those who are sober enough to write, add their names, and the rest would sign it if they could.

Every man goes home and tells his neighbour of the glories of the day ; how he was consulted and what he advised ; how he was invited into the great room, where his lordship called him by his name ; how he was caressed by Sir Francis, Sir Joseph, or Sir George ; how he ate turtle and venison, and drank unanimity to the three brothers.

The poor loiterer, whose shop had confined him, or whose wife had locked him up, hears the tale of luxury with envy, and at last inquires what was their petition. Of the petition nothing is remembered by the narrator, but that it spoke much of fears and apprehensions, and something very alarming, and that he is sure it is against the government ; the other is convinced that it must be right, and wishes

he had been there, for he loves wine and venison, and is resolved as long as he lives to be against the government.

The petition is then handed* from town to town, and from house to house ; and wherever it comes, the inhabitants flock together, that they may see that which must be sent to the king. Names are easily collected. One man signs because he hates the papists, another because he has vowed destruction to the turnpikes ; one because it will vex the parson, another because he owes his landlord nothing ; one because he is rich, another because he is poor ; one to show that he is not afraid, and another to show that he can write.

The passage, however, is not always smooth. Those who collect contributions to sedition, sometimes apply to a man of higher rank and more enlightened mind, who, instead of lending them his name, calmly reproves them for being seducers of the people.

You who are here, says he, complaining of venality, are yourselves the agents of those who, having estimated themselves at too high a price, are only angry that they are not bought. You are appealing from the parliament to the rabble, and inviting those who scarcely in the most common affairs, distinguish right from wrong, to judge of a question complicated with law written and unwritten, with the general principles of government, and the particular customs of the House of Commons; you are showing them a grievance, so distant that they cannot see it, and so light that they cannot feel it ; for how, but by unnecessary intelligence and artificial

provocation, should the farmers and shopkeepers of Yorkshire and Cumberland, know or rare how Middlesex is represented ? instead of wandering thus round the country to exasperate the rage of party, and darken the suspicions of ignorance, it is the duty of men like you, who have leisure for inquiry, to lead back the people to their honest labour ; to tell them, that submission is the duty of the ignorant, and content the virtue of the poor ; that they have no skill in the art of government, nor any interest in the dissensions of the great ; and when you meet with any, as some there are, whose understandings are capable of conviction, it will become you to allay this foaming ebullition, by showing them that they have as much happiness as the condition of life will easily receive ; and that a government, of which an erroneous or unjust representation of Middlesex is the greatest crime that interest can discover, or malice can upbraid, is government approaching nearer to perfection, than any that experience has known, or history related.

The drudges of sedition wish to change their ground, they hear him with sullen silence, feel conviction without repentance, and are confounded but not abashed ; they go forward to another door, and find a kinder reception from a man enraged against the government, because he has just been paying the tax upon his windows.

That a petition for a dissolution of the parliament will at all times have its favourers, may be easily imagined. The people indeed do not expect that one House of Commons will be much honester or

much wiser than another ; they do not suppose that the taxes will be lightened ; or, though they have been so often taught to hope it, that soap and candles will be cheaper ; they expect no redress of grievances, for of no grievances but taxes do they complain; they wish not the extension of liberty, for they do not feel any restraint ; about the security of privilege or property they are totally careless, for they see no property invaded, nor know, till they are told, that any privilege has suffered violation.

Least of all do they expect, that any future parliament will lessen its own powers, or communicate to the people that authority which it has once obtained.

Yet a new parliament is sufficiently desirable. The year of election is a year of jollity ; and what is still more delightful, a year of equality. The glutton now eats the delicacies for which he longed when he could not purchase them, and the drunkard has the pleasure of wine without the cost. The drone lives a while without work, and the shopkeeper, in the flow of money, raises his price. The mechanic that trembled at the presence of Sir Joseph, now bids him come again for an answer; and the poacher whose gun has been seized, now finds an opportunity to reclaim it. Even the honest man is not displeased to see himself important, and willingly resumes in two years that power which he had resigned for seven. Few love their friends so well as not to desire superiority by unexpensive benefaction.

Yet, notwithstanding all these motives to compliance, the promoters of petitions have not been successful. Few could be persuaded to lament evils

which they did not suffer, or to solicit for redress which they do not want. The petition has been in some places rejected ; and perhaps in all but one, signed only by the meanest and grossest of the people.

Since this expedient, now invented or revived to distress the government, and equally practicable at all times by all who shall be excluded from power and from profit, has produced so little effect, let us consider the opposition as no longer formidable. The great engine has recoiled upon them. They thought that the terms they sent were terms of weight, which would have amazed all and stumbled many; but the consternation is now over, and their foes stand upright as before.

With great propriety and dignity the king has, in his speech, neglected or forgotten them. He might easily know, that what was presented as the sense of the people, is the sense only of the profligate and dissolute; and that whatever parliament should be convened, the same petitioners would be ready, for the same reason, to request its dissolution.

As we once had a rebellion of the clowns, we have now an opposition of the pedlars. The quiet of the nation has been for years disturbed by a faction, against which all factions ought to conspire; for its original principle is the desire of levelling : it is only animated under the name of zeal, by the natural malignity of the mean against the great.

When, in the confusion which the English invasions produced in France, the villains, imagining that they had found the golden hour of emancipation, took arms in their hands, the knights of both

nations considering the cause as common, and, suspending the general hostility, united to chastise them.

The whole conduct of this despicable faction is distinguished by plebeian grossness, and savage indecency. To misrepresent the actions and the principles of their enemies is common to all parties ; but the insolence of invective, and brutality of reproach, which have lately prevailed, are peculiar to this.

An infallible characteristic of meanness is cruelty. This is the only faction that has shouted at the condemnation of a criminal, and that, when his innocence procured his pardon, has clamoured for his blood.

All other parties, however enraged at each other, have agreed to treat the throne with decency ; but these low-born railers have attacked not only the authority, but the character of their sovereign, and have endeavoured, surely without effect, to alienate the affections of the people from the only king, who, for almost a century, has much appeared to desire, or much endeavoured to deserve them. They have insulted him with rudeness and with menaces, which were never excited by the gloomy sullenness of William, even when half the nation denied him their allegiance ; nor by the dangerous bigotry of James, unless when he was finally driven from his palace ; and with which scarcely the open hostilities of rebellion ventured to vilify the unhappy Charles, even in the remarks on the cabinet of Nuseby.

It is surely not unreasonable to hope that the na-

tion will consult its dignity, if not its safety, and disdain to be protected or enslaved by the declaimers or the plotters of a city-tavern. Had Rome fallen by the Catilinarian conspiracy, she might have consoled her fate by the greatness of her destroyers ; but what would have alleviated the disgrace of England, had her government been changed by Tiler or by Ket ?

One part of the nation has never before contended with the other, but for some weighty and apparent interest. If the means were violent, the end was great. The civil war was fought for what each army called and believed the best religion, and the best government. The struggle in the reign of Anne, was to exclude or restore an exile king. We are now disputing, with almost equal animosity, whether Middlesex shall be represented or not by a criminal from a jail.

The only comfort left in such degeneracy is, that a lower state can be no longer possible.

In this contemptuous censure, I mean not to include every single man. In all lead, says the chemist, there is silver ; and in all copper there is gold. But mingled masses are justly denominated by the greater quantity ; and when the precious particles are not worth extraction, a faction and a pig must be melted down together to the forms and offices that chance allots them.

Fiunt urceoli, pulves, sartago, patellæ.

A few weeks will now show whether the government can be shaken by empty noise, and whether the faction which depends upon its influence, has not deceived alike the public and itself. That it

should have continued till now, is sufficiently shameful. None can indeed wonder that it has been supported by the sectaries, the natural fomenters of sedition, and confederates of the rabble, of whose religion little now remains but hatred of establishments, and who are angry to find separation now only tolerated, which was once rewarded ; but every honest man must lament, that it has been regarded with frigid neutrality by the tories, who, being long accustomed to signalize their principles by opposition to the court, do not yet consider that they have at last a king who knows not the name of party, and who wishes to be the common father of all his people.

As a man inebriated only by vapours, soon recovers in the open air ; a nation discontented to madness, without any adequate cause, will return to its wits and its allegiance when a little pause has cooled it to reflection. Nothing, therefore, is necessary, at this alarming crisis, but to consider the alarm as false. To make concessions, is to encourage encroachment. Let the court despise the faction, and the disappointed people will soon deride it

THOUGHTS
ON
THE LATE TRANSACTIONS
RESPECTING
FALKLAND'S ISLANDS.
1771.

To proportion the eagerness of contest to its importance seems too hard a task for human wisdom. The pride of wit has kept ages busy in the discussion of useless questions, and the pride of power has destroyed armies to gain or to keep unprofitable possessions.

Not many years have passed since the cruelties of war were filling the world with terror and with sorrow : rage was at last appeased, or strength exhausted, and to the harassed nations peace was restored, with its pleasures and its benefits. Of this state all felt the happiness, and all implored the continuance ; but what continuance of happiness can be expected, when the whole system of European empire can be in danger of a new concussion, by a contention for a few spots of earth, which, in the deserts of the ocean, had almost escaped human notice, and which, if they had not happened to make a sea-mark, had perhaps never had a name ?

Fortune often delights to dignify what nature has neglected ; and that renown which cannot be claimed by intrinsic excellence or greatness, is sometimes derived from unexpected accidents. The Rubicon was ennobled by the passage of Caesar, and the time is now come when Falkland's Islands demand their historian.

But the writer to whom this employment shall be assigned, will have few opportunities of descriptive splendour, or narrative elegance. Of other countries it is told how often they have changed their government ; these islands have hitherto changed only their name. Of heroes to conquer, or legislators to civilize, here has been no appearance ; nothing has happened to them, but that they have been sometimes seen by wandering navigators, who passed by them in search of better habitations.

When the Spaniards, who, under the conduct of Columbus, discovered America, had taken possession of its most wealthy regions, they surprised and terrified Europe by a sudden and unexampled influx of riches. They were made at once insupportably insolent, and might perhaps have become irresistibly powerful, had not their mountainous treasures been scattered in the air with the ignorant profusion of unaccustomed opulence.

The greater part of the European potentates saw this stream of riches flowing into Spain without attempting to dip their own hands in the golden fountain. France had no naval skill or power ; Portugal was extending her dominions in the east over regions formed in the gaiety of nature ; the Han-

seatic league, being planned only for the security of traffic, had no tendency to discovery or invasion ; and the commercial states of Italy growing rich by trading between Asia and Europe, and not lying upon the ocean, did not desire to seek by great hazards, at a distance, what was almost at home to be found with safety.

The English alone were animated by the success of the Spanish navigators, to try if any thing was left that might reward adventure, or incite appropriation. They sent Cabot into the north ; but in the north there was no gold or silver to be found. The best regions were pre-occupied, yet they still continued their hopes and their labours. They were the second nation that dared the extent of the Pacific ocean, and the second circumnavigators of the globe.

By the war between Elizabeth and Philip, the wealth of America became lawful prize ; and those who were less afraid of danger than of poverty, supposed that riches might easily be obtained by plundering the Spaniards. Nothing is difficult when gain and honour unite their influence: the spirit and vigour of these expeditions enlarged our views of the new world, and made us first acquainted with its remoter coasts.

In the fatal voyage of Cavendish (1592,) Captain Davis, who, being sent out as his associate, was afterwards parted from him or deserted him, as he was driven by violence of weather about the straits of Magellan, is supposed to have been the first who saw the lands now called Falkland's Islands ; but his distress permitted him not to make any observation, and he left them, as he found them, without a name.

Not long afterwards (1594) Sir Richard Hawkins being in the same seas with the same designs, saw these islands again, if they are indeed the same islands, and in honour of his mistress, called them Hawkins's Maiden Land.

This voyage was not of renown sufficient to procure a general reception to the new name ; for when the Dutch, who had now become strong enough not only to defend themselves, but to attack their masters, sent (1598) Verhagen and Sebald de Wert, into the South seas, these islands, which were not supposed to have been known before, obtained the denomination of Sebald's Islands, and were from that time placed in the charts ; though Frezier tells us, that they were yet considered as of doubtful existence.

Their present English name was probably given them (1689) by Strong, whose journal, yet unprinted, may be found in the museum. This name was adopted by Halley, and has from that time, I believe, been received into our maps.

The privateers which were put into motion by the wars of William and Anne, saw those islands and mention them; but they were yet not considered as territories worth a contest Strong affirmed that there was no wood, and Dampier suspected that they had no water.

Frezier describes their appearance with more distinctness, and mentions some ships of St Maloes, by which they had been visited, and to which he seems willing enough to ascribe the honour of discovering islands which yet he admits to have been seen by Hawkins, and named by Sebald de Wert. He. I sup-

pose, in honour of his countrymen, called them the Malouines, the denomination now used by the Spaniards, who seem not, till very lately, to have thought them important enough to deserve a name.

Since the publication of Anson's voyage, they have very much changed their opinion, finding a settlement in Pepys's or Falkland's Island recommended by the author as necessary to the success of our future expeditions against the coast of Chili, and as of such use and importance, that it would produce many advantages in peace, and in war would make us masters of the South sea.

Scarcely any degree of judgment is sufficient to restrain the imagination from magnifying that on which it is long detained. The relator of Anson's voyage had heated his mind with its various events, had partaken the hope with which it was begun, and the vexation suffered by its various miscarriages, and then thought nothing could be of greater benefit to the nation than that which might promote the success of such another enterprise.

Had the heroes of that history even performed and attained all that when they first spread their sails they ventured to hope, the consequence would yet have produced very little hurt to the Spaniards, and very little benefit to the English. They would have taken a few towns ; Anson and his companions would have shared the plunder or the ransom ; and the Spaniards, finding their southern territories accessible, would for the future have guarded them better.

That such a settlement may be of use in war, no man that considers its situation will deny. But war

is not the whole business of life ; it happens but seldom, and every man, either good or wise, wishes that its frequency were still less. That conduct which betrays designs of future hostility, if it does not excite violence, will always generate malignity; it must for ever exclude confidence and friendship, and continue a cold and sluggish rivalry, by a sly reciprocation of indirect injuries, without the bravery of war, or the security of peace.

The advantage of such a settlement in time of peace is, I think, not easily to be proved. For what use can it have but of a station for contraband traders, a nursery of fraud, and a receptacle of theft ? Narborough, about a century ago, was of opinion, that no advantage could be obtained in voyages to the South sea, except by such an armament as, with a sailor's morality, might trade by force. It is well known that the prohibitions of foreign commerce are, in these countries, to the last degree rigorous, and that no man not authorised by the king of Spain can trade there but by force or stealth. Whatever profit is obtained, must be gained by the violence of rapine, or dexterity of fraud.

Government will not perhaps soon arrive at such purity and excellence, but that some connivance at least will be indulged to the triumphant robber and successful cheat. He that brings wealth home is seldom interrogated by what means it was obtained. This, however, is one of those modes of corruption with which mankind ought always to struggle, and which they may in time hope to overcome. There is reason to expect, that as the world is more enlightened, policy and morality will at last be recon-

ciled, and that nations will learn not to do what they would not suffer.

But the silent toleration of suspected guilt is a degree of depravity far below that which openly incites and manifestly protects it. To pardon a pirate may be injurious to mankind ; but how much greater is the crime of opening a port in which all pirates shall be safe ? The contraband trader is not more worthy of protections: if with Narborough he trades by force, he is a pirate ; if he trades secretly, he is only a thief. Those who honestly refuse his traffic, he hates as obstructors of his profit ; and those with whom he deals he cheats, because he knows that they dare not complain. He lives with a heart full of that malignity which fear of detection always generates in those who are to defend unjust acquisitions against lawful authority ; and when he comes home with riches thus acquired, he brings a mind hardened in evil, too proud for reproof, and too stupid for reflection ; he offends the high by his insolence, and corrupts the low by his example.

Whether these truths were forgotten or despised, or whether some better purpose was then in agitation, the representation made in Anson's voyage had such effect upon the statesmen of that time, that, in 1748, some sloops were fitted out for the fuller knowledge of Pepys's and Falkland's Islands, and for further discoveries in the South sea. This expedition, though perhaps designed to be secret, was not long concealed from Wall, the Spanish ambassador, who so vehemently opposed it, and so strongly maintained the right of the Spaniards to the exclusive

dominion of the South sea, that the English ministry relinquished part of their original design, and declared that the examination of those two islands was the utmost that their orders should comprise.

This concession was sufficiently liberal or sufficiently submissive; yet the Spanish court was neither gratified by our kindness, nor softened by our humility. Sir Benjamin Keene, who then resided at Madrid, was interrogated by Carvajal concerning the visit intended to Pepys's and Falkland's Islands in terms of great jealousy and discontent ; and the intended expedition was represented, if not as a direct violation of the late peace, yet as an act inconsistent with amicable intentions, and contrary to the professions of mutual kindness which then passed between Spain and England. Keene was directed to protest that nothing more than mere discovery was intended, and that no settlement was to be established. The Spaniard readily replied, that if this was a voyage of wanton curiosity, it might be gratified with less trouble, for he was willing to communicate whatever was known ; that to go so far only to come back, was no reasonable act ; and it would be a slender sacrifice to peace and friendship to omit a voyage in which nothing was to be gained ; that if we left the places as we found them, the voyage was useless ; and if we took possession, it was a hostile armament ; nor could we expect that the Spaniards would suppose us to visit the southern parts of America only from curiosity, after the scheme proposed by the author of Anson's voyage.

When once we had disowned all purpose of settling, it is apparent that Ave could not defend the

propriety of our expedition by arguments equivalent to Carvajal's objection. The ministry therefore dismissed the whole design, but no declaration was required by which our right to pursue it hereafter might be annulled.

From this time Falkland's Island was forgotten or neglected, till the conduct of naval affairs was intrusted to the Earl of Egmont, a man whose mind was vigorous and ardent, whose knowledge was extensive, and whose designs were magnificent; but who had somewhat vitiated his judgment by too much indulgence of romantic projects and airy speculations.

Lord Egmont's eagerness after something new, determined him to make inquiry after Falkland's Islands, and he sent out Captain Byron, who, in the beginning of the year 1765, took, he says, a formal possession in the name of his Britannic majesty.

The possession of this place is, according to Mr Byron's representation, no despicable acquisition. He conceived the island to be six or seven hundred miles round, and represented it as a region naked indeed of wood, but which, if that defect were supplied, would have all that nature, almost all that luxury could want. The harbour he found capacious and secure, and therefore thought it worthy of the name of Egmont. Of water there was no want; and the ground, he described as having all the excellences of soil, and as covered with antiscorbutic herbs, the restoratives of the sailor. Provision was easily to be had, for they killed almost every day an hundred geese to each ship, by pelting them with stones. Not content with physic and with

food, he searched yet deeper for the value of the new dominion. He dug in quest of ore, found iron in abundance, and did not despair of nobler metals.

A country thus fertile and delightful, fortunately found where none would have expected it, about the fiftieth degree of southern latitude, could not without great supineness be neglected. Early in the next year, (January 8, 1766) Captain Macbride arrived at Port Egmont, where he erected a small blockhouse, and stationed a garrison. His description was less flattering. He found, what he calls, a mass of islands, and broken lands, of which the soil was nothing but a bog, with no better prospect than that of barren mountains, beaten by storms almost perpetual. Yet this, says he, is summer ; and if the winds of winter hold their natural proportion, those who lie but two cables' length from the shore, must pass weeks without any communication with it. The plenty which regaled Mr Byron, and which might have supported not only armies, but armies of Patagons, was no longer to be found. The geese were too wise to stay when men violated their haunts, and Mr Macbride's crew could only now and then kill a goose when the weather would permit. All the quadrupeds which he met there were foxes, supposed by him to have been brought upon the ice ; but of useless animals, such as sea-lions and penguins, which he calls vermin, the number was incredible. He allows, however, that those who touch at these islands may find geese and snipes, and in the summer months, wild celery and sorrel.

No token was seen by either, of any settlement ever made upon this island, and Mr Macbride thought himself so secure from hostile disturbance, that when he erected his wooden blockhouse, he omitted to open the ports and loopholes.

When a garrison was stationed at Port Egmont, it was necessary to try what sustenance the ground could be by culture excited to produce. A garden was prepared, but the plants that sprung up, withered away in immaturity. Some fir-seeds were sown ; but though this be the native tree of rugged climates, the young firs that rose above the ground died like weaker herbage. The cold continued long, and the ocean seldom was at rest.

Cattle succeeded better than vegetables. Goats, sheep, and hogs, that were carried thither, were found to thrive and increase as in other places.

Nil mortalibus arduum est. There is nothing which human courage will not undertake, and little that human patience will not endure. The garrison lived upon Falkland's Island, shrinking from the blast, and shuddering at the billows.

This was a colony which could never become independent, for it never could be able to maintain itself. The necessary supplies were annually sent from England, at an expence which the Admiralty began to think would not quickly be repaid. But shame of deserting a project, and unwillingness to contend with a projector that meant well, continued the garrison, and supplied it with regular remittances of stores and provision.

That of which we were almost weary ourselves, we did not expect any one to envy : and therefore

supposed that we should be permitted to reside in Falkland's Islands, the undisputed lords of tempest-beaten barrenness.

But on the 28th of November 1769, Captain Hunt, observing a Spanish schooner hovering about the island surveying it, sent the commander a message, by which he required him to depart. The Spaniard made an appearance of obeying, but in two days came back with letters written by the governor of Port Solidad, and brought by the chief officer of a settlement on the east part of Falkland's Island.

In this letter, dated Malouina, November 30, the governor complains, that Captain Hunt, when he ordered the schooner to depart, assumed a power to which he could have no pretensions, by sending an imperious message to the Spaniards in the king of Spain's own dominions.

In another letter, sent at the same time, he supposes the English to be in that part only by accident, and to be ready to depart at the first warning. This letter was accompanied by a present, of which says he, " if it be neither equal to my desire nor to your merit, you must impute the deficiency to the situation of us both."

In return to this hostile civility, Captain Hunt warned them from the island, which he claimed in the name of the king, as belonging to the English by right of the first discovery and the first settlement.

This was an assertion of more confidence than certainty. The right of discovery indeed has already appeared to be probable, but the right which

priority of settlement confers, I know not whether we yet can establish.

On December 10, the officer sent by the governor of Port Solidad made three protests against Captain Hunt ; for threatening to fire upon him ; for opposing his entrance into Port Egmont; and for entering himself into Port Solidad. On the 12th, the governor of Port Solidad formally warned Captain Hunt to leave Port Egmont, and to forbear the navigation of these seas, without permission from the king of Spain.

To this Captain Hunt replied by repeating his former claim ; by declaring that his orders were to keep possession ; and by once more warning the Spaniards to depart.

The next month produced more protests and more replies, of which the tenor was nearly the same. The operations of such harmless enmity having produced no effect, were then reciprocally discontinued, and the English were left for a time to enjoy the pleasures of Falkland's Island without molestation.

This tranquillity, however, did not last long. A few months afterwards (June 4, 1770) the *Industry*, a Spanish frigate, commanded by an officer, whose name was Madariaga, anchored in Port Egmont, bound, as was said, for Port Solidad, and reduced, by a passage from Buenos Ayres of fifty-three days, to want of water.

Three days afterwards four other frigates entered the port, and a broad pendant, such as is borne by the commander of a naval armament, was displayed from the *Industry*. Captain Farmer of the *Swift*

frigate, who commanded the garrison, ordered the crew of the *Swift* to come on shore, and assist in its defence ; and directed Captain Maltby to bring the *Favourite* frigate, which he commanded, nearer to the land. The Spaniards easily discovering the purpose of his motion, let him know, that if he weighed his anchor, they would fire upon his ship ; but paying no regard to these menaces, he advanced toward the shore. The Spanish fleet followed, and two shots were fired, which fell at a distance from him. He then sent to inquire the reason of such hostility, and was told that the shots were intended only as signals.

Both the English captains wrote the next day to Madariaga the Spanish commodore, warning him from the island, as from a place which the English held by right of discovery.

Madariaga, who seems to have had no desire of unnecessary mischief, invited them (June 9) to send an officer who should take a view of his forces, that they might be convinced of the vanity of resistance, and do that without compulsion which he was upon refusal prepared to enforce.

An officer was sent, who found sixteen hundred men, with a train of twenty-seven cannon, four mortars, and two hundred bombs. The fleet consisted of five frigates, from twenty to thirty guns, which were now stationed opposite to the block-house.

He then sent them a formal memorial, in which he maintained his master's right to the whole Magellanic region, and exhorted the English to retire

quietly from the settlement, which they could neither justify by right, nor maintain by power.

He offered them the liberty of carrying away whatever they were desirous to remove, and promised his receipt for what should be left, that no loss might be suffered by them.

His propositions were expressed in terms of great civility ; but he concludes with demanding an answer in fifteen minutes.

Having while he was writing received the letters of warning written the day before by the English captains, he told them that he thought himself able to prove the king of Spain's title to all those countries, but that this was no time for verbal altercations. He persisted in his determination, and allowed only fifteen minutes for an answer.

To this it was replied by Captain Farmer, that though there had been prescribed yet a shorter time, he should still resolutely defend his charge ; that this, whether menace or force, would be considered as an insult on the British flag, and that satisfaction would certainly be required.

On the next day (June 10) Madariaga landed his forces, and it may be easily imagined that he had no bloody conquest. The English had only a wooden blockhouse, built at Woolwich, and carried in pieces to the island, with a small battery of cannon. To contend with obstinacy had been only to lavish life without use or hope. After the exchange of a very few shots, a capitulation was proposed.

The Spanish commander acted with moderation ; he exerted little of the conqueror ; what he had offered before the attack, he granted after the vic-

tory; the English were allowed to leave the place with every honour, only their departure was delayed by the terms of the capitulation twenty days ; and to secure their stay, the rudder of the *Favourite* was taken off. What they desired to carry away they removed without molestation; and of what they left, an inventory was drawn, for which the Spanish officer by his receipt promised to be accountable.

Of this petty revolution, so sudden and so distant, the English ministry could not possibly have such notice as might enable them to prevent it. The conquest, if such it may be called, cost but three days ; for the Spaniards, either supposing the garrison stronger than it was, or resolving to trust nothing to chance, or considering that, as their force was greater, there was less danger of bloodshed, came with a power that made resistance ridiculous, and at once demanded and obtained possession.

The first account of any discontent expressed by the Spaniards was brought by Captain Hunt, who, arriving at Plymouth June 3, 1770, informed the Admiralty that the island had been claimed in December by the governor of Port Solidad.

This claim, made by an officer of so little dignity, without any known direction from his superiors, could be considered only as the zeal or officiousness of an individual, unworthy of public notice, or the formality of remonstrance.

In August, Mr Harris, the resident at Madrid, gave notice to Lord Weymouth of an account newly brought to Cadiz, that the English were in possession of Port Cuizada, the same which we call Port Egmont, in the Magellanic sea ; that in January

they had warned away two Spanish ships ; and that an armament was sent out in May from Buenos Ayres to dislodge them.

It was perhaps not yet certain that this account was true; but the information, however faithful, was too late for prevention. It was easily known, that a fleet dispatched in May had before August succeeded or miscarried.

In October, Captain Maltby came to England, and gave the account which I have now epitomised, of his expulsion from Falkland's Islands.

From this moment the whole nation can witness that no time was lost. The navy was surveyed, the ships refitted, and commanders appointed : and a powerful fleet was assembled, well manned and well stored, with expedition after so long a peace perhaps never known before, and with vigour which after the waste of so long a war, scarcely any other nation had been capable of exerting.

This preparation, so illustrious in the eyes of Europe, and so efficacious in its event, was obstructed by the utmost power of that noisy faction which has too long filled the kingdom, sometimes with the roar of empty menace, and sometimes with the yell of hypocritical lamentation. Every man saw, and every honest man saw with detestation, that they who desired to force their sovereign into war, endeavoured at the same time to disable him from action.

The vigour and spirit of the ministry easily broke through all the machinations of these pigmy rebels, and our armament was quickly such as was likely to make our negotiations effectual.

The prince of Masseran, in his first conference with the English ministers on this occasion, owned that he had from Madrid received intelligence that the English had been forcibly expelled from Falkland's Island by Buccarelli, the governor of Buenos Ayres, without any particular orders from the king of Spain. But being asked, whether in his master's name he disavowed Buccarelli's violence, he refused to answer without direction.

The scene of negotiation was now removed to Madrid, and in September Mr Harris was directed to demand from Grimaldi the Spanish minister, the restitution of Falkland's Island, and a disavowal of Buccarelli's hostilities.

It was to be expected that Grimaldi would object to us our own behaviour, who had ordered the Spaniards to depart from the same island. To this it was replied, that the English forces were indeed directed to warn other nations away ; but if compliance were refused, to proceed quietly in making their settlement, and suffer the subjects of whatever power to remain there without molestation, By possession thus taken, there was only a disputable claim advanced, which might be peaceably and regularly decided, without insult and without force ; and if the Spaniards had complained at the British court, their reasons would have been heard, and all injuries redressed ; but that, by presupposing the justice of their own title, and having recourse to arms, without any previous notice or remonstrance, they had violated the peace, and insulted the British government ; and therefore it was expected

that satisfaction should be made by public disavowal, and immediate restitution.

The answer of Grimaldi was ambiguous and cold. He did not allow that any particular orders had been given for driving the English from their settlement ; but made no scruple of declaring, that such an ejection was nothing more than the settlers might have expected ; and that Buccarelli had not, in his opinion, incurred any blame, as the general injunctions to the American governors were, to suffer no encroachments on the Spanish dominions.

In October the prince of Masseran proposed a convention for the accommodation of differences by mutual concessions, in which the warning given to the Spaniards by Hunt should be disavowed on one side, and the violence used by Buccarelli on the other. This offer was considered as little less than a *new* insult, and Grimaldi was told, that injury required reparation ; that when either party had suffered evident wrong, there was not the parity subsisting, which is implied in conventions and contracts ; that we considered ourselves as openly insulted, and demanded satisfaction plenary and unconditional.

Grimaldi affected to wonder that we were not yet appeased by their concessions. They had, he said, granted all that was required ; they had offered to restore the island in the state in which they found it ; but he thought that they likewise might hope for some regard, and that the warning sent by Hunt would be disavowed.

Mr Hams, our minister at Madrid, insisted that the injured party had a right to unconditional re-

paration, and Griraaldi delayed his answer that a council might be called. In a few days, orders were dispatched to Prince Masseran, by which he was commissioned to declare the king of Spain's readiness to satisfy the demands of the king of England, in expectation of receiving from him reciprocal satisfaction, by the disavowal, so often required, of Hunt's warning.

Finding the Spaniards disposed to make no other acknowledgments, the English ministry considered a war as not likely to be long avoided. In the latter end of November, private notice was given of their danger to the merchants at Cadiz, and the officers absent from Gibraltar were remanded to their posts. Our naval force was every day increased, and we made no abatement of our original demand

The obstinacy of the Spanish court still continued ; and about the end of the year all hope of reconciliation was so nearly extinguished, that Mr Harris was directed to withdraw, with the usual forms, from his residence at Madrid.

Moderation is commonly firm, and firmness is commonly successful. Having not swelled our first requisition with any superfluous appendages, we had nothing to yield ; we therefore only repeated our first proposition, prepared for war, though desirous of peace.

About this time, as is well known, the king of France dismissed Choiseul from his employments. What effect this revolution of the French court had upon the Spanish counsels, I pretend not to be informed. Choiseul had always professed pacific dis-

positions ; nor is it certain, however it may be suspected, that he talked in different strains to different parties.

It seems to be almost the universal error of historians to suppose it politically, as it is physically true, that every effect has a proportionate cause. In the inanimate action of matter upon matter, the motion produced can be but equal to the force of the moving power ; but the operations of life, whether private or public, admit no such laws. The caprices of voluntary agents laugh at calculation. It is not always that there is a strong reason for a great event. Obstinacy and flexibility, malignity and kindness, give place alternately to each other, and the reason of these vicissitudes, however important may be the consequences, often escapes the mind in which the change is made.

Whether the alteration which began in January to appear in the Spanish counsels, had any other cause than conviction of the impropriety of their past conduct, and of the danger of a new war, it is not easy to decide ; but they began, whatever was the reason, to relax their haughtiness, and Mr Harris's departure was countermanded.

The demands first made by England were still continued ; and on January 22d, the prince of Masseran delivered a declaration, in which the king of Spain disavows the violent enterprise of Buccarelli, and promises to restore the port and fort called Egmont, with all the artillery and stores, according to the inventory.

To this promise of restitution is subjoined, that this engagement to restore Port Egmont, cannot, nor

ought in any wise to affect the question of the prior right of sovereignty of the Malouine otherwise called Falkland's Islands.

This concession was accepted by the Earl of Rochford, who declared on the part of his master, that the prince of Masseran being authorised by his catholic majesty, to offer in his majesty's name to the king of Great Britain a satisfaction for the injury done him by dispossessing him of Port Egmont, and having signed a declaration expressing that his catholic majesty disavows the expedition against Port Egmont, and engages to restore it in the state in which it stood before the 10th of June 1770, his Britannic majesty will look upon the said declaration, together with the full performance of the engagement on the part of his catholic majesty, as a satisfaction for the injury done to the crown of Great Britain.

This is all that was originally demanded. The expedition is disavowed, and the island is restored. An injury is acknowledged by the reception of Lord Rochford's paper, who twice mentions the word *injury*, and twice the word *satisfaction*.

The Spaniards have stipulated, that the grant of possession shall not preclude the question of prior right, a question which we shall probably make no haste to discuss, and a right of which no formal resignation was ever required. This reserve has supplied matter for much clamour; and perhaps the English ministry would have been better pleased had the declaration been without it. But when we have obtained all that was asked, why should we complain that we have not more? When the

possession is conceded, where is the evil that the right, which that concession supposes to be merely hypothetical, is referred to the Greek calends for a future disquisition ? Were the Switzers less free or less secure, because after their defection from the house of Austria they had never been declared independent before the treaty of Westphalia ? Is the king of France less a sovereign because the king of England partakes his title ?

If sovereignty implies undisputed right, scarce any prince is a sovereign through his whole dominions ; if sovereignty consists in this, that no superior is acknowledged, our king reigns at Port Egmont with sovereign authority. Almost every new acquired territory is in some degree controvertible ; and till the controversy is decided, a term very difficult to be fixed, all that can be had is real possession and actual dominion.

This surely is a sufficient answer to the feudal gabble of a man who is every day lessening that splendour of character which once illuminated the kingdom, then dazzled, and afterwards inflamed it ; and for whom it will be happy if the nation shall at last dismiss him to nameless obscurity, with that equipoise of blame and praise which Corneille allows to Richlieu, a man who, I think, had much of his merit, and many of his faults.

Chacun parle a son gre de ce grand cardinal,

Mais pour moi je n'en dirai rien ;

Il m'a fait trop de bien pour en dire du mal,

Il m'a fait trop de mal pour en dire du bien.

To push advantages too far is neither generous nor just. Had we insisted on a concession of ante-

cedent right, it may not misbecome us, either as moralists or politicians, to consider what Grimaldi could have answered. We have already, he might say, granted you the whole effect of right, and have not denied you the name. We have not said that the rights was ours before this concession, but only that what right we had, is not by this concession vacated. We have now for more than two centuries ruled large tracts of the American continent, by a claim which perhaps is valid only upon this consideration, that no power can produce a better ; by the right of discovery and prior settlement. And by such titles almost all the dominions of the earth are holden, except that their original is beyond memory, and greater obscurity gives them greater veneration. Should we allow this plea to be annulled, the whole fabric of our empire shakes at the foundation. When you suppose yourselves to have first descried the disputed island, you suppose what you can hardly prove. We were at least the general discoverers of the Magellanic region, and have hitherto held it with ail its adjacencies. The justice of this tenure the world has hitherto admitted ; and yourselves at least tacitly allowed it, when about twenty years ago you desisted from your purposed expedition, and expressly disowned any design of settling, where you arc now not content to settle and to reign, without extorting such a confession of original right, as may invite every other nation to follow you.

To considerations such as these, it is reasonable to impute that anxiety of the Spaniards, from which

the importance of this island is inferred by Junius, one of the few writers of his despicable faction whose name does not disgrace the name of an opponent. The value of the thing disputed may be very different to him that gains and him that loses it. The Spaniards, by yielding Falkland's Island, have admitted a precedent of what they think encroachment; have suffered a breach to be made in the outworks of their empire; and, notwithstanding the reserve of prior right, have suffered a dangerous exception to the prescriptive tenure of their American territories.

Such is the loss of Spain; let us now compute the profit of Britain. We have, by obtaining a disavowal of Buccarelli's expedition, and a restitution of our settlement, maintained the honour of the crown, and the superiority of our influence. Beyond this, what have we acquired? What, but a bleak and gloomy solitude; an island thrown aside from human use, stormy in winter, and barren in summer; an island which not the southern savages have dignified with habitation: where a garrison must be kept in a state that contemplates with envy the exiles of Siberia; of which the expence will be perpetual, and the use only occasional, and which, if fortune smile upon our labours; may become a nest of smugglers in peace, and in war the refuge of future Buccaniers. To all this the government has now given ample attestation; for the island has been since abandoned, and perhaps was kept only to quiet clamours, with an intention, not then wholly concealed, of quitting it in a short time.

This is the country of which we have now possession, and of which a numerous party pretends to wish that we had murdered thousands for the titular sovereignty. To charge any men with such madness, approaches to an accusation defeated by its own incredibility. As they have been long accumulating falsehoods, it is possible that they are now only adding another to the heap, and that they do not mean all that they profess. But of this faction, what evil may not be credited? They have hitherto shewn no virtue, and very little wit, beyond that mischievous cunning for which it is held by Hale that children may be hanged.

As war is the last of remedies, *cuncta prius tentanda*, all lawful expedients must be used to avoid it. As war is the extremity of evil, it is surely the duty of those whose station intrusts them with the care of nations, to avert it from their charge. There are diseases of animal nature which nothing but amputation can remove ; so there may, by the depravation of human passions, be sometimes a gangrene in collective life, for which fire and the sword are the necessary remedies ; but in what can skill or caution be better shewn than preventing such dreadful operations, while there is yet room for gentler methods ?

It is wonderful with what coolness and indifference the greater part of mankind see war commenced. Those that hear of it at a distance, or read of it in books, but have never presented its evils to their minds, consider it as little more than a splendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some indeed must perish in the most suc-

cessful field ; but they die upon the bed of honour, " resign their lives amidst the joys of conquest, and filled with England's glory, smile in death."

The life of a modern soldier is ill represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and ten thousands that perished in our late contests with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy ; the rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction ; pale, torpid, spiritless and helpless ; gasping and groaning, unpitied among men, made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery ; and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless, and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away.

Thus is a people gradually exhausted, for the most part, with little effect. The wars of civilized nations make very slow changes in the system of empire. The public perceives scarcely any alteration but an increase of debt ; and the few individuals who are benefited, are not supposed to have the clearest right to their advantages. If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit, and after bleeding in the battle, grew rich by the victory, he might shew his gains without envy. But at the conclusion of a ten years' war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes and the expence of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose

equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations ?

These are the men who, without virtue, labour, or hazard, are growing rich as their country is impoverished ; they rejoice when obstinacy or ambition adds another year to slaughter and devastation ; and laugh from their desks at bravery and science, while they are adding figure to figure, and cipher to cipher, hoping for a new contract from a new armament, and computing the profits of a siege or tempest.

Those who suffer their minds to dwell on these considerations will think it no great crime in the ministry, that they have not snatched with eagerness the first opportunity of rushing into the field, when they were able to obtain by quiet negotiation all the real good that victory could have brought us.

Of victory indeed every nation is confident before the sword is drawn ; and this mutual confidence produces that wantonness of bloodshed that has so often desolated the world. But it is evident, that of contradictory opinions one must be wrong ; and the history of mankind does not want examples that may teach caution to the daring, and moderation to the proud.

Let us not think our laurels blasted by condescending to enquire, whether we might not possibly grow rather less than greater by attacking Spain ? Whether we should have to contend with Spain alone, whatever has been promised by our patriots, may very reasonably be doubted. A war declared for the empty sound of an ancient title to a Magellanic rock, would raise the indignation of the earth

against us. These encroachers on the waste of nature, says our ally the Russian, if they succeed in their first effort of usurpation, will make war upon us for a title to Kamschatscha. These universal settlers, says our ally the Dane, will in a short time settle upon Greenland, and a fleet will batter Copenhagen, till we are willing to confess that it always was their own.

In a quarrel like this, it is not possible that any power should favour us, and it is very likely that some would oppose us. The French, we are told, are otherwise employed ; the contests between the king of France and his own subjects are sufficient to withhold him from supporting Spain. But who does not know that a foreign war has often put a stop to civil discords ? It withdraws the attention of the public from domestic grievances, and affords opportunities of dismissing the turbulent and restless to distant employments. The Spaniards have always an argument of irresistible persuasion. If France will not support them against England, they will strengthen England against France.

But let us indulge a dream of idle speculation, and suppose that we are to engage with Spain, and with Spain alone ; it is not even yet very certain that much advantage will be gained. Spain is not easily vulnerable ; her kingdom, by the loss or cession of many fragments of dominion, is become solid and compact. The Spaniards have indeed no fleet able to oppose us, but they will not endeavour actual opposition ; they will shut themselves up in their own territories, and let us exhaust our seamen in a hopeless siege. They will give commissions to

privateers of every nation, who will prey upon our merchants without possibility of reprisal. If they think their plate fleet in danger, they will forbid it to set sail, and live awhile upon the credit of treasure which all Europe knows to be safe ; and which, if our obstinacy should continue till they can no longer be without it, will be conveyed to them with secrecy and security by our natural enemies the French, or by the Dutch our natural allies.

But the whole continent of Spanish America will lie open to invasion ; we shall have nothing to do but march into these wealthy regions, and make their present masters confess that they were always ours by ancient right. We shall throw brass and iron out of our houses, and nothing but silver will be seen among us.

All this is very desirable, but it is not certain that it can be easily attained. Large tracts of America were added by the last war to the British dominions ; but, if the faction credit their own Apollo, they were conquered in Germany. They at best are only the barren parts of the continent, the refuse of the earlier adventurers, which the French, who came last, had taken only as better than nothing.

Against the Spanish dominions we have never hitherto been able to do much. A few privateers have grown rich at their expence, but no scheme of conquest has yet been successful. They are defended, not by walls mounted with cannons, which by cannons may be battered, but by the storms of the deep and the vapours of the land, by the flames of calenture and blasts of pestilence.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the favourite period of English greatness, no enterprises against America had any other consequence than that of extending English navigation. Here Cavendish perished after all his hazards ; and here Drake and Hawkins, great as they were in knowledge and in fame, having promised honour to themselves and dominion to the country, sunk by desperation and misery in dishonourable graves.

During the protectorship of Cromwell, a time of which the patriotic tribes still more ardently desire the return, the Spanish dominions were again attempted ; but here, and only here, the fortune of Cromwell made a pause. His forces were driven from Hispaniola, his hopes of possessing the West Indies vanished, and Jamaica was taken, only that the whole expedition might not grow ridiculous.

The attack of Carthagera is yet remembered, where the Spaniards from the ramparts saw their invaders destroyed by the hostility of the elements ; poisoned by the air, and crippled by the dews ; where every hour swept away battalions ; and in the three days that passed between the descent and re-embarkation, half an army perished.

In the last war, the Havanna was taken at what expence is too well remembered. May my country be never cursed with such another conquest !

These instances of miscarriage, and these arguments of difficulty, may perhaps abate the military ardour of the public. Upon the opponents of the government their operation will be different ; they wish for war, but not for conquest ; victory would defeat their purposes equally with peace, because

prosperity would naturally continue trust in those hands which had used it fortunately. The patriots gratified themselves with expectations that some sinistrous accident, or erroneous conduct, might diffuse discontent and inflame malignity. Their hope is malevolence, and their good is evil.

Of their zeal for their country we have already had a specimen. While they were terrifying the nation with doubts whether it was any longer to exist ; while they represented invasive armies as hovering in the clouds, and hostile fleets as emerging from the deeps ; they obstructed our levies of seamen, and embarrassed our endeavours of defence. Of such men he thinks with unnecessary candour, who does not believe them likely to have promoted the miscarriage which they desired, by intimidating our troops or betraying our counsels.

It is considered as an injury to the public by those sanguinary statesmen, that though the fleet has been refitted and manned, yet no hostilities have followed ; and they who sat wishing for misery and slaughter are disappointed of their pleasure. But as peace is the end of war, it is the end likewise of preparations for war ; and he may be justly hunted down as the enemy of mankind, that can choose to snatch by violence and bloodshed, what gentler means can equally obtain.

The ministry are reproached as not daring to provoke an enemy, lest ill success should discredit and displace them. I hope that they had better reasons ; that they paid some regard to equity and humanity ; and considered themselves as entrusted with the safety of their fellow-subjects ; and as the

destroyers of all that should be superfluously slaughtered. But let us suppose that their own safety had some influence on their conduct, they will not, however, sink to a level with their enemies. Though the motive might be selfish, the act was innocent. They who grow rich by administering physic, are not to be numbered with them that get money by dispensing poison. If they maintain power by harmlessness and peace, they must for ever be at a great distance from ruffians who would gain it by mischief and confusion. The watch of a city may guard it for hire ; but are well employed in protecting it from those who lie in wait to fire the streets and rob the houses amidst the conflagration.

An unsuccessful war would undoubtedly have had the effect which the enemies of the ministry so earnestly desire : for who could have sustained the disgrace of folly ending in misfortune ? But had wanton invasion undeservedly prospered, had Falkland's Island been yielded unconditionally with every right prior and posterior ; though the rabble might have shouted, and the windows have blazed, yet those who know the value of life, and the uncertainty of public credit, would have murmured, perhaps unheard, at the increase of our debt and the loss of our people.

This thirst of blood, however the visible promoters of sedition may think it convenient to shrink from the accusation, is loudly avowed by Junius, the writer to whom his party owes much of its pride, and some of its popularity. Of Junius it cannot be said, as of Ulysses, that he scatters ambi.

guous expressions among the vulgar; for he cries havoc without reserve, and endeavours to let slip the dogs of foreign or of civil war, ignorant whither they are going, and careless what may be their prey.

Junius has sometimes made his satire felt, but let not injudicious admiration mistake the venom of the shaft for the vigour of the bow. He has sometimes sported with lucky malice; but to him that knows his company, it is not hard to be sarcastic in a mask. While he walks like Jack the Giant-killer in a coat of darkness, he may do much mischief with little strength. Novelty captivates the superficial and thoughtless; vehemence delights the discontented and turbulent. He that contradicts acknowledged truth, will always have an audience; he that vilifies established authority will always find abettors.

Junius burst into notice with a blaze of impudence which has rarely glared upon the world before and drew the rabble after him as a monster makes a show. When he had once provided for his safety by impenetrable secrecy, he had nothing to combat but truth and justice, enemies whom he knows to be feeble in the dark. Being then at liberty to indulge himself in all the immunities of invisibility; out of the reach of danger, he has been bold; out of the reach of shame, he has been confident. As a rhetorician, he has had the art of persuading when he seconded desire; as a reasoner, he has convinced those who had no doubt before; as a moralist, he has taught that virtue may disgrace; and as a patriot, he has gratified the mean by insults on the high. Finding sedition ascendant, he has **been able to ad-**

vance it ; finding the nation combustible, he has been able to inflame it Let us abstract from his wit the vivacity of insolence, and withdraw from his efficacy the sympathetic favour of plebeian malignity—I do not say that we shall leave him nothing—the cause that I defend scorns the help of falsehood ; but if we leave him only his merit, what will be his praise ?

It is not by his liveliness of imagery, his pungency of periods, or his fertility of allusion, that he detains the cits of London, and the boors of Middlesex. Of style and sentiment they take no cognizance. They admire him for virtues like their own ; for contempt of order and violence of outrage, for rage of defamation and audacity of falsehood. The supporters of the bill of rights feel no niceties of composition, nor dexterities of sophistry ; their faculties are better proportioned to the bawl of Bellas, or barbarity of Beckford ; but they are told that Junius is on their side, and they are therefore sure that Junius is infallible. Those who know not whither he would lead them, resolve to follow him ; and those who cannot find his meaning, hope he means rebellion.

Junius is an unusual phenomenon, on which some have gazed with wonder and some with terror ; but wonder and terror are transitory passions. He will soon be more closely viewed, or more attentively examined ; and what folly has taken for a comet that from its flaming hair shook pestilence and war, inquiry will find to be only a meteor formed by the vapours of putrefying democracy, and kindled into flame by the effervescence of interest

struggling with conviction; which, after having plunged its followers in a bog, will leave us inquiring why we regard it

Yet though I cannot think the style of Junius secure from criticism, though his expressions are often trite, and his periods feeble, I should never have stationed him where he has placed himself, had I not rated him by his morals rather than his faculties. What, says Pope, must be the priest, where a monkey is the god ? What must be the drudge of a party of which the heads are Wilkes and Crosby, Sawbridge and Townsend ?

Junius knows his own meaning, and can therefore tell it. He is an enemy to the ministry, he sees them growing hourly stronger. He knows that a war at once unjust and unsuccessful would have certainly displaced them, and is therefore, in his zeal for his country, angry that war was not unjustly made, and unsuccessfully conducted. But there are others whose thoughts are less clearly expressed, and whose schemes perhaps are less consequentially digested ; who declare that they do not wish for a rupture, yet condemn the ministry for not doing that, by which a rupture would naturally have been made.

If one party resolves to demand what the other resolves to refuse, the dispute can be determined only by arbitration ; and between powers who have no common superior, there is no other arbitrator than the sword.

Whether the ministry might not equitably have demanded more, is not worth a question. The utmost exertion of right is always invidious, and where

claims are not easily determinable is always dangerous. We asked all that was necessary, and persisted in our first claim without mean recession, or wanton aggravation. The Spaniards found us resolute, and complied after a short struggle.

The real crime of the ministry is, that they have found the means of avoiding their own ruin ; but the charge against them is multifarious and confused, as will happen, when malice and discontent are ashamed of their complaint. The past and the future are complicated in the censure. We have heard a tumultuous clamour about honour and rights, injuries and insults, the British flag, and the Favourite's rudder, Buccarelli's conduct, and Grimaldi's declarations, the Manilla ransom, delays and reparation.

Through the whole argument of the faction runs the general error, that our settlement on Falkland's Island was not only lawful but unquestionable ; that our right was not only certain but acknowledged ; and that the equity of our conduct was such, that the Spaniards could not blame or obstruct it without combating their own conviction, and opposing the general opinion of mankind.

If once it be discovered that, in the opinion of the Spaniards, our settlement was usurped, our claim arbitrary, and our conduct insolent, all that has happened will appear to follow by a natural concatenation. Doubts will produce disputes and disquisition, disquisition requires delay, and delay causes inconvenience.

Had the Spanish government immediately yielded unconditionally all that was required, we might

have been satisfied ; but what would Europe have judged of their submission ? that they shrunk before us as a conquered people, who, having lately yielded to our arms, were now compelled to sacrifice to our pride. The honour of the public is indeed of high importance ; but we must remember that we have had to transact with a mighty king and a powerful nation, who have unluckily been taught to think that they have honour to keep or lose as well as ourselves.

When the Admiralty were told in June, of the warning given to Hunt, they were, I suppose, informed that Hunt had first provoked it by warning away the Spaniards, and naturally considered one act of insolence as balanced by another, without expecting that more would be done on either side. Of representations and remonstrances there would be no end, if they were to be made whenever small commanders are uncivil to each other ; nor could peace ever be enjoyed, if upon such transient provocations it might be imagined necessary to prepare for war. We might then, it is said, have increased our force with more leisure and less inconvenience ; but this is to judge only by the event. We omitted to disturb the public, because we did not suppose that an armament would be necessary.

Some months afterwards, as has been told, Bucarelli, the governor of Buenos Ayres, sent against the settlement of Port Egmont a force which ensured the conquest. The Spanish commander required the English captains to depart, but they thinking that resistance necessary which they knew to be useless, gave the Spaniards the right of pre-

scribing terms of capitulation. The Spaniards imposed no new condition, except that the sloop should not sail under twenty days ; and of this they secured the performance by taking off the rudder.

To an inhabitant of the land there appears nothing in all this unreasonable or offensive. If the English intended to keep their stipulation, how were they injured by the detention of the rudder ? If the rudder be to a ship what his tail is in fables to a fox, the part in which honour is placed, and of which the violation is never to be endured, I am sorry that the Favourite suffered an indignity, but cannot yet think it a cause for which nations should slaughter one another.

When Buccarelli's invasion was known, and the dignity of the crown infringed, we demanded reparation and prepared for war ; and we gained equal respect by the moderation of our terms, and the spirit of our exertion. The Spanish minister immediately denied that Buccarelli had received any particular orders to seize Port Egmont, nor pretended that he was justified, otherwise than by the general instructions by which the American governors are required to exclude the subjects of other powers.

To have enquired whether our settlement at Port Egmont was any violation of the Spanish rights, had been to enter upon a discussion which the pertinacity of political disputants might have continued without end. We therefore called for restitution, not as a confession of right, but as a reparation of honour, which required that we should be restored to our former state upon the island, and that the

king of Spain should disavow **the** action **of** his **governor**.

In return to this demand, the Spaniards expected from us a disavowal of the menaces with which they had been first insulted by Hunt ; and if the claim to the island be supposed doubtful, they certainly expected it with equal reason. This, however, was refused, and our superiority of strength gave validity to our arguments.

But we are told that the disavowal of the king of Spain is temporary and fallacious ; that Buccarelli's armament had all the appearance of regular forces and a concerted expedition ; and that he is not treated at home as a man guilty of piracy, or as disobedient to the orders of his master.

That the expedition was well planned, and the forces properly supplied, affords no proof of communication between the governor and his court. Those who are entrusted with the care of kingdoms in another hemisphere, must always be trusted with power to defend them.

As little can be inferred from his reception at the Spanish court. He is not punished indeed, for what has he done that deserves punishment ? He was sent into America to govern and defend the dominions of Spain. He thought the English were encroaching, and drove them away. No Spaniard thinks that he has exceeded his duty, nor does the king of Spain charge him with excess. The boundaries of dominion in that part of the world have not yet been settled ; and he mistook, if a mistake there was, like a zealous subject, in his master's favour.

But all this inquiry is superfluous. Considered as a reparation of honour, the disavowal of the king of Spain, made in the sight of all Europe, is of equal value, whether true or false. There is indeed no reason to question its veracity ; they, however, who do not believe it, must allow the weight of that influence by which a great prince is reduced to disown his own commission.

Hut the general orders upon which the governor is acknowledged to have acted, are neither disavowed nor explained. Why the Spaniards should disavow the defence of their own territories, the warmest disputant will find it difficult to tell ; and if by an explanation is meant an accurate delineation of the southern empire, and the limitation of their claims beyond the line, it cannot be imputed to any very culpable remissness, that what has been denied for two centuries to the European powers, was not obtained in a hasty wrangle about a petty settlement.

The ministry were too well acquainted with negotiation to fill their heads with such idle expectations. The question of right was inexplicable and endless. They left it as it stood. To be restored to actual possession was easily practicable. This restoration they required and obtained.

But they should, say their opponents, have insisted upon more; they should have exacted not only reparation of our honour but repayment of our expence. Nor are they all satisfied with the recovery of the costs and damages of the present contest ; they are for taking this opportunity of calling

in old debts, and reviving our right to the ransom of Manilla.

The Manilla ransom has, I think, been most mentioned by the inferior bellowers of sedition. Those who lead the faction know that it cannot be remembered much to their advantage. The followers of Lord Rockingham remember that his ministry began and ended without obtaining it ; the adherents to Grenville would be told, that he could never be taught to understand our claim. The law of nations made little of his knowledge. Let him not, however, be depreciated in his grave. If he was sometimes wrong, he was often right.

Of reimbursement the talk has been more confident, though not more reasonable. The expences of war have been often desired, have been sometimes required, but were never paid ; or never, but when resistance was hopeless, and there remained no choice between submission and destruction.

Of our late equipments, I know not from whom the charge can be very properly expected. The king of Spain disavows the violence which provoked us to arm ; and for the mischiefs which he did not do, why should he pay ? Buccarelli, though he had learned all the arts of an East Indian governor, could hardly have collected at Buenos Ayres a sum sufficient to satisfy our demands. If he be honest, he is hardly rich ; and if he be disposed to rob, he has the misfortune of being placed where robbers have been before him.

The king of Spain indeed delayed to comply with our proposals, and our armament was made necessary by unsatisfactory answers and dilatory debates.

The delay certainly increased our expenses, **and** it is not unlikely that the increase of our expenses put an end to the delay.

But this is the inevitable process of human affairs. Negotiation requires time. What is not apparent to intuition must be found by enquiry. Claims that have remained doubtful for ages cannot be settled in **a** day. Reciprocal complaints are not easily adjusted but by reciprocal compliance. The Spaniards thinking themselves entitled to the island, and injured by Captain Hunt, in their turn demanded satisfaction, which was refused ; and where is the wonder if their concessions were delayed ! They may tell us, that an independent nation is to be influenced not by command, but by persuasion ; that if we expect our proposals to be received without deliberation, we assume that sovereignty which they do not grant us ; and that if we arm while they are deliberating, we must indulge our martial ardour at our own charge.

The English ministry asked all that was reasonable, and enforced all that they asked. Our national honour is advanced ; and our interest, if any interest we have, is sufficiently secured. There can be none amongst us to whom this transaction does not seem happily concluded, but those who, having fixed their hopes on public calamities, sat like vultures waiting for a day of carnage. Having worn out all the arts of domestic sedition, having wearied violence, and exhausted falsehood, they yet flattered themselves with some assistance from the pride or malice of Spain ; and when they could no longer make the people complain of grievances which they did not

feel, they had the comfort yet of knowing that real evils were possible, and their resolution is well known of charging all evil on their governors,

The reconciliation was therefore considered as the loss of their last anchor ; and received not only with the fretfulness of disappointment but the rage of desperation. When they found that all were happy in spite of their machinations, and the soft effulgence of peace shone out upon the nation, they felt no motion but that of sullen envy ; they could not, like Milton's prince of hell, abstract themselves a moment from their evil ; as they have not the wit of Satan, they have not his virtue ; they tried once again what could be done by sophistry without art, and confidence without credit. They represented their sovereign as dishonoured, and their country as betrayed, or, in their fiercer paroxysms of fury, reviled their sovereign as betraying it.

Their pretences I have here endeavoured to expose, by showing that more than has been yielded was not to be expected, that more perhaps was not to be desired, and that if all had been refused, there had scarcely been an adequate reason for a war.

There was perhaps never much danger of war or of refusal, but what danger there was, proceeded from the faction. Foreign nations, unacquainted with the insolence of common councils, and unaccustomed to the howl of plebeian patriotism, when they heard of rabbles and riots, of petitions and remonstrances, of discontent in Surrey, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, when they saw the chain of subordination broken, and the legislature threatened and defied, naturally imagined that such a government

had little leisure for Falkland's Island ; they supposed that the English when they returned ejected from Port Egmont, would find Wilkes invested with the protectorate ; or see the mayor of London, what the French have formerly seen their mayors of the palace, the commander of the army and tutor of the king ; that they would be called to tell their tale before the common council ; and that the world was to expect war or peace from a vote of the subscribers to the bill of rights.

But our enemies have now lost their hopes, and our friends I hope are recovered from their fears. To fancy that our government can be subverted by the rabble, whom its lenity has pampered into impudence, is to fear that a city may be drowned by the overflowing of its kennels. The distemper which cowardice or malice thought either decay of the vitals, or resolution of the nerves, appears at last to have been nothing more than a political phthiriasis, a disease too loathsome for a plainer name ; but the effect of negligence rather than of weakness, and of which the shame is greater than the danger.

Among the disturbers of our quiet are some animals of greater bulk, whom their power of roaring persuaded us to think formidable, but we now perceive that sound and force do not always go together. The noise of a savage proves nothing but his hunger.

After all our broils, foreign and domestic, we **may** at last hope to remain a while in quiet, amused with the view of our own success. We have gained political strength by the increase of our reputation ; we have gained **real strength** by the reparation of

our navy ; we have shown Europe, that ten years of war have not yet exhausted us ; and we have enforced our settlement on an island on which twenty years ago we durst not venture to look.

These are the gratifications only of honest minds ; but there is a time in which hope comes to all. From the present happiness of the public, the patriots themselves may derive advantage. To be harmless, though by impotence, obtains some degree of kindness; no man hates a worm as he hates a viper ; they were once dreaded enough to be detested, as serpents that could bite ; they have now shown that they can only hiss, and may therefore quietly slink into holes, and change their slough unmolested and forgotten.

THE
PATRIOT.

ADDRESSED TO
THE ELECTORS OF GREAT BRITAIN
1774.

They bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
Yet still revolt when truth would set them free ;
Licence they mean, when they cry liberty,
For who loves that must first be wise and good.

MILTON.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Many wants are suffered, which might once have been supplied ; and much time is lost in regretting the time which had been lost before.

At the end of every seven years comes the Saturnalian season, when the freemen of Great Britain may please themselves with the choice of their representatives. This happy day has now arrived, somewhat sooner than it could be claimed.

To select and depute those, by whom laws are to be made, and taxes to be granted, is a high dignity and an important trust : and it is the business of

every elector to consider, how this dignity may be well sustained, and this trust faithfully discharged.

It ought to be deeply impressed on the minds of all who have voices in this national deliberation, that no man can deserve a seat in parliament who is not a patriot. No other man will protect our rights, no other man can merit our confidence.

A patriot is he whose public conduct is regulated by one single motive, the love of his country ; who, as an agent in parliament, has for himself neither hope nor fear, neither kindness nor resentment, but refers every thing to the common interest.

That of five hundred men, such as this degenerate age affords, a majority can be found thus virtuously abstracted, who will affirm ? Yet there is no good in despondence : vigilance and activity often effect more than was expected. Let us take a patriot where we can meet him ; and that we may not flatter ourselves by false appearances, distinguish those marks which are certain, from those which may deceive: for a man may have the external appearance of a patriot, without the constituent qualities ; as false coins have often lustre, though they want weight

Some claim a place in the list of patriots by an acrimonious and unremitting opposition to the court

This mark is by no means infallible. Patriotism is not necessarily included in rebellion. A man may hate his king, yet not love his country. He that has been refused a reasonable or unreasonable

request, who thinks his merit under-rated, and sees his influence declining, begins soon to talk of natural equality, the absurdity of many made for one, the original compact, the foundation of authority, and the majesty of the people. As his political melancholy increases, he tells, and perhaps dreams, of the advances of the prerogative, and the dangers of arbitrary power ; yet his design in all his declamation is not to benefit his country, but to gratify his malice.

These, however, are the most honest of the opponents of government ; their patriotism is a species of disease ; and they feel some part of what they express. But the greater, far the greater number of those who rave and rail, and inquire and accuse, neither suspect nor fear, nor care for the public ; but hope to force their way to riches by virulence and invective, and are vehement and clamorous, only that they may be sooner hired to be silent.

A man sometimes starts up a patriot, only by disseminating discontent, and propagating reports of secret influence, of dangerous counsels, of violated rights and encroaching usurpation.

This practice is no certain note of patriotism. To instigate the populace with rage beyond the provocation, is to suspend public happiness, if not to destroy it. He is no lover of his country that unnecessarily disturbs its peace. Few errors, and few faults of government can justify an appeal to the rabble ; who ought not to judge of what they cannot understand, and whose opinions are not propagated by reason, but caught by contagion.

The fallaciousness of this note of patriotism is particularly apparent, when the clamour continues after the evil is past. They who are still filling our ears with Mr Wilkes and the freeholders of Middlesex, lament a grievance that is now at an end. Mr Wilkes may be chosen, if any will choose him ; and the precedent of his exclusion makes not any honest, or any decent man, think himself in danger.

It may be doubted whether the name of a patriot can be fairly given as the reward of secret satire, or open outrage. To fill the newspapers with sly hints of corruption and intrigue, to circulate the Middlesex Journal and London Packet, may indeed be zeal ; but it may likewise be interest and malice. To offer a petition, not expected to be granted ; to insult a king with a rude remonstrance, only because there is no punishment for legal insolence, is not courage, for there is no danger ; nor patriotism, for it tends to the subversion of order, and lets wickedness loose upon the land, by destroying the reverence due to sovereign authority.

It is the quality of patriotism to be jealous and watchful, to observe all secret machinations, and to see public dangers at a distance. The true lover of his country is ready to communicate his fears, and to sound the alarm, whenever he perceives the approach of mischief. But he sounds no alarm when there is no enemy ; he never terrifies his countrymen till he is terrified himself. The patriotism therefore may be justly doubted of him, who professes to be disturbed by incredibilities ; who tells that the last peace was obtained by

bribing the Princess of Wales : that the king is grasping at arbitrary power ; and that because the French in the new conquests enjoy their own laws, there is a design at court of abolishing in England the trial by juries.

Still less does the true patriot circulate opinions which he knows to be false. No man who loves his country fills the nation with clamorous complaints, that the protestant religion is in danger, because popery is established in the extensive province of Quebec—a falsehood, so open and shameless, that it can need no confutation among those who know that of which it is almost impossible for the most unenlightened zealot to be ignorant.

That Quebec is on the other side of the Atlantic, at too great a distance to do much good or harm to the European world :

That the inhabitants, being French, were always papists, who are certainly more dangerous as enemies, than as subjects :

That, though the province be wide, the people are few, probably not so many as may be found in one of the larger English counties :

That persecution is not more virtuous in a protestant than a papist; and that while we blame Lewis the Fourteenth for his dragoons and his galleys, we ought, when power comes into our hands, to use it with greater equity :

That when Canada with its inhabitants was yielded, the free enjoyment of their religion was stipulated; a condition, of which King William, who was no propagator of popery, gave an example nearer home, at the surrender of Limerick :

That in **an age**, where every mouth is open for liberty **of** conscience, it is equitable to show some regard to the conscience of **a** papist, who may be supposed, like other men, to think himself safest in his own religion ; and that those at least who enjoy a toleration, ought not to deny it to our new subjects.

If liberty of conscience be a natural right, we have no power to withhold it ; if it be an indulgence, it may be allowed to papists, while it is not denied to other sects*

A patriot is necessarily and invariably a lover of the people. But even this mark may sometimes deceive us.

The people is a very heterogeneous and confused mass, of the wealthy and the poor, the wise and the foolish, the good and the bad. Before we confer on a man who caresses the people, the title of patriot, we must examine to what part of the people he directs his notice. It is proverbially said, that he who dissembles his own character, may be known by that of his companions. If the candidate of patriotism endeavours to infuse right opinions into the higher ranks, and by their influence to regulate the lower ; if he consorts chiefly with the wise, the temperate, the regular, and the virtuous, his love of the people may be rational and honest. But if his first or principal application be to the indigent, who are always inflammable ; to the weak, who are naturally suspicious ; to the ignorant, who are easily misled ; and to the profligate, who have no hope but from mischief and confusion ; let his love of the people be no longer boast

ed. No man can reasonably be thought a lover of his country, for roasting an ox, or burning a boot, or attending the meeting at Mile-End, or registering his name in the Lumber Troop. He may, among the drunkards, be a hearty fellow, and among sober handicraftsmen, a free-spoken gentleman ; but he must have some better distinction before he is a patriot.

A patriot is always ready to countenance the just claims, and animate the reasonable hopes of the people ; he reminds them frequently of their rights, and stimulates them to resent encroachments, and to multiply securities.

But all this may be done in appearance, without real patriotism. He that raises false hopes to serve a present purpose, only makes a way for disappointment and discontent. He who promises to endeavour, what he knows his endeavours unable to effect, means only to delude his followers by an empty clamour of ineffectual zeal.

A true patriot is no lavish promiser : he undertakes not to shorten parliaments, to repeal laws, or to change the mode of representation transmitted by our ancestors : he knows that futurity is not in his power, and that all times are not alike favourable to change.

Much less does he make a vague and indefinite promise of obeying the mandates of his constituents. He knows the prejudices of faction, and the inconstancy of the multitude. He would first inquire, how the opinion of his constituents shall be taken. Popular instructions are commonly the work, not of the wise and steady, but the violent

and rash; meetings held for directing representatives are seldom attended but by the idle and the dissolute ; and he is not without suspicion, that of his constituents, as of other numbers of men, the smaller part may often be the wiser.

He considers himself as deputed to promote the public good, and to preserve his constituents, with the rest of his countrymen, not only from being hurt by others, but from hurting themselves.

The common marks of patriotism having been examined, and shewn to be such as artifice may counterfeit, or folly misapply, it cannot be improper to consider, whether there are not some characteristic modes of speaking or acting, which may prove a man to be not a patriot.

In this inquiry, perhaps clearer evidence may be discovered, and firmer persuasion attained ; for it is commonly easier to know what is wrong, than what is right; to find what we should avoid, than what we should pursue.

As war is one of the heaviest of national evils, a calamity in which every species of misery is involved ; as it sets the general safety to hazard, suspends commerce, and desolates the country ; as it exposes great numbers to hardships, dangers, captivity and death ; no man who desires the public prosperity, will inflame general resentment by aggravating minute injuries, or enforcing disputable rights of little importance.

It may therefore be safely pronounced, that those men are no patriots, who, when the national honour was vindicated in the sight of Europe; and

the Spaniards having invaded what they call their own, had shrunk to a disavowal of their attempt, and a relaxation of their claim, would still have instigated us to a war for a bleak and barren spot in the Magellanic ocean, of which no use could be made, unless it were a place of exile for the hypocrites of patriotism.

Yet let it not be forgotten, that by the howling violence of patriotic rage the nation was for a time exasperated to such madness, that for a barren rock, under a stormy sky, we might have now been fighting and dying, had not our competitors been wiser than ourselves ; and those who are now courting the favour of the people by noisy professions of public spirit, would, while they were counting the profits of their artifice, have enjoyed the patriotic pleasure of hearing sometimes, that thousands had been slaughtered in a battle, and sometimes that a navy had been dispeopled by poisoned air and corrupted food.

He that wishes to see his country robbed of its rights, cannot be a patriot.

That man therefore is no patriot, who justifies the ridiculous claims of American usurpation ; who endeavours to deprive the nation of its natural and lawful authority over its own colonies ; those colonies which were settled under English protection, were constituted by an English charter, and have been defended by English arms.

To suppose that, by sending out a colony, the nation established an independent power ; that when, by indulgence and favour, emigrants are be-

come rich, they shall not contribute to their own defence, but at their own pleasure ; and that they **shall** not be included, like millions of their fellow-subjects, in the general system of representation ; involves such an accumulation of absurdity, as nothing but the show of patriotism could palliate.

He that accepts protection, stipulates obedience. We have always protected the Americans ; we may therefore subject them to government

The less is included in the greater. That power which can take away life, may seize upon property. The parliament may enact for America a law of capital punishment; it may therefore establish a mode and proportion of taxation.

But there are some who lament the state of the poor Bostonians, because they cannot all be supposed to have committed acts of rebellion, yet all are involved in the penalty imposed. This, they say, is to violate the first rule of justice, by condemning the innocent to suffer with the guilty.

This deserves some notice, as it seems dictated by equity and humanity, however it may raise contempt by the ignorance which it betrays of the state of man, and the system of things. That the innocent should be confounded with the guilty, is undoubtedly an evil; but it is an evil which no care or caution can prevent. National crimes require national punishments, of which many must necessarily have the part, who have not incurred them by personal guilt. If rebels should fortify a town, the cannon of lawful authority will endanger equally the harmless burghers and the criminal garrison.

In some cases, those suffer most who are least intended to be hurt. If the French in the late war had taken an English city, and permitted the natives to keep their dwellings, how could it have been recovered, but by the slaughter of our friends? A bomb might as well destroy an Englishman as a Frenchman; and by famine we know that the inhabitants would be the first that should perish.

This infliction of promiscuous evil may therefore be lamented, but cannot be blamed. The power of lawful government must be maintained; and the miseries which rebellion produces, can be charged only on the rebels.

That man likewise is not a patriot, who denies his governors their due praise, and who conceals from the people the benefits which they receive. Those therefore can lay no claim to this illustrious appellation, who impute want of public spirit to the late parliament; an assembly of men, whom, notwithstanding some fluctuation of counsel, and some weakness of agency, the nation must always remember with gratitude, since it is indebted to them for a very ample concession in the resignation of protections, and a wise and honest attempt to improve the constitution, in the new judicature instituted for the trial of elections.

The right of protection which might be necessary when it was first claimed, and was very consistent with that liberality of immunities in which the feudal constitution delighted, was by its nature liable to abuse, and had in reality been sometimes misapplied, to the evasion of the law and the defeat

of justice. The evil was perhaps not adequate to the clamour ; nor is it very certain, that the possible good of this privilege was not more than equal to the possible evil. It is however plain, that whether they gave any thing or not to the public, they at least lost something from themselves. They divested their dignity of a very splendid distinction, and showed that they were more willing than their predecessors to stand on a level with their fellow-subjects.

The new mode of trying elections, if it be found effectual, will diffuse its consequences further than seems yet to be foreseen. It is, I believe, generally considered as advantageous only to those who claim seats in parliament ; but, if to choose representatives be one of the most valuable rights of Englishmen, every voter must consider that law as adding to his happiness, which makes his suffrage efficacious ; since it was vain to choose, while the election could be controuled by any other power.

With what imperious contempt of ancient rights, and what audaciousness of arbitrary authority former parliaments have judged the disputes about elections, it is not necessary to relate. The claim of a candidate, and the right of electors, are said scarcely to have been, even in appearance, referred to conscience ; but to have been decided by party, by passion, by prejudice, or by frolic. To have friends in the borough, was of little use to him who wanted friends in the house ; a pretence was easily found to evade a majority, and the seat was at last his that was chosen, not by his electors, but his fellow-senators.

Thus the nation was insulted with a mock election, and the parliament was filled with spurious repre-

sentatives; one of the most important claims, that of right to sit in the supreme council of the kingdom, was debated in jest, and no man could be confident of success from the justice of his cause.

A disputed election is now tried with the same scrupulousness and solemnity as any other title. The candidate that has deserved well of his neighbours, may now be certain of enjoying the effect of their approbation ; and the elector who has voted honestly for known merit, may be certain that he has not voted in vain.

Such was the parliament which some of those who are now aspiring to sit in another, have taught the rabble to consider as an unlawful convention of men, worthless, venal, and prostitute, slaves of the court, and tyrants of the people.

That the next House of Commons may act upon the principles of the last, with more constancy and higher spirit, must be the wish of all who wish well to the public ; and it is surely not too much to expect, that the nation will recover from its delusion, and unite in a general abhorrence of those who, by deceiving the credulous with fictitious mischiefs, overbearing the weak by audacity of falsehood, by appealing to the judgment of ignorance, and flattering the vanity of meanness, by slanderous honesty and insulting dignity, have gathered round them whatever the kingdom can supply, of base, and gross, and profligate ; and, raised by merit to this bad eminence, arrogate to themselves the name of patriots.

TAXATION NO TYRANNY

AN

ANSWER TO THE RESOLUTIONS AND ADDRESS

OF THE

AMERICAN CONGRESS.

1775.

¶ all the parts of human knowledge, whether terminating in science merely speculative, or operating upon life private or civil, are admitted some fundamental principles, or common axioms, which being generally received are little doubted, and being little doubted have been rarely proved.

Of these gratuitous and acknowledged truths, it is often the fate to become less evident by endeavours to explain them, however necessary such endeavours may be made by the misapprehensions of absurdity, or the sophistries of interest It is difficult to prove the principles of science, because notions cannot always be found more intelligible

than those which are questioned. It is difficult to prove the principles of practice, because they have for the most part not been discovered by investigation, but obtruded by experience ; and the demonstrator will find, after an operose deduction, that he has been trying to make that seen which can be only felt.

Of this kind is the position, that " the supreme power of every community has the right of requiring from all its subjects, such contributions as are necessary to the public safety or public prosperity ;" which was considered by all mankind as comprising the primary and essential condition of all political society, till it became disputed by those zealots of anarchy, who have denied to the parliament of Britain the right of taxing the American colonies.

In favour of this exemption of the Americans from the authority of their lawful sovereign, and the dominion of their mother country, very loud clamours have been raised, and many wild assertions advanced, which, by such as borrow their opinions from the reigning fashion, have been admitted as arguments; and what is strange, though their tendency is to lessen English honour, and English power, have been heard by Englishmen with a wish to find them true. Passion has in its first violence controuled interest, as the eddy for a while runs against the stream.

To be prejudised is always to be weak ; yet there are prejudices so near to laudable, that they have been often praised, and are always pardoned. To love their country has been considered as virtue in men, whose love could not be otherwise than blind,

because their preference was made without a comparison ; but it has never been my fortune to find, either in ancient or modern writers, any honourable mention of those, who have with equal blindness hated their country.

These anti-patriotic prejudices are the abortions of folly impregnated by faction, which being produced against the standing order of nature, have not strength sufficient for long life. They are born only to scream and perish, and leave those to contempt or detestation, whose kindness was employed to nurse them into mischief.

To perplex the opinion of the public, many artifices have been used, which, as usually happens when falsehood is to be maintained by fraud, lose their force by counteracting one another.

The nation is sometimes to be mollified by a tender tale of men, who fled from tyranny to rocks and deserts, and is persuaded to lose all claims of justice, and all sense of dignity, in compassion for a harmless people, who having worked hard for bread in a wild country, and obtained by the slow progression of manual industry the accommodations of life, are now invaded by unprecedented oppression, and plundered of their properties by the harpies of taxation.

We are told how their industry is obstructed by unnatural restraints, and their trade confined by rigorous prohibitions ; how they are forbidden to enjoy the products of their own soil, to manufacture the materials which nature spreads before them, or to carry their own goods to the nearest market : and surely the generosity of English virtue will never

heap new weight upon those that are already over laden ; will never delight in that dominion, which cannot be exercised but by cruelty and outrage.

But while we are melting in silent sorrow, and in the transports of delirious pity dropping both the sword and balance from our hands, another friend of the Americans thinks it better to awaken another passion, and tries to alarm our interest, or excite our veneration, by accounts of their greatness and their opulence, of the fertility of their land, and the splendour of their towns. We then begin to consider the question with more evenness of mind, are ready to conclude that those restrictions are not very oppressive which have been found consistent with this speedy growth of prosperity ; and begin to think it reasonable, that they who thus flourish under the protection of our government, should contribute something towards its expence.

But we are soon told that the Americans, however wealthy, cannot be taxed ; that they are the descendants of men who left all for liberty, and that they have constantly preserved the principles and stubbornness of their progenitors ; that they are too obstinate for persuasion, and too powerful for constraint ; that they will laugh at argument, and defeat violence ; that the continent of North America contains three millions, not of men merely, but of whigs, of whigs fierce for liberty, and disdainful of dominion ; that they multiply with the fecundity of their own rattlesnakes, so that every quarter of a century doubles their numbers.

Men accustomed to think themselves masters, do not love to be threatened. This talk is. I hope, com-

monly thrown away, or raises passions different from those which it was intended to excite. Instead of terrifying the English hearer to tame acquiescence, it disposes him to hasten the experiment of bending obstinacy before it is become yet more obdurate, and convinces him that it is necessary to attack a nation thus prolific while we may yet hope to prevail. When he is told through what extent of territory we must travel to subdue them, he recollects how far, a few years ago, we travelled in their defence. When it is urged that they will shoot up like the hydra, he naturally considers how the hydra was destroyed.

Nothing dejects a trader like the interruption of his profits. A commercial people, however magnanimous, shrinks at the thought of declining traffic, and an unfavourable balance. The effect of this terror has been tried. We have been stunned with the importance of our American commerce and heard of merchants with warehouses that are never to be emptied, and of manufacturers starving for want of work.

That our commerce with America is profitable, however less than ostentatious or deceitful estimates have made it, and that it is our interest to preserve it, has never been denied; but surely it will most effectually be preserved, by being kept always in our own power. Concessions may promote it for a moment, but superiority only can ensure its continuance. There will always be a part, and always a very large part of every community that have no care but for themselves, and whose care for themselves reaches little farther than impatience of im-

mediate pain, and eagerness for the nearest good. The blind are said to feel with peculiar nicety. They who look but little into futurity, have perhaps the quickest sensation of the present. A merchant's desire is not of glory, but of gain ; not of public wealth, but of private emolument; he is therefore rarely to be consulted about war and peace, or any designs of wide extent and distant consequence.

Yet this, like other general characters, will sometimes fail. The traders of Birmingham have rescued themselves from all imputation of narrow selfishness, by a manly recommendation to parliament of the rights and dignity of their native country.

To these men I do not intend to ascribe an absurd and enthusiastic contempt of interest, but to give them the rational and just praise of distinguishing real from seeming good, and of being able to see through the cloud of interposing difficulties, to the lasting and solid happiness of victory and settlement.

Lest all these topics of persuasion should fail, the greater actor of patriotism has tried another, in which terror and pity are happily combined, not without a proper superaddition of that admiration which latter ages have brought into the drama. The heroes of Boston, he tells us, if the stamp act had not been repealed, would have left their town, their port, and their trade, have resigned the splendour of opulence, and quitted the delights of neighbourhood, to disperse themselves over the country, where they would till the ground, and

fish in the rivers, and range the mountains, and be free.

These surely are brave words. If the mere sound of freedom can operate thus powerfully, let no man hereafter doubt the story of the Pied Piper. The removal of the people of Boston into the country, seems even to the congress not only difficult in its execution, but important in its consequences* The difficulty of execution is best known to the Bostonians themselves ; the consequence, alas ! will only be, that they will leave good houses to wiser men.

Yet before they quit the comforts of a warm home for the sounding something which they think better, he cannot be thought their enemy who advises them to consider well whether they shall find it. By turning fishermen or hunters, woodmen or shepherds, they may become wild, but it is not so easy to conceive them free ; for who can be more a slave than he that is driven by force from the comforts of life, is compelled to leave his house to a casual comer, and whatever he does, or wherever he Wanders, finds every moment some new testimony of his own subjection ? If choice of evil be freedom, the felon in the galleys has his option of labour or of stripes. The Bostonian may quit his house to starve in the fields ; his dog may refuse to set, and smart under the lash, and they may then congratulate each other upon the smiles of liberty, profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight.

To treat such designs as serious, would be to think too contemptuously of Bostonian understandings. The artifice indeed is not new: the blus-

terer who threatened in vain to destroy his opponent, has sometimes obtained his end, by making it believed that he would hang himself.

But terrors and pity are not the only means by which the taxation of the Americans is opposed. There are those who profess to use them only as auxiliaries to reason and justice, who tell us, that to tax the colonies is usurpation and oppression, an invasion of natural and legal rights, and a violation of those principles which support the constitution of English government.

This question is of great importance. That the Americans are able to bear taxation is indubitable ; that their refusal may be over-ruled is highly probable ; but power is no sufficient evidence of truth. Let us examine our own claim, and the objections of the recusants, with, caution proportioned to the event of the decision, which must convict one part of robbery, or the other of rebellion.

A tax is a payment exacted by authority from part of the community for the benefit of the whole. From whom, and in what proportion such payment shall be required, and to what uses it shall be applied, those only are to judge to whom government is entrusted. In the British dominions, taxes are apportioned, levied, and appropriated by the states assembled in parliament.

Of every empire all the subordinate communities are liable to taxation, because they all share the benefits of government, and therefore ought all to furnish their proportion of the expence.

This the Americans have never openly denied. That it is their duty to pay the costs of their own

safety they seem to admit ; nor do they refuse their contribution to the exigencies, whatever they may be, of the British empire ; but they make this participation of the public burden a duty of very uncertain extent, and imperfect obligation, a duty temporary, occasional, and elective, of which they reserve to themselves the right of settling the degree, the time, and the duration, of judging when it may be required, and when it has been performed.

They allow to the supreme power nothing more than the liberty of notifying to them its demands or its necessities. Of this notification they profess to think for themselves, how far it shall influence their counsels, and of the necessities alleged, how far they shall endeavour to relieve them. They assume the exclusive power of settling not only the mode but the quantity of this payment. They are ready to co-operate with all the other dominions of the king ; but they will co-operate by no means which they do not like, and at no greater charge than they are willing to bear.

This claim, wild as it may seem, this claim, which supposes dominion without authority, and subjects without subordination, has found among the libertines of policy many clamorous and hardy vindicators. The laws of nature, the rights of humanity, the faith of charters, the danger of liberty, the encroachments of usurpation, have been thundered in our ears, sometimes by interested faction, and sometimes by honest stupidity.

It is said by Fontenelle, that if twenty philosophers shall resolutely deny that the presence of **the**

sun makes the day, he will not despair but whole nations may adopt the opinion. So many political dogmatists have denied to the mother country the power of taxing the colonies, and have enforced their denial with so much violence of outcry, that their sect is already very numerous, and the public voice suspends its decision.

In moral and political questions the contest between interest and justice has been often tedious and often fierce ; but perhaps it never happened before, that justice found much opposition with interest on her side.

For the satisfaction of this inquiry, it is necessary to consider how a colony is constituted, what are the terms of migration as dictated by nature, or settled by compact, and what social or political rights the man loses or acquires, that leaves his country to establish himself in a distant plantation ?

Of two modes of migration the history of mankind informs us, and so far as I can yet discover, of two only.

In countries where life was yet unadjusted, and policy unformed, it sometimes happened that by the dissensions of heads of families, by the ambition of daring adventurers, by some accidental pressure of distress, or by the mere discontent of idleness, one part of the community broke off from the rest, and numbers, greater or smaller, forsook their habitations, put themselves under the command of some favourite offortune, and with or without the consent of their countrymen or governors, went out to see what better regions they could occupy, and in what place, by conquest or by treaty, they could gain a habitation.

Sons of enterprise like these, who committed to their own swords their hopes and their lives, when they left their country, became another nation, with designs, and prospects, and interests, of their own. They looked back no more to their former home ; they expected no help from those whom they had left behind ; if they conquered, they conquered for themselves ; if they were destroyed, they were not by any other power either lamented or revenged.

Of this kind seem to have been all the migrations of the early world, whether historical or fabulous ; and of this kind were the eruptions of those nations which from the north invaded the Roman empire, and filled Europe with new sovereignties.

But when, by the gradual admission of wiser laws and gentler manners, society became more compacted and better regulated, it was found that the power of every people consisted in union, produced by one common interest, and operating in joint efforts and consistent counsels.

From this time independence perceptibly wasted away. No part of the nation was permitted to act for itself. All now had the same enemies and the same friends ; the government protected individuals, and individuals were required to refer their designs to the prosperity of the government.

By this principle it is, that states are formed and consolidated. Every man is taught to consider his own happiness as combined with the public prosperity, and to think himself great and powerful, in proportion to the greatness and power of his governors.

Had the western continent been discovered between the fourth and tenth century, when all the northern world was in motion ; and had navigation been at that time sufficiently advanced to make so long a passage easily practicable, there is little reason for doubting but the intumescence of nations would have found its vent, like all other expansive violence, where there was least resistance ; and that Huns and Vandals, instead of fighting their way to the south of Europe, would have gone by thousands and by myriads, under their several chiefs, to take possession of regions smiling with pleasure and waving with fertility, from which the naked inhabitants were unable to repel them.

Every expedition would in those days of laxity have produced a distinct and independent state. The Scandinavian heroes might have divided the country among them, and have spread the feudal subdivision of regality from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Ocean.

Hut Columbus came five or six hundred years too late for the candidates of sovereignty. When he formed his project of discovery, the fluctuations of military turbulence had subsided, and Europe began to regain a settled form, by established government and regular subordination. No man could any longer erect himself into a chieftain, and lead out his fellow-subjects by his own authority to plunder or to war. He that committed any act of hostility by land or sea, without the commission of some acknowledged sovereign, was considered by all mankind as a robber or pirate, names which were

now of little credit, and of which therefore no man was ambitious.

Columbus in a remoter time would have found his way to some discontented lord, or some younger brother of a petty sovereign, who would have taken fire at his proposal, and have quickly kindled with equal heat a troop of followers; they would have built ships or have seized them, and have wandered with him at all adventures as far as they could keep hope in their company. But the age being now past of vagrant excursion and fortuitous hostility, he was under the necessity of travelling from court to court, scorned and repulsed as a wild projector, an idle promiser of kingdoms in the clouds: nor has any part of the world yet had reason to rejoice that he found at last reception and employment.

In the same year, in a year hitherto disastrous to mankind, by the Portuguese was discovered the passage of the Indies, and by the Spaniards the coast of America. The nations of Europe were fired with boundless expectations, and the discoverers pursuing their enterprise, made conquests in both hemispheres of wide extent. But the adventurers were not contented with plunder; though they took gold and silver to themselves, they seized islands and kingdoms in the name of their sovereigns. When a new region was gained, a governor was appointed by that power which had given the commission to the conqueror; nor have I met with any European but Stukeley of London, that formed a design of exalting himself in the newly found countries to independent dominion.

To secure a conquest, it was always necessary to plant a colony ; and territories thus occupied and settled were rightly considered as mere extensions or processes of empire ; as ramifications which, by the circulation of one public interest, communicated with the original source of dominion, and which were kept flourishing and spreading by the radical vigour of the mother country.

The colonies of England differ no otherwise from those of other nations, than as the English constitution differs from theirs. All government is ultimately and essentially absolute ; but subordinate societies may have more immunities, or individuals greater liberty, as the operations of government are differently conducted. An Englishman in the common course of life and action feels no restraint : An English colony has very liberal powers of regulating its own manners and adjusting its own affairs : But an English individual may by the supreme authority be deprived of liberty, and a colony divested of its powers, for reasons of which that authority is the only judge.

In sovereignty there are no gradations. There may be limited royalty, there may be limited consulship ; but there can be no limited government. There must in every society be some power or other from which there is no appeal, which admits no restrictions, which pervades the whole mass of the community, regulates and adjusts all subordination, enacts laws or repeals them, erects or annuls judicatures, extends or contracts privileges, exempt itself from question or control)], and bounded only by physical necessity.

By this power, wherever it subsists, all legislation and jurisdiction is animated and maintained. From this all legal rights are emanations, which, whether equitably or not, may be legally recalled. It is not infallible, for it may do wrong; but it is irresistible, for it can be resisted only by rebellion—by an act which makes it questionable what shall be thenceforward the supreme power.

An English colony is a number of persons to whom the king grants a charter, permitting them to settle in some distant country, and enabling them to constitute a corporation, enjoying such powers as the charter grants, to be administered in such forms as the charter prescribes. As a corporation they make laws for themselves, but as a corporation subsisting by a grant from higher authority, to the controul of that authority they continue subject

As men are placed at a greater distance from the supreme council of the kingdom, they must be intrusted with ampler liberty of regulating their conduct by their own wisdom. As they are more secluded from easy recourse to national judicature; they must be more extensively commissioned to pass judgment on each other.

For this reason our more important and opulent colonies see the appearance and feel the effect of a regular legislature, which in some places has acted so long with unquestioned authority, that it has forgotten whence that authority was originally derived.

To their charters the colonies owe, like other corporations, their political existence. The solemnities of legislation, the administration of justice,

the security of property, are all bestowed upon them by the royal grant. Without their charter there would be no power among them, by which any law could be made, or duties enjoined, any debt recovered, or criminal punished.

A charter is a grant of certain powers or privileges given to a part of the community for the advantage of the whole, and is therefore liable by its nature to change or to revocation. Every act of government aims at public good. A charter, which experience has shown to be detrimental to the nation, is to be repealed ; because general prosperity must always be preferred to particular interest. If a charter be used to evil purposes, it is forfeited, as the weapon is taken away which is injuriously employed.

The charter, therefore, by which provincial governments are constituted, may be always legally and where it is either inconvenient in its nature, or misapplied in its use, may be equitably repealed; by such repeal the whole fabric of subordination is immediately destroyed, and the constitution sunk at once into a chaos : the society is dissolved into a tumult of individuals, without authority to command, or obligation to obey : without any punishment of wrongs but by personal resentment, or any protection of right but by the hand of the possessor.

A colony is to the mother country as a member to the body, deriving its action and its strength from the general principle of vitality ; receiving from the body, and communicating to it, all the benefits and evils of health and disease ; liable in dangerous

maladies to sharp applications, of which the **body** however must partake the pain ; and exposed, if incurably tainted, to amputation, by which the body likewise will be mutilated.

The mother country always considers the colonies thus connected, as parts of itself; the prosperity or unhappiness of either is the prosperity or unhappiness of both ; not perhaps of both in the same degree, for the body may subsist, though less commodiously, without a limb, but the limb must perish if it be parted from the body.

Our colonies therefore, however distant, have been hitherto treated as constituent parts of the British empire. The inhabitants incorporated by English charters, are entitled to all the rights of Englishmen. They are governed by English laws entitled to English dignities, regulated by English counsels, and protected by English arms ; and it seems to follow by consequence not easily avoided, that they are subject to English government, and chargeable by English taxation.

To him that considers the nature, the original, the progress, and the constitution of the colonies, who remembers that the first discoverers had commissions from the crown, that the first settlers owe to a charter their civil forms and regular magistracy, and that all personal immunities and legal securities, by which the condition of the subject has been from time to time improved, have been extended to the colonists, it will not be doubted but the parliament of England has a right to bind them by statutes, and to bind them in all cases whatsoever, and has therefore a natural and constitutional **power**

of laying upon them any tax or impost, whether external or internal, upon the product of land, or the manufactures of industry, in the exigencies of war, or in the time of profound peace, for the defence of America, for the purpose of raising a revenue, or for any other end beneficial to the empire.

There are some, and those not inconsiderable for number, nor contemptible for knowledge, who except the power of taxation from the general dominion of parliament, and hold, that whatever degrees of obedience may be exacted, or whatever authority may be exercised in other acts of government, there is still reverence to be paid to money, and that legislation passes its limits when it violates the purse.

Of this exception, which by a head not fully impregnated with politics is not easily comprehended, it is alleged as an unanswerable reason, that the colonies send no representatives to the House of Commons.

It is, say the American advocates, the natural distinction of a freeman, and the legal privilege of an Englishman, that he is able to call his possessions his own, that he can sit secure in the enjoyment of inheritance or acquisition, that his house is fortified by the law, and that nothing can be taken from him but by his own consent. This consent is given for every man by his representative in parliament. The Americans unrepresented cannot consent to English taxations, as a corporation, and they will not consent as individuals.

Of this argument, it has been observed by more than one, that its force extends equally to all other

laws, for a freeman is not to be exposed to punishment, or be called to any onerous service, but by his own consent. The congress has extracted a position from the fanciful Montesquieu, that " in a free state every man, being a free agent, ought to be concerned in his own government." Whatever is true of taxation is true of every other law, that he who is bound by it, without his consent, is not free, for he is not concerned in his own government.

He that denies the English parliament the right of taxation, denies it likewise the right of making any other laws, civil or criminal ; yet this power over the colonies was never yet disputed by themselves. They have always admitted statutes for the punishment of offences, and for the redress or prevention of inconveniences, and the reception of any law draws after it, by a chain which cannot be broken, the unwelcome necessity of submitting to taxation.

That a free man is governed by himself, or by laws to which he has consented, is a position of mighty sound : but every man that utters it, with whatever confidence, and every man that hears it, with whatever acquiescence, if consent be supposed to imply the power of refusal, feels it to be fake. We virtually and implicitly allow the institutions of any government of which we enjoy the benefit, and solicit the protection. In wide extended dominions, though power has been diffused with the most even hand, yet a very small part of the people are either primarily or secondarily consulted in legislation. The business of the public must be done by delegation. The choice of delegates is made by a select number; and those who are not electors, stand idle

and helpless spectators of the common weal, wholly unconcerned in the government of themselves.

Of electors the hap is but little better. They are often far from unanimity in their choice, and where the numbers approach to equality, almost half must be governed not only without, but against their choice.

How any man can have consented to institutions established in distant ages, it will be difficult to explain. In the most favourite residence of liberty, the consent of individuals is merely passive, a tacit admission in every community of the terms which that community grants and requires. As ail are born the subjects of some state or other, we may be said to have been all born consenting to some system of government. Other consent than this, the condition of civil life does not allow. It is the unmeaning clamour of the pedants of policy, the delirious dream of republican fanaticism.

But hear, ye sons and daughters of liberty, the sounds which the winds are wafting from the western continent. The Americans are telling one another, what, if we may judge from their noisy triumph, they have but lately discovered, and what yet is a very important truth, " That they are entitled to life, liberty, and property, and that they have never ceded to any sovereign power whatever, a right to dispose of either without their consent."

While this resolution stands alone, the Americans are free from singularity of opinion ; their wit has not yet betrayed them to heresy. While they speak as the naked sons of nature, they claim but what is claimed by other men, and have withheld nothing

but what **all** withhold. They are here upon firm ground, behind entrenchments which never can be forced.

Humanity is very uniform. The Americans have this resemblance to Europeans, that they do not always know when they are well. They soon quit the fortress that could neither have been mined by sophistry, nor battered by declamation. Their next resolution declares, that " their ancestors, who first settled the colonies, were, at the time of their emigration from the mother country, entitled to all the rights, liberties, and immunities of free and natural-born subjects within the realm of England."

This likewise is true ; but when this is granted, their boasts of original rights is at an end ; they are no longer in a state of nature. These lords of themselves, these kings of me, these demi-gods of independence, sink down to colonists, governed by a charter. If their ancestors were subjects, they acknowledged a sovereign ; if they had a right to English privileges, they were accountable to English laws, and what must grieve the lover of liberty to discover, had ceded to the king and parliament, whether the right or not, at least the power of disposing without their consent, of their lives, liberties, and properties. It therefore is required of them to prove, that the parliament ever ceded to them a dispensation from that obedience, which they owe as natural-born subjects, or any degree of independence or immunity not enjoyed by other Englishmen.

They say, that by such emigration they by no means forfeited, surrendered, or lost any of those rights ; but that they were, and their descendants now are, entitled to the exercise and enjoyment of all such of them as their local and other circumstances enable them to exercise and enjoy-

That they who form a settlement by a lawful charter, having committed no crime, forfeit no privileges, will be readily confessed : but what they do not forfeit by any judicial sentence, they may lose by natural effects. As man can be but in one place at once, he cannot have the advantages of multiplied residence. He that will enjoy the brightness of sunshine, must quit the coolness of the shade. He who goes voluntarily to America, cannot complain of losing what he leaves in Europe* He perhaps had a right to vote for a knight or burgess : by crossing the Atlantic he has not nullified his right ; but he has made its exertion no longer possible.* By his own choice he has left a country where he had a vote and little property, for another where he has great property, but no vote. But as this preference was deliberate and unconstrained, he is still concerned in the government of himself; he has reduced himself from a voter to one of the innumerable multitude that have no vote. He has truly ceded his right, but he still is governed by his own consent : because he has consented to throw his atom of interest into the general mass of the community. Of the consequences of his own act he has no cause to complain ; he has chosen, or intended to choose, the

Of this reasoning, I owe part to a conversation with Sir John Hawkins.

greater good ; he is represented, as himself desired, in the general representation.

But the privileges of an American scorn the limits of place ; they are part of himself, and cannot be lost by departure from his country ; they float in the air, or glide under the ocean.

Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.

A planter, wherever he settles, is not only a free-man, but a legislator, *ubi imperator, ibi Roma*. " As the English colonists are not represented in the British parliament, they are entitled to a free and exclusive power of legislation in their several legislatures, in all cases of taxation and internal polity, subject only to the negative of the sovereign, in such manner as has been heretofore used and accustomed. We cheerfully consent to the operation of such acts of the British parliament as are *bona fide* restrained to the regulation of our external commerce—excluding every idea of taxation, internal or external, for raising a revenue on the subjects of America without their consent."

Their reason for this claim is, that the foundation of English liberty, and of all government, is a right in the people to participate in their legislative council.

They inherit, they say, from their ancestors, the right which their ancestors possessed, of enjoying **all** the privileges of Englishmen. That they inherit the right of their ancestors, is allowed ; but they can inherit no more. Their ancestors left a country where the representatives of the people were elected by men particularly qualified, and where **those who**

wanted qualifications, or who did not use them, were bound by the decisions of men whom they had not deputed.

The colonists are the descendants of men, who either had no vote in elections, or who voluntarily resigned them for something, in their opinion, of more estimation ; they have therefore exactly what their ancestors left them, not a vote in making laws, or in constituting legislators, but the happiness of being protected by law, and the duty of obeying it.

What their ancestors did not carry with them, neither they nor their descendants have since acquired. They have not, by abandoning their part in one legislature, obtained the power of constituting another, exclusive and independent, any more than the multitudes, who are now debarred from voting, have a right to erect a separate parliament for themselves.

Men are wrong for want of sense, but they are wrong by halves for want of spirit. Since the Americans have discovered that they can make a parliament, whence comes it that they do not think themselves equally empowered to make a king ? If they are subjects, whose government is constituted by a charter, they can form no body of independent legislature. If their rights are inherent and underrived, they may by their own suffrages encircle with a diadem the brows of Mr Gushing.

It is farther declared by the congress of Philadelphia, " that his Majesty's colonies are entitled to all the privileges and immunities granted and confirmed to them by royal charters, or secured to them by their several codes of provincial laws.

The first clause of this resolution is easily understood, and will be readily admitted. To all the privileges which a charter can convey, they are by a royal charter evidently entitled. The second clause is of greater difficulty ; for how can a provincial law secure privileges or immunities to a province ? Provincial laws may grant to certain individuals of the province the enjoyment of gainful, or an immunity from onerous offices ; they may operate upon the people to whom they relate ; but no province can confer provincial privileges on itself. They may have a right to all which the king has given them ; but it is a conceit of the other hemisphere, that men have a right to all which they have given to themselves.

A corporation is considered in law as an individual, and can no more extend its own immunities, than a man can by his own choice assume dignities or titles.

The legislature of a colony, let not the comparison be too much disdained, is only the vestry of a larger parish, which may lay a cess on the inhabitants, and enforce the payment : but can extend no influence beyond its own district, must modify its particular regulations by the general law, and whatever may be its internal expenses, is still liable to taxes laid by superior authority.

The charters given to different provinces are different, and no general right can be extracted from them. The charter of Pennsylvania, where this congress of anarchy has been impudently **held**, contains a clause admitting in express terms taxation by the parliament. If in the other charters no such reserve is made, it must have been omitted

as not necessary, because it is implied in the nature of subordinate government. They who are subject to laws, are liable to taxes. If any such immunity had been granted, it is still revocable by the legislature, and ought to be revoked, as contrary to the public good, which is in every charter ultimately intended.

Suppose it true, that any such exemption is contained in the charter of Maryland, it can be pleaded only by the Marylanders. It is of no use for any other province; and with regard even to them, must have been considered as one of the grants in which the king has been deceived, and annulled as mischievous to the public, by sacrificing to one little settlement the general interest of the empire; as infringing the system of dominion, and violating the compact of government. But Dr Tucker has shown, that even this charter promises no exemption from parliamentary taxes.

In the controversy agitated about the beginning of this century, whether the English laws could bind Ireland, Davenant, who defended against Molyneux the claims of England, considered it as necessary to prove nothing more, than that the present Irish must be deemed a colony.

The necessary connection of representatives with taxes, seems to have sunk deep into many of those minds, that admit sounds without their meaning.

Our nation is represented in parliament by an assembly as numerous as can well consist with order and dispatch, chosen by persons so differently qualified in different places, that the mode of choice seems to be, for the most part, formed by chance,

and settled by custom. Of individuals far the greater part have no vote, and of the voters few have any personal knowledge of him to whom they intrust their liberty and fortune.

Yet this representation has the whole effect expected or desired ; that of spreading so wide the care of general interest, and the participation of public councils, that the advantage or corruption of particular men can seldom operate with much injury to the public.

For this reason many populous and opulent towns neither enjoy nor desire particular representatives ; they are included in the general scheme of public administration, and cannot suffer but with the rest of the empire.

It is urged that the Americans have not the same security, and that a British legislator may wanton with their property; yet if it be true, that their wealth is our wealth, and that their ruin will be our ruin, the parliament has the same interest in attending to them, as to any other part of the nation. The reason why we place any confidence in our representatives is, that they must share in the good or evil which their counsels shall produce. Their share is indeed commonly consequential and remote ; but it is not often possible that any immediate advantage can be extended to such numbers as may prevail against it. We are therefore as secure against intentional deprivations of government as human wisdom can make us, and upon this security the Americans may venture to repose.

It is said by the old member who has written an appeal against the tax, that as the produce of American labour is spent in British manufactures, the

balance of trade is greatly against them ; whatever you take directly in taxes, is in effect taken from your own commerce. If the minister seizes the money with which the American should pay his debts and come to market, the merchant cannot expect him as a customer, nor can the debts already contracted be paid. Suppose we obtain from America a million instead of one hundred thousand pounds, it would be supplying one personal exigence by the future ruin of our commerce.

Part of this is true ; but the old member seems not to perceive, that if his brethren of the legislature know this as well as himself, the Americans are in no danger of oppression, since by men commonly provident they must be so taxed, as that we may not lose one way what we gain another.

The same old member has discovered that the judges formerly thought it illegal to tax Ireland, and declares that no cases can be more alike than those of Ireland and America ; yet the judges whom he quotes have mentioned a difference. Ireland, they say, hath a parliament of its own. When any colony has an independent parliament acknowledged by the parliament of Britain, the cases will differ less. Yet by the 6th Geo. I. chap. 5. the acts of the British parliament bind Ireland,

It is urged that when Wales, Durham, and Chester, were divested of their particular privileges or ancient government, and reduced to the state of English counties, they had representatives assigned them.

To those from whom something had been taken something in return might properly be given. To

the Americans their charters are left as they were ; nor have they lost any thing, except that of which their sedition has deprived them. If they were to be represented in parliament, something would be granted, though nothing is withdrawn.

The inhabitants of Chester, Durham, and Wales, were invited to exchange their peculiar institutions for the power of voting, which they wanted before. The Americans have voluntarily resigned the power of voting, to live in distant and separate governments ; and what they have voluntarily quitted, they have no right to claim.

It must always be remembered, that they are represented by the same virtual representation as the greater part of Englishmen ; and that if by change of place they have less share in the legislature than is proportionate to their opulence, they by their removal gained that opulence, and had originally and have now, their choice of a vote at home, or riches at a distance.

We are told, what appears to the old member and to others a position that must drive us into inextricable absurdity, that we have either no right, or the sole right of taxing the colonies. The meaning is, that if we can tax them, they cannot tax themselves ; and that if they can tax themselves, we cannot tax them. We answer with very little hesitation, that for the general use of the empire we have the sole right of taxing them. If they have contributed any thing in their own assemblies, what they contributed was not paid but given ; it was not a tax or tribute, but a present. Yet they have the natural and legal power of levying money on

themselves for provincial purposes, of providing for their own expense, at their own discretion. Let not this be thought new or strange ; it is the state of every parish in the kingdom.

The friends of the Americans are of different opinions. Some think that being unrepresented they ought to tax themselves, and others that they ought to have representatives in the British parliament.

If they are to tax themselves, what power is to remain in the supreme legislature ? That they must settle their own mode of levying their money is supposed. May the British parliament tell them how much they shall contribute ? If the sum may be prescribed, they will return few thanks for the power of raising it ; if they are at liberty to grant or to deny, they are no longer subjects.

If they are to be represented, what number of these western orators are to be admitted ? This I suppose the parliament must settle ; yet if men have a natural and unalienable right to be represented, who shall determine the number of their delegates ? Let us however suppose them to send twenty-three, half as many as the kingdom of Scotland, what will this representation avail them ? To pay taxes will be still a grievance. The love of money will not be lessened, nor the power of getting it increased.

Whither will this necessity of representation drive us ? Is every petty settlement to be out of the reach of government, till it has sent a senator to parliament ; or may two of them or a greater number be forced to unite in a single deputation ? What at last is the difference between him that is taxed by com-

pulsion without representation, and him that is represented by compulsion in order to be taxed.

For many reigns the House of Commons was in a state of fluctuation : new burgesses were added from time to time, without any reason now to be discovered ; but the number has been fixed for more than a century and a half, and the king's power of increasing it has been questioned. It will hardly be thought fit to new-model the constitution in favour of the planters, who, as they grow rich, may buy estates in England, and, without any innovation, effectually represent their native colonies.

The friends of the Americans indeed ask for them what they do not ask for themselves. This inestimable right of representation they have never solicited. They mean not to exchange solid money for such airy honour. They say, and say willingly, that they cannot conveniently be represented ; because their inference is, that they cannot be taxed. They are too remote to share the general government, and therefore claim the privilege of governing themselves.

Of the principles contained in the resolutions of the congress, however wild, indefinite, and obscure, such has been the influence upon American understanding, that from New England to South Carolina there is formed a general combination of all the provinces against their mother country. The madness of independence has spread from colony to colony, till order is lost and government despised, and all is filled with misrule, uproar, violence, and confusion. To be quiet is disaffection, to be loyal is treason.

The congress of Philadelphia, an assembly convened by its own authority, has promulgated a de-

claration, in compliance with which the communication between Britain and the greatest part of North America is now suspended. They ceased to admit the importation of English goods in December 1774, and determine to permit the exportation of their own no longer than to November 1775.

This might seem enough, but they have done more. They have declared, that they shall treat all as enemies who do not concur with them in disaffection and perverseness, and that they will trade with none that shall trade with Britain.

They threaten to stigmatize in their Gazette those who shall consume the products or merchandise of their mother country ; and are now searching suspected houses for prohibited goods.

These hostile declarations they profess themselves ready to maintain by force. They have armed the militia of their provinces, and seized the public stores of ammunition. They are therefore no longer subjects, since they refuse the laws of their sovereign, and in defence of that refusal are making open preparations for war.

Being now in their own opinion free states, they are not only raising armies, but forming alliances, not only hastening to rebel themselves, but seducing their neighbours to rebellion. They have published an address to the inhabitants of Quebec, in which discontent and resistance are openly incited, and with very respectful mention of the sagacity of Frenchmen, invite them to send deputies to the congress of Philadelphia, to that seat of virtue and veracity, whence the people of England are told, that to establish popery, " a religion

fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets," even in Quebec, a country of which the inhabitants are papists, is so contrary to the constitution, that it cannot be lawfully done by the legislature itself ; where it is made one of the articles of their association, to deprive the conquered French of their religious establishment ; and whence the French of Quebec are, at the same time, flattered into sedition, by professions of expecting, " from the liberality of sentiment distinguishing their nation, that difference of religion will not prejudice them against a hearty amity, because the transcendent nature of freedom, elevates all who unite in the cause, above such low-minded infirmities."

Quebec, however, is at a great distance. They have aimed a stroke from which they may hope for greater and more speedy mischief. They have tried to infect the people of England with the contagion of disloyalty. Their credit is happily not such as gives them influence proportionate to their malice. When they talk of their pretended immunities " guaranteed by the plighted faith of government, and the most solemn compacts with English sovereigns," we thing ourselves at liberty to inquire when the faith was plighted, and the compact made ; and when we can only find that king James and king Charles the First promised the settlers in Massachusetts' Bay, now famous by the appellation of Bostonians, exemption from taxes for seven years, we infer with Mr Mauduit, that by this solemn compact, they were, after expiration of the stipulated term, liable to taxation.

When they apply to our compassion, by telling us, that they are to be carried from their own country to be tried for certain offences, we are not so ready to pity them, as to advise them not to offend. While they are innocent they are safe.

When they tell of laws made expressly for their punishment, we answer, that tumults and sedition were always punishable, and that the new law prescribes only the mode of execution.

When it is said that the whole town of Boston is distressed for a misdemeanor of a few, we wonder at their shamelessness ; for we know that the town of Boston, and all the associated provinces, are now in rebellion to defend or justify the criminals.

If frauds in the imposts of Boston are tried by commission without a jury, they are tried here in the same mode ; and why should the Bostonians expect from us more tenderness for them than for ourselves ?

If they are condemned unheard, it is because there is no need of a trial. The crime is manifest and notorious. All trial is the investigation of something doubtful. An Italian philosopher observes, that no man desires to hear what he has already seen.

If their assemblies have been suddenly dissolved, what was the reason ? Their deliberations were indecent, and their intentions seditious. The power of dissolution is granted and reserved for such times of turbulence. Their best friends have been lately soliciting the king to dissolve his parliament, to do what they so loudly complain of suffering.

That the same vengeance involves the innocent and guilty is an evil to be lamented, but human

caution cannot prevent it, nor human power always redress it. To bring misery on those who have not deserved it, is part of the aggregated guilt of rebellion.

That governors have been sometimes given them only that a great man might get ease from importunity, and that they have had judges not always of the deepest learning or the purest integrity, we have no great reason to doubt, because such misfortunes happen to ourselves. Whoever is governed will sometimes be governed ill, even when he is most concerned in his own government.

That improper officers or magistrates are sent, is the crime or folly of those that sent them. When incapacity is discovered, it ought to be removed; if corruption is detected, it ought to be punished. No government could subsist for a day, if single errors could justify defection.

One of their complaints is not such as can claim much commiseration from the softest bosom. They tell us, that we have changed our conduct, and that a tax is now laid by parliament on those who were never taxed by parliament before. To this we think it may be easily answered, that the longer they have been spared the better they can pay.

It is certainly not much their interest to represent innovation as criminal or invidious; for they have introduced into the history of mankind a new mode of disaffection, and have given, I believe, the first example of a proscription published by a colony against the mother country.

To what is urged of new powers granted to the courts of Admiralty, or the extension of authority

conferred on the judges, it may be answered in a few words, that they have themselves made such regulations necessary ; that they are established for the prevention of greater evils ; at the same time, it must be observed, that these powers have not been extended since the rebellion in America.

One mode of persuasion their ingenuity has suggested, which it may perhaps be less easy to resist. That we may not look with indifference on the American contest, or imagine that the struggle is for a claim, which however decided is of small importance and remote consequence, the Philadelphian congress has taken care to inform us, that they are resisting the demands of parliament, as well for our sakes as their own.

Their keenness of perspicacity has enabled them to pursue consequences to a greater distance ; to see through clouds impervious to the dimness of European sight ; and to find, I know not how, that when they are taxed, we shall be enslaved.

That slavery is a miserable state we have been often told; and doubtless many a Briton will tremble to find it so near as in America ; but how it will be brought hither, the congress must inform us. The question might distress a common understanding; but the statesman of the other hemisphere can easily resolve it. Our ministers, they say, are our enemies, and " if they should carry the point of taxation, may with the same army enslave us. It may be said we will not pay them ; but remember, say the western sages, the taxes from America, and we may add the men, and particularly the Roman Catholics of this vast continent, will then be in the power of your

enemies. Nor have you any reason to expect, that after making slaves of us, many of us will refuse to assist in reducing you to the same abject state."

These are dreadful menaces ; but suspecting that they have not much the sound of probability, the congress proceeds ; " Do not treat this as chimerical Know that in less than half a century the quit-rents reserved to the crown from the numberless grants of this vast continent, will pour large streams of wealth into the royal coffers. If to this be added the power of taxing America at pleasure, the crown will possess more treasure than may be necessary to purchase the remains of liberty in your island."

All this is very dreadful; but amidst the terror that shakes my frame, I cannot forbear to wish that some sluice were opened for these streams of treasure. I should gladly see America return half of what England has expended in her defence ; and of the stream that will flow so largely in less than half a century, I hope a small rill at least may be found to quench the thirst of the present generation, which seems to think itself in more danger of wanting money than of losing liberty.

It is difficult to judge with what intention such airy bursts of malevolence are vented ; if such writers hope to deceive, let us rather repel them with scorn, than refute them by disputation.

In this last terrific paragraph are two positions, that, if our fears do not overpower our reflection, may enable us to support life a little longer. We are told by these croakers of calamity, not only that our present ministers design to enslave us, but

that the same malignity of purpose is to descend through all their successors, and that the wealth to be poured into England by the Pactolus of America, will, whenever it comes, be employed to purchase the remains of liberty.

Of those who now conduct the national affairs, we may, without much arrogance, presume to know more than themselves, and of those who shall succeed them, whether minister or king, not to know less.

The other position is, that the crown, if this laudable opposition should not be successful, will have the power of taxing America at pleasure. Surely they think rather too meanly of our apprehensions, when they suppose us not to know what they well know themselves, that they are taxed, like all other British subjects, by parliament; and that the crown has not by the new imposts, whether right or wrong, obtained any additional power over their possessions.

It were a curious but an idle speculation to inquire, what effect these dictators of sedition expect from the dispersion of their letter among us. If they believe their own complaints of hardship, and really dread the danger which they describe, they will naturally hope to communicate the same perceptions to their fellow subjects. But probably in America, as in other places, the chiefs are incendiaries, that hope to rob in the tumults of a conflagration, and toss brands among a rabble passively combustible. Those who wrote the address, though they have shewn no great extent or profundity of mind, are yet probably wiser than to believe it: but they have been taught by some master of mis-

chief, How to put in motion the engine of political electricity ; to attract by the sounds of liberty and property, to repel by those of popery and slavery ; and to give the great stroke by the name of Boston.

When subordinate communities oppose the decrees of the general legislature with defiance thus audacious, and malignity thus acrimonious, nothing remains but to conquer or to yield ; to allow their claim of independence, or to reduce them by force to submission and allegiance.

It might be hoped that no Englishman could be found, whom the menaces of our own colonists, just rescued from the French, would not move to indignation, like that of the Scythians, who, returning from war, found themselves excluded from their own houses by their slaves.

That corporations constituted by favour, and existing by sufferance, should dare to prohibit commerce with their native country, and threaten individuals by infamy, and societies with at least suspension of amity, for daring to be more obedient to government than themselves, is a degree of insolence, which not only deserves to be punished, but of which the punishment is loudly demanded by the order of life, and the peace of nations.

Yet there have risen up, in the face of the public, men who, by whatever corruptions or whatever infatuation, have undertaken to defend the Americans, endeavour to shelter them from resentment, and propose reconciliation without submission.

As political diseases are naturally contagious, let it be supposed for a moment that Cornwall, seized with the Philadelphian frenzy, may resolve to sepa-

rate itself from the general system of the English constitution, and judge of its own rights in its own parliament. A congress might then meet at Truro, and address the other counties in a style not unlike the language of the American patriots :

" Friends and fellow-subjects,

" We the delegates of the several towns and parishes of Cornwall, assembled to deliberate upon our own state and that of our constituents, having, after serious debate and calm consideration, settled the scheme of our future conduct, hold it necessary to declare the resolutions which we think ourselves entitled to form by the unalienable rights of reasonable beings, and into which we have been compelled by grievances and oppressions, long endured by us in patient silence, not because we did not feel, or could not remove them, but because we were unwilling to give disturbance to a settled government, and hoped that others would in time find, like ourselves, their true interest and their original powers, and all co-operate to universal happiness.

" But since having long indulged the pleasing expectation, we find general discontent not likely to increase, or not likely to end in general defection, we resolve to erect alone the standard of liberty.

" Know then, that you are no longer to consider Cornwall as an English county, visited by English judges, receiving law from an English parliament, or included in any general taxation of the kingdom ; but as a state distinct and independent, governed by its own institutions, administered by its own magistrates, and exempt from any tax or tribute but such as we shall impose upon ourselves.

" We are the acknowledged descendants of the earliest inhabitants of Britain, of men, who before the time of history, took possession of the island desolate and waste, and therefore open to the first occupants. Of this descent, our language is a sufficient proof, which, not quite a century ago, was different from yours.

" Such are the Cornish men ; but who are you ? who, but the unauthorised and lawless children of intruders, invaders, and oppressors ? who but the transmitters of wrong, the inheritors of robbery ? In claiming independence we claim but little. We might require you to depart from a land which you possess by usurpation, and to restore all that you have taken from us.

" Independence is the gift of nature. No man is born the master of another. Every Cornishman is a freeman, for we have never resigned the rights of humanity; and he only can be thought free, who is not governed but by his own consent.

" You may urge that the present system of government has descended through many ages, and that we have a larger part in the representation of the kingdom, than any other county.

" All this is true, but it is neither cogent nor persuasive. We look to the original of things. Our union with the English counties was either compelled by force, or settled by compact.

" That which was made by violence, may by violence be broken. If we were treated as a conquered people, our rights might be obscured, but could never be extinguished. The sword can give nothing but power, which a sharper sword can take away.

" If our union was by compact, whom could the compact bind but those that concurred in the stipulations ? We gave our ancestors no commission to settle the terms of future existence. They might be cowards that were frightened, or blockheads that were cheated ; but whatever they were, they could contract only for themselves. What they could establish, we can annul.

" Against our present form of government it shall stand in the place of all argument, that we do not like it. While we are governed as we do not like, where is our liberty ? We do not like taxes, we will therefore not be taxed ; we do not like your laws, and will not obey them.

" The taxes laid by our representatives, are laid, you tell us, by our own consent; but we will no longer consent to be represented. Our number of legislators was originally a burden, and ought to have been refused : it is now considered as a disproportionate advantage ; who then will complain if we resign it ?

" We shall form a senate of our own, under a president whom the king shall nominate, but whose authority we will limit, by adjusting his salary to his merit. We will not withhold a proper share of contribution to the necessary expence of lawful government, but we will decide for ourselves what share is proper, what expence is necessary, and what government is lawful.

" Till our counsel is proclaimed independent and unaccountable, we will, after the tenth day of September, keep our tin in our own hands : you can be supplied from no other place, and must therefore

comply, or be poisoned with the copper of your own kitchens.

" If any Cornishman shall refuse his name to this just and laudable association, he shall be tumbled from St Michael's Mount, or buried alive in a tin-mine ; and if any emissary shall be found seducing Cornishmen to their former state, he shall be smeared with tar, and rolled in feathers, and chased with dogs out of our dominions.

" From the Cornish congress at Truro."

Of this memorial what could be said but that it was written in jest, or written by a madman ? Yet I know not whether the warmest admirers of Pennsylvanian eloquence can find any argument in the addresses of the congress, that is not with greater strength urged by the Cornishman.

The argument of the irregular troops of controversy, stripped of its colours, and turned out naked to the view, is no more than this. Liberty is the birthright of man, and where obedience is compelled, there is no liberty. The answer is equally simple : Government is necessary to man, and where obedience is not compelled, there is no government

If the subject refuses to obey, it is the duty of authority to use compulsion. Society cannot subsist but by the power, first of making laws, and then of enforcing them.

To one of the threats hissed out by the congress, I have put nothing similar into the Cornish proclamation ; because it is too wild for folly and too foolish for madness. If we do not withhold our king and his parliament from taxing them, they will cross the Atlantic and enslave us.

How they will come they have not told us; perhaps they will take wing, and light upon our coasts. When the cranes thus begin to flutter, it is time for pigmies to keep their eyes about them. The great orator observes, that they will be very fit, after they have been taxed, to impose chains upon us. If they are so fit as their friend describes them, and so willing as they describe themselves, let us increase our army, and double our militia.

It has been of late a very general practice to talk of slavery among those who are setting at defiance every power that keeps the world in order. If the learned author of the *Reflections on Learning* has rightly observed, that no man ever could give law to language, it will be vain to prohibit the use of the word "slavery:" but I could wish it more discreetly uttered; it is driven at one time too hard into our ears by the loud hurricane of Pennsylvanian eloquence, and at another glides too cold into our hearts by the soft conveyance of a female patriot bewailing the miseries of her friends and fellow-citizens.

Such has been the progress of sedition, that those who a few years ago disputed only our right of laying taxes, now question the validity of every act of legislation. They consider themselves as emancipated from obedience, and as being no longer the subjects of the British crown. They leave us no choice but of yielding or conquering, of resigning our dominion, or maintaining it by force.

From force many endeavours have been used either to dissuade or to deter us. Sometimes the merit of the Americans is exalted, and sometimes their sufferings are aggravated. We are told of their con-

tributions to the last war, a war incited by their outcries, and continued for their protection, a war by which none but themselves were gainers. All that they can boast is, that they did something for themselves, and did not wholly stand inactive while the sons of Britain were fighting in their cause.

If we cannot admire, we are called to pity them; to pity those that show no regard to their mother country; have obeyed no law which they could violate; have imparted no good which they could withhold; have entered into associations of fraud to rob their creditors; and into combinations to distress all who depended on their commerce. We are reproached with the cruelty of shutting one port, where every port is shut against us. We are censured as tyrannical, for hindering those from fishing who have condemned our merchants to bankruptcy, and our manufacturers to hunger.

Others persuade us, to give them more liberty, to take off restraints and relax authority ; and tell us what happy consequences will arise from forbearance : how their affections will be conciliated, and into what diffusions of beneficence their gratitude will luxuriate : They will love their friends : They will reverence their protectors : They will throw themselves into our arms, and lay their property at our feet : They will buy from no other what we can sell them ; they will sell to no other what we wish to buy.

That any obligations should overpower their attention to profit, we have known them long enough not to expect. It is not to be expected from a more liberal people. With what kindness they repay be-

nefits, they are now showing us, who, as soon as we have delivered them from France, are defying and proscribing us.

But if we will permit them to tax themselves, they will give us more than we require. If we proclaim them independent, they will during pleasure pay us a subsidy. The contest is not now for money, but for power. The question is not how much we shall collect, but by what authority the collection shall be made.

Those who find that the Americans cannot be shown in any form that may raise love or pity, dress them in habiliments of terror, and try to make us think them formidable. The Bostonians can call into the field ninety thousand men, While we conquer all before us, new enemies will rise up behind, and our work will be always to begin. If we take possession of the towns, the colonists will retire into the inland regions, and the gain of victory will be only empty houses, and a wide extent of waste and desolation. If we subdue them for the present, they will universally revolt in the next war, and resign us without pity, to subjection and destruction.

To all this it may be answered, that between losing America and resigning it, there is no great difference ; that it is not very reasonable to jump into the sea, because the ship is leaky. All those evils may befall us, but we need not hasten them.

The Dean of Gloucester has proposed, and seems to propose it seriously, that we should at once release our claims, declare them masters of themselves, and whistle them down the wind. His opinion is, that our gain from them will be the same, and

our expense less. What they can have most cheaply from Britain, they will still buy ; what they can sell to us at the highest price, they will still sell.

It is, however, a little hard, that having so lately fought and conquered for their safety, we should govern them no longer. By letting them loose before the war, how many millions might have been saved. One wild proposal is best answered by another. Let us restore to the French what we have taken from them : We shall see our colonists at our feet, when they have an enemy so near them. Let us give the Indians arms, and teach them discipline, and encourage them now and then to plunder a plantation. Security and leisure are the parents of sedition.

While these different opinions are agitated, it seems to be determined by the legislature, that force shall be tried. Men of the pen have seldom any great skill in conquering kingdoms, but they have strong inclination to give advice. I cannot forbear to wish, that this commotion may end without bloodshed, and that the rebels may be subdued by terror rather than by violence ; and therefore recommended such a force as may take away, not only the power, but the hope of resistance, and by conquering without a battle, save many from the sword.

If their obstinacy continues without actual hostilities it may perhaps be mollified by turning out the soldiers to free quarters, forbidding any personal cruelty or hurt. It has been proposed, that the slaves should be set free ; an act which surely the lovers of liberty cannot but commend. If they are furnished with fire-arms for defence, and utensils for husban-

dry, and settled in some simple form of government within the country, they may be more grateful and honest than their masters.

Far be it from any Englishman to thirst for the blood of his fellow-subjects. Those who most deserve our resentment are unhappily at less distance. The Americans, when the stamp act was first proposed, undoubtedly disliked it, as every nation dislikes an impost ; but they had no thought of resisting it till they were encouraged and incited by European intelligence from men whom they thought their friends, but who were friends only to themselves.

On the original contrivers of mischief let an insulted nation pour out its vengeance. With whatever design they have inflamed this pernicious contest, they are themselves equally detestable. If they wish success to the colonies, they are traitors to this country ; if they wish their defeat, they are traitors at once to America and England. To them and them only must be imputed the interruption of commerce and the miseries of war, the sorrow of those that shall be ruined, and the blood of those that shall fall.

Since the Americans have made it necessary to subdue them, may they be subdued with the least injury possible to their persons and their possessions ! When they are reduced to obedience, may that obedience be secured by stricter laws and stronger obligations ?

Nothing can be more noxious to society, than that erroneous clemency which, when a rebellion is suppressed, exacts no forfeiture and establishes no securities, but leaves the rebels in their former state.

Who would not try the experiment which promises advantage without expense? If rebels once obtain a victory, their wishes are accomplished ; if they are defeated, they suffer little, perhaps less than their conquerors; however often they play the game, the chance is always in their favour. In the mean time, they are growing rich by victualling the troops that we have sent against them, and perhaps gain more by the residence of the army than they lose by the obstruction of their port.

Their charters being now, I suppose, legally forfeited, may be modelled as shall appear most commodious to the mother country. Thus the privileges, which are found by experience liable to misuse, will be taken away, and those who now bellow as patriots, bluster as soldiers, and domineer as legislators, will sink into sober merchants and silent planters, peaceably diligent, and securely rich.

But there is one writer, and perhaps many who do not write, to whom the contraction of these pernicious privileges appears very dangerous, and who startle at the thoughts of England free and America in chains. Children fly from their own shadow, and rhetoricians are frightened by their own voices. *Chains* is undoubtedly a dreadful word ; but perhaps the masters of civil wisdom may discover some gradations between chains and anarchy. Chains need not be put upon those who will be restrained without them. This contest may end in the softer phrase of English superiority and American obedience,

We are told, that the subjection of Americans may tend to the diminution of our own liberties : an

event, which none but very perspicacious politicians are able to foresee. If slavery be thus fatally contagious, how is it that we here the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of negroes ?

But let us interrupt a while this dream of conquest, settlement, and supremacy. Let us remember that being to contend, according to one orator, with three millions of whigs, and according to another with ninety thousand patriots of Massachusetts' Bay, we may possibly be checked in our career of reduction. We may be reduced to peace upon equal terms, or driven from the western continent, and forbidden to violate a second time the happy borders of the land of liberty. The time is now perhaps at hand, which Sir Thomas Browne predicted between jest and earnest,

When America should no more send out her treasure,
But spend it at home in American pleasure.

If we are allowed upon our defeat to stipulate conditions, I hope the treaty of Boston will permit us to import into the confederate cantons such products as they do not raise, and such manufactures as they do not make, and cannot buy cheaper from other nations, paying like others the appointed customs ; that if any English ship salutes a fort with four guns, it shall be answered at least with two ; and that if an Englishman be inclined to hold a plantation, he shall only take an oath of allegiance to the reigning powers, and be suffered, while he lives inoffensively, to retain his own opinion of English rights, unmolested in his conscience by an oath of abjuration.

JOURNEY
TO THE
WESTERN ISLANDS
OF
SCOTLAND.

J H A D desired to visit the Hebrides, or Western Islands of Scotland, so long, that I scarcely remember how the wish was originally excited; and was, in the autumn of the year 1773, induced to undertake the journey, by finding in Mr Boswell a companion, whose acuteness would help my enquiry, and whose gaily of conversation and civility of manners are sufficient to counteract the inconveniences of travel, in countries less hospitable than we have passed.

On the 18th of August we left Edinburgh, a city too well known to admit description, and directed our course northward, along the eastern coast of Scotland, accompanied the first day by another gentleman, who could stay with us only long enough to show us how much we lost at separation.

As we crossed the Frith of Forth, our curiosity was attracted by Inch Keith, a small island, which neither of my companions had ever visited, though, lying within their view, it had all their lives solicited their notice. Here, by climbing with some

difficulty over shattered crags, we made the first experiment of unfrequented coasts. Inch Keith is nothing more than a rock covered with a thin layer of earth, not wholly bare of grass, and very fertile of thistles. A small herd of cows grazes annually upon it in the summer. It seems never to have afforded to man or beast a permanent habitation.

We found only the ruins of a small fort, not so injured by time but that it might be easily restored to its former state. It seems never to have been intended as a place of strength, nor was built to endure a siege, but merely to afford cover to a few soldiers, who perhaps had the charge of a battery, or were stationed to give signals of approaching danger. There is therefore no provision of water within the walls, though the spring is so near, that it might have been easily enclosed. One of the stones had this inscription, "*Maria Reg.* 1564." It has probably been neglected from the time that the whole island had the same king.

We left this little island with our thoughts employed a while on the different appearance that it would have made, if it had been placed at the same distance from London, with the same facility of approach; with what emulation of price a few rocky-acres would have been purchased, and with what expensive industry they would have been cultivated and adorned.

When we landed, we found our chaise ready, and passed through Kinghorn, Kirkaldy, and Cowpar, places not unlike the small or straggling market-towns in those parts of England where commerce and manufactures have not yet produced opulence.

Though we were yet in the most populous part of Scotland, and at so small a distance from the capital, we met few passengers.

The roads are neither rough nor dirty; and it affords a southern stranger a new kind of pleasure to travel so commodiously without the interruption of toll-gates. Where the bottom is rocky, as it seems commonly to be in Scotland, a smooth way is made indeed with great labour, but it never wants repairs; and in those parts where adventitious materials are necessary, the ground once consolidated is rarely broken; for the inland commerce is not great, nor are heavy commodities often transported otherwise than by water. The carriages in common use are small carts, drawn each by one little horse; and a man seems to derive some degree of dignity and importance from the reputation of possessing a two-horse cart.

ST ANDREWS.

At an hour somewhat late we came to St Andrews, a city once archiepiscopal; where that university still subsists in which philosophy was formerly taught by Buchanan, whose name has as fair a claim to immortality as can be conferred by modern latinity, and perhaps a fairer than the instability of vernacular languages admits.

We found, that by the interposition of some invisible friend, lodgings had been provided for us at the house of one of the professors, whose easy civility quickly made us forget that we were strangers; and in the whole time of our stay we were gratified by every mode of kindness, and entertained with all the elegance of lettered hospitality.

In the morning we rose to perambulate a city, which only history shows to have once flourished, and surveyed the ruins of ancient magnificence, of which even the ruins cannot long be visible, unless some care be taken to preserve them ; and where is the pleasure of preserving such mournful memorials ? They have been till very lately so much neglected, that every man carried away the stones who fancied that he wanted them.

The cathedral, of which the foundations may be still traced, and a small part of the wall is standing, appears to have been a spacious and majestic building, not unsuitable to the primacy of the kingdom. Of the architecture, the poor remains can hardly exhibit, even to an artist, a sufficient specimen. It was demolished, as is well known, in the tumult and violence of Knox's reformation.

Not far from the cathedral, on the margin of the water, stands a fragment of the castle, in which the archbishop anciently resided. It was never very large, and was built with more attention to security than pleasure. Cardinal Beatoun is said to have had workmen employed in improving its fortifications, at the time when he was murdered by the ruffians of reformation, in the manner of which Knox has given what he himself calls a merry narrative.

The change of religion in Scotland, eager and vehement as it was, raised an epidemical enthusiasm, compounded of sullen scrupulousness and warlike ferocity, which, in a people whom idleness resigned to their own thoughts, and who, conversing only with each other, suffered no dilution of their zeal from the gradual influx of new opinions, was long transmitted

in its full strength from the old to the young, but by trade and intercourse with England, is now visibly abating, and giving way too fast to that laxity of practice, and indifference of opinion, in which men, not sufficiently instructed to find the middle point, too easily shelter themselves from rigour and constraint.

The city of St Andrew's, when it had lost its archiepiscopal pre-eminence, gradually decayed; one of its streets is now lost ; and in those that remain, there is the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation.

The university, within a few years, consisted of three colleges, but is now reduced to two ; the college of St Leonard being lately dissolved by the sale of its buildings, and the appropriation of its revenues to the professors of the two others. The chapel of the alienated college is yet standing, a fabric not inelegant of external structure : but I was always, by some civil excuse, hindered from entering it. A decent attempt, as I was since told, has been made to convert it into a kind of green-house, by planting its area with shrubs. This new method of gardening is unsuccessful ; the plants do not hitherto prosper. To what use it will next be put, I have no pleasure in conjecturing. It is something, that its present state is at least not ostentatiously displayed. Where there is yet shame, there may in time be virtue.

The dissolution of St Leonard's College was doubtless necessary ; but of that necessity there is reason to complain. It is surely not without just reproach that a nation, of which the commerce is hourly extending, and the wealth increasing, denies any

participation of its prosperity to its literary societies ; and while its merchants or its nobles are raising palaces, suffers its universities to moulder into dust.

Of the two colleges yet standing, one is by the institution of its founder appropriated to divinity. It is said to be capable of containing fifty students; but more than one must occupy a chamber. The library, which is of late erection, is not very spacious, but elegant and luminous.

The doctor, by whom it was shewn, hoped to irritate or subdue my English vanity, by telling me, that we had no such repository of books in England.

St Andrew's seems to be a place eminently adapted to study and education, being situated in a populous, yet a cheap country, and exposing the minds and manners of young men neither to the levity and dissoluteness of a capital city, nor to the gross luxury of a town of commerce—places naturally unpropitious to learning ; in one the desire of knowledge easily gives way to the love of pleasure, and in the other, is in danger of yielding to the love of money.

The students however are represented as at this time not exceeding a hundred. Perhaps it may be some obstruction to their increase that there is no episcopal chapel in the place. I saw no reason for imputing their paucity to the present professors; nor can the expence of an academical education be very reasonably objected. A student of the highest class may keep his annual session, or as the English call it, his term, which lasts seven months, for about fifteen pounds, and one of lower rank for less than ten ; in which, board, lodging, and instruction are all included.

The chief magistrate resident in the university, answering to our vice-chancellor, and to the *rector magnificus* on the continent, had commonly the title of Lord Rector ; but being addressed only as Mr Rector in an inauguratory speech by the present chancellor, he has fallen from his former dignity of style. Lordship was very liberally annexed by our ancestors to any station or character of dignity : they said, the Lord General, and Lord Ambassador ; so we still say, my lord, to the judge upon the circuit, and yet retain in our liturgy the lords of the council.

In walking among the ruins of religious buildings, we came to two vaults over which had formerly stood the house of the sub-prior. One of the vaults was inhabited by an old woman, who claimed the right of abode there, as the widow of a man whose ancestors had possessed the same gloomy mansion for no less than four generations. The right, however it began, was considered as established by legal prescription, and the old woman lives undisturbed. She thinks however that she has a claim to something more than sufferance ; for as her husband's name was Bruce, she is allied to royalty, and told Mr Boswell, that when there were persons of quality in the place, she was distinguished by some notice ; that indeed she is now neglected, but she spins a thread, has the company of a cat, and is troublesome to nobody.

Having now seen whatever this ancient city offered to our curiosity, we left it with good wishes, having reason to be highly pleased with the attention that was paid us. But whoever surveys the world

must see many things that give him pain. The kindness of the professors did not contribute to abate the uneasy remembrance of an university declining, a college alienated, and a church profaned and hastening to the ground.

St Andrew's indeed has formerly suffered more atrocious ravages, and more extensive destruction, but recent evils affect with greater force. We were reconciled to the sight of archiepiscopal ruins. The distance of a calamity from the present time seems to preclude the mind from contact or sympathy. Events long past are barely known ; they are not considered. We read with as little emotion the violence of Knox and his followers, as the irruptions of Alaric and the Goths. Had the university been destroyed two centuries ago, we should not have regreted it ; but to see it pining in decay, and struggling for life, fills the mind with mournful images and ineffectual wishes.

ABERBROTHICK.

As we knew sorrow and wishes to be vain, it was now our business to mind our way. The roads of Scotland afford little diversion to the traveller, who seldom sees himself either encountered or overtaken, and who has nothing to contemplate but grounds that have no visible boundaries, or are separated by walls of loose stone. From the bank of the Tweed to St Andrew's I had never seen a single tree, which I did not believe to have grown up far within the present century. Now and then about a gentleman's house stands a small plantation, which in Scotch is called a policy, but of these there are few,

and those few all very young. The variety of sun and shade is here utterly unknown. There is no tree for either shelter or timber. The oak and the thorn is equally a stranger, and the whole country is extended in uniform nakedness, except that in the road between Kirkaldy and Cowpar, I passed for a few yards between two hedges. A tree might be a show in Scotland, as a horse in Venice. At St Andrew's Mr Boswell found only one, and recommended it to my notice; I told him that it was rough and low, or looked as if I thought so. This, said he, is nothing to another a few miles off. I was still less delighted to hear that another tree was not to be seen nearer. Nay, said a gentleman that stood by, I know but of this and that tree in the county.

The lowlands of Scotland had once undoubtedly an equal portion of woods with other countries. Forests are every where gradually diminished, as architecture and cultivation prevail by the increase of people and the introduction of arts. But I believe few regions have been denuded like this, where many centuries must have passed in waste without the least thought of future supply. Davies observes in his account of Ireland, that no Irishman had ever planted an orchard. For that negligence some excuse might be drawn from an unsettled state of life, and the instability of property ; but in Scotland possession has long been secure, and inheritance regular, yet it may be doubted whether before the Union any man between Edinburgh and England had ever set a tree.

Of this improvidence no other account can *be*

given than that it probably began in times of tumult, and continued because it had begun. Established custom is not easily broken, till some great event shakes the whole system of things, and life seems to recommence upon new principles. That before the union the Scots had little trade and little money, is no valid apology ; for plantation is the least expensive of all methods of improvement. To drop a seed *into* the ground can cost nothing, and the trouble is not great of protecting the young plant, till it is out of danger ; though it must be allowed to have some difficulty in places like these, where they have neither wood for palisades, nor thorns for hedges.

Our way was over the Frith of Tay, where, though the water was not wide, we paid four shillings for ferrying the chaise. In Scotland the necessaries of life are easily procured, but superfluities and elegancies are of the same price at least as in England, and therefore may be considered as much dearer.

We stopped a while at Dundee, where I remember nothing remarkable, and mounting our chaise again, came about the close of the day to Aberbrothick.

The monastery of Aberbrothick is of great renown in the history of Scotland. Its ruins afford ample testimony of its ancient magnificence ; its extent might, I suppose, easily be found by following the walls among the grass and weeds, and its height is known by some parts yet standing. *The arch of* one of the gates is entire, and of another only so far dilapidated as to diversify the appearance. A square apartment of great loftiness is yet standing ; its use I

could not conjecture, as its elevation was very disproportionate to its area, Two corner towers particularly attracted our attention, Mr Boswell, whose inquisitiveness is seconded by great activity, scrambled in at a high window, but found the stairs within broken, and could not reach the top. Of the other tower we were told that the inhabitants sometimes climbed it, but we did not immediately discern the entrance, and as the night was gathering upon us, thought proper to desist. Men skilled in architecture might do what we did not attempt: they might probably form an exact ground-plot of this venerable edifice. They may from some parts yet standing conjecture its general form, and perhaps by comparing it with other buildings of the same kind and the same age, attain an idea very near to truth. I should scarcely have regretted my journey, had it afforded nothing more than the sight of Aberbrothick.

MONTROSE.

Leaving these fragments of magnificence, we tra-veiled on to Montrose, which we surveyed in the morning, and found it well built, airy, and clean. The town-house is a handsome fabric with a portico. We then went to view the English chapel, and found a small church clean to a degree unknown in any other part of Scotland, with commodious galleries, and what was yet less expected, with an organ.

At our inn we did not find a reception such as we thought proportionate to the commercial opulence of the place; but Mr Boswell desired me to

observe that the innkeeper was an Englishman ; and then defended him as well as I could.

When I had proceeded thus far, I had opportunities of observing what I had never heard, that there were many beggars in Scotland. In Edinburgh the proportion is, I think, not less than in London ; and in the smaller places it is far greater than in English towns of the same extent. It must however be allowed, that they are not importunate, nor clamorous. They solicit silently, or very modestly ; and therefore, though their behaviour may strike with more force the heart of a stranger, they are certainly in danger of missing the attention of their countrymen. Novelty has always some power ; an unaccustomed mode of begging excites an unaccustomed degree of pity. But the force of novelty is by its own nature soon at an end ; the efficacy of outcry and perseverance is permanent and certain.

The road from Montrose exhibited a continuation of the same appearances. The country is still naked, the hedges are of stone, and the fields so generally ploughed, that it is hard to imagine where grass is found for the horses that till them. The harvest which was almost ripe, appeared very plentiful.

Early in the afternoon, Mr Boswell observed that we were at no great distance from the house of lord Monboddo. The magnetism of his conversation easily drew us out of our way. and the entertainment which we received would have been a sufficient recompence for a much greater deviation.

The roads beyond Edinburgh, as they are less frequented, must be expected to grow gradually

rougher; but they were hitherto by no means incommodious. We travelled on with the gentle pace of a Scotch driver, who having no rivals in expedition, neither gives himself nor his horses unnecessary trouble. We did not affect the impatience we did not feel, but were satisfied with the company of each other, as well riding in the chaise as sitting at an inn. The night and the day are equally solitary and equally safe ; for where there are so few travellers, why should there be robbers ?

ABERDEEN.

We came somewhat late to Aberdeen, and found the inn so full, that we had some difficulty in obtaining admission, till Mr Boswell made himself known : his name overpowered all objection, and we found a very good house and civil treatment.

I received the next day a very kind letter from Sir Alexander Gordon, whom I had formerly known in London ; and after a cessation of all intercourse for near twenty years, met here, professor of physic in the King's College. Such unexpected renewals of acquaintance may be numbered among the most pleasing incidents of life.

The knowledge of one professor soon procured me the notice of the rest, and I did not want any token of regard, being conducted wherever there was any thing which I desired to see, and entertained at once with the novelty of the place, and the kindness of communication.

To write of the cities of our own island with the

solemnity of geographical description, as if we had been cast upon a newly discovered coast, has the appearance of a very frivolous ostentation ; yet as Scotland is little known to the greater part of those who may read these observations, it is not superfluous to relate, that under the name of Aberdeen are comprised two towns, standing about a mile distant from each other, but governed, I think, by the same magistrates.

Old Aberdeen is the ancient episcopal city, in which are still to be seen the remains of the cathedral. It has the appearance of a town in decay, having been situated, in times when commerce was yet unstudied, with very little attention to the commodiousness of the harbour.

New Aberdeen has all the bustle of prosperous trade, and all the show of increasing opulence. It is built by the water side. The houses are large and lofty, and the streets spacious and clean. They build almost wholly with the granite used in the new pavement of the streets of London, which is well known not to want hardness, yet they shape it easily. It is beautiful, and must be very lasting.

What particular parts of commerce are chiefly exercised by the merchants of Aberdeen, I have not enquired. The manufacture which forces itself upon a stranger's eye is that of knit-stockings, on which the women of the lower class are visibly employed.

In each of these towns there is a college, or in stricter language an university ; for in both there are professors of the same parts of learning, and the

colleges hold their sessions and confer degrees separately, with total independence of one on the other.

In Old Aberdeen stands the King's College, of which the first president was Hector Bæce, or Bæthius, who may be justly revered as one of the revivers of elegant learning. When he studied at Paris, he was acquainted with Erasmus, who afterwards gave him a public testimony of his esteem, by inscribing to him a catalogue of his works. The style of Bæthius, though, perhaps, not always rigorously pure, is formed with great diligence upon ancient models, and wholly uninfected with monastic barbarity. His history is written with elegance and vigour, but his fabulousness and credulity are justly blamed. His fabulousness, if he was the author of the fictions, is a fault for which no apology can be made ; but his credulity may be excused in an age when all men were credulous. Learning was then rising on the world ; but ages so long accustomed to darkness, were too much dazzled with its light to see any thing distinctly. The first race of scholars in the fifteenth century, and some time after, were, for the most part, learning to speak, rather than to think, and were therefore more studious of elegance than of truth. The contemporaries of Bæthius thought it sufficient to know what the ancients had delivered. The examination of tenets and of facts was reserved for another generation.

Bæthius, as president of the university, enjoyed a revenue of forty Scottish merks, about two pounds four shillings and sixpence of sterling money. In

the present age of trade and taxes, it is difficult *even* for the imagination so to raise the value of money, or so to diminish the demands of life, as to suppose four-and-forty shillings a-year an honourable stipend ; yet it was probably equal, not only to the needs, but to the rank of Bœthius. The wealth of England was undoubtedly to that of Scotland more than five to one, and it is known that Henry the Eighth, among whose faults avarice was never reckoned, granted to Roger Ascham, as a reward of his learning, a pension of ten pounds a-year.

The other, called the Marischal College, is in the new town. The hall is large and well lighted. One of its ornaments is the picture of Arthur Johnston, who was principal of the college, and who holds among the Latin poets of Scotland the next place to the elegant Buchanan.

In the library 1 was shewn some curiosities ; a Hebrew manuscript of exquisite penmanship, and a Latin translation of Aristotle's politics by Leonardus Aretinus, written in the Roman character with nicety and beauty, which, as the art of printing has made them no longer necessary, are not now to be found. This was one of the latest performances of the transcribers, for Aretinus died but about twenty years before typography was invented. This version has been printed, and may be found in libraries, but is little read ; for the same books have been since translated both by Victorius and Lambinus, who lived in an age more cultivated, but perhaps owed in part to Aretinus, that they were able to excel him. Much is due to those who first broke the way

to knowledge, and left only to their successors the task of smoothing it.

In both these colleges the methods of instruction are nearly the same ; the lectures differing only by the accidental difference of diligence or ability in the professors. The students wear scarlet gowns, and the professors black, which is, I believe, the academical dress in all the Scottish universities, except that of Edinburgh, where the scholars are not distinguished by any particular habit. In the King's College there is kept a public table, but the scholars of the Marischal College are boarded in the town. The expence of living is here, according to the information that I could obtain, somewhat more than at St Andrew's,

The course of education is extended to four years, at the end of which those who take a degree, who are not many, become masters of arts ; and whoever is a master may, if he pleases, immediately commence doctor. The title of doctor, however, was for a considerable time bestowed only on physicians. The advocates are examined and approved by their own body ; the ministers were not ambitious of titles, or were afraid of being censured for ambition ; and the doctorate in every faculty was commonly given or sold into other countries. The ministers are now reconciled to distinction, and as it must always happen that some will excel others, have thought graduation a proper testimony of uncommon abilities or acquisitions.

The indiscriminate collation of degrees has justly taken away that respect which they originally claimed, as stamps by which the literary value of men so

distinguished was authoritatively denoted. Thai academical honours, or any others, should be conferred with exact proportion to merit, is more than human judgment or human integrity have given reason to expect. Perhaps degrees in universities cannot be better adjusted by any general rule than by the length of time passed in the public profession of learning. An English or Irish doctorate cannot be obtained by a very young man ; and it is reasonable to suppose, what is likewise by experience commonly found true, that he who is by age qualified to be a doctor, has in so much time gained learning sufficient not to disgrace the title, or wit sufficient not to desire it.

The Scotch universities hold but one term or session in the year. That of St Andrew's continues eight months, that of Aberdeen only five, from the first of November to the first of April.

In Aberdeen there is an English chapel, in which the congregation was numerous and splendid. The form of public worship used by the church of England, is in Scotland legally practised in licensed chapels, served by clergymen of English or Irish ordination, and by tacit connivance quietly permitted in separate congregations, supplied with ministers by the successors of the bishops who were deprived at the Revolution.

We came to Aberdeen on Saturday, August 21. On Monday we were invited into the town-hall, where I had the freedom of the city given me by the Lord Provost. The honour conferred, had all the decorations that politeness could add, and what I am afraid I should not have had to say of any

City south of the Tweed, I found no petty officer bowing for a fee.

The parchment containing the record of admission is, with the seal appending, fastened to a ribbon, and worn for one day by the new citizen in his hat.

By a lady who saw us at the chapel, the earl of Errol was informed of our arrival, and we had the honour of an invitation to his seat, called Slanes Castle, as I am told, improperly, from the castle of that name, which once stood at a place not far distant.

The road beyond Aberdeen grew more stony, and continued equally naked of all vegetable decoration. We travelled over a tract of ground near the sea, which not long ago, suffered a very uncommon and unexpected calamity. The sand of the shore was raised by a tempest in such quantities, and carried to such a distance, that an estate was overwhelmed and lost. Such and so hopeless was the barrenness superinduced, that the owner, when he was required to pay the usual tax, desired rather to resign the ground.

SLANES CASTLE. THE BULLER OF BUCHAN.

We came in the afternoon to Slanes Castle, built upon the margin of the sea, so that the walls of one of the towers seem only a continuation of a perpendicular rock, the foot of which is beaten by the waves. To walk round the house seemed impracticable. From the windows the eye wanders over the

sea that separates Scotland from Norway, and when the winds beat with violence, must enjoy all the terrific grandeur of the tempestuous ocean. I would not for my amusement wish for a storm ; but as storms, whether wished or not, will sometimes happen, I may say, without violation of humanity, that I should willingly look out upon them from Slanes Castle.

When we were about to take our leave, our departure was prohibited by the countess, till we should have seen two places upon the coast, which she rightly considered as worthy of curiosity, Dun Buy, and the Buller of Buchan, to which Mr Boyd very kindly conducted us.

Dun Buy, which in Erse is said to signify the Yellow Rock, is a double protuberance of stone, open to the main sea on one side, and parted from the land by a very narrow channel on the other. It has its name and its colour from the dung of innumerable sea-fowls, which in the spring choose this place as convenient for incubation, and have their eggs and their young taken in great abundance. One of the birds that frequent this rock has, as we were told, its body not larger than a duck's, and yet lays eggs as large as those of a goose. This bird is by the inhabitants named a coot. That which is called coot in England is here a cooter.

Upon these rocks there was nothing that could long detain attention, and we soon turned our eyes to the Buller, or Bouilloir of Buchan, which no man can see with indifference, who has either sense of danger, or delight in rarity. It is a rock perpen-

dicularly tubulated, united on one side with a high shore, and on the other rising steep to a great height, above the main sea. The top is open, from which may be seen a dark gulf of water which flows into the cavity, through a breach made in the lower part of the inclosing rock. It has the appearance of a vast well bordered with a wall. The edge of the Buller is not wide, and to those that walk round, appears very narrow. He that ventures to look downward, sees that if his foot should slip, he must fall from his dreadful elevation upon stones on one side, or into the water on the other. We however went round, and were glad when the circuit was completed.

When we came down to the sea, we saw some boats, and rowers, and resolved to explore the Buller, at the bottom. We entered the arch, which the water had made, and found ourselves in a place, which, though we could not think ourselves in danger, we could scarcely survey without some recoil of the mind. The basin in which we floated was nearly circular, perhaps thirty yards in diameter. We were inclosed by a natural wall, rising steep on every side to a height which produced the idea of insurmountable confinement. The interception of all lateral light caused a dismal gloom. Round us was a perpendicular rock, above us the distant sky, and below an unknown profundity of water. If I had any malice against a walking spirit, instead of laying him in the Red sea, I would condemn him to reside in the Buller of Buchan.

But terror without danger is only one of the sports of fancy, a voluntary agitation of the mind

that is permitted no longer than it pleases. We were soon at leisure to examine the place with minute inspection, and found many cavities which, as the watermen told us, went backward to a depth which they had never explored. Their extent we had not time to try ; they are said to serve different purposes. Ladies come hither sometimes in the summer with collations, and smugglers make them storehouses for clandestine merchandise. It is hardly to be doubted but the pirates of ancient times often used them as magazines of arms, or repositories of plunder.

To the little vessels used by the northern rowers, the Buller may have served as a shelter from storms, and perhaps as a retreat from enemies ; the entrance might have been stopped, or guarded with little difficulty, and though the vessels that were stationed within would have been battered with stones showered on them from above, yet the crews would have lain safe in the caverns.

Next morning we continued our journey, pleased with our reception at Slanes Castle, of which we had now leisure to recount the grandeur and the elegance ; for our way afforded us few topics of conversation. The ground was neither uncultivated nor unfruitful ; but it was still all arable. Of flocks or herds there was no appearance. I had now travelled two hundred miles in Scotland, and seen only one tree not younger than myself.

BANFF.

We dined this day at the house of Mr Frazer of Streichton, who showed us in his grounds some

stones yet standing of a druidical circle, and what I began to think more worthy of notice, some forest trees of full growth.

At night we came to Banff, where I remember nothing that particularly claimed my attention. The ancient towns of Scotland have generally an appearance unusual to Englishmen. The houses, whether great or small, are for the most part built of stones. Their ends are now and then next the streets, and the entrance into them is very often by a flight of steps, which reaches up to the second story; the floor which is level with the ground being entered only by stairs descending within the house.

The art of joining squares of glass with lead is little used in Scotland, and in some places is totally forgotten. The frames of their windows are all of wood. They are more frugal of their glass than the English, and will often, in houses not otherwise mean, compose a square of two pieces, not joining like cracked glass, but with one edge laid perhaps half an inch over the other. Their windows do not move upon hinges, but are pushed up and drawn down in grooves, yet they are seldom accommodated with weights and pulleys. *He* that would have his window open must hold it with his hand, unless what may be sometimes found among good contrivers, there be a nail which he may stick into a hole to keep it from falling.

What cannot be done without some uncommon trouble or particular expedient, will not often be done at all. The incommodiousness of the Scotch windows keeps them very closely shut. The necessity of ventilating human habitations has not yet

been found by our northern neighbours; and even in houses well built and elegantly furnished, a stranger may be sometimes forgiven, if he allows himself to wish for fresher air.

These diminutive observations seem to take away something from the dignity of writing, and therefore are never communicated but with hesitation and a little fear of abasement and contempt. But it must be remembered, that life consists not of a series of illustrious actions, or elegant enjoyments; the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are all well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption. The true state of every nation is the state of common life. The manners of a people are not to be found in the schools of learning, or the palaces of greatness, where the national character is obscured or obliterated by travel or instruction, by philosophy or vanity; nor is public happiness to be estimated by the assemblies of the gay, or the banquets of the rich. The great mass of nations is neither rich nor gay: they whose aggregate constitutes the people, are found in the streets and the villages, in the shops and farms; and from them, collectively considered, must the measure of general prosperity be taken. As they approach to delicacy, a nation is refined; as their conveniences are multiplied, a nation, at least a commercial nation, must be denominated wealthy.

ELGIN.

Finding nothing to detain us at Banff, we set out in the morning, and having breakfasted at Cullen, about noon came to Elgin, where, in the inn that we supposed the best, a dinner was set before us which we could not eat. This was the first time, and except one, the last, that I found any reason to complain of a Scottish table; and such disappointments, I suppose, must be expected in every country, where there is no great frequency of travellers.

The ruins of the cathedral of Elgin afforded us another proof of the waste of reformation. There is enough yet remaining to show, that it was once magnificent. Its whole plot is easily traced. On the north side of the choir, the chapter-house, which is roofed with an arch of stone, remains entire ; and on the south side another mass of building, which we could not enter is preserved by the care of the family of Gordon ; but the body of the church is a mass of fragments.

A paper was here put into our hands, which deduced from sufficient authorities the history of this venerable ruin. The church of Elgin had, in the intestine tumults of the barbarous ages, been laid waste by the irruption of a highland chief, whom the bishop had offended ; but it was gradually restored to the state of which the traces may be now discerned, and was at last not destroyed by the tumultuous violence of Knox, but more shamefully suffered to dilapidate by deliberate robbery and frigid indifference. There is still extent in the

books of the council, an order of which I cannot remember the date, but which was doubtless issued after the reformation, directing that the lead which covers the two cathedrals of Elgin and Aberdeen, shall be taken away, and converted into money for the support of the army. A Scotch army was in those times very cheaply kept ; yet the lead of two churches must have borne so small a proportion to any military expence, that it is hard not to believe the reason alleged to be merely popular, and the money intended for some private purse. The order however was obeyed ; the two churches were stripped, and the lead was shipped to be sold in Holland, I hope every reader will rejoice that this cargo of sacrilege was lost at sea.

Let us not however make too much haste to despise our neighbours. Our own cathedrals are mouldering by unregarded dilapidation. It seems to be part of the despicable philosophy of the time, to despise monuments of sacred magnificence ; and we are in danger of doing that deliberately, which the Scots did not do but in the unsettled state of an imperfect constitution.

Those who had once uncovered the cathedrals *never* wished to cover them again ; and being thus made useless, they were first neglected, and perhaps, as the stone was wanted, afterwards demolished.

Elgin seems a place of little trade, and thinly inhabited. The episcopal cities of Scotland, I believe, generally fell with their churches, though some of them have since recovered by a situation convenient for commerce. Thus Glasgow, though it has no, longer an archbishop, has risen beyond its original

state by the opulence of its traders ; and Aberdeen, though its ancient stock had decayed, flourishes by a new shoot in another place.

In the chief street of Elgin, the houses jut over the lowest story, like the old buildings of timber in London, but with greater prominence ; so that there is sometimes a walk for a considerable length under a cloister, or portico, which is now indeed frequently broken, because the new houses have another form, but seems to have been uniformly continued in the old city.

FOURS. CALDER. FORT GEORGE.

We went forwards the same day to Fores, the town to which Macbeth was travelling when he met the weird sisters in his way. This to an Englishman is classic ground. Our imaginations were heated, and our thoughts recalled to their old amusements.

We had now a prelude to the highlands. We began to leave fertility and culture behind us, and saw for a great length of road nothing but heath ; yet at Fochabars, a seat belonging to the duke of Gordon, there is an orchard, which in Scotland I had never seen before, with some timber-trees, and a plantation of oaks.

At Fores we found good accommodation, but nothing worthy of particular remark ; and next morning entered upon the road on which Macbeth heard the fatal prediction ; but we travelled on not interrupted by promises of kingdoms, and came to Nairn, a royal burgh, which if once it flourished, is

now in a state of miserable decay ; but **I know not** whether its chief annual magistrate has not still the title of Lord Provost.

At Nairn we may fix the verge of the highlands ; for here I first saw peat fires, and first heard the Erse language. We had no motive to stay longer than to breakfast, and went forward to the house of Mr Macaulay, the minister who published an account of St Kilda, and by his direction visited Calder Castle, from which Macbeth drew his second title. It has been formerly a place of strength. The drawbridge is still to be seen, but the moat is now dry. The Tower is very ancient. Its walls are of great thickness, arched on the top with stone, and surrounded with battlements. The rest of the house is later, though far from modern.

We were favoured by a gentleman, who lives in the castle, with a letter to one of the officers at Fort George, which being the most regular fortification in the island, well deserves the notice of a traveller who has never travelled before. We went thither next day, found a very kind reception, were led round the works by a gentleman, who explained the use of every part, and entertained by Sir Eyre Coote, the governor, with such elegance of conversation, as left us no attention to the delicacies of his table.

Of Fort George I shall not attempt to give any account. I cannot delineate it scientifically, and a loose and popular description is of use only when the imagination is to be amused. There was every where an appearance of the utmost neatness and regularity. But my suffrage is of little value, be-

cause this and Fort Augustus are the only garrisons that I ever saw.

We did not regret the time spent at the fort though in consequence of our delay we came somewhat late to Inverness, the town which may properly be called the capital of the highlands. Hither the inhabitants of the inland parts come to be supplied with what they cannot make for themselves : hither the young nymphs of the mountains and valleys are sent for education, and as far as my observation has reached, are not sent in vain.

INVERNESS.

Inverness was the last place which had a regular communication by high roads with the southern counties. All the ways beyond it have, I believe, been made by the soldiers in this century. At Inverness therefore Cromwell, when he subdued Scotland, stationed a garrison, as at the boundary of the highlands. The soldiers seemed to have incorporated afterwards with the inhabitants, and to have peopled the place with an English race ; for the language of this town has been long considered as peculiarly elegant.

Here is a castle, called the castle of Macbeth, the walls of which are yet standing. It was no very capacious edifice, but stands upon a rock so high and steep, that I think it was once not accessible, but by the help of ladders, or a bridge. Over against it, on another hill was a fort built by Cromwell, now totally demolished ; for no faction of Scotland loved the name of Cromwell, or had any desire to continue his memory.

Yet what the Romans did to other nations, was in a great degree done by Cromwell to the Scots ; he civilized them by conquest, and introduced by useful violence the arts of peace. I was told at Aberdeen, that the people learned from Cromwell's soldiers to make shoes and to plant kail.

How they lived without kail it is not easy to guess; they cultivate hardly any other plant for common tables and when they had not kail they probably had nothing. The numbers that go bare-foot are still sufficient to show that shoes may be spared ; they are not yet considered as necessities of life ; for tali boys, not otherwise meanly dressed, run without them in the streets ; and in the islands the sons of gentlemen pass several of their first years with naked feet.

I know not whether it be not peculiar to the Scots, to have attained the liberal, without the manual arts, to have excelled in ornamental knowledge, and to have wanted not only the elegances, but the conveniences of common life. Literature, soon after its revival, found its way to Scotland, and from the middle of the sixteenth century, almost to the middle of the seventeenth, the politer studies were very diligently pursued. The *Latin* poetry of *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum* would have done honour to any nation ; at least to the publication of May's Supplement, the English had very little to oppose.

Yet men thus ingenious and inquisitive were content to live in total ignorance of the trades by which human wants are supplied, and to supply them by the grossest means. Till the Union made them acquainted with English manners, the culture of their

lands was unskilful, and their domestic life unformed ; their tables were coarse as the feasts of Eskimeaux, and their houses filthy as the cottages of Hottentots.

Since they have known that their condition was capable of improvement, their progress in useful knowledge has been rapid and uniform. What remains to be done they will quickly do, and then wonder, like me, why that which was so necessary and so easy was so long delayed. But they must be for ever content to owe to the English that elegance and culture, which if they had been vigilant and active, perhaps the English might have owed to them.

Here the appearance of life began to alter. I had seen a few women with plaids at Aberdeen ; but at Inverness the highland manners are common. There is I think a kirk, in which only the Erse language is used. There is likewise an English chapel, but meanly built, where on Sunday we saw a very decent congregation.

We were now to bid farewell to the luxury of travelling, and to enter a country upon which perhaps no wheel has ever rolled. We could indeed have used our postchaise one day longer, along the military road to Fort Augustus, but we could have hired no horses beyond Inverness, and we were not so sparing of ourselves, as to lead them, merely that we might have one day longer the indulgence of a carriage.

At Inverness therefore we procured three horses for ourselves and a servant, and one more for our baggage, which was no very heavy load. We found in the course of our journey the convenience of

having disencumbered ourselves by laying aside whatever we could spare; for it is not to be imagined without experience, how in climbing crags, and treading bogs, and winding through narrow and obstructed passages, a little bulk will hinder, and a little weight will burden; or how often a man that has pleased himself at home with his own resolution, will, in the hour of darkness and fatigue, be content to leave behind him every thing but himself.

LOCH NESS.

We took two highlanders to run beside us, partly to show us the way, and partly to take back from the sea-side the horses, of which they were the owners. One of them was a man of great liveliness and activity, of whom his companion said, that he would tire any horse in Inverness. Both of them were civil and ready-handed. Civility seems part of the national character of highlanders. Every chieftain is a monarch, and politeness, the natural product of royal government, is diffused from the laird through the whole clan. But they are not commonly dexterous: their narrowness of life confines them to a few operations, and they are accustomed to endure little wants more than to remove them.

We mounted our steeds on the twenty-eighth of August, and directed our guides to conduct us to Fort Augustus. It is built at the head of Loch Ness, of which Inverness stands at the outlet. The way between them has been cut by the soldiers, and the greater part of it runs along a rock, levelled with great labour and exactness, near the water side.

Most of this day's journey was very pleasant. The day, though bright, was not hot; and the appearance of the country, if I had not seen the Peak, would have been wholly new. We went upon a surface so hard and level, that we had little care to hold the bridle, and were therefore at full leisure for contemplation. On the left were high and steepy rocks shaded with birch, the hardy native of the north, and covered with fern or heath. On the right the limpid waters of Loch Ness were beating their bank, and waving their surface by a gentle agitation. Beyond them were rocks sometimes covered with verdure, and sometimes towering in horrid nakedness. Now and then we espied a little corn-field, which served to impress more strongly the general barrenness.

Loch Ness is about twenty-four miles long, and from one mile to two miles broad. It is remarkable that Bæthius, in his description of Scotland, gives it twelve miles of breadth. When historians or geographers exhibit false accounts of places far distant, they may be forgiven, because they can tell but what they are told; and that their accounts exceed the truth may be justly supposed, because most men exaggerate to others, if not to themselves: but Bæthius lived at no great distance; if he never saw the lake, he must have been very incurious, and if he had seen it, his veracity yielded to very slight temptations.

Loch Ness, though not twelve miles broad, is a very remarkable diffusion of water without islands. It fills a large hollow between two ridges of high rocks, being supplied partly by the torrents which

fall into it on either side, and partly, as is supposed, by springs at the bottom. Its water is remarkably clear and pleasant, and is imagined by the natives* to be medicinal. We were told, that it is in some places a hundred and forty fathom deep, a profundity scarcely credible, and which probably those that relate it have never sounded. Its fish are salmon, trout, and pike.

It was said at Fort Augustus, that Loch Ness is open in the hardest winters, though a lake not far from it is covered with ice. In discussing these exceptions from the course of nature, the first question is, whether the fact be justly stated. That which is strange is delightful, and a pleasing error is not willingly detected. Accuracy of narration is not very common, and there are few so rigidly philosophical, as not to represent as perpetual, what is only frequent, or as constant, what is really casual. If it be true that Loch Ness never freezes, it is either sheltered by its high banks from the cold blasts, and exposed only to those winds which have more power to agitate than congeal; or it is kept in perpetual motion by the rush of streams from the rocks that enclose it. Its profundity, though it should be such as is represented, can have little part in this exemption; for though deep wells are not frozen, because their water is secluded from the external air, yet where a wide surface is exposed to the full influence of a freezing atmosphere, I know not why the depth should keep it open. Natural philosophy is now one of the favourite studies of the Scottish nation, and Loch Ness **well** deserves to be diligently examined.

The road on which we travelled, and which was itself a source of entertainment, is made along the rock, in the direction of the loch, sometimes by breaking off protuberances, and sometimes by cutting the great mass of stone to a considerable depth. The fragments are piled in a loose wall on either side, with apertures left at very short spaces, to give a passage to the wintry currents. Part of it is bordered with low trees, from which our guides gathered nuts, and would have had the appearance of an English lane, except that an English lane is almost always dirty. It has been made with great labour, but has this advantage, that it cannot without equal labour, be broken up.

Within our sight there were goats feeding or playing. The mountains have red deer, but they came not within view ; and if what is said of their vigilance and subtilty be true, they have some claim to that palm of wisdom, which the earnest philosopher, whom Alexander interrogated, gave to those beasts which live furthest from men..

Near the way, by the water-side, we espied a cottage. This was the first highland hut that I had seen ; and as our business was with life and manners, we were willing to visit it. To enter a habitation without leave, seems to be not considered here as rudeness or intrusion. The old laws of hospitality still give this licence to a stranger.

A hut is constructed with loose stones, ranged for the most part with some tendency to circularity. It must be placed where the wind cannot act upon it with violence, because it has no cement ; and where

the water will run easily away, because it has *no* floor but the naked ground. The wall, which is commonly about six feet high, declines from the perpendicular a little inward. Such rafters as can be procured are then raised for a roof, and covered with heath, which makes a strong and warm thatch, kept from flying off by ropes of twisted heath, of which the ends, reaching from the centre of the thatch to the top of the wall, are held firm by the weight of a large stone. No light is admitted but at the entrance, and through a hole in the thatch, which gives vent to the smoke. This hole is not directly over the fire, lest the rain should extinguish it ; and the smoke therefore naturally fills the place before it escapes. Such is the general structure of the houses in which one of the nations of this opulent and powerful island has been hitherto content to live. Huts however are not more uniform than palaces ; and this which we were inspecting was very far from one of the meanest, for it was divided into several apartments ; and its inhabitants possessed such property as a pastoral poet might exalt into riches.

When we entered, we found an old woman boiling goat's flesh in a kettle. She spoke little English, but we had interpreters at hand, and she was willing enough to display her whole system of economy. She has five children, of which none are yet gone from her. The eldest, a boy of thirteen, and her husband, who is eighty years old, were at work in the wood. Her two next sons were gone to Inverness to buy meal, by which oatmeal is always meant. Meal

she considered as expensive food, and told us, that in spring when the goats gave milk, the children could live without it. She is mistress of sixty goats, and I saw many kids in an enclosure at the end of her house. She had also some poultry. By the lake we saw a potatoe garden, and a small spot of ground on which stood four shucks, containing each twelve sheaves of barley. She has all this from the labour of their own hands; and for what is necessary to be bought, her kids and her chickens are sent to market.

With the true pastoral hospitality, she asked us to sit down and drink whisky. She is religious; and though the kirk is four miles off, probably eight English miles, she goes thither every Sunday. We gave her a shilling, and she begged snuff; for snuff is the luxury of a highland cottage.

Soon afterwards we came to the General's Hut, so called because it was the temporary abode of Wade, while he superintended the works upon the road. It is now a house of entertainment for passengers, and we found it not ill stocked with provisions.

FALL OF FIERS.

Towards evening we crossed, by a bridge, the river which makes the celebrated Fall of Fiers. The country at the bridge strikes the imagination with all the gloom and grandeur of Siberian solitude. The way makes a flexure, and the mountains, covered with trees, rise at once on the left hand and in the front. We desired our guides to shew us the Fall, and dismounting, clambered over very rugged

craggs, till I began to wish that our curiosity might have been gratified with less trouble and danger. We came at last to a place where we could overlook the river, and saw a channel torn, as it seems, through black piles of stone, by which the stream is obstructed and broken, till it comes to a very steep descent, of such dreadful depth, that we were naturally inclined to turn aside our eyes.

But we visited the place at an unseasonable time, and found it divested of its dignity and terror. Nature never gives every thing at once. A long continuance of dry weather, which made the rest of the way easy and delightful, deprived us of the pleasure expected from the Fall of Fiers. The river having now no water but what the springs supply, showed us only a swift current, clear and shallow, fretting over the asperities of the rocky bottom ; and we were left to exercise our thoughts, by endeavouring to conceive the effect of a thousand streams poured from the mountains into one channel, struggling for expansion in a narrow passage, exasperated by rocks rising in their way, and at last discharging all their violence of waters by a sudden fall through the horrid chasm.

The way now grew less easy, descending by an uneven declivity, but without either dirt or danger. We did not arrive at Fort Augustus till it was late. Mr Boswell, who, between his father's merit and his own, is sure of reception wherever he comes, sent a servant before to beg admission and entertainment for that night. Mr Trapaud, the governor, treated us with that courtesy which is so closely connected with the military character. He came out to meet

us beyond the gates, and apologised that, at so late an hour, the rules of a garrison suffered him to give us entrance only at the postern.

FORT AUGUSTUS.

In the morning we viewed the fort, which is much less than that of St George, and is said to be commanded by the neighbouring hills. It was not long ago taken by the highlanders. But its situation seems well chosen for pleasure, if not for strength ; it stands at the head of the lake, and, by a sloop of sixty tons, is supplied from Inverness with great convenience.

We were now to cross the highlands towards the western coast, and to content ourselves with such accommodations as a way so little frequented could afford. The journey was not formidable, for it was but of two days, very unequally divided, because the only house where we could be entertained, was not further off than a third of the way. We soon came to a high hill, which we mounted by a military road, cut in traverses, so that as we went upon a higher stage, we saw the baggage following us below in a contrary direction. To make this way, the rock has been hewn to a level, with labour that might have broken the perseverance of a Roman legion.

The country is totally denuded of its wood, but the stumps both of oaks and firs, which are still found, show that it has been once a forest of large timber. I do not remember that we saw any animals ; but we were told that, in the mountains, there are stags, roebucks, goats, and rabbits.

We did not perceive that this tract was possessed by human beings, except that once we saw a corn-field, in which a lady was walking with some gentlemen. Their house was certainly at no great distance, but so situated, that we could not descry it.

Passing on through the dreariness of solitude, we found a party of soldiers from the fort, working on the road, under the superintendence of a Serjeant. We told them how kindly we had been treated at the garrison, and as we were enjoying the benefit of their labours, begged leave to show our gratitude by a small present.

ANOKH.

Early in the afternoon we came to Anoch a village in Glenmollison of three huts, one of which is distinguished by a chimney. Here we were to dine and lodge, and were conducted through the first room, that had the chimney, into another lighted by a small glass window. The landlord attended us with great civility, and told us what he could give us to eat and drink. I found some books on a shelf, among which were a volume or more of Prideaux's Connection.

This I mentioned as something unexpected, and perceived that I did not please him. I praised the propriety of his language, and was answered that I need not wonder, for he had learned it by grammar.

By subsequent opportunities of observation, I found that my host's diction had nothing peculiar. Those highlanders that can speak English, commonly speak it well, with few of the words, and little of the tone by which a Scotsman is distin-

guished. Their language seems to have been learned in the army or the navy, or by some communication with those who could give them good examples of accent and pronunciation. By their lowland neighbours they would not willingly be taught; for they have long considered them as a mean and degenerate race. These prejudices are wearing fast away; but so much of them still remains, that when I asked a very learned minister in the islands, which they considered as their most savage clans, "Those," said he, "that live next the lowlands."

As we came hither early in the day, we had time sufficient to survey the place. The house was built like other huts, of loose stones; but the part in which we dined and slept was lined with turf and wattled with twigs, which kept the earth from falling. Near it was a garden of turnips, and a field of potatoes. It stands in a glen, or valley, pleasantly watered by a winding river. But this country, however it may delight the gazer, or amuse the naturalist, is of no great advantage to its owners. Our landlord told us of a gentleman who possesses lands, eighteen Scotch miles in length, and three in breadth; a space containing at least a hundred square English miles. He has raised his rents, to the danger of depopulating his farms, and he fells his timber, and by exerting every art of augmentation, has obtained a yearly revenue of four hundred pounds, which, for a hundred square miles, is three halfpence an acre.

Some time after dinner we were surprised by the entrance of a young woman, not inelegant either in mien or dress, who asked us whether we would have

tea. We found that she was the daughter of our host, and desired her to make it. Her conversation, like her appearance was gentle and pleasing. We knew that the girls of the highlands are all gentlewomen, and treated her with great respect, which she received as customary and due, and was neither elated by it, nor confused, but repaid my civilities without embarrassment, and told me how much I honoured her country by coming to survey it.

She had been at Inverness to gain the common female qualifications, and had, like her father, the English pronunciation. I presented her with a book, which I happened to have about me, and should not be pleased to think that she forgets me.

In the evening, the soldiers whom we had passed on the road came to spend at our inn the little money that we had given them. They had the true military impatience of coin in their pockets, and had marched at least six miles to find the first place where liquor could be bought. Having never been before in a place so wild and unfrequented, I was glad of their arrival, because I knew that we had made them friends, and to gain still more of their good-will, we went to them where they were carousing in the barn, and added something to our former gift. All that we gave was not much, but it detained them in the bam, either merry or quarrelling, the whole night, and in the morning they went back to their work, with great indignation at the bad qualities of whisky.

We had gained so much the favour of our host, that, when we left his house in the morning, he walked by us a great way, and entertained us with

conversation, both on his own condition and that of the country. His life seemed to be merely pastoral, except that he differed from some of the ancient Nomades in having a settled dwelling. His wealth consists of one hundred sheep, as many goats, twelve milk-cows, and twenty-eight beeves ready for the drover.

From him we first heard of the general dissatisfaction which is now driving the highlanders into the other hemisphere ; and when I asked him whether they would stay at home if they were well treated, he answered with indignation, that no man willingly left his native country. Of the farm which he himself occupied, the rent had, in twenty-five years, been advanced from five to twenty pounds ; which he found himself so little able to pay that he would be glad to try his fortune in some other place. Yet he owned the reasonableness of raising the highland rents in a certain degree, and declared himself willing to pay ten pounds for the ground which he had formerly had for five.

Our host having amused us for a time, resigned us to our guides. The journey of this day was long, not that the distance was great, but that the way was difficult. We were now in the bosom of the highlands, with full leisure to contemplate the appearance and properties of mountainous regions, such as have been, in many countries, the last shelters of national distress, and are every where the scenes of adventures, stratagems, surprises, and escapes.

Mountainous countries are not passed but with difficulty not merely from the labour of climbing,

(for to climb is not always necessary), **but** because that which is not mountain is commonly bog, through which the way must be picked with caution. Where there are hills, there is much rain, and the torrents pouring down into the intermediate spaces, seldom find so ready an outlet, as not to stagnate, till they have broken the texture of the ground.

Of the hills, which our journey offered to the view on either side, we did not take the height, nor did we see any that astonished us with their loftiness. Towards the summit of one, there was a white spot which I should have called a naked rock, but the guides, who had better eyes, and were acquainted with the phenomena of the country, declared it to be snow. It had already lasted to the end of August, and was likely to maintain its contest with the sun, till it should be reinforced by winter.

The height of mountains philosophically considered is properly computed from the surface of the next sea ; but as it affects the eye or imagination of the passenger, as it makes either a spectacle or an obstruction, it must be reckoned from the place where the rise begins to make a considerable angle with the plain. In extensive continents the land may, by gradual elevation, attain great height, without any other appearance than that of a plain gently inclined, and if a hill placed upon such raised ground be described as having its altitude equal to the whole space above the sea, the representation will be fallacious.

These mountains may be properly enough measured from the inland base ; for it is not much above the sea. As we advanced at evening towards the

western coast, I did not observe the declivity to be greater than is necessary for the discharge of the inland waters.

We passed many rivers and rivulets, which commonly ran with a clear shallow stream over a hard pebbly bottom. These channels, which seem so much wider than the water that they convey would naturally require, are formed by the violence of wintry floods, produced by the accumulation of innumerable streams that fall in rainy weather from the hills, and bursting away with resistless impetuosity, make themselves a passage proportionate to their mass.

Such capricious and temporary waters cannot be expected to produce many fish. The rapidity of the wintry deluge sweeps them away, and the scantiness of the summer stream would hardly sustain them above the ground. This is the reason why, in fording the northern rivers, no fishes are seen, as in England, wandering in the water.

Of the hills, many may be called with Homer's *Ida*, abundant in springs ; but few can deserve the epithet which he bestows upon *Pelion*, by waving their leaves. They exhibit very little variety ; being almost wholly covered with dark heath, and even that seems to be checked in its growth. What is not heath is nakedness, a little diversified by now and then a stream rushing down the steep. An eye accustomed to flowery pastures and waving harvests is astonished and repelled by this wide extent of hopeless sterility. The appearance is that of matter incapable of form or usefulness, dismissed by nature

from her care, and disinherited of her favours, left in its original elemental state, or quickened only with one sullen power of useless vegetation.

It will very readily occur, that this uniformity of barrenness can afford very little amusement to the traveller ; that it is easy to sit at home and conceive rocks, and heaths, and waterfalls ; and that these journeys are useless labours, which neither impregnate the imagination, nor enlarge the understanding. It is true, that of far the greater part of things, we must content ourselves with such knowledge as description may exhibit, or analogy supply ; but it is true likewise, that these ideas are always incomplete, and that, at least, till we have compared them with realities, we do not know them to be just. As we see more, we become possessed of more certainties, and consequently gain more principles of reasoning, and found a wider basis of analogy.

Regions mountainous and wild, thinly inhabited, and little cultivated, make a great part of the earth, and he that has never seen them, must live unacquainted with much of the face of nature, and with one of the great scenes of human existence.

As the day advanced towards noon, we entered a narrow valley not very flowery, but sufficiently verdant. Our guides told us, that the horses could not travel all day without rest or meat, and entreated us to stop here, because no grass would be found in any other place. The request was reasonable, and the argument cogent. We therefore willingly dismounted, and diverted ourselves as the place gave us opportunity.

I sat **down on a** bank, such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had indeed no trees to whisper over my head, but a clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air was soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour well, I know not ; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration.

We were in this place at ease and by choice, and had no evils to suffer or to fear ; yet the imaginations excited by the view of an unknown and untravelled wilderness, are not such as arise in the artificial solitude of parks and gardens, a flattering notion of self-sufficiency, a placid indulgence of voluntary delusions, a secure expansion of the fancy, or a cool concentration of the mental powers. The phantoms which haunt a desert are want, and misery, and danger ; the evils of dereliction rush upon the thoughts ; man is made unwillingly acquainted with his own weakness, and meditation shows him only how little he can sustain, and how little he can perform. There were no traces of inhabitants, except perhaps a rude pile of clods called a summer hut, in which a herdsman had rested in the favourable seasons. Whoever had been in the place where I then sat, unprovided with provisions, and ignorant of the country, might, at least before the roads were made, have wandered among the rocks till he had perished with hardship, before he could have found either food or shelter. Yet what are

these hillocks to the ridges of Taurus, or these spots of wilderness to the deserts of America ?

It was not long before we were invited to mount, and continued our journey along the side of a loch, kept full by many streams, which with more or less rapidity and noise crossed the road from the hills on the other hand. These currents, in their diminished state, after several dry months, afford to one who has always lived in level countries, an unusual and delightful spectacle; but in the rainy season, such as every winter may be expected to bring, must precipitate an impetuous and tremendous flood. I suppose the way by which we went, is at this time impassable.

GLENSHEALS.

The loch at last ended in a river broad and shallow like the rest ; but that it may be passed when it is deeper, there is a bridge over it. Beyond it is a valley called Glensheals, inhabited by the clan of Macrae. Here we found a village called Auknasheals, consisting of many huts, perhaps twenty, built all of dry stone, that is, stones piled up without mortar.

We had, by the direction of the officers at Fort Augustus, taken bread for ourselves, and tobacco for those highlanders who might show us any kindness. We were now at a place where we could obtain milk, but must have wanted bread if we had not brought it. The people of this valley did not appear to know any English, and our guides now became doubly necessary as interpreters. A woman,

whose hut was distinguished by greater spaciousness and better architecture, brought out some pails of milk. The villagers gathered about us in considerable numbers, I believe without any evil intention, but with a very savage wildness of aspect and manner. When our meal was over, Mr Boswell sliced the bread, and divided it amongst them, as he supposed them never to have tasted a wheaten loaf before. He then gave them little pieces of twisted tobacco, and among the children we distributed a small handful of halfpence, which they received with great eagerness. Yet I have been since told, that the people of that valley are not indigent ; and when we mentioned them afterwards as needy and pitiable, a highland lady let us know, that we might spare our commiseration ; for the dame whose milk we drank had probably more than a dozen milk cows. She seemed unwilling to take any price ; but being pressed to make a demand, at last named a shilling- Honesty is not greater where elegance is less. One of the bye-standers, as we were told afterwards, advised her to ask more, but she said a shilling was enough. We gave her half-a-crown, and I hope got some credit by our behaviour ; for the company said, if our interpreters did not flatter us, that they had not seen such a day since the old laird of Macleod passed through their country.

The Macraes, as we heard afterwards in the Hebrides, were originally an indigent and subordinate clan, and having no farms nor stock, were in great numbers servants to the Maclellans, who, in the war of Charles the First, took arms at the call of the heroic Montrose, and were, in one of his

battles, almost all destroyed. The women that were left at home, being thus deprived of their husbands, like the Scythian ladies of old, married their servants, and the Macraes became a considerable race.

THE HIGHLANDS.

As we continued our journey, we were at leisure to extend our speculations, and to investigate the reason of those peculiarities by which such rugged regions as these before us are generally distinguished.

Mountainous countries commonly contain the original, at least the oldest race of inhabitants, for they are not easily conquered, because they must be entered by narrow ways, exposed to every power of mischief from those that occupy the heights ; and every new ridge is a new fortress, where the defendants have again the same advantages. If the assailants either force the strait, or storm the summit, they gain only so much ground ; their enemies are fled to take possession of the next rock, and the pursuers stand and gaze, knowing neither where the ways of escape wind among the steeps, nor where the bog has firmness to sustain them : besides that, mountaineers have an agility in climbing and descending, distinct from strength or courage, and attainable only by use.

If the war be not soon concluded, the invaders are dislodged by hunger ; for in those anxious and toilsome marches, provisions cannot easily be carried, and are never to be found. The wealth of mountains is cattle, which, while the men stand in

the passes, the women drive away. Such lands at last cannot repay the expence of conquest, and therefore perhaps have not been so often invaded by the mere ambition of dominion, as by resentment of robberies and insults, or the desire of enjoying in security the more fruitful provinces.

As mountaineers are long before they are conquered, they are likewise long before they are civilized. Men are softened by intercourse mutually profitable, and instructed by comparing their own notions with those of others. Thus Caesar found the maritime parts of Britain made less barbarous by their commerce with the Gauls. Into a barren and rough tract no stranger is brought either by the hope of gain or of pleasure. The inhabitants having neither commodities for sale, nor money for purchase, seldom visit more polished places ; or if they do visit them, seldom return.

It sometimes happens that by conquest, intermixture, or gradual refinement, the cultivated parts of a country change their language. The mountaineers then become a distinct nation, cut off by dissimilitude of speech from conversation with their neighbours. Thus in Biscay, the original Cantabrian, and in Dalecarlia, the old Swedish still subsists. Thus Wales and the Highlands speak the tongue of the first inhabitants of Britain, while the other parts have received first the Saxon, and in some degree afterwards the French, and then formed a third language between them.

That the primitive manners are continued where the primitive language is spoken, no nation will desire me to suppose, for the manners of mountaineers

are commonly savage, but they are rather produced by their situation than derived from their ancestors,

Such seems to be the disposition of man, that whatever makes a distinction produces rivalry. England, before other causes of enmity were found, was disturbed for some centuries by the contests of the northern and southern counties; so that at Oxford, the peace of study could for a long time be preserved only by choosing annually one of the proctors from each side of the Trent. A tract intersected by many ridges of mountains, naturally divides its inhabitants into petty nations, which are made by a thousand causes enemies to each other. Each will exalt its own chiefs, each will boast the valour of its men, or the beauty of its women, and every claim of superiority irritates competition ; injuries will sometimes be done, and be more injuriously defended ; retaliation will sometimes be attempted, and the debt exacted with too much interest.

In the highlands it was a law, that if a robber was sheltered from justice, any man of the same clan might be taken in his place. This was a kind of irregular justice, which, though necessary in savage times, could hardly fail to end in a feud ; and a feud once kindled among an idle people, with no variety of pursuits to divert their thoughts, burnt on for ages, either sullenly glowing in secret mischief, or openly blazing into public violence. Of the effects of this violent judicature, there are not wanting memorials. The cave is now to be seen to which one of the Campbells, who had injured the Macdonalds, retired with a body of his own clan. The Macdo-

nalds required the offender, and being refused* made **a fire at the mouth** of **the** cave, by which he and his adherents were suffocated together.

Mountaineers are warlike, because by their **feuds and** competitions they consider themselves as surrounded with enemies, and are always prepared to repel incursions, or to make them. Like the Greeks in their unpolished state, described by Thucydides, the highlanders, till lately, went always armed, and carried their weapons to visits, and to church.

Mountaineers are thievish, because they are poor, and having neither manufactures nor commerce, can grow richer only by robbery. They regularly plunder their neighbours, for their neighbours are commonly their enemies ; and having lost that reverence for property, by which the order of civil life is preserved, soon consider all as enemies, whom they do not reckon as friends, and think themselves licensed to invade whatever they are not obliged to protect.

By a strict administration of the laws, since the laws have been introduced into the highlands, this disposition to thievery is very much repressed. Thirty years ago, no herd had ever been conducted through the mountains, without paying tribute in the night to some of the clans ; but cattle are now driven, and passengers **travel**, without danger, **fear**, or molestation.

Among a warlike people, the quality **of** highest esteem is personal courage ; and with the ostentatious display of courage are closely **connected** promptitude **of offence**, and **quickness of resent-**

ment. The highlanders, before they were disarmed, were so addicted to quarrels, that the boys used to follow any public procession or ceremony, however festive or however solemn, in expectation of the battle which was sure to happen before the company dispersed.

Mountainous regions are sometimes so remote from the seat of government, and so difficult of access, that they are very little under the influence of the sovereign, or within the reach of national justice. Law is nothing without power ; and the sentence of a distant court could not be easily executed, nor perhaps very safely promulgated, among men, ignorantly proud and habitually violent, unconnected with the general system, and accustomed to reverence only their own lords. It has therefore been necessary to erect many particular jurisdictions, and commit the punishment of crimes, and the decision of right, to the proprietors of the country who could enforce their own decrees. It immediately appears that such judges will be often ignorant, and often partial ; but in the immaturity of political establishments no better expedient could be found. As government advances towards perfection, provincial judicature is perhaps in every empire gradually abolished.

Those who had thus the dispensation of law, were by consequence themselves lawless. Their vassals had no shelter from outrages and oppressions ; but were condemned to endure, without resistance, the caprices of wantonness, and the rage of cruelty.

In the highlands, some great lords had an hereditary jurisdiction over counties ; and some chief-

tains over their own lands ; till the final conquest of the highlands afforded an opportunity of crushing all the local courts, and of extending the general benefits of equal law to the low and the high, in the deepest recesses and obscurest corners.

While the chiefs had this resemblance of royalty, they had little inclination to appeal, on any question, to superior judicatures. A claim of lands between two powerful lairds was decided like a contest for dominion between sovereign powers. They drew their forces into the field, and right attended on the strongest. This was in ruder times the common practice, which the kings of Scotland could seldom controul.

Even so lately as in the last years of king William, a battle was fought at Mull Roy, on a plain a few miles to the south of Inverness, between the clans of Mackintosh and Macdonald of Keppoch. Colonel Macdonald, the head of a small clan, refused to pay the dues demanded from him by Mackintosh, as his superior lord. They disdained the interposition of judges and laws, and Calling each his followers to maintain the dignity of the clan, fought a formal battle, in which several considerable men fell on the side of Mackintosh, without a complete victory to either. This is said to have been the last open war made between the clans by their own authority.

The highland lords made treaties, and formed alliances, of which some traces may still be found, and some consequences still remain as lasting evidences of petty regality. The terms of one of these confederacies were, that each should support the

other in the right, or in the wrong, except against the king.

The inhabitants of mountains form distinct races, and are careful to preserve their genealogies. Men in a small district necessarily mingled blood by inter-marriages, and combine at last into one family, with a common interest in the honour and disgrace of every individual. Then begins that union of affections, and co-operation of endeavours, that constitute a clan. They who consider themselves as ennobled by their family, will think highly of their progenitors, and they who through successive generations live always together in the same place, will preserve local stories and hereditary prejudices. Thus every highlander can talk of his ancestors, and recount the outrages which they suffered from the wicked inhabitants of the next valley.

Such are the effects of habitation among mountains, and such were the qualities of the highlanders, while their rocks secluded them from the rest of mankind, and kept them an unaltered and discriminated race. They are now losing their distinction, and hastening to mingle with the general community.

GLENELG.

We left Auknasheals and the Macraes in the afternoon, and in the evening came to Ratiken, a high hill on which a road is cut, but so steep and narrow that it is very difficult. There is now a design of making another way round the bottom. Upon one of the precipices, my horse, weary with the steepness of the rise, staggered a little, and I called in haste

to the highlander to hold him. This was the only moment of my journey in which I thought myself endangered.

Having surmounted the hill at last, we were told, that at Glenelg, on the sea side, we should come to a house of lime and slate and glass. This image of magnificence raised our expectation. At last we came to our inn, weary and peevish, and began to inquire for meat and beds.

Of the provisions the negative catalogue was very copious. Here was no meat, no milk, no bread, no eggs, no wine. We did not express much satisfaction. Here however we were to stay. Whisky we might have, and I believe at last they caught a fowl and killed it. We had some bread, and with that we prepared ourselves to be contented, when we had a very eminent proof of highland hospitality. Along some miles of the way, in the evening, a gentleman's servant had kept us company on foot with very little notice on our part. He left us near Glenelg, and we thought on him no more till he came to us again, in about two hours, with a present from his master of rum and sugar. The man had mentioned his company; and the gentleman, whose name, I think, is Gordon, well knowing the penury of the place, had this attention to two men, whose names perhaps he had not heard, by whom his kindness was not likely to be ever repaid, and who could be recommended to him only by their necessities.

We were now to examine our lodging. Out of one of the beds, on which we were to repose, started up, at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge. Other circumstances of no elegant re-

cital concurred to disgust us. We had been frightened by a lady at Edinburgh, with discouraging representations of highland lodgings. Sleep, however, was necessary. Our highlanders had at last found some hay, with which the inn could not supply them. I directed them to bring a bundle into the room, and slept upon it in my riding coat. Mr Boswell being more delicate, laid himself sheets with hay over and under him, and lay in linen like a gentleman.

SKY. ARMIDEL.

In the morning, September the twentieth, we found ourselves on the edge of the sea. Having procured a boat, we dismissed our highlanders, whom I would recommend to the service of any future travellers, and were ferried over to the isle of Sky. We landed at Armidel, where we were met on the sands by Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was at that time there with his lady, preparing to leave the island, and reside at Edinburgh.

Armidel is a neat house, built where the Maedonalds had once a seat, which was burnt in the commotions that followed the revolution. The walled orchard which belonged to the former house, still remains. It is well shaded by tall ash-trees, of a species, as Mr Janes the fossilist informed me, uncommonly valuable. This plantation is very properly mentioned by Dr Campbell, in his new account of the state of Britain, and deserves attention ; because it proves that the present nakedness of the Hebrides is not wholly the fault of nature.

As we sat at Sir Alexander's table, we were entertained, according to the ancient usage of the north, with the melody of the bagpipe. Every thing in those countries has its history. As the bagpiper was playing, an elderly gentleman informed us, that in some remote time the Macdonalds of Glengary having been injured, or offended by the inhabitants of Culloden, and resolving to have justice or vengeance, came to Culloden on a Sunday, where, finding their enemies at worship, they shut them up in the church, which they set on fire; and this, said he, is the tune that the piper played while they were burning.

Narrations like this, however uncertain, deserve the notice of a traveller, because they are the only records of a nation that has no historians, and afford the most genuine representation of the life and character of the ancient highlanders.

Under the denomination of highlander are comprehended in Scotland all that now speak the Erse language, or retain the primitive manners, whether they live among the mountains or in the islands; and in that sense I use the name, when there is not some apparent reason for making a distinction.

In Sky I first observed the use of brogues, a kind of artless shoes, stitched with thongs so loosely, that though they defend the foot from stones, they do not exclude water. Brogues were formerly made of raw hides, with the hair inwards, and such are perhaps still used in rude and remote parts; but they are said not to last above two days. Where life is somewhat improved, they are now made of leather tanned with oak-bark, as in other places, or

with the bark of birch, or roots of tormentil, a substance recommended in defect of bark, about forty years ago, to the Irish tanners, by one to whom the parliament of that kingdom voted a reward. The leather of sky is not completely penetrated by vegetable matter, and therefore cannot be very durable.

My enquiries about brogues, gave me an early specimen of highland information. One day I was told, that to make brogues was a domestic art, which every man practised for himself, and that a pair of brogues was the work of an hour. I supposed that the husband made brogues as the wife made an apron, till next day it was told me, that a brogue-maker was a trade, and that a pair would cost half-a-crown. It will easily occur that these representations may both be true, and that, in some places, men may buy them, and in others make them for themselves ; but I had both the accounts in the same house within two days.

Many of my subsequent inquiries upon more interesting topics ended in the like uncertainty. He that travels in the highlands may easily saturate his soul with intelligence, if he will acquiesce in the first account. The highlander gives to every question an answer so prompt and peremptory, that scepticism itself is dared into silence, and the mind sinks before the bold reporter in unresisting credulity ; but if a second question be ventured, it breaks the enchantment ; for it is immediately discovered, that what was told so confidently was told at hazard, and that such fearlessness of assertion was either the sport of negligence, or the refuge of ignorance.

If individuals are thus at variance with themselves, it can be no wonder that the accounts of different men are contradictory. The traditions of an ignorant and savage people have been for ages negligently heard, and unskilfully related. Distant events must have been mingled together, and the actions of one man given to another. These however, are deficiencies in story, for which no man is now to be censured. It were enough, if what there is yet opportunity of examining were accurately inspected, and justly represented ; but such is the laxity of highland conversation, that the inquirer is kept in continual suspense, and by a kind of intellectual retrogradation, knows less as he hears more.

In the islands, the plaid is rarely worn. The law by which the highlanders have been obliged to change the form of their dress, has, in all the places that we have visited, been universally obeyed. I have seen only one gentleman completely clothed in the ancient habit, and by him it was worn only occasionally and wantonly. The common people do not think themselves under any legal necessity of having coats ; for they say that the law against plaids was made by lord Hardwicke, and was in force only for his life : but the same poverty that made it then difficult for them to change their clothing, hinders them now from changing it again.

The fillibeg, or lower garment, is still very common, and the bonnet almost universal ; but their attire is such as produces, in a sufficient degree, the effect intended by the law, of abolishing the dissimilitude of appearance between the highlanders and

and the other inhabitants of Britain : and, if dress be supposed to have much influence, facilitates their coalition with their fellow-subjects.

What we have long used we naturally like ; and therefore the highlanders were unwilling to lay aside their plaid, which yet to an unprejudiced spectator must appear an incommodious and cumbersome dress ; for hanging loose upon the body, it must flutter in a quick motion, or require one of the hands to keep it close. The Romans always laid aside the gown when they had any thing to do. It was a dress so unsuitable to war, that the same word which signified a gown signified peace. The chief use of a plaid seems to be this, that they could commodiously wrap themselves in it, when they were obliged to sleep without a better cover.

In our passage from Scotland to Sky, we were wet for the first time with a shower. This was the beginning of the highland winter, after which we were told that a succession of three dry days was not to be expected for many months. The winter of the Hebrides consists of little more than rain and wind. As they are surrounded by an ocean never frozen, the blasts that come to them over the water are too much softened to have the power of congelation. The salt lochs, or inlets of the sea, which shoot very far into the island, never have any ice upon them, and the pools of fresh water will never bear the walker. The snow that sometimes falls, is soon dissolved by the air, or the rain.

This is not the description of a cruel climate, yet the dark months are here a time of great distress ; because the summer can do little more than feed

itself, and winter comes with its cold and its scarcity upon families very slenderly provided,

CORIATACHAN IN SKY.

The third or fourth day after our arrival at Armidel, brought us an invitation to the isle of Raasay, which lies east of Sky. It is incredible how soon the account of any event is propagated in these narrow countries by the love of talk, which much leisure produces, and the relief given to the mind in the penury of insular conversation by a new topic. The arrival of strangers at a place so rarely visited, excites rumour, and quickens curiosity. I know not whether we touched at any corner where fame had not already prepared us a reception.

To gain a commodious passage to Raasay, it was necessary to pass over a large part of Sky. We were furnished therefore with horses and a guide. In the islands there are no roads, nor any marks by which a stranger may find his way. The horseman has always at his side a native of the place, who, by pursuing game, or tending cattle, or being often employed in messages or conduct, has learned where the ridge of the hill has breadth sufficient to allow a horse and his rider a passage, and where the moss or bog is hard enough to bear them. The bogs are avoided as toilsome at least, if not unsafe, and therefore the journey is made generally from precipice to precipice ; from which if the eye ventures to look down, it sees below a gloomy cavity, whence the rush of water is sometimes heard.

But there seems to be in all this, more alarm than danger. The highlander walks carefully before, and

the horse, accustomed to the ground, follows him with little deviation. Sometimes the hill is too steep for the horseman to keep his seat, and sometimes the moss is too tremulous to bear the double weight of horse and man. The rider then dismounts, and all shift as they can.

Journeys made in this manner are rather tedious than long. A very few miles require several hours. From Armidel we came at night to Coriatachan, a house very pleasantly situated between two brooks, with one of the highest hills of the island behind it. It is the residence of Mr Mackinnon, by whom we were treated with very liberal hospitality, among a more numerous and elegant company than it could have been supposed easy to collect.

The hill behind the house we did not climb. The weather was rough, and the height and steepness discouraged us. We were told that there is a caiene upon it. A cairne is a heap of stones thrown upon the grave of one eminent for dignity of birth, or splendour of achievements. It is said, that by digging, an urn is always found under these cairnes; they must therefore have been thus piled by a people whose custom was to burn the dead. To pile stones is, I believe, a northern custom, and to burn the body was the Roman practice; nor do I know when it was that these two acts of sepulture were united.

The weather was next day too violent for the continuation of our journey; but we had no reason to complain of the interruption. We saw in every place, what we chiefly desired to know, the manners of the people. We had company, and if

we **had** chosen retirement, we might have **had** books.

I never was in any house of the islands, where I did not find books in more languages than one, if I staid long enough to want them, except one from which the family was removed. Literature is not neglected by the higher rank of the Hebridians.

It need not, I suppose, be mentioned, that in countries so little frequented as the islands, there are no houses where travellers are entertained for money. He that wanders about these wilds, either procures recommendations to those whose habitations lie near his way, or, when night and weariness come upon him, takes the chance of general hospitality. If he finds only a cottage, he can expect little more than shelter ; for the cottagers have little more for themselves : but if his good fortune brings him to the residence of a gentleman, he will be glad of a storm to prolong his stay. There is, however, one inn by the sea-side at Sconsor, in Sky, where the post-office is kept.

At the tables where a stranger is received, neither plenty nor delicacy is wanting. A tract of land so thinly inhabited, must have much wild fowl ; and I scarcely remember to have seen a dinner without them. The moorgame is every where to be had. That the sea abounds with fish, needs not be told, for it supplies a great part of Europe. The isle of Sky has stags and roebucks, but no hares. They send very numerous droves of oxen yearly to England, and therefore cannot be supposed to want beef at home. Sheep and goats are in great numbers, and they have the common domestic fowls.

But as here is nothing to be bought, every family must kill its own meat, and roast part of it somewhat sooner than Apicius would prescribe. Every kind of flesh is undoubtedly excelled by the variety and emulation of English markets ; but that which is not best may be yet very far from bad ; and he that shall complain of his fare in the Hebrides, has improved his delicacy more than his manhood.

Their fowls are not like those plumped for sale by the poulterers of London ; but they are as good as other places commonly afford, except that the geese, by feeding in the sea, have universally a fishy rankness.

These geese seem to be of a middle race, between the wild and domestic kinds. They are so tame as to own a home, and so wild as sometimes to fly quite away.

Their native bread is made of oats, or barley. Of oatmeal they spread very thin cakes, coarse and hard, to which unaccustomed palates are not easily reconciled. The barley cakes are thicker and softer ; I began to eat them without unwillingness ; the blackness of their colour raises some dislike, but the taste is not disagreeable. In most houses there is wheat flour, with which we were sure to be treated, if we staid long; enough to have it kneaded and baked. As neither yeast nor leaven are used among them, their bread of every kind is unfermented. They make only cakes, and never mould a loaf.

A man of the Hebrides, for of the women's diet I can give no account, as soon as he appears in the morning, swallows a glass of whisky ; yet they are not a drunken race, at least I never was present at

much intemperance ; but no man is so abstemious as to refuse the morning dram, which they call a skalk.

The word whisky signifies water, and is applied by way of eminence to strong water, or distilled liquor. The spirit drunk in the North is drawn from barley. I never tasted it, except once for experiment at the inn in Inverary, when I thought it preferable to any English malt brandy. It was strong, but not pungent, and was free from the empyreumatic taste or smell. What was the process I had no opportunity of inquiring ; nor do I wish to improve the art of making poison pleasant.

Not long after the dram, may be expected the breakfast—a meal in which the Scots, whether of the lowlands or mountains, must be confesed to excel us. The tea and coffee are accompanied not only with butter, but with honey, conserves, and marmalades, If an epicure could remove by a wish, in quest of sensual gratifications, wherever he had supped he would breakfast in Scotland.

In the islands, however, they do what I found it not very easy to endure. They pollute the tea-table by plates piled with large slices of Cheshire cheese, which mingles its less grateful odours with the fragrance of the tea.

Where many questions are to be asked, some will be omitted. I forgot to inquire how they were supplied with so much exotic luxury. Perhaps the French may bring them wine for wool, and the Dutch give them tea and coffee at the fishing season, in exchange for fresh provision. Their trade is unconstrained ; they pay no customs ; for there is no

officer to demand them; whatever therefore is made dear only by impost, is obtained here at an easy rate.

A dinner in the Western Islands differs very little from a dinner in England, except that in the place of tarts, there are always set different preparations of milk. This part of their diet will admit some improvement. Though they have milk, and eggs, and sugar, few of them know how to compound them in a custard. Their gardens afford them no great variety, but they have always some vegetables on the table. Potatoes at least are never wanting, which, though they have not known them long, are now one of the principal parts of their food. They are not of the mealy, but the viscous kind.

Their more elaborate cookery, or made dishes, an Englishman, at the first taste, is not likely to approve; but the culinary compositions of every country are often such as become grateful to other nations only by degrees : though I have read a French author, who, in the elation of his heart, says, that French cookery pleases all foreigners, but foreign cookery never satisfies a Frenchman.

Their suppers are like their dinners, various and plentiful. The table is always covered with elegant linen. Their plates for common use are often of that kind of manufacture which is called cream coloured or queen's ware. They use silver on all occasions where it is common in England, nor did I ever find a spoon of horn but in one house.

The knives are not often either very bright, or very sharp. They are indeed instruments of which the highlanders have not been long acquainted with

the general use. They were not regularly laid on the table, before the prohibition of arms, and the change of dress. Thirty years ago the highlander wore his knife as a companion to his dirk or dagger ; and when the company sat down to meat, the men who had knives, cut the flesh into small pieces for the women, who with their fingers conveyed it to their mouths.

There was perhaps never any change of national manners so quick, so great, and so general, as that which has operated in the highlands, by the last conquest, and the subsequent laws. We came thither too late to see what we expected, a people of peculiar appearance, and a system of antiquated life. The clans retain little now of their original character ; their ferocity of temper is softened, their military ardour is extinguished, their dignity of independence is depressed, their contempt of government subdued, and their reverence for their chiefs abated. Of what they had before the late conquest of their country, there remain only their language and their poverty. Their language is attacked on every side. Schools are erected, in which English only is taught, and there were lately some who thought it reasonable to refuse them a version of the holy scriptures, that they might have no monument of their mother tongue.

That their poverty is gradually abated, cannot be mentioned among the displeasing consequences of subjection. They are now acquainted with money, and the possibility of gain will by degrees make them industrious. Such is the effect of the late regulations, that a longer journey than to the high-

lands must be taken by him whose curiosity pants for savage virtues and barbarous grandeur.

RAASAY.

At the first intermission of the stormy weather we were informed, that the boat which was to convey us to Raasay attended us on the coast. We had from this time our intelligence facilitated, and our conversation enlarged, by the company of Mr Macqueen, minister of a parish in Sky, whose knowledge and politeness gave him a title equally to kindness and respect, and who, from this time, never forsook us till we were preparing to leave Sky, and the adjacent places.

The boat was under the direction of Mr Malcolm Macleod, a gentleman of Raasay. The water was calm, and the rowers were vigorous ; so that our passage was quick and pleasant. When we came near the island, we saw the laird's house, a neat modern fabric, and found Mr Macleod, the proprietor of the island, with many gentlemen, expecting us on the beach. We had, as at all other places, some difficulty in landing. The crags were irregularly broken, and a false step would have been very mischievous.

It seemed that the rocks might, with no great labour, have been hewn almost into a regular flight of steps ; and as there are no other landing places, I considered this rugged ascent as the consequence of a form of life inured to hardships, and therefore not studious of nice accommodations. But I know not whether, for many ages, it was not considered as a part of military policy, to keep the country not easily

accessible. The rocks are natural fortifications, and an enemy climbing with difficulty, was easily destroyed by those who stood high above him.

Our reception exceeded our expectations. We found nothing but civility, elegance, and plenty. After the usual refreshments, and the usual conversation, the evening came upon us. The carpet was then rolled off the floor ; the musician was called, and the whole company was invited to dance ; nor did ever fairies trip with greater alacrity. The general air of festivity which predominated in this place, so far remote from all those regions which the mind has been used to contemplate as the mansions of pleasure, struck the imagination with a delightful surprise, analogous to that which is felt at an unexpected emersion from darkness into light.

When it was time to sup, the dance ceased, and six-and-thirty persons sat down to two tables in the same room. After supper, the ladies sung Erse songs, to which I listened as an English audience to an Italian opera, delighted with the sound of words which I did not understand.

I enquired the subjects of the songs, and was told of one, that it was a love song, and of another, that it was a farewell composed by one of the islanders that was going, in this epidemical fury of emigration, to seek his fortune in America. What sentiments would rise, on such an occasion, in the heart of one who had not been taught to lament by precedent, I should gladly have known ; but the lady, by whom I sat, thought herself not equal to the work of translating.

Mr Macleod is the proprietor of the islands of Raasay, Rona, and Fladda, and possesses an extensive district in Sky. The estate has not, during four hundred years, gained or lost a single acre.

One of the old highland alliances has continued for two hundred years, and is still subsisting between Macleod of Raasay, and Macdonald of Sky ; in consequence of which, the survivor always inherits the arms of the deceased—a natural memorial of military friendship. At the death of the late Sir James Macdonald, his sword was delivered to the present laird of Raasay.

The family of Raasay consists of the laird, the lady, three sons, and ten daughters. For the sons there is a *tutor* in the house, and the lady is said to be very skilful and diligent in the education of her girls. More gentleness of manners, or a more pleasing appearance of domestic society, is not found in the most polished countries.

Raasay is the only inhabited island in Mr Macleod's possession. Rona and Fladda afford only pasture for cattle, of which one hundred and sixty winter in Rona, under the superintendence of a solitary herdsman.

The length of Raasay is, by computation, fifteen miles, and the breadth two. These countries have *never* been measured, and the computation by miles is negligent and arbitrary. We observed in traveling, that the nominal and real distance of places had very little relation to each other. Raasay probably contains near a hundred square miles. It affords not much ground, not with standing its extent, either for tillage or pasture ; for it is rough, rocky, and

barren. The cattle often perish by falling from the precipices. It is like the other islands, I think, generally naked of shade, but it is naked by neglect ; for the laird has an orchard, and very large forest trees grow about his house. Like other hilly countries it has many rivulets. One of the brooks turns a corn-mill, and at least one produces trouts.

In the streams or fresh lakes of the islands, I have never heard of any other fish than trouts and eels. The trouts which I have seen are not large; the colour of their flesh is tinged as in England. Of their eels I can give no account, having never tasted them; for I believe they are not considered as wholesome food.

It is not very easy to fix the principles upon which mankind have agreed to eat some animals, and reject others ; and as the principle is not evident, it is not uniform. That which is selected as delicate in one country, is by its neighbours abhorred as loathsome. The Neapolitans lately refused to eat potatoes in a famine. An Englishman is not easily persuaded to dine on snails with an Italian, on frogs with a Frenchman, or on horse-flesh with a Tartar. The vulgar inhabitants of Sky, I know not whether of the other islands, have not only eels, but pork and bacon in abhorrence, and accordingly I never saw a hog in the Hebrides, except one at Dunvegan.

Raasay has wild fowl in abundance, but neither deer, hares, nor rabbits. Why it has them not, might be asked ; but that of such questions there is no end. Why does any nation want what it might

have? Why are not spices transplanted to America? Why does tea continue to be brought from China? Life improves but by slow degrees, and much in every place is yet to do. Attempts have been made to raise roebucks in Raasay, but Without effect. The young ones it is extremely difficult to rear, and the old can very seldom be taken alive.

Hares and rabbits might be more easily obtained. That they have few or none of either in Sky, they impute to the ravage of the foxes, and have therefore set, for some years past, a price upon their heads, which, as the number was diminished, has been gradually raised, from three shillings and sixpence to a guinea, a sum so great in this part of the world, that in a short time Sky may be as free from foxes, as England from wolves. The fund for these rewards is a tax of sixpence in the pound, imposed by the farmers on themselves, and said to be paid with great willingness.

The beasts of prey in the islands are foxes, otters, and weasels. The foxes are bigger than those of England; but the otters exceed ours in a far greater proportion. I saw one at Armidel, of a size much beyond that which I supposed them ever to attain : and Mr Maclean, the heir of Col, a man of middle stature, informed me that he once shot an otter, of which the tail reached the ground, when he held up the head to a level with his own. I expected the otter to have a foot particularly formed for the art of swimming; but upon examination, I did not find it differing much from that of a spaniel. As he preys in the sea, he does little visible mischief,

and is killed **only for** his fur. White otters are sometimes seen.

In Raasay they might have hares and rabbits, for they have no foxes. Some depredations, such as were never made before, have caused a suspicion that a fox has been lately landed in the island by spite or wantonness. This imaginary stranger has never yet been seen, and therefore, perhaps, the mischief was done by some other animal. It is not likely that a creature so ungentle, whose head could have been sold in Sky for a guinea, should be kept alive only to gratify the malice of sending him to prey upon a neighbour ; and the passage from Sky is wider than a fox would venture to swim, unless he were chased by dogs into the sea, and perhaps then his strength would enable him to cross. How beasts of prey came into any islands is not easy to guess. In cold countries they take advantage of hard winters, and travel over the ice ; but this is a very scanty solution ; for they are found where they have no discoverable means of coming.

The corn of this island is but little. I saw the harvest of a small field. The women reaped the corn, and the men bound up the sheaves. The strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulation of the harvest song, in which all their voices were united. They accompany in the highlands every action which can be done in equal time, with an appropriated strain, which has, they say, not much meaning ; but its effects are regularity and cheerfulness. The ancient proceleusmatic song, by which the rowers of galleys were animated, may be

supposed to have been of this kind. There is now an oar-song used by the Hebridians.

The ground of Raasay seems fitter for cattle than for corn; and of black cattle I suppose the number is very great. The laird himself keeps a herd of four hundred, one hundred of which are annually sold. Of an extensive domain which he holds in his own hands, he considers the sale of cattle as repaying him the rent, and supports the plenty of a very liberal table with the remaining product.

Raasay is supposed to have been very long inhabited. On one side of it they show caves into which the rude nations of the first ages retreated from the weather. These dreary vaults might have had other uses. There is still a cavity near the house called the oar-cave, in which the seamen, after one of those piratical expeditions which in rougher times was very frequent, used, as tradition tells, to hide their oars. This hollow was near the sea, that nothing so necessary might be far to be fetched; and it was secret, that enemies, if they landed, could find nothing. Yet it is not very evident of what use it was to hide their oars from those who, if they were masters of the coasts, could take away their boats.

A proof much stronger of the distance at which the first possessors of this island lived from the present time, is afforded by the stone heads of arrows which are very frequently picked up. The people call them elf-bolts, and believe that the fairies shoot them at the cattle. They nearly resemble those which Mr Banks has lately brought from the savage countries in the Pacific Ocean, and must have been

made by a nation to which the use of metals was unknown.

The number of this little community has never been counted by its ruler, nor have I obtained any positive account, consistent with the result of political computation. Not many years ago, the late laird led out one hundred men upon a military expedition. The sixth part of a people is supposed capable of bearing arms : Raasay had therefore six hundred inhabitants. But because it is not likely that every man able to serve in the field would follow the summons, or that the chief would leave his lands totally defenceless, or take away all the hands qualified for labour, let it be supposed, that half as many might be permitted to stay at home. The whole number will then be nine hundred, or nine to a square mile ; a degree of populousness greater than those tracts of desolation can often show. They are content with their country, and faithful to their chiefs, and yet uninfected with the fever of migration.

Near the house at Raasay is a chapel unroofed and ruinous, which has long been used only as a place of burial. About the churches in the islands are small squares enclosed with stone, which belong to particular families, as repositories for the dead. At Raasay there is one, I think, for the proprietor, and one for some collateral house.

It is told by Martin, that at the death of the lady of the island, it has been here the custom to erect a cross. This we found not to be true. The stones, that stand about the chapel at a small dis-

tance, some of which perhaps have crosses cut upon them, are believed to have been not funeral monuments, but the ancient boundaries of the sanctuary or consecrated ground.

Martin was a man not illiterate : he was an inhabitant of Sky, and therefore was within reach of intelligence, and with no great difficulty might have visited the places which he undertakes to describe ; yet with all his opportunities, he has often suffered himself to be deceived. He lived in the last century, when the chiefs of the clans had lost little of their original influence. The mountains were yet unpenetrated, no inlet was opened to foreign novelties, and the feudal institutions operated upon life with their full force. He might therefore have displayed a series of subordination and a form of government, which in more luminous and improved regions, have been long forgotten, and have delighted his readers with many uncouth customs that are now disused, and wild opinions that prevail no longer. But he probably had not knowledge of the world sufficient to qualify him for judging what would deserve or gain the attention of mankind. The mode of life which was familiar to himself, he did not suppose unknown to others, nor imagined that he could give pleasure by telling that of which it was, in his little country, impossible to be ignorant.

What he has neglected cannot now be performed. In nations where there is hardly the use of letters, what is once out of sight is lost for ever. They think but little, and of their few thoughts, none are wasted on the past, in which they are neither in-

terested by fear nor hope. Their only registers are stated observances and practical representations. For this reason, an age of ignorance is an age of ceremony. Pageants, and processions, and commemorations, gradually shrink away, as better methods come into use, of recording events and preserving rights.

It is not only in Raasay that the chapel is unroofed and useless : through the few islands which we visited, we neither saw nor heard of any house of prayer, except in Sky, that was not in ruins. The malignant influence of Calvinism has blasted ceremony and decency together; and if the remembrance of papal superstition is obliterated, the monuments of papal piety are likewise effaced.

It has been, for many years, popular to talk of the lazy devotion of the Romish clergy : Over the sleepy laziness of men that erected churches, we may indulge our superiority with a new triumph, by comparing it with the fervid activity of those who suffer them to fall.

Of the destruction of churches, the decay of religion must in time be the consequence ; for while the public acts of the ministry are now performed in houses, a very small number can be present ; and as the greater part of the islanders make no use of books, all must necessarily live in total ignorance who want the opportunity of vocal instruction.

From these remains of ancient sanctity, which are every where to be found, it has been conjectured that, for the last two centuries, the inhabitants of the islands have decreased in number. This argument, which supposes that the churches have been

suffered to fall, only because they were no longer necessary, would have some force, if the houses of worship still remaining were sufficient for the people. But since they have now no churches at all, these venerable fragments do not prove the people of former times to have been more numerous, but to have been more devout. If the inhabitants were doubled, with their present principles, it appears not that any provision for public worship would be made. Where the religion of a country enforces consecrated buildings, the number of those buildings may be supposed to afford some indication, however uncertain, of the populousness of the place; but where, by a change of manners, a nation is content to live without them, their decay implies no diminution of inhabitants.

Some of these dilapidations are said to be found in islands now uninhabited; but I doubt whether we can thence infer that they were ever peopled. The religion of the middle age is well known to have placed too much hope in lonely austerities. Voluntary solitude was the great art of propitiation, by which crimes were effaced and conscience was appeased; it is therefore not unlikely, that oratories were often built in places where retirement was sure to have no disturbance.

Raasay has little that can detain a traveller, except the laird and his family; but their power wants no auxiliaries. Such a seat of hospitality, amidst the winds and waters, fills the imagination with a delightful contrariety of images. Without is the rough ocean and the rocky land, the beating billows and the howling storm: within is plenty and

elegance, beauty and gaiety, the song and **the** dance. In Raasay, if I could have found an Ulysses, I had fancied a Phœacia.

DUNVEGAN.

At Raasay, by good fortune, Macleod, so the chief of the clan is called, was paying a visit, and by him we were invited to his seat at Dunvegan. Raasay has a stout boat, built in Norway, in which, with six oars, he conveyed us back to Sky. We landed at Port Re, so called, because James the Fifth of Scotland, who had curiosity to visit the islands, came into it. The port is made by an inlet of the sea, deep and narrow, where a ship lay waiting to dispeople Sky, by carrying the natives away to America.

In coasting Sky, we passed by the cavern in which it was the custom, as Martin relates, to catch birds in the night, by making a fire at the entrance. This practice is disused ; for the birds, as is known often to happen, have changed their haunts.

Here we dined at a public house, I believe the only inn of the island, and having mounted our horses, travelled in the manner already described, till we came to Kingsborough, a place distinguished by that name, because the king lodged here when he landed at Port Re. We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr Macdonald and his lady Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence.

In the morning we sent our horses round a promontory to meet us, and spared ourselves part of the day's fatigue, by crossing an arm of the sea. We had at last some difficulty in coming to Dunvegan; for our way led over an extensive moor, where every step was to be taken with caution, and we were often obliged to alight, because the ground could not be trusted. In travelling this watery flat, I perceived that it had a visible declivity, and might without much expence or difficulty be drained. But difficulty and expence are relative terms, which have different meanings in different places.

To Dunvegan we came, very willing to be at rest, and found our fatigue amply recompensed by our reception. Lady Macleod, who had lived many years in England, was newly come hither with her son and four daughters, who knew all the arts of southern elegance, and all the modes of English economy. Here therefore we settled, and did not spoil the present hour with thoughts of departure.

Dunvegan is a rocky prominence, that juts out into a bay, on the west side of Sky. The house, which is the principal seat of Macleod, is partly old and partly modern ; it is built upon the rock, and looks upon the water. It forms two sides of a small square : on the third side is the skeleton of a castle of unknown antiquity, supposed to have been a Norwegian fortress, when the Danes were masters of the islands. It is so nearly entire, that it might have easily been made habitable, were there not an ominous tradition in the family, that the owner shall not long outlive the reparation. The grand-

father of the present laird, in defiance of prediction, began the work, but desisted in a little time and applied his money to worse uses.

As the inhabitants of the Hebrides lived, for many ages, in continual expectation of hostilities, the chief of every clan resided in a fortress. The house was accessible only from the water, till the last possessor opened an entrance by stairs upon the land.

They had formerly reason to be afraid, not only of declared wars and authorised invaders, or of roving pirates, which, in the northern seas, must have been very common ; but of inroads and insults from rival clans, who, in the plentitude of feudal independence, asked no leave of their sovereign to make war on one another. Sky has been ravaged by a feud between the two mighty powers of Macdonald and Macleod. Macdonald having married a Macleod, upon some discontent dismissed her, perhaps because she had brought him no children. Before the reign of James the Fifth, a Highland laird made a trial of his wife for a certain time, and if she did not please him, he was then at liberty to send her away. This however must always have offended ; and Macleod resenting the injury, whatever were its circumstances, declared, that the wedding had been solemnized without a bonfire, but that the separation should be better illuminated ; and raising a little army, set fire to the territories of Macdonald, who returned the visit, and prevailed.

Another story may show the disorderly state of insular neighbourhood. The inhabitants of the isle of Egg, meeting a boat manned by Macleods, tied

the crew hand and foot, and set them adrift. Macleod landed upon Egg, and demanded the offenders ; but the inhabitants refusing to surrender them, retreated to a cavern, into which they thought their enemies unlikely to follow them. Macleod choked them with smoke, and left them lying dead by families as they stood.

Here the violence of the weather confined us for some time, not at all to our discontent or inconvenience. We would indeed very willingly have visited the islands, which might be seen from the house, scattered in the sea, and I was particularly desirous to have viewed Isay ; but the storms did not permit us to launch a boat, and we were condemned to listen in idleness to the wind, except when we were better engaged by listening to the ladies.

We had here more wind than waves, and suffered the severity of a tempest, without enjoying its magnificence. The sea being broken by the multitude of islands, does not roar with so much noise, nor beat the storm with such foamy violence, as I have remarked on the coast of Sussex. Though, while I was in the Hebrides, the wind was extremely turbulent, I never saw very high billows.

The country about Dunvegan is rough and barren. There are no trees except in the orchard, which is a low sheltered spot surrounded with a wall.

When this house was intended to sustain a siege, a well was made in the court, by boring the rock downwards, till water was found; which, though so near to the sea, I have not heard mentioned as

brackish, **though** it has some hardness, or other qualities, which make it less fit for use ; and the family is now better supplied from a stream, which runs by the rock, from two pleasing water-falls.

Here we saw some traces of former manners, and heard some standing traditions. In the house is kept an ox's horn, hollowed so as to hold perhaps two quarts, which the heir of Macleod was expected to swallow at one draught, as a test of his manhood, before he was permitted to bear arms, or could claim a seat among the men. It is held that the return of the laird to Dunvegan, after any considerable absence, produces a plentiful capture of herrings ; and that, if any woman crosses the water to the opposite island, the herrings will desert the coast. Boetius tells the same of some other place. This tradition is not uniform. Some hold that no woman may pass, and others that none may pass but a Macleod.

Among other guests, which the hospitality of Dunvegan brought to the table, a visit was paid by the laird and lady of a small island south of Sky, of which the proper name is Muack, which signifies swine. It is commonly called Muck, which the proprietor not liking, has endeavoured, without effect, to change to Monk. It is usual to call gentlemen in Scotland by the name of their possessions, as Raasay, Bernera, Loch Buy, a practice necessary in countries inhabited by clans, where all that live in the same territory have one name, and must be therefore discriminated by some addition. This gentleman, whose name, I think, is Maclean, should be regularly called Muck ; but the appella-

tion, which he thinks too coarse for **his** island, he would like still less for himself, and he **is** therefore addressed by the title of Isle of Muck.

This little island, however it be named, is of considerable value. It is two English miles long, and three quarters of a mile broad, and consequently contains only nine hundred and sixty English acres. It is chiefly arable. Half of this little dominion the laird retains in his own hand, and on the other half live one hundred and sixty persons, who pay their rent by exported corn. What rent they pay we were not told, and could not decently enquire. The proportion of the people to the land is such, as the most fertile countries do not commonly maintain.

The laird having all his people under his immediate view, seems to be very attentive to their happiness. The devastation of the smallpox, when it visits places where it comes seldom, is well known. He has disarmed it of its terrors at Muack, by inoculating eighty of his people. The expence was two shillings and sixpence a-head. Many trades they cannot have among them ; but upon occasion, he fetches a smith from the isle of Egg, and has a tailor from the main land six times a year. This island well deserved to be seen, but the laird's absence left us no opportunity.

Every inhabited island has its appendant and subordinate islets. Muck, however small, has yet others smaller about it ; one of which has only ground sufficient to afford pasture for three wethers.

At Dun vegan I had tasted lotus, and was in danger of forgetting that I was ever to depart, till Mr Boswell sagely reproached me with my sluggish-

ness and softness. I had no very forcible defence to make; and we agreed to pursue our journey. Macleod accompanied us to Ulinish, where we were entertained by the sheriff of the island.

ULINISH.

Mr Macqueen travelled with us, and directed our attention to all that was worthy of observation. With him we went to see an ancient building, called a dun or borough. It was a circular enclosure, about forty-two feet in diameter, walled round with loose stones, perhaps to the height of nine feet. The walls are very thick, diminishing a little towards the top, and though in these countries stone is not brought far, must have been raised with much labour. Within the great circle were several smaller rounds of wall, which formed distinct apartments. Its date and its use are unknown. Some suppose it the original seat of the chiefs of the Macleods. Mr Macqueen thought it a Danish fort.

The entrance is covered with flat stones, and is narrow, because it was necessary that the stones which lie over it, should reach from one wall to the other; yet strait as the passage is, they seem heavier than could have been placed where they now lie, by the naked strength of as many men as might stand about them. They were probably raised by putting long pieces of wood under them, to which the action of a long line of lifters might be applied. Savages, in all countries, have patience proportionate to their unskilfulness, and are content to attain their end by very tedious methods.

If it was ever rooted, it might once have been a dwelling, but as there is no provision for water, it could not have been a fortress. In Sky, as in every other place, there is an ambition of exalting whatever has survived memory, to some important use, and referring it to very remote ages. I am inclined to suspect, that in lawless times, when the inhabitants of every mountain stole the cattle of their neighbour, these enclosures were used to secure the herds and flocks in the night. When they were driven within the wall, they might be easily watched, and defended as long as could be needful ; for the robbers durst not wait till the injured clan should find them in the morning.

The interior enclosures, if the whole building were once a house, were the chambers of the chief inhabitants. If it was a place of security for cattle, they were probably the shelters of the keepers.

From the Run we were conducted to another place of security, a cave carried a great way underground, which had been discovered by digging after a fox. These caves, of which many have been found, and many probably remain concealed, are formed, I believe, commonly by taking advantage of a hollow, where banks or rocks rise on either side. If no such place can be found, the ground must be cut away. The walls are made by piling stones against the earth on either side. It is then roofed by large stones laid across the cavern, which therefore cannot be wide. Over the roof, turfs were placed, and grass was suffered to grow ; and the mouth was concealed by bushes, or some other cover.

These caves were represented to us as the cabins of the first rude inhabitants, of which, however, I am by no means persuaded. This was so low, that no man could stand upright in it. By their construction they are all so narrow, that two can never pass along them together, and being subterraneous, they must be always damp. They are not the work of an age much ruder than the present ; for they are formed with as much art as the construction of a common hut requires. I imagine them to have been places only of occasional use, in which the islander, upon a sudden alarm, hid his utensils, or his clothes, and perhaps sometimes his wife and children.

This cave we entered, but could not proceed the whole length, and went away without knowing how far it was carried. For this omission we shall be blamed, as we perhaps have blamed other travellers; but the day was rainy, and the ground was damp. We had with us neither spades nor pickaxes, and if love of ease surmounted our desire of knowledge, the offence has not the invidiousness of singularity.

Edifices, either standing or ruined, are the chief records of an illiterate nation. In some part of this journey, at no great distance from our way, stood a shattered fortress, of which the learned minister, to whose communication we are much indebted, gave us an account.

Those, said he, are the walls of a place of refuge, built in the time of James the Sixth, by Hugh Maedonald, who was next heir to the dignity and fortune of his chief Hugh, being so near his wish.

was impatient of delay ; **and** had art **and** influence sufficient to engage several gentlemen **in** a plot against the laird's life. Something must be stipulated on both sides ; for they would not dip their hands in blood merely for Hugh's advancement. The compact was formally written, signed by the conspirators, and placed in the hands of one Macleod.

It happened that Macleod had sold some cattle to a drover, who not having ready money, gave him a bond for payment. The debt was discharged, and the bond redemanded ; which Macleod, who could not read, intending to put into his hands, gave him the conspiracy. The drover, when he had read the paper, delivered it privately to Macdonald, who being thus informed of his danger, called his friends together, and provided for his safety. He made a public feast, and inviting Hugh Macdonald and his confederates, placed each of them at the table between two men of known fidelity. The compact of conspiracy was then shown, and every man confronted with his own name. Macdonald acted with great moderation. He upbraided Hugh both with disloyalty and ingratitude ; but told the rest, that he considered them as men deluded and misinformed. Hugh was sworn to fidelity, and dismissed with his companions ; but he was not generous enough to be reclaimed by lenity ; and finding no longer any countenance among the gentlemen, endeavoured to execute the same design by meaner hands. In this practice he was detected, taken to Macdonald's castle, and imprisoned in the dungeon. When he was hungry, they let down a plentiful meal of salted

meat; **and** when, after his repast, he called for drink, conveyed to him a covered cup, which, when he lifted the lid, he found empty. From that time they visited him no more, but left him to perish in solitude and darkness.

We were then told of a cavern by the seaside, remarkable for the powerful reverberation of sounds. After dinner we took a boat, to explore this curious cavity. The boatmen, who seemed to be of a rank above that of common drudges, inquired who the strangers were, and being told we came one from Scotland, and the other from England, asked if the Englishmen could recount a long genealogy. What answer was given them, the conversation being in Erse, I was not much inclined to examine.

They expected no good event of the voyage; for one of them declared that he heard the cry of an English ghost. This omen I was not told till after our return, and therefore cannot claim the dignity of despising it.

The sea was smooth. We never left the shore, and came without any disaster to the cavern, which we found rugged and mis-shapen, about one hundred and eighty feet long, thirty wide in the broadest part, and in the loftiest, as we guessed, about thirty high. It was now dry, but at high water the sea rises in it near six feet. Here I saw what I had never seen before, limpets and mussels in their natural state. But as a new testimony to the veracity of common fame, here was no echo to be heard.

We then walked through a natural arch in the rock, which might have pleased us by its novelty, had the stones, which encumbered our feet, given us

leisure to consider it. We were shown the gummy-seed of the kelp, that fastens itself to a stone, from which it grows into a strong stalk.

In our return, we found a little boy upon the point of a rock, catching with his angle a supper for the family. We rowed up to him and borrowed his rod, with which Mr Boswel caught a cuddy.

The cuddy is a fish of which I know not the philosophical name. It is not much bigger than a gudgeon, but it is of great use in these islands, as it affords the lower people both food, and oil for their lamps. Cuddies are so abundant, at some times of the year, that they are caught like white bait in the Thames, only by dipping a basket and drawing it back.

If it were always practicable to fish, these islands could never be in much danger from famine ; but unhappily, in the winter, when other provision fails, the seas are commonly too rough for nets or boats.

TALISKER IN SKY.

From Ulinish our next stage was to Talisker, the house of colonel Macleod, an officer in the Dutch service, who in this time of universal peace, has for several years been permitted to be absent from his regiment. Having been bred to physic, he is consequently a scholar; and his lady, by accompanying him in his different places of residence, is become skilful in several languages. Talisker is the place beyond all that I have seen, from which the gay and the jovial seem utterly excluded ; and where the hermit might expect to grow old in meditation,

without possibility of disturbance or interruption. It is situated very near the sea, but upon a coast where no vessel lands but when it is driven by a tempest on the rocks. Towards the land are lofty hills streaming with water-falls. The garden is sheltered by firs, or pines, which grow there so prosperously, that some, which the present inhabitant planted, are very high and thick.

At this place we very happily met with Mr Donald Maclean, a young gentleman, the eldest son of the laird of Col, heir to a very great extent of land, and so desirous of improving his inheritance, that he spent a considerable time among the farmers of Hertfordshire and Hampshire to learn their practice. He worked with his own hands at the principal operations of agriculture, that he might not deceive himself by a false opinion of skill, which, if he should find it deficient at home, he had no means of completing. If the world has agreed to praise the travels and manual labours of the czar of Muscovy, let Col have his share of the like applause, in the proportion of his dominions to the empire of Russia.

This young gentleman was sporting in the mountains of Sky, and when he was weary with following his game, repaired for lodging to Talisker. At night he missed one of his dogs, and when he went to seek him in the morning, found two eagles feeding on his carcase.

Col, for he must be named by his possessions, hearing that our intention was to visit Jona, offered to conduct us to his chief, Sir Allan Maclean, who lived in the isle of Inch Kenneth, and **would** readily

find us a convenient passage. **From this time** was formed an acquaintance, which being begun by kindness, was accidentally continued by constraint ; we derived much pleasure from it, and I hope have given him no reason to repent it.

The weather was now almost one continued storm, and we were to snatch some happy intermission to be conveyed to Mull, the third island of the Hebrides, lying about a degree south of Sky, whence we might easily find our way to Inch Kenneth, where Sir Allan Maclean resided, and afterward to Jona.

For this purpose, the most commodious station that we could take was Armidel, which Sir Alexander Macdonald had now left to a gentleman who lived there as his factor or steward.

In our way to Armidel was Coriatachan, where we had already been, and to which therefore we were very willing to return. We staid however so long at Talisker, that a great part of our journey was performed in the gloom of the evening. In travelling even thus almost without light through naked solitude, when there is a guide whose conduct may be trusted, a mind not naturally too much disposed to fear, may preserve some degree of cheerfulness ; but what must be the solicitude of him who should be wandering, among the crags and hollows, benighted, ignorant, and alone?

The fictions of the Gothic romances were not so remote from credibility as they are now thought. In the full prevalence of the feudal institution, when violence desolated the world, and every baron lived in a fortress, forests and castles were regularly succeeded by each other, and the adventurer might very

suddenly pass from the gloom of woods, or the ruggedness of moors, to seats of plenty, gaiety, and magnificence. Whatever is imagined in the wildest tale, if giants, dragons, and enchantment be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be carried amidst his terror and uncertainty, to the hospitality and elegance of Raasay or Dunvegan.

To Coriatachan at last we came, and found ourselves welcomed as before. Here we staid two days, and made such enquiries as curiosity suggested. The house was filled with company, among whom Mr Macpherson and his sister distinguished themselves by their politeness and accomplishments. By him we were invited to Ostig, a house not far from Armidel, where we might easily hear of a boat, when the weather would suffer us to leave the island.

OSTIG IN SKY.

At Ostig, of which Mr Macpherson is minister we were entertained for some days, then removed to Armidel, where we finished our observations on the island of Sky.

As this island lies in the fifty-seventh degree, the air cannot be supposed to have much warmth. The long continuance of the sun above the horizon, does indeed sometimes produce great heat in northern latitudes; but this can only happen in sheltered places, where the atmosphere is to a certain degree stagnant, and the same mass of air continues to receive for many hours the rays of the sun, and the vapours of the earth. Sky lies open on the west

and north to a vast extent of ocean, and is cooled in the summer by a perpetual ventilation, but by the same blasts is kept warm in winter. Their weather is not pleasing. Half the year is deluged with rain. From the autumnal to the vernal equinox, a dry day is hardly known, except when the showers are suspended by a tempest. Under such skies can be expected no great exuberance of vegetation. Their winter overtakes their summer, and their harvest lies upon the ground drenched with rain. The autumn struggles hard to produce some of our early fruits. I gathered gooseberries in September; but they were small, and the husk was thick.

The winter is seldom such as puts a lull stop to the growth of plants, or reduces the cattle to live wholly on the surplusage of the summer. In the year seventy-one they had a severe season, remembered by the name of the Black Spring, from which the island has not yet recovered. The snow lay long upon the ground, a calamity hardly known before. Part of their cattle died for want, part were unseasonably sold to buy sustenance for the owners; and, what I have not read or heard of before, the kine that survived were so emaciated and dissipated, that they did not require the male at the usual time. Many of the roebucks perished.

The soil, as in other countries, has its diversities. In some parts there is only a thin layer of earth spread upon a rock, which bears nothing but short brown heath, and perhaps is not generally capable of any better product. There are many bogs or mosses of greater or less extent, where the soil cannot be supposed to want depth, though it is too wet for

the plough. But we did not observe in these any aquatic plants. The valleys and the mountains are alike darkened with heath. Some grass, however, grows here and there, and some happier spots of earth are capable of tillage.

Their agriculture is laborious, and perhaps rather feeble than unskilful. Their chief manure is sea-weed, which, when they lay it to rot upon the field, gives them a better crop than those of the highlands. They heap sea-shells upon the dung-hill, which in time moulder into a fertilising substance. When they find a vein of earth where they cannot use it, they dig it up, and add it to the mould of a more commodious place.

Their corn-grounds often lie in such intricacies among the crags, that there is no room for the action of a team and plough. The soil is then turned up by manual labour, with an instrument called a crooked spade, of a form and weight which to me appeared very incommodious, and would perhaps be soon improved in a country where workmen could be easily found and easily paid. It has a narrow blade of iron fixed to a long and heavy piece of wood, which must have, about a foot and a half above the iron, a knee or flexure with the angle downwards. When the farmer encounters a stone, which is the great impediment of his operations, he drives the blade under it, and bringing the knee or angle to the ground, has in the long angle a very forcible lever.

According to the different mode of tillage, farms are distinguished into long land and short land. Long land is that which affords room for a plough, and short land is turned up by the spade.

The grain which they commit to the furrows thus tediously formed, is either oats or barley. They do not sow barley without very copious manure, and then they expect from it ten for one, an increase equal to that of better countries ; but the culture is so operose that they content themselves commonly with oats; and who can relate without compassion, that after all their diligence they are to expect only a triple increase ? It is in vain to hope for plenty, when a third part of the harvest must be reserved for seed.

When their grain is arrived at the state which they must consider as ripeness, they do not cut, but pull the barley ; to the oats they apply the sickle. Wheel carnages they have none, but make a frame of timber which is drawn by one horse with the two points behind pressing on the ground. On this they sometimes drag home their sheaves, but often convey them home in a kind of open pannier, or frame of sticks upon the horse's back.

Of that which is obtained with so much difficulty, nothing surely ought to be wasted ; yet their method of clearing their oats from the husk is by parching them in the straw. Thus with the genuine improvidence of savages, they destroy that fodder for want of which their cattle may perish. From this practice they have two petty conveniences : they dry the grain so that it is easily reduced to meal, and they escape the theft of the thresher. The taste contracted from the fire by the oats, as by every other scorched substance, use must long ago have made grateful. The oats that are not parched must be dried in a kiln.

The barns of Sky I never saw. That which Macleod of Raasay had erected near his house was so contrived, because the harvest is seldom brought home dry, as by perpetual perflation to prevent the mow from heating.

Of their gardens I can judge only from their tables. I did not observe that the common greens were wanting, and suppose, that by choosing an advantageous exposition, they can raise all the more hardy esculent plants. Of, vegetable fragrance or beauty they are not yet studious. Few vows are made to Flora in the Hebrides.

They gather a little hay, but the grass is mown late ; and is so often almost dry and again very wet, before it is housed, that it becomes a collection of withered stalks without taste or fragrance ; it must be eaten by cattle that have nothing else, but by most English farmers would be thrown away.

In the islands I have not heard that any subterraneous treasures have been discovered, though where there are mountains, there are commonly minerals. One of the rocks in Col has a black vein, imagined to consist of the ore of lead ; but it was never yet opened or essayed. In Sky a black mass was accidentally picked up, and brought into the house of the owner of the land, who found himself strongly inclined to think it a coal, but unhappily it did not burn in the chimney. Common ores would be here of no great value ; for what requires to be separated by fire, must, if it were found, be carried away in its mineral state, here being no fuel for the smelting-house or forge. Perhaps by diligent search in this world of stone, some valuable

species of marble might be discovered. But neither philosophical curiosity, nor commercial industry, have yet fixed their abode here, where the importunity of immediate want, supplied but for the day, and craving on the morrow, has left little room for excursive knowledge, or the pleasing fancies of distant profit.

They have lately found a manufacture considerably lucrative. Their rocks abound with kelp, a sea-plant, of which the ashes are melted into glass. They burn kelp in great quantities, and then send it away in ships, which come regularly to purchase them. This new source of riches has raised the rents of many maritime farms ; but the tenants pay, like all other tenants, the additional rent with great unwillingness; because they consider the profits of the kelp as the mere product of personal labour, to which the landlord contributes nothing. However, as any man may be said to give what he gives the power of gaining, he has certainly as much right to profit from the price of kelp as of any thing else found or raised upon his ground.

This new trade has excited a long and eager litigation between Macdonald and Macleod, for a ledge of rocks, which, till the value of kelp was known, neither of them desired the reputation of possessing.

The cattle of Sky are not so small as is commonly believed. Since they have sent their beeves in great numbers to southern marts, they have probably taken more care of their breed. At stated times the annual growth of cattle is driven to a fair, by a general drover, and with the money, which he returns to the farmer, the rents are paid.

The price regularly expected, is from two to three pounds a-head : there was once one sold for five pounds. They go from the islands very lean, and are not offered to the butcher till they have been long fatted in English pastures.

Of their black cattle some are without horns, called by the Scots, humble cows, as we call a bee an humble bee, that wants a sting. Whether this difference be specific, or accidental, though we inquired with great diligence, we could not be informed. We are not very sure that the bull is ever without horns, though we have been told, that such bulls there are. What is produced by putting a horned and unhorned male and female together, no man has ever tried that thought the result worthy of observation.

Their horses are, like their cows, of a moderate size. I had no difficulty to mount myself commodiously by the favour of the gentlemen. I heard of very little cows in Barra, and very little horses in Rum, where perhaps no care is taken to prevent that diminution of size, which must always happen, where the greater and the less copulate promiscuously, and the young animal is restrained from growth by penury of sustenance.

The goat is the general inhabitant of the earth, complying with every difference of climate and of soil. The goats of the Hebrides are like others : nor did I hear any thing of their sheep to be particularly remarked.

In the penury of these malignant regions, nothing is left that can be converted to food. The goats

and the sheep are milked like the cows. A single meal of a goat is a quart, and of a sheep a pint; Such at least was the account which I could extract from those of whom I am not sure that they ever had inquired.

The milk of goats is much thinner than that of cows, and that of sheep is much thicker. Sheep's milk is never eaten before it is boiled; as it is thick, it must be very liberal of curd, and the people of St Kilda form it into small cheeses.

The stags of the mountains are less than those of our parks or forests, perhaps not bigger than our fallow deer. Their flesh has no rankness, nor is inferior in flavour to our common venison. The roebuck I neither saw nor tasted. These are not countries for a regular chase. The deer are not driven with horns and hounds. A sportsman, with his gun in his hand, watches the animal, and when he has wounded him, traces him by the blood.

They have a race of brinded greyhounds larger and stronger than those with which we course hares, and those are the only dogs used by them for the chase.

Man is by the use of fire-arms made so much an overmatch for other animals, that in all countries where they are in use, the wild part of the creation sensibly diminishes. There will probably not be long either stags or roebucks in the islands. All the beasts of chase would have been lost long ago in countries well inhabited, had they not been preserved by laws for the pleasure of the rich.

There are in Sky neither rats nor mice, but the

weasel is so frequent, that he is heard in houses rattling behind chests or beds, as rats in England. They probably owe to his predominance that they have no other vermin ; for since the great rat took possession of this part of the world, scarce a ship can touch at any port, but some of his race are left behind. They have within these few years began to infest the isle of Col, where being left by some trading vessel, they have increased for want of weasels to oppose them.

The inhabitants of Sky, and of the other islands, which I have seen, are commonly of the middle stature, with fewer among them very tall or very short, than are seen in England ; or perhaps, as their numbers are small, the chances of any deviation from the common measure are necessarily few. The tallest men that I saw are among those of higher rank. In regions of barrenness and scarcity, the human race is hindered in its growth by the same causes as other animals.

The ladies have as much beauty here as in other places ; but bloom and softness are not to be expected among the lower classes, whose faces are exposed to the rudeness of the climate, and whose features are sometimes contracted by want, and sometimes hardened by the blasts. Supreme beauty is seldom found in cottages or workshops, even where no real hardships are suffered. To expand the human face to its full perfection, it seems necessary that the mind should co-operate by placidness of content, or consciousness of superiority.

Their strength is proportionate to their size, **but** they are accustomed to run upon rough ground.

and therefore can with great agility skip over the bog, or clamber the mountain. For a campaign in the wastes of America, soldiers better qualified could not have been found. Having little work to do, they are not willing, nor perhaps able, to endure a long continuance of manual labour, and are therefore considered as habitually idle.

Having never been supplied with those accommodations which life extensively diversified with trades affords, they supply their wants by very insufficient shifts, and endure many inconveniences, which a little attention would easily relieve. I have seen a horse carrying home the harvest on a crate. Under his tail was a stick for a crupper, held at the two ends by twists of straw. Hemp will grow in their islands, and therefore ropes may be had. If they wanted hemp, they might make better cordage of rushes, or perhaps of nettles, than of straw.

Their method of life neither secures them perpetual health, nor exposes them to any particular diseases. There are physicians in the islands, who, I believe, all practise chirurgery, and all compound their own medicines.

It is generally supposed, that life is longer in places where there are few opportunities of luxury ; but I found no instance here of extraordinary longevity. A cottager grows old over his oaten cakes, like a citizen at a turtle feast. He is indeed seldom incommoded by corpulence. Poverty preserves him from sinking under the burden of himself, but he escapes no other injury of time. Instances of long life are often related, which those who hear them are more willing to credit than examine. To

be told that any man has attained a hundred years, gives hope and comfort to him who stands trembling on the brink of his own climacteric.

Length of life is distributed impartially to very different modes of life in very different climates ; and the mountains have no greater examples of age and health than the low lands, where I was introduced to two ladies of high quality ; one of whom, in her ninety-fourth year, presided at her table with the full exercise of all her powers ; and the other has attained her eighty-fourth, without any diminution of her vivacity, and with little reason to accuse time of depredations on her beauty.

In the islands, as in most other places, the inhabitants are of different rank, and one does not encroach here upon another. Where there is no commerce nor manufacture, he that is born poor can scarcely become rich ; and if none are able to buy estates, he that is born to land cannot annihilate his family by selling it. This was once the state of these countries. Perhaps there is no example, till within a century and a half, of any family whose estate was alienated otherwise than by violence or forfeiture. Since money has been brought amongst them, they have found, like others, the art of spending more than they receive ; and I saw with grief the chief of a very ancient clan, whose island was condemned by law to be sold for the satisfaction of his creditors.

The name of highest in dignity is laird, of which there are in the extensive isle of Sky only three, Macdonald, Macleod, and Mackinnon. The laird is the original owner of the land, whose 'natural

power must be very great where no man lives but by agriculture ; and where the produce of the land is not conveyed through the labyrinths of traffic, but passes directly from the hand that gathers it to the mouth that eats it. The laird has all those in his power that live upon his farms. Kings can, for the most part, only exalt or degrade. The laird at pleasure can feed or starve, can give bread or withhold it. This inherent power was yet strengthened by the kindness of consanguinity, and the reverence of patriarchal authority. The laird was the father of the clan, and his tenants commonly bore his name. And to these principles of original command was added, for many ages, an exclusive right of legal jurisdiction.

This multifarious and extensive obligation operated with force scarcely credible. Every duty, moral or political, was absorbed in affection and adherence to the chief. Not many years have passed since the clans knew no law but the laird's will. He told them to whom they should be friends or enemies, what king they should obey, and what religion they should profess.

When the Scots first rose in arms against the succession of the house of Hanover, Lovat, the chief of the Frasers, was in exile for a rape. The Frasers were very numerous, and very zealous against the government. A pardon was sent to Lovat. He came to the English camp, and the clan immediately deserted to him.

Next in dignity to the laird is the tacksman ; a large taker or leaseholder of land, of which he keeps

part as a domain in his own hand, and lets part to under-tenants. The tacksman is necessarily a man capable of securing to the laird the whole rent, and is commonly a collateral relation. These tacks or subordinate possessions, were long considered as hereditary ; and the occupant was distinguished by the name of the place at which he resided. He held a middle station, by which the highest and the lowest orders were connected. He paid rent and reverence to the laird, and received them from the tenants. This tenure still subsists, with its original operation, but not with the primitive stability. Since the islanders, no longer content to live, have learned the desire of growing rich, an ancient dependent is in danger of giving way to a higher bidder, at the expence of domestic dignity and hereditary power. The stranger, whose money buys him preference, considers himself as paying for all that he has, and is indifferent about the laird's honour or safety. The commodiousness of money is indeed great ; but there are some advantages which money cannot buy, and which therefore no wise man will by the love of money be tempted to forego.

I have found in the higher parts of Scotland, men not defective in judgment or general experience, who consider the tacksman as a useless burden of the ground, as a drone who lives upon the product of an estate, without the right of property or the merit of labour, and who impoverishes at once the landlord and the tenant. The land, they say, is let to the tacksman at sixpence an acre, and by him to

the tenant at ten pence. Let the owner be the immediate landlord to all the tenants ; if he sets the ground at eight pence, he will increase his revenue by a fourth part, and the tenant's burden will be diminished by a fifth.

Those who pursue this train of reasoning, seem not sufficiently to inquire whither it will lead them, nor to know that it will equally show the propriety of suppressing all wholesale trade, of shutting up the shops of every man who sells what he does not make, and of extruding all whose agency and profit intervene between the manufacturer and the consumer. They may, by stretching their understandings a little wider, comprehend, that all those who, by undertaking large quantities of manufacture, and affording employment to many labourers, make themselves considered as benefactors to the public, have only been robbing their workmen with one hand, and their customers with the other. If Crowley had sold only what he could make, and all his smiths had wrought their own iron with their own hammers, he would have lived on less, and they would have sold their work for more. The salaries of superintendants and clerks would have been partly saved, and partly shared, and nails been sometimes cheaper by a farthing in a hundred. But then, if the smith could not have found an immediate purchaser, he must have deserted his anvil ; if there had by accident at any time been more sellers than buyers, the workmen must have reduced their profit to nothing, by underselling one another ; and as no great stock could have been in any hand, no sudden demand of large quantities

could have been answered, and the builder must have stood still till the nailor could supply him.

According to these schemes, universal plenty is to begin and end in universal misery. Hope and emulation will be utterly extinguished ; and as all must obey the call of immediate necessity, nothing that requires extensive views, or provides for distant consequences, will ever be performed.

To the southern inhabitants of Scotland, the state of the mountains and the islands is equally unknown with that of Borneo or Sumatra : of both they have only heard a little, and guess the rest. They are strangers to the language and the manners, to the advantages and wants of the people, whose life they would model, and whose evils they would remedy.

Nothing is less difficult than to procure one convenience by the forfeiture of another. A soldier may expedite his march by throwing away his arms. To banish the tacksman is easy, to make a country plentiful by diminishing the people, is an expeditious mode of husbandry ; but that abundance which there is nobody to enjoy, contributes little to human happiness.

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labour. If the tacksmen be taken away, the Hebrides must in their present state be given up to grossness and ignorance ; the tenant, for want of instruction, will be unskilful, and for want of admonition, will be negligent. The laird, in these wide estates which often consist of islands remote from

one another, cannot extend his personal influence to all his tenants ; and the steward having no dignity annexed to his character, can have little authority among men taught to pay reverence only to birth, and who regard the tacksman as their hereditary superior ; nor can the steward have equal zeal for the prosperity of an estate profitable only to the laird, with the tacksman, who has the laird's income involved in his own.

The only gentlemen in the islands are the lairds, the tacksmen, and the ministers, who frequently improve their livings by becoming farmers. If the tacksmen be banished, who will be left to impart knowledge, or impress civility ? The laird must always be at a distance from the greater part of his lands ; and if he resides at all upon them, must drag his days in solitude, having no longer either a friend or a companion ; he will therefore depart to some more comfortable residence, and leave the tenants to the wisdom and mercy of a factor.

Of tenants there are different orders, as they have greater or less stock. Land is sometimes leased to a small fellowship, who live in a cluster of huts, called a tenant's town, and are bound jointly and separately for the payment of their rent. These, I believe, employ in the care of their cattle and the labour of tillage, a kind of tenants yet lower ; who having a hut, with grass for a certain number of cows and sheep, pay their rent by a stipulated quantity of labour.

The condition of domestic servants, or the price of occasional labour, I do not know with certainty.

I was told that the maids have sheep, and are allowed to spin for their own clothing; perhaps they have no pecuniary wages, or none but in very wealthy families. The state of life, which has hitherto been purely pastoral, begins now to be a little variegated with commerce ; but novelties enter by degrees, and till one mode has fully prevailed over the other, no settled notion can be formed.

Such is the system of insular subordination; which, having little variety, cannot afford much delight in the view, nor long detain the mind in contemplation. The inhabitants were for a long time perhaps not unhappy ; but their content was a muddy mixture of pride and ignorance, an indifference for pleasures which they did not know, a blind veneration for their chiefs, and a strong conviction of their own importance.

Their pride has been crushed by the heavy hand of a vindictive conqueror, whose severities have been followed by laws, which, though they cannot be called cruel, have produced much discontent, because they operate upon the surface of life, and make every eye bear witness to subjection. To be compelled to a new dress has always been found painful.

Their chiefs being now deprived of their jurisdiction, have already lost much of their influence ; and as they gradually degenerate from patriarchal rulers to rapacious landlords, they will divest themselves of the little that remains.

That dignity which they derived from an opinion of their military importance, the law which disarmed them has abated. An old gentleman, delighting

himself with the recollection of better days, related that forty years ago, a chieftain walked out attended by ten or twelve followers, with their arms rattling. That animating rabble has now ceased. The chief has lost his formidable retinue ; and the highlander walks his heath unarmed and defenceless, with the peaceable submission of a French peasant, or English cottager.

Their ignorance grows every day less, but their knowledge is yet of little other use than to show them their wants. They are now in the period of education, and feel the uneasiness of discipline, without yet perceiving the benefit of instruction.

The last law by which the highlanders are deprived of their arms has operated with efficacy beyond expectation. Of former statutes made with the same design, the execution had been feeble, and the effect inconsiderable. Concealment was undoubtedly practised, and perhaps often with connivance. There was tenderness or partiality on one side, and obstinacy on the other. But the law which followed the victory of Culloden, found the whole nation dejected and intimidated ; informations were given without danger and without fear, and the arms were collected with such rigour, that every house was despoiled of its defence.

To disarm part of the highlands, could give no reasonable occasion of complaint. Every government must be allowed the power of taking away the weapon that is lifted against it. But the loyal clans murmured, with some appearance of justice, that, after having defended the king, they wore for-

bidden for the future to defend themselves; and that the sword should be forfeited, which had been legally employed. Their case is undoubtedly hard; but in political regulations, good cannot be complete, it can only be predominant.

Whether by disarming a people thus broken into several tribes, and thus remote from the seat of power, more good than evil has been produced, may deserve enquiry. The supreme power in every community has the right of debarring every individual and every subordinate society, from self-defence, only because the supreme power is able to defend them; and therefore where the governor cannot act, he must trust the subject to act for himself. These islands might be wasted with fire and sword before their sovereign would know their distress. A gang of robbers, such as has been lately found confederating themselves in the highlands, might lay a wide region under contribution. The crew of a petty privateer might land on the largest and most wealthy of the islands, and riot without controul in cruelty and waste. It was observed by one of the chiefs of Sky, that fifty armed men might, without resistance, ravage the country. Laws that place the subjects in such a state, contravene the first principles of the compact of authority: they exact obedience, and yield no protection.

It affords a generous and manly pleasure, to conceive a little nation gathering its fruits and tending its herds with fearless confidence, though it lies open on every side to invasion. Where, in contempt of walls and trenches, every man sleeps securely with his sword beside him; where all on the

first approach of hostility came together at the call to battle, as at a summons to a festal show; and committing their cattle to the care of those whom age or nature has disabled, engage the enemy with that competition for hazard and for glory, which operate in men that fight under the eye of those whose dislike or kindness they have always considered as the greatest evil or the greatest good.

This was, in the beginning of the present century, the state of the highlands. Every man was a soldier, who partook of national confidence, and interested himself in national honour. To lose this spirit, is to lose what no small advantage will compensate.

It may likewise deserve to be enquired, whether a great nation ought to be totally commercial? whether, amidst the uncertainty of human affairs, too much attention to one mode of happiness may not endanger others? whether the pride of riches must not sometimes have recourse to the protection of courage? and whether, if it be necessary to preserve in some part of the empire the military spirit, it can subsist more commodiously in any place, than in remote and unprofitable provinces, where it can commonly do little harm, and whence it may be called forth at any sudden exigence?

It must however be confessed, that a man who places honour only in successful violence, is a very troublesome and pernicious animal in time of peace; and that the martial character cannot prevail in a whole people, but by the diminution of all other virtues. He that is accustomed to resolve all right into conquest, will have very little tenderness or

equity. All the friendship in such a life can be only a confederacy of invasion, or alliance of defence. The strong must flourish by force, and the Weak subsist by stratagem.

Till the highlanders lost their ferocity with their arms, they suffered from each other all that malignity could dictate, or precipitance could act. Every provocation was revenged with blood; and no man that ventured into a numerous company, by whatever occasion brought together, was sure of returning without a wound. If they are now exposed to foreign hostilities, they may talk of the danger, but can seldom feel it. If they are no longer martial, they are no longer quarrelsome. Misery is caused, for the most part, not by a heavy crush of disaster, but by the corrosion of less visible evils, which canker enjoyment, and undermine security. The visit of an invader is necessarily rare, but domestic animosities allow no cessation.

• The abolition of the local jurisdictions, which had for so many ages been exercised by the chiefs, has likewise its evil and its good. The feudal constitution naturally diffused itself into long ramifications of subordinate authority. To this general temper of the government was added the peculiar form of the country, broken by mountains into many subdivisions scarcely accessible but to the natives, and guarded by passes, or perplexed with intricacies, through which national justice could not find its way.

The power of deciding controversies, and of punishing offences, as some such power there must always be, was entrusted to the lairds of the coun-

try, to those whom the people considered as their natural judges. It cannot be supposed that a rugged proprietor of the rocks, unprincipled and unenlightened, was a nice resolver of entangled claims, or very exact in proportioning punishment to offences. But the more he indulged his own will, the more he held his vassals in dependence. Prudence and innocence, without the favour of the chief, conferred no security ; and crimes involved no danger, when the judge was resolute to acquit.

When the chiefs were men of knowledge and virtue, the convenience of a domestic judicature was great. No long journeys were necessary, nor artificial delays could be practised ; the character, the alliances, and interest of the litigants were known to the court, and all false pretences were easily detected. The sentence, when it was past, could not be evaded ; the power of the laird superseded formalities, and justice could not be defeated by interest or stratagem.

I doubt not but that, since the regular judges have made their circuits through the whole country, right has been every where more wisely and more equally distributed ; the complaint is, that litigation is grown troublesome, and that the magistrates are too few, and therefore often too remote for general convenience.

Many of the smaller islands have no legal officer within them. I once asked, if a crime should be committed, by what authority the offender could be seized ? and was told that the laird would exert his right ; a right which he must now usurp, hut which surely necessity must vindicate, and which is there-

fore yet exercised in lower degrees, by some of the proprietors, when legal processes cannot be obtained.

In all greater questions, however, there is now happily an end to all fear or hope from malice or from favour. The roads are secure in those places through which, forty years ago, no traveller could pass without a convoy. All trials of right by the sword are forgotten, and the mean are in as little danger from the powerful as in other places. No scheme of policy has, in any country, yet brought the rich and poor on equal terms into courts of judicature. Perhaps experience, improving on experience, may in time effect it

Those who have long enjoyed dignity and power ought not to lose it without some equivalent. There was paid to the chiefs by the public, in exchange for their privileges, perhaps a sum greater than most of them had ever possessed, which excited a thirst for riches, of which it shewed them the use. When the power of birth and station ceases, no hope remains but from the prevalence of money. Power and wealth supply the place of each other. Power confers the ability of gratifying our desire without the consent of others. Wealth enables us to obtain the consent of others to our gratification. Power, simply considered, whatever it confers on one, must take from another. Wealth enables its owner to give to others, by taking only from himself. Power pleases the violent and proud: wealth delights the placid and timorous. Youth therefore flies at power, and age grovels after riches.

The chiefs, divested of their prerogatives, necessarily turned their thoughts to the improvement of their revenues, and expect more rent, as they have less homage. The tenant, who is far from perceiving that his condition is made better in the same proportion as that of his landlord is made worse, does not immediately see why his industry is to be taxed more heavily than before. He refuses to pay the demand, and is ejected; the ground is then let to a stranger, who perhaps brings a larger stock, but who, taking the land at its full price, treats with the laird upon equal terms, and considers him not as a chief, but as a trafficker in land. Thus the estate perhaps is improved, but the clan is broken.

It seems to be the general opinion, that the rents have been raised with too much eagerness. Some regard must be paid to prejudice. Those who have hitherto paid but little, will not suddenly be persuaded to pay much, though they can afford it. As ground is gradually improved, and the value of money decreases, the rent may be raised without any diminution of the farmer's profits ; yet it is necessary in these countries, where the ejection of a tenant is a greater evil than in more populous places, to consider not merely what the land will produce, but with what ability the inhabitant can cultivate it. A certain stock can allow but a certain payment ; for if the land be doubled, and the stock remains the same, the tenant becomes no richer. The proprietors of the highlands might perhaps often increase their income, by subdividing the farms, and allotting to every occupier only so many acres as he can profitably employ, but that they want people.

There seems now, whatever be the cause, to be through a great part of the highlands a general discontent. That adherence which was lately professed by every man to the chief of his name, has now little prevalence ; and he that cannot live as he desires at home, listens to the tale of fortunate islands, and happy regions, where every man may have land of his own, and eat the product of his labour without a superior.

Those who have obtained grants of American lands, have, as is well known, invited settlers from all quarters of the globe ; and among other places, where oppression might produce a wish for new habitations, their emissaries would not fail to try their persuasions in the isles of Scotland ; where, at the time when the clans were newly disunited from their chiefs, and exasperated by unprecedented exactions, it is no wonder that they prevailed.

Whether the mischiefs of emigration were immediately perceived, may be justly questioned. They who went first were probably such as could be best spared ; but the accounts sent by the earliest adventurers, whether true or false, inclined many to follow them ; and whole neighbourhoods formed parties for removal ; so that departure from their native country is no longer exile. He that goes thus accompanied, carries with him all that makes life pleasant. He sits down in a better climate, surrounded by his kindred and his friends : they carry with them their language, their opinions, their popular songs, and hereditary merriment : they change nothing but the place of their abode ; and of that change they perceive the benefit.

This is the real effect of emigration, if **those that** go away together settle on the same spot, and preserve their ancient union. But some relate that these adventurous visitants of unknown regions, after a voyage passed in dreams of plenty and felicity, are dispersed at last upon a sylvan wilderness, where their first years must be spent in toil to clear the ground which is afterwards to be tilled, and that the whole effect of their undertaking is only more fatigue and equal scarcity.

Both accounts may be suspected. Those who are gone will endeavour by every art to draw others after them ; for as their numbers are greater, they will provide better for themselves. When Nova Scotia was first peopled, I remember a letter, published under the character of a New Planter, who related how much the climate put him in mind of Italy. Such intelligence the Hibridians probably receive from their transmarine correspondents. But with equal temptations of interest, and perhaps with no greater niceness of veracity, the owners of the islands spread stories of American hardships to keep their people content at home.

Some method to stop this 'epidemic desire of wandering, which spreads its contagion from valley to valley, deserves to be sought with great diligence. In more fruitful countries, the removal of one only makes room for the succession of another : but in the Hebrides, the loss of an inhabitant leaves a lasting vacuity ; for nobody born in any other part of the world will choose this country for his residence ; and an island once depopulated will remain a desert, as long as the present facility of travel gives

every one who is discontented and unsettled, the choice of his abode.

Let it be enquired, whether the first intention of those who are fluttering on the wing, and collecting a flock that they may take their flight, be to attain good, or to avoid evil ? If they are dissatisfied with that part of the globe which their birth has allotted them, and resolve not to live without the pleasures of happier climates ; if they long for bright suns, and calm skies, and flowery fields, and fragrant gardens, I know not by what eloquence they can be persuaded, or by what offers they can be hired to stay.

But if they are driven from their native country by positive evils, and disgusted by ill treatment, real or imaginary, it were fit to remove their grievances, and quiet their resentment ; since, if they have been hitherto undutiful subjects, they will not much mend their principles by American conversation.

To allure them into the army, it was thought proper to indulge them in the continuance of their national dress. If this concession could have any effect, it might easily be made. That dissimilitude of appearance, which was supposed to keep them distinct from the rest of the nation, might disincline them from coalescing with the Pennsylvanians or people of Connecticut. If the restitution of then-arms will reconcile them to their country, let them have again those weapons, which will not be more mischievous at home than in the colonies. That they may not fly from the increase of rent, I know not whether the general good does not require that the landlords be, for a time, restrained in their demands,

and kept quiet by pensions proportionate to their loss.

To hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably, by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to mollify the resentful, are worthy of a statesman ; but it affords a legislator little self-applause to consider, that where there was formerly an insurrection, there is now a wilderness.

It has been a question often agitated, without solution, why those northern regions are now so thinly peopled, which formerly overwhelmed with their armies the Roman empire ? The question supposes what I believe is not true, that they had once more inhabitants than they could maintain, and overflowed only because they were full.

This is to estimate the manners of all countries and ages by our own. Migration, while the state of life was unsettled, and there was little communication of intelligence between distant places, was among the wilder nations of Europe capricious and casual. An adventurous projector heard of a fertile coast unoccupied, and led out a colony ; a chief of renown for bravery, called the young men together, and led them out to try what fortune would present. When Cæsar was in Gaul, he found the Helvetians preparing to go they knew not whither, and put a stop to their motions. They settled again in their own country, where they were so far from wanting room, that they had accumulated three years' provision for their march,

The religion of the north was military ; if they could not find enemies, it was their duty to make them : they travelled in quest of danger, and willingly look the chance of empire or death. If their troops were numerous, the countries from which they were collected are of vast extent, and without much exuberance of people great armies may be raised where every man is a soldier. But their true numbers were never known. Those who were conquered by them are their historians, and shame may have excited them to say, that they were overwhelmed with multitudes. To count is a modern practice, the ancient method was to guess ; and when numbers are guessed, they are always magnified.

Thus England has for several years been filled with the achievements of seventy thousand highlanders employed in America. I have heard from an English officer, not much inclined to favour them, that their behaviour deserved a very high degree of military praise ; but their number has been much exaggerated. One of the ministers told me, that seventy thousand men could not have been found in all the highlands, and that more than twelve thousand never took the field. Those that went to the American war, went to destruction. Of the old highland regiment, consisting of twelve hundred, only seventy-six survived to see their country again.

The Gothic swarms have at least been multiplied with equal liberality. That they bore no great proportion to the inhabitants in whose countries they settled, is plain from the paucity of northern words now found in the provincial languages. Their coun-

try was not deserted for want of room, because it was covered with forests of vast extent ; and the first effect of plenitude of inhabitants is the destruction of wood. As the Europeans spread over America, the lands are gradually laid naked.

I would not be understood to say, that necessity had never any part in their expeditions. A nation whose agriculture is scanty or unskilful, may be driven out by famine. A nation of hunters may have exhausted their game. I only affirm that the northern regions were not, when their irruptions subdued the Romans, overpeopled with regard to their real extent of territory, and power of fertility. In a country fully inhabited, however afterward laid waste, evident marks will remain of its former populousness. But of Scandinavia and Germany, nothing is known but that as we trace their state upwards into antiquity, their woods were greater, and their cultivated ground was less.

That causes very different from want of room may produce a general disposition to seek another country, is apparent from the present conduct of the highlanders, who are in some places ready to threaten a total secession, The numbers which have already gone, though like other numbers they may be magnified, are very great, and such as if they had gone together and agreed upon any certain settlement, might have founded an independent government in the depths of the western continent. Nor are they only the lowest and most indigent ; many men of considerable wealth have taken with them their train of labourers and dependants ; and if they

continue the feudal scheme of polity, may establish new clans in the other hemisphere.

That the Immediate motives of their desertion must be imputed to their landlords, may be reasonably concluded ; because some lairds of more prudence and less rapacity have kept their vassals undiminished. From Raasay only one man had been seduced, and at Col there was no wish to go away.

The traveller who comes hither from more opulent countries, to speculate upon the remains of pastoral life, will not much wonder that a common highlander has no strong adherence to his native soil ; for of animal enjoyments, or of physical good, he leaves nothing that he may not find again where-soever he may be thrown.

The habitations of men in the Hebrides may be distinguished into huts and houses. By a house, I mean a building with one story over another : by a hut, a dwelling with only one floor. The laird, who formerly lived in a castle, now lives in a house ; sometimes sufficiently neat, but seldom very spacious or splendid. The tacksmen and the ministers have commonly houses. Wherever there is a house, the stranger finds a welcome ; and to the other evils of exterminating tacksmen may be added the unavoidable cessation of hospitality, or the devolution of too heavy a burden on the ministers.

Of the houses little can be said. They are small ; and by the necessity of accumulating stores, where there are so few opportunities of purchase, the rooms are very heterogeneously filled. With want of cleanliness it were ingratitude to reproach them. The servants having been bred upon the naked

earth, think every floor clean, and the quick succession of guests, perhaps not always over-elegant, does not allow much time for adjusting their apartments.

Huts are of many gradations ; from murky dens to commodious dwellings.

The wall of a common hut is always built without mortar, by a skilful adaptation of loose stones. Sometimes perhaps a double wall of stones is raised, and the intermediate space filled with earth. The air is thus completely excluded. Some walls are, I think, formed of turfs, held together by a wattle, or texture of twigs. Of the meanest huts the first room is lighted by the entrance, and the second by the smokehole. The fire is usually made in the middle. But there are huts or dwellings of only one story, inhabited by gentlemen, which have walls cemented with mortar, glass windows, and boarded floors. Of these all have chimneys, and some chimneys have grates.

The house and the furniture are not always nicely suited. We were driven once, by missing a passage, to the hut of a gentleman, where, after a very liberal supper, when I was conducted to my chamber, I found an elegant bed of Indian cotton, spread with fine sheets. The accommodation was flattering ; I undressed myself, and felt my feet in the mire. The bed stood upon the bare earth, which a long course of rain had softened to a puddle.

In pastoral countries, the condition of the lowest rank of people is sufficiently wretched. Among manufacturers, men that have no property may have art and industry, which make them necessary, and

therefore valuable. But where flocks and corn are the only wealth, there are always more hands **than work ; and of that work there is little** in which **skill** and dexterity can be much distinguished. He therefore who is born poor never can be rich. The son merely occupies the place of the father, and life knows nothing of progression or advancement.

The petty tenants, and labouring peasants, live in miserable cabins, which afford them little more than shelter from the storms. The boor of Norway is said to make all his own utensils. In the Hebrides, whatever might be their ingenuity, the want of wood leaves them no materials. They are probably content with such accommodations as stones of different forms and sizes can afford them.

Their food is not better than their lodging. They seldom taste the flesh of land animals ; for here are no markets. What each man eats is from his own stock. The great effect of money is to break property into small parts. In towns, he that has a shilling may have a piece of meat ; but where there is no commerce, no man can eat mutton but by killing a sheep.

Fish in fair weather they need not want ; but, I believe, man never lives long on fish, but by constraint ; he will rather feed upon roots and berries.

The only fuel of the island is peat. Their wood is all consumed, and coal they have not yet found. Peat is dug out of the marshes, from the depth of one foot to that of six. That is accounted the best which is nearest the surface. It appears to be a mass of black earth held together by vegetable fibres, I know not whether the earth be bituminous, or

whether the fibres be not the only combustible part ; which by heating the interposed earth red-hot, make a burning mass. The heat is not very strong or lasting. The ashes are yellowish, and in a large quantity. When they dig peat, they cut it into square pieces, and pile it up to dry beside the house. In some places it has an offensive smell. It is like wood charred for the smith. The common method of making peat fires is by heaping it on the hearth ; but it burns well in grates, and in the best houses is so used.

The common opinion is, that peat grows again where it has been cut ; which, as it seems to be chiefly a vegetable substance, is not unlikely to be true, whether known or not to those who relate it.

There are water-mills in Sky and Raasay; but where they are too far distant, the housewives grind their oats with a quern, or hand-mill, which consists of two stones about a foot and a half in diameter ; the lower is a little convex, to which the concavity of the upper must be fitted. In the middle of the upper stone is a round hole, and on one side is a long handle. The grinder sheds the corn gradually into the hole with one hand, and works the handle round with the other. The corn slides down the convexity of the lower stone, and by the motion of the upper is ground in its passage. These stones are found in Lochaber.

The islands afford few pleasures, except to the hardy sportsman, who can tread the moor and climb the mountain. The distance of one family from another, in a Country where travelling has so much difficulty, makes frequent intercourse impracticable.

Visits last several days, and are commonly paid by water; yet I never saw a boat furnished with benches, or made commodious by any addition to the first fabric. Conveniences are not missed where they never were enjoyed.

The solace which the bagpipe can give, they have long enjoyed ; but among other changes which the last revolution introduced, the use of the bagpipe begins to be forgotten. Some of the chief families still entertain a piper, whose office was anciently hereditary. Macrimmon was piper to Macleod, and Rankin to Maclean of Col.

The tunes of the bagpipe are traditional. There has been in Sky, beyond all time of memory, a college of pipers, under the direction of Macrimmon, which is not quite extinct. There was another in Mull, superintended by Rankin, which expired about sixteen years ago. To these colleges, while the pipe retained its honour, the students of music repaired for education. I have had my dinner exhilarated by the bagpipe, at Armidale, at Dunvegan, and in Col.

The general conversation of the islanders has nothing particular. I do not meet with the inquisitiveness of which I have read, and suspect the judgment to have been rashly made. A stranger of curiosity comes into a place where a stranger is seldom seen ; he importunes the people with questions, of which they cannot guess the motive, and gazes with surprise on things which they, having had them always before their eyes, do not suspect of any thing wonderful. He appears to them like some being of another world, and then thinks it

peculiar that they take their turn to inquire whence he comes, and whither he is going.

The islands were long unfurnished with instruction for youth, and none but the sons of gentlemen could have any literature. There are now parochial schools, to which the lord of every manor pays a certain stipend. Here the children are taught to read ; but by the rule of their institution, they teach only English, so that the natives read a language which they may never use or understand. If a parish, which often happens, contains several islands, the school being but in one, cannot assist the rest. This is the state of Col, which, however, is more enlightened than some other places ; for the deficiency is supplied by a young gentleman, who, for his own improvement, travels every year on foot over the highlands to the session at Aberdeen ; and at his return, during the vacation, teaches to read and write in his native island.

In Sky there are two grammar-schools, where boarders are taken to be regularly educated. The price of board is from three pounds, to four pounds ten shillings a-year, and that of instruction is half a crown a quarter. But the scholars are birds of passage, who live at school only in the summer ; for in winter, provision cannot be made for any considerable number in one place. This periodical dispersion impresses strongly the scarcity of these countries.

Having heard of no boarding-school for ladies nearer than Inverness, I suppose their education is generally domestic. The elder daughters of the higher families are sent into the world, and may con-

tribute by their acquisitions to the improvement of the rest.

Women must here study to be either pleasing or useful. Their deficiencies are seldom supplied by very liberal fortunes. A hundred pounds is a portion beyond the hope of any but the laird's daughter. They do not indeed often give money with their daughters ; the question is, How many cows a young lady will bring her husband ? A rich maiden has from ten to forty ; but two cows are a decent fortune for one who pretends to no distinction.

The religion of the islands is that of the kirk of Scotland. The gentlemen with whom I conversed are all inclined to the English liturgy ; but they are obliged to maintain the established minister, and the country is too poor to afford payment to another, who must live wholly on the contribution of his audience.

They therefore all attend the worship of the kirk, as often as a visit from their minister, or the practicability of travelling, gives them opportunity: nor have they any reason to complain of insufficient pastors ; for I saw not one in the islands, whom I had reason to think either deficient in learning, or irregular in life ; but found several with whom I could not converse without wishing, as my respect increased, that they had not been presbyterians.

The ancient rigour of puritanism is now very much relaxed, though all are not yet equally enlightened. I sometimes met with prejudices sufficiently malignant, but they were prejudices of ignorance. The ministers in the islands had attained such know-

ledge as may justly be admired in men who have no motive to study, but generous curiosity, or what is still better, desire of usefulness; with such politeness as so narrow a circle of converse could not have supplied, but to minds naturally disposed to elegance.

Reason and truth will prevail at last. The most learned of the Scottish doctors would now gladly admit a form of prayer, if the people would endure it. The zeal or rage of congregations has its different degrees. In some parishes the Lord's prayer is suffered : in others it is still rejected as a form ; and he that should make it part of his supplication would be suspected of heretical pravity.

The principle upon which extemporary prayer was originally introduced, is no longer admitted. The minister formerly, in the effusion of his prayer, expected immediate, and perhaps perceptible inspiration, and therefore thought it his duty not to think before what he should say. It is now universally confessed, that men pray as they speak on other occasions, according to the general measure of their abilities and attainments. Whatever each may think of a form prescribed by another, he cannot but believe that he can himself compose by study and meditation a better prayer than will rise in his mind at a sudden call ; and if he has any hope of supernatural help, why may he not as well receive it when he writes as when he speaks ?

In the variety of mental powers, some must perform extemporary prayer with much imperfection ; and in the eagerness and rashness of contradictory

opinions, if public liturgy be left to the private judgment of every minister, the congregation may often be offended or misled.

There is in Scotland, as among ourselves, a restless suspicion of popish machinations, and a clamour of numerous converts to the Romish religion. The report is, I believe, in both parts of the island, equally false. The Romish religion is professed only in Egg and Canna, two small islands, into which the reformation never made its way. If any missionaries are busy in the highlands, their zeal entitles them to respect, even from those who cannot think favourably of their doctrine.

The political tenets of the islanders I was not curious to investigate, and they were not eager to obtrude. Their conversation is decent and inoffensive. They disdain to drink for their principles, and there is no disaffection at their tables. I never heard a health offered by a highlander that might not have circulated with propriety within the precincts of the king's palace.

Legal government has yet something of novelty to which they cannot perfectly conform. The ancient spirit that appealed only to the sword, is yet among them. The tenant of Scalpa, an island belonging to Macdonald, took no care to bring his rent. When the landlord talked of exacting payment, he declared his resolution to keep his ground and drive all intruders from the island, and continued to feed his cattle as on his own land, till it became necessary for the sheriff to dislodge him by violence.

The various kinds of superstition which prevailed here, as in all other regions of ignorance, are by the diligence of the minister almost extirpated.

Of Brownyn, mentioned by Martin, nothing has been heard for many years. Brownyn was a sturdy fairy, who, if he was fed and kindly treated, would, as they said, do a great deal of work. They now pay him no wages, and are content to labour for themselves.

In Troda, within these three-and-thirty years, milk was put every Saturday for Greogach, or the Old Man with the long beard. Whether Greogach was courted as kind, or dreaded as terrible, whether they meant, by giving him the milk, to obtain good or avert evil, I am not informed. The minister is now living by whom the practice was abolished.

They have still among them a great number of charms for the cure of different diseases ; they are all invocations, perhaps transmitted to them from the times of popery, which increasing knowledge will bring into disuse.

They have opinions which cannot be ranked with superstition, because they regard only natural effects. They expect better crops of grain, by sowing their seed in the moon's increase. The moon has great influence in vulgar philosophy. In my memory it was a precept always given in one of the English almanacks, to " kill hogs when the moon was increasing, and the bacon would prove the better in boiling."

We should have had little claim to the praise of curiosity, if we had not endeavoured with parlicu-

lar attention to examine the question of the second sight. Of an opinion received for centuries by a whole nation, and supposed to be confirmed through its whole descent, by a series of successive facts, it is desirable that the truth should be established, or the fallacy detected.

The second sight is an impression made either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant or future are perceived, and seen as if they were present. A man on a journey far from home falls from his horse ; another, who is perhaps at work about the house, sees him bleeding on the ground, commonly with a landscape of the place where the accident befalls him. Another seer, driving home his cattle, or wandering in idleness, or musing in the sunshine, is suddenly surprised by the appearance of a bridal ceremony, or funeral procession, and counts the mourners or attendants, of whom, if he knows them, he relates the names ; if he knows them not, he can describe the dresses. Things distant are seen at the instant when they happen. Of things future I know not that there is any rule for determining the time between the sight and the event.

This receptive faculty, for power it cannot be called, is neither voluntary nor constant. The appearances have no dependence upon choice ; they cannot be summoned, detained, or recalled. The impression is sudden, and the effect often painful.

By the term second sight, seems to be meant a mode of seeing, superadded to that which nature generally bestows. In the Erse it is called *taisch* ; which signifies likewise a spectre, or a vision. I

know not, nor is it likely that the highlanders ever examined whether by *taisch*, used for *second sight*, they mean the power of seeing, or the tiling seen.

I do not find it to be true, as it is reported, that to the second sight nothing is presented but phantoms of evil. Good seems to have the same proportion in those visionary scenes, as it obtains in real life : almost all remarkable events have evil for their basis ; and are either miseries incurred, or miseries escaped. Our sense is so much stronger of what we suffer, than of what we enjoy, that the ideas of pain predominate in almost every mind. What is recollection but a revival of vexations, or history but a record of wars, treasons, and calamities ? Death, which is considered as the greatest evil, happens to all. The greatest good, be it what it will, is the lot but of a part.

That they should often see death, is to be expected ; because death is an event frequent and important. But they see likewise more pleasing incidents. A gentleman told me, that when he had once gone far from his own island, one of his labouring servants predicted his return, and described the livery of his attendant, which he had never worn at home ; and which had been, without any previous design, occasionally given him.

Our desire of information was keen, and our inquiry frequent. Mr Boswell's frankness and gaiety made every body communicative ; and we heard many tales of these airy shows, with more or less evidence and distinctness.

It is the common talk of the lowland Scots, that the notion of the second sight is wearing away with

other superstitions ; and that its reality is no longer supposed, but by the grossest people. How far its prevalence ever extended, or what ground it has lost, I know not. The islanders of all degrees, whether of rank or understanding, universally admit it, except the ministers, who universally deny it, and are suspected to deny it in consequence of a system, against conviction. One of them honestly told me, that he came to Sky with a resolution not to believe it.

Strong reasons for incredulity will readily occur. This faculty of seeing things out of sight is local, and commonly useless. It is a breach of the common order of things, without any visible reason or perceptible benefit. It is ascribed only to a people very little enlightened ; and among them, for the most part, to the mean and ignorant.

To the confidence of these objections it may be replied, that by presuming to determine what is fit, and what is beneficial, they presuppose more knowledge of the universal system than man has attained, and therefore depend upon principles too complicated and extensive for our comprehension ; and that there can be no security in the consequence, when the premises are not understood ; that the second sight is only wonderful because it is rare ; for, considered in itself, it involves no more difficulty than dreams, or perhaps than the regular exercise of the cogitative faculty ; that a general opinion of communicative impulses, or visionary representations, has prevailed in all ages and all nations ; that particular instances have been given, with such evidence as neither Bacon nor Bayle has been able

to resist ; that sudden impressions, which the event has verified, have been felt by more than own or publish them ; that the second sight of the Hebrides implies only the local frequency of a power which is no where totally unknown ; and that where we are unable to decide by antecedent reason, we must be content to yield to the force of testimony.

By pretension to second sight, no profit was ever sought or gained. It is an involuntary affection, in which neither hope nor fear are known to have any part. Those who profess to feel it, do not boast of it as a privilege, nor are considered by others as advantageously distinguished. They have no temptation to feign ; and their hearers have no motive to encourage the imposture.

To talk with any of these seers is not easy. There is one living in Sky, with whom we would have gladly conversed ; but he was very gross and ignorant, and knew no English. The proportion in these countries of the poor to the rich is such, that if we suppose the quality to be accidental, it can very rarely happen to a man of education ; and yet on such men it has sometimes fallen. There is now a second-sighted gentleman in the highlands, who complains of the terrors to which he is exposed.

The foresight of the seers is not always prescience: they are impressed with images, of which the event only shows them the meaning. They tell what they have seen to others, who are at that time not more knowing than themselves, but may become at last very adequate witnesses, by comparing the narrative with its verification.

To collect sufficient testimonies for the satisfaction of the public, or of ourselves, would have required more time than we could bestow. There is, against it, the seeming analogy of things, confusedly seen, and little understood ; and for it, the indistinct cry of national persuasion, which may be perhaps resolved at last into prejudice and tradition. I never could advance my curiosity to conviction ; but came away at last only willing to believe.

As there subsists no longer in the islands much of that peculiar and discriminative form of life, of which the idea had delighted our imagination, we were willing to listen to such accounts of past times as would be given us. But we soon found what memorials were to be expected from an illiterate people, whose whole time is a series of distress ; where every morning is labouring with expedients for the evening ; and where all mental pains or pleasure arose from the dread of winter, the expectation of spring, the caprices of their chiefs, and the motions of the neighbouring clans ; where there was neither shame from ignorance, nor pride in knowledge ; neither curiosity to enquire, nor vanity to communicate.

The chiefs indeed were exempt from urgent penury and daily difficulties ; and in their houses were preserved what accounts remained of past ages. But the chiefs were sometimes ignorant and careless, and sometimes kept busy by turbulence and contention ; and one generation of ignorance effaces the whole series of unwritten history. Books are faithful repositories, which may be a while neglected

or forgotten ; but when they are opened again, will again impart their instruction : memory, once interrupted, is not to be recalled. Written learning is a fixed luminary, which, after the cloud that had hidden it has past away, is again bright in its proper station. Tradition is but a meteor, which, if once it falls, cannot be rekindled.

It seems to be universally supposed, that much of the local history was preserved by the bards, of whom one is said to have been retained by every great family. After these bards were some of my first enquiries ; and I received such answers as, for a while, made me please myself with my increase of knowledge ; for I had not then learned how to estimate the narration of a highlander.

They said that a great family had a bard and a senachi, who were the poet and historian of the house ; and an old gentleman told me that he remembered one of each. Here was a dawn of intelligence. Of men that had lived within memory, some certain knowledge might be attained. Though the office had ceased, its effects might continue ; the poems might be found, though there was no poet.

Another conversation indeed informed me, that the same man was both bard and senachi. This variation discouraged me ; but as the practice might be different in different times, or at the same time in different families, there was yet no reason for supposing that I must necessarily sit down in total ignorance.

Soon after, I was told by a gentleman who is generally acknowledged the greatest master of He-

bridian antiquities, that there had indeed once **been** both bards and senachis; and that senachi signified the man of talk, or of conversation; but that neither bard nor senachi had existed for some centuries. I have no reason to suppose it exactly known at what time the custom ceased, nor did it probably cease in all houses at once. But whenever the practice of recitation was disused, the works, whether poetical or historical, perished with the authors; for in those times nothing had been written in the Erse language.

Whether the man of talk was an historian, whose office was to tell truth, or a story-teller, like those which were in the last century, and perhaps are now among the Irish, whose trade was only to amuse, it now would be vain to inquire.

Most of the domestic offices were, I believe, hereditary; and probably the laureat of a clan was always the son of the last laureat. The history of the race could no otherwise be communicated or retained; but what genius could be expected in a poet by inheritance?

The nation was wholly illiterate. Neither bards nor senachis could write or read; but if they were ignorant, there was no danger of detection; they were believed by those whose vanity they flattered.

The recital of genealogies, which has been considered as very efficacious to the preservation of a true series of ancestry, was anciently made when the heir of the family came to manly age. This practice has never subsisted within time of memory, nor was much credit due to such rehearsers, who might ob-

trude fictitious pedigrees, either to please their masters, or to hide the deficiency of their own memories.

Where the chiefs of the highlands have found the histories of their descent, is difficult to tell ; for no Erse genealogy was ever written. In general this only is evident, that the principal house of a clan must be very ancient, and that those must have lived long in a place, of whom it is not known when they came thither.

Thus hopeless are all attempts to find any traces of highland learning. Nor are their primitive customs and ancient manner of life otherwise than very faintly and uncertainly remembered by the present race.

The peculiarities which strike the native of a commercial country, proceeded in a great measure from the want of money. To the servants and dependants that were not domestics, and, if an estimate be made from the capacity of any of their old houses which I have seen, their domestics could have been but few, were appropriated certain portions of land for their support. Macdonald has a piece of ground yet, called the bard's or senachi's field. When a beef was killed for the house, particular parts were claimed as fees by the several officers, or workmen. What was the right of each I have not learned. The head belonged to the smith, and the udder of a cow to the piper ; the weaver had likewise his particular part ; and so many pieces followed these prescriptive claims, that the laird's was at last but little.

The payment of rent in kind has been so long disused in England, that it is totally forgotten. It was

practised very lately in the Hebrides, and probably still continues, not only at St Kilda, where money is not yet known, but in others of the smaller and remoter islands. It were perhaps to be desired, that no change in this particular should have been made. When the laird could only eat the produce of his lands, he was under the necessity of residing upon them ; and when the tenant could not convert his stock into more portable riches, he could never be tempted away from his farm, from the only place where he could be wealthy. Money confounds subordination, by overpowering the distinctions of rank and birth, and weakens authority, by supplying power of resistance, or expedients for escape. The feudal system is formed for a nation employed in agriculture, and has never long kept its hold where gold and silver have become common.

Their arms were anciently the glaymore, or great two-handed sword, and afterwards the two-edged sword and target, or buckler, which was sustained on the left arm. In the midst of the target, which was made of wood, covered with leather, and studded with nails, a slender lance, about two feet long, was sometimes fixed ; it was heavy and cumbersome, and accordingly has for some time past been gradually laid aside. Very few targets were at Culloden. The dirk, or broad dagger, I am afraid, was of more use in private quarrels than in battles. The Lochaber-axe is only a slight alteration of the old English bill.

After all that has been said of the force and terror of the highland sword, I could not find that the art of defence was any part of common education.

The gentlemen were perhaps sometimes skilful gladiators, but the common men had no other powers than those of violence and courage. Yet it is well known, that the onset of the highlanders was very formidable. As an army cannot consist of philosophers, a panic is easily excited by any unwonted mode of annoyance. New dangers are naturally magnified ; and men accustomed only to exchange bullets at a distance, and rather to hear their enemies than see them, are discouraged and amazed when they find themselves encountered hand to hand, and catch the gleam of steel flashing in their faces.

The highland weapons gave opportunity for many exertions of personal courage, and sometimes for single combats in the field ; like those which occur so frequently in fabulous wars. At Falkirk, a gentleman now living, was, I suppose after the retreat of the king's troops, engaged at a distance from the rest with an Irish dragoon. They were both skilful swordsmen, and the contest was not easily decided : the dragoon at last had the advantage, and the highlander called for quarter ; but quarter was refused him, and the fight continued till he was reduced to defend himself upon his knee. At that instant one of the Macleods came to his rescue ; who, as it is said, offered quarter to the dragoon, but he thought himself obliged to reject what he had before refused, and, as battle gives little time to deliberate, was immediately killed.

Funerals were formerly solemnized by calling multitudes together, and entertaining them at a great expense. This emulation of useless cost has been

for some time discouraged, and at last in the isle of Sky is almost suppressed.

Of the Erse language, as I understand nothing, I cannot say more than I have been told. It is the rude speech of a barbarous people, who had few thoughts to express, and were content, as they conceived grossly, to be grossly understood. After what has been lately talked of highland bards, and highland genius, many will startle when they are told, that the Erse never was a written language; that there is not in the world an Erse manuscript a hundred years old; and that the sounds of the highlanders were never expressed by letters, till some little books of piety were translated, and a metrical version of the Psalms was made by the synod of Argyle. Whoever therefore now writes in this language, spells according to his own perception of the sound, and his own idea of the power of the letters. The Welsh and the Irish are cultivated tongues. The Welsh, two hundred years ago, insulted their English neighbours for the instability of their orthography; while the Erse merely floated in the breath of the people, and could therefore receive little improvement.

When a language begins to teem with books, it is tending to refinement. As those who undertake to teach others must have undergone some labour in improving themselves, they set a proportionate value on their own thoughts, and wish to enforce them by efficacious expressions; speech becomes embodied and permanent; different modes and phrases are compared, and the best obtains an establishment. By degrees, one age improves upon another.

Exactness is first obtained, and afterwards elegance. But diction, merely vocal, is always in its childhood. As no man leaves his eloquence behind him, the new generations have all to learn. There may possibly be books without a polished language, but there can be no polished language without books.

That the bards could not read more than the rest of their countrymen, it is reasonable to suppose ; because, if they had read, they could probably have written ; and how high their compositions may reasonably be rated, an enquirer may best judge by considering what stores of imagery, what principles of ratiocination, what comprehension of knowledge, and what delicacy of elocution he has known any man attain who cannot read. The state of the bards was yet more hopeless. He that cannot read, may now converse with those that can ; but the bard was a barbarian among barbarians, who knowing nothing himself, lived with others that knew no more.

There has lately been in the islands one of these illiterate poets, who hearing the Bible read at church, is said to have turned the sacred history into verse. I heard part of a dialogue, composed by him, translated by a young lady in Mull, and thought it had more meaning than I expected from a man totally uneducated : but he had some opportunities of knowledge ; he lived among a learned people. After all that has been done for the instruction of the highlanders, the antipathy between their language and literature still continues ; and no man that has learned only Erse is, at this time, able to read.

The Erse has many dialects, and the words used in some islands are not always known in others. In literate nations, though the pronunciation and sometimes the words of common speech, may differ, as now in England, compared with the south of Scotland, yet there is a written diction, which pervades all dialects, and is understood in every province. But where the whole language is colloquial, he that has only one part, never gets the rest, as he cannot get it but by change of residence.

In an unwritten speech, nothing that is not very short is transmitted from one generation to another. Few have opportunities of hearing a long composition often enough to learn it, or have inclination to repeat it so often as is necessary to retain it ; and what is once forgotten is lost for ever. I believe there cannot be recovered in the whole Erse language, five hundred lines of which there is any evidence to prove them a hundred years old. Vet I hear that the father of Ossian boasts of two chests more of ancient poetry, which he suppresses, because they are too good for the English.

He that goes into the highlands with a mind naturally acquiescent, and a credulity eager for wonders, may come back with an opinion very different from mine ; for the inhabitants, knowing the ignorance of all strangers in their language and antiquities, perhaps are not very scrupulous adherants to truth ; yet I do not say that they deliberately speak studied falsehood, or have a settled purpose to deceive, They have enquired and considered little, and do not always feel their own ignorance. They are not much accustomed to be interrogated by others,

and seem never to have thought upon interrogating themselves ; so that if they do not know what they tell to be true, they likewise do not distinctly perceive it to be false.

Mr Boswell was very diligent in his enquiries ; and the result of his investigations was, that the answer to the second question was commonly such as nullified the answer to the first.

We were a while told, that they had an old translation of the Scriptures ; and told it till it would appear obstinacy to enquire again. Yet, by continued accumulation of questions, we found that the translation meant, if any meaning there were, was nothing else than the Irish Bible.

We heard of manuscripts that were, or that had been, in the hands of somebody's father, or grandfather; but at last we have no reason to believe they were other than Irish. Martin mentions Irish, but never any Erse manuscripts, to be found in the islands in his time.

I suppose my opinion of the poems of Ossian is already discovered. I believe they never existed in any other form than that which we have seen. The editor or author never could shew the original ; nor can it be shown by any other. To revenge reasonable incredulity, by refusing evidence, is a degree of insolence with which the world is not yet acquainted ; and stubborn audacity is the last refuge of guilt. It would be easy to shew it if he had it ; but whence could it be had ? It is too long to be remembered, and the language formerly had nothing written. He has doubtless inserted names that circulate in popular stories, and may have translated some wandering

ballads, if any can be found ; and the names, and some of the images, being recollected, make an inaccurate auditor imagine, by the help of Caledonian bigotry, that he has formerly heard the whole.

I asked a very learned minister in Sky, who had used all arts to make me believe the genuineness of the book, whether at last he believed it himself? but he would not answer. He wished me to be deceived, for the honour of his country ; but would not directly and formally deceive me. Yet has this man's testimony been publicly produced, as of one that held Fingal to be the work of Ossian.

It is said, that some men of integrity profess to have heard parts of it, but they all heard them when they were boys ; and it was never said that any of them could recite six lines. They remember names, and perhaps some proverbial sentiments; and having no distinct ideas, coin a resemblance without an original. The persuasion of the Scots, however, is far from universal ; and in a question so capable of proof, why should doubt be suffered to continue ? The editor has been heard to say, that part of the poem was received by him, in the Saxon character. He has then found, by some peculiar fortune, an unwritten language, written in a character which the natives probably never beheld.

I have yet supposed no imposture but in the publisher; yet I am far from certainty, that some translations have not been lately made, that may now be obtruded as parts of the original work. Credulity on one part is a strong temptation to deceit on the other, especially to deceit of which no personal injury is

the consequence, and which flatters the author with His own ingenuity. The Scots have something to plead for their easy reception of an improbable fiction ; they are seduced by their fondness for their supposed ancestors. A Scotsman must be a very sturdy moralist, who does not love Scotland better than truth ; he will always love it better than enquiry : and if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it. Neither ought the English to be much influenced by Scotch authority ; for of the past and present state of the whole Erse nation, the lowlanders are at least as ignorant as ourselves. To be ignorant is painful ; but it is dangerous to quiet our uneasiness by the delusive opiate of hasty persuasion.

But this is the age in which those who could not read, have been supposed to write ; in which the giants of antiquated romance have been exhibited as realities. If we know little of the ancient highlanders, let us not fill the vacuity with Ossian. If we have not searched the Magellanic regions, let us however forbear to people them with Patagons.

Having waited some days at Armidel, we were flattered at last with a wind that promised to convey us to Mull. We went on board a boat that was taking' in kelp, and left the isle of Sky behind us. We were doomed to experience, like others, the danger of trusting to the wind, which blew against us, in a short time, with such violence, that we, being no seasoned sailors, were willing to call it a tempest. I was sea-sick, and lay down. Mr Boswell kept the deck. The master knew not well whither to go ; and our difficulties might perhaps

have filled a very pathetic page, had not Mr Maclean of Col, who, with every other qualification which insular life required, is a very active and skilful mariner, piloted us safe into his own harbour.

COL.

In the morning we found ourselves under the isle of Col, where we landed ; and passed the first day and night with captain Maclean, a gentleman who has lived some time in the East Indies, but having dethroned no Nabob, is not too rich to settle in his own country.

Next day the wind was fair, and we might have had an easy passage to Mull ; but having, contrarily to our own intention, landed upon a new island, we would not leave it wholly unexamined. We therefore suffered the vessel to depart without us, and trusted the skies for another wind.

Mr Maclean of Col, having a very numerous family, has for some time past resided at Aberdeen, that he may superintend their education ; and leaves the young gentleman, our friend, to govern his dominions, with the full power of a highland chief. By the absence of the laird's family, our entertainment was made more difficult, because the house was in a great degree disfurnished; but young Col's kindness and activity supplied all defects, and procured us more than sufficient accommodation.

Here I first mounted a little highland steed; and if there had been many spectators, should have been somewhat ashamed of my figure in the march. The horses of the islands, as of other barren countries,

are **very low** : **they** are indeed **musculous and strong, beyond** what their size gives reason for expecting ; **but** a bulky man upon one of their backs makes a very disproportionate appearance.

From the habitation of captain Maclean we went to Grissipol, but called by the way on Mr Hector Maclean, the minister of Col, whom we found in a hut, that is a house of only one floor, but with windows and chimney, and not inelegantly furnished. Mr Maclean has the reputation of great learning ; he is seventy-seven years old, but not infirm, with a look of venerable dignity excelling what I remember in any other man.

His conversation was not unsuitable to his appearance. I lost some of his good will, by treating a heretical writer with more regard than, in his opinion, a heretic could deserve, I honoured his orthodoxy, and did not much censure his asperity. A man who has settled his opinions, does not love to have the tranquillity of his conviction disturbed ; and at seventy-seven it is time to be in earnest.

Mention is made of the Erse translation of the New Testament, which has been lately published, and of which the learned Mr Macqueen of Sky spoke with commendation ; but Mr Maclean said, he did not use it, because he could make the text more intelligible to his auditors by an extemporary version. From this I inferred, that the language of the translation was not the language of the isle of Col.

He has no public edifice for the exercise of his ministry ; and can officiate to no greater number than a room can contain ; and the room of a hut is not very large. This is all the opportunity of wor-

ship that is now granted to the inhabitants of the island ; some of whom must travel thither perhaps ten miles. Two chapels were erected by their ancestors, of which I saw the skeletons, which now stand faithful witnesses of the triumph of reformation.

The want of churches is not the only impediment to piety : there is likewise a want of ministers. A parish often contains more islands than one ; and each island can have the minister only in its own turn. At Raasay they had, I think, a right to service only every third Sunday. All the provision made by the present ecclesiastical constitution, for the inhabitants of about a hundred square miles, is a prayer and sermon in a little room, once in three weeks : and even this parsimonious distribution is at the mercy of the weather : and in those islands where the minister does not reside, it is impossible to tell how many weeks or months may pass without any public exercise of religion.

GRISSIPOL IN COL.

After a short conversation with Mr Maclean, we went on to Grissipol, a house and farm tenanted by Mr Macsweyn, where I saw more of the ancient life of a highlander than I had yet found. Mrs Macsweyn could speak no English, and had never seen any other places than the islands of Sky, Mull, and Col: but she was hospitable and good-humoured, and spread her table with sufficient liberality. We found tea here, as in every other place, but our spoons were of horn.

The house of Grissipol stands by a brook very dear and quick ; which is, I suppose, one of the most copious streams in the island. This place was the scene of an action, much celebrated in the traditional history of Col, but which probably no two relaters will tell alike.

Some time in the obscure ages, Macneil of Barra married the lady Maclean, who had the isle of Col for her jointure. Whether Macneil detained Col when the widow was dead, or whether she lived so long as to make her heirs impatient, is perhaps not now known. The younger son, called John Gerves, or John the giant, a man of great strength, who was then in Ireland either for safety or for education, dreamed of recovering his inheritance ; and getting some adventururers together, which in those unsettled times was not hard to do, invaded Col. He was driven away, but was not discouraged, and collecting new followers, in three years came again with fifty men. In his way he stopped at Artorinish in Morvern, where his uncle was prisoner to Macleod, and was then with his enemies in a tent. Maclean took with him only one servant, whom he ordered to stay at the outside ; and where he should see the tent pressed outwards, to strike with his dirk ; it being the intention of Maclean, as any man provoked him, to lay hands upon him, and push him back. He entered the tent alone, with his Lochaber-axe in his hand, and struck such terror into the whole assembly, that they dismissed his uncle.

When he landed at Col, he saw the sentinel, who kept watch towards the sea, running off to Grissipol, to give Macneil, who was there with a hundred and

twenty men, an account of the invasion. He told Macgill, one of his followers, that if he intercepted that dangerous intelligence, by catching the courier, *he* would give him certain lands in Mull. Upon this promise Macgill pursued the messenger, and either killed or stopped him ; and his posterity, till very lately, held the lands in Mull.

The alarm being thus prevented, he came unexpectedly upon Macneil. Chiefs were in those days never wholly unprovided for an enemy. A fight ensued, in which one of their followers is said to have given an extraordinary proof of activity, by bounding backwards over the brook of Grissipol. Macneil being killed, and many of his clan destroyed, Maclean took possession of the island ; which the Macneils attempted to conquer by another invasion, but were defeated and repulsed.

Maclean, in his turn, invaded the estate of the Macneils, took the castle of Brecacig, and conquered the isle of Barra, which he held for seven years, and then restored it to the heirs.

CASTLE OP COL.

From Grissipol Mr Maclean conducted us to his fathers seat ; a neat new house erected near the old castle, I think, by the last proprietor. Here we were allowed to take our station, and lived very commodiously, while we waited for moderate weather and a fair wind, which we did not so soon obtain ; but we had time to get some information of the present state of Col, partly by enquiry, and partly by occasional excursions.

Col is computed to be thirteen miles in length, and three in breadth. Both the ends are the property of the duke of Argyle, but the middle belongs to Maclean, who is called Col, as the only laird.

Col is not properly rocky ; it is rather one continued rock, of a surface much diversified with protuberances, and covered with a thin layer of earth, which is often broken, and discovers the stone. Such a soil is not for plants that strike deep roots ; and perhaps in the whole island nothing has ever yet grown to the height of a table. The uncultivated parts are clothed with heath, among which industry has interspersed spots of grass and corn ; but no attempt has been made to raise a tree. Young Col, who has a very laudable desire of improving his patrimony, purposes some time to plant an orchard : which, if it be sheltered by a wall, may perhaps succeed. He has introduced the culture of turnips, of which he has a field, where the whole work was performed by his own hand. His intention is to provide food for his cattle in the winter. This innovation was considered by Mr Macsweyn as the idle project of a young head, heated with English fancies ; but he has now found that turnips will really grow, and that hungry sheep and cows will really eat them.

By such acquisitions as these, the Hebrides may in time rise above their annual distress. Wherever heath will grow, there is reason to think something better may draw nourishment ; and by trying the production of other places, plants will be found suitable to every soil.

Col has many lochs, some of which have trouts and eels, and others have never yet been stocked ; another proof of the negligence of the islanders, who might take fish in the inland waters when they cannot go to sea.

Their quadrupeds are horses, cows, sheep, and goats. They have neither deer, hares, nor rabbits. They have no vermin, except rats, which have been lately brought thither by sea, as to other places ; and are free from serpents, frogs, and toads.

The harvest in Col and in Lewis is ripe sooner than in Sky ; and the winter in Col is never cold, but very tempestuous. I know not that I ever heard the wind so loud in any other place ; and Mr Boswell observed that its noise was all its own, for there were no trees to increase it.

Noise is not the worst effect of the tempests ; for they have thrown the sand from the shore over a considerable part of the land, and is said still to encroach and destroy more and more pasture ; but I am not of opinion, that by any surveys or landmarks, its limits have been ever fixed, or its progression ascertained. If one man has confidence enough to say that it advances, nobody can bring any proof to support him in denying it. The reason why it is not spread to a greater extent, seems to be, that the wind and rain come almost together, and that it is made close and heavy by the wet before the storms can put it in motion. So thick is the bed, and so small the particles, that if a traveller should be caught by a sudden gust in dry weather, he would find it very difficult to escape with life.

For natural curiosities I was shown only two great masses of stone, which lie loose upon the ground ; one on the top of a hill, and the other at a small distance from the bottom. They certainly were never put into their present places by human strength of skill ; and though an earthquake might have broken off the lower stone, and rolled it into the valley, no account can be given of the other, which lies on the hill, unless, which I forgot to examine, there be still near it some higher rock, from which it might be torn. All nations have a tradition, that their earliest ancestors were giants ; and these stones are said to have been thrown up and down by a giant and his mistress. There are so many more important things of which human knowledge can give no account, that it may be forgiven us, if we speculate no longer on two stones in Col.

This island is very populous. About nine-and-twenty years ago, the fencible men of Col were reckoned one hundred and forty, which is the sixth of eight hundred and forty ; and probably some contrived to be left out of the list. The minister told us, that a few years ago the inhabitants were eight hundred, between the ages of seven and of seventy. Round numbers are seldom exact. But in this case the authority is good, and the error likely to be little. If to the eight hundred be added what the laws of computation require, they will be increased to at least a thousand ; and if the dimensions of the country have been accurately related, every mile maintains more than twenty-five.

This proportion of habitation is greater than the

appearance of the country seems to admit; for wherever the eye wanders, it seems much waste and little cultivation. I am more inclined to extend the land, of which no measure has ever been taken, than to diminish the people, who have been really numbered. Let it be supposed, that a computed mile contains a mile and a half, as was commonly found true in the mensuration of the English roads, and we shall then allot nearly twelve to a mile, which agrees much better with ocular observation.

Here, as in Sky, and other islands, are the laird, the tacksmen, and the under-tenants.

Mr Maclean, the laird, has very extensive possessions, being proprietor, not only of far the greater part of Col, but of the extensive island of Rum, and a very considerable territory in Mull.

Rum is one of the larger islands, almost square, and therefore of great capacity in proportion to its sides. By the usual method of estimating computed extent, it may contain more than a hundred and twenty square miles.

It originally belonged to Clanronald, and was purchased by Col; who, in some dispute about the bargain, made Clanronald prisoner, and kept him nine months in confinement. Its owner represents it as mountainous, rugged, and barren. In the hills there are red deer. The horses are very small, but of a breed eminent for beauty. Col, not long ago, bought one of them from a tenant; who told him, that as he was of a shape uncommonly elegant, he could not sell him but at a high price; and that whoever had him should pay a guinea and a half.

There are said to be in Barra a race of horses

yet smaller, of which the highest is not above thirty-six inches.

The rent of Rum is not great. Mr Maclean declared that he should be very rich, if he could set his land at two-pence halfpenny an acre. The inhabitants are fifty-eight families, who continued papists for some time after the laird became a protestant. Their adherence to their old religion was strengthened by the countenance of the laird's sister, a zealous Romanist, till one Sunday, as they were going to mass under the conduct of their patroness, Maclean met them on the way, gave one of them a blow on the head with a yellow stick, I suppose a cane, for which the Erse had no name, and drove them to the kirk, from which they have never since departed. Since the use of this method of conversion, the inhabitants of Egg and Canna, who continue papists, call the protestantism of Rum the religion of the yellow stick.

The only popish islands are Egg and Canna. Egg is the principal island of a parish, in which, though he has no congregation, the protestant minister resides. I have heard of nothing curious in it, but the cave in which a former generation of the islanders were smothered by Macleod.

If we had travelled with more leisure, it had not been fit to have neglected the popish islands. Popery is favourable to ceremony ; and among ignorant nations ceremony is the only preservative of tradition. Since protestantism was extended to the savage parts of Scotland, it has perhaps been one of the chief labours of the ministers to abolish stated

observances, because they continued the remembrance of the former religion. We therefore who came to hear old traditions, and see antiquated manners, should probably have found them amongst the papists.

Canna, the other popish island, belongs to Clanronald. It is said not to comprise more than twelve miles of land, and yet maintains as many inhabitants as Rum.

We were at Col under the protection of the young laird, without any of the distresses which Mr Penant, in a fit of simple credulity, seems to think almost worthy of an elegy by Ossian. Wherever we roved, we were pleased to see the reverence with which his subjects regarded him. He did not endeavour to dazzle them by any magnificence of dress ; his only distinction was a feather in his bonnet ; but as soon as he appeared, they forsook their work and clustered about him : he took them by the hand, and they seemed mutually delighted. He has the proper disposition of a chieftain, and seems desirous to continue the customs of his house. The bagpiper played regularly when dinner was served, whose person and dress made a good appearance ; and he brought no disgrace upon the family of Rankin, which has long supplied the lairds of Col with hereditary music.

The tacksmen of Col seem to live with less dignity and convenience than those of Sky ; where they had good houses, and tables not only plentiful, but delicate. In Col only two houses pay the window tax ; for only two have six windows, which, I suppose, are the laird's and Mr Macsweyn's,

The rents have, till within seven years, been paid *in kind* ; but the tenants finding that cattle and corn varied in their price, desired for the future to give their landlord money ; which, not having yet arrived at the philosophy of commerce, they consider as being every year of the same value.

We were told of a particular mode of under-tenure. The tacksman admits some of his inferior neighbours to the cultivation of his grounds, on condition that, performing all the work, and giving a third part of the seed, they shall keep a certain number of cows, sheep, and goats, and reap a third part of the harvest. Thus by less than the tillage of two acres they pay the rent of one.

There are tenants below the rank of tacksmen, that have *got* smaller tenants under them ; for in every place, where money is not the general equivalent, there must be some whose labour is immediately paid by daily food.

A country that has no money, is by no means convenient for beggars, both because such countries are commonly poor, and because charity requires some trouble and some thought. A penny is easily given upon the first impulse of compassion, or impatience of importunity ; but few will deliberately search their cupboards or their granaries to find out something to give. A penny is likewise easily spent ; but victuals, if they are unprepared, require house-room, and fire, and utensils, which the beggar knows not where to find.

Yet beggars there sometimes are, who wander from island to island. We had, in our passage to Mull, the company of a woman and her child, who

had exhausted the charity of Col. The arrival of a beggar on an island is accounted a sinistrous event. Every body considers that he shall have the less for what he gives away. Their alms, I believe, is generally oatmeal.

Near to Col is another island called Tir-eye, eminent for its fertility. Though it has but half the extent of Rum, it is so well peopled, that there have appeared not long ago, nine hundred and fourteen at a funeral. The plenty of this island enticed beggars to it, who seemed so burthensome to the inhabitants, that a formal compact was drawn up, by which they obliged themselves to grant no more relief to casual wanderers, because they had among them an indigent woman of high birth, whom they considered as entitled to all that they could spare. I have read the stipulation, which was indited with juridical formality, but was never made valid by regular subscription.

If the inhabitants of Col have nothing to give, it is not that they are oppressed by their landlord : their leases seem to be very profitable. One farmer, who pays only seven pounds a-year, has maintained seven daughters and three sons, of whom the eldest is educated at Aberdeen for the ministry ; and now, at every vacation, opens a school in Col.

Life is here, in some respects, improved beyond the condition of some other islands. In Sky, what is wanted can only be bought, as the arrival of some wandering pedlar may afford an opportunity ; but in Col there is a standing shop, and in Mull there are two. A shop in the islands, as in other places

of little frequentation, is a repository of every thing requisite for common use. Mr Boswell's journal was filled, and he bought some paper in Col. To a man that ranges the streets of London, where he is tempted to contrive wants for the pleasure of supplying them, a shop affords no image worthy of attention ; but in an island, it turns the balance of existence between good and evil. To live in perpetual want of little things, is a state not indeed of torture, but of constant vexation. I have in Sky had some difficulty to find ink for a letter; and if a woman breaks her needle, the work is at a stop.

As it is, the islanders are obliged to content themselves with succedaneous means for many common purposes. I have seen the chief man of a very wide district riding with a halter for a bridle, and governing his hobby with a wooden curb.

The people of Col, however, do not want dexterity to supply some of their necessities. Several arts which make trades, and demand apprenticeships in great cities, are here the practices of daily economy. In every house candles are made, both moulded and dipped. Their wicks are small shreds of linen cloth. They all know how to extract from the cuddy, oil for their lamps. They all tan skins and make brogues.

As we travelled through Sky, we saw many cottages, but they very frequently stood single on the naked ground. In Col, where the hills opened a place convenient for habitation, we found a petty village, of which every hut had a little garden adjoining; thus they made an appearance of social commerce and mutual offices, and of some attention

to convenience and future supply. There is not in the Western Islands any collection of buildings that can make pretensions to be called a town, except in the isle of Lewis, which I have not seen.

If Lewis is distinguished by a town, Col has also something peculiar. The young laird has attempted what no islander perhaps ever thought on. He has begun a road capable of a wheel carriage. He has carried it about a mile, and will continue it by annual elongation from his house to the harbour.

Of taxes here is no reason for complaining ; they are paid by a very easy composition. The malt-tax for Col is twenty shillings. Whisky is very plentiful : there are several stills in the island, and more is made than the inhabitants consume.

The great business of insular policy is now to keep the people in their own country. As the world has been let in upon them, they have heard of happier climates, and less arbitrary government ; and if they are disgusted, have emissaries among them ready to offer them land and houses, as a reward for deserting their chief and clan. Many have departed both from the main of Scotland, and from the islands ; and all that go may be considered as subjects lost to the British crown ; for a nation scattered in the boundless regions of America resembles rays diverging from a focus. All the rays remain, but the heat is gone. Their power consisted in their concentration : when they are dispersed, they have no effect

It may be thought that they are happier by the change ; but they are not happy as a nation, for they are a nation no longer. As they contribute not to

the prosperity of any community, they must want that security, that dignity, that happiness, whatever it be, which a prosperous community throws back upon individuals.

The inhabitants of Col have not yet learned to be weary of their heath and rocks, but attend their agriculture and their dairies, without listening to American seducements.

There are some however who think that this emigration has raised terror disproportionate to its real evil ; and that it is only a new mode of doing what was always done. The highlands, they say, never maintained their natural inhabitants ; but the people, when they found themselves too numerous, instead of extending cultivation, provided for themselves by a more compendious method, and sought better fortune in other countries. They did not indeed go away in collective bodies, but withdrew invisibly, a few at a time ; but the whole number of fugitives was not less, and the difference between other times and this, is only the same as between evaporation and effusion.

This is plausible, but I am afraid it is not true. Those who went before, if they were not sensibly missed, as the argument supposes, must have gone either in less number, or in a manner less detrimental, than at present ; because formerly there was no complaint. Those who then left the country were generally the idle dependants on overburdened families, or men who had no property ; and therefore carried away only themselves. In the present eagerness of emigration, families, and almost communities, go away together. Those who were considered

as prosperous **and** wealthy, sell their stock and carry away the money. **Once** none went away but the useless and poor ; in some parts there is now reason to fear, that none will stay but those who are too poor to remove themselves, and too useless to be removed at the cost of others.

Of antiquity there is not more knowledge in Col than in other places ; but every where something may be gleaned.

How ladies were portioned, when there was no money, it would be difficult for an Englishman to guess. In 1649, Maclean of Dronart in Mull married his sister Fingala to Maclean of Col, with a hundred and eighty kine; and stipulated, that if she became a widow, her jointure should be three hundred and sixty. I suppose some proportionate tract of land was appropriated to their pasturage.

The disposition to pompous and expensive funerals, which has at one time or other prevailed in most parts of the civilized world, is not yet suppressed in the islands, though some of the ancient solemnities are worn away, and singers are no longer hired to attend the procession. Nineteen years ago, at the burial of the laird of Col, were killed thirty cows, and about fifty sheep. The number of the cows is positively told, and we must suppose other victuals in like proportion.

Mr Maclean informed us of an old game, of which he did not tell the original, but which may perhaps be used in other places, where the reason of it is not yet forgot. At new-year's eve, in the hall or castle of the laird, where, at festal seasons, there may be supposed a very numerous company, one man

dresses himself in a cow's hide, upon which other men beat with sticks. He runs with all this noise round the house, which all the company quits in a counterfeited fright : the door is then shut. At new-year's eve there is no great pleasure to be had out of doors in the Hebrides. They are sure soon to recover from their terror enough to solicit for re-admission ; which, for the honour of poetry, is not to be obtained but by repeating a verse, with which those that are knowing and provident take care to be furnished.

Very near the house of Maclean stands the castle of Col, which was the mansion of the laird, till the house was built. It is built upon a rock, as Mr Boswell remarked, that it might not be mined. It is very strong, and having been not long uninhabited, is yet in repair. On the wall was, not long ago, a stone with an inscription, importing, " that if any man of the clan of Maclonich shall appear before this castle, though he come at midnight, with a man's head in his hand, he shall there find safety and protection against all but the king."

This is an old highland treaty, made upon a very memorable occasion. Maclean, the son of John Gerves, who recovered Col, and conquered Barra, had obtained, it is said, from James the Second, a grant of the lands of Lochiel, forfeited, I suppose, by some offence against the state.

Forfeited estates were not in those days quietly resigned ; Maclean, therefore, went with an armed force to seize his new possessions, and, I know not for what reason, took his wife with him. The Camerons rose in defence of their chief, and a battle

was fought at the head of Loch Ness, near the place where Fort Augustus now stands, in which Lochiel obtained the victory, and Maclean, with his followers, was defeated and destroyed.

The lady fell into the hands of the conquerors, and being found pregnant, was placed in the custody of Maclonich, one of a tribe or family branched from Cameron, with orders, if she brought a boy to destroy him, if a girl, to spare her.

Maclonich's wife, who was with child likewise, had a girl about the same time at which lady Maclean brought a boy ; and Maclonich, with more generosity to his captive, than fidelity to his trust, contrived that the children should be changed.

Maclean being thus preserved from death, in time recovered his original patrimony ; and in gratitude to his friend, made his castle a place of refuge to any of the clan that should think himself in danger ; and as a proof of reciprocal confidence, Maclean took upon himself and his posterity the care of educating the heir of Maclonich.

This story, like all other traditions of the highlands, is variously related ; but though some circumstances are uncertain, the principal fact is true. Maclean undoubtedly owed his preservation to Maclonich ; for the treaty between the two families has been strictly observed ; it did not sink into disuse and oblivion, but continued in its full force while the chieftains retained their power. I have read a demand of protection, made not more than thirty-seven years ago, for one of the Maclonichs, named Ewen Cameron, who had been accessory to the death of Macmartin, and had been banished by

Lochiel, his lord, for a certain term ; at the expiration of which he returned married from France ; but the Macmartins, not satisfied with the punishment, when he attempted to settle, still threatened him with vengeance. He therefore asked, and obtained, shelter in the isle of Col.

The power of protection subsists no longer ; but what the law permits is yet continued, and Maclean of Col now educates the heir of Maclonich.

There still remains in the islands, though it is passing fast away, the custom of fosterage. A laird, a man of wealth and eminence, sends his child, either male or female, to a tacksman, or tenant, to be fostered. It is not always his own tenant, but some distant friend, that obtains this honour ; for an honour such a trust is very reasonably thought. The terms of fosterage seem to vary in different islands. In Mull, the father sends with his child a certain number of cows, to which the same number is added by the fosterer. The father appropriates a proportionable extent of ground, without rent, for their pasturage. If every cow brings a calf, half belongs to the fosterer, and half to the child ; but if there be only one calf between two cows, it is the child's ; and when the child returns to the parents, it is accompanied by all the cows given, both by the father and by the fosterer, with half of the increase of the stock by propagation. These beasts are considered as a portion, and called *macalive* cattle, of which the father has the produce, but is supposed not to have the full property, but to owe the same number to the child, as a portion to the daughter, or a stock for the son.

Children continue with the fosterer perhaps six years, and cannot, where this is the practice, be considered as burdensome. The fosterer, if he gives four cows, receives likewise four, and has, while the child continues with him, grass for eight without rent, with half the calves, and all the milk, for which he pays only four cows when he dismisses his *dalt*, for that is the name for a fostered child.

Fosterage is, I believe, sometimes performed upon more liberal terms. Our friend, the young laird of Col, was fostered by Macsweyn of Grissipol. Macsweyn then lived a tenant to Sir James Macdonald in the isle of Sky; and therefore Col, whether he sent them cattle or not, could grant him no land. The *dalt*, however, at his return, brought back a considerable number of macalvie cattle, and of the friendship so formed there have been good effects. When Macdonald raised his rents, Macsweyn was, like other tenants, discontented, and, resigning his farm, removed from Sky to Col, and was established at Grissipol.

These observations we made by favour of the contrary wind that drove us to Col, an island not often visited; for there is not much to amuse curiosity, or to attract avarice.

The ground has been hitherto, I believe, used chiefly for pasturage. In a district, such as the eye can command, there is a general herdsman, who knows all the cattle of the neighbourhood, and whose station is upon a hill, from which he surveys the lower grounds; and if one man's cattle invade another's grass, drives them back to their own borders. But other means of profit begin to be found; kelp

is gathered and burnt, and sloops are loaded with the concreted ashes. Cultivation is likely to be improved by the skill and encouragement of the present heir, and the inhabitants of those obscure valleys will partake of the general progress of life.

The rents of the parts which belong to the duke of Argyle, have been raised from fifty-five to one hundred and five pounds, whether from the land or the sea I cannot tell. The bounties of the sea have lately been so great, that a farm in Southuist has risen in ten years from a rent of thirty pounds to one hundred and eighty.

He who lives in Col, and finds himself condemned to solitary meals, and incommunicable reflection, will find the usefulness of that middle order of tacksmen, which some who applaud their own wisdom are wishing to destroy. Without intelligence, man is not social, he is only gregarious ; and little intelligence will there be, where all are constrained to daily labour, and every mind must wait upon the hand.

After having listened for some days to the tempest, and wandered about the island till our curiosity was satisfied, we began to think about our departure. To leave Col in October was not very easy. We however found a sloop which lay on the coast to carry kelp ; and for a price which we thought levied upon our necessities, the master agreed to cany us to Mull, whence we might readily pass back to Scotland.

MULL.

As we were to catch the first favourable breath, we spent the night not very elegantly nor pleasantly

in the vessel, and were landed next day at Tabor Morar, a port in Mull, which appears to an unexperienced eye, formed for the security of ships ; for its mouth is closed by a small island, which admits them through narrow channels into a basin sufficiently capacious. They are indeed safe from the sea, but there is a hollow between the mountains, through which the wind issues from the land with very mischievous violence.

There was no danger while we were there ; and we found several other vessels at anchor ; so that the port had a very commercial appearance.

The young laird of Col, who had determined not to let us lose his company, while there was any difficulty remaining, came over with us. His influence soon appeared ; for he procured us horses, and conducted us to the house of Doctor Maclean, where we found very kind entertainment and very pleasing conversation. Miss Maclean, who was born, and had been bred at Glasgow, having removed with her father to Mull, added to other qualifications, a great knowledge of the Erse language, which she had not learned in her childhood, but gained by study, and was the only interpreter of Erse poetry that I could ever find.

The isle of Mull is perhaps in extent the third of the Hebrides. It is not broken by waters, nor shot into promontories, but is a solid and compact mass, of breadth nearly equal to its length. Of the dimensions of the larger islands, there is no knowledge approaching to exactness. I am willing to estimate it as containing about three hundred square miles.

Mull had suffered like Sky by the black winter of seventy-one ; in which, contrary to all experience, a continued frost detained the snow eight weeks upon the ground. Against a calamity never known, no provision had been made, and the people could only pine in helpless misery. One tenant was mentioned, whose cattle perished to the value of three hundred pounds ; a loss which probably more than the life of man is necessary to repair. In countries like these, the descriptions of famine become intelligible. Where by Vigorous and artful cultivation of a soil naturally fertile, there is commonly a superfluous growth both of grain and grass ; where the fields are crowded with cattle ; and where every hand is able to attract wealth from a distance, by making something that promotes ease, or gratifies vanity, a dear year produces only a comparative want, which is rather seen than felt, and which terminates commonly in no worse effect, than that of condemning the lower orders of the community to sacrifice a little luxury to convenience, or at most a little convenience to necessity.

But where the climate is unkind, and the ground penurious, so that the most fruitful years produce only enough to maintain themselves ; where life unimproved, and unadorned, fades into something little more than naked existence, and every one is busy for himself, without any arts by which the pleasure of others may be increased ; if to the daily burden of distress any additional weight be added, nothing remains but to despair and die. In Mull, the disappointment of a harvest, or a murrain among the cattle, cuts off the regular provision ; and they

who have no manufactures can purchase no part of the superfluities of other countries. The consequence of a bad season is here not scarcity, but emptiness ; and they whose plenty was barely a supply of natural and present need, when that slender stalk fails, must perish with hunger.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own, and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy it.

Mr Boswell's curiosity strongly impelled him to survey Iona, or Icolmkill, which was to the early ages the great school of theology, and is supposed to have been the place of sepulture for the ancient kings. I, though less eager, did not oppose him.

That we might perform this expedition, it was necessary to traverse a great part of Mull. We passed a day at Dr Maclean's, and could have been well contented to stay longer. But Col provided us horses, and we pursued our journey. This was a day of inconvenience, for the country is very rough, and my horse was but little. We travelled many hours through a track, black and barren, in which, however, there were the reliques of humanity ; for we found a ruined chapel in our way.

It is natural, in traversing this gloom of desolation, to enquire, whether something may not be done to give nature a more cheerful face; and whether those hills and moors that afford heath, cannot, with a little care and labour, bear something better ? The first thought that occurs is to cover them with trees, for that in many of these naked regions trees will grow, is evident, because stumps and roots are yet

remaining ; and the speculatist hastily proceeds to censure that negligence and laziness that has omitted for so long a time so easy an improvement.

To drop seeds into the ground, and attend their growth, requires little labour and no skill. He who remembers that all the woods by which the wants of man have been supplied from the deluge till now, were self-sown, will not easily be persuaded to think all the art and preparation necessary, which the georgic writers prescribe to planters. Trees certainly have covered the earth with very little culture. They wave their tops among the rocks of Norway, and might thrive as well in the highlands and Hebrides.

But there is a frightful interval between the seed and timber. He that calculates the growth of trees, has the unwelcome remembrance of the shortness of life driven hard upon him. He knows that he is doing what will never benefit himself; and when he rejoices to see the stem rise, is disposed to repine that another shall cut it down.

Plantation is naturally the employment of a mind unburdened with care, and vacant to futurity, saturated with present good, and at leisure to derive gratification from the prospect of posterity. He that pines with hunger, is in little care how others shall be fed. The poor man is seldom studious to make his grandson rich. It may soon be discovered, why, in a place which hardly supplies the cravings of necessity, there has been little attention to the delights of fancy, and why distant convenience is unregarded, where the thoughts are turned with

incessant solicitude upon every possibility of immediate advantage.

Neither is it quite so easy to raise large woods, as may be conceived. Trees intended to produce timber, must be sown where they are to grow; and ground sown with trees must be kept useless for a long time, inclosed at an expence from which many will be discouraged by the remoteness of the profit, and watched with that attention which in places where it is most needed, will neither be given nor bought. That it cannot be ploughed is evident: and if cattle be suffered to graze upon it, they will devour the plants as fast as they rise. Even in coarser countries, where herds and flocks are not fed, not only the deer and the wild goats will browse upon them, but the hare and rabbit will nibble them. It is therefore reasonable to believe, what I do not remember any naturalist to have remarked, that there was a time when the world was very thinly inhabited by beasts, as well as men, and that the woods had leisure to rise high before animals had bred numbers sufficient to intercept them.

Sir James Macdonald, in part of the wastes of his territory, set or sowed trees, to the number, as I have been told, of several millions, expecting, doubtless, that they would grow up into future navies and cities; but for want of inclosure, and of that care which is always necessary, and will hardly ever be taken, all his cost and labour have been lost, and the ground is likely to continue an useless heath.

Having not any experience of a journey in Mull we had no doubt of reaching the sea by day-light,

and therefore had not left Dr Maclean's very early. We travelled diligently enough, but found the country, for road there was none, very difficult to pass. We were always struggling with some obstruction or other, and our vexation was not balanced by any gratification of the eye or mind. We were now long enough acquainted with hills and heath to have lost the emotion that they once raised, whether pleasing or painful, and had our mind employed only on our own fatigue. We were however sure, under Col's protection, of escaping all real evils. There was no house in Mull to which he could not introduce us. He had intended to lodge us for that night with a gentleman that lived upon the coast, but discovered on the way, that he then lay in bed without hope of life.

We resolved not to embarrass a family, in a time of so much sorrow, if any other expedient could be found ; and as the island of Ulva was over against us, it was determined that we should pass the strait, and have recourse to the laird, who, like the other gentlemen of the islands, was known to Col. We expected to find a ferry-boat, but when at last we came to the water, the boat was gone.

We were now again at a stop. It was the sixteenth of October, a time when it is not convenient to sleep in the Hebrides without a cover, and there was no house within our reach, **but** that which we had already declined.

ULVA.

While we stood deliberating, we were happily espied from an Irish ship, that lay at anchor in the

strait. The master saw that we wanted a passage, and with great civility sent us his boat, which quickly conveyed us to Ulva, where we were very liberally entertained by Mr Macquarry.

To Ulva we came in the dark, and left it before noon the next day. A very exact description therefore will not be expected. We were told, that it is an island of no great extent, rough and barren, inhabited by the Macquarrys ; a clan not powerful nor numerous, but of antiquity, which most other families are contented to reverence. The name is supposed to be a depravation of some other ; for the Erse language does not afford it any etymology. Macquarry is proprietor both of Ulva and some adjacent islands, among which is Staffa, so lately raised to renown by Mr Banks.

When the islanders were reproached with their ignorance, or insensibility of the wonders of Staffa. they had not much to reply. They had indeed considered it little, because they had always seen it ; and none but philosophers, nor they always, are struck with wonder, otherwise than by novelty. How would it surprise an unenlightened ploughman, to hear a company of sober men, enquiring by what power the hand tosses a stone, or why the stone, when it is tossed, falls to the ground.

Of the ancestors of Macquarry, who thus lie hid in his unfrequented island, I have found memorials in all places where they could be expected.

Enquiring after the reliques of former manners, I found that in Ulva, and I think no where else, is continued the payment of the *mercheta mulierum*, a fine in old times due to the laird at the marriage of

a virgin. The original of this claim, as of our tenure of borough English, is variously delivered. It is pleasant to find ancient customs in old families. This payment, like others, was for want of money, made anciently in the produce of the land. Macquarry was used to demand a sheep, for which he now takes a crown, by that inattention to the uncertain proportion between the value and the denomination of money, which has brought much disorder into Europe. A sheep has always the same power of supplying human wants, but a crown will bring at one time more, at another less.

Ulva was not neglected by the piety of ancient times ; it has still to show what was once a church.

INCH KENNETH.

In the morning we went again into the boat, and were landed on Inch Kenneth, an island about a mile long, and perhaps half a mile broad, remarkable for pleasantness and fertility. It is verdant and grassy, and fit both for pasture and tillage ; but it has no trees. Its only inhabitants were Sir Allan Maclean and two young ladies, his daughters, with their servants.

Romance does not often exhibit a scene that strikes the imagination more than this little desert in these depths of western obscurity, occupied not by a gross herdsman, or amphibious fisherman, but by a gentleman and two ladies, of high birth, polished manners, and elegant conversation, who, in a habitation raised not very far above the ground, but furnished with unexpected neatness and convenience, practised all the kindness of hospitality, and refinement of courtesy.

Sir Allan is the chieftain of the great clan of Maclean, which is said to claim the second place among the highland families, yielding only to Macdonald. Though, by the misconduct of his ancestors, most of the extensive territory which would have descended to him, has been alienated, he still retains much of the dignity and authority of his birth. When soldiers were lately wanting for the American war, application was made to Sir Allan, and he nominated a hundred men for the service, who obeyed the summons, and bore arms under his command.

He had then, for some time, resided with the young ladies in Inch Kenneth, where he lives, not only with plenty, but with elegance, having conveyed to his cottage a collection of books, and what else is necessary to make his hours pleasant.

When we landed, we were met by Sir Allan and the ladies, accompanied by Miss Macquarry, who had passed some time with them, and now returned to Ulva with her father.

We all walked together to the mansion, where we found one cottage for Sir Allan, and I think two more for the domestics and the offices. We entered, and wanted little that palaces afford. Our room was neatly floored, and well lighted ; and our dinner, which was dressed in one of the other huts, was plentiful and delicate.

In the afternoon, Sir Allan reminded us that the day was Sunday, which he never suffered to pass without some religious distinction, and invited us to partake in his acts of domestic worship ; which I hope neither Mr Boswell nor myself will be sus-

pected of a disposition to refuse. The elder of the ladies read the English service.

Inch Kenneth was once a seminary of ecclesiastics, subordinate, I suppose, to Icolmkill. Sir Allan had a mind to trace the foundation of the college, but neither I nor Mr Boswell, who bends a keener eye on vacancy, were able to perceive them.

Our attention, however, was sufficiently engaged by a venerable chapel, which stands yet entire, except that the roof is gone. It is about sixty feet in length, and thirty in breadth. On one side of the altar is a bass relief of the blessed Virgin, and by it lies a little bell, which, though cracked, and without a clapper, has remained there for ages, guarded only by the venerableness of the place. The ground round the chapel is covered with grave-stones of chiefs and ladies ; and still continues to be a place of sepulture.

Inch Kenneth is a proper prelude to Icolmkill. It was not without some mournful emotion that we contemplated the ruins of religious structures, and the monuments of the dead.

On the next day we took a more distinct view of the place, and went with the boat to see oysters in the bed, out of which the boatmen forced up as many as were wanted. Even Inch Kenneth has a subordinate island, named Sandiland, I suppose in contempt, where we landed, and found a rock, with a surface of perhaps four acres, of which one is naked stone, another spread with sand and shells, some of which I picked up for their glossy beauty, and two covered with a little earth and

grass, on which Sir Allan has a few sheep. I doubt not but when there was a college at Inch Kenneth, there was a hermitage upon Sandiland.

Having wandered over those extensive plains* we committed ourselves again to the winds and waters ; and after a voyage of about ten minutes, in which we met with nothing very observable, were again safe upon dry ground.

We told Sir Allan our desire of visiting Icolmkill, and entreated him to give us his protection, and his company. He thought proper to hesitate a little ; but the ladies hinted, that as they knew he would not finally refuse, he would do better if he preserved the grace of ready compliance. He took their advice, and promised to carry us on the morrow in his boat.

We passed the remaining part of the day in such amusements as were in our power. Sir Allan related the American campaign, and at evening one of the ladies played on her harpsichord, while Col and Mr Boswell danced a Scottish reel with the other.

We could have been easily persuaded to a longer stay upon Inch Kenneth, but life will not be all passed in delight. The session at Edinburgh was approaching, from which Mr Boswell could not be absent.

In the morning our boat was ready : it was high and strong. Sir Allan victualled it for the day, and provided able rowers. We now parted from the young laird of Col, who had treated us with so much kindness, and concluded his favours by consigning us to Sir Allan. Here we had the last embrace of this amiable man, who, while these pages were pre-

paring to attest his virtues, perished in the passage between Ulva and Inch Kenneth.

Sir Allan, to whom the whole region was well known, told us of a very remarkable cave, to which he would show us the way. We had been disappointed already by one cave, and were not much elevated by the expectation of another.

It was yet better to see it, and we stopped at some rocks on the coast of Mull. The mouth is fortified by vast fragments of stone, over which we made our way, neither very nimbly nor very securely. The place, however, well repaid our trouble. The bottom, as far as the flood rushes in, was encumbered with large pebbles, but as we advanced was spread over with smooth sand. The breadth is about forty-five feet : the roof rises in an arch, almost regular, to a height which we could not measure ; but I think it about thirty feet.

This part of our curiosity was nearly frustrated ; for though we went to see a cave, and knew that caves are dark, we forgot to carry tapers, and did not discover our omission till we were wakened by our wants. Sir Allan then sent one of the boatmen into the country, who soon returned with one little candle. We were thus enabled to go forward, but could not venture far. Having passed inward from the sea to a great depth, we found on the right hand a narrow passage, perhaps not more than six feet wide, obstructed by great stones, over which we climbed, and came into a second cave in breadth twenty-five feet. The air in this apartment was very warm, but not oppressive, nor loaded with vapours.

Our light showed no tokens of a feculent or corrupted atmosphere. Here was a square stone, called, as we are told, Fingal's table.

If we had been provided with torches, we should have proceeded in our search, though we had already gone as far as any former adventurer, except some who are reported never to have returned ; and measuring our way back, we found it more than a hundred and sixty yards, the eleventh part of a mile.

Our measures were not critically exact, having been made with a walking pole, such as it is convenient to carry in these rocky countries, of which I guessed the length by standing against it. In this there could be no great error, nor do I much doubt but the highlander whom we employed, reported the number right. More nicety however is better, and no man should travel unprovided with instruments for taking heights and distances.

There is yet another cause of error not always easily surmounted, though more dangerous to the veracity of itinerary narratives, than imperfect mensuration. An observer deeply impressed by any remarkable spectacle, does not suppose that the traces will soon vanish from his mind ; and having commonly no great convenience for writing, defers the description to a time of more leisure and better accommodation.

He who has not made the experiment, or who is not accustomed to require rigorous accuracy from himself, will scarcely believe how much a few hours take from certainty of knowledge, and distinctness of imagery ; how the succession of objects will be broken, how separate parts will be confused, and how

many particular features and discriminations **will be** compressed and conglobated into one gross and general idea.

To this dilatory notation must be imputed the false relations of travellers, where there is no imaginable motive to deceive. They trusted to memory what cannot be trusted safely but to the eye, and told by guess what a few hours before they had known with certainty. Thus it was that Wheeler and Spen described with irreconcilable contrariety, things which they surveyed together, and which both undoubtedly designed to show as they saw them.

When we had satisfied our curiosity in the cave, so far as our penury of light permitted us, we clambered again to our boats, and proceeded along the coast of Mull to a headland, called Atun, remarkable for the columnar form of the rocks, which rise in a series of pilasters, with a degree of regularity which Sir Allan thinks not less worthy of curiosity than the shore of Staffa.

Not long after, we came to another range of black rocks, which had the appearance of broken pilasters, set *one* behind another to a great depth. This place was chosen by Sir Allan for our dinner. We were easily accommodated with seats, for the stones were of all heights, and refreshed ourselves and our boatmen, who could have no other rest tilt we were at Icolmkill.

The evening was now approaching, and we were yet at a considerable distance from the end of our expedition. We could therefore stop no more to make remarks in the way, but set forward with

some degree of eagerness. The day soon failed us, and the moon presented a very solemn and pleasing scene. The sky was clear, so that the eye commanded a wide circle : the sea was neither still nor turbulent ; the wind neither silent nor loud. We were never far from one coast or another, on which, if the weather had become violent, we could have found shelter, and therefore contemplated at ease the region through which we glided in the tranquillity of the night, and saw now a rock and now an island grow gradually conspicuous and gradually obscure. I committed the fault which I have just been censuring, in neglecting, as we passed, to note the series of this placid navigation.

We were very near an island, called Nun's Island, perhaps from an ancient convent. Here is said to have been dug the stone which was used in the buildings of Icolmkill. Whether it is now inhabited we could not stay to enquire.

At last we came to Icolmkill, but found no convenience for landing. Our boat could not be forced very near the dry ground, and our highlanders carried us over the water.

We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses ; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in

the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

We came too late to visit monuments : some care was necessary for ourselves. Whatever was in the island, Sir Allan could demand, for the inhabitants were Macleans; but having little, they could not give us much. He went to the headman of the island, whom fame, but fame delights in amplifying, represents as worth no less than fifty pounds. He was perhaps proud enough of his guests, but ill prepared for our entertainment ; however, he soon produced more provision than men not luxurious require. Our lodging was next to be provided. We found a barn well stocked with hay, and made our beds as soft as we could.

In the morning we rose and surveyed the place. The churches of the two convents are both standing, though unroofed. They were built of unhewn stone, but solid, and not inelegant. I brought away rude measures of the buildings, such as I cannot much trust myself, inaccurately taken, and obscurely noted. Mr Pennant's delineations, which are doubtless exact, have made my unskilful description less necessary.

The episcopal church consists of two parts, separated by the belfry, and built at different times. The original church had, like others, the altar at one end.

and tower at the other ; but as it grew too small, another building of equal dimension was added, **and** the tower then was necessarily in the middle.

That these edifices are of different ages seems evident. The arch of the first church is Roman, being part of a circle ; that of the additional building is pointed, and therefore Gothic or Saracenic ; the tower is firm, and wants only to be floored and covered.

Of the chambers or cells belonging to the monks, there are some walls remaining, but nothing approaching to a complete apartment.

The bottom of the church is so encumbered with mud and rubbish, that we could make no discoveries of curious inscriptions ; and what there are, have been already published. The place is said to be known where the black stones lie concealed, on which the old highland chiefs, when they made contracts and alliances, used to take the oath, which was considered as more sacred than any other obligation, and which could not be violated without the blackest infamy. In those days of violence and rapine, it was of great importance to impress upon savage minds the sanctity of an oath, by some particular and extraordinary circumstances. They would not have recourse to the black stones, upon small or common occasions ; and when they had established their faith by this tremendous sanction, inconstancy and treachery were no longer feared.

The chapel of the nunnery is now used by the inhabitants as a kind of general cow-house, and the bottom is consequently too miry for examination.

Some of the stones which covered the later abbesses have inscriptions which might yet be read, if the chapel were cleansed. The roof of this, as of all the other buildings, is totally destroyed, not only because timber quickly decays when it is neglected, but because in an island utterly destitute of wood, it was wanted for use, and was consequently the first plunder of needy rapacity.

The chancel of the nun's chapel is covered with an arch of stone, to which time has done no injury ; and a small apartment communicating with the choir, on the north side, like the chapter-house in cathedrals, roofed with stone in the same manner, is likewise entire.

In one of the churches was a marble altar, which the superstition of the inhabitants has destroyed. Their opinion was, that a fragment of this stone was a defence against shipwrecks, fire, and miscarriages. In one corner of the church the bason for holy water is yet unbroken.

The cemetery of the nunnery was, till very lately, regarded with such reverence, that only women were buried in it. These relics of veneration always produce some mournful pleasure. I could have forgiven a great injury more easily than the violation of this imaginary sanctity.

South of the chapel stand the walls of a large room, which was probably the hall, or refectory of the nunnery. This apartment is capable of repair. Of the rest of the convent there are only fragments.

Besides the two principal churches, there are, I think, five chapels yet standing, and three more re-

membered. There are also crosses, of which two bear the names of St John and St Matthew.

A large space of ground about these consecrated edifices is covered with grave-stones, few of which have any inscription. He that surveys it, attended by an insular antiquary, may be told where the kings of many nations are buried ; and if he loves to soothe his imagination with the thoughts that naturally rise in places where the great and the powerful lie mingled with the dust, let him listen in submissive silence ; for if he asks any questions, his delight is at an end.

Iona has long enjoyed, without any very credible attestation, the honour of being reputedly the cemetery of the Scottish kings. It is not unlikely, that, when the opinion of local sanctity was prevalent, the chieftains of the isles, and perhaps some of the Norwegian or Irish princes, were repositied in this venerable inclosure. But by whom the subterraneous vaults are peopled is now utterly unknown. The graves are very numerous, and some of them undoubtedly contain the remains of men, who did not expect to be so soon forgotten.

Not far from this awful ground may be traced the garden of the monastery : the fish-ponds are yet discernible, and the aqueduct which supplied them is still in use.

There remains a broken building, which is called the Bishop's House, I know not by what authority. It was once the residence of some man above the common rank, for it has two stories and a chimney. We were shewn a chimney at the other end, which was only a niche, without perforation, but so much

does antiquarian credulity, or patriotic vanity prevail, that it was not much more safe to trust the eye of our instructor than the memory.

There is in the island one house more, and only one, that has a chimney ; we entered it, and found it neither wanting repair nor inhabitants ; but to the farmers, who now possess it, the chimney is of no great value ; for their fire was made on the floor, in the middle of the room, and notwithstanding the dignity of their mansion, they rejoiced, like their neighbours, in the comforts of smoke.

It is observed, that ecclesiastical colleges are always in the most pleasant and fruitful places. While the world allowed the monks their choice, it is surely no dishonour that they chose well. This island is remarkably fruitful. The village near the churches is said to contain seventy families, which, at five in a family, is more than a hundred inhabitants to a mile. There are perhaps other villages ; yet both corn and cattle are annually exported.

But the fruitfulness of Iona is now its whole prosperity. The inhabitants are remarkably gross, and remarkably neglected : I know not if they are visited by any minister. The island, which was once the metropolis of learning and piety, has now no school for education, nor temple for worship, only two inhabitants that can speak English, and not one that can write or read.

The people are of the clan of Maclean; and though Sir Allan had not been in the place for many years, he was received with all the reverence due to the chieftain. One of them being sharply reprehended by him, for not sending him some rum,

declared after his departure, in Mr Boswell's presence, that he had no design of disappointing him, " for," said he, " I would cut my bones for him; and if he had sent his dog for it, he should have had it."

When we were to depart, our boat was left by the ebb at a great distance from the water ; but no sooner did we wish it afloat than the islanders gathered round it, and by the union of many hands, pushed it down the beach : every man who could contribute his help seemed to think himself happy in the opportunity of being, for a moment, useful to his chief.

We now left those illustrious ruins, by which Mr Boswell was much affected, nor would I willingly be thought to have looked upon them without some emotion. Perhaps, in the revolutions of the world, Iona may be sometime again the instructress of the western regions.

It was no long voyage to Mull, where, under Sir Allan's protection we landed in the evening, and were entertained for the night by Mr Maclean, a minister that lives upon the coast, whose elegance of conversation, and strength of judgment, would make him conspicuous in places of greater celebrity. Next day we dined with Dr Maclean, another physician, and then travelled on to the house of a very powerful laird, Maclean of Lochbuy ; for in this country every man's name is Maclean.

Where races are thus numerous, and thus combined, none but the chief of a clan is addressed by his name. The laird of Dunvegan is called Macleod ; but other gentlemen of the same family are denominated by the places where they reside, as Raasay

or Talisker. The distinction of the meaner people is made by their christian names. In consequence of this practice, the late laird of Macfarlane, an eminent genealogist, considered himself as disrespectfully treated, if the common addition was applied to him. Mr Macfarlane, said he, may with equal propriety be said to many ; but I, and I only, am Macfarlane.

Our afternoon journey was through a country of such gloomy desolation, that Mr Boswell thought no part of the highlands equally terrific, yet we came without any difficulty, at evening to Lochbuy, where we found a true highland laird, rough and haughty, and tenacious of his dignity ; who, hearing my name, enquired whether I was of the Johnstones of Glencoe, or of Ardnamurchan ?

Lochbuy has, like the other insular chieftains, quitted the castle that sheltered his ancestors, and lives near it, in a mansion not very spacious or splendid. I have seen no houses in the islands much to be envied for convenience or magnificence, yet they bear testimony to the progress of arts and civility, as they show that rapine and surprise are no longer dreaded, and are much more commodious than the ancient fortresses.

The castles of the Hebrides, many of which are standing, and many ruined, were always built upon points of land, on the margin of the sea. For the choice of this situation there must have been some general reason, which the change of manners has left in obscurity. They were of no use in the days of piracy, as defences of the coast ; for it was equally accessible in other places. Had they been

sea-marks or light-houses, they would have been of more use to the invader than the natives, who could want no such direction on their own waters : for a watch-tower, a cottage on a hill would have been better, as it would have commanded a wider view.

If they be considered merely as places of retreat, the situation seems not well chosen ; for the laird of an island is safest from foreign enemies in the centre ; on the coast he might be more suddenly surprised than in the inland parts ; and the invaders, if their enterprise miscarried, might more easily retreat. Some convenience, however, whatever it was, their position on the shore afforded ; for uniformity of practice seldom continues long without good reason.

A castle in the islands is only a single tower of three or four stories, of which the walls are sometimes eight or nine feet thick, with narrow windows, and close winding stairs of stone. The top rises in a cone, or pyramid of stone, encompassed by battlements. The intermediate floors are sometimes frames of timber, as in common houses, and sometimes arches of stone, or alternately stone and timber ; so that there was very little danger from fire. In the centre of every floor, from top to bottom, is the chief room, of no great extent, round which there are narrow cavities, or recesses formed by small vacuities, or by a double wall. I know not whether there be ever more than one fire-place. They had not capacity to contain many people, or much provision ; but their enemies could seldom stay to blockade them ; for if they failed in their first attack, their next care was to escape.

The walls were always too strong to be shaken by such desultory hostilities : the windows were too narrow to be entered, and the battlements too high to be scaled. The only danger was at the gates, over which the wall was built with a square cavity not unlike a chimney, continued to the top. Through this hollow the defendants let fall stones upon those who attempted to break the gate, and poured down water, perhaps scalding water, if the attack was made with fire. The castle of Lochbuy was secured by double doors, of which the outer was an iron grate.

In every castle is a well and a dungeon. The use of the well is evident. The dungeon is a deep subterraneous cavity, walled on the sides, and arched on the top, into which the descent is through a narrow door, by a ladder or a rope, so that it seems impossible to escape when the rope or ladder is drawn up. The dungeon was, I suppose, in war, a prison for such captives as were treated with severity ; and in peace, for such delinquents as had committed crimes within the laird's jurisdiction ; for the mansions of many lairds were, till the late privation of their privileges, the halls of justice to their own tenants.

As these fortifications were the productions of mere necessity, they are built only for safety, with little regard to convenience, and with none to elegance or pleasure. It was sufficient for a laird of the Hebrides, if he had a strong house, in which he could hide his wife and children from the next clan. That they are not large nor splendid is no wonder. It is not easy to find how they are raised, such as

they are, by men who had no money, **in countries** where the labourers and artificers could scarcely be fed. The buildings in different parts of the islands show their degrees of wealth and power. I believe that for all the castles which I have seen beyond the Tweed, the ruins yet remaining of some one of those which the English built in Wales, would supply materials.

These castles afford another evidence that the fictions of romantic chivalry had for their basis the real manners of the feudal times, when every lord of a seignory lived in his hold lawless and unaccountable, with all the licentiousness and insolence of uncontested superiority and unprincipled power. The traveller, whoever he might be, coming to the fortified habitation of a chieftain, would probably have been interrogated from the battlements, admitted with caution at the gate, introduced to a petty monarch, fierce with habitual hostility, and vigilant with ignorant suspicion ; who, according to his general temper or accidental humour, would have seated a stranger as his guest at the table, or as a spy confined him in the dungeon.

Lochbuy means the yellow lake, which is the name given to an inlet of the sea, upon which the castle of Mr Maclean stands. The reason of the appellation we did not learn.

We were now to leave the Hebrides, where we had spent some weeks with sufficient amusement, and where we had amplified our thoughts with new scenes of nature, and new modes of life. More time would have given us a more distinct view,

but it was necessary that Mr Boswell should return before the courts of justice were opened ; and it was not proper to live too long upon hospitality, however liberally imparted.

Of these islands it must be confessed, that they have toot many allurements, but to the mere lover of naked nature. The inhabitants are thin, provisions are scarce, and desolation and penury give little pleasure.

The people collectively considered are not few, though their numbers are small in proportion to the space which they occupy. Mull is said to contain six thousand, and Sky fifteen thousand. Of *the* computation respecting Mull, I can give no account; but when I doubted the truth of the numbers attributed to Sky, one of the ministers exhibited such facts as conquered my incredulity.

Of the proportion which the product of any region bears to the people, an estimate is commonly made according to the pecuniary price of the necessaries of life ; a principle of judgment which is never certain, because it supposes, what is far from truth, that the value of money is always the same, and so measures an unknown quantity by an uncertain standard. It is competent enough when the markets of the same country, at different times, and those times not too distant, are to be compared ; but of very little use for the purpose of making one nation acquainted with the state of another. Provisions though plentiful, are sold in places of great pecuniary opulence for nominal prices, to which, however scarce, where gold and silver are yet scarcer, they can never be raised.

In the Western Islands there is so little internal commerce, that hardly any thing has a known or settled rate. The price of things brought in, or carried out, is to be considered as that of a foreign market ; and even this there is some difficulty in discovering, because their denominations of quantity are different from ours ; and when there is ignorance on both sides, no appeal can be made to a common measure.

This, however, is not the only impediment. The Scots, with a vigilance of jealousy which never goes to sleep, always suspect that an Englishman despises them for their poverty ; and to convince him that they are not less rich than their neighbours, are sure to tell him a price higher than the true. When Lessley, two hundred years ago, related so punctiliously, that a hundred hen eggs, new laid, were sold in the islands for a penny, he supposed that no inference could possibly follow, but that eggs were in great abundance. Posterity has since grown wiser ; and having learned, that nominal and real value may differ, they now tell no such stories, lest the foreigner should happen to collect, not that eggs are many, but that pence are few.

Money and wealth have, by the use of commercial language, been so long confounded, that they are commonly supposed to be the same ; and this prejudice has spread so widely in Scotland, that I know not whether I found man or woman, whom I interrogated concerning payments of money, that could surmount the illiberal desire of deceiving me, by representing every thing as dearer than it is,

From Lochbuy we rode a very few miles to the side of Mull, which faces Scotland, where, having taken leave of our kind protector, Sir Allan, we embarked in a boat, in which the seat provided for our accommodation was a heap of rough brushwood; and on the twenty-second of October reposed at a tolerable inn on the main land.

On the next day we began our journey southwards. The weather was tempestuous. For half the day the ground was rough, and our horses were still small. Had they required much restraint, we might have been reduced to difficulties; for I think we had amongst us but one bridle. We fed the poor animals liberally, and they performed their journey well. In the latter part of the day we came to a firm and smooth road, made by the soldiers, on which we travelled with great security, busied with contemplating the scene about us. The night came on while we had yet a great part of the way to go, though not so dark but that we could discern the cataracts which poured down the hills on one side, and fell into one general channel that ran with great violence on the other. The wind was loud, the rain was heavy, and the whistling of the blast, the fall of the shower, the rush of the cataracts, and the roar of the torrent, made a nobler chorus of the rough music of nature, than it had ever been my chance to hear before. The streams which ran across the way from the hills to the main current, were so frequent, that, after a while I began to count them; and, in ten miles, reckoned fifty-five, probably missing some, and having let some pass before

they forced themselves upon my notice. At last we came to Inverary, where we found an inn, not only commodious, but magnificent.

The difficulties of peregrination were now at an end. Mr Boswell had the honour of being known to the Duke of Argyle, by whom we were very kindly entertained at his splendid seat, and supplied with conveniences for surveying his spacious park and rising forests.

After two days' stay at Inverary we proceeded southward over Glencroe, a black and dreary region, now made easily passable by a military road, which rises from either end of the glen by an acclivity not dangerously steep, but sufficiently laborious. In the middle, at the top of the hill, is a seat with this inscription, " Rest and be thankful." Stones were placed to mark the distances, which the inhabitants have taken away, resolved, they said, to have no new miles.

In this rainy season the hills streamed with water-falls, which, crossing the way, formed currents on the other side, that ran in contrary directions as they fell to the north or south of the summit. Being, by the favour of the Duke, well mounted, I went up and down the hill with great convenience.

From Glencroe we passed through a pleasant country to the banks of Loch Lomond, and were received at the house of Sir James Colquhoun, who is owner of almost all the thirty islands of the loch, which we went in a boat next morning to survey. The heaviness of the rain shortened our voyage, but we landed on one island planted with yew.

and stocked with deer, and on another containing perhaps not more than half an acre, remarkable for the ruins of an old castle, on which the osprey builds her annual nest. Had Loch Lomond been in a happier climate, it would have been the boast of wealth and vanity to own one of the little spots which it incloses, and to have employed upon it all the arts of embellishment. But as it is, the islets, which court the gazer at a distance, disgust him at his approach, when he finds instead of soft lawns and shady thickets, nothing more than uncultivated ruggedness.

Where the loch discharges itself into a river called the Leven, we passed a night with Mr Smollett, a relation of *Dr Smollett*, to whose memory he has raised an obelisk on the bank near the house in which he was born. The civility and respect which we found at every place, it is ungrateful to omit, and tedious to repeat. Here we were met by a post-chaise, that conveyed us to Glasgow.

To describe a city so much frequented as Glasgow, is unnecessary. The prosperity of its commerce appears by the greatness of many private houses, and a general appearance of wealth. It is the only episcopal city whose cathedral was left standing in the rage of reformation. It is now divided into many separate places of worship, which, taken all together, compose a great pile, that had been some centuries in building, but was never finished ; for the change of religion intercepted its progress, before the cross isle was added, which seems essential to a Gothic cathedral.

The college has not had a sufficient share of the increasing magnificence of the place. The session was begun ; for it commences on the tenth of October, and continues to the tenth of June, but the students appeared not numerous, being, I suppose, not yet returned from their several homes. The division of the academical year into one session, and one recess, seems to me better accommodated to the present state of life, than that variegation of time by terms and vacations, derived from distant centuries, in which it was probably convenient, and still continued in the English universities. So many solid months as the Scotch scheme of education joins together, allow and encourage a plan for each part of the year ; but with us, he that has settled himself to study in the college is soon tempted into the country, and he that has adjusted his life in the country, is summoned back to his college.

Yet when I have allowed to the universities of Scotland a more rational distribution of time, I have given them, so far as my enquiries have informed me, all that they can claim. The students, for the most part, go thither boys and depart before they are men ; they carry with them little fundamental knowledge, and therefore the superstructure cannot be lofty. The grammar-schools are not generally well supplied ; for the character of a schoolmaster being there less honourable than in England, is seldom accepted by men who are capable to adorn it, and where the school has been deficient, the college can effect little.

Men bred in the universities of Scotland cannot be expected to be often decorated with the splendours of ornamental erudition, but they obtain a

mediocrity of knowledge, between learning **and** ignorance, not inadequate to the purposes of common life, which is, I believe, very widely diffused among them, and which, countenanced in general by a national combination so invidious, that their friends cannot defend it, and actuated in particulars by a spirit of enterprise, so vigorous, that their enemies are constrained to praise it, enables them to find, or to make their way to employment, riches, and distinction.

From Glasgow we directed our course to Auchinleck, an estate devolved, through a long series of ancestors, to Mr Boswell's father, the present possessor. In our way we found several places remarkable enough in themselves, but already described by those who viewed them at more leisure, or with much more skill ; and stopped two days at Mr Campbell's, a gentleman married to Mr Boswell's sister.

Auchinleck, which signifies a stony field, seems not now to have any particular claim to its denomination. It is a district generally level, and sufficiently fertile, but, like all the western side of Scotland, incommoded by very frequent rain. It was, with the rest of the country, generally naked, till the present possessor, finding, by the growth of some stately trees near his old castle, that the ground was favourable enough to timber, adorned it very diligently with annual plantations.

Lord Auchinleck, who is one of the judges of Scotland, and therefore not wholly at leisure for domestic business or pleasure, has yet found time to make improvements in his patrimony. He has built a house of hewn stone, very stately and du-

rable, and has advanced the value of his lands with great tenderness to his tenants.

I was, however, less delighted with the elegance of the modern mansion, than with the sullen dignity of the old castle. I clambered with Mr Boswell among the ruins, which afford striking images of ancient life- It is, like other castles, built upon a point of rock, and was, I believe, anciently surrounded with a moat. There is another rock near it, to which the draw-bridge, when it was let down, is said to have reached. Here, in the ages of tumult and rapine, the laird was surprised and killed by the neighbouring chief, who perhaps might have extinguished the family, had he not in a few days been seized and hanged, together with his sons, by Douglas, who came with his forces to the relief of Auchinleck.

At no great distance from the house runs a pleasing brook, by a red rock, out of which has been hewn a very agreeable and commodious summer-house, at less expence, as Lord Auchinleck told me, than would have been required to build a room of the same dimensions. The rock seems to have no more dampness than any other wall. Such opportunities of variety it is judicious not to neglect.

We now returned to Edinburgh, where I passed some days with men of learning, whose names want no advancement from my commemoration, or with women of elegance, which perhaps disclaims a pedant's praise.

The conversation of the Scots grows every day less unpleasing to the English ; their peculiarities wear fast away ; their dialect is likely to become in

half a century provincial and rustic, even to themselves, The great, the learned, the ambitious, and the vain, all cultivate the English phrase, and the English pronunciation ; and in splendid companies Scotch is not much heard, except now and then from an old lady.

There is one subject of philosophical curiosity to be found in Edinburgh, which no other city has to show ; a college of the deaf and dumb, who are taught to speak, to read, to write, and to practise arithmetic, by a gentleman whose name is Braidwood. The number which attends him is, I think, about twelve, which he brings together into a little school, and instructs according to their several degrees of proficiency.

I do not mean to mention the instruction of the deaf as new. Having been first practised upon the son of a constable of Spain, it was afterwards cultivated with much emulation in England, by Wallis and Holder, and was lately professed by Mr Baker, who once flattered me with hopes of seeing his method published. How far any former teachers have succeeded, it is not easy to know ; the improvement of Mr Braidwood's pupils is wonderful. They not only speak, write, and understand what is written, but if he that speaks looks towards them, and modifies his organs by distinct and full utterance, they know so well what is spoken, that it is an expression scarcely figurative to say they hear with the eye. That any have attained to the power mentioned by Burnet, of feeling sounds, by laying a hand on the speaker's mouth, I know not ; but I have seen so much, that I can believe more :

a single word, or a short sentence, I think, may possibly be so distinguished.

It will readily be supposed by those that consider this subject, that Mr Braidwood's scholars spell accurately. Orthography is vitiated among such as learn first to speak, and then to write, by imperfect notions of the relation between letters and vocal utterance ; but to those students every character is of equal importance ; for letters, are to them not symbols of names, but of things ; when they write, they do not represent a sound, but delineate a form.

This school I visited, and' found some of the scholars waiting for their master, whom they are said to receive at his entrance with smiling countenances and sparkling eyes, delighted with the hope of new ideas. One of the young ladies had her slate before her, on which I wrote a question consisting of three figures, to be multiplied by two figures. She looked upon it, and quivering her fingers in a manner which I thought very pretty, but of which I knew not whether it was art or play, multiplied the sum regularly in two lines, observing the decimal place ; but did not add the two lines together, probably disdaining so easy an operation. I pointed at the place where the sum total should stand, and she noted it with such expedition as seemed to shew that she had it only to write.

It was pleasing to see one of the most desperate of human calamities capable of so much help : whatever enlarges hope, will exalt courage ; after having seen the deaf taught arithmetic, who would be afraid to cultivate the Hebrides ?

Such are the things which this journey has given me an opportunity of seeing, and such are the reflections which that sight has raised. Having passed my time almost wholly in cities, I may have been surprised by modes of life and appearances of nature, that are familiar to men of wider survey and more varied conversation. Novelty and ignorance must always be reciprocal, and I cannot but be conscious that my thoughts on national manners, are the thoughts of one who has seen but little.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

THE
WORKS
or
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D

A NEW EDITION,
IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,
BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

VOL. IX.

CONTAINING LIVES OF THE POETS, VOL. 1.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

T H E Booksellers having determined to publish a body of English Poetry, I was persuaded to promise them a preface to the works of each author ; an undertaking, as it was then presented to my mind, not very extensive or difficult.

My purpose was only to have allotted to every poet an advertisement, like those which we find in the French Miscellanies, containing a few dates and a general character ; but I have been led beyond my intention, I hope by the honest desire of giving useful pleasure.

In this minute kind of history the succession of facts is not easily discovered ; and I am not without

suspicion that some of Dryden's works are placed in wrong years. I have followed Langbaine, as the best authority for plays : and if I shall hereafter obtain a more correct chronology, will publish it ; but I do not yet know that my account is erroneous.

Dryden's remarks on Rhymer have been somewhere printed before. The former edition I have not seen. This was transcribed for the press from his own manuscript.

As this undertaking was occasional and unforeseen, I must be supposed to have engaged in it with less provision of materials than might have been accumulated by longer premeditation- Of the later writers at least I might, by attention and enquiry, have gleaned many particulars which would have diversified and enlivened my biography. These omissions, which it is now useless to lament, have been often supplied by the kindness of Mr Steevens and other friends ; and great assistance has been given me by Mr Spence's Collections, of which I consider the communication as a favour worthy of public acknowledgement.

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COWLEY

THE life of Cowley, notwithstanding the penury of English biography, has been written by Dr Sprat, an author whose pregnancy of imagination and elegance of language have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature ; but his zeal of friendship, or ambition of eloquence, has produced a funeral oration rather than a history : he has given the character, not the life, of Cowley ; for he writes with so little detail, that scarcely any thing is distinctly known, but all is shewn confused and enlarged through the mist of panegyric.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in the year one thousand six hundred and eighteen. His father was a grocer, whose condition Dr Sprat conceals under the general appellation of a citizen; and, what would probably not have been less carefully suppressed, the omission of his name in the register of St Dunstan's parish gives reason to suspect that

his father was a sectary. Whoever he was, he died before the birth of his son, and consequently left him to the care of his mother; whom Wood represents as struggling earnestly to procure him a literary education, and who, as she lived to the age of eighty, had her solicitude rewarded by seeing her son eminent, and, I hope, by seeing him fortunate, and partaking his prosperity. We know at least, from Sprat's account, that he always acknowledged her care, and justly paid the dues of filial gratitude.

In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenser's *Fairy Queen*; in which he very early took delight to read, till by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter of the present age, had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's treatise.

By his mother's solicitation he was admitted into Westminster-school, where he was soon distinguished. He was wont, says Sprat, to relate, "that he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his teachers never could bring it to retain the ordinary rules of grammar."

This is an instance of the natural desire of man to propagate a wonder. It is surely very difficult

to tell any thing as it was heard, when Sprat could not refrain from amplifying a commodious incident, though the book to which he prefixed his narrative contained its confutation. A memory admitting some things, and rejecting others, an intellectual digestion that concocted the pulp of learning, but refused the husks, had the appearance of an instinctive elegance, of a particular provision made by nature for literary politeness. But in the author's own honest relation, the marvel vanishes : he was, he says, such " an enemy to all constraint, that his master never could prevail on him to learn the rules without book." He does not tell that he could not learn the rules ; but that, being able to perform his exercises without them, and being an " enemy to constraint," he spared himself the labour.

Among the English poets, Cowley, Milton, and Pope, might be said " to lisp in numbers ;" and have given such early proofs, not only of powers of language, but of comprehension of things, as to more tardy minds seem scarcely credible. But of the learned puerilities of Cowley there is no doubt, since a volume of his poems was not only written, but printed in his thirteenth year ; containing, with other poetical compositions, " the tragical history of Pyramus and Thisbe," written when he was ten years old ; and " Constantia and Philetus," written two years after.

While he was yet at school he produced a comedy called " Love's Riddle," though it was not published till he had been some time at Cambridge. This comedy is of the pastoral kind, which requires no acquaintance with the living world, and there-

fore the time at which it was composed adds little to the wonders of Cowley's minority.

In 1686, he was removed to Cambridge, where he continued his studies with great intensesness ; for he is said to have written, while he was yet a young student, the greater part of his " Davideis ;" a work of which the materials could not have been collected without the study of many years, but by a mind of the greatest vigour and activity.

Two years after his settlement at Cambridge, he published " Love's Riddle," with a poetical dedication to Sir Kenelm Digby; of whose acquaintance all his contemporaries seem to have been ambitious ; and "Naufragium Joculare," a comedy written in Latin, but without due attention to the ancient models ; for it is not loose verse, but mere prose. It was printed with a dedication in verse, to Dr Comber, master of the college ; but, having neither the facility of a popular, nor the accuracy of a learned work, it seems to be now universally neglected.

At the beginning of the civil war, as the prince passed through Cambridge in his way to York, he was entertained with a representation of the "Guardian," a comedy which Cowley says was neither written nor acted, but rough-drawn by him, and repeated by the scholars. That this comedy was printed during his absence from his country, he appears to have considered as injurious to his reputation ; though, during the suppression of the theatres, it was sometimes privately acted with sufficient approbation.

In 1643, being now master of arts, he was, by the prevalence of the parliament, ejected from Cambridge, and sheltered himself at St John's college in Oxford ; where, as is said by Wood, he published a satire, called " The Puritan and Papist," which was only inserted in the last collection of his works ; and so distinguished himself by the warmth of his loyalty, and the elegance of his conversation, that he gained the kindness and confidence of those who attended the king, and amongst others of Lord Falkland, whose notice cast a lustre on all to whom it was extended.

About the time when Oxford was surrendered to the parliament, he followed the queen to Paris, where he became secretary to the Lord Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St Alban's, and was employed in such correspondence as the royal cause required, and particularly in cyphering and decyphering the letters that passed between the king and queen ; an employment of the highest confidence and honour. So wide was his province of intelligence, that, for several years, it filled all his days, and two or three nights in the week.

In the year 1647, his "mistress" was published; for he imagined, as he declared in his preface to a subsequent edition, that " poets are scarcely thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, or obliging themselves to be true to love."

This obligation to amorous ditties owes, I believe, its original to the fame of Petarch, who, in an age rude and uncultivated, by his tuneful homage to his Laura, refined the manners of the lettered world, and filled Europe with love and poetry. But the basis

of all excellence is truth : he that professes love ought to feel its power. **Petarch** was **a real** lover, and Laura doubtless deserved his tenderness. Of Cowley, we are told by Barnes*, who had means enough of information, that, whatever he may talk of his own inflammability, and the variety of characters by which his heart was divided, he in reality was in love but once, and then never had resolution to tell his passion.

This consideration cannot but abate in some measure the reader's esteem for the work and the author. To love excellence, is natural ; it is natural likewise for the lover to solicit reciprocal regard by an elaborate display of his own qualifications. The desire of pleasing has in different men produced actions of heroism, and effusions of wit ; but it seems as reasonable to appear the champion as the poet of an "airy nothing," and to quarrel as to write for what Cowley might have learned from his master Pindar to call " the dream of a shadow."

It is surely not difficult, in the solitude of a college, or in the bustle of the world, to find useful studies and serious employment. No man needs to be so burthened with life as to squander it in voluntary dreams of fictitious occurrences. The man that sits down to suppose himself charged with treason or peculation, and heats his mind to an elaborate purgation of his character from crimes which he was never within the possibility of committing, differs only by the infrequency of his folly, from him who praises beauty which he never saw ; complains

of jealousy which he never felt ; supposes himself sometimes invited, and sometimes forsaken; fatigues his fancy, and ransacks his memory, for images which may exhibit the gaiety of hope, or the gloominess of despair ; and dresses his imaginary Chloris or Phyllis sometimes in flowers fading as her beauty, and sometimes in gems lasting as her virtues.

At Paris, as secretary to Lord Jermyn, he was engaged in transacting things of real importance with real men and real women, and at that time did not much employ his thoughts upon phantoms of gallantry. Some of his letters to Mr Bennet, afterwards Karl of Arlington, from April to December, in 1650, are preserved in " *Miscellanea Auliea*," a collection of papers published by Brown. These letters, being written like those of other men whose minds are more on things than words, contribute no otherwise to his reputation, than as they shew him to have been above the affectation of unseasonable elegance, and to have known that the business of a statesman can be little forwarded by flowers of rhetoric.

One passage, however, seems not unworthy of some notice. Speaking of the Scotch treaty then in agitation ;

" The Scotch treaty," says he, " is the only thing now in which we are vitally concerned ; I am one of the last hopers, and yet cannot now abstain from believing that an agreement will be made ; all people upon the place incline to that of union. The Scotch will moderate something of the rigour of their demands ; the mutual necessity of an ac-

cord is visible ; the king is persuaded of it. And to tell you the truth (which I take to be an argument above all the rest), Virgil has told the same thing to that purpose."

The expression, from a secretary of the present time, would be considered as merely ludicrous, or at most as an ostentatious display of scholarship ; but the manners of that time were so tinged with superstition, that I cannot but suspect Cowley of having consulted on this great occasion the Virgilian lots, and to have given some credit to the answer of his oracle.

Some years afterwards, " business," says Sprat, " passed of course into other hands ;" and Cowley, being no longer useful at Paris, was in 1656 sent back into England, that, " under pretence of privacy and retirement, he might take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this nation."

Soon after his return to London, he was seized by some messengers of the usurping powers, who were sent out in quest of another man ; and being examined, was put into confinement, from which he was not dismissed without the security of a thousand pounds given by Dr Scarborough.

This year he published his poems, with a preface, in which he seems to have inserted something suppressed in subsequent editions, which was interpreted to denote some relaxation of his loyalty. In this preface he declares, that " his desire had been for some days past, and did still very vehemently continue, to retire himself to some of the American plantations, and to forsake this world for ever."

From the obloquy which the appearance of submission to the usurpers brought upon him, his biographer has been very diligent to clear him, and indeed it does not seem to have lessened his reputation. His wish for retirement we can easily believe to be undissembled ; a man harassed in one kingdom, and persecuted in another, who, after a course of business that employed all his days and half his nights, in cyphering and decyphering, comes to his own country and steps into a prison, will be willing enough to retire to some place of quiet and of safety. Yet let neither our reverence for a genius, nor our pity for a sufferer, dispose us to forget, that, if his activity was virtue, his retreat was cowardice.

He then took upon himself the character of physician, still, according to Sprat, with intention " to dissemble the main design of his coming over ;" and, as Mr Wood relates, " complying with the men then in power (which was much taken notice of by the royal party), he obtained an order to be created doctor of physic ; which being done to his mind (whereby he gained the ill-will of some of his friends), he went into France again, having made a copy of verses on Oliver's death."

This is no favourable representation; yet even in this not much wrong can be discovered. How far he complied with the men in power, is to be enquired before he can be blamed. It is not said that he told them any secrets, or assisted them by intelligence or any other act. If he only promised to be quiet, that they in whose hands he was, might free

him from confinement, he did what no law of society prohibits.

The man whose miscarriage in a just cause has put him in the power of his enemy, may, without any violation of his integrity, regain his liberty, or preserve his life, by a promise of neutrality : for the stipulation gives the enemy nothing which he had not before. The neutrality of a captive may be always secured by his imprisonment or death. He that is at the disposal of another may not promise to aid him in any injurious act, because no power can compel active obedience. He may engage to do nothing, but not to do ill.

There is reason to think that Cowley promised little. It does not appear that his compliance gained him confidence enough to be trusted without security, for the bond of his bail was never cancelled ; nor that it made him think himself secure, for, at that dissolution of government which followed the death of Oliver, he returned into France, where he resumed his former station, and staid till the restoration.

" He continued," says his biographer, " under these bonds till the general deliverance ;" it is therefore to be supposed, that he did not go to France, and act again for the king, without the consent of his bondsman : that he did not shew his loyalty at the hazard of his friend, but by his friend's permission.

Of the verses on Oliver's death, in which Wood's narrative seems to imply something encomiastic, there has been no appearance. There is a discourse

concerning his government, indeed, with verses intermixed, but such as certainly gained its author no friends among the abettors of usurpation.

A doctor of physic, however, he was made at Oxford in December 1657; and in the commencement of the Royal Society, of which an account has been given by Dr Birch, he appears busy among the experimental philosophers with the title of Dr Cowley.

There is no reason for supposing that he ever attempted practice : but his preparatory studies have contributed something to the honour of his country. Considering botany as necessary to a physician, he retired into Kent to gather plants ; and as the predominance of a favourite study affects all subordinate operations of the intellect, botany in the mind of Cowley turned into poetry. He composed, in Latin, several books on plants, of which the first and second display the qualities of herbs, in elegiac verse ; the third and fourth, the beauties of flowers, in various measures ; and the fifth and sixth, the uses of trees, in heroic numbers.

At the same time were produced, from the same university, the two great poets, Cowley and Milton, of dissimilar genius, of opposite principles, but concurring in the cultivation of Latin poetry ; in which the English, till their works and May's poem appeared, seemed unable to contest the palm with any other of the lettered nations.

If the Latin performances of Cowley and Milton be compared (for May I hold to be superior to both), the advantage seems to lie on the side of Cowley. Milton is generally content to express the thoughts

of the ancients in their language ; Cowley, without much loss of purity or elegance, accommodates the diction of Rome to his own conceptions.

At the restoration, after all the diligence of his long service, and with consciousness not only of the merit of fidelity, but of the dignity of great abilities, he naturally expected ample preferments ; and, that he might not be forgotten by his own fault, wrote a song of triumph. But this was a time of such general hope, that great numbers were inevitably disappointed ; and Cowley found his reward very tediously delayed. He had been promised by both Charles the First and Second, the mastership of the Savoy ; " but he lost it," says Wood, " by certain persons, enemies to the muses."

The neglect of the court was not his only mortification ; having by such alteration as he thought proper, fitted his old comedy of " the Guardian" for the stage, he produced it under the title of " The Cutter of Coleman-street," It was treated on the stage with great severity, and was afterwards censured as a satire on the king's party.

Mr Dryden, who went with Mr Sprat to the first exhibition, related to Mr Dennis, " that, when they told Cowley how little favour had been shewn him, he received the news of his ill success, not with so much firmness as might have been expected from so great a man."

What firmness they expected, or what weakness Cowley discovered, cannot be known. He that misses his end will never be as much pleased as he that attains it, even when he can impute no part of his failure to himself ; and when the end is to please

the multitude, no man perhaps has a right, in things admitting of gradation and comparison, to throw the whole blame upon his judges, and totally to exclude diffidence and shame, by a haughty consciousness of his own excellence.

For the rejection of this play it is difficult now to find the reason : it certainly has, in a very great degree, the power of fixing attention and exciting merriment. From the charge of disaffection he exculpates himself in his preface, by observing how unlikely it is, that, having followed the royal family through all their distresses, " he should choose the time of their restoration to begin a quarrel with them." It appears, however, from the theatrical register of Downes the prompter, to have been popularly considered as a satire on the royalists.

That he might shorten this tedious suspense, he published his pretensions and his discontent, in an ode called " The Complaint ;" in which he styles himself the *melancholy* Cowley. This met with the usual fortune of complaints, and seems to have excited more contempt than pity.

These unlucky incidents are brought, maliciously enough, together in some stanzas, written about that time on the choice of a laureat ; a mode of satire, by which, since it was first introduced by Suckling, perhaps every generation of poets has been teased.

Savoy-missing Cowley came into the court.

Making apologies for his bad play ;

Every one gave him so good a report,

That Apollo gave heed to all he could say ;

Nor would he have had, 'tis thought, a rebuke,
Unless he had done some notable folly :
Writ verses unjustly in praise of Sam Tuke,
Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

His vehement desire of retirement now came again upon him. " Not finding," says the morose Wood, " that preferment conferred upon him which he expected, while others for their money carried away most places, he retired discontented into Surrey."

" He was now," says the courtly Sprat, " weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of a court ; which sort of life, though his virtue made it innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. Those were the reasons that moved him to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which, in the greatest throng of his former business, had still called upon him, and represented to him the true delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and a moderate revenue below the malice and flatteries of fortune."

So differently are things seen ! and so differently are they shewn ! But actions are visible, though motives are secret. Cowley certainly retired ; first to Barn-elms, and afterwards to Chertsey, in Surrey. He seems, however, to have lost part of his dread of the *hum of men* *. He thought himself now safe enough from intrusion, without the defence of mountains and oceans ; and, instead of seeking shelter in

* L'Allegro of Milton.

America, wisely went only so far from the bustle of life as that he might easily find his way back, when solitude should grow tedious. His retreat was at first but slenderly accommodated ; yet he soon obtained, by the interest of the Earl of St Alban's, and the Duke of Buckingham, such a lease of the queen's lands as afforded him an ample income.

By the lovers of virtue and of wit it will be solicitously asked, if he now was happy. Let them peruse one of the letters accidentally preserved by Peck, which I recommend to the consideration of all that may hereafter pant for solitude.

" To DR THOMAS SPRAT.

" *Chertsey, May 21, 1665.*

" The first night that I came hither I caught so great a cold with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days. And, two after, had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall, that I am yet unable to move or turn myself in my bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with. And, besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows ; if it be ominous, it can end in nothing less than hanging. Another misfortune has been, and stranger than all the rest, that you have broke your word with me, and failed to come, even though you told Mr Bois that you would. This is what they call *monstri*

simile. I do hope to recover my late hurt so far within five or six days (though it be uncertain yet whether I shall ever recover it) as to walk about again. And then, methinks, you and I and the dean might be very merry upon St Ann's hill. You might very Conveniently come hither the way of Hampton town, lying there one night. I write this in pain, and can say no more : *verbum sapienti.*"

He did not long enjoy the pleasure or suffer the uneasiness of solitude ; for he died at the Porch-house* in Chertsey, in 1667, in the 49th year of his age.

He was buried with great pomp near Chaucer and Spenser ; and king Charles pronounced, " That Mr Cowley had not left behind him a better man in England." He is represented by Dr Sprat as the most amiable of mankind ; and this posthumous praise may safely be credited, as it has never been contradicted by envy or by faction.

Such are the remarks and memorials which I have been able to add to the narrative of Dr Sprat ; who, writing when the feuds of the civil war were yet recent, and the minds of either party were easily irritated, was obliged to pass over many transactions in general expressions, and to leave curiosity often unsatisfied. What he did not tell, cannot however now be known ; I must therefore recommend the perusal of his work, to which my narration can be considered only as a slender supplement.

Cowley, like other poets who have written with narrow views, and, instead of tracing intellectual pleasures in the minds of men, paid their court to

* Now in the possession of Mr Clark, alderman of London,

temporary prejudices, has been at one time too much praised, and too much neglected at another.

Wit, like all other things subject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions, and at different times takes different forms. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, appeared a race of writers that may be termed the metaphysical poets ; of whom, in a criticism on the works of Cowley, it is not improper to give some account

The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to shew their learning was their whole endeavour : but, unluckily resolving to shew it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry they only wrote verses, and very often such versos as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear ; for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were *only* found to be verses by counting the syllables.

If the father of criticism has rightly denominated poetry τέχνη μιμητική, an imitative art, these writers will, without great wrong, lose their right to the name of poets ; for they cannot be said to have imitated any thing : they neither copied nature nor life ; neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect.

Those however who deny them to be poets, allow them to be wits. Dryden confesses of himself and his contemporaries, that they fall below Donne in wit ; but maintains, that they surpass him in poetry.

If wit be well described by Pope, as being " that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed," they certainly never attained, nor ever sought it ; for they endeavoured to be singular in their thoughts, and were careless of

their diction. But Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous : he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

If by a more noble and more adequate conception, that be considered as wit which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just ; if it be that which he that never found it, wonders how he missed ; to wit of this kind the metaphysical poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found.

But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *discordia concurs* ; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together ; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions ; their learning instructs, and their subtilty surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and, though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

Prom this account of their compositions it will be readily inferred, that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and sur-

prising, they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasure of other minds: they never enquired what, on any occasion, they should have said or done; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as beings looking upon good and evil, impassive and at leisure; as epicurean deities, making remarks on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had been never said before.

Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetic; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. It is with great propriety that subtilty, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of distinction. Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty, could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature, or the scenes of life, than he who dissects a sun beam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

What they wanted however of the sublime, they endeavoured to supply by hyperbole ; their amplification had no limits ; they left not only reason but fancy behind them ; and produced combinations of confused magnificence, that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost ; if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth : if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan, it was at least necessary to read and think. No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer, by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables.

In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry ; either something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined. If their greatness seldom elevates, their acuteness often surprises ; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed ; and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found buried perhaps in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value ; and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety though less copiousness of sentiment.

This kind of writting, which was, I believe borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extensive and various knowledge; and by Jonson, whose manner resembled that of Donne more in the ruggedness of his lines than in the cast of his sentiments.

When their reputation was high, they had undoubtedly more imitators than time has left behind. Their immediate successors, of whom any remembrance can be said to remain, were Suckling, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Cleiveland, and Milton. Denham and Waller sought another way to fame, by improving the harmony of our numbers. Milton tried the metaphysic style only in his lines upon Hobson the carrier. Cowley adopted it, and excelled his predecessors, having as much sentiment and more music. Suckling neither improved versification, nor abounded in conceits. The fashionable style remained chiefly with Cowley; Suckling could not reach it, and Milton disdained it.

Critical remarks are not easily understood without examples; and I have therefore collected instances of the modes of writing by which this species of poets (for poets they were called by themselves and their admirers) was eminently distinguished.

As the authors of this race were perhaps more desirous of being admired than understood, they sometimes drew their conceits from recesses of learning not very much frequented by common readers of poetry. Thus, Cowley on knowledge :

The sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew ;

The phoenix truth did on it rest.

And built his perfum'd neat,
 That right Propherian tree which did true logic shew,
 Each leaf did learned notions give,
 And the apples were demonstrative :
 So clear their colour and divine,
 The very shade they cast did other lights outshine

On Anacreon continuing a lover in his **old** age :

Love was with thy life entwin'd,
 Close as heat with fire is join'd;
 A powerful brand prescrib'd the date
 Of thine, like Meleager's fate,
 Th' antiperistasis of age
 More inflam'd thy amorous rage.

In the following verses we have an allusion to a rabbinical opinion concerning manna :

Variety I ask not : give me one
 To live perpetually upon.
 The person love does to us fit,
 Like manna, has the taste of all in it.

Thus Donne shews his medicinal knowledge in some encomiastic verses :

In every thing there naturally grows
 A balsamum to keep it fresh and new,
 If 'twere not injur'd by extrinsic blows ;
 Your youth and beauty are this balm in you.
 But you, of learning and religion,
 And virtue and such ingredients, have made
 A mithridate, whose operation
 Keeps off, or cures what can be done or said.

Though the following lines of Donne, on the last night of the year, have something in them too scholastic, they are not inelegant :

This twilight of two years, not past nor next.
 Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
 Who, meteor-like, of stuff and form perplex,
 Whose what and where in disputation is,
 If I should call me any thing, should miss.
 I sum the years and me, and find me not
 Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new.
 That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot,
 Nor trust I this with hopes ; and yet scarce true
 This bravery is since these times shew'd me you.

DONNE.

Yet more abstruse and profound is Donne's reflection upon man as a microcosm :

If men be worlds, there is in every one
 Something to answer in some proportion ;
 All the world's riches ; and in good men, this
 Virtue, our form's form, and our soul's soul, is.

Of thoughts so far-fetched, as to be not only unexpected, but unnatural, all their books are full,

To a lady, who wrote poesies for rings :

They, who above do various circles find,
 Say, like a ring, th' equator Heaven does bind.
 When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee,
 (Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be)
 'Tis thou must write the poesy there,
 For it wanteth one as yet,
 Then the sun pass through't twice a year,
 The sun, which is esteem'd the god of wit.

COWLEY.

The difficulties which have been raised about identity in philosophy, are by Cowley, with still more perplexity, applied to Love ;

Five years ago (says story) I lov'd you,
 For which you call me most inconstant now ;
 Pardon me, madam, you mistake the man ;
 For I am not the same that I was then ;
 No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me,
 And that my mind is chang'd yourself may see.
 The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
 Were more inconstant far ; for accidents
 Must of all things most strangely inconstant prove,
 If from one subject they t' another move ;
 My members then the father members were,
 From whence these take their birth, which now are here.
 If then this body love what th' other did,
 Twere incest, which by nature is forbid.

The love of different women is, in geographical poetry, compared to travels through different countries :

Hast thou not found each woman's breast
 (The land where thou hast travelled)
 Either by savages possest,
 Or wild, and uninhabited ?
 What joy could'st take, or what repose.
 In countries so unciviliz'd as those ?
 Lust, the scorching dog-star, here
 Rages with immoderate heat ;
 Whilst pride, the rugged northern bear,
 In others makes the cold too great.
 And where these are temperate known,
 The soil's all barren sand, or rocky stone.

CowLEY.

A lover, burnt up by his affection, is compared to Egypt :

The fate of Egypt I sustain,
 And never feel the due of rain
 From clouds which in the head appear ;

**But all my too-much moisture owe
To overflowings of the heart below.**

COWLEY.

**The lover supposes his lady acquainted with the
ancient laws of augury and rites of sacrifice :**

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear :
When sound in every other part,
Her sacrifice is found without an heart.
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath.

That the chaos was harmonized, has been recited
of old ; but whence the different sounds arose, re-
mained for a modern to discover :

Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew ;
An artless war from thwarting motions grew ;
Till they to number and fixt rules were brought.
Water and air he for the tenor chose,
Earth made the base ; the treble, flame arose.

COWLEY.

The tears of lovers are always of great poetical
account, but Donne has extended them into worlds.
If the lines are not easily understood, they may be
read again :

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that which was nothing, all.
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,
Till thy tears mixt with mine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee my heaven dissolved
so.

On reading the following lines, the reader may perhaps cry out—Confusion worse confounded.

Here lies a she sun, and a he moon here,
 She gives the best light to his sphere,
 Or each is both, and all, and so
 They unto one another nothing owe.

DONNE.

Who but Donne would have thought that a good man is a telescope?

Though God be our true glass through which we see
 All, since the being of all things is he,
 Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
 Things in proportion fit, by perspective
 Deeds of good men ; for by their living here,
 Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near.

Who would imagine it possible that in a very few lines so many remote ideas **could be brought together ?**

Since 'tis my doom, love's undershrieve,
 Why this reprieve ?
 Why doth my she advowson fly
 Incumbency ?
 To sell thyself dost thou intend
 By candles end,
 And hold the contrast thus in doubt,
 Life's taper out ?
 Think but how soon the market fails,
 Your sex lives fester than the males ;
 And if to measure age's span,
 The jobber Julian were th' account of man,
 Whilst you live by the fleet Gregorian.

CLEIVELAND.

Of enormous and disgusting hyperboles, these may be examples :

By every wind that comes this way,.
 Send me at least a sigh or two,

Such and so many I'll repay
As shall themselves make winds to get to you.

COWLEY.

In tears I'll waste these eyes,
By love so vainly fed ;
So lust of old the deluge punished.

COWLEY.

All arm'd in brass, the richest dress of war,
(A dismal glorious sight !) he shone afar.
The sun himself started with sudden fright,
To see his beams return so dismal bright.

COWLEY.

An universal consternation :

His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground ; then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail and roaring out.
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there ;
Trees, though no wind is stirring, shake with fear ;
Silence and horror fill the place around ;
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.

COWLEY.

Their fictions were often violent and unnatural.

Of his mistress bathing.

The fish around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treacherous fishers shew,
And all with as much ease might taken be,
As she at first took me ;
For ne'er did light so clear
Among the waves appear,
Though every night the sun himself set there.

COWLEY.

The poetical effect of a lover's name upon glass :

My name engrav'd herein
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass ;
Which, ever since that charm, hath been
As hard as that which grav'd it was.

DONNE.

Their conceits were sentiments slight **and trifling.**

On an inconstant woman :

He enjoys the calmy sunshine now,

And no breath stirring hears,

In the clear heaven of thy brow,

No smallest cloud appears.

He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,

And trusts the faithless April of **thy May.**

COWLEY.

Upon a paper written with the juice of lemon,
and read by the fire :

Nothing yet in thee is seen,

But when a genial heat warms thee within,

A new-born wood of various lines there grows :

Here buds an L, and there a B,

Here spouts a V, and there a T,

And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.

COWLEY.

As they sought only for novelty, they did not much enquire whether their allusions were to things high or low, elegant or gross ; whether they compared the little to the great, or the great to the **little.**

Physic and chirurgery for a lover :

Gently, ah ! gently, madam, touch

The wound, which you yourself have made ;

That pain must needs be very much,

Which makes me of your hand afraid.

Cordials of pity give me now,

For I too weak of purgings grow.

COWLEY

The world and a clock :

Mahol th' inferior world's fantastic face

Thro' all the turns of matter's maze did trace ;

Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took :

On all the springs and smallest wheels did look

**Of life and motion, and with equal art
Made up the whole again of every part.**

COWLEY.

A coal-pit has not often found its poet ; but, that it may not want its due honour, Cleiveland has paralleled it with the sun :

The moderate value of our guiltless **ore**
Makes no man atheist, and no woman whore ;
Yet why should hallow'd vestal's sacred shrine
Deserve more honour than a flaming mine ?
These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be,
Than a few embers, for a deity.
Had he our pits, the Persian would admire
No sun, but warm's devotion at our fire :
He d leave the trotting whisper, and prefer
Our profound vulcan 'bove that waggoner.
For wants he heat, or light ? or would have store
Of both ? 'tis here and what can suns give more ?
Nay, what's the sun, but in a different name,
A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame !
Then let this truth reciprocally run,
The sun's heaven's coalery, and coals our sun.

Death, a voyage :

No family

E'er rigged a soul for heaven's discovery,
With whom more venturers might boldly dare
Venture their stakes, with him in joy to share.

DUNNE.

Their thoughts and expressions were sometimes grossly absurd, and such as no figures or licence can reconcile to the understanding.

A lover neither dead nor alive :

Then down **I laid** my head
Down on **cold earth** ; and for a while was **dead**,
And my freed soul to a strange **somewhere fled** ;

Ah ! sottish soul, said I,
 When back to its cage again I saw it fly:
 Fool to resume her broken chain,
 And row her galley here again !
 Fool, to that body to return
 Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn !
 Once dead, how can it be,
 Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
 That thou should'st come to live it o'er again in me ?

COWLEY.

A Lover's heart, a hand grenado :

Wo to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
 Into the self-same room ;
 'Twill tear and blow up all within,
 Like a grenado shot into a magazine.
 Then shall love keep the ashes, and torn parts,
 Of both our broken hearts :
 Shall out of both one new one make :
 From her's th' allay, from mine the metal take.

COWLEY.

The poetical propagation of light :

The prince's favour is diffus'd o'er all,
 From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall :
 Then from those wombs of stars, the bride s bright eyes,
 At every glance a constellation flies,
 And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent,
 In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament :
 First her eye kindles other ladies' eyes.
 Then from their beams their jewels' lustres rise :
 And from their jewels torches do take fire,
 And all its warmth, and light, and good desire.

DONNE.

They were in very little care to clothe their notions with elegance of dress, and therefore miss the notice and the praise which are often gained by those who think less, but are more diligent to adorn their thoughts.

That a mistress beloved is fairer in idea than in reality, is by Cowley thus expressed :

Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand,
 Than woman can be plac'd by nature's hand ;
 And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
 To change thee as thou'rt there, for very thee.

That prayer and labour should co-operate, are thus taught by Donne:

In none **but** us are such mix'd engines found,
 As hands of double office : for **the** ground
 We till with them, and them to heaven we raise :
 Who prayerless labours, or, without this, prays,
 Doth but one half, that's none.

By the same author, a common topic, the danger of procrastination, is thus illustrated :

—— That which I should have begun
 In my youth's morning, now late must be done ;
 And I, as giddy travellers must do,
 Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
 Light and strength, dark and tir'd, must then ride post.

All that man has to do is to live and die ; the sum of humanity is comprehended by Donne in the following lines :

Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie ;
 After enabled but to suck and cry.
 Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor inn.
 A province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
 And that usurp'd, or threaten'd with a rage
 Of sicknesses, or their true mother, age.
 But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee ;
 Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty ;
 Think, that a rusty piece discharg'd is flown
 In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
 And freely flies this to thy soul allow,
 Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatch'd but now.

They were sometimes indelicate and disgusting.
Cowley thus apostrophises beauty :

—Thou tyrant, which leav'st no man free !
Thou subtile thief, from whom nought safe can be !
Thou murderer, which hast kill'd ; and devil, which
would'st damn me !

Thus he addresses his mistress :

Thou who, in many a propriety,
So truly art the sun to me,
Add one more likeness, which I'm sure you can,
And let me and my sun beget a man.

Thus he represents the meditations of a lover :

Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracts have been
So much as of original sin,
Such charms thy beauty wears, as might
Desires in dying confest saints excite.
Thou with strange adultery
Dost in each breast a brothel keep ;
Awake, all men do lust for thee,
And some enjoy thee when they sleep.

The true taste of tears.

Hither with crystal vials, lovers, come,
And take my tears, which are love's wine,
And try your mistress' tears at home ;
For all are false, that taste not just like mine.

DONNE

This is yet more indelicate :

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,
As that which from chaf'd musk-cat's pores doth trill,
As the almighty balm of the early east ;
Such are the sweet drops of my mistress' breast.
And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
They seem no sweat-drops but pearl coronets :
Rank, sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defiles.

DONNE.

Their expressions Sometimes raise horror, **when**
they intend perhaps **to be** pathetic :

As men in hell are from diseases free,
So from all other ills am I,
Free from their known formality :
But all pains eminently lie in thee.

COWLEY.

They Were not always strictly curious, whether the opinions from which they drew their illustrations were true ; it was enough that they were popular. Bacon remarks, that some falsehoods are continued by tradition, because they supply commodious allusions.

It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke *
In vain it something would have spoke ;
The love within too strong for't was,
Like poison put into a Venice-glass.

COWLEY.

In forming descriptions, they looked out, not for images, but for conceits. Night has been a common subject, which poets have contended to adorn. Dryden's Night is well known ; Donne's is as follows :

Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest :
Time's dead low-water , when all minds divest
To-morrow's business ; when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this ;
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps ; when the condemned man,
Who, when he opes his eyes, must shut them then
Again by death, although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep ;
Thou at this midnight seest me.

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IX.

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It must be however confessed of these writers, that if they are, upon common subjects, often unnecessarily and unpoetically subtle ; yet, where scholastic speculation can be properly admitted, their copiousness and acuteness may justly be admired. What Cowley has written upon hope shews an unequalled fertility of invention :

Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is,
 Alike if it succeed and if it miss ;
 Whom good or ill does equally confound,
 And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound ;
 Vain shadow ! which dost vanish quite,
 Both at full noon and perfect night !
 The stars have not a possibility
 Of blessing thee ;
 If things then from their end we happy call,
 'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.
 Hope, thou bold taster of delight,
 Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite,
 Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
 By clogging it with legacies before !
 The joys which we entire should wed,
 Come deflower'd virgins to our bed ;
 Good fortunes without gain imported be,
 Such mighty custom's paid to thee:
 For joy, like wine kept close, does better taste :
 If it take air before its spirits waste.

To the following comparison of a man that travels and his wife that stays at home, with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has better claim :

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.
 If they be two, they are two so

As stiff twin compasses are two ;
 Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth if th' other do.
 And though it in the centre sit,
 Yet, when the other far doth roam,
 It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect as that comes home.
 Such wilt thou be to me, who must
 Like th' other foot obliquely run.
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun.

DONNE.

In all these examples it is apparent, that whatever is improper or vitious is produced by a voluntary deviation from nature, in pursuit of something new and strange ; and that the writers fail to give delight by their desire of exciting admiration.

Having thus endeavoured to exhibit a general representation of the style and sentiments of the metaphysical poets, it is now proper to examine particularly the works of Cowley, who was almost the last of that race, and undoubtedly the best.

His Miscellanies contain a collection of short compositions, written some as they were dictated by a mind at leisure, and some as they were called forth by different occasions ; with great variety of style and sentiment, from burlesque levity to awful grandeur. Such an assemblage of diversified excellence no other poet has hitherto afforded. To choose the best, among many good, is one of the most hazardous attempts of criticism. I know not whether Scaliger himself has persuaded many readers to join with him in his preference of the two favourite odes, which he estimates in his raptures at the value of a kingdom. I will, however, venture to recommend

Cowley's first piece, which ought to be inscribed To my Muse, for want of which the second couplet is without reference. When the title is added, there will still remain a defect ; for every piece ought to contain in itself whatever is necessary to make it intelligible. Pope has some epitaphs without names; which are therefore epitaphs to be lett, occupied indeed for the present, but hardly appropriated.

The ode on wit is almost without a rival. It was about the time of Cowley that wit, which had been till then used for intellection, in contradistinction to will, took the meaning, whatever it be, which it now bears.

Of all the passages in which the poets have exemplified their own precepts, none will easily be found of greater excellence than that in which Cowley condemns exuberance of wit :

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part.
That shews more cost than art.
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear ;
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between.
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars which paint the galaxy.

In his verses to Lord Falkland, whom every man of his time was proud to praise, there are, as there must be in Cowley's compositions, some striking thoughts, but they are not well wrought. His Elegy on Sir Henry Wotton is vigorous and happy ; the series of thoughts is easy and natural ; and the con-

elusion, though a little weakened by the intrusion of Alexander, is elegant and forcible.

It may be remarked, that in this elegy, and in most of his encomiastic poems, he has forgotten or neglected to name his heroes.

In his poem on the death of Hervey, there is much praise, but little passion; a very just and ample delineation of such virtues as a studious privacy admits, and such intellectual excellence as a mind not yet called forth to action can display. He knew how to distinguish, and how to commend, the qualities of his companion ; but, when he wishes to make us weep, he forgets to weep himself, and diverts his sorrow by imagining how his crown of bays, if he had it, would crackle in the fire. It is the odd fate of this thought to be the worse for being true. The bay-leaf crackles remarkably as it burns ; as therefore this property was not assigned it by chance, the mind must be thought sufficiently at ease that could attend to such minuteness of physiology. But the power of Cowley is not so much to move the affections, as to exercise the understanding.

The Chronicle is a composition unrivalled and alone : such gaity of fancy, such facility of expression, such varied similitude, such a succession of images, and such a dance of words, it is in vain to expect except from Cowley. His strength always appears in his agility ; his volatility is not the flutter of a light, but the bound of an elastic mind. His levity never leaves his learning behind it ; the moralist, the politician, and the critic, mingle their influence even in this airy frolic of genius. To such a performance Suckling could have brought the

gaity, **but** not **the** knowledge; Dryden **could** have supplied the knowledge, but not the gaity.

The verses to Davenant, which are vigorously begun, and happily concluded, contain some hints of criticism very justly conceived and happily expressed. Cowley's critical abilities have not been sufficiently observed: the few decisions and remarks, which his prefaces and his notes on the Davideis supply, were at that time accessions to English literature, and show such skill as raises our wish for more examples.

The lines from Jersey are a very curious and pleasing specimen of the familiar descending to the burlesque.

His two metrical disquisitions for and against reason are no mean specimens of metaphysical poetry. The stanzas against knowledge produce little conviction. In those which are intended to exalt the human faculties, reason has its proper task assigned it; that of judging, not of things revealed, but of the reality of revelation. In the verses for Reason is a passage which Bentley, in the only English verses which he is known to have written, seems to have copied, though with the inferiority of an imitator.

The holy book like the eighth sphere doth shine,
With thousand lights of truth divine;
So numberless the stars, that to our eye
It makes all but one galaxy.
Yet reason must assist too; for, in seas
So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by stars above we cannot know
Without the compass too below.

After this says Bentley *;

Who travels in religious jars,
Truth mix'd with error, shade with rays,
Like Whiston wanting pyx or stars,
In ocean wide or sinks or strays,

Cowley seems to have had what Milton is believed to have wanted, the skill to rate his own performances by their just value, and has therefore closed his *Miscellanies* with the verses upon Crashaw, which apparently excel all that have gone before them, and in which there are beauties which common authors may justly think not only above their attainment, but above their ambition.

To the *Miscellanies* succeed the *Anacreontiques*, or paraphrastical translations of some little poems, which pass, however justly, under the name of Anacreon. Of these songs dedicated to festivity and gaiety, in which even the morality is voluptuous, and which teach nothing but the enjoyment of the present day, he has given rather a pleasing than a faithful representation, having retained their sprightliness, but lost their simplicity. The *Anacreon* of Cowley, like the *Homer* of Pope, has admitted the decoration of some modern graces, by which he is undoubtedly more amiable to common readers, and perhaps, if they would honestly declare their own perceptions, to far the greater part of those whom courtesy and ignorance are content to style the learned.

These little pieces will be found more finished in their kind than any other of Cowley's works. The

diction shews nothing of the mould of time, and the sentiments are at no great distance from our present habitudes of thought. Real mirth must be always natural, and nature is uniform. Men have been wise in very different modes ; but they have always laughed the same way,

Levity of thought naturally produced familiarity of language, and the familiar part of language continues long the same ; the dialogue of comedy, when it is transcribed from popular manners and real life, is read from age to age with equal pleasure. The artifices of inversion, by which the established order of words is changed, or of innovation, by which new words or meanings of words are introduced, is practised, not by those who talk to be understood, but by those who write to be admired.

The Anacreontiques, therefore, of Cowley, give now all the pleasure which they ever gave. If he was formed by nature for one kind of writing more than for another, his power seems to have been greatest in the familiar and the festive.

The next class of his poems is called " The Mistress," of which it is not necessary to select any particular pieces for praise or censure. They have all the same beauties and faults, and nearly in the same proportion. They are written with exuberance of wit, and with copiousness of learning; and it is truly asserted by Sprat, that the plentitude of the writer's knowledge flows in upon his page, so that the reader is commonly surprised into some improvement. But, considered as the verses of a lover, no man that has ever loved will much com-

mend them. They are neither courtly nor pathetic, have neither gallantry nor fondness. His praises are too far sought, and too hyperbolical, either to express love, or to excite it; every stanza is crowded with darts and flames, with wounds and death, with mingled souls and with broken hearts.

The principle artifice by which "The Mistress" is filled with conceits, is very copiously displayed by Addison. Love is by Cowley, as by other poets, expressed metaphorically by flame and fire; and that which is true of real fire is said of love, or figurative fire, the same word in the same sentence retaining both significations. Thus, "observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, he considers them as burning glasses made of ice. Finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, he concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. Upon the dying of a tree on which he had cut his loves, he observes that his flames had burnt up and withered the tree."

These conceits Addison calls mixed wit; that is, wit which consists of thoughts true in one sense of the expression, and false in the other. Addison's representation is sufficiently indulgent: that confusion of images may entertain for a moment; but, being unnatural, it soon grows wearisome. Cowley delighted in it, as much as if he had invented it; but, not to mention the ancients, he might have found it full-blown in modern Italy. Thus Sannazaro;

Aspice quam variis dstringar Vesbia curis !

Uror, et heu! nostro manat ab igne liquor:

Sum Nilu³, samque *Ætna* simul; restringite flammæ

O lacrimæ, aut lacrimas ebibe flamma meas.

One of the severe theologians of that time, censured him as having published " a book of profane and lascivious verses." From the charge of profaneness, the constant tenour of his life, which seems to have been eminently virtuous, and the general tendency of his opinions, which discover no irreverence of religion, must defend him ; but that the accusation of lasciviousness is unjust, the perusal of his work will sufficiently evince.

Cowley's " Mistress" has no power of seduction : she " plays round the head, but reaches not the heart," Her beauty and absence, her kindness and cruelty, her disdain and inconstancy, produce no correspondence of emotion. His poetical account of the virtues of plants, and colours of flowers, is not perused with more sluggish frigidity. The compositions are such as might have been written for penance by a hermit, or for hire by a philosophical rhymers who had only heard of another sex ; for they turn the mind only on the writer, whom, without thinking on a woman but as the subject for his task, we sometimes esteem as learned, and sometimes despise as trifling, always admire as ingenious, and always condemn as unnatural.

The Pindaric odes are now to be considered ; a species of composition, which Cowley thinks Pancirolus might have counted in his " List of the

lost inventions of antiquity," and which he has made a bold and vigorous attempt to recover.

The purpose with which he has paraphrased an Olympic and Nemæan ode is by himself sufficiently explained. His endeavour was, not to show precisely what Pindar spoke, but his manner of speaking. He was therefore not at all restrained to his expressions, nor much to his sentiments; nothing was required of him, but not to write as Pindar would not have written.

Of the Olympic ode, the beginning is, I think, above the original in elegance, and the conclusion below it in strength. The connection is supplied with great perspicuity; and the thoughts, which to a reader of less skill seem thrown together by chance, are concatenated without any abruption. Though the English ode cannot be called a translation, it may be very properly consulted as a commentary.

The spirit of Pindar is indeed not every where equally preserved. The following pretty lines are not such as his deep mouth was used to pour :

Great Rhea's son,
If in Olympus top, where thou
Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show,
If in Alpheus's silver flight,
If in my verse thou take delight,
My verse, great Rhea's son, which is
Lofty as that and smooth as this.

In the Nemæan ode the reader must, in mere justice to Pindar, observe, that whatever is said of " the original new moon, her tender forehead and her horns," is superadded by his **paraphrast**, who

has many other plays of words and fancy unsuitable to the original, as

The table, free from every guest,
No doubt will thee admit,
And feast more upon thee, than thou on it.

He sometimes extends his author's thoughts without improving them. In the Olympionick an oath is mentioned in a single word, and Cowley spends three lines in swearing by the Castalian Stream. We are told of Theron's bounty, with a hint that he had enemies, which Cowley thus enlarges in rhyming prose ;

But in this thankless world the giver
Is envied even by the receiver ;
Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion
Rather to hide than own the obligation :
Nay, 'tis much worse than so ;
It now an artifice does grow
Wrongs and injuries to do,
Lest men should think we owe.

It is hard to conceive that a man of the first rank in learning and wit, when he was dealing out such minute morality in such feeble diction, could imagine, either waking or dreaming, that he imitated Pindar.

In the following odes, where Cowley chooses his own subjects, he sometimes rises to dignity truly Pindaric ; and, if some deficiencies of language be forgiven, his strains are such as those of the Theban bard were to his contemporaries :

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre:
Lo how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,

All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measure dance ;
While the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
My music's voice shall bear it company ;
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound.

After such enthusiasm, who will not lament to find the poet conclude with lines like these :

But stop, my Muse -
Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,
Which does to rage begin—
—'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse—
'Twill no unskilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader too that sits not sure.

The fault of Cowley, and perhaps of all the writers of the metaphysical race, is that of pursuing his thoughts to the last ramifications, by which he loses the grandeur of generality ; for of the greatest things the parts are little ; what is little can be but pretty, and by claiming dignity becomes ridiculous—Thus all the power of description is destroyed by a scrupulous enumeration, and the force of metaphors is lost, when the mind, by the mention of particulars, is turned more upon the original than the secondary sense, more upon that from which the illustration is drawn, than that to which it is applied.

Of this we have a very eminent example in the ode entitled " The Muse," who goes to take the air in an intellectual chariot, to which he harnesses Fancy and Judgment, Wit and Eloquence, Memory and Invention. How he distinguished Wit

from Fancy, or how Memory could properly contribute to motion, he has not explained : we are however content to suppose that he could have justified his own fiction, and wish to see the Muse begin her career ; but there is yet more to be done.

Let the postillion Nature mount, and let
The coachman art be set ;
And let the airy footmen, running all beside,
Make a long row of goodly pride ;
Figures, conceits, raptures, and sentences,
In a well-worded dress.
And innocent loves, and pleasant truths and useful lies,
In all their gaudy liveries.

Every mind is now disgusted with this cumber of magnificence ; yet I cannot refuse myself the four next lines:

Mount, glorious queen, thy travelling throne,
And bid it to put on ;
For long though cheerful is the way,
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day,

In the same ode, celebrating the power of the Muse, he gives her prescience, or, in poetical language, the foresight of events hatching in futurity ; but, having once an egg in his mind, he cannot forbear to show us that he knows what an egg contains :

Thou into the close nests of Time dost peep,
And there with piercing eye,
Through the firm shell and the thick white, dost spy
Years to come a-forming lie,
Close in their sacred fecundine sleep.

The same thought is more generally, and there-

fore more poetically expressed by Casimir, **a writer** who has many of the beauties and faults of **Cowley** :

**Omnibus mundi dominator horis
Aptat urgendas per inane pennas,
Pars adhuc nido latet, et futuros
Crescit in annos.**

Cowley, whatever was his subject, seems to have been carried, by a kind of destiny, to the light and the familiar, or to conceits which require still more ignoble epithets. A slaughter in the Red Sea new-dies the water's name ; and England, during the civil war, was Albion no more, nor to be named from white. It is surely by some fascination, not easily surmounted, that a writer professing to revive the noblest and highest writing in verse, makes this address to the new year :

**Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle year,
Let not so much as love be there,
Vain, fruitless love I mean; for, gentle year,
Although I fear
There's of this caution little need,
Yet, gentle year, take heed
How thou dost make
Such a mistake ;
Such love I mean alone
As by thy cruel predecessors has been shewn :
For, though I have too much cause to doubt it,
I fain would try, for once, if life can live without it,**

The reader of this will be inclined to cry **out** with **Prior**—

**" Ye critics, say,
How poor to this was Pindar's style !"**

Even those who cannot perhaps find in the Isthmian or Nemæan songs what antiquity has disposed them to expect, will at least see that they are ill represented by such puny poetry ; and all will determine, that if this be the old Theban strain, it is not worthy of revival.

To the disproportion and incongruity of Cowley's sentiments must be added the uncertainty and looseness of his measures. He takes the liberty of using in any place a verse of any length, from two syllables to twelve. The verses of Pindar have, as he observes, very little harmony to a modern ear; yet, by examining the syllables, we perceive them to be regular, and have reason enough for supposing that the ancient audiences were delighted with the sound. The imitator ought therefore to have adopted what he found, and to have added what was wanting; to have preserved a constant return of the same numbers, and to have supplied smoothness of transition and continuity of thought

It is urged by Dr Sprat, that the irregularity of numbers is the very thing which makes that kind of poesy fit for all manner of subjects. But he should have remembered, that what is fit for every thing can fit nothing well. The great pleasure of verse arises from the known measure of the lines, and uniform structure of the stanzas, by which the voice is regulated, and the memory relieved.

If the Pindaric style be, what Cowley thinks it, the highest and noblest kind of writing in verse, it can be adapted only to high and noble subjects ; and it will not be easy to reconcile the poet with the critic, or to conceive how that can be the highest

kind of writing in verse which, according to Sprat, is chiefly to be preferred for its near affinity to prose.

This lax and lawless versification so much concealed the deficiencies of the barren, and flattered the laziness of the idle, that it immediately overspread our books of poetry ; all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion, and they that could do nothing else could write like Pindar. The rights of antiquity were invaded, and disorder tried to break into the Latin : a poem on the Sheldonian theatre, in which all kinds of verse are shaken together, is unhappily inserted in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. Pindarism prevailed about half a century ; but at last died gradually away, and other imitations supply its place.

The Pindaric odes have so long enjoyed the highest degree of poetical reputation, that I am not willing to dismiss them with unabated censure ; and surely, though the mode of their composition be erroneous, yet many parts deserve at least that admiration which is due to great comprehension of knowledge, and great fertility of fancy. The thoughts are often new, and often striking ; but the greatness of one part is disgraced by the littleness of another ; and total negligence of language gives the noblest conceptions the appearance of a fabric august in the plan, but mean in the materials. Yet surely those verses are not without a just claim to praise ; of which it may be said with truth, that no man but Cowley could have written them.

The Davideis now remains to be considered ; a poem which the author designed to have extended to twelve books, merely, as he makes no scruple of

declaring, because the *Æneid* had that **number** ; but he had leisure or perseverance only to write the third part. Epic poems have been left unfinished by Virgil, Statius, Spencer, and Cowley. That we have not the whole *Davideis* is, however, not much to be regretted ; for in this undertaking Cowley is, tacitly at least, confessed to have miscarried. There are not many examples of so great a work, produced by an author generally read, and generally praised, that has crept through a century with so little regard. Whatever is said of Cowley, is meant of his other works. Of the *Davideis* no mention is made ; it never appears in books, nor emerges in conversation. By the *Spectator* it has been once quoted ; by Rymer it has once been praised ; and by Dryden, in " *Mack Flecknoe*," it has once been imitated ; nor do I recollect much other notice from its publication till now, in the whole succession, of English literature.

Of this silence and neglect, if the reason be inquired, it will be found partly in the choice of the subject, and partly in the performance of the work.

Sacred history has been always read with submissive reverence, and an imagination overawed and controuled. We have been accustomed to acquiesce in the nakedness and simplicity of the authentic narrative, and to repose on its veracity with such humble confidence as suppresses curiosity. We go with the historian as he goes, and stop with him when he stops. All amplification is frivolous and vain ; all addition to that which is already sufficient for the purposes of religion seems not only useless, but in some degree profane.

Such events as were produced by the visible interposition of divine power are above the power of human genius to dignify. The miracle of creation, however it may teem with images, is best described with little diffusion of language : " He spake the word, and they were made."

We are told that Saul was troubled with an evil spirit ; from this Cowley takes an opportunity of describing hell, and telling the history of Lucifer, who was, he says,

Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights ;
But down, like light'ning which him struck, he came,
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame.

Lucifer makes a speech to the inferior agents of mischief, in which there is something of heathenism, and therefore of impropriety ; and, to give efficacy to his words, concludes by lashing his breast with his long tail. Envy, after a pause, steps out, and among other declarations of her zeal utters these lines :

Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply,
And thunder echo to the trembling sky ;
Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height,
As shall the fire's proud element affright :
Th' old drudging sun, from his long-beaten way,
Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day :
The jocund orbs shall break their measur'd place,
Heaven's gilded troops shall flutter here and there,
Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere.

Every reader feels himself weary with this useless talk of an allegorical being.

It is not only when the events are confessedly miraculous, that fancy and fiction lose their effect : the whole system of life, while the theocracy was

yet visible, has an appearance so different from all other scenes of human action, that the reader of the sacred volume habitually considers it as the peculiar mode of existence of a distinct species of mankind, that lived and acted with manners uncommunicable; so that it is difficult even for imagination to place us in the state of them whose story is related, and by consequence their joys and griefs are not easily adopted, nor can the attention be often interested in any thing that befalls them.

To the subject thus originally indisposed to the reception of poetical embellishments, the writer brought little that could reconcile impatience, or attract curiosity. Nothing can be more disgusting than a narrative spangled with conceits; and conceits are all that the Davideis supplies.

One of the great sources of poetical delight is description,* or the power of presenting pictures to the mind. Cowley gives inferences instead of images, and shews not what may be supposed to have been seen, but what thoughts the sight might have suggested. When Virgil describes the stone which Turnus lifted against Æneas, he fixes the attention on its bulk and weight :

Saxum circumspirit ingens.

Saxum antiquum, ingena, campo quod forte jacebat

Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.

Cowley says of the stone with which Cain slew his brother,

I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant

At once his murder and his monument.

*Dr Warton discovers some contrariety of opinion between this and what is said of description, in p. 49. C.

Of the sword taken from Goliah, he says,

A sword so great, that it was only fit
To cut off his great head that came with it.

Other poets describe death by some of its common appearances. Cowley says, with a learned allusion to sepulchral lamps, real or fabulous,

'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious blade,
And open'd wide those secret vessels where
Life's light goes out, when first they let in air.

But he has allusions vulgar as well as learned. In a visionary succession of kings :

Joas at first does bright and glorious shew,
In life's fresh morn his fame does early crow.

Describing an undisciplined army, after having said with elegance,

His forces seem'd no army, but a crowd
Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly and loud,

he gives them a fit of the ague.

The allusions, however, are not always to vulgar things ; he offends by exaggeration as much as by diminution :

The king was plac'd alone, and o'er his head
A well-wrought heaven of silk and gold was spread.

Whatever he writes is always polluted with some conceit :

Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold doth see,
Gold, which alone more influence has than he.

In one passage he starts a sudden question to the confusion of philosophy :

Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace-
The oak, for courtship most *of* all unfit,
And rough as are the winds that fight with it?

His expressions have sometimes a degree of meanness that surpasses expectation .:

Nay, gentle guests, he cries, since now you're in,
The story of your gallant friend begin.

In a simile descriptive of the morning :

As glimmering stars, just at the approach of day,
Cashier'd by troops, at last drop all away.

The dress of Gabriel deserves attention :

He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,
That e'er the mid-day sun pierc'd through with light ;
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,
Wash'd from the morning beauties' deepest red ;
An harmless flatt'ring meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care ;
He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,,
Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the eyes ;
This he with starry vapours sprinkles all,
Took in their prime ere they grow ripe and fall ;
Of a new rainbow ere it fret or fade,
The choicest piece cut out, a scarf is made.

This is a just specimen of Cowley's imagery : what might in general expressions be great and forcible, he weakens and makes ridiculous by branching it into small parts. That Gabriel was invested with the softest or brightest colours of the sky, we might have been told, and been dismissed to improve the idea in our different proportions of con-

ception; but Cowley could not let us go till he had related where Gabriel got first his skin, and then his mantle, then his lice, and then his scarf, and related it in the terms of the mercer and tailor.

Sometimes he indulges himself in a digression, always conceived with his natural exuberance, and commonly, even where it is not long, continued till it is tedious.

I' th' library a few choice authors stood,
Yet 'twas well stor'd, for that small store was good ;
Writing, men's spiritual physic, was not then
Itself, as now grown a disease of men.
Learning (young virgin) but few suitors knew ;
The common prostitute she lately grew,
And with the spurious brood loads now the press;
Laborious effects of idleness.

As the *Davideis* affords only four books, though intended to consist of twelve, there is no opportunity for such criticism as epic poems commonly supply. The plan of the whole work is very imperfectly shewn by the third part. The duration of an unfinished action cannot be known. Of characters, either not yet introduced, or shown but upon few occasions, the full extent and the nice discriminations cannot be ascertained. The fable is plainly implex, formed rather from the *Odyssey* than the *Iliad* : and many artificers of diversification are employed, with the skill of a man acquainted with the best models. The past is recalled by narration, and the future anticipated by vision : but he has been so lavish of his poetical art, that it is difficult to imagine how he could fill eight books more without practising again the same modes of disposing his

matter; and perhaps the perception of this growing incumbrance inclined him to stop. By this abruption, posterity lost more instruction than delight. If the continuation of the Davideis can be missed, it is for the learning that had been diffused over it, and the notes in which it had been explained.

Had not his characters been depraved like every other part by improper decorations, they would have deserved uncommon praise. He gives Saul both the body and mind of a hero:

His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
Nor turn'd aside for danger or delight.

And the different beauties of the lofty Merah and the gentle Michol are very justly conceived and strongly painted.

Rymer has declared the Davideis superior to the Jerusalem of Tasso, "which," says he, "the poet, with all his care, has not totally purged from pedantry." If by pedantry is meant that minute knowledge which is derived from particular sciences and studies, in opposition to the general notions supplied by a wide survey of life and nature, Cowley certainly errs, by introducing pedantry far more frequently than Tasso. I know not, indeed, why they should be compared; for the resemblance of Cowley's work to Tasso's is only that they both exhibit the agency of celestial and infernal spirits, in which however they differ widely; for Cowley supposes them commonly to operate upon the mind by suggestion; Tasso represents them as promoting or obstructing events by external agency.

Of particular passages that can be properly com-

pared, I remember only the description of heaven, in which the different manner of the two writers is sufficiently discernible. Cowley's is scarcely description, unless it be possible to describe by negatives : for he tells us only what there is not in heaven. Tasso endeavours to represent the splendours and pleasures of the regions of happiness. Tasso affords images, and Cowley sentiments. It happens, however, that Tasso's description affords some reason for Rymer's censure. He says of the Supreme Being,

*Ha sotto i piedi e fato e la natura
Ministri humili, e'l moto, e ch'il misura.*

The second line has in it more of pedantry than perhaps can be found in any other stanza of the poem.

In the perusal of the Davideis, as of all Cowley's works, we find wit and learning unprofitably squandered. Attention has no relief; the affections are never moved; we are sometimes surprized, but never delighted; and find much to admire, but little to approve. Still however it is the work of Cowley, of a mind capacious by nature, and replenished by study.

In the general view of Cowley's poetry, it will be found, that he wrote with abundant fertility, but negligent or unskilful selection; with much thought, but with little imagery; that he is never pathetic, and rarely sublime; but always either ingenious or learned, either acute or profound.

It is said by Denham in his elegy,

*To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he writ was all his own.*

This wide position requires less limitation when it is affirmed of Cowley, than perhaps of any other poet.—He read much, and yet borrowed little.

His character of writing was indeed not his own: he unhappily adopted that which was predominant. He saw a certain way to present praise; and, not sufficiently enquiring by what means the ancients have continued to delight through all the changes of human manners, he contented himself with a deciduous laurel, of which the verdure in its spring was bright and gay, but which time has been continually stealing from his brows.

He was in his own time considered as of unrivalled excellence. Clarendon represents him as having taken a flight beyond all that went before him ; and Milton is said to have declared, that the three greatest English poets were Spenser, Shakspeare, and Cowley.

His manner he had in common with others; but his sentiments were his own. Upon every subject he thought for himself; and such was his copiousness of knowledge, that something at once remote and applicable rushed into his mind; yet it is not likely that he always rejected a commodious idea, merely because another had used it; his known wealth was so great that he might have borrowed without loss of credit.

In his elegy on Sir Henry Wotton, the last lines have such resemblance to the noble epigram of Grotius on the death of Scaliger, that I cannot but think them copied from it, though they are copied by no servile hand.

One passage in his *Mistress* is so apparently bor-

rowed from Donne, that he probably would not have written it, had it not mingled with his own thoughts, so as that he did not perceive himself taking it from another :

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
 Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee ;
 The search itself rewards the pains.
 So, though the chymic his great secret miss
 (For neither it in art or nature is),
 Yet things well worth his toil he gains :
 And does his charge and labour pay
 With good unsought experiments by the way.

COWLEY.

Some that have deeper digg'd love's mine than I,
 Say, where his centric happiness doth lie *
 I have lov'd, and got, and told ;
 But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
 I should not find that hidden mystery ;
 Oh, tis imposture all !
 And as no chymic yet th' elixir got,
 But glorifies his pregnant pot,
 If by the way to him befall
 Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
 So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
 But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Johnson and Donne, as Dr Hurd remarks, were then in the highest esteem.

It is related by Clarendon, that Cowley always acknowledges his obligation to the learning and industry of Johnson ; but I have found no traces of Johnson in his works : to emulate Donne appears to have been his purpose ; and from Donne he may have learned that familiarity with religious images, and that light allusion to sacred things, by which readers, far short of sanctity, are frequently offended;

and which would not be borne in the present age, when devotion, perhaps not more fervent, is more delicate.

Having produced one passage taken by Cowley from Donne, I will recompense him by another which Milton seems to have borrowed from him. He says of Goliath,

His spear, the trunk was of a lofty tree,
Which nature meant some tall ship's mast should be

Milton of Satan :

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were **but a wand**
He walked with.

His diction was in his own time censured as negligent. He seems not to have known, or not to have considered, that words being arbitrary must owe their power to association, and have the influence, and that only, which custom has given them. Language is the dress of thought : and as the noblest mien, or most graceful action, would be degraded and obscured by a garb appropriated to the gross employments of rustics or mechanics ; so the most heroic sentiments will lose their efficacy, and the most splendid ideas drop their magnificence, if they are conveyed by words used commonly upon low and trivial occasions, debased by vulgar mouths, and contaminated by inelegant applications.

Truth indeed is always truth, and reason is always reason; they have an intrinsic and unalterable value, and constitute that intellectual gold which defies destruction : but gold may be so concealed in baser

matter, that only a chymist can recover it; sense may be so hidden in unrefined and plebeian words, that none but philosophers can distinguish it; and both may be so buried in impurities, as not to pay the cost of their extraction.

The diction, being the vehicle of the thoughts, first presents itself to the intellectual eye: and if the first appearance offends, a further knowledge is not often sought. Whatever professes to benefit by pleasing, must please at once. The pleasures of the mind imply something sudden and unexpected: that which elevates must always surprise. What is perceived by slow degrees may gratify us with the consciousness of improvement, but will never strike with the sense of pleasure.

Of all this, Cowley appears to have been without knowledge, or without care. He makes no selection of words, nor seeks any neatness of phrase; he has no elegances either lucky or elaborate: As his endeavours were rather to impress sentences upon the understanding, than images on the fancy; he has few epithets, and those scattered without peculiar propriety or nice adaptation. It seems to follow from the necessity of the subject, rather than the care of the writer, that the diction of the heroic poem is less familiar than that of his slightest writings. He has given not the same numbers, but the same diction, to the gentle Anacreon and the tempestuous Pindar.

His versification seems to have had very little of his care; and if what he thinks be true, that his numbers are unmusical only when they are ill read, the art of reading them is at present lost; for they

are commonly harsh to modern ears. He has indeed many noble lines, such as the feeble care of Waller never could produce. The bulk of his thoughts sometimes swelled his verse to unexpected and inevitable grandeur ; but his excellence of this kind is merely fortuitous : he sinks willingly down to his general carelessness, and avoids with very little care either meanness or asperity.

His contractions are often rugged and harsh :

One flings a mountain, and its rivers too
Torn up with't.

His rhymes are very often made by pronouns, or particles, or the like unimportant words, which disappoint the ear, and destroy the energy of the line.

His combination of different measures is sometimes dissonant and unpleasing ; he joins verses together, of which the former does not slide easily into the latter.

The words *do* and *did*, which so much degrade in present estimation the line that admits them, were in the time of Cowley little censured or avoided ; how often he used them, and with how bad an effect, at least to our ears, will appear by a passage, in which every reader will lament to see just and noble thoughts defrauded of their praise by inelegance of language :

Where honour or where conscience does not bind,,
No other law shall shackle me ;
Slave to myself I ne'er will be ;
Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
By my own present mind.

Who by resolves **and** vows engag'd does stand
 For days, that yet belong to fate,
 Does like an unthrift mortgage his estate,
 Before it falls into his hand ;
 The bondman of the cloister so,
All that he does receive does always owe.
 And still as time comes in, it goes away,
 Not to enjoy, but debts to pay !
 Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell !
 Which his hour's work as well as hours does tell :
 Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing knell.

His heroic lines are often formed of monosyllables ;
 but yet they are sometimes sweet and sonorous.

He says of the Messiah,

Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,
 And reach to worlds that must not yet be found.

In another place, of David,

Yet bid him go securely, when he sends ;
 'Tis Saul that is his foe, and we his friends.
 The man who has his God, no aid can lack ;
 And we who bid him *go*, will bring him back.

Yet amidst his negligence he sometimes attempted
 an improved and scientific versification ; of which
 it will be best to give his own account subjoined to
 this line :

Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.

" I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the
 most part of readers, that it is not by negligence
 that this verse is so loose, long, and, as it were,
 vast ; it is to paint in the number the nature of
 the thing which it describes, which I would have

observed in divers other places of this poem, that eke will pass for very careless verses: as before,

" And over-runs the neighb'ring fields with violent course."

" In the second book;

" Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all."

" And,

" And fell a-down his shoulders with loose care."

" In the third,

" Brass was his helmet, his boots brass, and o'er
His breast a thick plate of strong brass he wore."

" In the fourth,

" Like some fair pine o'er-looking all th' ignobler wood."

" And,

" Some from the rocks cast themselves down headlong."

" And many more : but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is, that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that, out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the Greeks were not so accurate as to bind themselves to ; neither have our English poets observed it for aught I can find. The Latins (*qui musas colunt scveriores*) sometimes did it ; and their prince, Virgil, always : in whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, so that it is superfluous to collect them."

I know not whether he has in many of these instances attained the representation or resemblance that he purposes. Verse can imitate only sound

and motion. A boundless verse, a headlong verse, and a verse of brass or of strong brass, seem to comprise very incongruous and unsociable ideas. What there is peculiar in the sound of the line expressing loose care, I cannot discover ; nor why the pine is taller in an Alexandrine than in ten syllables.

But, not to defraud him of his due praise, he has given *one* example of representative versification, which perhaps no other English line can equal.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise :
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay
Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone,
Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever shall run on.

Cowley was, I believe, the first poet that mingled Alexandrines at pleasure with the common heroic often syllables ; and from him Dryden borrowed the practice, whether ornamental or licentious. He considered the verse of twelve syllables as elevated and majestic, and has therefore deviated into that measure when he supposes the voice heard of the Supreme Being.

The author of the *Davideis* is commended by Dryden for having written it in couplets, because he discovered that any staff was too lyrical for an heroic poem ; but this seems to have been known before by May and Sandys, the translators of the *Pharsalia* and *Metamorphoses*.

In the *Davideis* are some hemistichs, or verses left imperfect by the author, in imitation of Virgil, whom he supposes not to have intended to complete them. That this opinion is erroneous, may be probably concluded, because this tuncation is imi-

tated by no subsequent Roman poet ; because Virgil himself filled, up one broken line in the heat of recitation ; because in one the sense is now unfinished ; and because all that can be done by a broken verse, a line intersected by a *cæsura*, and a full stop, will equally effect.

Of triplets in his Davideis he makes no use, and perhaps did not at first think them allowable ; but he appears afterwards to have changed his mind, for in the verses on the government of Cromwell he inserts them liberally with great happiness.

After so much criticism on his poems, the essays which accompany them must not be forgotten. What is said by Sprat of his conversation, that no man could draw from it any suspicion of his excellence in poetry, may be applied to these compositions. No author ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far sought, or hard laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.

It has been observed by Felton, in his essay on the classics, that Cowley was beloved by every muse that he courted ; and that he has rivalled the ancients in every kind of poetry but tragedy.

It may be affirmed, without any encomiastic fervour, that he brought to his poetic labours a mind replete with learning, and that his pages are embellished with all the ornaments which books could supply ; that he was the first who imparted to English numbers the enthusiasm of the greater ode, and

the gaiety of the less ; that he was equally qualified for sprightly sallies, and for lofty flights; that he was among those who freed translation from servility, and, instead of following its author at a distance, walked by his side ; and that if he left versification yet improveable, he left likewise from time to time such specimens of excellence as enabled succeeding poets to improve it.

DENHAM.

OF SIR JOHN DENHAM very little is known but what is related of him by Wood, or by himself.

He was born in Dublin in 1615 ; the only son of Sir John Denham, of Little Horsley in Essex then chief baron of the exchequer in Ireland, and of Eleanor, daughter of Sir Garret More, baron of Mellefont.

Two years afterwards, his father, being made one of the barons of the exchequer in England, brought him away from his native country, and educated him in London.

In 1631 he was sent to Oxford, where he was considered " as a dreaming young man, given more to dice and cards than study ;" and therefore gave no prognostics of his future eminence; nor was suspected to conceal, under sluggishness and laxity, a genius born to improve the literature of his country.

When he was, three years afterwards, removed to Lincoln's Inn, he prosecuted the common law with sufficient appearance of application ; yet did not lose his propensity to cards and dice ; but was very often plundered by gamesters.

Being severely reprov'd for this folly, he profess'd, and perhaps believed, himself reclaim'd; and, to testify the sincerity of his repentance, Wrote and published " An Essay upon Gaming."

He seems to have divid'd his studies between law and poetry ; for, in 1636, he translated the second book of the *Æneid*.

Two years after, his father died ; and then, notwithstanding his resolutions and professions, he returned again to the vice of gaming, and lost several thousand pounds that had been left him.

In 1641, he published " The Sophy." This seems to have given him his first hold of the public attention ; for Waller remarked, " That he broke out like the Irish rebellion, three-score thousand strong, when nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it ;" an observation which could have had no propriety, had his poetical abilities been known before.

He was after that prick'd for sheriff of Surrey, and made governor of Farnham Castle for the king ; but he soon resign'd that charge, and retreated to Oxford, where, in 1643, he published " Cooper's Hill."

This poem had such reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence.

A report was spread, that the performance was

not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The same attempt was made to rob Addison of his *Cato*, and Pope of his *Essay on Criticism*.

In 1647, the distresses of the royal family required him to engage in more dangerous employments. He was entrusted by the queen with a message to the king ; and, by whatever means, so far softened the ferocity of Hugh Peters, that by his intercession admission was procured. Of the king's condescension he has given an account in the dedication of his works.

He was afterwards employed in carrying on the king's correspondence ; and, as he says, discharged this office with great safety to the royalists : and, being accidentally discovered by the adverse party's knowledge of Mr Cowley's hand, he escaped happily both for himself and his friends.

He was yet engaged in a greater undertaking. In April 1648, he conveyed James the Duke of York from London into France, and delivered him there to the queen and prince of Wales. This year he published his translation of "*Cato Major*."

He now resided in France, as one of the followers of the exiled king ; and, to divert the melancholy of their condition, was sometimes enjoined by his master to write occasional verses ; one of which amusements was probably his ode or song upon the embassy to Poland, by which he and Lord Crofts procured a contribution of ten thousand pounds from the Scotch that wandered over that kingdom. Poland was at that time very much frequented by itinerant traders, who, in a country of very little

commerce and of great extent, where every man resided on his own estate, contributed very much to the accommodation of life, by bringing to every man's house those little necessities which it was very inconvenient to want, and very troublesome to fetch. I have formerly read, without much reflection, of the multitude of Scotchmen that travelled with their wares in Poland; and that their numbers were not small, the success of this negotiation gives sufficient evidence.

About this time, what estate the war and the gamesters had left him, was sold by order of the parliament: and when, in 1652, he returned to England, he was entertained by the Earl of Pembroke.

Of the next years of his life there is no account. At the restoration he obtained that which many missed, the reward of his loyalty; being made surveyor of the king's buildings, and dignified with the order of the Bath. He seems now to have learned some attention to money; for Wood says, that he got by this place seven thousand pounds.

After the restoration, he wrote the poem on Prudence and Justice, and perhaps some of his other pieces; and as he appears, whenever any serious question comes before him, to have been a man of piety, he consecrated his poetical powers to religion, and made a metrical version of the Psalms of David. In this attempt he has failed; but in sacred poetry, who has succeeded?

It might be hoped that the favour of his master, and esteem of the public, would now make him

happy. But human felicity is short and uncertain; a second marriage brought upon him so much disquiet, as for a time disordered his understanding ; and Butler lampooned him for his lunacy. I know not whether the malignant lines were then made public, nor what provocation incited Butler to do that which no provocation can excuse.

His frenzy lasted not long ; and he seems to have regained his full force of mind ; for he wrote afterwards his excellent poem upon the death of Cowley, whom he was not long to survive ; for on the 19th of March 1668, he was buried by his side.

Denham is deservedly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry. " Denham and Waller," says Prior, " improved our versification, and Dryden perfected it. He has given us specimens of various compositions, descriptive, ludicrous, didactic, and sublime.

He appears to have had, in common with almost all mankind, the ambition of being, upon proper occasions, *a merry fellow* ; and in common with most of them, to have been by nature, or by early habits, debarred from it. Nothing is less exhilarating than the ludicrousness of Denham ; he does not fail for want of efforts ; he is familiar, he is gross ; but he is never merry, unless the " Speech against Peace in the close Committee" be excepted. For grave burlesque, however, his imitation of Davenant shews him to have been well qualified.

Of his more elevated occasional poems, there is perhaps none that does not deserve commendation. In the verses to Fletcher, we have an image that has since been often adopted

" But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
 " Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise ;
 " Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
 " Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
 " Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
 " Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred, slain."

After Denham, Orrery, in one of his prologues,

" Poets are sultans, if they had their will;
 " For every author would his brother kill."

And Pope,

" Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 " Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne."

But this is not the best of his little pieces : it is excelled by his poem to Fanshaw, and his elegy on Cowley.

His praise of Fanshaw's version of Guarini contains a very sprightly and judicious character of a good translator :

" That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
 " Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
 " Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
 " Not the effect of poetry, but pains ;
 " Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
 " No flight for thoughts, but poorly stick at words.
 " A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
 " To make translations and translators too :
 " They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame ;
 " True to his sense, but truer to his fame."

The excellence of these lines is greater, as the truth which they contain was not at that time generally known.

His poem on the death of Cowley was his last, and, among his shorter works, his best perform-

ance: the numbers are musical, and the thoughts are just.

" Cooper's Hill " is the work which confers upon him the rank and dignity of an original author. He seems to have been, at least among us, the author of a species of composition that may be denominated *local poetry*, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.

To trace a new scheme of poetry has in itself a very high claim to praise ; and its praise is yet more when it is apparently copied by Garth and Pope ; after whose names little will be gained by an enumeration of smaller poets, that have left scarcely a corner of the island not dignified either by rhyme or blank verse.

" Cooper's Hill," if it be maliciously inspected, will not be found without its faults. The digressions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the sentiments sometimes such as will not bear a rigorous enquiry.

The four verses, which, since Dryden has commended them, almost every writer for a century past has imitated, are generally known.

" O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

" My great example, as it is my theme !

" Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;

" Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

The lines are in themselves not perfect ; for most of the words, thus artfully opposed, are to be un-

derstood simply on one side of the comparison, and metaphorically on the other ; and if there be any language which does not express intellectual operations by material images, into that language they cannot be translated. But so much meaning is comprized in so few words ; the particulars of resemblance are so perspicaciously collected, and every mode of excellence separated from its adjacent fault by so nice a line of limitation ; the different parts of the sentence are so accurately adjusted ; and the flow of the last couplet is so smooth and sweet ; that the passage, however celebrated, has not been praised above its merit. It has beauty pecYdiar to itself, and must be numbered among those felicities which cannot be produced at will by wit and labour, but must rise unexpectedly in some hour propitious to poetry.

He appears to have been one of the first that understood the necessity of emancipating translation from the drudgery of counting lines and interpreting single words. How much this servile practice obscured the clearest, and deformed the most beautiful parts of the ancient authors, may be discovered by a perusal of our earlier versions ; some of them are the works of men well qualified, not only by critical knowledge, but by poetical genius, who yet, by a mistaken ambition of exactness, degraded at once their originals and themselves.

Denham saw the better way, but has not pursued it with great success. His versions of Virgil are not pleasing : but they taught Dryden to please better. His poetical imitation of Tully on " Old

Age" has neither the clearness of **prose**, nor the sprightliness of poetry;

The " strength of Deiham," which Pope so em. piratically mentions, is to be found in many lines and couplets, which convey much meaning in few words, and exhibit the sentiment with more weigh*, than bulk.

On the Thames.

" Though with those streams he no **resemblance hold**,
 " Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold ;
 " His genuine and less purity wealth t' explore,
 " Search not his bottom, but survey his shore."

On Stafford.

" His wisdom such, at once it did appear
 " Three kingdoms wonder, and three kingdoms' fear.
 " While single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
 " Each had an army, as an equal foe,
 " Such was his force of eloquence to **make**
 " The hearers more concern'd than he that **spake**:
 " Each seera'd to act that part he came to see,
 " And none was more a looker-on than he:
 " So did he move our passions, some were known;
 " To wish, for the defeme, the crime their own.
 " Now private pity strove with public hate,
 " Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate."

On Cowley.

" To him no author was unknown;
 " Yet what he wrote was all his own:
 " Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
 " He did not steal, but emulate !
 " And, when he would like them appear,
 " Their garb, but not their'clothes, did wear."

As one of Denham's principal claims to the regard of posterity arises from his improvement of our numbers, his versification ought to be considered. It will afford that pleasure which arises from the observation of a man of judgment naturally right, forsaking bad copies by degrees, and advancing towards a better practice, as he gains more confidence in himself

In his translation of Virgil, written when he was about twenty-one years old, may be still found the old manner of continuing the sense ungracefully from verse to verse:

" Then all those
 " Who in the dark our fury did escape,
 " Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and shape,
 " And differing dialect; then their numbers swell
 " And grow upon us; first Choræbus fell
 " Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
 " Just Ripheus, whom *no* Tro an did exceed
 " In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
 " Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
 " Their friends ; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
 " Nor consecrated initre, from the same
 " 111 fate could save ; my country's funeral flame
 " And Troy's, cold ashes I attest, and call
 " To witness for myself, that in their fall
 " No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
 " Did and deserved no less, my fate to find."

From this kind of concatenated metre he afterwards refrained, and taught his followers the art of concluding their sense in couplets; which has perhaps been with rather too much constancy pursued.

This passage exhibits one of those triplets which are not unfrequently in this first essay, but which it is to be supposed his maturer judgment disapproved, since in his latter works he has totally forborne them.

His rhymes are such as seem found without difficulty, by following the sense; and are for the most part as exact at least as those of other poets, though now and then the reader is shifted off with what he can get:

" O how transformed !

" How much unlike that Hector, who returned

" Clad in Achilles' spoils I '¹,

And again:

" From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung

" Like petty princes from the fall of Rome."

Sometimes the weight of rhyme is laid upon a word too feeble to sustain it:

" Troy confounded falls

" From all her glories: if it might have stood

" By any power, by this right hand it should.

" And though my outward state misfortune hath

" Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my faith.'*

" — Thus, by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,

" A feigned tear destroys us, against whom

" Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,

" Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand sail."

He is not very careful to vary the ends of his verses; in one passage the word " die" rhymes three couplets in six.

Most of these petty faults are in his first productions, when he was less skilful, or at least less dextrous in the use of words; and though they had been more frequent, they could only have lessened the grace, not the strength of his composition. He is one of the writers that improved our taste, and advanced our language, and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do.

MILTON.

1 HE life of Milton has been already written in so many forms, and with such minute enquiry, that I might perhaps more properly have contented myself with the addition of a few notes on Mr Fenton's elegant abridgment, but that a new narrative was thought necessary to the uniformity of this edition.

JOHN MILTON was by birth a gentleman, descended from the proprietors of Milton, near Thame, in Oxfordshire, one of whom forfeited his estate in the times of York and Lancaster. Which side he took I know not; his descendant inherited no veneration for the white rose.

His grandfather John was keeper of the forest of Shotover, a zealous papist, who disinherited his son, because he had forsakeirthe religion of his ancestors.

His father John, who was the son disinherited, had repourse for his support to the profession of a

scriviner. He was a *man* eminent for his skill in music, many of hie compositions being stift to be found; and his Reputation in his profession was such, that he grew rich, and retired to an estate. He had probably more than common literature, as his son addresses him in one of his most elaborate Latin poems. He married a gentlewoman of the name of Caston, a Welsh family, by whom he had two sons, John the poet, and Christopher, who studied the law, and adhered, as the law taught him, to the king's party, for which he was a while persecuted, but having, by his brother's interest, obtained permission to live in quiet, he supported himself so honourably by chamber-practice, that, soon after the accession of King James, he was knighted, and made a judge; but his constitution being too weak for business, he retired before* any disreputable compliances became necessary.

He had likewise a daughter Anne, whom he married with a considerable fortune to Edward Philips, who came from Shrewsbury, and rose in the crown-office to be secondary : by him she had two sons, John and Edward, who were educated by the poet, and from whom is derived the only authentic account of his domestic manners.

John, the poet, was born in his father'shouse, at the Spread-Eagle in Bread-street, Dec. 9, 1608, between six and seven in the morning. Hie fether appears to have been very *solinitous* about Ma edu* cation; for he was instructed'at first by private tuition under the care of Thomas Young, who was afterwards chaplain to the English merchants at Hamburgh, and of whom we heve reason to think

well, since his scholar considered him as worthy of an epistolary elegy.

He was then sent to St Paul's school, under the care of Mr Gill; and removed, in the beginning of his sixteenth year, to Christ's College in Cambridge, where he entered a sizar, Feb. 12, 1624.

He was at this time eminently skilled in the Latin tongue; and he himself, by annexing the dates to his first compositions, a boast of which the learned politician had given him an example, seems to commend the earliness of his own proficiency to the notice of posterity. But the products of his yernal fertility have been surpassed by many, and particularly by his contemporary Cowley. Of the powers of the mind it is difficult to form an estimate; many have excelled Milton in their first essays, who never rose to works like *Paradise Lost*.

At fifteen, a date which he uses till he is sixteen, he translated or versified two psalms, 114 and 136, which he thought worthy of the public eye; but they raise no great expectations: they would in any numerous school have obtained praise, but not excited wonder.

Many of his elegies appear to have been written in his eighteenth year, by which it appears that he had then read the Roman authors with very nice discernment. I once heard Mr Hampton, the translator of Polybius, remark, what I think is true, that Milton was the first Englishman who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with classic elegance. If any exceptions can be made, they are very few; Haddon and Ascham, the pride of Elizabeth's reign, however they have succeeded in

prose, no sooner attempt verse than they provoke deysion. If we produced any thing worthy of notice before the elegies of Milton, it was perhaps Alabaster's Roxana.

Of the exercises which the rules of the university required, some were published by him in his maturer years. They had been undoubtedly applauded; for they were such as few can perform; yet there is reason to suspect that he was regarded in his college with no great fondness. That he obtained no fellowship is certain; but the unkindness with which he was treated was not merely negative. I am ashamed to relate what I fear is true, that Milton was one of the last students in either university that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction.

It was, in the violence of controversial hostility, objected to him, that he was expelled: this he steadily denies, and it was apparently not true; but it seems plain, from his own verses to Diodati, that he had incurred rustication, a temporary dismission into the country, with perhaps the loss of a term.

Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
 Jam nec aruifera mihi cura revisere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.—
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
 Ceteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
 Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
 Non ego vel profiti nomen sortemve recuso,
 Lætus et exili conditione fruor.

I cannot find any meaning but this, which even Jyndness and reverence can give the term *vetiti*

laris, " a habitation from which he is excluded ;" or how " exile" can be otherwise interpreted. He declares yet more, that he is weary of enduring the threats of a rigorous master, and something else, which a temper like his cannot undergo. What was more than threat was probably punishment. This poem, which mentions his " exile," proves likewise that it was not perpetual: for it concludes with a resolution of returning sometime to Cambridge. And it may be conjectured, from the willingness with which he has perpetuated the memory of his exile, that its cause was such as gave him no shame.

He took both the usual degrees; that of bachelor in 1628, and that of master in 1632 ; but he left the university with no kindness for its institution, alienated either by the injudicious severity of his governors, or his own captious perverseness. The cause cannot now be known, but the effect appears in his writings. His scheme of education, inscribed to Hartlib, supersedes all academical instruction, being intended to comprise the whole time which men usually spend in literature, from their entrance upon grammar, till they proceed, as it is called, masters of arts. And in his discourse on the likeliest way to remove hirelings out of the church, he ingeniously proposes, that the profits of the lands forfeited by the act for superstitious uses should be applied to such academies all over the land where languages and arts may be taught together; so that youth may be at once brought up to a competency of learning and an honest trade : by which means such of them as had the gift, being enabled to sup-

port themselves without tithes by the latter, may, by the help of the former, become worthy preachers.

One of his objections to academical education, as it was then conducted, is, that men designed for orders in the church were permitted to act plays, Writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antic and dishonest gestures of trincalos, buffoons, and bawds, prostituting the shame of that ministry which they had, or were near having, to the eyes of couvriers and court ladies, their grooms and made-moiselles.

This is sufficiently peevish in a man, who, when he mentions his exile from the college, relates, with great luxuriance, the compensation which the pleasures of the theatre afford him. Plays were therefore only criminal when they were acted by academics.

He went to the university with a design of entering into the church, but in time altered his mind for he declared, that whoever became a clergyman must, "subscribe slave, and take an oath wiuial - which, unless he took with a conscience that could not retch, he must straight perjure himself. He thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing."

These expressions are, I find, applied to the sub"scription of the articles ; but it seems more probable that they relate to canonical obedience. I know not any of the articles which seem to thwart his opinions: but the thoughts of obedience, whethe¹ canonical or civil, raised his indignation.

His unwillingness to engage in the ministry, per-

haps not yet advanced to a settled resolution of declining it, appears in a letter to one of his friends, who had reproved his suspended and di(atory life, which he seems to have imputed to an unsatiable curiosity, and fantastic luxury of various knowledge. To this he writes a cool and plausible answer, in which he endeavours to persuade him, that the delay proceeds not from the deliglits of desultory study, but from the desire of obtaining more fitness for his task; and that he goes on, not taking thought of being late, so it gives advantage to be more fit.

When he left the university he returned to his father, then residing at Horton in Buckinghamshire, with whom he lived five years; in which time he is said to have read all the Greek and Latin writers. With what limitations this universality is to be understood, who shall inform us ?

It might be supposed, that he who read so much should have done nothing else; but Milton found time to write the Masque of Comus, which was presented at Ludlow, then the residence of the Lord President of Wales in 1634; and had the honour of being acted by the Earl of Bridge water's sons and daughter. The fiction is derived from Homer's Circe; but we never can refuse to any modern the liberty of borrowing from Homer:

His next production was *Lycidas*, an elegy, written in 1637, on the death of Mr King, the son of Sir John King, secretary for Ireland in the time of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. King was much a favourite at Cambridge, and many of the wits joined to do honour to his memory. Milton's acquaintance with the Italian writers may be discovered by a

mixture of longer and shorter verses, **according to** the rules of Tuscan poetry, and his malignity to the church by some lines which are interpreted as threatening its extermination.

He is supposed about this time to have written his *Arcades* ; for, while he lived at Horton, he used sometimes to steal from his studies a few days, which he spent at Harefield, the house of the Countess dowager of Derby, where the *Arcades* made part of a dramatic entertainment.

He began now to grow weary of the country, and had some purpose of taking chambers in the Inns of Court, when the death of his mother set him at liberty to travel, for which he obtained his father's consent, and Sir Henry Wotton's directions; with the celebrated precept of prudence, *i pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto* ; " thoughts close, and looks loose."

In 1638 he left England, and went first to Paris; where, by the favour of Lord Scudamore, he had the opportunity of visiting Grotius, then residing at the French court as ambassador from Christina of Sweden. From Paris he hasted into Italy, of which he had with particular diligence studied the language and literature ; and though he seems to have intended a very quick perambulation of the country, staid two months at Florence; where he found his way into the academies, and produced his compositions with such applause as appears to have exalted him in his own opinion, and confirmed him in the hope, that, " by labour and intense study, which," says he, " I take to be my portion in this life, joined with a strong propensity of nature," he might " leave some-

thing so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die."

It appears, in all his writings, that he had the usual concomitant of great abilities, a lofty and steady confidence in himself, perhaps not without some contempt of others; for scarcely any man ever wrote so much, and praised so few. Of his praise he was very frugal; as he set its value high, and considered his mention of a name as a security against the waste of time, and a certain, preservative from oblivion.

At Florence he could not indeed complain that his merit wanted distinction. Carlo Dati presented him with an encomiastic inscription, in the tumid lapidary style; and Francini wrote him an ode, of which the first stanza is only empty noise; the rest are perhaps too diffuse on common topics : but the last is natural and beautiful.

From Florence he went to Sienna, and from Sienna to Rome, where he was again received with kindness by the learned and the great. Holstenius, the keeper of the Vatican library, who had resided three years at Oxford, introduced him to Cardinal Barberini; and he, at a musical entertainment, waited for him at the door, and led him by the hand into the assembly. Here Selvaggi praised him in a distich, and Salsilli in a tetrastic; neither of them of much value. The Italians were gainers by this literary commerce; for the encomiums with which Milton repaid Salsilli, though not secure against a stern grammarian, turn the balance indisputably in Milton's favour.

Of these Italian testimonies, poor as they are,

he was proud enough to publish them before his* poems; though he says, he cannot be suspected but to have known that they were said *non tain de se, quam supra se*.

At Home, as at Florence, he staid only two months; a time indeed sufficient, if he desired only to ramble with an explainer of its antiquities, or to view palaces and count pictures ; but certainly too short for the contemplation of learning, policy, or manners.

From Rome lie passed on to Naples in company of a hermit, a companion from whom little could be expected; yet to him Milton owed his introduction to Manso marquis of Villa, who had been before the patron of Tasso. Manso was enough delighted with his accomplishments to honour him with a sorry distich, in which he commends him for every thing but his religion: and Milton, in return, addressed him in a Latin poem, which must have raised an high opinion of English elegance and literature.

His purpose was now to have visited Sicily and Greece; but, hearing of the differences between the king and parliament, he thought it proper to hasten home, rather than pass his life in foreign amusements while his countrymen were contending for their rights. He therefore came back to Koine, though the merchants informed him of plots laid against him by the Jeusits, for the liberty of his conversations on religion. He had sense enough to judge that there was no danger, and therefore kept on his way, and acted as before, neither obtruding nor shunning controversy. He had perhaps given

some offence by visiting Galileo, then a prisoner in the Inquisition, for philosophical heresy; and at Naples he was told by Manso, that, by his declarations on religious questions, he had excluded himself from some distinctions which he should otherwise have paid him. But such conduct, though it did not please, was yet sufficiently safe; and Milton staid two months more at Rome, and went on to Florence without molestation.

From Florence he visited Lucca. He afterwards went to Venice; and, having sent away a collection of music and other books, travelled to Geneva, which he probably considered as the metropolis of orthodoxy.

Here he reposed as in a congenial clement, and became acquainted with John Diodati and Frederick Spanheim, two learned professors of divinity. From Geneva he passed through France, and came home, after an absence of a year and three months.

At his return he heard of the death of his friend Charles Diodati, a man whom it is reasonable to suppose of great merit, since he was thought by Milton worthy of a poem, intitled "Epitaphium Damonis," written with the common but childish imitation of pastoral life.

He now hired a lodging at the house of one Russel, a tailor in St Bride's church-yard, and undertook the education of John and Edward Phillips, his sister's sons. Finding his rooms too little, he took a house and garden in Aldergate-Street, which was not then so much out of the world as it is now; and chose his dwelling at the upper end of a passage, that he might avoid the noise of the

street Here he received more boys, to be boarded and instructed.

Let not our veneration for Milton forbid us to look with some degree of merriment on great promises and small performances, on the man who hastens home, because his countrymen are contending for their liberty, and, when he reaches the scene of action, vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding-school. This is the period of his life from which all his biographers seem inclined to shrink. They are unwilling that Milton should be degraded to a school-master; but, since it cannot be denied that he taught boys, one finds out that he taught for nothing, and another that his motive was only zeal for the propagation of learning and virtue; and all tell what they do not know to be true, only to excuse an act which no wise man will consider as in itself disgraceful. His father was alive; his allowance was not ample; and he supplied its deficiencies by an honest and useful employment.

It is told, that in the act of education he performed wonders; and a formidable list is given of the authors, Greek and Latin, that were read in Aldersgate-street by youth between ten and fifteen or sixteen years of age. Those who tell or receive these stories should consider, that nobody can be taught faster than he can learn. The speed of the horseman must be limited by the power of the horse. Every man, that has ever undertaken to instruct others, can tell what slow advances he has been able to make, and how much patience it requires to recall vagrant inattention, to stimulate

sluggish indifference, and to rectify absurd misapprehension.

The purpose of Milton, as it seems, was to teach something more solid than the common literature of schools, by reading those authors that treat of physical subjects; such as the georgic and astronomical treatises of the ancients. This was a scheme of improvement which seems to have busied many literary projectors of that age. Cowley, who had more means than Milton of knowing what was wanting to the embellishments of life, formed the same plan of education in his imaginary college.

But the truth is, that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one may know another half his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.

Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation ; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians.

Let me not be censured for this digression as pedantic or paradoxical; for, if I have Milton against me, I have Socrates on my side. It was his labour to turn philosophy from the study of nature to speculations upon life ; but the innovators whom I oppose are turning off attention from life to nature. They seem to think, that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the stars. Socrates was rather of opinion, that what we had to learn was, how to do good, and avoid evil.

"Ὅτι τοι ἐν μεγάροις καλὴν ἀγαθὴν τέτυκται.

Of institutions we may judge by their effects. From this wonder-working academy, I do not know that there ever proceeded any man very eminent for knowledge : its only genuine product, I believe, is a small History of Poetry, written in Latin by his nephew Philips, of which perhaps none of my readers has ever heard.

That in his school, as in every thing else which he undertook, he laboured with great diligence, there is no reason for doubting. One part of his method deserves general imitation. He was careful to instruct his scholars in religion. Every Sunday was spent upon theology ; of which he dictated a short system, gathered from the writers that were then fashionable in the Dutch universities.

He set his pupils an example of hard study and spare diet; only now and then he allowed himself to pass a day of festivity and indulgence with some gay gentlemen of Gray's Inn.

He now began to engage in the controversies of the times, and lent his breath to blow the flames of contention. In 1641 he published a ^M Treatise of Reformation," in two books, against the established church; being willing to help the puritans, who were, he says, inferior to the prelates in learning.

Hall, bishop of Norwich, had published an "Humble Remonstrance," in defence of episcopacy; to which, in 1641, five ministers, of whose names the first letters made the celebrated word *Smectymnuus*, gave their answer. Of this answer a confutation was attempted by the learned Usher; and to the confutation Milton published a reply, entitled, "Of Prelatical Episcopacy, and whether it may be deduced from the apostolical times, by virtue of those testimonies which are alleged to that purpose in some late treatises, one whereof goes under the name of James Lord Bishop of Armagh."

I have transcribed this title to show, by his contemptuous mention of Usher, that he had now adopted the puritanical savageness of manners. His next work was, "The Reason of Church Government urged against prelacy. By Mr John Milton, 1642." In this book he discovers, not with ostentatious exultation, but with calm confidence, his high opinion of his own powers; and promises to undertake something, he yet knows not what, that may be of use and honour to his country. "This," says he, "is not to be obtained but by

devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be com past, I refuse not to sustain this expectation." From a promise like this, at once fervid, pious, and rational, might be expected the "Paradise Lost."

He published the same year two more pamphlets, upon the same question. To one of his antagonists, who affirms that he was vomited "out of the university," he answers, in general terms: "The fellows of the college wherein I spent some years, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many times how much better it w^rould content them that I should stay.—As for the common approbation or dislike of that place, as now it is, that I should esteem or disesteem myself the more for that, too simple is the answerer, if he think to obtain with me, Of small practice were the physician who could not judge, by what ~~she~~ and her sister have of long time vomited, that the worser stuff she strongly keeps in her stomach, but the better she is ever kecking at, and is queasy; she vomits now out of sickness; but before it will be well with her, she must vomit by strong physic. The university, in the time of her better health, and my younger judgment, I never greatly admjred, but now much less."

This is surely the language of a man who thinks that he has been injured. He proceeds to describe the course of his conduct, and the train of his thoughts; and, because he has been suspected of incontinence, gives an account of his own purity: "That if I be justly charged," says he, "with this crime, it may come upon me with tenfold shame."

The style of his piece is rough, and such perhaps was that of his antagonist. This roughness he justifies, by great examples, in a long digression. Sometimes he tries to be humorous: "Lest I should take him for some chaplain in hand, some squire of the body to his prelate, one who serves not at the altar only, but at the court-cupboard, he will bestow on us a pretty model of himself; and sets me out half a dozen ptisical mottoes, wherever he had them, hopping short in the measure of convulsion fits; in which labour the agony of his wit having escaped narrowly, instead of well-sized periods, he greets us with a quantity of thumb-ring poesies.—And thus ends this section, or rather dissection, of himself." Such is the controversial meriment of Milton. His gloomy seriousness is yet more offensive. Such is his malignity, "that hell grows darker at his frown."

His father, after Heading was taken by Essex, came to reside in his house; and his school increased. At Whitsuntide, in his thirty-fifth year, he married Mary the daughter of Mr Powel, a justice of the peace in Oxfordshire. He brought her to town with him, and expected all the advantages of a conjugal life. The lady, however, seems not much to have delighted in the pleasures of spare diet and hard

study; for, as Philip relates, " having for a month led a philosophic life, after having been used at home to a great house, and much company and joviality, her friends, possibly by her own desire, made earnest suit to have her company the remaining part of the summer; which was granted, upon a promise of her return at Michaelmas."

Milton was too busy to much miss his wife : he pursued his studies; and now and then visited the Lady Margaret Leigh, whom he has mentioned in one of his sonnets. At last Michaelmas arrived; but the lady had no inclination to return to the sullen gloom of her husband's habitation, and therefore very willingly forgot her promise. He sent her a letter, but had no answer: he sent more with the same success. It could be alleged that letters miscarry; he therefore dispatched a messenger, being by this time too angry to go himself. His messenger was sent back with some contempt. The family of the lady were cavaliers.

In a man whose opinion of his own merit was like Milton's, less provocation than this might have raised violent resentment. Milton soon determined to repudiate her for disobedience ; and, being one of those who could easily find arguments to justify inclination, published (in 1644) " The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce;" which was followed by " The judgment of Martin Bucer, concerning Divorce ;" and the next year, his Tetrachordon, " Expositions upon the four chief places of Scripture which treat of Marriage."

This innovation was opposed, as might be expected, by the clergy, who, then holding their fa-

mous assembly at Westminster, procured **that the** author should be called before the Lords; but "that house," says Wood, "whether approving the doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, did soon dismiss him."

There seems not to have been much written against him, nor any thing by any writer of eminence. The antagonist that appeared is styled by him, "A serving man turned solicitor." Howel, in his letters, mentions the new doctrine with contempt: and it was, I suppose, thought more worthy of derision than of confutation. He complains of this neglect in two sonnets, of which the first is contemptible, and the second not excellent.

From this time it is observed, that he became an enemy to the presbyterians, whom he had favoured before. He that changes his party by his humour, is not more virtuous than he that changes it by his interest: he loves himself rather than truths

His wife and her relations now found that Milton was not an unresisting sufferer of injuries; and perceiving that he had begun to put his doctrine in practice, by courting a young-woman of great accomplishments, the daughter of one Doctor Davis, who was however not ready to comply, they resolved to endeavour a re-union. He went sometimes to the house of one Blackborough, his relation, in the lane of St Martin's-le-Grand, and at one of his usual visits was surprised to see his wife come from another room, and implore forgiveness on her knees. He resisted her intreaties for a while: "but partly," Says Philips, "his own generous nature, more inclinable to reconciliation, than to perseverance in anger or

revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion and a firm league of peace." It were injurious to omit, that Milton afterwards received her father and her brothers in his own house, when they were distressed, with other royalists.

He published about the same time his "Areopagitica, a speech of Mr John Milton for the liberty of unlicensed printing." The danger of such unbounded liberty, and the danger of bounding it, have produced a problem in the science of government, which human understanding seems hitherto unable to solve. If nothing may be published but what civil authority shall have previously approved, power must always be the standard of truth : if ever} dreamer of innovations may propagate his projects, there can be no settlement; if every murmurer at government may diffuse discontent, there can be no peace; and if every sceptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion. The remedy against these evils is to punish the authors; for it is yet allowed that every society may punish, though not prevent, the publication of opinions which that society shall think pernicious ; but this punishment, though it may crush the author, promotes the book; and it seems not more reasonable to leave the right of printing unrestrained because writers may be afterwards censured, than it would be to sleep with doors unbolted, because by our laws we can hang a thief.

But whatever were his engagements, civil or domestic, poetry was never long out of his thoughts.

About this time (1645) a collection, of his Latin

and English poems appeared, in which the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, with some others, were first published.

He had taken a large house in Barbican for the reception of scholars; but the numerous relations of his wife, to whom he generously granted refuge for a while, occupied his rooms. In time, however, they went away; "and the house again," says Philips, "now looked like a house of the muses only, though the accession of scholars was not great. Possibly his having proceeded so far in the education of youth may have been the occasion of his adversaries calling him pedagogue and school-master; whereas it is well known he never set up for a public school, to teach all the young fry of a parish; but only was willing to impart his learning and knowledge to his relations, and the sons of gentlemen who were his intimate friends, and that neither his writings nor his way of teaching ever savoured in the least of pedantry."

Thus laboriously does his nephew extenuate what cannot be denied, and what might be confessed without disgrace. Milton was not a man who could become mean by a mean employment. This, however, his warmest friends seem not to have found; they therefore shift and palliate. He did not sell literature to all comers at an open shop; he was a chamber-milliner, and measured his commodities only to his friends.

Philips, evidently impatient of viewing him in this state of degradation, tells us that it was not long continued; and, to raise his character again, has a mind to invest him with military splendour: "He

is much mistaken," he says, " if there was not about this time, a design of making him an adjutant-general in Sir William Waller's army. But the new-modeling of the army proved an obstruction to the design," An event cannot be set at a touch greater distance than by having been only designed, about some time, if a man be not much mistaken. Milton shall be a pedagogue no longer; for, if Philips be not much mistaken, somebody at some time designed him for a soldier.

About the time that the army was new-modeled (1645), he removed to a smaller house in Holbourn, which opened backward into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He is not known to have published any thing afterwards till the king's death, when, finding his murderers condemned by the presbyterians, he wrote a treatise to justify it, and to compose the minds of the people.

He made some remarks on the articles of peace between Ormond and the Irish rebels. While he contented himself to write, he perhaps did only what his conscience dictated; and if he did not very vigilantly watch the influence of his own passions, and the gradual prevalence of opinions, first willingly admitted, and then habitually indulged; if objections, by being overlooked, were forgotten, and desire superinduced conviction ; he yet shared only the common weakness of mankind, and might be no less sincere than his opponents. But as faction seldom leaves a man honest, however it might find him, Milton is suspected of having interpolated the book called *Icon Basilike*, which the council of state, to whom he was now made Latin secretary, employed

him to censure, by inserting a prayer taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, and imputing it to the king; whom he charges, in his *Iconoclastes*, with the use of this prayer, as with a heavy crime, in the indecent language with which prosperity had emboldened the advocates for rebellion to insult all that is venerable or great: " Who would have imagined so little fear in him of the true all-seeing Deity—as, immediately before his death, to pop into the hands of the grave bishop that attended him, as a special relic of his saintly exercises, a prayer stolen word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman praying to a heathen god?"

The papers which the king gave to Dr Juxon on the scaffold the regicides took away, so that they were at least the publishers of this prayer; and Dr Birch, who had examined the question with great care, was inclined to think them the forgers. The use of it by adaptation was innocent; and they who could so noisily censure it, with a little extension of their malice could contrive what they wanted to accuse.

King Charles the Second, being now sheltered in Holland, employed Salmasius, professor of polite learning at Leyden, to write a defence of his father and of monarchy; and, to excite his industry, gave him, as was reported, a hundred jacobuses. Salmasius was a man of skill in languages, knowledge of antiquity, and sagacity of emendatory criticism, almost exceeding all hope of human attainment; and having, by excessive praises, been confirmed in great confidence of himself, though he probably had not much considered the principles of society or the

rights of government, undertook the employment without distrust of his own qualifications; and, as his expedition in writing was wonderful, in 1649 published " Defensio Regis."

To this Milton was required to write a sufficient answer ; which he performed (1651) in such a manner, that Hobbes declared himself unable to decide whose language was best, or whose arguments were worst. In my opinion, Milton's periods are smoother, neater, and more pointed; but he delights himself with teasing his adversary as much as with confuting him. He makes a foolish allusion of Salmasius, whose doctrine he considers as servile and unmanly, to the stream of Salmacis, which, whoever entered, left half his virility behind him. Salmasius was a Frenchman, and was unhappily married to a scold. *Tu es Gattus*, says Milton, *et, ut aiunt, nimium gallinaceis*. But his supreme pleasure is to tax his adversary, so renowned for criticism, with vicious Latin. He opens his book with telling that he has used *persona*, which, according to Milton, signifies only a mask, in a sense not known to the Romans, by applying it as we apply person. But as Nemesis is always on the watch, it is memorable that he has enforced the charge of a solecism by an expression in itself grossly solecistical, when for one of those supposed blunders, he says, as Ker, and I think some one before him, has remarked, *propino te grammatistis tuis* vapulandum. From *vapulo*, which has a passive sense, *vapularidus* can never be derived. No man forgets his original trade: the rights of nations, and of kings, sink into questions of grammar, if grammarians discuss them.

Milton, when he undertook this answer, was weak of body and dim of sight; but his will was forward, and what was wanting of health was supplied by zeal. He was rewarded with a thousand pounds, and his book was much read; for paradox, recommended by spirit and elegance, easily gains attention; and he, who told every man that he was equal to his king, could hardly want an audience.

That the performance of Salmasius was not dispersed with equal rapidity, or read with equal eagerness, is very credible. He taught only the stale doctrine of authority, and the unpleasing duty of submission; and he had been so long not only the monarch but the tyrant of literature, that almost all mankind were delighted to find him defied and insulted by a new name, not yet considered as any one's rival. If Christina, as is said, commended the defence of the people, her purpose must be to torment Salmasius, who was then at court; for neither her civil station, nor her natural character, could dispose her to favour the doctrine, who was by birth a queen, and by temper despotic.

That Salmasius was, from the appearance of Milton's book, treated with neglect, there is not much proof; but to a man, so long accustomed to admiration, a little praise of his antagonist would be sufficiently offensive, and might incline him to leave Sweden, from which, however, he was dismissed, not with any mark of contempt, but with a train of attendance scarcely less than regal.

He prepared a reply, which, left as it was imperfect, was published by his son in the year of the

restoration. In the beginning, being probably most in pain for his Latinity, he endeavours to defend his use of the word *persona*; but, if I remember right, he misses a better authority than any that he has found, that of Juvenal in his fourth satire :

— Quid agas, cum dira et fadior omni
Criniine *persona* est ?

As Salmasius reproached Milton with losing his eyes in the quarrel, Milton delighted himself with the belief that he had shortened Salmasius's life, and both perhaps with more malignity than reason. Salmasius died at the Spa, Sept. 3, 1653; and, as controvertists are commonly said to be killed by their last dispute, Milton was flattered with the credit of destroying him.

Cromwell had now dismissed the parliament by the authority of which he had destroyed monarchy, and commenced monarchy himself, under the title of protector, but with kingly, and more than kingly power. That his authority was lawful, never was pretended : he himself founded his right only in necessity ; but Milton, having now tasted the honey of public employment, would not return to hunger and philosophy, but, continuing to exercise his office under a manifest usurpation, betrayed to his power that liberty which he had defended. Nothing can be more just than that rebellion should end in slavery ; that he who had justified the murder of his king, for some acts which seemed to him unlawful, should now sell his services and his flatteries to a tyrant, of whom it was evident that he could do nothing lawful.

He had now been blind for some years ; but his

vigour of intellect was such, that he was not disabled to discharge his office of Latin secretary, or continue his controversies. His mind was too eager to be diverted, and too strong to be subdued.

About this time his first wife died in child-bed, having left him three daughters. As he probably did not much love her, he did not long continue the appearance of lamenting her; but after a short time married Catharine, the daughter of one Captain Woodcock of Hackney; a woman doubtless educated in opinions like his own. She died within a year, of child-birth, or some distemper that followed it; and her husband honoured her memory with a poor sonnet.

The first reply to Milton's "*Defensio Populi*" was published in 1651, called "*Apologia pro rege et populo Anglicano, contra Johannis Polypragmatici (alias Miltoni) defensionem destrucivam regis et populi.*" Of this the author was not known; but Milton and his nephew Philips, under whose name he published an answer so much corrected by him that it might be called his own, imputed it to Bramhal; and, knowing him no friend to regicides, thought themselves at liberty to treat him as if they had known what they only suspected.

Next year appeared "*Illegii sanguinis clamor ad cesium.*" Of this the author was Peter du Moulin, who was afterwards prebendary of Canterbury; but Morus, or More, a French minister, having the care of its publication, was treated as the writer by Milton in his "*Defensio secunda,*" and overwhelmed by such violence of invective, that he began to shrink under the tempest, and gave his persecutors

the means of knowing the true author. Du Moulin was now in great danger; but Milton's pride operated against his malignity; and both he and his friends were more willing that Du Moulin should escape than that he should be convicted of mistake.

In this second defence he shows that his eloquence is not merely satirical; the rudeness of his invective is equalled by the grossness of his flattery. " Deserimur, Cromuelle, tu solus superes, ad te summa nostrarum rerum rediit, in te solo consistit, insuperabili tue virtutis cedimus cuncti, nemine vel obloquente, nisi qui aequales inaequalis ipse honores sibi quaerit, aut digniori concessos invidet, aut non intelligit nihil esse in societate hominum magis vel Deo gratum, vel rationi consentaneum, esse in civitate nihil aequius, nihil utilius, quam potiri rerum dignissimum. Eum te agnoscunt omnes, Cromuelle, ea tu civis maximus et gloriosissimus*, dux publici, consilii, exercituum fortissimorum imperator, pater patriae gessisti. Sic tu spontanea bonorum omnium, et animitus missa voce salutaris."

Caesar, when he assumed the perpetual dictatorship, had not more servile or more elegant flattery. A translation may shew its servility; but its elegance is less attainable. Having exposed the unskilfulness or selfishness of the former government, " We were left," says Milton, " to ourselves: the whole national interest fell into your hands, and subsists only in your abilities. To your virtue, over

* It may be doubted whether *gloriosissimus* be here used with Milton's boasted purity. *Res gloriosa* is an illustrious thing; but *vir gloriosus* is commonly a braggart, as in *miles glcriosus*.

powering and resistless, every man gives way, except some who, without equal qualifications, aspire to equal honours, who envy *the distinctions of merit greater than their own, or who have yet to learn, that in the coalition of human society nothing is more pleasing to God, or more agreeable to reason, than that the highest mind should have the sovereign power. Such, Sir, are you by general confession; such are the things achieved by you, the greatest and most glorious of our countrymen, the director of our public councils, the leader of unconquered armies, the father of your country; for by that title does every good man hail you with sincere and voluntary praise."

Next year, having defended all that wanted defence, he found leisure to defend himself. He undertook his own vindication against More, whom he declares in his title to be justly called the author of the " *Regii sanguinis clamor*." In this there is no want of vehemence or eloquence, nor does he forget his wonted wit. " *Morus es? an Momus? an uterque idem est?*" He then remembers that *morus* is Latin for a mulberry-tree, and hints at the known transformation :

—*Pom a alba ferebat*

Quae post nigra tulit morus.

With this piece ended his controversies ; and he from this time gave himself up to his private studies and his civil employment.

As secretary to the protector, he is supposed to have written the declaration of the reasons for a war with Spain. His agency was considered as of great

importance; for, when a treaty with Sweden was artfully suspended, the delay was publicly imputed to Mr Milton's inposition; and the Swedish agent was provoked to express his wonder, that only one man in England could write Latin, and that man blind.

Being now forty-seven years old, and seeing himself disencumbered from external interruptions, he seems to have recollected his former purposes, and to have resumed three great works which he had planned for his future employment; an epic poem, the history of his country, and a dictionary of the Latin tongue.

To collect a dictionary, seems a work of all others least practicable in a state of blindness, because it depends upon perpetual and minute inspection and collation. Nor would Milton probably have begun it, after he had lost his eyes; but, having had it always before him, he continued it, says Philips, "almost to his dying-day; but the papers were so decomposed and deficient, that they could not be fitted for the press." The compilers of the Latin dictionary, printed at Cambridge, had the use of those collections in three folios; but what was their fate afterwards is not known.

To compile a history from various authors, when they can only be consulted by other eyes, is not easy, nor possible, but with more skilful and attentive help than can be commonly obtained; and it was probably the difficulty of consulting and comparing, that stopped Milton's narrative at the conquest; a period at which affairs were not yet very imicate, nor authors very numerous.

For the subject of his epic poem, after much deliberation, " long choosing, and beginning late," he fixed upon " Paradise Lost;" a design so comprehensive, that it could be justified only by success. He had once designed to celebrate King Arthur, as he hints in his verses to Mansus; but " Arthur was reserved," says Fenton, " to another destiny."

It appears, by some sketches of poetical projects left in manuscript, and to be seen in a library at Cambridge, that he had digested his thoughts on this subject into one of those wild dramas which were anciently called mysteries; and Philips had seen what he terms part of a tragedy, beginning with the first ten lines of Satan's address to the sun. These mysteries consist of allegorical persons; such as *Justice, Mercy, Faith*. Of the tragedy or 'mystery of " Paradise Lost" there are two plans:

The Persons,

Michael
 Chorus of Angels.
 Heavenly Love,
 Lucifer.
 Adam, } „ „
 } with the Serpent.
 Eve, }
 Conscience.
 Death.
 Labour, }
 Sicknes } , Conscience.
 Discontent, } Mutes. Labour,
 Ignorance, } Sicknes, M }
 with others; } Discontent, }

The Persons.

Moses.
 Divine Justice, Wisdom.,
 Heavenly Love.
 The Evening Star, Hes-
 perus.
 Chorus of Angels.
 Lucifer.
 Adam.
 Labour, }
 Sicknes } , Conscience.
 Discontent, } Mutes. Labour,
 Ignorance, } Sicknes, M }
 with others; } Discontent, }

Faith.	Ignorance,	} i t e s ,
Hope.	F e a r , M	
Charity.	Death,	
	Faith-	
	Hope.	
	Charity.	

PARADISE LOST.

The Persons.

Moses $\pi\rho\omicron\lambda\omicron\gamma\iota\zeta\eta$, recounting how he assumed his true body; that it corrupts not, because it is with God in the mount; declares the like of Enoch and Elijah ; besides the purity of the place, that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds, preserve it from corruption ; whence exhorts to the sight of God ; tells they cannot see Adam in the state of innocence, by reason of their sin.

JUSTICE, ' c } b a t i n g what should become of man
 Mercy, }
 Wisdom, } if he fall.
 Chorus of angels singing a hymn of the creation.

A C T I I .

Heavenly Love.

Evening Star.

Chorus sing the marriage-song, and describe paradise.

A C T I I I .

Lucifer contriving Adam's ruin.

Chorus fears for Adam, and relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall.

ACT IV.

Adam, }
 Eve, } fallen.

Conscience cites them to God's examination.

Chorus bewails, and tells the good Adam has lost

ACT V.

Adam and Eve driven out of paradise."

—presented by angel with

Labour, Grief, Hatred, Envy, War, Fa-
 mine, Pestilence, Sickness, Discontent, } Mutes.
 Ignorance, Fear, Death,

To whom he gives their names. Likewise Winter,
 Heat, Tempest, &c.

Faith,
 Hope, c } m f o r t him, and instruct him.
 Charity, }

Chorus briefly concludes.

Such was his first design, which could have produced only an allegory or mystery. The following sketch seems to have attained more maturity.

Adam unparadised:

The angel Gabriel, either descending or entering; shewing, since this globe was created, his frequency as much on earth as in heaven; describes paradise. Next, the chorus, shewing the reason of his coming to keep his watch in paradise, after Lucifer's rebellion, by command from God; and withal expressing his desire to see and know more concerning this excellent new creature, man. The angel Gabriel, as

by his name signifying a prince of power, tracing paradise with a more free office, passes by the station of the chorus, and, desired by them, relates what he knew of man; as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage. After this, Lucifer appears; after his overthrow, bemoans himself, seeks revenge on man. The chorus prepare resistance at his first approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he departs: whereat the chorus sings of the battle and victory in heaven, against him and his accomplices: as before, after the first act, was sung a hymn of the creation. Here again may appear Lucifer, relating and exulting in what he had done to the destruction of man. Man next, and Eve having by this time been seduced by the serpent, appears confusedly covered with leaves. Conscience in a shape accuses him; justice cites him to the place whither Jehovah called for him. In the mean while, the chorus entertains the stage, and is informed by some angel the manner of the fall. Here the chorus bewails Adam's fall; Adam then and Eve return; accuse one another; but especially Adam lays the blame to his wife; is stubborn in his offence. Justice appears, reasons with him, convinces him. The chorus admonisheth Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impenitence. The angel is sent to banish them out of paradise; but before causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a mask of all the evils of this life and world. He is humbled, relents, despairs; at last appears mercy, comforts him, promises the Messiah; then calls in faith, hope, and charity; instructs him; he repents, gives God the glory.

submits to his penalty. The chorus briefly concludes. Compare this with the former draught.

These are very imperfect rudiments of "Paradise Lost;" but it is pleasant to see great works in their seminal state, pregnant with latent possibilities of excellence; nor could there be any more delightful entertainment than to trace their gradual growth and expansion, and to observe how they are sometimes suddenly advanced by accidental hints, and sometimes slowly improved by steady meditation.

Inventions almost the only literary labour which blindness cannot obstruct, and therefore he naturally solaced his solitude by the indulgence of his fancy, and the melody of his numbers. He had done what he knew to be necessarily previous to poetical excellence; he had made himself acquainted with seemingly arts and affairs; his comprehension was extended by various knowledge, and his memory stored with intellectual treasures. He was skilful in many languages, and had by reading and composition attained the full mastery of his own. He would have wanted little help from books* had he retained the power of perusing them.

But while his greater designs were advancing, having now, like many other authors, caught the love of publication, he amused himself, as he could, with little productions. He sent to the press (1658) a manuscript of Raleigh, called «The Cabinet Council;" and next year gratified his malevolence to the clergy, by a "Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical cases, and the means of removing hirelings out of the church."

Oliver was now dead; Richard was constrained to

resign: the system of extemporary government; which had been held together only by force, natural ly fell into fragments when that force was taken away; and Milton saw himself and his cause in equal danger. But he had still hope of doing something. He wrote letters, which Toland has published, to such men as he thought friends to the new commonwealth ; and even in the year of the restoration he bated no jot of heart or hope, but was fantastical enough to think that the nation, agitated as it was, might be settled by a phamplet, called " A ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth ;" which was, however, enough considered to be both seriously and ludicrously answered.

The obstinate enthusiasm of the commonwealthmen was very remarkable- When the king was apparently returning, Harrington, with a few associates as fanatical as himself, used to meet, with all the gravity of political importance, to settle an equal government by rotation ; and Milton, kicking when he could strike no longer, was foolish enough to publish, a few weeks before the restoration, notes upon a sermon preached by one Griffiths, intituled, " The fear of God and the king," To these notes an answer was written by L'Estrange, in a pamphlet petulantly called *' No blind guides/*

But whatever Milton could write, or men of greater activity could do, the king was now about to be restored with the irresistible approbation of the people. He was therefore no longer secretary, and was consequently obliged to quit the house which he held by his office; and, proportioning his sense of danger to his opinion of the importance of

his writings, thought it convenient to seek some shelter, and hid himself for a time in Bartholomew-dose, by West-Smithfield.

I cannot but remark a kind of respect, perhaps unconsciously, paid to this great man by his biographers : every house in which he resided is historically mentioned, as if it were an injury to neglect naming any place that he honoured by his presence.

The king, with lenity of which the world has had perhaps no other example, declined to be the judge or avenger of his own or his father's wrongs; and promised to admit into the act of oblivion all, except those whom the parliament should except; and the parliament doomed none to capital punishment but the wretches who had immediately co-operated in the murder of the king. Milton was certainly not one of them; he had only justified what they had done.

This justification was indeed sufficiently offensive; and (June 16) an order was issued to seize Milton's defence, and Goodwin's "obstructors of justice," another book of the same tendency, and burn them by the common hangman. The attorney-general was ordered to prosecute the authors: but Milton was not seized, nor perhaps very diligently pursued.

Not long after (August 19), the flutter of inn urn-erable bosoms was stilled by an act which the king, that his mercy might want no recommendation of elegance, rather called an act of oblivion than of grace. Goodwin was named, with nineteen more, as incapacitated for any public trust; but of Milton there was no exception.

Of this tenderness shewn to Milton* the curiosity

of mankind has not forbortie *td* enqtrire the reason. Burnet thinks he was forgotten ; but this is another instance which may confirm Dalrympie's observation, who says, " that whenever Burnet's narrations are examined, he appears to be mistaken."

Forgotten he was not; for his prosecution was ordered ; it must be therefore by design that he was included in the general oblivion. He is said to have had friends in the house, such as Marvel, Morrice, and Sir Thomas Clarges : and undoubtedly a man like him must have had influence. A very particular story of his escape is told by Richardson in his memoirs, which he received from Pope, as delivered by Betterton, who might have heard it from Davenant. In the war between the king and parliament, Davenant was made prisoner and condemned to die; but was spared at the request of Milton. When the turn of success brought Milton into the like danger, Davenant repayed the benefit by appearing in his favour. Here is a reciprocation of generosity and gratitude so pleasing, that the tale makes its own way to credit. But, if help were wanted, I know not where to find it. The danger of Davenant is certain from his own relation; but of his escape there is no account. Betterton's narration can be traced no higher ; it is not known that he had it from Davenant. We are told that the benefit exchanged was life for life; but it seems not certain that Milton's life ever was in danger, Goodwin, who had committed the same kind of crime, escaped with incapacitation; and, as exclusion from public trust is a punishment which the power of government can commonly inflict without the help

of a particular law, it required no great interest to exempt Milton from a censure little more than verbal. Something may be reasonably ascribed to veneration and compassion—to veneration of his abilities, and compassion for his distresses, which made it fit to forgive his malice for his learning. He was now poor and blind; and who would pursue with violence an illustrious enemy, depressed by fortune, and disarmed by nature?

The publication of the act of oblivion put him in the same condition with his fellow-subjects. He was, however, upon some pretence not now known, in the custody of the Serjeant in December; and when he was released, upon refusal of the fees demanded, he and the Serjeant were called before the house. He was now safe within the shade of oblivion, and knew himself to be as much out of the power of a griping officer, as any other man. How the question was determined is not known. Milton would hardly have contended, but that he knew himself to have right on his side.

He then removed to Jewin-strect, near Aldersgate-street; and being blind, and by no means wealthy, wanted a domestic companion and attendant; and therefore, by the recommendation of Df Paget, married Elizabeth Minshul, of a gentleman's family in Cheshire, probably without a fortune. All his wives were virgins; for he has declared that he thought it gross and indelicate to be a second husband: upon what other principles his choice was made cannot now be known; but marriage afforded not much of his happiness. The first wife left him in disgust, and was brought back only by terror; the second, indeed, seems to have been more a fa-

avourite, but her life was short. The third, as Phikips relates, oppressed his children in his life-time, and cheated them at his death.

Soon after his marriage, according to an obscure story, he was offered the continuance of his employment, and, being pressed by his wife to accept it, answered, " You, like other women, want to ride in your coach; my wish is to live and die an honest man." If he considered the Latin secretary as exercising any of the powers of government, he that had shared authority either with the parliament or Cromwell might have forborne to talk very loudly of his honesty ; and if he thought the office purely ministerial, he certainly might have honestly retained it tinder the king. But this tale has too little evidence to deserve a disquisition; large offers and sturdy rejections are among the most common topics of falsehood.

He had so much either of prudence or gratitude* that he forbore to disturb the new settlement with any of his political or ecclesiastical opinions, and from this time devoted himself to poetry and literature. Of his zeal for learning in all its parts, he gave a proof, by publishing, the next year (1661), " Accidence commenced Grammar;" a little book which has nothing remarkable, but that its author, who had been lately defending the supreme powers of his country, and was then writing " Paradise Lost," could descend from his elevation, to rescue children from the perplexity of grammatical confusion, and the trouble of lessons unnecessarily repeated.

About this time Elwood the Quaker, being recommended to him as one who would read Latin to him for the advantage of his conversation, attended him every afternoon except on Sundays. Milton, who, in his letter to Hartlib, had declared, that "to read Latin with an English mouth is as ill a hearing as law French," required that Elwood should learn and practise the Italian pronunciation, which, he said, was necessary, if he would talk with foreigners. This seems to have been a task troublesome without use. There is little reason for preferring the Italian pronunciation to our own, except that it is more general; and to teach it to an Englishman is only to make him a foreigner at home. He who travels, if he speaks Latin, may so soon learn the sounds which every native gives it, that he need make no provision before his journey; and if strangers visit us, it is their business to practise such conformity to our modes as they expect from us in their own countries. Elwood complied with the directions, and improved himself by his attendance; for he relates, that Milton, having a curious ear, knew by his voice when he read what he did not understand, and would stop him, and open the most difficult passages.

In a short time he took a house in the Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill-fields; the mention of which concludes the register of Milton's removals and habitations. He lived longer in this place than in any other.

He was now busied by "Paradise Lost." Whence he drew the original design has been variously con-

jectured by men who cannot bear to think themselves ignorant of that which, at last, neither diligence nor sagacity can discover. Some find the hint in an Italian tragedy. Voltaire tells a wild and unauthorized story of a farce seen by Milton in Italy, which opened thus: " Let the rainbow be the fiddlestick of the fiddle of heaven." It has been already shown, that the first conception was of a tragedy or mystery, not of a narrative, but a dramatic work, which he is supposed to have begun to reduce to its present form about the time (1665) when he finished his dispute with the defenders of the king-

He long before had promised to adorn his native country by some great performance, while he had yet perhaps no settled design, and was stimulated only by such expectations as naturally arose from the survey of his attainments, and the consciousness of his powers. What he should undertake, it was difficult to determine. He was long chusing, and began too late.

While he was obliged to divide his time between his private studies and affairs of state, his poetical labour must have been often interrupted; and perhaps he did little more in that busy time than construct the narrative, adjust the episodes, proportion the parts, accumulate images and sentiments, and treasure in his memory, or preserve in writing, such hints as books or meditation would supply. Nothing particular is known of his intellectual operations while he was a statesman; for, having every help and accommodation at hand, he had no need of uncommon expedients,

Being driven from all public stations, *he* is yet too great not to be traced by curiosity to his retirement, where he has been found by Mr Richardson, the fondest of his admirers, sitting « before his door in a grey coat of coarse cloth, in warm sultry weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his own room, receiving the visits of the people of distinguished parts as well as quality." His visitors of high quality must now be imagined to be few; but men of parts might reasonably court the conversation of a man so generally illustrious, that foreigners are reported, by Wood, to have visited the house in Bread-street where he was born.

According to another account, he was seen in a small house, " neatly enough dressed in black clothes, sitting in a room hung with rusty green; pale, but not cadaverous, with chalkstones in his hands. He said, that, if it were not for the gout, his blindness would be tolerable."

In the intervals of his pain, being made unable to use the common exercises, he used to swing in ii chair, and sometimes played upon an organ.

He was now confessedly and visibly employed upon his poem, of which the progress might be noted by those with whom he was familiar: for he was obliged, when he had composed as many lines as his memory would conveniently retain, to employ some friend in writing them, having, at least for part of the time, no regular attendant. This gave opportunity to observations and reports.

Mr Philips observes, that there was a very remarkable circumstance in the composure of " Paradise Lpst," " which I have a particular reason," says

be, " to remember; for whereas I had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years, as I went from time to time to visit him, in parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time (which, being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing), having as the summer came on, not been shewed any for a considerable while, and desiring the reason thereof, was answered, that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal; and that whatever he attempted at other times was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much : so that, in all the years he was about this poem, he may be said to have spent half his time therein."

Upon this relation Toland remarks, that in his opinion Philips has mistaken the time of the year; for Milton, in his elegies, declares, that with the advance of the spring he feels the increase of his poetical force, *redeunt in carmina vires*. To this it is answered, that Philips could hardly mistake time so well marked; and it may be added, that Milton might find different times of the year favourable to different parts of life. Mr Richardson conceives it impossible that " such a work should be suspended for six months, or for one. It may go on faster or slower, but it must go on." By what necessity it must continually go on, or why it might not be laid aside and resumed, it is not easy to discover.

This dependance of the soul upon the seasons, those temporary and periodical ebbs and flows of intellect, may, I suppose, justly be derided as the fumes of vain imagination. *Sapiens dominabitur*

ustris. The author that thinks himself weather-bound will find, with a little help from hellebore, that he is only idle or exhausted- But while this notion has possession of the head, it produces the inability which it supposes. Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes : *possunt quia posse videntur*. When success seems attainable, diligence is enforced; but when it is admitted that the faculties are suppressed by a cross wind, or a cloudy sky, the day is given up without resistance; for who can contend with the course of Nature ?

From such prepossessions Milton seems not to have been free. There prevailed in his time an opinion, that the world was in its decay, and that we have had the misfortune to be produced in the decrepitude of nature. It was suspected that the whole creation languished, that neither trees nor animals had the height or bulk of their predecessors, and that every thing was daily sinking by gradual diminution. Milton appears to suspect that souls partake of the general degeneracy, and is not without some fear that his book is to be written in an age too late for heroic poesy.

Another opinion wanders about the world, and sometimes finds reception among wise men; an opinion that restrains the operations of the mind to particular regions, and supposes that a luckless mortal may be born in a degree of latitude too high or too low for wisdom or for wit. From this fancy, wild as it is, he had not wholly cleared his head, when he feared lest the climate of his country might be too cold for flights of imagination.

Into a mind already occupied by such fancies,

another not more reasonable might easily find its way. He that could fear lest his genius had fallen upon too old a world, or too chill a climate, might consistently magnify to himself the influence of the seasons, and believe his faculties to be vigorous only half the year.

His submission to the seasons was at least more reasonable than his dread of decaying nature, or a frigid zone; for general causes must operate uniformly in a general abatement of mental power; if less could be performed by the writer, less likewise would content the judges of his work. Among this lagging race of frosty grovellers he might still have risen into eminence by producing something which they should not willingly let die. However inferior to the heroes who were born in better ages, he might still be great among his contemporaries, with the hope of growing every day greater in the dwindle of posterity. He might still be a giant among the pigmies, the one-eyed monarch of the blind.

Of his artifices of study, or particular hours of composition, we have little account, and there was perhaps little to be told. Richardson, who seems to have been very diligent in his enquiries, but discovers always a wish to find Milton discriminated from other men, relates, that "he would sometimes lie awake whole nights, but not a verse could he make; and on a sudden his poetical faculty would rush upon him with an *impetus* or *æstrum*, and his daughter was immediately called to secure what came. At other times he would dictate perhaps forty lines in a breathy and then reduce them to half the number."

These bursts of light, and involutions of darkness* these transient and involuntary excursions and retrocessions of invention, having some appearance of deviation from the common train of nature, are eagerly caught by the lovers of a wonder. Yet something of this inequality happens to every man in every mode of exertion, manual or mental. The mechanic cannot handle his hammer and his file at all times with equal dexterity; there are hours, he knows not why, when his hand is out. By Mr Richardson's relation, casually conveyed, much regard cannot be claimed. That, in his intellectual hour, Milton called for his daughter to secure what came, may be questioned ; for unluckily it happens to be known that his daughters were never taught to write; nor would he have been obliged, as is universally confessed, to have employed any casual visitor in disburdening his memory, if his daughter could have performed the office.

The story of reducing his exuberance has been told of other authors, and, though doubtless true of every fertile and copious mind, seems to have been gratuitously transferred to Milton.

What he has told us, and we cannot now know more, is, that he composed much of this poem in the night and morning, I suppose before his mind was disturbed with common business; and that he poured out with great fluency his unpremeditated verse. Versification, free, like his, from the distresses of rhyme, must, by a work so long, be made prompt and habitual; and, when his thoughts were once adjusted, the words would come at his command.

At what particular times of his life the parts of

his work were written, cannot often be known. The beginning of the third book shews that he had lost his sight; and the introduction to the seventh, that the return of the king had clouded him with discountenance: and that he was offended by the licentious festivity of the restoration. There are no other internal notes of time. Milton, being now cleared from all effects of his disloyalty, had nothing required from him but the common duty of living in quiet, to be rewarded with the common right of protection ; but this, which, when he sculked from the approach of his king, was perhaps more than he hoped, seems not to have satisfied him ; for no sooner is he safe, than he finds himself in danger, " fallen on evil days and evil tongues, and with darkness and with danger compassed round." This darkness, had his eyes been better employed, had undoubtedly deserved compassion; but to add the mention of danger was ungrateful and unjust. He was fallen indeed on evil days; the time was come in which regicides could no longer boast their wickedness. But of evil tongues for Milton to complain, required impudence at least equal to his other powers; Milton, whose warmest advocates must allow, that he never spared any asperity of reproach or brutality of insolence.

But the charge itself seems to be false; for it would be hard to recollect any reproach cast upon him, either serious or ludicrous, through the whole remaining part of his life. He pursued his studies, or his amusements, without persecution, molestation, or insult. Such is the reverence paid to great abilities, however misused: they who contemplated

in Milton the scholar and the wit, were contented to forget the reviler of his king.

When the plague (1665) raged in London, Milton took refuge at Chalfont in Bucks; where Elwood, who had taken the house for him, first saw a complete copy of "Paradise Lost f*" and, having perused it, said to him, "Thou hast said a great deal upon paradise lost; what hast thou to say upon paradise found?"

Next year, when the danger of infection had ceased, he returned to Bunhill-fields, and designed the publication of his poem. A licence was necessary, and he could expect no great kindness from a chaplain of the archbishop of Canterbury. He seems, however, to have been treated with tenderness; for though objections were made to particular passages, and among them to the simile of the sun eclipsed, in the first book, yet the licence was granted; and he sold his copy, April 27, 1667, to Samuel Simmons, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred should be sold of the first edition; and again, five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition; and another five pounds after the same sale of the third. None of the three editions were to be extended beyond fifteen hundred copies.

The first edition was of ten books in a small quarto. The titles were varied from year to year; and an advertisement and the arguments of the books were omitted in some copies, and inserted in others.

The sale gave him in two years a right to his se-

cond payment, for which the receipt was signed April 26, 1669. The second edition was not given till **1674**; it was printed in small octavo; and the number of books was increased to twelve* by a division of the seventh and twelfth; and some other small improvements were made- The third edition was published in 1678 ; and the widow, to whom the copy was then to devolve, sold all her claims to Simmons for eight pounds, according to her receipt given Dec. 21, 1680. Simmons had already agreed to transfer the whole right to Brabazon Aylmer for twenty-five pounds; and Aylmer sold to Jacob Tonson half, August 17, 1683, and half, March 24, 1690, at a price considerably enlarged. In the history of " Paradise Lost," a deduction thus minute will rather gratify than fatigue.

The slow sale and tardy reputation of this poem have been always mentioned as evidences of neglected merit, and of the uncertainty of literary fame ; and enquiries have been made, and conjectures offered, about the causes of its long obscurity and late reception. But has the case been truly stated? Have not lamentation and wonder been lavished on an evil that was never felt ?

That in the reigns of Charles and James, the " Paradise Lost" received no public acclamations, is readily confessed. Wit and literature were on the side of the court : and who that solicited favour or fashion would venture to praise the defender of the regicides ? All that he himself could think his due, from evil tongues in evil days, was that reverential silence which was generously preserved, But it

cannot be inferred that his poem was not read, or not, however unwillingly, admired.

The sale, if it be considered, will justify the public. Those who have no power to judge of past times but by their own, should always doubt their conclusions. The call for books was not in Milton's age what it is in the present. To read was not then a general amusement; neither traders, nor often gentlemen, thought themselves disgraced by ignorance. The women had not then aspired to literature, nor was every house supplied with a closet of knowledge. Those indeed who professed learning, were not less learned than at any other time ; but of that middle race of students who read for pleasure or accomplishment, and who buy the numerous products of modern typography, the number was then comparatively small. To prove the paucity of readers, it may be sufficient to remark, that the nation had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664, that is, forty-one years, with only two editions of the works of Shakespear, which probably did not together make one thousand copies.

The sale of thirteen hundred copies in two years, in opposition to so much recent enmity, and to a style of versification new to all and disgusting to many, was an uncommon example of the prevalence of genius. The demand did not immediately increase ; for many more readers than were supplied at first, the nation did not afford. Only three thousand were sold in eleven years ; for it forced its way without assistance ; its admirers did not dare to publish their opinion ; and the opportunities now given of attracting notice by advertisements were then

very few ; the means of proclaiming the publication of new books have been produced by that general literature which now prevades the nation through all its ranks.

But the reputation and price of the copy still advanced, till the revolution put an end to the secrecy of love, and " *Paradise Lost*" broke into open view with sufficient security of kind reception.

Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked its reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation.

In the mean time he continued his studies, and supplied the want of sight by a very odd expedient, of which Philips gives the following account :

Mr Philips tells us, " that though our author had daily about him one or other to read, some persons of man's estate, who, of their own accord, greedily cateched at the opportunity of being his readers, that they might as well reap the benefit of what they read to him, as oblige him by the benefit of their reading ; and others of younger years were sent by their parents to the same end ; yet excusing only the eldest daughter by reason of her bodily infirmity and difficult utterance of speech (which, to say truth, I doubt was the principal cause of excusing her), the other two were condemned to the performance of reading, and exactly pronoun-

cing of all the languages of whatever book he should, at one time or other, think fit to peruse, viz. the Hebrew (and I think the Syriac), the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, Spanish, and French. All which sorts of books to be confined to read, without understanding one word, must needs be a trial of patience almost beyond endurance. Yet it was endured by both for a long time, though the irksomeness of this employment could not be always concealed, but broke out more and more into expressions of uneasiness ; so at length they were all, even the eldest also, sent out to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture, that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold or silver."

In the scene of misery which this mode of intellectual labour sets before our eyes, it is hard to determine whether the daughters or the father are most to be lamented. A language not understood can never be so read as to give pleasure, and very seldom so as to convey meaning. If few men would have had resolution to write books with such embarrassments, few likewise would have wanted ability to find some better expedient.

Three years after his "Paradise Lost," (1667) he published his "History of England," comprising the whole fable of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and continued to the Norman invasion. Why he should have given the first part, which he seems not to believe, and which is universally rejected, it is difficult to conjecture. The style is harsh ; but it has something of rough vigour, which perhaps may often strike, though it cannot please.

On this history the licenser again fixed his claws, and before he would transmit it to the press tore out several parts. Some censures of the Saxon monks were taken away, lest they should be applied to the modern clergy ; and a character of the long parliament, and assembly of divines, was excluded ; of which the author gave a copy to the Earl of Anglesea, and which, being afterwards published, has been since inserted in its proper place.

The same year were printed " Paradise Regained ;" and " Sampson Agonistes," a tragedy written in imitation of the ancients, and never designed by the author for the stage. As these poems were published by another bookseller, it has been asked, whether Simmons was discouraged from receiving them by the slow sale of the former. Why a writer changed his bookseller a hundred years ago, I am far from hoping to discover. Certainly, he who in two years sells thirteen hundred copies of a volume in quarto, bought for two payments of five pounds each, has no reason to repent his purchase.

When Milton shewed " Paradise Regained" to Elwood, " This," said he, " is owing to you ; for you put it in my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which otherwise I had not thought of."

His last poetical offspring was his favourite. He could not, as Elwood relates, endure to hear "Paradise Lost" preferred to " Paradise Regained." Many causes may vitiate a writer's judgment of his own works. On that which has cost him much labour he sets a high value, because he is unwilling to think that he has been diligent in vain ; what ha

been produced without toilsome efforts is considered with delight, as a proof of vigorous faculties and fertile invention ; and the last work, whatever it be, has necessarily most of the grace of novelty. Milton, however it happened, had this prejudice, and had it to himself.

To that multiplicity of attainments, and extent of comprehension, that entitled this great author to our veneration, may be added a kind of humble dignity, which did not disdain the meanest services to literature. The epic poet, the controvertist, the politician, having already descended to accommodate children with a book of rudiments, now, in the last years of his life, composed a book of logic for the initiation of students in philosophy; and published, 1672, "*Artis Logiæ plenior institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnata*;" that is, "A new scheme of logic, according to the method of Ramus." I know not whether, even in this book, he did not intend an act of hostility against the universities ; for Ramus was one of the first oppugners of the old philosophy, who disturbed with innovations the quiet of the schools.

His polemical disposition again revived. He had now been safe so long, that he forgot his fears, and published "A treatise of true religion, heresy, schism, toleration, and the best means to prevent the growth of popery."

But this little tract is modestly written, with respectful mention of the church of England, and an appeal to the thirty-nine articles. His principle of toleration is, agreement in the sufficiency of the scriptures ; and he extends it to all who, whatever

their opinions are, profess to derive them from the sacred books. The papists appeal to other testimonies, and are therefore, in his opinion, not to be permitted the liberty of either public or private worship; for though they plead conscience, we have no warrant, he says, to regard conscience, which is not grounded in scripture.

Those who are not convinced by his reasons, may be perhaps delighted with his wit. The term *Roman catholic* is, he says, one of the Pope's bulls; it is particular universal, or catholic schismatic.

He has, however, something better. As the best preservative against popery, he recommends the diligent perusal of the scriptures, a duty, from which he warns the busy part of mankind not to think themselves excused.

He now reprinted his juvenile poems, with some additions.

In the last year of his life he sent to the press, seeming to take delight in publication, a collection of "Familiar epistles in Latin;" to which, being too few to make a volume, he added some academical exercises, which perhaps he perused with pleasure, as they recalled to his memory the days of youth, but for which nothing but veneration for his name could now procure a reader.

When he had attained his sixty-sixth year, the gout, with which he had been long tormented, prevailed over the enfeebled powers of nature. He died by a quiet and silent expiration, about the 10th of November 1674, at his house in Bunhill-fields: and was buried next his father in the chan-

oel of St Giles at Cripplegate, His funeral was very splendidly and numerously attended.

Upon his grave there is supposed to have been no memorial; but in our time a monument has been erected in Westminster-Abbey " To the Author of Paradise Lost," by Mr Benson, who has in the inscription, bestowed more words upon himself than upon Milton.

When the inscription for the monument of Phillips, in which he was said to be *solī Miltono secundus*, was exhibited to Dr Sprat, then dean of Westminster, he refused to admit it; the name of Milton was, in his opinion, too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion. Atterbury, who succeeded him, being author of the inscription, permitted its reception. " And such has been the change of public opinion," said Dr Gregory, from whom I heard this account, " that I have seen erected in the church, a statue of that man, whose name I once knew considered as a pollution of its walls."

Milton has the reputation of having been in his youth eminently beautiful, so as to have been called the lady of his college. His hair, which was of a light brown, parted at the fore-top, and hung down upon his shoulders, according to the picture which he has given of Adam. He was, however, not of the heroic stature, but rather below the middle size, according to Mr Richardson, who mentions him as having narrowly escaped from being short and thick. He was vigorous and active, and delighted in the exercise of the sword, in which he is related to have been eminently skilful. His wea-

pon was, I believe, not the rapier, but the back-sword, of which he recommends the use in his book on education.

His eyes are said never to have been bright ; but, if he was a dexterous fencer, they must have been once quick.

His domestic habits, so far as they are known, were those of a severe student. He drank little strong drink of any kind, and fed without excess in quantity, and in his earlier years without delicacy of choice. In his youth he studied late at night ; but afterwards changed his hours, and rested in bed from nine to four in the summer, and five in the winter. The course of his day was best known after he was blind. When he first rose, he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then studied till twelve ; then took some exercise for an hour ; then dined, then played on the organ, and sang, or heard another sing ; then studied to six ; then entertained his visitors till eight ; then supped, and after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, went to bed.

So is his life described : but this even tenour appears attainable only in colleges. He that lives in the world will sometimes have the succession of his practice broken and confused. Visitors, of whom Milton is represented to have had great numbers, will come and stay unseasonably ; business, of which every man has some, must be done when others will do it.

When he did not care to rise early, he had something read to him by his bed-side ; perhaps at this time his daughters were employed. He composed much in the morning, and dictated in the day, sit-

ting obliquely in an elbow chair, with his leg thrown over the arm.

Fortune appears not to have had much of his care. In the civil wars, he lent his personal estate to the parliament; but when, after the contest was decided, he solicited repayment, he met not only with neglect, but sharp rebuke; and, having tired both himself and his friends, was given up to poverty and hopeless indignation, till he shewed how able he was to do greater service. He was then made Latin secretary, with two hundred pounds a-year; and had a thousand pounds for his "Defence of the People." His widow, who, after his death, retired to Namptwich in Cheshire, and died about 1729, is said to have reported that he lost two thousand pounds by entrusting it to a scriviner; and that, in the general depredation upon the church, he had grasped an estate about sixty pounds a-year belonging to Westminster-Abbey, which, like other sharers of the plunder of rebellion, he was afterwards obliged to return. Two thousand pounds, which he had placed in the excise-office, were also lost. There is yet no reason to believe that he was ever reduced to indigence. His wants, being few, were competently supplied. He sold his library before his death, and left his family fifteen hundred pounds, on which his widow laid hold, and only gave one hundred to each of his daughters.

His literature was unquestionably great. He read all the languages which are considered either as learned or polite; Hebrew, with its two dialects, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish. In Latin his skill was such as places him in the first

rank of writers and critics; and he appears to have cultivated Italian with uncommon diligence. The books in which his daughter, who used to read to him, represented him as most delighting, after Homer, which he could almost repeat, were Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and Euripides. His Euripides is, by Mr Cradock's kindness, now in my hands : the margin is sometimes noted ; but I have found nothing remarkable.

Of the English poets he set more value upon Spenser, Shakepeare, and Cowley. Spenser was apparently his favourite ; Shakspeare he may easily be supposed to like, with every other skilful reader ; but I should not have expected that Cowley, whose ideas of excellence were so different from his own, would have had much of his approbation. His character of Dryden, who sometimes visited him, was, that he was a good rhymist, but no poet.

His theological opinions are said to have been first Calvinistical; and afterwards, perhaps when he began to hate the Presbyterians, to have tended towards Arminianism. In the mixed question of theology and government, he never thinks that he can recede far enough from popery or prelacy ; but what Baudius says of Erasmus seems applicable to him, *magis habuit quod fugeret, quam quod sequeretur*. He had determined rather what to condemn, than what to approve. He has not associated himself with any denomination of Protestants : we know rather what he was not, than what he was. He was not of the church of Rome ; he was not of the church of England.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example. Milton, who appears to have had full conviction of the truth of Christianity, and to have regarded the Holy Scriptures with the profoundest veneration, to have been untainted by any heretical peculiarity of opinion, and to have lived in a confirmed belief of the immediate and occasional agency of providence, yet grew old without any visible worship. In the distribution of his hours, there was no hour of prayer, either solitary or with his household ; omitting public prayers, he omitted all.

Of this omission the reason has been sought upon a supposition which ought never to be made, that men live with their own approbation, and justify their conduct to themselves. Prayer certainly was not thought superfluous by him, who represents our first parents as praying acceptably in the state of innocence, and efficaciously after their fall. That he lived without prayer can hardly be affirmed ; his studies and meditations were an habitual prayer. The neglect of it in his family was probably a fault for w h i c h he condemned himself, and which he intended to correct, but that death, as too often happens, intercepted his reformation.

His political notions were those of an acrimonious and surly republican, for which it is not known that he gave any better reason than that " a popular government was the most frugal ; for the trap-

pings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth." It is surely very shallow policy that supposes money to be the chief good : and even this, without considering that the support and expence of a court is, for the most part, only a particular kind of traffic, by which money is circulated, without any national impoverishment.

Milton's republicanism was, I am afraid, founded in an envious hatred of greatness, and a sullen desire of independence; in petulance impatient of controul, and pride disdainful of superiority. He hated monarchs in the state, and prelates in the church ; for he hated all whom he was required to obey. It is to be suspected, that his predominant desire was to destroy rather than establish, and that he felt not so much the love of liberty as repugnance to authority.

It has been observed, that they who most loudly clamour for liberty do not most liberally grant it. What we know of Milton's character, in domestic relation, is, that he was severe and arbitrary. His family consisted of women ; and there appears in his books something like a Turkish contempt of females, as subordinate and inferior beings. That his own daughters might not break the ranks, he suffered them to be depressed by a mean and penurious education. He thought women made only for obedience, and man only for rebellion.

Of his family some account may be expected His sister, first married to Mr Philips, afterwards married Mr Agar, a friend of her first husband, who succeeded him in the crown-office. She had,

by her first husband, Edward and John, the two nephews whom Milton educated; and by her second, two daughters.

His brother, Sir Christopher, had two daughters, Mary and Catharine, and a son, Thomas, who succeeded Agar in the crown-office, and left a daughter living in 1749, in Grosvenor-street.

Milton had children only by his first wife; Anne, Mary, and Deborah. Anne, though deformed, married a master-builder, and died of her first child. Mary died single. Deborah married Abraham Clark, a weaver in Spitalfields, and lived seventy-six years, to August 1727. This is the daughter of whom public mention has been made. She could repeat the first lines of Homer, the Metamorphoses, and some of Euripides, by having often read them. Yet here incredulity is ready to make a stand. Many repetitions are necessary to fix in the memory lines not understood. And why should Milton wish or want to hear them so often? These lines were at the beginning of the poems. Of a book written in a language not understood, the beginning raises no more attention than the end; and as those that understand it know commonly the beginning best, its rehearsal will seldom be necessary. It is not likely that Milton required any passage to be so much repeated as that his daughter could learn it; nor likely that he desired the initial lines to be read at all; nor that the daughter, weary of the drudgery of pronouncing unideal sounds, would voluntarily commit them to memory.

To this gentlewoman Addison made a present, and promised some establishment, **but** died soon

after. Queen Caroline sent her fifty guineas. She had seven sons and three daughters ; but none of them had any children, except her son Caleb and her daughter Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St George in the East Indies, and had two sons, of whom nothing is now known. Elizabeth married Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spittalfields ; and had seven children, who all died. She kept a petty grocer's or chandler's shop, first at Halloway, and afterwards in Cocklane, near Shoreditch Church. She knew little of her grandfather, and that little was not good. She told of his harshness to his daughters, and his refusal to have them taught to write ; and, in opposition to other accounts, represented him as delicate, though temperate, in his diet.

In 1750, April 5, " Comus " was played for her benefit. She had so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her. The profits of the night were only one hundred and thirty pounds, though Dr Newton brought a large contribution ; and twenty pounds were given by Tonson, a man who is to be praised as often as he is named. Of this sum, one hundred pounds were placed in the stocks, after some debate between her and her husband in whose name it should be entered ; and the rest augmented their little stock, with which they removed to Islington. This was the greatest benefaction that " Paradise Lost " ever procured the author's descendants : and to this he, who has now attempted to relate his Life, had the honour of contributing a prologue.



IN the examination of Milton's poetical works, I shall pay so much regard to time as to begin with his juvenile productions. For his early pieces he seems to have had a degree of fondness not very laudable ; what he has once written he resolves to preserve, and gives to the public an unfinished poem, which he broke off because he was " nothing satisfied with what he had done," supposing his readers less nice than himself. These preludes to his future labours are in Italian, Latin, and English. Of the Italian I cannot pretend to speak as a critic but I have heard them commended by a man well qualified to decide their merit. The Latin pieces are lusciously elegant ; but the delight which they afford is rather by the exquisite imitation of the ancient writers, by the purity of the diction, and the harmony of the numbers, than by any power of invention, or vigour of sentiment. They are not all of equal value ; the elegies excel the odes ; and some of the exercises on Gunpowder Treason might have been spared.

The English poems, though they make no promises of " Paradise Lost," have this evidence of genius, that they have a cast original and unborrowed. But their peculiarity is not excellence ; if they differ from the verses of others, they differ for the worse ; for they are too often distinguished by repulsive harshness ; the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleasing ; the thymes and

epithets seem to be laboriously sought, and violently applied.

That in the early part of his life he wrote with much care, appears from his manuscripts, happily preserved at Cambridge, in which many of his smaller works are found as they were first written, with the subsequent corrections. Such reliques shew how excellence is acquired: what we hope ever to do with ease, we must learn first to do with diligence.

Those who admire the beauties of this great poet sometimes force their own judgment into false approbation of his little pieces, and prevail upon themselves to think that admirable which is only singular. *All* that short compositions can commonly attain is neatness and elegance. Milton never learned the art of doing little things with grace; he overlooked the milder excellence of suavity and softness; he was a lion that had no skill in dandling the kid.

One of the poems on which much praise has been bestowed is *Lycidas*; of which the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers displeasing. What beauty there is, we must therefore seek in the sentiments and images. It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon *Arethuse* and *Mincius*, nor tells of rough satyrs, and fauns with cloven heel. Where there is leisure for fiction, there is little grief.

In this poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new.

Its form is that of a pastoral—easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting ; whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted ; and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind. When Cowley tells of Hervey, that they studied together, it is easy to suppose how much he must miss the companion of his labours, and the partner of his discoveries ; but what image of tenderness can be excited by these lines ?

We drove a field, and both together heard,
What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

We know that they never drove a field, and that they had no flocks to batten ; and though it be allowed that the representation may be allegorical, the true meaning is so uncertain and remote, that it is never sought, because it cannot be known when it is found.

Among the flocks, and copses, and flowers, appear the heathen deities ; Jove and Phoebus, Neptune and Æolus, with a long train of mythological imagery, such as a college easily supplies. Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping ; and how one god asks another god what is become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell. He who thus grieves **will** excite no sympathy ; he who thus praises **will** confer no honour.

This poem has yet a grosser fault. With these trifling fictions are mingled the **most awful and sa-**

cred truths, such as ought never to be polluted with such irreverend combinations. The shepherd likewise is now a feeder of sheep, and afterwards an ecclesiastical pastor, a superintendant of a christian flock. Such equivocations are always unskilful ; but here they are indecent, and at least approach to impiety; of which, however, I believe the writer not *to* have been conscious.

Such is the power of reputation justly acquired, that its blaze drives away the eye from nice examination. Surely no man could have fancied that he read *Lycidas* with pleasure, had he not known the author.

Of the two pieces, *L' Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, I believe, opinion is uniform ; every man that reads them, reads them with pleasure. The author's design is not, what Theobald has remarked, merely to shew how objects derive their colours from the mind, by representing the operation of the same things upon the gay and melancholy temper, or upon the same man as he is differently disposed ; but rather how, among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified.

The cheerful man hears the lark in the morning ; the pensive man hears the nightingale in the evening. The cheerful man sees the cock strut, and hears the horn and hounds echo in the wood ; then walks, not unseen, to observe the glory of the rising sun, or listen to the singing milk-maid, and view the labours of the ploughman and the mower ; then casts his eyes about him over scenes of smiling plenty, and looks up to the distant tower, the resi-

dence of some fair inhabitant ; thus he pursues rural gaiety through a day of labour or of play, and delights himself at night with the fanciful narratives of superstitious ignorance.

The pensive man, at one time, walks unseen to muse at midnight ; and at another hears the sullen curfew. If the weather drives him home, he sits in a room lighted only by glowing embers ; or by a lonely lamp outwatches the north star, to discover the habitation of separate souls, and varies the shades of meditation, by contemplating the magnificent or pathetic scenes of tragic and epic poetry. When the morning comes, a morning gloomy with rain and wind, he walks into the dark trackless woods, falls asleep by some murmuring water, and with melancholy enthusiasm expects some dream of prognostication, or some music played by aerial performers.

Both mirth and melancholy are solitary, silent inhabitants of the breast, that neither receive nor transmit communication ; no mention is therefore made of a philosophical friend, or a pleasant companion. The seriousness does not arise from any participation of calamity, nor the gaiety from the pleasures of the bottle.

The man of cheerfulness, having exhausted the country, tries what towered cities will afford, and mingles with scenes of splendour, gay assemblies, and nuptial festivities ; but he mingles a mere spectator, as, when the learned comedies of Jonson, or the wild dramas of Shakespear, are exhibited, he attends the theatre.

The pensive man never loses himself in crowds,

but walks the cloister, or frequents the cathedral. Milton probably had not yet forsaken the church.

Both his characters delight in music; but he seems to think that cheerful notes would have obtained from Pluto a complete dismissal of Eurydice, of whom solemn sounds only procured a conditional release.

For the old age of cheerfulness he makes no provision; but melancholy he conducts with great dignity to the close of life. His cheerfulness is without levity, and his pensiveness without asperity-

Through these two poems the images are properly selected and nicely distinguished; but the colours of the diction seem not sufficiently discriminated. I know not whether the characters are kept sufficiently apart. No mirth can, indeed, be found in his melancholy; but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth. They are two noble efforts of imagination.

The greatest of his juvenile performances is the "Mask of Comus," in which may very plainly be discovered the dawn or twilight of "Paradise Lost." Milton appears to have formed very early that system of diction, and mode of verse, which his maturer judgment approved, and from which he never endeavoured nor desired to deviate.

Nor does "Comus" afford only a specimen of his language; it exhibits likewise his power of description and his vigour of sentiment, employed in the praise and defence of virtue. A work more truly poetical is rarely found; allusions, images, and descriptive epithets, embellish almost every period with lavish decoration. As a series of lines, there-

fore, it may be considered as worthy of all the admiration with which the votaries have received it.

As a drama it is deficient. The action is not probable. A masque, in those parts where supernatural intervention is admitted, must indeed be given up to all the freaks of imagination ; but, so far as the action is merely human, it ought to be reasonable, which can hardly be said of the conduct of the two brothers; who, when their sister sinks with fatigue in a pathless wilderness, wander both away together in search of berries too far to find their way back, and leave a helpless lady to all the sadness and danger of solitude. This, however, is a defect overbalanced by its convenience.

What deserves more reprehension is, that the prologue spoken in the wild wood by the attendant spirit, is addressed to the audience ; a mode of communication so contrary to the nature of dramatic representation, that no precedents can support it.

The discourse of the spirit is too long : an objection that may be made to almost all the following speeches ; they have not the sprightliness of a dialogue animated by reciprocal contention, but seem rather declamations, deliberately composed, and formally repeated, on a moral question. The auditor therefore listens as to a lecture, without passion, without anxiety.

The song of Comus has airiness and jollity ; but, what may recommend Milton's morals as well as his poetry, the invitations to pleasure are so general, that they excite no distinct images of corrupt enjoyment, and take no dangerous hold on the fancy.

The following soliloquies of Comus and the lady

are elegant, but tedious. The song must owe much to the voice if it ever can delight. At last the brothers enter with too much tranquillity ; and, when they have feared lest their sister should be in danger, and hoped that she is not in danger, the elder makes a speech in praise of chastity, and the younger finds how fine it is to be a philosopher.

Then descends the spirit in form of a shepherd ; and the brother, instead of being in haste to ask his help, praises his singing, and enquires his business in that place. It is remarkable, that at this interview the brother is taken with a short fit of rhyming. The spirit relates that the lady is in the power of Cornus ; the brother moralizes again ; and the spirit makes a long narration, of no use, because it is false, and therefore unsuitable to a human being.

In all these parts the language is poetical, and the sentiments are generous ; but there is something wanting to allure attention.

The dispute between the lady and Comus is the most animated and affecting scene of the drama, and wants nothing but a brisker reciprocation of objections and replies to invite attention and detain it.

The songs are vigorous and full of imagery ; but they are harsh in their diction and not very musical in their numbers.

Throughout the whole, the figures are too bold, and the language too luxuriant, for dialogue. It is a drama in the epic style, inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive.

The sonnets were written in different parts of Milton's life, upon different occasions. They deserve

not any particular criticism ; for of the best it can only be said, that they are not bad ; and perhaps only the eight and the twenty-first are truly entitled to this slender commendation. The fabric of a sonnet, however adapted to the Italian language, has never succeeded in ours, which, having greater variety of termination, requires the rhymes to be often changed.

Those little pieces may be dispatched without much anxiety ; a greater work calls for greater care. I am now to examine " *Paradise Lost* ;" a poem, which, considered with respect to design, may claim the first place, and with respect to performance, the second, among the productions of the human mind.

By the general consent of critics, the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a nobler art, must animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation ; morality must teach him the exact bounds, and different shades, of vice and virtue ; from policy, and the practice of life, he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined ; and physiology must supply

him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and realizing fiction. Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.

Bossu is of opinion, that the poet's first work is to find a moral, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish. This seems to have been the process only of Milton : the moral of other poems is incidental and consequent ; in Milton's only it is essential and intrinsic. His purpose was the most useful and the most arduous—to vindicate the ways of God to man ; to shew the reasonableness of religion, and the necessity of obedience to the divine law.

To convey this moral, there must be a fable, a narration artfully constructed, so as to excite curiosity, and surprise expectation. In this part of his work, Milton must be confessed to have equalled every other poet. He has involved in his account of the fall of man, the events which preceded, and those that were to follow it : he has interwoven the whole system of theology with such propriety, that every part appears to be necessary ; and scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the progress of the main action.

The subject of an epic poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of

worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth ; rebellion, against the supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings ; the overthrow of their host, and the punishment of their crime ; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures ; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace.

Great events can be hastened or retarded only by persons of elevated dignity. Before the greatness displayed in Milton's poem, all other greatness shrinks away. The weakest of his agents are the highest and noblest of human beings—the original parents of mankind ; with whose actions the elements consented ; on whose rectitude, or deviation of will, depended the state of terrestrial nature, and the condition of all the future inhabitants of the globe.

Of the other agents in the poem, the chief are such as it is irreverence to name on slight occasions. The rest were lower powers ;

—of which the least could wield
Those elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions ;

powers, which only the controul of Omnipotence restrains from laying creation waste, and filling the vast expanse of space with ruin and confusion. To display the motives and actions of beings thus superior, so far as human reason can examine them, or human imagination represent them, is the task which this mighty poet has undertaken and performed.

In the examination of epic poems, much speculation is commonly employed upon the characters.

The characters in the "Paradise Lost," which admit of examination, are those of angels and of man : of angels good and evil ; of man in his innocent and sinful state.

Among the angels, the virtue of Raphael is mild and placid, of easy condescension and free communication ; that of Michael is regal and lofty, and, as may seem, attentive to the dignity of his own nature. Abdiel and Gabriel appear occasionally, and act as every incident requires ; the solitary fidelity of Abdiel is very amiably painted.

Of the evil angels, the characters are more diversified. To Satan, as Addison observes, such sentiments are given as suit the most exalted and most depraved being. Milton has been censured by Clarke, * for the impiety which sometimes breaks from Satan's mouth ; for there are thoughts, as he justly remarks, which no observation of character can justify, **because** no good man would willingly permit them to pass, however transiently, through his own mind. To make Satan speak as a rebel, without any such expressions as might taint the reader's imagination, was indeed one of the great difficulties in Milton's undertaking ; and I cannot but think that he has extricated himself with great happiness. There is in Satan's speeches little that can give pain to a pious ear. The language of rebellion cannot be the same with that of obedience. The malignity of Satan foams in haughtiness and obstinacy ; but his expressions are commonly general, and no other ways offensive than as they are wicked.

* Author of the Essay on Study.

The other chiefs of the celestial rebellion are very judiciously discriminated in the first and second books ; and the ferocious character of Moloch appears, both in the battle and the council, with exact consistency.

To Adam and to Eve are given, during their innocence, such sentiments as innocence can generate and utter. Their love is pure benevolence and mutual veneration ; their repasts are without luxury, and their diligence without toil. Their addresses to their Maker have little more than the voice of admiration and gratitude. Fruition left them nothing to ask ; and innocence left them nothing to fear.

But with guilt enter distrust and discord, mutual accusation, and stubborn self-defence ; they regard each other with alienated minds, and dread their Creator as the avenger of their transgression. At last they seek shelter in his mercy, soften to repentance, and melt in supplication. Both before and after the fall, the superiority of Adam is diligently sustained.

Of the probable and the marvellous, two parts of a vulgar epic poem, which immerse the critic in deep consideration, the " Paradise Lost " requires little to be said. It contains the history of a miracle, of creation and redemption ; it displays the power and the mercy of the Supreme Being ; the probable therefore is marvellous, and the marvellous is probable. The substance of the narrative is truth ; and, as truth allows no choice, it is, like necessity, superior to rule. To the accidental or adventitious parts, as to every thing human, some slight excep-

tions may be made ; but the main fabric is immoveably supported.

It is justly remarked by Addison, that this poem has, by the nature of its subject, the advantage above all others, that it is universally and perpetually interesting. All mankind will, through all ages, bear the same relation to Adam and to Eve, and must partake of that good and evil which extend to themselves.

Of the machinery, so called from by which is meant the occasional interposition of supernatural power, another fertile topic of critical remarks, here is no room to speak, because every thing is done under the immediate and visible direction of Heaven ; but the rule is so far observed, that no part of the action could have been accomplished by any other means.

Of episodes, I think there are only two, contained in Raphael's relation of the war in heaven, and Michael's prophetic account of the changes to happen in this world. Both are closely connected with the great action ; one was necessary to Adam as a warning, the other as a consolation.

To the completeness or integrity of the design, nothing can be objected ; it has distinctly and clearly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is perhaps no poem of the same length, from which so little can be taken without apparent mutilation. Here are no funeral games, nor is there any long description of a shield. The short digressions at the beginning of the third, seventh, and ninth books might doubtless be spared ; but superfluities so beautiful who would take away?

or who does not wish that the author of the " Iliad " had, gratified succeeding ages with a little knowledge of himself ? Perhaps no passages are more frequently or more attentively read than those extrinsic paragraphs ; and, since the end of poetry is pleasure, that cannot be unpoetical with which all are pleased.

The questions, whether the action of the poem be strictly one, whether the poem can be properly termed " heroic," and who is the hero, are raised by such readers as draw their principles of judgment rather from books than from reason. Milton, though he intituled " Paradise Lost" only a poem, yet calls it himself heroic song. Dryden petulantly and indecently denies the heroism of Adam, because he was overcome ; but there is no reason why the hero should not be unfortunate, except established practice, since success and virtue do not go necessarily together. Cato is the hero of Lucan ; but Lucan's authority will not be suffered by Quintilian to decide. However, if success be necessary, Adam's deceiver was at last crushed ; Adam was restored to his Maker's favour, and therefore may securely resume his human rank.

After the scheme and fabric of the poem, must be considered its component parts, the sentiments and the diction.

The sentiments, as expressive of manners, or appropriated to characters, are, for the greater part, unexceptionably just.

Splendid passages, containing lessons of morality, or precepts of prudence, occur seldom. Such is the original formation of this poem, that, as it admits

no human manners till the fall, it can give little assistance to human conduct. Its end is to raise the thoughts above sublunary cares or pleasures. Yet the praise of that fortitude, with which Abdiel maintained his singularity of virtue against the scorn of multitudes, may be accommodated to all times ; and Raphael's reproof of Adam's curiosity after the planetary motions, with the answer returned by Adam, may be confidently opposed to any rule of life which any poet has delivered.

The thoughts which are occasionally called forth in the progress, are such as could only be produced by an imagination in the highest degree fervid and active, to which materials were supplied by incessant study and unlimited curiosity. The heat of Milton's mind may be said to sublimate his learning, to throw off into his work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts.

He had considered creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace ; but his natural part is gigantic loftiness. He can please when pleasure is required ; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that Nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others ; the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening

the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful; he therefore chose a subject on which too much could not be said, on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are, requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings, to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds; he must sometimes revisit earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility.

Whatever be his subject, he never fails to fill the imagination. But his images and descriptions of the scenes or operations of Nature do not seem to be always copied from original form, nor to have the freshness, raciness, and energy, of immediate observation. He saw Nature, as Dryden expresses it, "through the spectacles of books;" and on most occasions calls learning to his assistance. The garden of Eden brings to his mind the vale of Enna, where Proserpine was gathering flowers. Satan makes his way through fighting elements, like Argo between the Cyanean rocks, or Ulysses between

the two Sicilian whirlpools, when he shunned Charybdis on the larboard. The mythological allusions have been justly censured, as not being always used with notice of their vanity ; but they contribute variety to the narration, and produce an alternate exercise of the memory and the fancy.

His similes are less numerous, and more various than those of his predecessors. But he does not confine himself within the limits of rigorous comparison : his great excellence is amplitude ; and he expands the adventitious image beyond the dimensions which the occasion required. Thus comparing the shield of Satan to the orb of the moon, he crowds the imagination with the discovery of the telescope, and all the wonders which the telescope discovers.

Of his moral sentiments it is hardly praise to affirm, that they excel those of all other poets ; for this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the sacred writings. The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of Revelation, were very unskilful teachers of virtue ; their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence ; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy.

From the Italian writers, it appears that the advantages of even Christian knowledge may be possessed in vain. Ariosto's pravity is generally known ; and, though the " Deliverance of Jerusalem " may be considered as a sacred subject, the poet has been very sparing of moral instruction.

In Milton every line breathes sanctity of thought and parity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence and confirms piety.

Of human beings there are but two; but those two are the parents of mankind, venerable before their fall for dignity and innocence, and amiable after it for repentance and submission. In the first state, their affection is tender without weakness, and their piety sublime without presumption. When they have sinned, they shew how discord begins in mutual frailty, and how it ought to cease in mutual forbearance ; how confidence of the divine favour is forfeited by sin, and how hope of pardon may be obtained by penitence and prayer. A state of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed, in our present misery, it be possible to conceive it; but the sentiments and worship proper to a fallen and offending being, we have all to learn, as we have all to practise.

The poet, whatever be done, is always great. Our progenitors in their first state conversed with angels; even when folly and sin had degraded them, they had not in their humiliation " the port of mean suitors ;" and they rise again to reverential regard, when we find that their prayers were heard.

As human passions did not enter the world before the Fall, there is in the " Paradise Lost" little opportunity for the pathetic ; but what little there is has not been lost. That passion which is peculiar to rational nature, the anguish arising from the

consciousness of transgression, and the horrors attending the sense of the divine displeasure are very justly described and forcibly impressed. But the passions are moved only on one occasion; sublimity is the general and prevailing quality of this poem; sublimity variously modified, sometimes descriptive, sometimes argumentative.

The defects and faults of "Paradise Lost," for faults and defects every work of man must have, it is the business of impartial criticism to discover. As, in displaying the excellence of Milton, I have not made long quotations, because of selecting beauties there had been no end, I shall in the same general manner mention that which seems to deserve censure; for what Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages, which, if they lessen the reputation of Milton, diminish in some degree the honour of our country?

The generality of my scheme does not admit the frequent notice of verbal inaccuracies; which Bentley, perhaps better skilled in grammar than in poetry, has often found, though he sometimes made them, and which he imputed to the obtrusions of a reviser, whom the author's blindness obliged him to employ; a supposition rash and groundless, if he thought it true; and vile and pernicious, if, as is said, he in private allowed it to be false.

The plan of "Paradise Lost" has this inconvenience, that it comprises neither human actions nor human manners. The man and woman who act and suffer, are in a state which no other man or woman can ever know. The reader finds no transaction in which he can be engaged; beholds no con-

dition in which he can by any effort of imagination place himself; he has, therefore, little natural curiosity or sympathy.

We all, indeed, feel the effects of Adam's disobedience; we all sin like Adam, and like him must all bewail our offences ; we have restless and insidious enemies in the fallen angels ; and in the blessed spirits we have guardians and friends ; in the redemption of mankind we hope to be included ; and in the description of heaven and hell we are surely interested, as we are all to reside hereafter either in the regions of horror or of bliss.

But these truths are too important to be new ; they have been taught to our infancy ; they have mingled with our solitary thoughts and familiar conversations, and are habitually interwoven with the whole texture of life. Being therefore not new, they raise no unaccustomed emotion in the mind ; what we knew before, we cannot learn ; what is not unexpected, cannot surprise.

Of the ideas suggested by these awful scenes, from some we recede with reverence, except when stated hours require their association ; and from others we shrink with horror, or admit them only as salutary inflictions, as counterpoises to our interests and passions. Such images rather obstruct the career of fancy than incite it.

Pleasure and terror are indeed the genuine sources of poetry ; but poetical pleasure must be such as human imagination can at least conceive ; and poetical terror such as human strength and fortitude may combat. The good and evil of eternity are too ponderous for the wings of wit ; the mind sinks.

under them in passive helplessness, content with calm belief and humble adoration.

Known truths, however, may take a different appearance, and be conveyed to the mind by a new train of intermediate images. This Milton has undertaken, and performed with pregnancy and vigour of mind peculiar to himself. Whoever considers the few radical positions which the Scriptures afforded him, will wonder by what energetic operation he expanded them to such extent, and ramified them to so much variety, restrained as he was by religious reverence from licentiousness of fiction.

Here is a full display of the united force of study and genius; of a great accumulation of materials, with judgment to digest, and fancy to combine them: Milton was able to select from nature, or from story, from ancient fable, or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts. An accumulation of knowledge impregnated his mind, fermented by study, and exalted by imagination.

It has been therefore said, without an indecent hyperbole, by one of his encomiasts, that in reading "Paradise Lost" we read a book of universal knowledge.

But original deficiency cannot be supplied. The want of human interest is always felt. "Paradise Lost" is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and

look elsewhere for recreation ; we desert our master, and seek for companions.

Another inconvenience of Milton's design is, that it requires the description of what cannot be described, the agency of spirits. He saw that immateriality supplied no images, and that he could not shew angels acting but by instruments of action; he therefore invested them with form and matter. This, being necessary, was therefore defensible ; and he should have secured the consistency of his system, by keeping immateriality out of sight, and enticing his reader to drop it from his thoughts. But he has unhappily perplexed his poetry with his philosophy. His infernal and celestial powers are sometimes pure spirit, and sometimes animated body. When Satan walks with his lance upon the burning marl, he has a body : when, in his passage between hell and the new world, he is in danger of sinking in the vacuity, and is supported by a gust of rising vapours, he has a body; when he animates the toad, he seems to be mere spirit, that can penetrate matter at pleasure; when he starts up in his own shape, he has at least a determined form ; and, when he is brought before Gabriel, he has a spear and a shield, which he had the power of hiding in the toad, though the arms of the contending angels are evidently material.

The vulgar inhabitants of Pandæmonium, being incorporeal spirits, are at large, though without number, in a limited space : yet in the battle, when they were overwhelmed by mountains, their armour hurt them, crushed in upon their substance, now grown gross by sinning. This likewise happened

to the uncorrupted angels, who were overthrown the " sooner for their arms, for unarmed they might easily as spirits have evaded by contraction or remove." Even as spirits they are hardly spiritual ; for contraction and remove are images of matter ; but if they could have escaped without their armour, they might have escaped from it, and left only the empty cover to be battered. Uriel, when he rides on a sun-beam, is material ; Satan is material when he is afraid of the prowess of Adam.

The confusion of spirit and matter, which pervades the whole narration of the war of heaven, fills it with incongruity ; and the book in which it is related is, I believe, the favourite of children, and gradually neglected as knowledge is increased.

After the operation of immaterial agents which cannot be explained, may be considered that of allegorical persons which have no real existence. To exalt causes into agents, to invest abstract ideas with form, and animate them with activity, has always been the right of poetry. But such airy beings are, for the most part, suffered only to do their natural office, and retire. Thus fame tells a tale, and victory hovers over a general, or perches on a standard ; but fame and victory can do no more. To give them any real employment, or ascribe to them any material agency, is to make them allegorical no longer, but to shock the mind by ascribing effects to non-entity. In the Prometheus of Æschylus, we see violence and strength, and in the Alcestes of Euripides, we see death, brought upon the stage, all as active persons of the drama ; but no precedents can justify absurdity.

Milton's allegory of sin and death is undoubtedly faulty. Sin is indeed the mother of death, and may be allowed to be the portress of hell; but when they stop the journey of Satan, a journey described as real, and when death offers him battle, the allegory is broken. That sin and death should have shewn the way to hell, might have been allowed; but they cannot facilitate the passage by building a bridge, because the difficulty of Satan's passage is described as real and sensible, and the bridge ought to be only figurative. The hell assigned to the rebellious spirits is described as not less local than the residence of man. It is placed in some distant part of space, separated from the regions of harmony and order by a chaotic waste and an unoccupied vacuity; but sin and death worked up a mole of aggravated soil, cemented with asphaltus; a work too bulky for ideal architects.

This unskilful allegory appears to me one of the greatest faults of the poem; and to this there was no temptation but the author's opinion of its beau-

To the conduct of the narrative some objections may be made. Satan is with great expectation brought before Gabriel in Paradise, and is suffered to go away unmolested. The creation of man is represented as the consequence of the vacuity left in heaven by the expulsion of the rebels; yet Satan mentions it as a report rife in heaven before his departure.

To find sentiments for the state of innocence was very difficult; and something of anticipation perhaps is now and then discovered, Adam's discourse

of dreams seems not to be the speculation of a new* created being. I know **not** whether his answer to the angel's reproof for curiosity does not want something of propriety ; it is the speech of a man acquainted with many other men. Some philosophical notions, especially when the philosophy is false, might have been better omitted. The angel, in a comparison, speaks of timorous deer, before deer were yet timorous, and before Adam could understand the comparison.

Dryden remarks, that Milton has some flats among his elevations. This is only to say, that **all** the parts are not equal. In every work, one part must be for the sake of others ; a palace must have passages ; a poem must have transitions. It is no more to be required that wit should always be blazing, than that the sun should always stand at noon. In a great work there is a vicissitude of luminous and opaque parts, as there is in the world a succession of day and night. Milton, when he has expatiated in the sky, may be allowed sometimes to revisit earth ; for what other author ever soared so high, or sustained his flight so long ?

Milton, being well versed in the Italian poets, appears to have borrowed often from them ; and, as every man catches something from his companions, his desire of imitating Ariosto's levity has disgraced his work with the " Paradise of Fools ;" a fiction not in itself ill-imagined ; but too ludicrous for its place.

His play on words ; in which he delights too often, his equivocations, which Bentley endeavours to defend by the example of the ancients ; his unnecessary

and ungraceful use of terms of art ; it is not necessary to mention, because they are easily remarked, and generally censured; and at last bear so little proportion to the whole, that they scarcely deserve the attention of a critic.

Such are the faults of that wonderful performance " Paradise Lost ;" which he who can put in balance with its beauties must be considered not as nice but as dull, as less to be censured for want of candour, than pitied for want of sensibility.

Of " Paradise Regained," the general judgment seems now to be right, that it is in many parts elegant, and every where instructive. It was not to be supposed that the writer of " Paradise Lost" could ever write without great effusions of fancy, and exalted precepts of wisdom. The basis of " Paradise Regained," is narrow ; a dialogue without action can never please like a union of the narrative and dramatic powers. Had this poem been written not by Milton, but by some imitator, it would have claimed and received universal praise.

If " Paradise Regained" has been too much depreciated, " Sampson Agonistes" has in requital been too much admired. It could only be by long prejudice, and the bigotry of learning, that Milton could prefer the ancient tragedies, with their encumbrance of a chorus, to the exhibitions of the French and English stages ; and it is only by a blind confidence in the reputation of Milton, that a drama can be praised in which the intermediate parts have neither cause nor consequence, neither hasten nor retard the catastrophe.

In this tragedy are however many particular

beauties, many just sentiments and striking lines ; but it wants that power of attracting the attention which a well-connected plan produces.

Milton would not have excelled in dramatic writing ; he knew human nature only in the gross, and had never studied the shades of character, nor the combinations of concurring, or the perplexity of contending passions. He had read much, and knew what books could teach ; but had mingled little in the world, and was deficient in the knowledge which experience must confer.

Through all his greater works there prevails an uniform peculiarity of diction, a mode and cast of expression which bears little resemblance to that of any former writer ; and which is so far removed from common use, that an unlearned reader, when he first opens his book, finds himself surprised by a new language.

This novelty has been, by those who can find nothing wrong in Milton, imputed to his laborious endeavours after words suitable to the grandeur of his ideas. " Our language," says Addison, " sunk under him." But the truth is, that, both in prose and verse, he had formed his style by a perverse and pedantic principle. He was desirous to use English words with a foreign idiom. This in all his prose is discovered and condemned ; for there judgment operates freely, neither softened by the beauty, nor awed by the dignity of his thoughts : but such is the power of his poetry, that his call is obeyed without resistance ; the reader feels himself in captivity to a higher and a nobler mind, and criticism sinks in admiration.

Milton's style was not modified by his subject ; what is shown with greater extent in *Paradise Lost*, may be found in *Comus*. One source of his peculiarity was his familiarity with the Tuscan poets ; the disposition of his words is, I think, frequently Italian ; perhaps sometimes combined with other tongues. Of him, at last, may be said what Jonson says of Spenser, that he wrote no language, but has formed what Butler calls a Babylonish dialect, in itself harsh and barbarous, but made by exalted genius and extensive learning the vehicle of so much instruction and so much pleasure, that, like other lovers, we find grace in its deformity.

Whatever be the faults of his diction, he cannot want the praise of copiousness and variety ; he was master of his language in its full extent ; and has selected the melodious words with such diligence, that from his book alone the art of English poetry might be learned.

After his diction, something must be said of his versification. "The measure," he says, "is the English heroic verse without rhyme." Of this mode he had many examples among the Italians, and some in his own country. The Earl of Surrey is said to have translated one of Virgil's books without rhyme ; and, beside our tragedies, a few short poems had appeared in blank verse, particularly one tending to reconcile the nation to Raleigh's wild attempt upon Guiana, and probably written by Raleigh himself. These petty performances cannot be supposed to have much influenced Milton, who more probably took his hint from Trissino's *Italia Liberata* ; and,

finding blank verse easier than rhyme, was desirous of persuading himself that it is better.

Rhyme, he says, and says truly, is no necessary adjunct of true poetry. But, perhaps, of poetry as a mental operation, metre or music is no necessary adjunct; it is, however, by the music of metre that poetry has been discriminated in all languages; and, in languages melodiously constructed, with a due proportion of long and short syllables, metre is sufficient. But one language cannot communicate its rules to another; where metre is scanty and imperfect, some help is necessary. The music of the English heroic lines strikes the ear so faintly, that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate together; this co-operation can be only obtained by the preservation of every verse unmingled with another as a distinct system of sounds; and this distinctness is obtained and preserved by the artifice of rhyme. The variety of pauses, so much boasted by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English poet to the periods of a declaimer; and there are only a few skillful and happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin. "Blank verse," said an ingenious critic, "seems to be verse only to the eye."

Poetry may subsist without rhyme, but English poetry will not often please; nor can rhyme ever be safely spared but where the subject is able to support itself. Blank verse makes some approach to that which is called the lapidary style; has neither the easiness of prose, nor the melody of numbers.

and therefore tires by long continuance. Of the Italian writers without rhyme, whom Milton alleges as precedents, not one is popular ; what reason could urge in its defence has been confuted by the ear.

But, whatever be the advantage of rhyme, I cannot prevail on myself to wish that Milton had been a rhymers; for I cannot wish his work to be other than it is; yet like other heroes, he is to be admired rather than imitated. He that thinks himself capable of astonishing may write blank verse ; but those that hope only to please must condescend to rhyme.

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem, and therefore owes reverence to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and enchain attention. But, of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hindrance : he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors, but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support : There is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favour gained ; no exchange of praise, nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance, and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch ; he was born for

whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.

BUTLER.

OF the great author of Hudibras there is a life prefixed to the later editions of his poem, by an unknown writer, and therefore of disputable authority ; and some account is incidentally given by Wood, who confesses the uncertainty of his own narrative. More, however, than they knew cannot now be learned, and nothing remains but to compare and copy them.

SAMUEL BUTLER was born in the parish of Strensham in Worcestershire, according to his biographer, in 1612. This account Dr Nash finds confirmed by the register. He was christened Feb. 14.

His father's condition is variously represented. Wood mentions him as competently wealthy ; but Mr Longueville, the son of Butler's principal friend, says he was an honest farmer with some small estate, who made a shift to educate his son at the grammar-school of Worcester, under Mr Henry Bright, from

whose care he removed for a short time to Cambridge ; but, for want of money, was never made a member of any College. Wood leaves us rather doubtful whether he went to Cambridge or Oxford ; but at last makes him pass six or seven years at Cambridge, without knowing in what hall or college ; yet it can hardly be imagined that he lived so long in either university, but as belonging to one house or another ; and it is still less likely that he could have so long inhabited a place of learning, with so little distinction as to leave his residence uncertain. Dr Nash has discovered that his father was owner of a house and a little land, worth about eight pounds a-year, still called Butler's Tenement.

Wood has his information from his brother, whose narrative placed him at Cambridge, in opposition to that of his neighbour's, which sent him to Oxford. The brother's seems the best authority, till, by confessing his inability to tell his hall or college, he gives reason to suspect that he was resolved to bestow on him an academical education ; but durst not name a college for fear of detection.

He was for some time, according to the author of his Life, clerk to Mr Jefferys of Earl's Croomb in Worcestershire, an eminent justice of the peace. In his service, he had not only leisure for study, but for recreation : His amusements were music and painting ; and the reward of his pencil was the friendship of the celebrated Cooper, Some pictures, said to be his, were shewn to Dr Nash, at Earl's Croomb ; but, when he enquired for them some years after-

wards, he found them destroyed, to stop windows, and owns that they hardly deserved a better fate.

He was afterwards admitted into the family of the Countess of Kent, where he had the use of a library ; and so much recommended himself to Selden, that he was often employed by him in literary business. Selden, as is well known, was steward to the Countess, and is supposed to have gained much of his wealth by managing her estate.

In what character Butler was admitted into that lady's service, how long he continued in it, and why he left it, is, like the other incidents of his life, utterly unknown.

The vicissitudes of his condition placed him afterwards in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers. Here he observed so much of the character of the sectaries, that he is said to have written or begun his poem at this time ; and it is likely that such a design would be formed in a place where he saw the principles and practices of the rebels, audacious and undisguised in the confidence of success.

At length the king returned, and the time came in which loyalty hoped for its reward. Butler, however, was only made secretary to the Earl of Carbury, president of the principality of Wales ; who conferred on him the stewardship of Ludlow Castle, when the court of the marches was revived.

In this part of his life, he married Mrs Herbert, a gentlewoman of a good family ; and lived, says Wood, upon her fortune, having studied the common law, but never practised it A fortune she

had, says his biographer, but it was lost by bad securities.

In 1663 was published the first part, containing three cantos, of the poem of *Hudibras*, which, as Prior relates, was made known at court by the taste and influence of the Earl of Dorset. When it was known, it was necessarily admired : the king quoted, the courtiers studied, and the whole party of the royalists applauded it. Every eye watched for the golden shower which was to fall upon the author, who certainly was not without his part in the general expectation.

In 1664 the second part appeared ; the curiosity of the nation was rekindled, and the writer was again praised and elated. But praise was his whole reward. Clarendon, says Wood, gave him reason to hope for " places and employments of value and " credit ;" but no such advantages did he ever obtain. It is reported that the king once gave him three hundred guineas ; but of this temporary bounty I find no proof.

Wood relates that he was secretary to Villiers Duke of Buckingham, when he was chancellor of Cambridge : this is doubted by the other writer, who yet allows the Duke to have been his frequent benefactor. That both these accounts are false, there is reason to suspect, from a story told by Packe, in his account of the life of Wycherly ; and from some verses which Mr Thyer has published in the author's remains.

" Mr Wycherly," says Packe, " had always laid "hold of an opportunity which offered of representing to the Duke of Bukingham how well Mr

" Butler had deserved of the royal family, by Writing his inimitable Hudibras ; and that it was a reproach to the court, that a person of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did. The Duke always seemed to be attentive to him with attention enough ; and after some time undertook to recommend his pretensions to his majesty. Mr Wycherley, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his grace to name a day, when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron. At last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was agreed to be the Roebuck. Mr Butler and his friend attended accordingly ; the Duke joined them ; but, as the Duke would have it, the door of the room where they sat was open, and his grace, who had seated himself near it, observing a pimp of his acquaintance (the creature too was a knight) trip by with a brace of ladies, immediately quitted his engagement to follow another kind of business, at which he was more ready than in doing good offices to men of desert, though no one was better qualified than he, both in regard to his fortune and understanding, to protect them ; and, from that time to the day of his death, poor Butler never found the least effect of his promise !"

Such is the story. The verses are written with a degree of acrimony, such as neglect and disappointment might naturally excite ; and such as it would be hard to imagine Butler capable of expressing against a man who had any claim to his gratitude.

Notwithstanding this discouragement and neglect, he still prosecuted his design ; and in 1678 published the third part, which still leaves the poem imperfect and abrupt. How much more he originally intended, or with what events the action was to be concluded, it is vain to conjecture. Nor can it be thought strange that he should stop here, however unexpectedly. To write without reward is sufficiently unpleasing. He had now arrived at an age when he might think it proper to be in jest no longer, and perhaps his health might now begin to fail.

He died in 1680; and Mr Longueville, having unsuccessfully solicited a subscription for his interment in Westminster abbey, buried him at his own cost in the church-yard of Covent Garden. Dr Simon Patrick read the service.

Granger was informed by Dr Pearce, who named for his authority Mr Lowndes of the treasury, that Butler had a yearly pension of an hundred pounds. This is contradicted by all tradition, by the complaints of Oldham, and by the reproaches of Dryden ; and I am afraid will never be confirmed.

About sixty years afterwards, Mr Barber, a printer, mayor of London, and a friend to Butler's principles, bestowed on him a monument in Westminster abbey, thus inscribed :

M.S.
SAMUELIS BUTLERI,
Qui Strenshamiae in agro Vigorn. nat. 1612,
obiit Lond. 1680.
Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer ;
Operibus ingenii, non item præmiis, foelix ;

Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregia ;
 Quo simulatæ religionis larvam detraxit,
 Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit ;
 Scriptorum in suo genera, primus et postremus
 Ne, cui vivo deerant fere omnia,
 Deesset etiam mortuo tumulus,
 Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit

JOHANNES BARBER, Cms Londensis, 1721.

After his death were published three small volumes of his posthumous work ; I know not by whom collected, or by what authority ascertained; and, lately, two volumes more have been printed by Mr Thyer of Manchester, indubitably genuine. From none of these pieces can his life be traced, or his character discovered. Some verses in the last collection, shew him to have been among those who ridiculed the institution of the Royal Society, of which the enemies were for some time very numerous and very acrimonious, for what reason it is hard to conceive, since the philosophers professed not to advance doctrines, but to produce facts ; and the most zealous enemy of innovation must admit the gradual progress of experience, however he may oppose hypotheticalal temerity.

In this mist of obscurity passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode and place of his education are unknown ; the events of his life are variously related ; and all that can be told with certainty is, that he was poor.

The poem of Hudibras is one of those compositions of which a nation may justly boast ; as the images which it exhibits are domestic, the sentiments unborrowed and unexpected, and the strain

of diction original and peculiar. We must not, however, suffer the pride, which we assume as the countrymen of Butler, to make any encroachment upon justice, nor appropriate those honours which others have a right to share. The poem of *Hudibras* is not wholly English ; the original idea is to be found in the history of *Don Quixote* ; a book to which a mind of the greatest powers may be indebted without disgrace.

Cervantes shews a man, who having, by the incessant perusal of incredible tales, subjected his understanding to his imagination, and familiarised his mind by pertinacious meditation to trains of incredible events, and scenes of impossible existence; goes out in the pride of knighthood to redress wrongs, and defend virgins, to rescue captive princesses, and tumble usurpers from their thrones; attended by a squire, whose cunning, too low for the suspicion of a generous mind, enables him often to cheat his master.

The hero of Butler is a presbyterian justice, who, in the confidence of legal authority and the rage of zealous ignorance, ranges the country to repress superstition and correct abuses, accompanied by an independent clerk, disputatious and obstinate, with whom he often debates, but never conquers him,

Cervantes had so much kindness for *Don Quixote*, that, however he embarrasses him with absurd distresses, he gives him so much sense and virtue as may preserve our esteem ; wherever he is, or whatever he does, he is made by matchless dexterity commonly ridiculous, but never contemptible.

But for poor Hudibras, his poet had no tenderness ; he chuses not that any pity should be shewn or respect paid him : he gives him up at once to laughter and contempt, without any quality that can dignify or protect him.

In forming the character of Hudibras, and describing his person and habiliments, the author seems to labour with a tumultuous confusion of dissimilar ideas. He had read the history of the mock knights-errant ; he knew the notions and manners of a presbyterian magistrate, and tried to unite the absurdities of both, however distant, in one personage. Thus he gives him that pedantic ostentation of knowledge which has no relation to chivalry, and loads him with martial encumbrances that can add nothing to his civil dignity. He sends him out a colonelling, and yet never brings him within sight of war.

If Hudibras be considered as the representative of the presbyterians, it is not easy to say why his weapons should be represented as ridiculous or useless ; for, whatever judgment might be passed upon their knowledge or their arguments, experience had sufficiently shewn that their swords were not to be despised.

The hero, thus compounded of swaggerer and pedant, of knight and justice, is led forth to action, with his squire Ralpho, an independent enthusiast.

Of the contexture of events planned by the author, which is called the action of the poem, since it is left imperfect, no judgment can be made. It is probable, that the hero was to be led through many luckless adventures, which would give occa-

sion, like his attack upon the bear and fiddle, to expose the ridiculous rigour of the sectaries 5 like his encounter with Sidrophiel and Whacum, to make superstition and credulity contemptible ; or, like his recourse to the low retailer of the law, discover the fraudulent practices of different professions.

What series of events he would have formed, or in what manner he would have rewarded or punished his hero, it is now vain to conjecture. His work must have had, as it seems, the defect which Dryden imputes to Spenser : the action could not have been one ; there could only have been a succession of incidents, each of which might have happened without the rest, and which could not all co-operate to any single conclusion.

The discontinuity of the action might however have been easily forgiven, if there had been action enough : but I believe every reader regrets the paucity of events, and complains that in the poem of *Hudibras*. as in the history of Thucydides, there is more said than done. The scenes are too seldom changed, and the attention is tired with long conversation.

It is indeed much more easy to form dialogues than to contrive adventures. Every position makes way for an argument, and every objection dictates an answer. When two disputants are engaged upon a complicated and extensive question, the difficulty is not to continue, but to end the controversy. But whether it be that we comprehend but few of the possibilities of life, or that life itself affords little variety, every man who has tried, knows how much labour it will cost to form such a combination of cir-

cumstances as shall have at once the grace of novelty and credibility, and delight fancy without violence to reason.

Perhaps the dialogue of this poem is not perfect. Some power of engaging the attention might have been added to it by quicker reciprocation, by seasonable interruptions, by sudden questions, and by a nearer approach to dramatic sprightliness ; without which, fictitious speeches will always tire, however sparkling with sentences, and however variegated with allusions.

The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect ; and, when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting. For this impatience of the present, whoever would please must make provision. The skilful writer *irritat, mulcet*, makes a due distribution of the still and animated parts. It is for want of this artful intertexture, and those necessary changes, that the whole of a book may be tedious, though all the parts are praised.

If inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye would ever leave half-read the work of Butler ; for what poet has ever brought so many remote images so happily together ? It is scarcely possible to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment ; but astonishment is a toilsome pleasure ; he is soon weary of wondering, and Jongs to be diverted.

**Omnia vult belle Matho dicere, dic aliquando
Et bene, die neutrum, dic aliquando male.**

Imagination is useless without knowledge ; nature gives in vain the power of combination, unless study and observation supply materials to be combined. Butler's treasures of knowledge appear proportioned to his expence: whatever topic employs his mind, he shews himself qualified to expand and illustrate it with all the accessaries that books can furnish ; he is found not only to have travelled the beaten road, but the bye-paths of literature ; not only to have taken general surveys, but to have examined particulars with minute inspection.

If the French boast the learning of Rabelais, we need not be afraid of confronting them with Butler.

But the most valuable parts of his performance are those which retired study and native wit cannot supply. He that merely makes a book from books may be useful, but can scarcely be great. Butler had not suffered life to glide beside him unseen or unobserved. He had watched with great diligence the operations of human nature, and traced the effects of opinion, humour, interest, and passion. From such remarks proceeded that great number of sententious distichs which have passed into conversation, and are added as proverbial axioms to the general stock of practical knowledge.

When any work has been viewed and admired, the first question of intelligent curiosity is, how was it performed ? Hudibras was not a hasty effusion ; it was not produced by a sudden tumult of imagination, or a short paroxysm of violent labour. To accumulate such a mass of sentiments at the call

of accidental desire, or of sudden necessity, is beyond the reach and power of the most active and comprehensive mind. I am informed by Mr Thyer of Manchester, the excellent editor of this author's reliques, that he could shew something like Hudibras in prose. He has in his possession the commonplace book, in which Butler repositied not such events and precepts as are gathered by reading, but such remarks, similitudes, allusions, assemblages, or inferences, as occasion prompted, or meditation produced, those thoughts that were generated in his own mind, and might be usefully applied to some future purpose. Such is the labour of those who write for immortality.

But human works are not easily found without a perishable part. Of the ancient poets every reader feels the mythology tedious and oppressive. Of Hudibras, the manners, being founded on opinions, are temporary and local, and therefore become every day less intelligible, and less striking. What Cicero says of philosophy is true likewise of wit and humour, that "time effaces the fictions of opinions," and confirms the determinations of Nature." Such manners as depend upon standing relations and general passions are co-extended with the race of man; but those modifications of life and peculiarities of practice, which are the progeny of error and perverseness, or at best of some accidental influence or transient persuasion, must perish with their parents.

Much therefore of that humour which transported the last century with merriment is lost to us, who do not know the sour solemnity, the sullen super-

stition, the gloomy moroseness, and the stubborn scruples, of the ancient Puritans, (or, if we knew them, derive our information only from books, or from tradition) have never had them before our eyes, and cannot but by recollection and study understand the lines in which they are satirised. Our grandfathers knew the picture from the life ; we judge of the life by contemplating the picture. It is scarcely possible, in the regularity and composure of the present time, to image the tumult of absurdity, and clamour of contradiction, which perplexed doctrine, disordered practice, and disturbed both public and private quiet, in that age when subordination was broken, and awe was hissed away ; when any unsettled innovator, who could hatch a half-formed notion, produced it to the public: when every man might become a preacher, and almost every preacher could collect a congregation.

The wisdom of the nation is very reasonably supposed to reside in the parliament. What can be concluded of the lower classes of the people, when in one of the parliaments summoned by Cromwell it was seriously proposed, that all the records in the Tower should be burnt, that all memory of things past should be effaced, and that the whole system of life should commence anew ?

We have never been witnesses of animosities excited by the use of mince-pies and plumb-porridge ; nor seen with what abhorrence those, who could eat them at all other times of the year, would shrink from them in December. An old Puritan who was alive in my childhood, being at one of the feasts of the church invited by a neighbour to partake his cheer, told him, that if he would treat him at

an alehouse with beer brewed for all times and seasons, he should accept his kindness, but would have none of his superstitious meats or drinks.

One of the puritanical tenets was the illegality of all games of chance ; and he that reads Gataker upon Lots may see how much learning and reason one of the first scholars of his age thought necessary to prove that it was no crime to throw a die, or play at cards, or to hide a shilling for the reckoning.

Astrology, however, against which so much of the satire is directed, was not more the folly of the Puritans than of others. It had in that time a very extensive dominion. Its predictions raised hopes and fears in minds which ought to have rejected it with contempt. In hazardous undertakings, care was taken to begin under the influence of a propitious, planet ; and when the king was prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, an astrologer was consulted what hour would be found most favourable to an escape.

What effect this poem had upon the public, whether it shamed imposture, or reclaimed credulity, is not easily determined. Cheats can seldom stand long against laughter. It is certain that the credit of planetary intelligence wore fast away ; though some men of knowledge, and Dryden among them, continued to believe that conjunctions and oppositions had a great part in the distribution of good or evil, and in the government of sublunary things.

Poetical action ought to be probable upon certain suppositions ; and such probability as burlesque requires is here violated only by one incident. Nothing can shew more plainly the necessity of doing something, and the difficulty of finding something to do, than that Butler was

reduced to transfer to his hero the flagellation of Sancho, not the most agreeable fiction of Cervantes ; very suitable indeed to the manners of that age and nation, which ascribed wonderful effiacy to voluntary penances ; but so remote from the practice and opinions of the Hudibrastic time, that judgment and imagination are alike offended.

The diction of this poem is grossly familiar, and the numbers purposely neglected, except in a few places where the thoughts by their native excellence secure themselves from violation, being such as mean language cannot express. The mode of versification has been blamed by Dryden, who regrets that the heroic measure was not rather chosen*. To the critical sentence of Dryden the highest reverence would be due, were not his decisions often precipitate, and his opinions immature. When he wished to change the measure, he probably would have been willing to change more. If he intended that, when the numbers were heroic, the diction should still remain vulgar, he planned a very heterogeneous and unnatural composition. If he preferred a general stateliness both of sound and words, he can be only understood to wish that Butler had undertaken a different work.

The measure is quick, sprightly, and colloquial, suitable to the vulgarity of the words and the levity of the sentiments. But such numbers and such diction can gain regard only when they are used by a writer whose vigour of fancy and copiousness of knowledge entitle him to contempt of ornaments, and who, in confidence of the novelty and justness of his conceptions, can afford to throw me-

taphors and epithets away. To another that conveys common thoughts in careless versification, it will only be said, " *Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.*" The meaning and diction will be worthy of each other, and criticism may justly doom them to perish together.

Nor even though another Butler should arise would another Hudibras obtain the same regard. Burlesque consists in a disproportion between the style and the sentiments, or between the adventitious sentiments and the fundamental subject. It therefore, like all bodies compounded of heterogeneous parts, contains in it a principle of corruption. All disproportion is unnatural; and from what is unnatural we can derive only the pleasure which novelty produces. We admire it a while as a strange thing; but when it is no longer strange, we perceive its deformity. It is a kind of artifice, which by frequent repetition detects itself; and the reader, learning in time what he is to expect, lays down his book, as the spectator turns away from a second exhibition of those tricks, of which the only use is to show that they can be played.

ROCHESTER.

JOHN WILMOT, afterwards Earl of Rochester, the son of Henry Earl of Rochester better known by the title of Lord Wilmot, so often mentioned in Clarendon's history, was born April 10, 1647, at Ditchley in Oxfordshire. After a grammatical education at the school of Burford, he entered a nobleman into Wadham College in 1659, only twelve years old ; and in 1661, at fourteen, was, with some other persons of high rank, made master of arts by Lord Clarendon in person.

He travelled afterwards into France and Italy ; and at his return devoted himself to the court. In 1665 he went to sea with Sandwich, and distinguished himself at Bergen by uncommon intrepidity ; and the next summer served again on-board Sir Edward Spragge, who, in the heat of the engagement, having a message of reproof to send to one of his captains, could find no man ready to carry it but Wilmot, who, in an open boat, went and returned amidst the storm of shot.

But his reputation for bravery was not lasting ; he was reproached with slinking away in street quarrels, and leaving his companions to shift as they could without him ; and Sheffield Duke of Buckingham has left a story of his refusal to fight him.

He had very early an inclination to intemperance, which he totally subdued in his travels ; but, when he became a courtier, he unhappily addicted himself to dissolute and vicious company, by which his principles were corrupted, and his manners depraved. He lost all sense of religious restraint ; and, finding it not Convenient to admit the authority of laws which he was resolved not to obey, sheltered his wickedness behind infidelity.

As he excelled in that noisy and licentious merriment which wine excites, his companions eagerly encouraged him in excess, and he willingly indulged it ; till, as he confessed to Dr Burnet, he was for five years together continually drunk, or so much inflamed by frequent ebriety, as in no interval to be master of himself.

In this state he played many frolics, which it is not for his honour that we should remember, and which are not now distinctly known. He often pursued low amours in mean disguises, and always acted with great exactness and dexterity the characters which he assumed.

He once erected a stage on Tower-hill, and harangued the populace as a mountebank ; and, having made physic part of his stud), is said to have practised it successfully.

He was so much in favour with king Charles, that he was made one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and comptroller of Woodstock park.

Having an active and inquisitive mind, he never, except in his paroxysms of intemperance, was wholly negligent of study ; he read what is considered as polite learning so much, that he is mentioned by

Wood as the greatest scholar of all the nobility. Sometimes he retired into the country, and amused himself with writing libels, in which he did not pretend to confine himself to truth.

His favourite author in French was Boileau, and in English, Cowley.

Thus in a course of drunken gaiety, and gross sensuality, with intervals of study perhaps yet more criminal, with an avowed contempt of all decency and order, a total disregard of every moral, and a resolute denial of every religious obligation, he lived worthless and useless, and blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness ; till, at the age of one-and-thirty, he had exhausted the fund of life, and reduced himself to a state of weakness and decay.

At this time he was led to an acquaintance with Dr Burnet, to whom he laid open with great freedom the tenour of his opinions, and the course of his life, and from whom he received such conviction of the reasonableness of moral duty, and the truth of Christianity, as produced a total change both of his manners and opinions. The account of those salutary conferences is given by Burnet in a book intituled, *Some passages of the Life and Death of John Earl of Rochester*, which the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety. It were an injury to the reader to offer him an abridgement.

He died July 26, 1680, before he had completed his thirty-fourth year ; and was so worn away by a long illness that life went out without a struggle.

Lord Rochester was eminent for the vigour of

his colloquial wit, and remarkable for many wild pranks and sallies of extravagance. The glare of his general character diffused itself upon his writings. The compositions of a man whose name was heard so often, were certain of attention, and from many readers certain of applause. This blaze of reputation is not yet quite extinguished ; and his poetry still retains some splendour beyond that which genius has bestowed.

Wood and Burnet gave us reason to believe, that much was imputed to him which he did not write : I know not by whom the original collection was made, or by what authority its genuineness was ascertained. The first edition was published in the year of his death, with an air of concealment, professing in the title-page to be printed at Antwerp.

Of some of the pieces, however, there is no doubt : the Imitation of Horace's Satire, the Verses to Lord Mulgrave, the Satire against Man, the Verses upon Nothing, and perhaps some others, are, I believe, genuine ; and perhaps most of those which the late collection exhibits.

As he cannot be supposed to have found leisure for any course of continued study, his pieces are commonly short, such as one fit of resolution would produce.

His songs have no particular character ; they tell like other songs, in smooth and easy language, of scorn and kindness, dismissal and desertion, absence and inconstancy, with the common places of artificial courtship. They are commonly smooth and easy ; but have little nature, and little sentiment.

His imitation of Horace on Lucilius is not inelegant or unhappy. In the reign of Charles the second

began that adaptation which has since been very frequent, of ancient poetry to present times ; and perhaps few will be found where the parallelism is better preserved than in this. The versification is indeed sometimes careless, but it is sometimes vigorous and weighty.

The strongest effort of his muse is his poem upon nothing. He is not the first who has chosen this barren topic for the boast of his fertility. There is a poem called *Nihil* in Latin by Passerat, a poet and critic of the sixteenth century in France ; who, in his own epitaph, expresses his zeal for good poetry thus :

—*Moliter ossa quiescent*
Sint modo carminibus non onerata malis.

His works are not common, and therefore I shall Subjoin his verses.

In examining this performance, *nothing* must be considered as having not only a negative, but a kind of positive signification ; as I need not fear thieves, I have *nothing*, and *nothing* is a very powerful protector. In the first part of the sentence it is taken negatively ; in the second it is taken positively, as an agent. In one of Boileau's lines it was a question, whether he should use *a rien faire*, or *a ne rien faire*; and the first was preferred because it gave *rien* a sense in some sort positive. *Nothing* can be a subject only in its positive sense, and such a sense is given it in the first line :

Nothing, thou elder brother ev'n to shade.

In this line, I know not whether he does not allude to a curious book *De Umbra*, by Wowerus, which

having told the qualities of Shade, concludes with a poem in which are these lines :

Jam primum terrain validis circumspice claustris
 Suspensum totam, decus admirabile mundi
 Terrasque tractusque maris, camposque liquentes
 Aeris, et vasti laqueata palatia cœli—
 Omnibus UMBRA prior.

The positive sense is generally preserved with great skill through the whole poem ; though sometimes, in a subordinate sense, the negative *nothing* is injudiciously mingled. Passerat confounds the two senses.

Another of his most vigorous pieces is his lampoon on Sir Car Scroop, who, in a poem called the Praise of Satire, had some lines like these :*

He who can push into a midnight fray
 His brave companion, and then run away,
 Leaving him to be murder'd in the street,
 Then put it off with some buffoon conceit ;
 Him, thus dishonour'd, for a wit you own,
 And court him as top fidler of the town.

This was meant of Rochester, whose buffoon conceit was, I suppose, a saying often mentioned, that every man would be a coward if he durst ; and drew from him those furious verses, to which Scroop made in reply an epigram, ending with these lines:

Thou canst hurt no man's fame with thy ill word ;
 Thy pen is full as harmless as thy sword.

Of the satire against man, Rochester can only claim what remains when all Boileau's part is taken away.

In all his works there is spriteliness and vigour,

* I quote from memory.

and every where may be found tokens of a mind which study might have carried to excellence. What more can be expected from a life spent in ostentatious contempt of regularity, and ended before the abilities of many other men began to be displayed.

Poema Cl. V. JOANNIS PASSERATII,

Regii in Academia Parisiensi Professoris.

A d oenatissimnm virum ERRICUM MEMMIUM.

Janus adest, festæ poscunt sua dona Kalendæ,
Munus abest festis quod possim offerre Kalendis.
Siccine Castalius nobis exaruit humor ?
Usque adeo ingenii nostri est exhausta facultas.
Immunem ut videat redeuntis janitor anni ?
Quod nusquam est, potius nova per vestigia quæram.
Ecce autem partes dum sese versat in omnes
Invenit mea Musa NIHIL, ne despice munus.
Num NIHIL est gemmis, NIHIL est pretiosius auro.
Huc animum, huc igitur vultus adverte benignos
Res nova narratur quæ nulli audita priorum,
Ausonii et Graii dixerunt cætera vates,
Ausoniæ indictum NIHIL est Græcæque Camœnæ

E cœlo quacunque Ceres sua prospicit arva,
Aut genitor liquidis orbem complectitur ulnis
Oceanus, NIHIL interitus et originis experts.
Immortale NIHIL, NIHIL omni parte beatum
Quod si hinc majestas et vis divina probatur,
Num quid honore deum, num quid dignabimur aris
Conspectu lucis NIHIL est jucundius almæ,
Ver NIHIL, NIHIL irriguo formosius horto,
Floridius pratis, Zephyri clementius aura !
In bello sanctum NIHIL est Martisque tumultu
Justum in pace NIHIL, NIHIL est in fœdere tutum
Felix cui NIHIL est, (fuerant hæc vota Tibullo)
Non timet insidias : fures, incindia temnit :
Sollicitas sequitur nullo sub iudice lites.
Ille ipse invictis qui subjicit omnia fati
Zenonis sapiens, NIHIL admiratur et optat.
Socraticique gregis fuit ista scientia quondam

Scire NIHIL, studio cui nunc incumbitur uni.
Nec quicquam in ludo mavult didicisse juvenus.
Ad magnas quic ducit opes, et calmen honorum.
Nosce NIHIL, nosces fertur quod Pythagoreæ
Grano hærere fabæ, cui vox adjuncta negantis,
Multi Nercurio freti duce viscera terras
Pura liquefaciunt simul, et patrimonia miscent,
Arcano inatantes operi, et carbonibus atris,
Qui tandem exhausti damnis, fractique labore,
Inveniunt atque inventum NIHIL usque requirunt
Hoc dimetiri non ulla decempeda possit :
Nec numeret Libycæ numerum qui callet arenæ :
Et Phœbo ignotum NIHIL est, NIHIL altius astris.
Tique, tibi licet eximium sit mentis acumen,
Omnem in naturam penetrans, et in abdita rerum.
Pace tua, Memmi, NIHIL ignorare videris.
Sole tamen NIHIL est, et puro clarius igne.
Tange NIHIL, dicesque NIHIL sine corpore tangi.
Cerne NIHIL, cerni dices NIHIL abseque colore.
Surdum audit loquiturque NIHIL sine voce, volatque
Absque ope pennarum, et graditur sine cruribus ullis.
Absque loco motuque NIHIL per inane vagatur.
Humano generi utilius NIHIL arte medendi.
Ne rhombos igitur, neu Thessala murmura tentet
Idalia vacuum trajectus arundine pectus,
Neu legat Idæo Dictæum in vertice gramen.
Vulneribus Sævi NIHIL auxiliatur amoris.
Vexerit et quemvis trans mœstas portitor undas,
Ad superos imo NIHIL hunc revocabit ab orco.
Inferni NIHIL inflect it præcordia regis,
Parcaramque colos, et inexorabile penum
Obruta Phlegræis campis Titania pubes
Fulmineo sensit NIHIL esse potentiua ictu :
Porrigitur magni NIHIL extra mœnia mundi:
Diique NIHIL metuunt. Quid Iongo carmine plura
Commemoem ? virtute NIHIL præstantius ipsa,
Splendidius NIHIL est; NIHIL est Jove denique majus,
Sed tempus finem argutis imponere nugis :
Ne tibi si multa laudem mea carmina charta,
De NIHILO NIHILI pariant fastidia versus

ROSCOMMON.

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, was the son of James Dillon and Elizabeth Wentworth, sister to the Earl of Strafford. He was born in Ireland during the lieutenancy of Strafford, who, being both his uncle and his godfather, gave him his own surname. His father, the third Earl of Roscommon, had been converted by Usher to the protestant religion ; and when the popish rebellion broke out, Strafford thinking the family in great danger from the fury of the Irish, sent for his godson, and placed him at his own seat in Yorkshire, where he was instructed in Latin ; which he learned so as to write it with purity and elegance, though he was never able to retain the rules of grammar.

Such is the account given by Mr Fenton, from whose notes on Waller most of this account must be borrowed, though I know not whether all that he relates is certain. The instructor whom he assigns to Roscommon is one Dr Hall, by whom he cannot mean the famous Hall, then an old man and a bishop.

When the storm broke out upon Strafford, his house was a shelter no longer; and Dillon, by the advice of Usher, was sent to Caen, where the protestants had then an university, and continued his studies under Bochart.

Young Dillon, who was sent to study under Bochart, and who is represented as having already made great proficiency in literature, could not be more than nine years old. Strafford went to govern Ireland in 1633, and was put to death eight years afterwards. That he was sent to Caen, is certain: that he was a great scholar, may be doubted.

At Caen he is said to have had some preternatural intelligence of his father's death.

"The Lord Roscommon, being a boy of ten years of age, at Caen in Normandy, one day was, as it were, madly extravagant in playing, leaping, getting over the tables, boards, &c. He was wont to be sober enough; they said, God grant this bodes no ill-luck to him! In the heat of this extravagant fit, he cries out, my father is dead. A fortnight after, news came from Ireland that his father was dead. This account I had from Mr Knolles, who was his governor, and then with him,—since secretary to the Earl of Strafford; and I have heard his lordship's relations confirm the same." *Aubrey's Miscellany.*

The present age is very little inclined to favour any accounts of this kind, nor will the name of Aubrey much recommend it to credit. It ought not, however, to be omitted, because better evidence of a fact cannot easily be found than is here offered; and it must be by preserving such relations that we

may at last judge how much they are to be regarded. If we stay to examine this account, we shall see difficulties on both sides : here is the relation of a fact given by a man who had no interest to deceive, and who could not be deceived himself; and here is, on the other hand, a miracle which produces no effect ; the order of nature is interrupted to discover, not a future but only a distant event, the knowledge of which is of no use to him to whom it is revealed. Between these difficulties, what way shall be found ? Is reason or testimony to be rejected ? I believe, what Osborne says of an appearance of sanctity, may be applied to such impulses or anticipations as this : *Do not wholly slight them, because they may be true; but do not easily trust them, because they may be false.*

The state both of England and Ireland was at this time such, that he who was absent from either country had very little temptation to return ; and therefore Roscommon, when he left Caen, travelled into Italy, and amused himself with its antiquities, and particularly with medals, in which he acquired uncommon skill.

At the restoration, with the other friends of monarchy, he came to England, was made captain of the band of pensioners, and learned so much of the dissoluteness of the court, that he addicted himself immoderately to gaming, by which he was engaged in frequent quarrels, and which undoubtedly brought upon him its usual concomitants, extravagance and distress.

After some time, a dispute about part of his estate forced him into Ireland, where he was made by the

duke of Ormond captain of the guards, and met with an adventure thus related by Fenton :

" He was at Dublin as much as ever distempered
" with the same fatal affection for play, which en-
" gaged him in one adventure that well deserves to
" be related. As he returned to his lodgings from
" a gaming-table, he was attacked in the dark by
" three ruffians, who were employed to assassinate
" him. The Earl defended himself with so much
" resolution, that he dispatched one of the aggres-
" sors; whilst a gentleman, accidentally passing
" that way, interposed, and disarmed another : the
" third secured himself by flight. This generous
" assistant was a disbanded officer, of a good family
" and fair reputation ; who, by what we call the
" partiality of fortune, to avoid censuring the ini-
" quities of the times, wanted even a plain suit of
" clothes to make a decent appearance at the castle.
" But his lordship, on this occasion, presenting him
" to the duke of Ormond, with great importunity
" prevailed with his grace, that he might resign his
" post of captain of the guards to his friend ; which
" for about three years the gentleman enjoyed, and,
" upon his death, the duke returned the commis-
" sion to his generous benefactor."

When he had finished his business, he returned to London ; was made master of the horse to the Duchess of York ; and married the lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Burlington, and widow of colonel Courteney.

He now busied his mind with literary projects, and formed the plan of a society for refining our language and fixing its standard in imitation, says

Fenton, of those learned and polite Societies with which he had been acquainted abroad. In this design his friend Dryden is said to have assisted him.

The same design, it is well known, was revived by Dr Swift in the ministry of Oxford ; but it has never since been publicly mentioned, though at that time great expectations were formed by some, of its establishment and its effects. Such a society might, perhaps, without much difficulty, be collected ; but that it would produce what is expected from it, may be doubted.

The Italian academy seems to have obtained its end. The language was refined, and so fixed that it has changed but little. The French academy thought they had refined their language, and doubtless thought rightly ; but the event has not shewn that they fixed it ; for the French of the present time is very different from that of the last century.

In this country an academy could be expected to do but little. If an academicians place were profitable, it would be given by interest ; if attendance were gratuitous, it would be rarely paid, and no man would endure the least disgust. Unanimity is impossible, and debate would separate the assembly.

But suppose the philological decree made and promulgated, what would be its authority ? In absolute governments, there is sometimes a general reverence paid to all that has the sanction of power, and the countenance of greatness. How little this is the state of our country needs not to be told. We live in an age in which it is a kind of public

sport to refuse all respect that cannot be enforced. The edicts of an English academy would probably be read by many, only that they might be sure to disobey them.

That our language is in perpetual danger of corruption cannot be denied; but what prevention can be found? The present manners of the nation would deride authority; and therefore nothing is left but that every writer should criticise himself.

All hopes of new literary institutions were quickly suppressed by the contentious turbulence of King James' reign; and Roscommon, foreseeing that some violent concussion of the state was at hand, purposed to retire to Home, alleging, that it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked; a sentence of which the application seems not very clear.

His departure was delayed by the gout; and he was so impatient either of hindrance or of pain, that he submitted himself to a French empiric, who is said to have repelled the disease into his bowels.

At the moment in which he expired, he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of *Dies Iræ* ;

**My God, my Father, and my Friend
Do not forsake me in my end.**

He died in 1684; and was buried with great pomp in Westminster-abbey.

His poetical character is given by Mr Fenton :—

" In his writings," says Fenton, " we view the " image of a mind which was naturally serious and " solid; richly furnished and adorned with all the

" ornaments of learning, unaffectedly disposed in
" the most regular and elegant order. His imagin-
" ation might have probably been more fruitful and
" sprightly, if his judgment had been less severe.
" But that severity (delivered in a masculine, clear,
" succinct style) contributed to make him so emi-
" nent in the didactical manner, that no man, with
" justice, can affirm he was ever equalled by any of
" our nation, without confessing at the same time
" that he is inferior to none. In some other kinds
" of writing his genius seems to have wanted fire
" to attain the point of perfection ; but who can
" attain it ?"

From this account of the riches of his mind, who would not imagine that they had been displayed in large volumes and numerous performances ? Who would not, after the perusal of this character, be surprised to find that all the proofs of this genius, and knowledge, and judgment, are not sufficient to form a single book, or to appear otherwise than in conjunction with the works of some other writer of the same petty size ? But thus it is that characters are written : we know somewhat, and we imagine the rest. The observation, that his imagination would probably have been more fruitful and sprightly, if his judgment had been less severe, may be answered, by a remarker somewhat inclined to cavil, by a contrary supposition, that his judgment would probably have been less severe, if his imagination had been more fruitful. It is ridiculous to oppose judgment to imagination ; for it does not appear that men have necessarily less of one as they have more of the other.

We must allow of Roscommon, what Fenton has not mentioned so distinctly as he ought, and what is yet very much to his honour, that he is perhaps the only correct writer in verse before Addison ; and that, if there are not so many or so great beauties in his compositions as in those of some contemporaries, there are at least fewer faults. Nor is this his highest praise ; for Mr Pope has celebrated him as the only moral writer of King Charles's reign :

**Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays.**

His great work is his Essay on Translated Verse ; of which Dryden writes thus in the preface to his Miscellanies :

" It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse," says Dryden, " which made me uneasy, till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in poetry is like a seeming demonstration in mathematics, very spacious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions : I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness ; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity than to pretend that I have, at least in some places, made examples to his rules."

This declaration of Dryden will, I am afraid, be found little more than one of those cursory civilities which one author pays to another ; for when the sum of Lord Roscommon's precepts is collected, it

will not be easy to discover how they can qualify their reader for a better performance of translation than might have been attained by his own reflections.

He that can abstract his mind from the elegance of the poetry, and confine it to the sense of the precepts, will find no other direction than that the author should be suitable to the translator's genius ; that he should be such as may deserve a translation ; that he who intends to translate him, should endeavour to understand him ; that perspicuity should be studied, and unusual and uncouth names sparingly inserted ; and that the style of the original should be copied in its elevation and depression. These are the rules that are celebrated as so definite and important ; and for the delivery of which to mankind, so much honour has been paid, Roscommon has indeed deserved his praises, had they been given with discernment, and bestowed not on the rules themselves, but the art with which they are introduced, and the decorations with which they are adorned.

The Essay, though generally excellent, is not without its faults. The story of the Quack, borrowed from Boilcau, was not worth the importation ; he has confounded the British and Saxon mythology :

**I grant that from some mossy idol oak,
In double rhymes, our Thor and Woden spoke.**

The oak, as I think Gildon has observed, belonged to the British Druids, and Thor and Woden were Saxon deities. Of the double rhymes,

which he so liberally supposes, he certainly had no knowledge;

His interposition of a long paragraph of blank verses is unwarrantably licentious, Latin poets might as well have introduced a series of iambecks among their heroics.

His next work is the translation of the art of poetry ; which has received, in my opinion, not less praise than it deserves. Blank verse, left merely to its numbers, has little operation either on the ear or mind : it can hardly support itself without bold figures and striking images. A poem frigidly didactic, without rhyme, is so near to prose, that the reader only scorns it for pretending to be verse.

Having disentangled himself from the difficulties of rhyme, he may justly be expected to give the sense of Horace with great exactness, and to suppress no subtilty of sentiment for the difficulty of expressing it. This demand, however, his translation will not satisfy ; what he found obscure, I do not know that he has ever cleared.

Among his smaller works, the Eclogue of Virgil and the *Dies Iræ* are well translated ; though the best line in the *Dies Iræ* is borrowed from Dryden. In return, succeeding poets have borrowed from Roscommon.

In the verses on the lap-dog, the pronouns *thou* and *you* are offensively confounded ; and the turn at the end is from Waller.

His versions of the two odes of Horace are made with great liberty, which is not recompensed by much elegance or vigour.

His political verses are sprightly, and when they were written must have been very popular.

Of the scene of Guarini, and the prologue to Pompey, Mrs Philips, in her letters to Sir Charles Cotterel, has given the history.

" Lord Roscommon," says she, " is certainly one " of the most promising young noblemen in Ireland. " He has paraphrased a psalm admirably; and a " scene of Pastor Fido very finely—in some places " much better than Sir Richard Fanshaw. This " was undertaken merely in compliment to me, who " happened to say that it was the best scene in Italian, and the worst in English. He was only " two hours about it. It begins thus :

" Dear happy groves, and you the dark retreat

" Of silent horror, rest's eternal seat."

From these lines, which are since somewhat mended, it appears that he did not think a work of two hours fit to endure the eye of criticism without revision.

When Mrs Philips was in Ireland, some ladies that had seen her translation of Pompey, resolved to bring it on the stage at Dublin; and to promote their design, Lord Roscommon gave them a prologue, and Sir Edward Deering an epilogue; " which," says she, " are the best performances of those kinds I ever saw." If this is not criticism, it is at least gratitude. The thought of bringing Caesar and Pompey into Ireland, the only country over which Caesar never had any power, is lucky.

Of Roscommon's works, the judgment of the public seems to be right. He is elegant, but not

great; he never labours exafter quisite beauties, and he seldom falls into gross faults. His versification is smooth, but rarely vigorous ; and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taste, if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may be numbered among the benefactors to English literature.

OTWAY.

OF THOMAS OTWAY, one of the first names in the English drama, little is known; nor is there any part of that little which his biographer can take pleasure in relating.

He was born at Trottin in Sussex, March, 3, 1651, the son of Mr Humphry Otway, rector of Woolbeding. From Winchester-school, where he was educated, he was entered, in 1669, a commoner of Christ-church, but left the university without a degree; whether for want of money, or from impatience of academical restraint, or mere eagerness to mingle with the world, is not known.

It seems likely that he was in hope of being busy and conspicuous; for he went to London, and commenced player; but found himself unable to gain any reputation on the stage.

This kind of inability he shared with Shakspeare and Jonson, as he shared likewise some of their excellences. It seems reasonable to expect that a great dramatic poet should without difficulty be-

come a great actor ; that he who can feel, could express ; that he who can excite passion, should exhibit with great readiness its external modes: But since experience has fully proved, that of those powers, whatever be their affinity, one may be possessed in a great degree by him who has very little of the other ; it must be allowed that they depend upon different faculties, or on different use of the same faculty; that the actor must have a pliancy of mien, a flexibility of countenance, and a variety of tones, which the poet may be easily supposed to want; or that the attention of the poet and the player has been differently employed ; the one has been considering thought, and the other action; one has watched the heart, and the other contemplated the face.

Though he could not gain much notice as a player, he felt in himself such powers as might qualify for a dramatic author; and, in 1675, his twenty-fifth year, produced *Alcibiades*, a tragedy ; whether from the *Alcibiade* of Palaprat, I have not means to enquire. Langbaine, the great detector of plagiarism, is silent.

In 1677 he published *Titus and Berenice*, translated from Rapin, with the *Cheats of Scapin*, from Moliere; and in 1678, *Friendship in Fashion*, a comedy which, whatever might be its first reception, was, upon its revival at Drury-lane in 1749, hissed off the stage for immorality and obscenity.

Want of morals, or of decency, did not in those days exclude any man from the company of the wealthy and the gay, if he brought with him any powers of entertainment ; and Otway is said to have

been at this time a favourite companion of the dissolute wits. But as he who desires no virtue in his companion has no virtue in himself, those whom Otway frequented had no purpose of doing more for him than to pay his reckoning. They desired only to drink and laugh : their fondness was without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship. Men of wit, says one of Otway's biographers, received at that time no favour from the great, but to share their riots ; from which they were dismissed again to their own narrow circumstances. Thus, they languished in poverty without the support of eminence. Some exception, however, must be made : The earl of Plymouth, one of King Charles's natural sons, procured for him a cornet's commission in some troops then sent into Flanders. But Otway did not prosper in his military character : for he soon left his commission behind him, whatever was the reason, and came back to London in extreme indigence ; which Rochester mentions with merciless insolence in the Session of the Poets :

Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear zany,
And swears for heroics he writes best of any ;
Don Carlos his pocket so amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all
kill'd :

But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The scum of a play-house, for the prop of an age,

Don Carlos, from which he is represented as having received so much benefit, was played in 1675. It appears, by the lampoon, to have had great success, and is said to have been played thirty nights

together : this however it is reasonable to doubt, as so long a continuance of one play upon the stage is a very wide deviation from the practice of that time; when the ardour for theatrical entertainments was not yet diffused through the whole people, and the audience, consisting nearly of the same persons, could be drawn together only by variety.

The Orphan was exhibited in 1680. This is one of the few plays that keep possession of the stage, and has pleased for almost a century, through all the vicissitude of dramatic fashion. Of this play nothing new can easily be said. It is a domestic tragedy drawn from middle life. Its whole power is upon the affections ; for it is not written with much comprehension of thought, or elegance of expression. But if the heart is interested, many other beauties may be wanting, yet not be missed.

The same year produced The History and Fall of Caius Marius; much of which is borrowed from the Romeo and Juliet of Shakspeare.

In 1683 was published the first, and next year the second parts of the Soldier's Fortune, two comedies now forgotten ; and 1685 his last and greatest dramatic work, Venice Preserved, a tragedy which still continues to be one of the favourites of the public, notwithstanding the want of morality in the original design, and the despicable scences of vile comedy with which he has diversified his tragic action. By comparing this with his Orphan, it will appear that his images were by time become stronger, and his language more energetic. The striking passages are in every mouth ; and the public seems to judge rightly of the faults and excellences of this

play, that it is the work of a man not attentive to decency, nor zealous for virtue ; but of one who conceived forcibly, and drew originally, by consulting nature in his own breast.

Together with those plays, he wrote the poems which are in the present collection, and translated from the French the History of the Triumvirate.

All this was performed before he was thirty-four years old ; for he died April 14, 1685, in a manner which I am unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public house on Tower-hill where he is said to have died of want ; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and, finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-houé, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea ; and Otway going away bought a roll, and was choaked with the first mouthful. All this, I hope, is not true ; and there is this ground of better hope, that Pope, who lived near enough to be well informed, relates in Spence's Memorials, that he died of a fever caught by violent pursuit of a thief that had robbed one of his friends. But, that indigence, and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, has never been denied, whatever immediate cause might bring him to the grave.

Of the poems which the present collection admits, the longest is the Poet's Complaint of his Muse, part of which I do not understand ; and in that which

is less obscure I find little to commend. The language is often gross, and the numbers are harsh. Otway had not much cultivated versification, nor much replenished his mind with general knowledge. His principal power was in moving the passions, to which Dryden * in his latter years left an illustrious testimony. He appears by some of his verses to have been a zealous royalist, and had what was in those times the common reward of loyalty ; he lived and died neglected.

*** In his preface to Fresnoy's Art of Painting.**

WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER was born on the 3d of March 1605, at Colshill in Hertfordshire, His father was Robert Waller, Esquire of Agmondesham in Buckinghamshire, whose family was originally a branch of the Kentish Wallers ; and his mother was the daughter of John Hampden of Hampden in the same country, and sister to Hampden the zealot of rebellion.

His father died while he was yet an infant, but left him an yearly income of three thousand five hundred pounds ; which, rating together the value of money and the customs of life, we may reckon more than equivalent to ten thousand at the present time.

He was educated, by the care of his mother, at Eaton ; and removed afterwards to King's College in Cambridge. He was sent to parliament in his eighteenth, if not in his sixteenth year, and frequented the court of James the First, where he heard a very remarkable conversation, which the writer of the Life prefixed to his Works, who seems

to have been well informed of facts, though he may sometimes err in chronology, has delivered as indubitably certain.—

" He found Dr Andrews, bishop of Winchester, and Dr Neale, bishop of Durham, standing behind his majesty's chair; and there happened something extraordinary, continues this writer, in the conversation those prelates had with the king, on which Mr Waller did often reflect. His majesty asked the bishops, My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality of parliament? The bishop of Durham readily answered, God forbid, sir, but you should: you are the breath of our nostrils. Whereupon the king turned and said to the bishop of Winchester, Well, my lord, what say you? Sir, replied the bishop, I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases. The king answered, No put-offs, my lord; answer me presently. Then, sir, said he, I think it is lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money; for he offers it. Mr Waller said the company was pleased with this answer, and the wit of it seemed to affect the king; for, a certain lord coming in soon after, his majesty cried out, Oh, my lord they say you lig with my lady. No, sir, says his lordship in confusion; but I like her company, because she has so much wit. Why then, says the king, do you not lig with my lord of Winchester there?"

Waller's political and poetical life began nearly together. In his eighteenth year he wrote the poem that appears first in his works, on the prince's

escape at St Andero ; a piece which justifies the observation made by one of his editors, that he attained, by a felicity like instinct, a style which perhaps will never be obsolete ; and that, " were we " to judge only by the wording, we could not know " what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore." His versification was, in his first essay, such as it appears in his last performance. By the perusal of Fairfax's translation of Tasso, to which, as Dryden relates, he confessed himself indebted for the smoothness of his numbers, and by his own nicety of observation, he had already formed such a system of metrical harmony as he never afterwards much needed, or much endeavoured, to improve. Denham corrected his numbers by experience, and gained ground gradually upon the ruggedness of his age ; but what was acquired by Denham was inherited by Waller.

The next poem, of which the subject seems to fix the time, is supposed by Mr Fenton to be the Address to the Queen, which he considers as congratulating her arrival, in Waller's twentieth year. He is apparently mistaken ; for the mention of the nation's obligations to her frequent pregnancy proves that it was written when she had brought many children. We have therefore no date of any other poetical production before that which the murder of the duke of Buckingham occasioned ; the steadiness with which the king received the news in the chapel, deserved indeed to be rescued from oblivion.

Neither of these pieces that seem to carry their own dates could have been the sudden effusion of fancy. In the verses on the prince's escape, the

prediction of his marriage with the princess of France must have been written after the event ; in the other, the promises of the king's kindness to the descendants of Buckingham, which could not be properly praised till it had appeared by its effects, shew that time was taken for revision and improvement. It is not known that they were published, till they appeared long afterwards with other poems-

Waller was not one of those idolaters of praise who cultivate their minds at the expence of their fortunes. Rich as he was by inheritance, he took care early to grow richer, by marrying Mrs Banks, a great heiress in the city, whom the interest of the court was employed to obtain for Mr Crofts. Having brought him a son, who died young, and a daughter, who was afterwards married to Mr Dormer of Oxfordshire, she died in childbed, and left him a widower of about five-and-twenty, gay and wealthy, to please himself with another marriage.

Being too young to resist beauty, and probably too vain to think himself resistible, he fixed his heart, perhaps half fondly and half ambitiously, upon the lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the earl of Leicester, whom he courted by all the poetry in which Sacharissa is celebrated ; the name is derived from the Latin appellation of sugar, and implies, if it means any thing, a spiritless mildness, and dull good-nature, such as excites rather tenderness than esteem, and such as, though always treated with kindness, is never honoured or admired.

Yet he describes Sacharissa as a sublime predominating beauty, of lofty charms, and imperious influence, on whom he looks with amazement rather

than fondness, whose chains he wishes, though in vain, to break, and whose presence is wine that inflames to madness.

His acquaintance with this high-born dame gave wit no opportunity of boasting its influence ; she was not to be subdued by the powers of verse, but rejected his addresses, it is said, with disdain, and drove him away to solace his disappointment with Amoret or Phillis. She married in 1639 the earl of Sunderland, who died at Newberry in the king's cause ; and in her old age, meeting somewhere with Waller, asked him, when he would again write such verses upon her ; "When you are as young, madam," said he, " and as handsome as you were then."

In this part of his life it was that he was known to Clarendon, among the rest of the men who were eminent in that age for genius and literature ; but known so little to his advantage, that they who read his character will not much condemn Sacharissa, that she did not descend from her rank to his embraces, nor think every excellence comprised in wit.

The lady was, indeed, inexorable : but his uncommon qualifications, though they had no power upon her, recommended him to the scholars and statesmen ; and undoubtedly many beauties of that time, however they might receive his love, were proud of his praises. Who they were, whom he dignifies with poetical names, cannot now be known. Amoret, according to Mr Fenton, was the lady Sophia Murray. Perhaps by traditions preserved in families more may be discovered.

From the verses written at Penshurst, it has been collected that he diverted his disappointment by a voyage ; and his biographers, from his poem on the Whales, think it not improbable that he visited the Bermudas ; but it seems much more likely that he should amuse himself with forming an imaginary scene, than that so important an incident as a visit to America, should have been left floating in conjectural probability.

From his twenty-eighth to his thirty-fifth year, he wrote his pieces on the Reduction of Salée ; on the Reparation of St Pauls ; to the king on his Navy ; the panegyric on the Queen Mother ; the two poems to the earl of Northumberland ; and perhaps others, of which the time cannot be discovered.

When he had lost all hopes of Sacharissa, he looked round him for an easier conquest, and gained a lady of the family of Bresse, or Breaux. The time of his marriage is not exactly known. It has not been discovered that his wife was won by his poetry ; nor is any thing told of her, but that she brought him many children. He doubtless praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness, upon which poetry has no colours to bestow ; and many airs and sallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them never can approve. There are charms made only for distant admiration. No spectacle is nobler than a blaze.

Of tins wife, his biographers have recorded that she gave him five sons and eight daughters.

During the long interval of parliament, he is represented as living among those with whom it was most honourable to converse, and enjoying an exuberant fortune, with that independence, and liberty of speech and conduct which wealth ought always to produce. He was however considered as the kinsman of Hampden, and was therefore supposed by the courtiers not to favour them.

When the parliament was called in 1640, it appeared that Waller's political character had not been mistaken. The king's demand of a supply, produced one of those noisy speeches which disaffection and discontent regularly dictate : a speech filled with hyperbolical complaints of imaginary grievances : " They," says he, " who think themselves already undone, can never apprehend themselves in danger ; and they who have nothing left, can never give freely." Political truth is equally in danger from the praises of courtiers, and the exclamations of patriots.

He then proceeds to rail at the clergy, being sure at that time of a favourable audience. His topic is such as will always serve its purpose ; an accusation of acting and preaching only for preferment ; and he exhorts the commons carefully to provide for their protection against pulpit law.

It always gratifies curiosity to trace a sentiment. Waller has in his speech quoted Hooker in one passage ; and in another has copied him without quoting. " Religion," says Waller, " ought to be the first thing in our purpose and desires ; but that

" which is first in dignity is not always to precede
 " in order of time ; for well-being supposes a be-
 " ing; and the first impediment which men natu-
 " rally endeavour to remove, is the want of those
 " things without which they cannot subsist. God
 " first assigned unto Adam maintenance of life, and
 " gave him a title to the rest of the creatures before
 " he appointed a law to observe."

" God first assigned Adam," says Hooker, "main-
 " tenance of life, and then appointed him a law to
 " observe.—True it is that the kingdom of God
 " must be the first thing in our purpose and desires ;
 " but inasmuch as a righteous life presupposeth life,
 " inasmuch as to live virtuously it is impossible,
 " except we live ; therefore the first impediment
 " which naturally we endeavour to remove is pen-
 " ury, and want of things without which we cannot
 " live." B. i. § 9.

The speech is vehement ; but the great position,
 that grievances ought to be redressed before supplies
 are granted, is agreeable enough to law and reason :
 nor was Waller, if his biographer may be credited
 such an enemy to the king, as not to wish his dis-
 tresses lightened; for he relates, " that the king
 " sent particularly to Waller, to second his demand
 " of some subsidies to pay off the army ; and Sir
 " Henry Vane objecting against first voting a sup-
 " ply, because the king would not accept unless it
 " came up to his proportion, Mr Waller spoke ear-
 " nestly to Sir Thomas Jermyn, comptroller of the
 " household, to save his master from the effects of
 " so bold a falsity ; ' for,' he said, ' I am but a coun-
 " try gentleman, and cannot pretend to know the

" king's mind : ' but Sir Thomas durst not contradict
" the secretary ; and his son, the earl of St Albans,
" afterwards told Mr Waller that his father's cow-
" ardice ruined the king."

In the long parliament, which, unhappily for the nation, met Nov. 3, 1640, Waller represented Agmondesham the third time ; and was considered by the discontented party as a man sufficiently trusty and acrimonious to be employed in managing the prosecution of Judge Crawley, for his opinion in favour of ship-money ; and his speech shews that he did not disappoint their expectations. He was probably the more ardent, as his uncle Hampden had been particularly engaged in the dispute, and, by a sentence which seems generally to be thought unconstitutional, particularly injured.

He was not however a bigot to his party, nor adopted all their opinions. When the great question, whether episcopacy ought to be abolished, was debated, he spoke against the innovation so coolly, so reasonably, and so firmly, that it is not without great injury to his name that his speech, which was as follows, has been hitherto omitted in his works :

* " There is no doubt but the sense of what this
" nation had suffered from the present bishops hath
" produced these complaints ; and the apprehensions
" men have of suffering the like in time to come,
" make so many desire the taking away of episco-
" pacy : but I conceive it is possible that we may

* This speech has been retrieved, from a paper printed at that time, by the writers of the Parliamentary History,

" not now take a right measure of the minds of
" the people by their petitions ; for, when they sub-
" scribed them, the bishops were armed with a dan-
" gerous commission of making new canons, im-
" posing new oaths, and the like ; but now we
" have disarmed them of that power. These peti-
" tioners lately did look upon episcopacy as a beast
" armed with horns and claws ; but now that we
" have cut and pared them (and may, if we see
" cause, yet reduce it into narrower bounds), it may,
" perhaps, be more agreeable. Howsoever, if they
" be still in passion, it becomes us soberly to consid-
" er the right use and antiquity thereof ; and not
" to comply further with a general desire, than may
" stand with a general good.

" We have already shewed, that episcopacy and
" the evils thereof are mingled like water and oil ;
" we have also, in part, severed them ; but I believe
" you will find, that our laws and the present go-
" vernment of the church are mingled like wine
" and water ; so inseparable, that the abrogation of
" at least a hundred of our laws is desired in these
" petitions. I have often heard a noble answer of
" the lords, commended in this house, to a proposition
" of like nature, but of less consequence ; they gave
" no other reason of their refusal but this, *nolumus*
" *mutare leges Angliæ* : it was the bishops who so
" answered then ; and it would become the dignity
" and wisdom of this house to answer the people,
" now, with a *nolumus mutare*.

" I see some are moved with a number of hands
" against the bishops ; which, I confess, rather in-
" clines me to their defence ; for I look upon epis-

" copacy as a counterscarp, or out-work ; which, if
" it be taken by this assault of the people, and,
" withal, this mystery once revealed, that we must
" deny them nothing when they ask it thus in
" troops, we may, in the next place, have as hard a
" task to defend our property, as we have lately had
" to recover it from the prerogative. If, by multi-
" plying hands and petitions, they prevail for an
" equality in things ecclesiastical, the next demand
" perhaps may be *lex agraria*, the like equality in
" things temporal.

" The Roman story tells us, That when the
" people began to flock about the senate, and were
" more curious to direct and know what was done,
" than to obey, that commonwealth soon came to
" ruin : there *legem rogare* grew quickly to be a
" *legem ferre*: and after, when their legions had
" found that they could make a dictator, they never
" suffered the senate to have a voice any more in
" such election.

" If these great innovations proceed, I shall ex-
" pect a flat and level in learning too, as well as in
" church-preferments : *honos alit artes*. And though
" it be true, that grave and pious men do study for
" learning-sake, and embrace virtue for itself; yet it
" is as true that youth, which is the season when
" learning is gotten, is not without ambition ; nor
" will ever take pains to excel in any thing, when
" there is not some hope of excelling others in re-
" ward and dignity.

" There are two reasons chiefly alleged against
" our church-government.

" First, Scripture, which, as some men think,
" points out another form.

" Second, The abuses of the present superiors.

" For scripture, I will not dispute it in this place ;
" but I am confident that, whenever an equal divi-
" sion of lands and goods shall be desired, there will
" be as many places in scripture found out which
" seem to favour that, as there are now alleged a-
" gainst the prelacy or preferment of the church.
" And, as for abuses, where you are now in the re-
" monstrance told what this and that poor man hath
" suffered by the bishops, you may be presented
" with a thousand instances of poor men that have
" received hard measure from their landlords ; and
" of worldly goods abused, to the injury of others,
" and disadvantage of the owners.

" And therefore, Mr Speaker, my humble motion
" is, that we may settle men's minds herein ; and,
" by a question, declare our resolution, to reform,
" that is, not to abolish episcopacy."

It cannot but be wished, that he who could speak
in this manner, had been able to act with spirit and
uniformity.

When the commons began to set the royal autho-
rity at open defiance, Waller is said to have with-
drawn from the house, and to have returned with
the king's permission ; and, when the king set up
his standard, he sent him a thousand broad-pieces.
He continued, however, to sit in the rebellious con-
venticle ; but " spoke ," ; says Clarendon, " with great
" sharpness and freedom, which, now there was no
" danger of being outvoted, was not restrained ;
" and therefore used as an argument against those

" who were gone Upon pretence that they were not
" suffered to deliver their opinion freely in the house,
" which could not be believed, when all men knew
" what liberty Mr Waller took, and spoke every
" day with impunity against the sense and proceed-
" ings of the house."

Waller, as he continued to sit, was one of the commissioners nominated by the parliament to treat with the king at Oxford ; and when they were presented, the king said to him, " Though you are
" the last, you are not the lowest nor the least in
" my favour." Whitlock, who, being another of the commissioners, was witness of this kindness, imputes it to the king's knowledge of the plot, in which Waller appeared afterwards to have been engaged against the parliament. Fenton, with equal probability, believes that this attempt to promote the royal cause arose from his sensibility of the king's tenderness. Whitlock says nothing of his behaviour at Oxford: he was sent with several others to add pomp to the commission, but was not one of those to whom the trust of treating was imparted.

The engagement, known by the name of Waller's plot, was soon afterwards discovered. Waller had a brother-in-law, Tomkyns, who was clerk of the queen's council, and at the same time had a very numerous acquaintance, and great influence, in the city. Waller and he, conversing with great confidence, told both their own secrets and those of their friends; and, surveying the wide extent of their conversation, imagined that they found in the majority of all ranks great disapprobation of the violence

of the commons, and unwillingness to continue the war. They knew that many favoured the king whose fear concealed their loyalty \ and many desired peace, though they durst not oppose the clamour for war ; and they imagined that, if those who had these good intentions could be informed of their own strength, and enabled by intelligence to act together, they might overpower the fury of sedition, by refusing to comply with the ordinance for the twentieth part, and the other taxes levied for the support of the rebel army, and by uniting great numbers in a petition for peace. They proceeded with great caution. Three only met in one place, and no man was allowed to impart the plot to more than two others ; so that, if any should be suspected or seized, more than three could not be endangered.

Lord Conway joined in the design, and Clarendon imagines, incidentally mingled, as he was a soldier, some martial hopes or projects, which however were only mentioned, the main design being to bring the loyal inhabitants to the knowledge of each other ; for which purpose there was to be appointed one in every district, to distinguish the friends of the king, the adherents to the parliament, and the neutrals. How far they proceeded does not appear ; the result of their enquiry, as Pym declared*, was, that within the walls, for one that was for the royalists, there were three against them ; but that without the walls, for one that was against them, there were five for them. Whether this was said from knowledge or guess, was perhaps never enquired.

* Parliamentary History, Vol. xii.

It is the opinion of Clarendon, that in Waller's plan no violence or sanguinary resistance was comprised ; that he intended only to abate the confidence of the rebels by public declarations, and to weaken their power by an opposition to new supplies. This, in calmer times, and more than this, is done without fear ; but such was the acrimony of the commons, that no method of obstructing them was safe.

About this time another design was formed by Sir Nicholas Crispe, a man of loyalty that deserves perpetual remembrance : when he was a merchant in the city, he gave and procured the king, in his exigencies, an hundred thousand pounds ; and, when he was driven from the Exchange, raised a regiment, and commanded it.

Sir Nicholas flattered himself with an opinion, that some provocation would so much exasperate, or borne opportunity so much encourage, the king's friends in the city, that they would break out in open resistance, and would then want only a lawful standard, and an authorised commander ; and extorted from the king, whose judgment too frequently yielded to importunity, a commission of array, directed to such as he thought proper to nominate, which was sent to London by the lady Aubigny. She knew not what she carried, but was to deliver it on the communication of a certain token which Sir Nicholas imparted.

This commission could be only intended to lie ready till the time should require it. To have attempted to raise any forces, would have been certain destruction ; it could be of use only when the

forces should appear. This was, however, an act preparatory to martial hostility. Crispe would undoubtedly have put an end to the session of parliament, had his strength been equal to his zeal : and out of the design of Crispe, which involved very little danger, and that of Waller, which was an act purely civil, they compounded a horrid and dreadful plot.

The discovery of Waller's design is variously related. In Clarendon's History it is told, that a servant of Tomkyns, lurking behind the hangings when his master was in conference with Waller, heard enough to qualify him for an informer, and carried his intelligence to Pym. A manuscript, quoted in the Life of Waller, relates, that " he " was betrayed by his sister Price, and her presbyterian chaplain Mr. Goode, who stole some of his " papers ; and, if he had not strangely dreamed the " night before, that his sister had betrayed him, and " thereupon burnt the rest of his papers by the fire " that was in his chimney, he had certainly lost his " life by it." The question cannot be decided. It is not unreasonable to believe that the men in power, receiving intelligence from the sister, would employ the servant of Tomkyns to listen at the conference, that they might avoid an act so offensive as that of destroying the brother by the sister's testimony.

The plot was published in the most terrific manner.

On the 31st of May (1643,) at a solemn fast, when they were listening to the sermon, a messenger entered the church, and communicated his er-

rand to Pym, who whispered it to others that were placed near him, and then went with them out of the church, leaving the rest in solicitude and amazement. They immediately sent guards to proper places, and that night apprehended Tomkyns and Waller ; having yet traced nothing but that letters had been intercepted, from which it appears that the parliament and the city were soon to be delivered into the hands of the cavaliers.

They perhaps yet knew little themselves, beyond some general and indistinct notices. "But Waller," says Clarendon, " was so confounded with fear, that " he confessed whatever he had heard, said, thought, " or seen ; all that he knew of himself, and all that " he suspected of others, without concealing any " person of what degree or quality soever, or any " discourse which he had ever upon any occasion " entertained with them ; what such and such ladies " of great honour, to whom, upon the credit of his " wit and great reputation, he had been admitted, " had spoke to him in their chambers upon the proceedings in the houses, and how they had encouraged him to oppose them ; what correspondence " and intercourse they had with some ministers of " state at Oxford, and how they had conveyed all " intelligence thither." He accused the earl of Portland and Lord Conway as co-operating in the transaction, and testified that the earl of Northumberland had declared himself disposed in favour of any attempt that might check the violence of the parliament, and reconcile them to the king.

He undoubtedly confessed much which they could never have discovered, and perhaps somewhat

which they would wish to have been suppressed ; for it is inconvenient, in the conflict of factions, to have that disaffection known which cannot safely be punished.

Tomkyns was seized on the same night with Waller, and appears likewise to have partaken of his cowardice; for he gave notice of Crispe's commission of array, of which Clarendon never knew how it was discovered. Tomkyns had been sent with the token appointed, to demand it from Lady Aubigny, and had buried it in his garden, where, by his direction, it was dug up; and thus the rebels obtained, what Clarendon confesses them to have had, the original copy.

It can raise no wonder that they formed one plot out of these two designs, however remote from each other, when they saw the same agent employed in both, and found the commission of array in the hands of him who was employed in collecting the opinions and affections of the people.

Of the plot, thus combined, they took care to make the most. They sent Pym among the citizens, to tell them of their imminent danger, and happy escape ; and inform them, that the design was, " to seize the " lord mayor and all the committee of militia, and " would not spare one of them." They drew up a vow and covenant, to be taken by every member of either house, by which he declared his detestation of all conspiracies against the parliament, and his resolution to detect and oppose them. They then appointed a day of thanksgiving for this wonderful delivery ; which shut out, says Clarendon, all doubts

whether there had been such a deliverance, and whether the plot was real or fictitious.

On June 11, the earl of Portland and Lord Conway were committed, one to the custody of the mayor, and the other of the sheriff: but their lands and goods were not siezed.

Waller was still to immerse himself deeper in ignominy. The earl of Portland and Lord Conway denied the charge; and there was no evidence against them but the confession of Waller, of which undoubtedly many would be inclined to question the veracity. With these doubts he was so much terrified, that he endeavoured to persuade Portland to a declaration like his own, by a letter extant in Fenton's edition. " But for me," says he, " you " had never known any thing of this business which " was prepared for another; and therefore I cannot " imagine why you should hide it so far as to con- " tract your own ruin by concealing it, and persist- " ing unreasonably to hide that truth, which with- " out you already is, and will every day be made " more manifest. Can you imagine yourself bound " in honour to keep that secret, which is already " revealed by another? or possible it should still be " a secret, which is known to one of the other sex? " — I f you persist to be cruel to yourself for their " sakes who deserve it not, it will nevertheless be " made appear, ere long, I fear, to your ruin. Surely, if I had the happiness to wait on you, I could " move you to compassionate both yourself and " me, who, desperate as my case is, am desirous to " die with the honour of being known to have de- " clared the truth. You have no reason to attempt

" to hide what is already revealed—inconsiderate-
" ly to throw away yourself, for the interest of
" others, to whom you are less obliged than you are
" aware of."

This persuasion seems to have had little effect. Portland sent (June 29) a letter to the lords, to tell them, that he " is in custody, as he conceives,
" without any charge ; and that, by what Mr Wal-
" ler hath threatened him with since he was impri-
" soned, he doth apprehend a very cruel, long, and
" ruinous restraint :—He therefore prays, that he
" may not find the effects of Mr Waller's threats, by
" a long and close imprisonment ; but may be
" speedily brought to a legal trial, and then he is
" confident the vanity and falsehood of those infor-
" mations which have been given against him will
" appear."

In consequence of this letter, the lords ordered Portland and Waller to be confronted ; when the one repeated his charge, and the other his denial. The examination of the plot being continued (July 1), Thinn, usher of the house of lords, deposed, that Mr Waller having had a conference with the lord Portland in an upper room, Lord Portland said, when he came down, " Do me the favour to
" tell my lord Northumberland, that Mr Waller
" has extremely pressed me to save my own life and
" his, by throwing the blame upon the lord Con-
" way and the earl of Northumberland."

Waller, in his letter to Portland, tells him of the reasons which he could urge with resistless efficacy in a personal conference ; but he over-rated his own

oratory ; his vehemence, whether of persuasion or entreaty, was returned with contempt.

One of his arguments with Portland is, that the plot is already known to a woman. This woman was doubtless Lady Aubigny, who, upon this occasion, was committed to custody ; but who, in reality, when she delivered the commission, knew not what it was.

The parliament then proceeded against the conspirators, and committed their trial to a council of war. Tomkyns and Chaloner were hanged near their own doors. Tomkyns, when he came to die, said it was a foolish business ; and indeed there seems to have been no hope that it should escape discovery ; for, though never more than three met at a time, yet a design so extensive must by necessity be communicated to many who could not be expected to be all faithful, and all prudent. Chaloner was attended at his execution by Hugh Peters. His crime was, that he had commission to raise money for the king ; but it appears not that the money was to be expended upon the advancement of either Crispe's or Waller's plot.

The earl of Northumberland, being too great for prosecution, was only once examined before the lords. The earl of Portland and Lord Conway, persisting to deny the charge, and no testimony but Waller's yet appearing against them, were, after a long imprisonment, admitted to bail. Hassel, the king's messenger, who carried the letters to Oxford, died the night before his trial. Hampden escaped death, perhaps by the interest of his family ; but was kept in prison to the end of his life. They

whose names were inserted in the commission of array were not capitally punished, as it could not be proved that they had consented to their own nomination ; but they were considered as malignants, and their estates were seized.

" Waller, though confessedly," says Clarendon, " the most guilty, with incredible dissimulation, affected such a remorse of conscience, that his trial was put off, out of christian compassion, till he might recover his understanding." What use he made of this interval, with what liberality and success he distributed flattery and money, and how, when he was brought (July 4.) before the house, he confessed and lamented, and submitted and implored, may be read in the history of the rebellion, B. vii. The speech to which Clarendon ascribes the preservation of his dear-bought life, is inserted in his works. The great historian, however, seems to have been mistaken in relating that he prevailed in the principal part of his supplication, not to be tried by a council of war ; for, according to Whitlock, he was by expulsion from the house abandoned to the tribunal which he so much dreaded, and, being tried and condemned, was reprieved by Essex ; but after a year's imprisonment, in which time resentment grew less acrimonious, paying a fine of ten thousand pounds, he was permitted to recollect himself in another country.

Of his behaviour in this part of his life, it is not necessary to direct the reader's opinion. " Let us not," says his last ingenious biographer, " condemn him with untempered severity, because he was not a prodigy which the world hath seldom seen,

" because his character included not the poet, the
" orator, and the hero."

For the place of his exile he chose France, and stayed some time at Roan, where his daughter Margaret was born, who was afterwards his favourite, and his amanuensis. He then removed to Paris, where he lived with great splendour and hospitality; and from time to time amused himself with poetry, in which he sometimes speaks of the rebels, and their usurpation, in the natural language of an honest man.

At last it became necessary, for his support, to sell his wife's jewels; and being reduced, as he said, at last to the rump-jewel, he solicited from Cromwell permission to return, and obtained it by the interest of colonel Scroop, to whom his sister was married. Upon the remains of a fortune which the danger of his life had very much diminished, he lived at Hallbarn, a house built by himself very near to Beaconsfield, where his mother resided. His mother, though related to Cromwell and Hampden, was zealous for the royal cause, and, when Cromwell visited her, used to reproach him; he, in return, would throw a napkin at her, and say he would not dispute with his aunt; but finding in time that she acted for the king, as well as talked, he made her a prisoner to her own daughter, in her own house. If he would do any thing, he could not do less,

Cromwell, now protector, received Waller, as his kinsman, to familiar conversation. Waller, as he used to relate, found him sufficiently versed in ancient history; and when any of his enthusiastic

friends came to advise or consult him, could sometimes overhear him discoursing in the cant of the times : but, when he returned, he would say, " Cou-
" sin Waller, I must talk to these men in their own
" way ;" and resumed the common style of conversation.

He repaid the protector for his favours (1654) by the famous panegyric, which has been always considered as the first of his poetical productions. His choice of encomiastic topics is very judicious ; for he considers Cromwell in his exaltation, without enquiring how he attained it ; there is consequently no mention of the rebel or the regicide. All the former part of his hero's life is veiled with shades ; and nothing is brought to view but the chief, the governor, the defender of England's honour, and the enlarger of her dominion. The act of violence by which he obtained the supreme power is lightly treated, and decently justified. It was certainly to be desired that the detestable band should be dissolved, which had destroyed the church, murdered the king, and filled the nation with tumult and oppression ; yet Cromwell had not the right of dissolving them, for all that he had before done could be justified only by supposing them invested with lawful authority. But combinations of wickedness would overwhelm the world by the advantage which licentious principles afford, did not those who have long practised perfidy, grow faithless to each other.

In the poem on the war with Spain, are some passages at least equal to the best parts of the panegyric ; and, in the conclusion, the poet ventures yet

a higher flight of flattery, by recommending royalty to Cromwell and the nation. Cromwell was very desirous, as appears from his conversation, related by Whitlock, of adding the title to the power of monarchy, and is supposed to have been withheld from it, partly by fear of the army, and partly by fear of the laws, which, when he should govern by the name of king, would have restrained his authority. When, therefore, a deputation was solemnly sent to invite him to the crown, he, after a long conference, refused it ; but is said to have fainted in his coach when he parted from them.

The poem on the death of the protector seems to have been dictated by real veneration for his memory. Dryden and Sprat wrote on the same occasion ; but they were young men, struggling into notice, and hoping for some favour from the ruling party. Waller had little to expect ; he had received nothing but his pardon from Cromwell, and was not likely to ask any thing from those who should succeed him.

Soon afterwards the restoration supplied him with another subject ; and he exerted his imagination, his elegance, and his melody, with equal alacrity, for Charles the Second. It is not possible to read without some contempt and indignation, poems of the same author, ascribing the highest degree of *power* and *piety* to Charles the First, then transferring the same *power* and *piety* to Oliver Cromwell ; now inviting Oliver to take the crown, and then congratulating Charles the Second on his recovered light. Neither Cromwell nor Charles could value his testimony as the effect of conviction, or receive

his praises as effusions of reverence ; they could consider them but as the labour of invention, and the tribute of dependence.

Poets, indeed, profess fiction ; but the legitimate end of fiction is the conveyance of truth ; and he that has flattery ready for all whom the vicissitudes of the world happen to exalt, must be scorned as a prostituted mind, that may retain the glitter of wit, but has lost the dignity of virtue.

The congratulation was considered as inferior in poetical merit to the panegyric ; and it is reported, that, when the king told Waller of the disparity, he answered, " poets, sir, succeed better in fiction than " in truth."

The congratulation is indeed not inferior to the panegyric, either by decay of genius, or for want of diligence ; but because Cromwell had done much, and Charles had done little. Cromwell wanted nothing to raise him to heroic excellence but virtue ; and virtue his poet thought himself at liberty to supply. Charles had yet only the merit of struggling without success, and suffering without despair. A life of escapes and indigence could supply poetry with no splendid images.

In the first parliament summoned by Charles the Second (March 8, 1661,) Waller sat for Hastings in Sussex, and served for different places in all the parliaments of that reign. In a time when fancy and gaiety were the most powerful recommendations to regard, it is not likely that Waller was forgotten. He passed his time in the company that was highest, both in rank and wit, from which even his obstinate sobriety did not exclude him. Though

he drank water, he was enabled by his fertility of mind to heighten the mirth of bacchanalian assemblies; and Mr Saville said, that "no man in England should keep him company without drinking "but Ned Waller."

The praise given him by St Evermond is a proof of his reputation; for it was only by his reputation that he could be known, as a writer, to a man who, though he lived a great part of a long life upon an English pension, never condescended to understand the language of the nation that maintained him.

In parliament, "he was," says Burnet, "the delight of the house, and, though old, said the liveliest things of any among them." This, however, is said in his account of the year seventy-five, when Waller was only seventy. His name as a speaker occurs often in Grey's collections; but I have found no extracts that can be more quoted as exhibiting sallies of gaiety than cogency of argument.

He was of such consideration, that his remarks were circulated and recorded. When the duke of York's influence was high, both in Scotland and England, it drew, says Burnet, a lively reflection from Waller, the celebrated wit. He said, "the house of commons had resolved that the duke should not reign after the king's death; but the king, in opposition to them, had resolved that he should reign even in his life." If there appears no extraordinary liveliness in this remark, yet its reception proves the speaker to have been a celebrated wit, to have had a name which the men of wit were proud of mentioning.

He did not suffer his reputation to die gradually

away, which may easily happen in a long life, but renewed his claim to poetical distinction from time to time, as occasions were offered, either by public events or private incidents ; and contenting himself with the influence of his muse, or loving quiet better than influence, he never accepted any office of magistracy.

He was not, however, without some attention to his fortune; for he asked from the king (in 1665) the provostship of Eaton college, and obtained it ; but Clarendon refused to put the seal to the grant, alleging that it could be held only by a clergyman. It is known that Sir Henry Wotton qualified himself for it by deacon's orders.

To this opposition, the *biographia* imputes the violence and acrimony with which Waller joined Buckingham's faction in the prosecution of Clarendon. The motive was illiberal and dishonest, and shewed that more than sixty years had not been able to teach him morality. His accusation is such as conscience can hardly be supposed to dictate without the help of malice. " We were to be " governed by janizaries instead of parliaments, and " are in danger from a worse plot than that of the " fifth of November ; then if the lords and commons " had been destroyed, there had been a succession : " but here both had been destroyed for ever." This is the language of a man who is glad of an opportunity to rail, and ready to sacrifice truth to interest at one time, and to anger at another.

A year after the chancellor's banishment, another vacancy gave him encouragement for another petition, which the king referred to the council, who,

after hearing the question argued by lawyers for three days, determined that the office could be held only by a clergyman, according to the act of uniformity, since the provosts had always received institution as for a parsonage from the bishops of Lincoln. The king then said, he could not break the law which he had made; and Dr Zachary Cradock, famous for a single sermon, at most for two sermons, was chosen by the fellows.

That he asked any thing else is not known; it is certain that he obtained nothing, though he continued obsequious to the court through the rest of Charles's reign.

At the accession of King James (1685) he was chosen for parliament, being then fourscore, at Saltash in Cornwall; and wrote a *Presage of the Downfall of the Turkish Empire*, which he presented to the king on his birth-day. It is remarked, by his commentator Fenton, that in reading Tasso he had early imbibed a veneration for the heroes of the holy war, and a zealous enmity to the Turks, which never left him. James, however, having soon after begun what he thought a holy war at home, made haste to put all molestation of the Turks out of his power.

James treated him with kindness and familiarity, of which instances are given by the writer of his life. One day taking him into the closet, the king asked him how he liked one of the pictures: "My eyes," said Waller "are dim, and I do not know it." The king said it was the princess of Orange. "She is," said Waller, "like the greatest woman in the world." The king asked who was that? and

was answered, Queen Elizabeth. " I wonder," said the king, " you should think so; but I must confess "she had a wise council." " And, sir," said Waller, " did you ever know a fool chuse a wise one ?" Such is the story, which I once heard of some other man. Pointed axioms, and acute replies, fly loose about the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to celebrate.

When the king knew that he was about to marry his daughter to Dr Birch, a clergyman, he ordered a French gentleman to tell him, that " the king " wondered he could think of marrying his daughter to a falling church." " The king," said Waller, " does me great honour, in taking notice of my "domestic affairs ; but I have lived long enough to " observe that this falling church has got a trick of " rising again."

He took notice to his friends of the king's conduct ; and said that " he would be left like a whale " upon the strand." Whether he was privy to any of the transactions which ended in the revolution is not known. His heir joined the prince of Orange.

Having now attained an age beyond which the laws of nature seldom suffer life to be extended, otherwise than by a future state, he seems to have turned his mind upon preparation for the decisive hour, and therefore consecrated his poetry to devotion. It is pleasing to discover that his piety was without weakness ; that his intellectual powers continued vigorous ; and that the lines which he composed when *he for age could neither read nor write*, are not inferior to the effusions of his youth.

Towards the decline of life, he bought a small house with a little land, at Coleshill; and said, "he should be glad to die, like the stag, where *he* was roused." This, however, did not happen,. When he was at Beaconsfield he found his legs grow tumid: he went to Windsor, where Sir Charles Scarborough then attended the king, and requested him, as both a friend and a physician, to tell him, *what that swelling meant* "Sir," answered Scarborough, "your blood will run no longer." Waller repeated some lines of Virgil, and went home to die-

As the disease increased upon him, he composed himself for his departure; and calling upon Dr Birch to give him the holy sacrament, he desired his children to take it with him, and made an earnest declaration of his faith in Christianity. It now appeared what part of his conversation with the great could be remembered with delight. He related, that being present when the duke of Buckingham talked profanely before King Charles, he said to him, "My lord, I am a great deal older than your grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your grace did; but I have lived long enough to see there is nothing in them; and so, I hope, your grace will."

He died October 21, 1687, and was buried at Beaconsfield, with a monument erected by his son's executors, for which Rymer wrote the inscription, and which I hope is now rescued from dilapidation.

He left several children by his second wife; of

whom, his daughter was married to Dr Birch. Benjamine, the eldest son, was disinherited, and sent to New Jersey, as wanting common understanding. Edmund, the second son, inherited the estate; and represented Agmondesham in parliament, but at last turned a Quaker. William, the third son, was a merchant in London. Stephen, the fourth, was an eminent doctor of laws, and one of the commissioners for the Union. There is said to have been a fifth, of whom no account has descended.

The character of Waller, both moral and intellectual, has been drawn by Clarendon, to whom he was familiarly known, with nicety, which certainly none to whom he was not known can presume to emulate. It is therefore inserted here, with such remarks as others have supplied; after which, nothing remains but a critical examination of his poetry.

" Edmund Waller," says Clarendon, " was born
" to a very fair estate, by the parsimony or frugality
" of a wise father and mother : and he thought it so
" commendable an advantage, that he resolved to
" improve it with his utmost care, upon which in
" his nature he was too much intent; and, in order
" to that, he was so much reserved and retired, that
" he was scarcely ever heard of, till by his address
" and dexterity he had gotten a very rich wife in
" the city, against all the recommendation and coun-
" tenance and authority of the court, which was
" thoroughly engaged on the behalf of Mr Crofts,
" and which used to be successful, in that age, against
" any opposition. He had the good fortune to have
" an alliance and friendship with Dr Morely, who

" had assisted and instructed him in the reading
" many good books, to which his natural parts and
" promptitude inclined him, especially the poets ;
" and at the age when other men used to give over
" writing verses (for he was near thirty years when
" he first engaged himself in that exercise, at least
" that he was known to do so,) he surprised the town
" with two or three pieces of that kind ; as if a tenth
" muse had been newly born to cherish drooping
" poetry The doctor at that time brought him into
" that company which was most celebrated for good
" conversation ; where he was received and esteem-
" ed with great applause and respect. He was a
" very pleasant discourser in earnest and in jest, and
" therefore very grateful to all kind of company,
" where he was not the less esteemed for being very
" rich.

" He had been even nursed in parliaments, where
" he sat when he was very young ; and so, when
" they were resumed again (after a long intermis-
" sion,) he appeared in those assemblies with great
" advantage ; having a graceful way of speaking
" and by thinking much on several arguments
" (which his temper and complexion, that had much
" of melancholic, inclined him to,) he seemed often
" to speak upon the sudden, when the occasion had
" only administered the opportunity of saying what
" he had thoroughly considered, which gave a great
" lustre to all he said ; which yet was rather of de-
" light than weight. There needs no more be said
" to extol the excellence and power of his wit, and
" pleasantness of his conversation, than that it was
" of magnitude enough to cover a world of very

" great faults ; that is, so to cover them, **that** they
" were not taken notice of to his reproach, viz. a
" narrowness in his nature to the lowest degree ; an
" abjectness and want of courage to support him in
" any virtuous undertaking ; an insinuating and
" servile flattery to the height the vainest and most
" imperious nature could be contented with ; that it
" preserved and won his life from those who were
" most resolved to take it, and in an occasion in
" which he ought to have been ambitious to have
" lost it ; and then preserved him again from the re-
" proach and contempt that was due to him for so
" preserving it, and for vindicating it at such a price
" that it had power to reconcile him to those whom
" he had most offended and provoked ; and continu-
ed to his age with that rare felicity, that his com-
" pany was acceptable where his spirit was odious ;
" and he was at least pitied where he was most de-
" tested."

Such is the account of Clarendon ; on which it may not be improper to make some remarks.

" He was very little known till he had obtained a
" rich wife in the city."

He obtained a rich wife about the age of three-and-twenty ; an age, before which few men are conspicuous much to their advantage. He was known, however, in parliament and at court ; and, if he spent part of his time in privacy, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that he endeavoured the improvement of his mind as well as of his fortune.

That Clarendon might misjudge the motive of his retirement is the more probable, because he has evidently mistaken the commencement of his poetry,

which he supposes him not to have attempted before thirty. As his first pieces were perhaps not printed, the succession of his compositions was not known ; and Clarendon, who cannot be imagined to have been very studious of poetry, did not rectify his first opinion by consulting Waller's book.

Clarendon observes, that he was introduced to the wits of the age by *Dr Morley*; but the writer of his Life relates that he was already among them, when, hearing a noise in the street, and enquiring the cause, they found a son of Ben Jonson under an arrest. This was Morely, whom Waller set free at the expence of one hundred pounds, took him into the country as director of his studies, and then procured him admission into the company of the friends of literature. Of this fact Clarendon had a nearer knowledge than the biographer, and is therefore more to be credited.

The account of Waller's parliamentary eloquence is seconded by Burnet, who, though he calls him " the delight of the house," adds, that " he was only concerned to say that which should make him be applauded ; he never laid the business of the house to heart, being a vain and empty, though a witty, man."

Of his insinuation and flattery it is not unreasonable to believe that the truth is told. Ascham, in his elegant description of those whom in modern language we term wits, says, that they are open flatterers, and privy mockers. Waller shewed a little of both, when, upon sight of the duchess of Newcastle's verses on the death of a stag, he declared that he would give all his own compositions to have

written them, and, being charged with the exorbitance of his adulation, answered, that " nothing was " too much to be given, that a lady might be saved " from the disgrace of such a vile performance." This, however, was no very mischievous or very unusual deviation from truth: had his hypocrisy been confined to such transactions, he might have been forgiven, though not praised ; for who forbears to flatter an author or a lady ?

Of the laxity of his political principles, and the weakness of his resolution, he experienced the natural effect, by losing the esteem of every party. From Cromwell he had only his recall ; and from Charles the Second, who delighted in his company, he obtained only the pardon of his relation Hampden, and the safety of Hampden's son.

As far as conjecture can be made from the whole of his writing, and his conduct, he was habitually and deliberately a friend to monarchy. His deviation toward democracy proceeded from his connection with Hampden, for whose sake he prosecuted Crawley with great bitterness; and the invective which he pronounced on that occasion was so popular, that twenty thousand copies are said by his biographer to have been sold in one day.

It is confessed that his faults still left him many friends, at least many companions. His convivial power of pleasing is universally acknowledged; but those who conversed with him intimately, found him not only passionate, especially in his old age, but; resentful ; so that the interposition of friends was sometimes necessary.

His wit and his poetry naturally connected him

with the polite writers of his time: he was joined with Lord Buckhurst in the translation of Corneille's *Pompey*, and is said to have added his help to that of Cowley, in the original draught of the *Rehearsal*.

The care of his fortune, which Clarendon imputes to him in a degree little less than criminal, was either not constant or not successful; for, having inherited a patrimony of three thousand five hundred pounds a-year in the time of James the First, and augmented it at least by one wealthy marriage, he left, about the time of the revolution, an income of not more than twelve or thirteen hundred; which, when the different value of money is reckoned, will be found perhaps not more than a fourth part of what he once possessed.

Of this diminution, part was the consequence of the gifts which he was forced to scatter, and the fine which he was condemned to pay at the detection of his plot; and if his estate, as is related in his life, was sequestrated, he had probably contracted debts when he lived in exile; for we are told, that at Paris he lived in splendor, and was the only Englishman, except the lord St Albans, that kept a table.

His unlucky plot compelled him to sell a thousand a-year; of the waste of the rest there is no account, except that he is confessed by his biographer to have been a bad economist. He seems to have deviated from the common practice; to have been a border in his first years, and a squanderer in his last.

Of his course of studies, or choice of books, nothing is known more than that he professed himself unable to read Chapman's translation of Homer

without rapture. His opinion concerning the duty of a poet is contained in his declaration, that "he " would blot from his works any line that did not " contain some motive to virtue."

The characters by which Waller intended to distinguish his writing, are sprightliness and dignity : in his smallest pieces, he endeavours to be gay ; in the larger to be great. Of his airy and light productions, the chief source is gallantry, that attentive reverence of female excellence which has descended to us from the gothic ages. As his poems are commonly occasional, and his addresses personal, he was not so liberally supplied with grand as with soft images ; for beauty is more easily found than magnanimity.

The delicacy which he cultivated, restrains him to a certain nicety and caution, even when he writes upon the slightest matter. He has, therefore, in his whole volume, nothing burlesque, and seldom any thing ludicrous or familiar. He seems always to do his best ; though his subjects are often unworthy of his care-

It is not easy to think without some contempt on an author, who is growing illustrious in his own opinion, by verses, at one time " to a lady who can " do any thing but sleep when she pleases," at another, " to a lady who can sleep when she pleases ;" now, " to a lady on her passing through a crowd of " people ;" then, " on a braid of divers colours wov- " en by four fair ladies ; " on a tree cut in paper ;" or, " to a lady, from whom he received the copy of " two verses on the paper-tree, which for many " years had been missing."

Genius now and then produces a lucky trifle.

We still read the dove of Anacreon, and sparrow of Catullus ; and a writer naturally pleases himself with a performance, which owes nothing to the subject. But compositions merely pretty, have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for something useful ; they are flowers fragrant and fair, but of short duration : or they are blossoms to be valued only as they foretell fruits.

Among Waller's little poems, are some which their excellency ought to secure from oblivion ; as, to *Amoret*, comparing the different modes of regard with which he looks on her and Sacharissa ; and the verses on love, that begin, *anger in hasty words and blows*.

In others he is not equally successful ; sometimes his thoughts are deficient, and sometimes his expression.

The numbers are not always musical ; as,

Fair Venus, in thy soft arms
 The god of rage confine ;
 For thy whispers are the charms
 Which only can divert his fierce design.
 What though he frown, and to tumult do incline ;
 Thou the flame
 Kindled in his breast can'st tame
 With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

He seldom indeed fetches an amorous sentiment from the depths of science ; his thoughts are for the most part easily understood, and his images such as the superficies of nature readily supplies ; he has a just claim to popularity, because he writes to common degrees of knowledge ; and is free at least from philosophical pedantry, unless perhaps the end of a song to the Sun may be expected, in which he is

too much a Copernican. To which may be added the simile of the palm in the verses on her passing through a crowd ; and a line in a more serious poem on the Restoration, about vipers and treacle, which can only be understood by those who happen to know the composition of the Theriaca.

His thoughts are sometimes hyperbolical, and his images unnatural :

—The plants admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus lyre ;
If she sit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd;
They round about her into arbours crowd :
Or if she walks, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshal'd and obsequious band.

In another place :

While in the park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear :
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same ;
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers,
With loud complaints they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the Heaven !

On the head of a stag :

O fertile head ! which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear !
The teeming Earth did never bring,
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing :
Which might it never have been cast,
Each year's growth added to the last,
These lofty branches had supply'd
The Earth's bold son's prodigious pride ;
Heaven with these engines had been scal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

Sometimes having succeeded in the first part, he makes a feeble conclusion. In the song of " Sabha-rissa's and Amoret's friendship," the two last stanzas ought to have been omitted.

His images of gallantry are not always in the highest degree delicate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Some applications may be thought too remote and unsequential ; as in the verses on the lady dancing :

The sun in figures such as these
Joys with the moon to play :
To the sweet strains they advance,
Which do result from their own spheres ;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

Sometimes a thought, which might perhaps fill it distich, is expanded and attenuated till it grows weak and almost evanescent.

Chloris ! since first our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind.
So the fair tree, which still preserves
Her fruit, and state, while no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightness swerves ;
And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure from her yielding boughs.

His images are not always distinct; as, in the following passage, he confounds love as a person with love as a passion ;

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy ;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy :
Can, with a single look, inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

His sallies of casual flattery are sometimes elegant and happy, as that *in return for the silver pen* ; and sometimes empty and trifling, as that *upon the card torn by the queen*. There are a few lines written in the *Duchess's Tasso*, which he is said by Fenton to have kept a summer under correction. It happened to Waller, as to others, that his success was not always in proportion to his labour.

Of these petty compositions, neither the beauties nor the faults deserve much attention. The amorous verses have this to recommend them, that they are less hyperbolical than those of some other poets. Waller is not always at the last gasp ; he does not die of a frown, nor live upon a smile. There is however, too much love, and too many trifles. Little things are made too important ; and the empire of beauty is represented as exerting its influence further than can be allowed by the multiplicity of human passions, and the variety of human wants. Such books, therefore, may be considered as shewing the world under a false appearance ; and, so far as they obtain credit from the young and unexperienced, as misleading expectation, and misguiding practice.

Of his nobler and more weighty performances, the greater part is panegyrical : for of praise he was very lavish, as is observed by his imitator, Lord Lansdowne.

No satyr stalks within the hallow'd ground,
 But queens and heroines, kings and gods abound ;
 Glory and arms and love are all the sound.

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In the first poem, on the danger of the Prince on the coast of Spain, there is a puerile and ridiculous mention of Arion at the beginning; and the last paragraph, on the Cable, is in part ridiculously mean, and in part ridiculously tumid. The poem, however, is such as may be justly praised, without much allowance for the state of our poetry and language at that time.

The two next poems are upon the king's behaviour at the death of Buckingham, and upon his navy.

He has, in the first, used the pagan deities with great propriety :

'Twas want of such a precedent as this
 Made the old heathens frame their gods amiss.

In the poem on the navy, those lines are very noble which suppose the king's power secure against a second deluge ; so noble, that it were almost criminal to remark the mistake of centre for surface, or to say that the empire of the sea would be worth little if it were not that the waters terminate in land.

The poem upon *Salle* has forcible sentiments ; but the conclusion is feeble. That on the " repairs of St Paul's," has something vulgar and obvious ; such as the mention of Amphion ; and something violent and harsh ; as,

So all our minds with his conspire to grace
 The Gentiles' great apostle, and deface

Those state-obscuring sheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again :
Which the glad saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand,
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.

Of the two last couplets, the first is extravagant, and the second mean.

His praise of the queen is too much exaggerated ; and the thought, that she " saves lovers, by cutting " off hope, as gangrenes are cured by lopping the " limb," presents nothing to the mind but disgust and horror.

Of the battle of the Summer Islands, it seems not easy to say whether it is intended to raise terror or merriment. The beginning is too splendid for jest, and the conclusion too light for seriousness. The versification is studied, the scenes are diligently displayed, and the images artfully amplified; but, as it ends neither in joy nor sorrow, it will scarcely be read a second time.

The panegyric upon Cromwell has obtained from the public a very liberal dividend of praise; which however cannot be said to have been unjustly lavished ; for such a series of verses had rarely appeared before in the English language. Of the lines some are grand, some are graceful, and all are musical. There is now and then a feeble verse or a trifling thought ; but its great fault is the choice of its hero.

The poem of the war with Spain begins with lines more vigorous and striking than Waller is accustomed to produce. The succeeding parts are variegated with better passages and worse. There

is something too far-fetched in the comparison of the Spaniards drawing the English on, by saluting St Lucar with cannon, to lambs awakening the lion by bleating. The fate of the marquis and his lady, who were burnt in their ship, would have moved more, had the poet not made him die like the phoenix, because he had spices about him, nor expressed their affection and their end by a conceit at once false and vulgar :

**Alive, in equal flames of love they burn'd,
And now together are to ashes turn'd.**

The verses to Charles, on his return, were doubtless intended to counterbalance the panegyric on Cromwell. If it has been thought inferior to that with which it is naturally compared, the cause of its deficiency has been already remarked.

The remaining pieces it is not necessary to examine singly. They must be supposed to have faults and beauties of the same kind with the rest. The sacred poems, however, deserve particular regard ; they were the work of Waller's declining life, of those hours in which he looked upon the fame and the folly of the time past, with the sentiments which his great predecessor Petrarch bequeathed to posterity, upon his review of that love and poetry which have given him immortality.

That natural jealousy which makes every man unwilling to allow much excellence in another, always produces a disposition to believe that the mind grows old with the body ; and that he, whom we are now forced to confess superior, is hastening daily to a level with ourselves. By delighting to think this

of the living, we learn to think it of the dead ; and Fenton, with all his kindness for Waller, has the luck to mark the exact time when his genius passed the zenith, which he places at his fifty-fifth year. This is to allot the mind but a small portion. Intellectual decay is doubtless not uncommon; but it seems not to be universal. Newton was in his eighty-fifth year improving his chronology, a few days before his death ; and Waller appears not, in my opinion, to have lost at eighty-two any part of his poetical power.

His sacred poems do not please like some of his other works ; but before the fatal fifty-five, had he written on the same subjects, his success would hardly have been better.

It has been the frequent lamentation of good men, that verse has been too little applied to the purposes of worship, and many attempts have been made to animate devotion by pious poetry. That they have very seldom attained their end is sufficiently known, and it may not be improper to enquire why they have miscarried.

Let no pious ear be offended if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please. The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem ; and he who has the happy power of arguing in verse, will not lose it because his subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and the grandeur of nature, the flowers of the spring, and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide, and the revolutions of the sky, and praise the Maker for his works, in lines which no reader shall lay aside. The subject

of the **disputation** is not piety, **but the motives to** piety ; **that** of the descriptioun is not God, **but the works of God.**

Contemplative piety, or **the** intercourse between **God** and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer.

The essence of poetry is invention ; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known ; but, few as they are, they can be made no more ; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression.

Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those which repel the imagination : but religion must be showed as it is : suppression and addition equally corrupt it ; and such as it is, it is known already.

From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension and elevation of his fancy ; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted ; infinity cannot be amplified ; perfection cannot be improved.

The employments of pious meditation are faith, thanksgiving repentance, and supplication. Faith,

invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being without passions, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Supplication of man to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion ; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy.

Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that pious verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful ; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament ; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere.

As much of Waller's reputation was owing to the softness and smothness of his numbers ; it is proper to consider those minute particulars to which a versifier must attend.

He certainly very much excelled in smoothness most of the writers who were living when his poetry commenced. The poets of Elisabeth had attained an art of modulation, which was afterwards neglected or forgotten. Fairfax was acknowledged by him as his model ; and he might have studied with ad-

vantage the poem of Davies*, which, though merely philosophical, yet seldom leaves the ear ungratified.

But he was rather smooth than strong ; of the full resounding line, which Pope attributes to Dryden, he has given very few examples. The critical decision has given the praise of strength to Denham, and of sweetness to Waller.

His excellence of versification has some abatements. He uses the expletive *do* very frequently ; and, though he lived to see it almost universally ejected, was not more careful to avoid it in his last compositions than in his first. Praise had given him confidence ; and finding the world satisfied, he satisfied himself.

His rhymes are sometimes weak words : so is found to make the rhyme twice in ten lines, and occurs often as a rhyme through his book.

His double rhymes, in heroic verse, have been censured by Mrs Philips, who was his rival in the translation of Corneille's Pompey ; and more faults might be found, were not the enquiry below attention.

He sometimes uses the obsolete termination of verbs, as *waxeth* ; *affecteth* ; and sometimes retains the final syllable of the preterite, as *amazed*, *supposed*, of which I know not whether it is not to the detriment of our language that we have totally rejected them.

Of triplets he is sparing ; but he did not wholly

* Sir John Davies intituled, " Nosce teipsum. This Oracle expounded in two elegies I. Of Human Knowledge: 2. Of the soule of man, and the immortalite thereof, 1599." R.

forbear them ; of an alexandrine he has given no example.

The general character of his poetry is elegance and gaiety. He is never pathetic, and very rarely sublime. He seems neither to have had a mind much elevated by nature, nor amplified by learning. His thoughts are such as a liberal conversation and large acquaintance with life would easily supply. They had however then, perhaps, that grace of novelty which they are now often supposed to want by those who, having already found them in later books, do not know or enquire who produced them first This treatment is unjust. Let not the original author lose by his imitators.

Praise, however, should be due before it is given. The author of Waller's life ascribes to him the first practice of what Erythræus and some late critics call *alliteration*, of using in the same verse many words beginning with the same letter. But this knack, whatever be its value, was so frequent among early writers, that Gascoigne, a writer of the sixteenth century, warns the young poet against affecting it : Shakespeare, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is supposed to ridicule it ; and in another play the *Sonnet of Holofernes*, fully displays it.

He borrows too many of his sentiments and illustrations from the old mythology, for which it is vain to plead the example of ancient poets. The deities, which they introduced so frequently, were considered as realities, so far as to be received by the imagination, whatever sober reason might even then determine. But of these images time has tarnished the splendour. A fiction, not only detected but

despised, can never afford a solid basis to any position, though sometimes it may furnish a transient allusion, or slight illustration. No modern monarch can be much exalted by hearing that, as Hercules had his club, he has his navy.

But of the praise of Waller, though much may be taken away, much will remain ; for it cannot be denied that he added something to our elegance of diction, and something to our propriety of thought ; and to him may be applied what Tasso said, with equal spirit and justice, of himself and Guarni, when having perused the *Pastor Fido*, he cried out, " If he had not read *Aminta*, he had not excelled it."

As WALLER professed himself to have learned the art of versification from Fairfax, it has been thought proper to subjoin a specimen of his work, which, after Mr Hoole's translation, will perhaps not be soon reprinted: By knowing the state in which Waller found our poetry, the reader may judge how much he improved it.

L

Erminia's steed (this while) his mistresse bore
Through forrests thicke among the shadie treene.
Her feeble hand the bridle raines forelore,
Halle in a swoone she was for fear I weene;
But her flit courser spared nere the more,
To beare her through the desert woods unseenc
Of her strong foes, that chas'd her through the plaine,
And still pursu'd, but still pursu'd in vaine,

II.

Like as the wearie hounds at last retire,
Windlesse, displeased, from the fruitless chase,
When the slie beast Tapisht in bush and brire,
No art nor pains can rowse out of his place :
The christian knights so full of shame and ire
Returned backe, with faint and wearie pace !
Yet still the fearfull dame fled, swift as winde,
Nor euer staid, nor euer lookt behinde

III.

Through thicke and thinne, all night, all day, she driucl,
Withouten comfort, companie, or guide.,
Her plaints and teares with euery thought reuiued,
She heard and saw her greefes, but nought beside.
But when the sunne his burning chariot diued
In Thetis waue, and wearie teame vntide,
On Iordan's sandie banks her course she staid,
At last, there downe she light, and downe she laid.

IV.

Her teares, her drinke ; her food, her sorrowings,
This was her diet that vnhappy night :
But sleepe (that sweet repose and quiet brings)

WALLER.

To ease the greefes of discontented wight,
Spredd foorth his tender, soft, and nimble wings,
In his dull armes foulding the virgin bright ;
 And loue, his mother, and the graces kept
 Strong watch and warde, while this fair ladie slept.

V.

The birds awakte her with their morning song,
Their warbling musice pearst her tender eare,
The murmuring brookes and whistling windes among
The ratling boughes, and leaues, their parts did beare;
Her eies vnclos'd beheld the groues along
Of swaines and shepherd groomes, that dwellings weare.
 And that sweet noise, birds, winds, and waters sent,
 Prouokt again the virgin to lament.

VI.

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound,
That seem'd from thickest bushes to proceed ;
Some iolly shepherd sung a lustie round,
And to his voice had tun'd his oaten reed ;
Thither she went, an old man there she found,
(At whose right hand his little flock did feed)
 Sat making baskets his three sonnes among,
 That learn'd their father's art, and learned his song.

VII.

Beholding one in shining armes appeare,
The seelie man and his were sore dismayd:
But sweet Erminia comforted their feare,
Her ventall vp, her visage open laid,
You happy folke, of heau'n beloued deare,
Work on (quoth she) upon your harmlesse traid,
 These dreadful armes I beare no warfare bring
 To your sweet toile, nor those sweet tunes you sing.

VIII.

But father, since this land, these townes and towrest,
Destroyed are with sword, with fire and spoile,
How may it be unhurt, that you and yours
In saftie thus, applie your harmlesse toile ?
My sonne (quoth he) this pore estate of ours
Is euer safe from storm of warlike broile ;

This wilderness doth vs in saftie keepe,
No thundering drum, no trumpet breaks our sleepe.

IX.

Haply iust heau'ns defence and shield of right,
Doth loue the innocence of simple swains,
The thunder bolts on highest mountains light,
And seld or neuer strike the lower plaines:
So kings have cause to feare Bellonaes might,
Not they whose sweet and toile their dinner games,
Nor ever greedie soldier was entised
By pouertie, neglected and despised.

X

O Pouertie, chefe of the heau'nly brood,
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crowne !
No wish for honour, thirst of others good,
Can moue my heart, contented with mine owne :
We quench our thirst with water of this flood,
Nor fear we poison should therein be throwne :
These little flocks of sheepe and tender goates
Giue milke for food, and wool to make us coates.

XL

We little wish, we need but little wealth,
From cold and hunger vs to cloath and feed ;
These are my sonnes, their care preserues from stealth
Their father's flocks, nor servants moe I need:
Amid these groues I walke oft for my health,
And to the fishes, birds, and beastes giue heed,
How they are fed, in forest, spring, and lake,
And their contentment for ensample take.

XII.

Time was for each one hath his doting time,
These siluer locks were golden tresses than
That countrie life I hated as a crime,
And from the forests sweet contentment ran,
To Memphis' stately pallace would I clime,
And there became the mightie caliphe's man,
And though I but a simple gardner weare,
Yet could I make abuses, see and heare,

XIII.

Entised on with hope of future gainer,
 I suffred long what did my soule displease ;
 But when my youth was spent, my hope was vaine,
 I felt my native strength at last decrease ;
 I gan my losse of lustie yeeres complaine,
 And wisht I had enjoy'd the countries peace,
 I bod the court farewell, and with content
 My later age here have I quiet spent

XIV

While thus he spake, Erminia husht and still
 His wise discourses heard, with great attention,
 His speeches graue those idle fancies kill,
 Which in her troubled soule bred such dissention ;
 After much thought reformed was her will,
 Within those woods to dwell was her intention.,
 Till fortune should occasion new afford,
 To turne her home to her desired Lord

XV

She said therefore, O shepherd fortunate !
 That troubles some didst whilom feele and proue,
 Yet huest now in this contented state.
 Let my mishap thy thoughts to pitie moue,
 To entertaine me as a willing mate
 In shepherds life, which I admine and loue;
 Within these pleasant groues perchance my hart
 Of her discomforts may unload some part.

XVI.

If gold or wealth of most esteemed deare,
 If iewels rich, thou diddest hold in prise,
 Such store thereof, such plentie have I seen,
 As to a greedie minde might well suffice .
 With that downe trickled many a siluer teare,
 Two christall streames fell from her watrie eies ;
 Part of her sad misfortunes than she told,
 And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old.

XVII.

With speeches kinde, he gan the virgin deare
 Towards his cottage gently home to guide ;
 His aged wife there made her homely cheare.

Yet welcomde her ; and plast her by her side.
The princesse dond a poore pastoraes geare,
A kerchief course upon her head she tide ;
But yet her gestures and her lookes (I gesse)
Were such as ill beseem'd a sheperdesse.

XVIII.

Not those rude garments could obscure, and hide
The heau'nly beautie of her angels face,
Nor was her princely of spring damnifide,
Or ought disparag'd, by those labours bace ;
Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,
And milk her goates, and in their folds them place,
Both cheese and butter could she make, and frame
Her selfe to please the shepherd and his dame.

P O M F R E T .

OF MR JOHN POMFRET **nothing is known but** from a slight and confused account prefixed to his poems by a nameless friend ; who relates, that he was the son of the Rev. Mr Pomfret, rector of Luton, in Bedfordshire ; that he was bred at Cambridge* ; entered into orders, and was lector of Maiden in Bedfordshire, and might have risen in the church ; but that, when he applied to Dr Compton bishop of London, for institution to a living of considerable value, to which he had been presented, he found a troublesome obstruction raised by a malicious interpretation of some passage in his *Choice* ; from which it was inferred, that he considered happiness as more likely to be found in the company of a mistress than of a wife.

This reproach was easily obliterated : for it had happened to Pomfret as to almost all other men who plan schemes of life ; he had departed from his purpose, and was then married.

* He was of Queen's College there, and, by the University-register, appears to have taken his Bachelor's degree in 1684, and and his Master's 1698. H.—His Father was of Trinity. C

The malice of his enemies had however a very fatal consequence : the delay constrained his attendance in London, where he caught the smallpox, and died in 1703, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

He published his poems in 1699 ; and has been always the favourite of that class of readers, who, without vanity or criticism, seek only their own amusement.

His *Choice* exhibits a system of life adapted to common notions, and equal to common expectations ; such a state as affords plenty and tranquillity, without exclusion of intellectual pleasures. Perhaps no composition in our language has been oftener perused than Pomfret's *Choice*.

In his other poems there is an easy volubility ; the pleasure of smooth metre is afforded to the ear, and the mind is not oppressed with ponderous, or entangled with intricate, sentiment. He pleases many ; and he who pleases many must have some species of merit.

DORSET.

OF the earl of Dorset the character has been drawn so largely and so elegantly by Prior, to whom he was familiarly known, that nothing can be added by a casual hand ; and, as its author is so generally read, it would be useless officiousness to transcribe it.

CHARLES SACKVILLE was born January 24, 1637. Having been educated under a private tutor, he travelled into Italy, and returned a little before the restoration. He was chosen into the first parliament that was called, for East Grinstead in Sussex, and soon became a favourite of Charles the Second ; but undertook no public employment, being too eager of the riotous and licentious pleasures which young men of high rank, who aspired to be thought wits, at that time imagined themselves intitled to indulge.

One of these frolics has, by the industry of Wood.

come down to posterity. Sackville, who was then Lord Buckhurst, with Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Thomas Ogle, got drunk at the Cock in Bow-street, by Covent-garden, and, going into the balcony, exposed themselves to the populace in very indecent postures. At last, as they grew warmer, Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language, that the public indignation was awakened : the crowd attempted to force the door, and, being repulsed, drove in the performers with stones, and broke the windows of the house.

For this misdemeanour they were indicted, and Sedley was fined five hundred pounds : what was the sentence of the other is not known. Sedley employed Killigrew and another to procure a remission from the king; but (mark the friendship of the dissolute !) they begged the fine for themselves, and exacted it to the last groat.

In 1665, Lord Buckhurst attended the duke of York as a volunteer in the Dutch war ; and was in the battle of June 3, when eighteen great Dutch ships were taken, fourteen others were destroyed, and Opdam the admiral, who engaged the duke, was blown up beside him, with all his crew.

On the day before the battle, he is said to have composed the celebrated song, " to all you ladies now at land," with equal tranquillity of mind and promptitude of wit. Seldom any splendid story is wholly true. I have heard from the late earl of Orrery, who was likely to have good hereditary intelligence, that Lord Buckhurst had been a week employed upon it, and only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening. But even this, what-

ever it may subtract from his facility, leaves him his courage.

He was soon after made a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and sent on short embassies to France.

In 1674, the estate of his uncle James Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, came to him by its owner's death, and the title was conferred on him the year after. In 1677, he became, by the death of his father, Earl of Dorset, and inherited the estate of his family.

In 1684, having buried his first wife, of the family of Bagot, who left him no child, he married a daughter of the earl of Northampton, celebrated both for beauty and understanding.

He received some favourable notice from King James ; but soon found it necessary to oppose the violence of his innovations, and with some other lords appeared in Westminster-hall to countenance the bishops at their trial.

As enormities grew every day less supportable, he found it necessary to concur in the revolution. He was one of those lords who sat every day in council to preserve the public peace, after the king's departure ; and, what is not the most illustrious action of his life, was employed to conduct the princess Anne to Nottingham with a guard, such as might alarm the populace as they passed, with false apprehensions of her danger. Whatever end may be designed, there is always something despicable in a trick.

He became, as may be easily supposed, a favourite of King William, who, the day after his accession, made him lord chamberlain of the household, and gave him afterwards the garter. He happened

to be among those that were tossed with the king in an open boat sixteen hours, in very rough and cold weather, on the coast of Holland. His health afterwards declined ; and on January 19, 1705-6, he died at Bath.

He was a man whose elegance and judgment were universally confessed, and whose bounty to the learned and witty was generally known. To the indulgent affection of the public, Lord Rochester bore ample testimony in this remark : " I know " not how it is, but Lord Buckhurst may do what " he will, yet he is never in the wrong."

If such a man attempted poetry, we cannot wonder that his works were praised. Dryden, whom, if Prior tells truth, he distinguished by his beneficence, and who lavished his blandishments on those who are not known to have so well deserved them, undertaking to produce authors of our own country superior to those of antiquity, says, " I would " instance your lordship in satire, and Shakespeare " in tragedy." Would it be imagined that, of this rival to antiquity, all the satires were little personal invectives, and that his longest composition was a song of eleven stanzas ?

The blame, however, of this exaggerated praise falls on the encomiast, not upon the author ; whose performances are, what they pretend to be, the effusions of a man of wit ; gay, vigorous, and airy. His verses to Howard shew great fertility of mind ; and his *Dorinda* has been imitated by Pope.

STEPNEY

GEORGE STEPNEY, descended from the Stepneys of Pendigrast in Pembrokeshire, was born at Westminster in 1663. Of his father's condition or fortune I have no account. Having received the first part of his education at Westminster, where he passed six years in the college, he went at nineteen to Cambridge, where he continued a friendship begun at school with Mr Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, They came to London together, and are said to have been invited into public life by the duke of Dorset.

His qualifications recommended him to many foreign employments, so that his time seems to have been spent in negotiations. In 1692, he was sent envoy to the elector of Brandenburg ; in 1693, to the imperial court ; in 1694, to the elector of Saxony ; in 1696, to the electors of Mentz and Cologne, and the congress at Frankfort ; in 1698, a second time to Brandenburg ; in 1699, to the king of Poland ; 1701, again to the emperor ; and in 1706, to the states general. In 1697, he was made one of the commissioners of trade, His life was busy, and not long. He died in 1707; and is buried in Westminster-abbey, with this epitaph, which Jacob transcribed :

H. S. E.

GEORGIUS STEPNEIUS, armiger.

Vir

Ob ingenii acumen,

Literarum scientiam,

Morum suavitatem,

Rerum usum,

Virorum amplissimorum consuetudinem,

Linguae, styli, ac vitae elegantiam,

Praeclara officia cum Britanniae turn Europae praestita,

Suo aetate multum celebratus,

Apud posteros semper celebrandus ,

Plurimas legationes obiit

Ea fide, diligentia, ac felicitate,

Ut augustissimorum principum

Gulielmi et Annae

Spein in illo repositam

Nunquam fefellerit,

Haud raro superaverit.

Post longum honorum cursum

Brevi temporis spatio confectum.

Cum naturae parum, famae satis vixerat,

Animam ad altiora aspirantem placide efflavit.

On the left hand,

G. S.

Ex equestri familia Stepneiorum,

De pendegrast, in comitatu

Pembrochiensi oriundus,

Westmonasterii natus est, A. D. 1663.

Electus in collegium

Sancti petri Westmonast. A. D. 1676.

Sancti trinitatis Cantab. 1682.

Consiliariorum quibus commercii

Cura commiasa est 1697.

Chelseiae mortuus, et, comitante

Magna procerum

Frequentia, huc elatus, 1707.

It is reported that the juvenile compositions of Stepney made grey authors blush. I know not whether his poems will appear such wonders to the present age. One cannot always easily find the reason for which the world has sometimes conspired to squander praise. It is not very unlikely that he wrote very early as well as he ever wrote ; and the performances of youth have many favourers, because the authors yet lay no claim to public honours, and are therefore not considered as rivals by the distributors of fame.

He apparently professed himself a poet, and added his name to those of the other wits in the version of Juvenal ; but he is a very licentious translator, and does not recompense his neglect of the author by beauties of his own. In his original poems, now and then, a happy line may perhaps be found, and now and then a short composition may give pleasure. But there is, in the whole, little either of the grace of wit, or the vigour of nature.

J. PHILIPS.

JOHAN PHILIPS was born on 30th of December, 1676, at Bampton in Oxfordshire ; of which place his father Dr Stephen Philips, archdeacon of Salop, was minister. The first part of his education was domestic ; after which he was sent to Winchester, where, as we are told by Dr Sewel, his biographer, he was soon distinguished by the superiority of his exercises ; and, what is less easily to be credited, so much endeared himself to his school-fellows by his civility and good-nature, that they, without murmur or ill-will, saw him indulged by the master with particular immunities. It is related, that, when he was at school, he seldom mingled in play with the other boys, but retired to his chamber ; where his sovereign pleasure was to sit, hour after hour, while his hair was combed by somebody, whose service he found means to procure.

At school he became acquainted with the poets, ancient and modern, and fixed his attention particularly on Milton.

In 1694 he entered himself at Christ-church, a college at that time in the highest reputation, by the transmission of Busby's scholars to the care first of Fell, and afterwards of Aldrich. Here he was distinguished as a genius eminent among the eminent, and for friendship particularly intimate with Mr Smith, the author of *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*. The profession which he intended to follow was that of physic ; and he took much delight in natural history, of which botany was his favourite part.

His reputation was confined to his friends and to the university ; till about 1703 he extended it to a wider circle by the *Splendid Shilling*, which struck the public attention with a mode of writing new and unexpected.

This performance raised him so high, that, when Europe resounded with the victory of *Blenheim*, he was, probably with an occult opposition to Addison, employed to deliver the acclamation of the tories. It is said that he would willingly have declined the task, but that his friends urged it upon him. It appears that he wrote this poem at the house of Mr St John.

Blenheim was published in 1705. The next year produced his greatest work, the poem upon *Cider*, in two books ; which was received with loud praises, and continued long to be read, as an imitation of Virgil's *Georgic*, which needed not shun the presence of the original.

He then grew probably more confident of his own abilities, and began to meditate a poem on the Last Day ; a subject on which no mind can hope to equal expectation.

This work he did not live to finish ; his diseases, a slow consumption, and an asthma, put a stop to his studies, and on February 15, 1708, at the beginning of his thirty-third year, put an end to his life.

He was buried in the cathedral of Hereford ; and Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chancellor, gave him a monument in Westminster-abbey, The inscription at Westminster was written, as I have heard, by Dr Atterbury, though commonly given to Dr Freind.

His epitaph at Hereford ;

JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708.
Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

Ossa si requiras, banc urnam inspice:

Si ingenium nescias, ipsius opera consule ;

Si tumulum desideras,

Templum adi Wesmonasteriense :

Qualis quantusque vir fuerit,

Dicat elegans ilia et præclara,

Quæ cenotaphium ibi decorat,

Inscriptio.

Quam interim erga cognatos pius et officiosus,

Testetur hoc saxum

A MARRIA PHILIPS matre pientissima,

Dilecti filii memoriæ non sine lacrymis dicatum.

His epitaph at Westminster :

Herefordiæ conduntur ossa,

Hoc in delubro statuitur imago.

Britanniam omnem pervagatur fama,

JOHANNIS PHILIPS:

Qui viris bonis doctisque juxta charus.

Immortale suum ingenium,

Eruditione multiplici excultum,

Miro animi candore,

Eximia morum simplicitate,

Honestavit.

Litterarum amœniorum sitim,

Quam Wintoniæ puer sentire cœperat,

Inter ædis christi alumnos jugiter explevit,

In illo musarum domicilio

Præclaris æmulorum studiis excitatus,

Optimis scribendi magistris temper intentus,

Carmina sermone patrio composuit

A Græcis Latinisque fontibus feliciter deducta,
 Atticis Romanisque auribus omnino digoa,
 Versum quippe harmonium
 Rythmo didicerat.
 Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi
 Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, et attemperato,
 Non nuraeris in eundum fere orbem redeuntibus,
 Non clausularum similiter cadentium sono
 Metiri :
 Uni in hoc laudis genere Miltono secundus,
 Primoque pœne par.
 Res seu tenues, seu grandes, sen mediocres
 Ornandas sumserat,
 Nusquam, non quod decuit,
 Et videt, et assecutus est,
 Egregius, quocunque stylum verteret,
 Fandi author, et modorum artifex.
 Fas sit huic,
 Auso licet a tua metorum lege discedere,
 O poësis Anglicanæ pater, atque conditor, chaucere,
 Alterum tibi latus claudere,
 Vatum certe cineres, tuos undique stipantium
 Non dedecebit chorum
 SIMON HARCOURT, miles,
 Viri bene de se, de litteris meriti
 Quoad viveret fautor.
 Post obitum pie memor,
 Hoc illi saxum poni voluit.
 J. PHILIPS, STEPHANI, S. T. P. archidiaconi
 Salop, filius natus est bamptoniæ
 In agro Oxen. Dec. 30. 1676.
 Obiit Herefordiæ, Feb. 15, 1708.

Philips has been always praised, without contradiction, as a man modest, blameless, and pious; who bore narrowness of fortune without discontent, and tedious and painful maladies without impatience;

beloved by those that knew him, but not ambitious to be known. He was probably not formed for a wide circle. His conversation is commended for its innocent gaiety, which seems to have flowed only among his intimates, for I have been told, that he was in company silent and barren, and employed only upon the pleasures of his pipe. His addiction to tobacco is mentioned by one of his biographers, who remarks that in all his writings, except *Blenheim*, he has found an opportunity of celebrating the fragrant fume. In common life he was probably one of those who please by not offending, and whose person was loved because his writings were admired. He died honoured and lamented, before any part of his reputation had withered, and before his patron St John had disgraced him.

His works are few. The *Splendid Shilling* has the uncommon merit of an original design, unless it may be thought precluded by the ancient *Centos*. To degrade the sounding words and stately construction of Milton, by an application to the lowest and most trivial things, gratifies the mind with a momentary triumph over that grandeur which hitherto held its captives in admiration ; the words and things are presented with a new appearance, and novelty is always grateful where it gives no pain.

But the merit of such performances begins and ends with the first author. He that should again adapt Milton's phrase to the gross incidents of common life, and even adapt it with more art, which would not be difficult, must yet expect but a small

part of the praise which Philips has obtained ; he can only hope to be considered as the repeater of a jest.

" The parody on Milton," says Gildon, " is the "only tolerable production of its author." This is a censure too dogmatical and violent. The poem of Blenheim was never denied to be tolerable, even by those who do not allow its supreme excellence. It is indeed the poem of a scholar, *all inexpert of war* ; of a man who writes books from books, and studies the world in a college. He seems to have formed his ideas of the field of Blenheim from the battles of the heroic ages, or the tales of chivalry, with very little comprehension of the qualities necessary to the composition of a modern hero, which Addison has displayed with so much propriety. He makes Marlborough behold at a distance the slaughter made by Tallard, then haste to encounter and restrain him, and mow his way through ranks made heedless by his sword.

He imitates Milton's numbers indeed, but imitates them very injudiciously. Deformity is easily copied ; and whatever there is in Milton which the reader wishes away, all that is obsolete, peculiar, or licentious, is accumulated with great care by Philips. Milton's verse was harmonious, in proportion to the general state of our metre in Milton's age ; and, if he had written after the improvements made by Dryden, it is reasonable to believe that he would have admitted a more pleasing modulation of numbers into his work ; but Philip sits down with a resolution to make no more music than he found ; to want all that his master wanted, though he is very

far from having what his master had. Those asperities, therefore, that are venerable in the *Paradise Lost*, are contemptible in the *Blenheim*.

There is a Latin ode written to his patron St John, in return for a present of wine and tobacco, which cannot be passed without notice. It is gay and elegant, and exhibits several artful accommodations of classic expressions to new purposes. It seems better turned than the ode of Hannes.

To the poem on Cider, written in imitation of the *Georgics*, may be given this peculiar praise, that it is grounded in truth ; that the precepts which it contains are exact and just ; and that it is therefore at once, a book of entertainment and of science. This I was told by Miller, the great gardener and botanist, whose expression was, that " there were " many books written on the same subject in prose, " which do not contain so much truth as that poem.

In the disposition of his matter, so as to intersperse precepts relating to the culture of trees with sentiments more generally alluring, and in easy and graceful transitions from one subject to another, he has very diligently imitated his master ; but he unhappily pleased himself with blank verse, and supposed that the numbers of Milton, which impress the mind with veneration, combined as they are with subjects of inconceivable grandeur, could be sustained by images which at most can rise only to elegance. Contending angels may shake the regions of heaven in blank verse ; but the flow of equal measures, and the embellishment of rhyme, must recommend to our attention the art of engraft-

ing, and decide the merit of the *redstreak* and *pearmain*.

What study could confer, Philips had obtained ; but natural deficiency cannot be supplied. He seems not born to greatness and elevation. He is never lofty, nor does he often surprise with unexpected excellence : but perhaps to his last poem may be applied what Tully said of the work of Lucretius, that " it is written with much art, though " with few blazes of genius."

The following fragment, written by Edmund Smith, upon the works of Philips, has been transcribed from the Podleian manuscripts.

" A Prefatory Discourse to the Poem on Mr Philips,
- with a character of his writings.

" It is altogether as equitable some account should be given of those who have distinguished themselves by their writings, as of those who are renowned for great actions. It is but reasonable they, who contribute so much to the immortality of others, should have some share in it themselves ; and since their genius only is discovered by their works, it is just that their virtues should be recorded by their friends. For no modest men (as the person I write of was in perfection) will write their own panegyrics ; and it is very hard that they should go without reputation, only because they the more deserve it. The end of writing Lives is for the imitation of the readers. It will be in the power of very few to imitate the duke of Malborough: we

must be content with admiring his great qualities and actions, without hopes of following them. The private and social virtues are more easily transcribed. The life of Cowley is more instructive, as well as more fine, than any we have in our language, and it is to be wished, since Mr Philips had so many of the good qualities of that poet, that I had some of the abilities of his historian.

The Grecian philosophers have had their lives written, their morals commended, and their sayings recorded. Mr Philips had all the virtues to which most of them only pretended, and all their integrity without any of their affectation.

The French are very just to eminent men in this point; not a learned man nor a poet can die, but all Europe must be acquainted with his accomplishments. They give praise, and expect it in their turns: they commend their Patrus and Molieres as well as their Condes and Turennes; their Pellisons and Racines have their elegies, as well as the prince whom they celebrate; and their poems, their mercuries, and orations, nay their very gazettes, are filled with the praises of the learned.

I am satisfied, had they a Philips among them, and known how to value him; had they one of his learning, his temper, but above all of that particular turn of humour, that altogether new genius, he had been an example to their poets, and a subject of their panegyrics, and perhaps set in competition with the ancients, to whom only he ought to submit.

I shall therefore endeavour to do justice to his memory since nobody else undertakes it. And indeed I can assign no cause why so many of his acquaintance

(that are as willing and more able than myself to give an account of him) should forbear to celebrate the memory of one so dear to them, but only that they look upon it as a work entirely belonging to me,

I shall content myself with giving only a character of the person and his writings, without meddling with the transactions of his life, which was altogether private : I shall only make this known observation of his family, that their was scarcely so many extraordinary men in any one. I have been acquainted with five of his brothers (of which three are still living), all men of fine parts, yet all of a very unlike temper and genius. So that their fruitful mother, like the mother of the gods, seems to have produced a numerous offspring, all of different, though uncommon faculties. Of the living, neither their modesty, nor the humour of the present age, permits me to speak : of the dead, I may say something.

One of them had made the greatest progress in the study of the law of nature and nations of any one I know. He had perfectly mastered, and even improved the notions of Grotius, and the more refined ones of Puffendorf. He could refute Hobbes with as much solidity as some of greater name, and expose him with as much wit as Echard. That noble study, which requires the greatest reach of reason and nicety of distinction, was not at all difficult to him. 'Twas a national loss to be deprived of one who understood a science so necessary, and yet so unknown in England. I shall add only, he had the same honesty and sincerity as the person I write of, but more heat ; the former was more inclined to

argue, the latter to divert: the one employed his reason more; the other his imagination: the former had been well qualified for those posts, which the modesty of the latter made him refuse. His other dead brother would have been an ornament to the college of which he was a member. He had a genius either for poetry or oratory; and, though very young, composed several very agreeable pieces. In all probability he would have written as finely as his brother did nobly. He might have been the Waller, as the other was the Milton, of his time. The one might celebrate Marlborough, the other his beautiful offspring. This had not been so fit to describe the actions of heroes as the virtues of private men. In a word, he had been fitter for my place; and, while his brother was writing upon the greatest men that any age ever produced, in a style equal to them, he might have served as a panegyrist on him.

This is all I think necessary to say of his family. I shall proceed to himself and his writings; which I shall first treat of, because I know they are censured by some out of envy, and more out of ignorance.

The Splendid Shilling, which is far the least considerable, has the more general reputation, and perhaps hinders the character of the rest. The style agreed so well with the burlesque, that the ignorant thought it could become nothing else. Every body is pleased with that work. But to judge rightly of the other, requires a perfect mastery of poetry and criticism, a just contempt of the little turns and witticisms now in vogue, and, above all, a

perfect understanding of poetical diction and description.

All that have any taste for poetry will agree, that the great burlesque is much to be preferred to the low. It is much easier to make a great thing appear little, than a little one great: Cotton and others of a very low genius have done the former; but Philips, Garth, and Boileau, only the latter.

A picture in miniature is every painter's talent; but a piece for a cupola, where all the figures are enlarged, yet proportioned to the eye, requires a master's hand.

It must still be more acceptable than the low burlesque, because the images of the latter are mean and filthy, and the language itself entirely unknown to all men of good breeding. The style of Billingsgate would not make a very agreeable figure at St James's. A gentleman would take but little pleasure in language, which he would think it hard to be accosted in, or in reading words which he could not pronounce without blushing. The lofty burlesque is the more to be admired, because, to write it, the author must be master of two of the most different talents in nature. A talent to find out and expose what is ridiculous, is very different from that which is to raise and elevate. We must read Virgil and Milton for the one, and Horace and Hubdras for the other. We know that the authors of excellent comedies have often failed in the grave style, and the tragedian as often in comedy. Admiration and laughter are of such opposite natures, that they are seldom created by the same person.

The man of mirth is always observing the follies and weaknesses, the serious writer the virtues or crimes, of mankind ; one is pleased with contemplating a beau, the other a hero: even from the same object they would draw different ideas : Achilles would appear in very different lights to Thersites and Alexander ; the one would admire the courage and greatness of his soul ; the other would ridicule the vanity and rashness of his temper. As the satyrist says to Hannibal :

—I, *curre per Alpes,*
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.

The contrariety of style to the subject pleases the more strongly, because it is more surprising ; the expectation of the reader is pleasantly deceived, who expects an humble style from the subject, or a great subject from the style. It pleases the more universally, because it is agreeable to the taste both of the grave and the merry ; but more particularly so to those who have a relish of the best writers, and the noblest sort of poetry. I shall produce only one passage out of this poet, which is the misfortune of his Galligaskins :

My Galligaskins, which have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)

This is admirably pathetic, and shews very well the vicissitudes of sublunary things. The rest goes on to a prodigious height; and a man in Greenland could hardly have made a more pathetic and ter-

rible complaint. Is it not surprising that the subject should be so mean, and the verse so pompous, that the least things in his poetry, as in a microscope, should grow great and formidable to the eye ; especially considering that, not understanding French, he had no model for his style ? that he should have no writer to imitate, and himself be inimitable ? that he should do all this before he was twenty, at an age which is usually pleased with a glare of false thoughts, little turns, and unnatural fustion ? at an age, at which Cowley, Dryden, and, I had almost said Virgil, were inconsiderable ? So soon was his imagination at its full strength, his judgment ripe, and his humour complete.

This poem was written for his own diversion, without any design of publication. It was communicated but to me ; but soon spread, and fell into the hands of pirates. It was put out, vilely mangled, by Ben Bragge ; and impudently said to be corrected by the author. This grievance is now-grown more epidemical ; and no man now has a right to his own thoughts, or a title to his own writings. Xenophon answered the Persian who demanded his arms, " we have nothing now left " but our arms and our valour: if we surrender the " one, how shall we make use of the other ? " Poets have nothing but their wits and their writings ; and if they are plundered of the latter, I don't see what good the former can do them. To pirate, and publicly own it, to prefix their names to the works they steal, to own and avow the theft, I believe, was never yet heard of but in England. It will sound oddly to posterity, that, in a polite nation, in an enlightened age, under the direction of the most

wise, most learned, and most generous encouragers of knowledge in the world, the property of a mechanic should be better secured than that of a scholar ! that the poorest manual operations should be more valued than the noblest products of the brain ! that it should be felony to rob a cobbler of a pair of shoes, and no crime to deprive the best author of his whole subsistence ! that nothing should make a man a sure title to his own writings but the stupidity of them ! that the works of Dryden should meet with less encouragement than those of his own Flecknoe, or Blackmore ! that Tillotson and St George, Tom Thumb and Temple, should be set on an equal foot ! This is the reason why this very paper has been so long delayed ; and, while the most impudent and scandalous libels are publicly vended by the pirates, this innocent work is forced to steal abroad as if it were a libel.

Our present writers are by these wretches reduced to the same condition Virgil was, when the centurion seized on his estate. But I don't doubt but I can fix upon the Maecenas of the present age, that will retrieve them from it. But, whatever effect this piracy may have upon us, it contributed very much to the advantage of Mr Philips : it helped him to a reputation which he neither desired nor expected, and to the honour of being put upon a work of which he did not think himself capable : but the event shewed his modesty. And it was reasonable to hope, that he who could raise mean subjects so high, should still be more elevated on greater themes ; that he that could draw such noble ideas from a shilling, could not fail upon such a

subject as the duke of Marlborough, which is capable of heightening even the most low and trifling genius. And, indeed, most of the great works which have been produced in the world have been owing less to the poet than the patron. Men of the greatest genius are sometimes lazy, and want a spur ; often modest and dare not venture in public : They certainly know their faults in the worst things; and even their best things they are not fond of, because the idea of what they ought to be is far above what they are. This induced me to believe that Virgil desired his works might be burnt, had not the same Augustus that desired him to write them, preserved them from destruction. A scribbling beau may imagine a poet may be induced to write, by the very pleasure he finds in writing ; but that is seldom when people are necessitated to it. I have known men row, and use very hard labour, for diversion, which if they had been tied to, they would have thought themselves very unhappy.

But to return to Blenheim, that work so much admired by some, and censured by others. I have often wished he had wrote it in Latin, that he might be out of the reach of the empty critic, who could have as little understood his meaning in that language as they do his beauties in his own.

False critics have been the plague of all ages. Milton himself, in a very polite court, has been compared to the rumbling of a wheel-barrow : he had been on the wrong side, and therefore could not be a good poet. And this, perhaps, may be Mr Philips' case.

But I take generally the ignorance of his readers

to be the occasion of their dislike. People that have formed their taste upon the French writers can have no relish for Philips ; they admire points and turns, and consequently have no judgment of what is great and majestic ; he must look little in their eyes, when he soars so high as to be almost out of their view. I cannot therefore allow any admirer of the French to be a judge of Blenheim, nor any who takes Bouhours for a complete critic. He generally judges of the ancients by the moderns, and not the moderns by the ancients ; he takes those passages of their own authors to be really sublime which come the nearest to it ; he often calls that a noble and a great thought, which is only a pretty and a fine one ; and has more instances of the sublime out of Ovid de Tristibus, than he has out of all Virgil.

I shall allow, therefore, only those to be judges of Philips, who make the ancients, and particularly Virgil, their standard.

But, before I enter on this subject, I shall consider what is particular in the style of Philips, and examine what ought to be the style of heroic poetry : and next enquire how far he is come up to that style.

His style is particular, because he lays aside rhyme, and writes in blank verse, and uses old words, and frequently postpones the adjective to the substantive, and the substantive to the verb ; and leaves out little particles, *a* and *the* ; *her* and *his* ; and uses frequent appositions. Now let us examine, whether these alterations of style be conformable to the **true** sublime.

WALSH.

WILLIAM WALSH, the son of Joseph Walsh, Esq. of Abberley in Worcestershire, was born in 1663, as appears from the account of Wood, who relates that at the age of fifteen he became, in 1678, a gentleman commoner of Wadham college.

He left the university without a degree, and pursued his studies in London and at home. That he studied, in whatever place, is apparent from the effect, for he became, in Mr Dryden's opinion, the best critic in the nation.

He was not, however, merely a critic or a scholar, but a man of fashion, and, as Dennis remarks, ostentatiously splendid in his dress. He was likewise a member of parliament and a courtier, knight of the shire for his native county in several parliaments; in another the representative of Richmond in Yorkshire; and gentleman of the horse to Queen Anne, under the duke of Somerset.

Some of his verses shew him to have been a zealous friend to the revolution; but his political ardour did not abate his reverence or kindness for

Dryden, to whom he gave a dissertation on Virgil's pastorals, in which, however studied, he discovers some ignorance of the laws of French versification.

In 1705, he began to correspond with Mr Pope, in whom he discovered very early the power of poetry. Their letters are written upon the pastoral comedy of the Italians, and those pastorals which Pope was then preparing to publish.

The kindnesses which are first experienced are seldom forgotten. Pope always retained a grateful memory of Walsh's notice, and mentioned him in one of his later pieces among those that had encouraged his juvenile studies.

—Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write.

In his essay on criticism he had given him more splendid praise ; and, in the opinion of his learned commentator, sacrificed a little of his judgment to his gratitude.

The time of his death I have not learned. It must have happened between 1707, when he wrote to Pope, and 1711, when Pope praised him in his essay. The epitaph makes him forty-six years old : if Wood's account be right, he died in 1709.

He is known more by his familiarity with greater men, than by any thing done or written by himself.

His works are not numerous. In prose he wrote *Eugenia*, a defence of women ; which Dryden honoured with a preface.

Esculapius, or the Hospital of Fools, published after his death.

" A collection of letters and poems, amorous and

gallant," was published in the volumes called Dryden's Miscellany, and some other occasional pieces.

To his Poems and Letters is prefixed a very judicious preface upon epistolary composition and amorous poetry.

In his "Golden Age restored," there was something of humour, while the facts were recent ; but it now strikes no longer. In his imitation of Horace, the first stanzas are happily turned ; and in all his writings there are pleasing passages. He has, however, more elegance than vigour, and seldom rises higher than to be pretty.

DRYDEN.

OF the great poet whose life I am about to delineate, the curiosity which his reputation must excite will require a display more ample than can now be given. His contemporaries, however they revered his genius, left his life unwritten; and nothing therefore can be known beyond what casual mention and uncertain tradition have supplied.

JOHN DRYDEN was born August 9, 1631, at Aidwinkle near Oundle, the son of Erasmus Dryden of Titchmersh; who was the third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, baronet, of Canons Ashby. All these places are in Northamptonshire; but the original stock of the family was in the county of Huntingdon.

He is reported by his last biographer, Derrick, to have inherited from his father an estate of two **hundred** a-year, and to have been bred, as was said, an Anabaptist. For either of these particulars no au-

thority is given. Such a fortune ought to have secured him from that poverty which seems always to have oppressed him ; or, if he had wasted it, to have made him ashamed of publishing his necessities. But though he had many enemies, who undoubtedly examined his life with a scrutiny sufficiently malicious, I do not remember that he is ever charged with waste of his patrimony. He was indeed sometimes reproached for his first religion. I am therefore inclined to believe that Derrick's intelligence was partly true, and partly erroneous.

From Westminster school, where he was instructed as one of the king's scholars by Dr Busby, whom he long after continued to reverence, he was in 1650 elected to one of the Westminster scholarships at Cambridge.

Of his school performances has appeared only a poem on the death of Lord Hastings, composed with great ambition of such conceits as, notwithstanding the reformation begun by Waller and Denham, the example of Cowley still kept in reputation. Lord Hastings died of the small-pox ; and his poet has made of the pustules first rosebuds, and then gems ; at last exalts them into stars, and says.

**No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whose corpse might seem a constellation.**

At the university he does not appear to have been eager of poetical distinction, or to have lavished his early wit either on fictitious subjects, or public occasions. He probably considered that he who proposed to be an author, ought first to be a student. He obtained, whatever was the reason, no

ellowship in the college. Why he was excluded cannot now be known, and it is vain to guess ; had he thought himself injured, he knew how to complain. In the life of Plutarch he mentions his education in the college with gratitude ; but, in a prologue at Oxford, he has these lines ;

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother-university ;
Thebes did his rude, unknowing youth engage :
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a public candidate for fame, by publishing "Heroic Stanzas on the late lord protector ;" which, compared with the verses of Sprat and Waller on the same occasion, were sufficient to raise great expectations of the rising poet.

When the king was restored, Dryden, like the other panegyrists of usurpation, changed his opinion, or his profession, and published "Astrea Redux ;" a poem on the happy restoration and return of his most sacred majesty King Charles the Second.

The reproach of inconstancy was, on this occasion, shared with such numbers, that it produced neither hatred nor disgrace ! if he changed, he changed with the nation. It was, however, not totally forgotten when his reputation raised him enemies.

The same year he praised the new king in a second poem on his restoration. In the *Astrea* was the line,

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we a tempest fear—

for which he was prosecuted with perpetual ridicule, perhaps with more than was deserved. Silence is indeed mere privation ; and, so considered, cannot invade ; but privation likewise certainly is darkness, and probably cold ; yet poetry has never been refused the right of ascribing effects or agency to them as to positive powers. No man scruples to say that darkness hinders him from his work ; or that cold has killed the plants. Death is also privation ; yet who has made any difficulty of assigning to death a dart and the power of striking ?

In settling the order of his works there is some difficulty ; for, even when they are important enough to be formally offered to a patron, he does not commonly date his dedication ; the time of writing and publishing is not always the same ; nor can the first editions be easily found, if even from them could be obtained the necessary information.

The time at which his first play was exhibited is not certainly known, because it was not printed till it was, some years afterwards, altered and revived ; but since the plays are said to be printed in the order in which they were written, from the dates of some, those of others may be inferred ; and thus it may be collected, that in 1663, in the thirty-second year of his life, he commenced a writer for the stage ; compelled undoubtedly by necessity, for he appears never to have loved that exercise of his genius, or to have much pleased himself with his own dramas.

Of the stage, when he had once invaded it, he kept possession for many years ; not indeed without the competition of rivals who sometimes prevailed, or the censure of critics, which was often poignant

and often just; but with such a degree of reputation as made him at least secure of being heard, whatever might be the final determination of the public.

His first piece was a comedy called the " Wild Gallant." He began with no happy auguries ; for his performance was so much disapproved, that he was compelled to recal it, and change it from its imperfect state to the form in which it now appears, and which is yet sufficiently defective to vindicate the critics.

I wish that there were no necessity of following the progress of his theatrical fame, or tracing the meanders of his mind through the whole series of his dramatic performances ; it will be fit, however, to enumerate them, and to take especial notice of those that are distinguished by any peculiarity, intrinsic or concomitant ; for the composition and fate of eight-and-twenty dramas include too much of a poetical life to be omitted.

In 1664, he published the " Rival Ladies," which he dedicated to the earl of Orrery, a man of high reputation both as a writer and as a statesman. In this play he made his essay of dramatic rhyme, which he defends, in his dedication, with sufficient certainty of a favourable hearing ; for Orrery was himself a writer of rhyming tragedies.

He then joined with Sir Robert Howard in the " Indian Queen," a tragedy in rhyme. The parts which either of them wrote are not distinguished.

The " Indian Emperor" was published in 1667. It is a tragedy in rhyme, intended for a sequel to " Howard's Indian Queen." Of this connection notice was given to the audience by printed bills,

distributed at the door ; an expedient supposed to be ridiculed in the Rehearsal, where Bayes tells how many reams he has printed, to instil into the audience some conception of his plot.

In this play is the description of night, which Rymer has made famous by preferring it to those of all other poets.

The practice of making tragedies in rhyme was introduced soon after the restoration, as it seems, by the Earl of Orrery, in compliance with the opinion of Charles the Second, who had formed his taste by the French theatre ; and Dryden, who wrote, and made no difficulty of declaring that he wrote only to please, and who perhaps knew that by his dexterity of versification he was more likely to excel others in rhyme than without it, very readily adopted his master's preference. He therefore made rhyming tragedies, till, by the prevalence of manifest propriety, he seems to have grown ashamed of making them any longer.

To this play is prefixed a very vehement defence of dramatic rhyme, in confutation of the preface to the Duke of Lerma, in which Sir Robert Howard had censured it.

In 1667 he published *Annus Mirabilis*, the Year of Wonders, which may be esteemed one of his most elaborate works.

It is addressed to Sir Robert Howard by a letter, which is not properly a dedication ; and, writing to a poet, he has interspersed many critical observations, of which some are common, and some perhaps ventured without much consideration. He began, even now, to exercise the domination of con-

scious genius, by recommending his own performance : "I am satisfied that, as the prince and general " [Rupert and Monk] are incomparably the best " subjects I ever had, so what I have written on " them is much better than what I have performed on any other. As I have endeavoured to adorn " my poem with noble thoughts, so much more to " express those thoughts with elocution."

It is written in quatrains, or heroic stanzas of four lines; a measure which he had learned from the Gondibert of Davenant, and which he then thought the most majestic that the English language affords. Of this stanza he mentions the incumbrances, increased as they were by the exactness which the age required. It was, throughout his life, very much his custom to recommend his works by representation of the difficulties that he had encountered, without appearing to have sufficiently considered, that where there is no difficulty there is no praise.

There seems to be, in the conduct of Sir Robert Howard and Dryden towards each other, something that is not now easily to be explained. Dryden, in his dedication to the Earl of Orrery, had defended dramatic rhyme; and Howard, in the preface to a collection of plays, had censured his opinion. Dryden vindicated himself in his Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry: Howard, in his preface to the Duke of Lerma, animadverted on the vindication; and Dryden, in a preface to the Indian Emperor, replied to the animadversions with great asperity, and almost with contumely. The dedication to this play is dated the year in which the *Annus Mirabilis* was published. He re-appears a strange inconsistency; but Lang-

baine affords some help, by relating that the answer to Howard was not published in the first edition of the play, but was added when it was afterwards reprinted ; and as the Duke of Lerma did not appear till 1668, the same year in which the dialogue was published, there was time enough for enmity to grow up between authors, who, writing both for the theatre, were naturally rivals.

He was now so much distinguished, that in 1668 he succeeded Sir William Davenant as poet-laureat. The salary of the laureat had been raised in favour of Jonson, by Charles the First, from an hundred marks to one hundred pounds a-year, and a tierce of wine ; a revenue in those days not inadequate to the conveniences of life.

The same year, he published his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, an elegant and instructive dialogue, in which we are told, by Prior, that the principal character is meant to represent the duke of Dorset. This work seems to have given Addison a model for his Dialogues upon Medals.

" Secret Love, or the Mai en Queen" (1668,) is a tragi-comedy. In the preface he discusses a curious question, whether a poet can judge well of his own productions ? and determines very justly, that, of the plan and disposition, and all that can be reduced to principles of science, the author may depend upon his own opinion ; but that, in those parts where fancy predominates, self-love may easily deceive. He might have observed, that what is good only because it pleases, cannot be pronounced good till it has been found to please.

" Sir Martin-mar-all " (1668) is a comedy, publish-

ed without preface or dedication, and at first without the name of the author. Langbaine charges it, like most of the rest, with plagiarism ; and observes, that the song is translated from *Voiture*, allowing, however, that both the sense and measure are exactly observed.

"The *Tempest*" (1670,) is an alteration of Shakspeare's play, made by Dryden in conjunction with Davenant; "whom," says he, "I found of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him in which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising ; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the Latin proverb, were not always the least happy ; and as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other ; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man."

The effect produced by the conjunction of these two powerful minds was, that to Shakspeare's monster, Caliban, is added a sister monster, Sycorax; and a woman who, in the original play, had never seen a man, is in this brought acquainted with a man that had never seen a woman.

About this time, in 1673, Dryden seems to have had his quiet much disturbed by the success of the "*Empress of Morocco*," a tragedy written in rhyme by Elkanah Settle ; which was so much applauded as to make him think his supremacy of reputation in some danger. Settle had not only been prosperous on the stage, but, in the confidence of success, had published his play, with sculptures and a preface of defiance. Here was one offence added to

another ; and, for the last blast of inflammation, it was acted at Whitehall by the court-ladies.

Dryden could not now repress those emotions, which he called indignation, and others jealousy; but wrote upon the play and the dedication such criticism as malignant impatience could pour out in haste.

Of Settle he gives this character ; " He's an animal of a most deplored understanding, without reading and conversation. His being is in a twilight of sense, and some glimmering of thought, which he can never fashion into wit or English. His style is boisterous and rough-hewn, his rhyme incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers perpetually harsh and ill-sounding. The little talent which he has, is fancy. He sometimes labours with a thought, but, with the pudder he makes to bring it into the world, 'tis commonly still-born ; so that, for want of learning and elocution, he will never be able to express any thing either naturally or just-

This is not very decent ; yet this is one of the pages in which criticism prevails over brutal fury.

He proceeds: " He has a heavy hand at fools, and a great felicity in writing nonsense for them. Fools they will be in spite of him. His King, his two Empresses, his Villain, and his Sub-villain, nay his Hero, have all a certain natural cast of the father—their folly was born and bred in them, and something of the Elkanah will be visible."

This is Dryden's general declamation. I will not withhold from the reader a particular remark. Having gone through the first act, he says, " To con-

" clude this act with the most rumbling piece of
" nonsense spoken yet :

" To flattering lightning our feign'd smiles conform,
" Which, back'd with thunder, do but gild a storm.

" *Conform a smile to lightning*, make a *smile* imitate
" *lightning*, and *flattering lightning*: Lightning
" sure is a threatening thing. And this lightning
" must *gild a storm*. Now, if I must conform by
" smiles to lightning, then my smiles must gild a
" storm too : to gild with smiles, is a new invention
" of gilding. And gild a storm by being *backed*
" *with thunder*. Thunder is part of the storm ; so
" one part of the storm must help to *gild* another
" part, and help by *backing* ; as if a man would
" gild a thing the better for being backed, or ha-
" ving a load upon his back. So that here is *gilding*
" *by conforming, smiling, lightning, backing, and*
" *thundering*. The whole is as if I should say thus :
" I will make my counterfeit smiles look like a flat-
" tering stone-horse, which, being backed with a
" trooper, does but gild the battle. I am mistaken
" if nonsense is not here pretty thick sown. Sure
" the poet writ these two lines a-board some smack
" in a storm, and, being sea-sick, spewed up a good
" lump of clotted nonsense at once."

Here is perhaps a sufficient specimen ; but as the pamphlet, though Dryden's, has never been thought worthy of republication, and is not easily to be found, it may gratify curiosity to quote **it more** largely.

" — *Whene'er she bleeds,*

" *He no severer a damnation needs,*

" *That dares pronounce the sentence of her death,*

" *Than the infection that attends that breath.*

" *That attends that breath.*—The poet is at *breath*
" again ; *breath* can never 'scape him ; and here he
" brings in a *breath* that must be *infectious* with
" *pronouncing* a sentence ; and this sentence is not
" to be pronounced till the condemned party *bleeds* ;
" that is, she must be executed first, and sentenced
" after : And *the pronouncing* of this *sentence* will
" be infectious ; that is, others will catch the disease
" of that sentence, and this infecting of others will
" torment a man's self. The whole is thus ; *when*
" *she bleeds, thou needest no greater hell or torment*
" *to thyself, than infecting of others by pronouncing*
" *a sentence upon her.* What hodge-podge does
" he make here ! Never was Dutch grout such
" clogging, thick, indigestible stuff. But this is but
" a taste to stay the stomach ; we shall have a more
" plentiful mess presently,

" Now to dish up the poet's broth, that I pro-
" mised :

" For when we're dead, and our freed souls enlarg'd,

" Of nature's grosser burden we're discharg'd,

" Then, gently, as a happy lover's sigh,

" Like wand'ring meteors through the air we'll fly,

" And in our airy walk, as subtile guests,

" We'll steal into our cruel fathers' breasts,

" There read their souls, and track each passion's sphere,

" See how revenge moves there, ambition here !

" And in their orbs view the dark characters

" Of sieges, ruins, murders, blood, and wars.

" Well blot out all those hideous draughts, and write

" Pure and white forms ; then with a radiant light
 " Their breasts encircle, till their passions be
 " Gentle as nature in its infancy ;
 " Till, soften'd by our charms, their furies cease,
 " And their revenge resolves into a peace.
 " Thus by our death their quarrel ends,
 " Whom living we made foes, dead we'll make friends.

" If this be not a very liberal mess, I will refer my-
 " self to the stomach of any moderate guest. And
 " a rare mess it is, far excelling any Westminster
 " white-broth. It is a kind of gibleet porridge,
 " made of the gibleets of a couple of young geese,
 " stodged full of meteors, orbs, spheres, track, hi-
 " deous draughts, dark characters, white forms, and
 " radiant lights, designed not only to please appe-
 " tite, and indulge luxury, but it is also physical,
 " being an approved medicine to purge choler ; for
 " it is propounded by Morena, as a receipt to cure
 " their fathers of their choleric humours ; and,
 " were it written in characters as barbarous as the
 " words, might very well pass for a doctor's bill.
 " To conclude : it is porridge, 'tis a receipt, 'tis a
 " pig with a pudding in the belly, 'tis I know not
 " what : for, certainly, never any one that pretended
 " to write sense had the impudence before to put
 " such stuff as this into the mouths of those that
 " were to speak it before an audience, whom he did
 " not take to be all fools ; and after that to print it
 " too, and expose it to the examination of the world
 " But let us see what we can make of this stuff ;

" For when we're dead, and our freed souls enlarg'd—

" Here he tells us what it is to be *dead* ; it is to have

" *our freed souls set free.* Now, if to have a soul
 " set free, is to be dead ; then to have a *freed soul*
 " set free, is to have a dead man die.

" **Then gentle, as a happy lover's sigh—**

" They too like one *sigh*, and that one *sigh* like
 " two wandering meteors.

" **—Shall fly through the air—**

" That is, they shall mount above like falling stars,
 " or else they shall skip like two jacks with lan-
 " thorns, or Will with a whisp, and Madge with
 " a candle."

*And in their airy walk steal into their cruel fa-
 thers' breasts, like subtle guests.* So " that their fa-
 " *thers' breasts* must be in an *airy walk*, an *airy*
 " *walk* of a *flier*. *And there they will read their*
 " *souls, and track the spheres of their passions.'*
 " That is, these walking fliers, Jack with a lanthorn,
 " &c. will put on his spectacles, and fall a reading
 " *souls*, and put on his pumps and fall a *tracking of*
 " *spheres* ; so that he will read and run, walk and fly
 " at the same time! Oh ! Nimble Jack ! *Then he*
 " *will see, how revenge here, how ambition there—*
 " The birds will hop about. *And then view the*
 " *dark characters of sieges, ruins, murders, blood,*
 " *and wars, in their orbs : Track the characters to*
 " *their forms ! Oh ! rare sport for Jack ! Never was*
 " *place so full of game as these breasts ! You can-*
 " *not stir, but flush a sphere, start a character, or un-*
 " *kennel an orb !*"

Settle's is said to have been the first play embel-

lished with sculptures ; those ornaments seem to have given poor Dryden great disturbance. He tries however to ease his pain by venting his malice in a parody.

" The poet has not only been so impudent to
 " expose all this stuff, but so arrogant to defend it
 " with an epistle ; like a saucy booth-keeper, that
 " when he had put a cheat upon the people, would
 " wrangle and fight with any that would not like
 " it, or would offer to discover it ; for which arro-
 " gance our poet receives this correction ; and, to
 " jerk him a little the sharper, I will not transpose
 " his verse, but by the help of his own words
 " transnonsense sense, that, by my stuff, people
 " may judge the better what his is :

" Great boy, thy tragedy and sculptures done,
 " From press and plates, in fleets do homeward run,
 " And, in ridiculous, and humble pride,
 " Their course in ballad-singers' baskets guide,
 " Whose greasy twigs do all new beauties take,
 " From the gay shews thy dainty sculptures make.
 " Thy lines a mess of rhyming nonsense yield,
 " A senseless tale, with flattering fustian fill'd.
 " No grain of sense does in one line appear,
 " Thy words big bulks of boisterous bombast bear.
 " With noise they move, and from players' mouths rebound,
 " When their tongues dance to thy words' empty sound,
 " By thee inspir'd the rumbling verses roll,
 " As if that rhyme and bombast lent a soul ;
 " And with that soul they seem taught duty too ;
 " To huffing words does humble nonsense bow,
 " As if it would thy worthless worth enhance,
 " To th' lowest rank of fops thy praise advance,
 " To whom, by instinct, all thy stuff is dear :
 " Their loud claps echo to the theatre
 " From breaths of fools thy commendation spreads.

" Fame sings thy praise with mouths of logger-heads.

" With noise and laughing each thy fustian greets,

" 'Tis clapt by choirs of empty-headed cits,

" Who have their tribute sent, and homage given,

" As men in whispers send loud noise to heaven.

" Thus I have daubed him with his own puddle c
" and now we are come from a-board his dancing,
" masking, rebounding, breathing fleet : and, as if
" we had landed at Gotham, we meet nothing but
" fools and nonsense."

Such was the criticism to which the genius of Dryden could be reduced, between rage and terror ; rage with little provocation, and terror with little danger. To see the highest mind thus levelled with the meanest, may produce some solace to the consciousness of weakness, and some mortification to the pride of wisdom. But let it be remembered that minds are not levelled in their powers but when they are first levelled in their desires. Dryden and Settle had both placed their happiness in the claps of multitudes.

" *An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer*," a comedy (1671), is dedicated to the illustrious duke of Newcastle, whom he courts by adding to his praises those of his lady, not only as a lover but a partner of his studies. It is displeasing to think how many names, once celebrated, are since forgotten. Of Newcastle's works nothing is now known but his *Treatise on Horsemanship*.

The preface seems very elaborately written, and contains many just remarks on the fathers of the English drama. Shakspeare's plots, he says, are in the hundred novels of Cinthio ; those of Beaumont

and Fletcher in Spanish stories ; Jonson only made them for himself. His criticisms upon tragedy, comedy, and farce, are judicious and profound. He endeavours to defend the immorality of some of his comedies by the example of former writers ; which is only to say, that he was not the first nor perhaps the greatest offender. Against those that accused him of plagiarism he alleges a favourable expression of the king ; " He only desired that they "t who accuse me of thefts, would steal him plays " like mine ;" and then relates how much labour he spends in fitting for the English stage what he borrows from others.

" Tyrannic Love, or the Virgin Martyr" (1672), was another tragedy in rhyme, conspicuous for many passages of strength and elegance, and many of empty noise and ridiculous turbulence. The rants of Maximin have been always the sport of criticism : and were at length, if his own confession may be trusted, the shame of the writer.

Of this play he has taken care to let the reader know, that it was contrived and written in seven weeks. Want of time was often his excuse, or perhaps shortness of time was his private boast in the form of an apology.

It was written before" the Conquest of Granada," but published after it. The design is to recommend piety. " I considered that pleasure was not the " only end of poesy ; and that even the instructions " of morality were not so wholly the business of a " poet, as that the precepts and examples of piety " were to be omitted; for to leave that employ- " m e t altogether to the clergy, were to forget that

" religion was first taught in verse, which the laziness or dullness of succeeding priesthood turned afterwards into prose. Thus foolishly could Dryden write, rather than not shew his malice to the parsons.

The two parts of " The Conquest of Granada (1672), are written with a seeming determination to glut the public with dramatic wonders, to exhibit in its highest elevation a theatrical meteor of incredible love and impossible valour, and to leave no room for a wilder flight to the extravagance of posterity. All the rays of romantic heat, whether amorous or warlike, glow in Almanzor by a kind of concentration. He is above all laws ; he is exempt from all restraints ; he ranges the world at will, and governs wherever he appears. He fights without enquiring the cause, and loves in spite of the obligations of justice, of rejection by his mistress, and of prohibition from the dead. Yet the scenes are, for the most part, delightful ; they exhibit a kind of illustrious depravity, and majestic madness, such as, if it is sometimes despised, is often revered, and in which the ridiculous is mingled with the astonishing.

In the epilogue to the second part of "The Conquest of Granada," Dryden indulges his favourite pleasure of discrediting his predecessors ; and this epilogue he has defended by a long postscript. He had promised a second dialogue, in which he should more fully treat of the virtues and faults of the English poets, who have written in the dramatic, epic, or lyric way. This promise was never formally performed ; but, with respect to the dramatic

writers, he has given us in his prefaces, and in this postscript, something equivalent ; but his purpose being to exalt himself by the comparison, he shews faults distinctly, and only praises excellence in general terms.

A play thus written, in professed defiance of probability, naturally drew upon itself the vultures of the theatre. One of the critics that attacked it was Martin Clifford, to whom Sprat addressed the *Life of Cowley*, with such veneration of his critical powers as might naturally excite great expectations of instructions from his remarks. But let honest credulity beware of receiving characters from contemporary writers. Clifford's remarks, by the favour of Dr Percy, were at last obtained ; and, that no man may ever want them more, I will extract enough to satisfy reasonable desire.

In the first letter his observation is only general ; " You do live," says he, " in as much ignorance and darkness as you did in the womb ; your writings are like a Jack-of-all-trade's shop ; they have a variety, but nothing of value ; and if thou art not the dullest plant-animal that ever the earth produced, all that I have conversed with are strangely mistaken in thee."

In the second he tells him that Almanzor is not more copied from Achilles than from Ancient Pistol. " But I am," says he, " strangely mistaken if I have not seen this very Almanzor of yours in some disguise about this town, and passing under another name. Pr'ythee tell me true, was not this Huffcap once the Indian Emperor ? and at another time did he not call himself Maxima ? Was not

" Lyndaraxa once called A\meria? I mean under
 ' Montezuma the Indian Emperor. I protest and
 * vow they are either the same, or so alike, that I
 ' cannot, for my heart, distinguish one from the
 " other. You are therefore a strange unconscionable
 " thief; thou art not content to steal from others,
 " but dost rob thy poor wretched self too."

Now was Settle's time to take his revenge. He wrote a vindication of his own lines; and, if he is forced to yield any thing, makes his reprisals upon his enemy. To say that his answer is equal to the censure, is no high commendation. To expose Dryden's method of analysing his expressions, he tries the same experiment upon the same description of the ships in the Indian Emperor, of which however he does not deny the excellence; but intends to shew, that by studied misconstruction every thing may be equally represented as ridiculous. After so much of Dryden's elegant animadversions, justice requires that something of Settle's should be exhibited. The following observations are therefore extracted from a quarto pamphlet of ninety-five pages.

" Fate after him below with pain did move,
 " And victory could scarce keep pace above.

" These two lines, if he can shew me any sense or
 " thought in, or any thing but bombast and noise,
 " he shall make me believe every word in his ob-
 " servations on Morocco sense.

" In the Empress of Morocco were these lines :

" I'll travel then to some remoter sphere,
 " Till I find out new worlds, and crown you there."

" On which Dryden made this remark :

" I believe our learned author takes a sphere for
 " a country ; the sphere of Morocco ; as if Morocco
 " were the globe of earth and water ; but a globe is
 " no sphere neither, by his leave, &c. So *sphere*
 " must not be sense, unless it relates to a circular
 " motion about a globe, in which sense the astro-
 nomers use it. I would desire him to expound
 " those lines in Granada :

" I'll to the turrets of the palace *go*,
 " And add new fire to those that fight below,
 " Thence hero-like, with torches by my side,
 " (Far be the omen tho') my love I'll guide.
 " No, like his better fortune I'll appear,
 " With open arms, loose veil, and flowing hair,
 " Just flying forward from my rowling sphere.

}

" I wonder, if he be so strict, how he dares make
 " so bold with sphere himself, and be so critical in
 " other men's writings. Fortune is fancied stand-
 " ing on a globe, not on a sphere, as he told us in
 " the first act.

" Because Elkanah's Similes are the most unlike
 " things to what they are compared in the world,
 " I'll venture to start a simile in his *Annus Mira-*
bilis : he gives this poetical description of the ship
 " called the London :

" The goodly London in her gallant trim,
 " The Phoenix-daughter of the vanquisht old,
 " Like a rich bride does on the ocean swim,
 " And on her shadow rides in floating gold.
 " Her flag aloft spread ruffling in the wind,
 " And sanguine streamers seemed the flood to fire :
 " The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,

" Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.
 " With roomy decks her guns of mighty strength
 "Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves,
 " Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
 " She seems a sea-wasp flying in the waves.

" What a wonderful pother is here, to make all
 " these poetical beautifications of a ship ; this is a
 " phoenix in the first stanza, and but a wasp in the
 " last; nay, to make his humble comparison of a *wasp*
 " more ridiculous, he docs not say it flies upon the
 " waves as nimbly as a wasp, or the like, but it
 " seemed a wasp. But our author at the writing of
 " this was not in his altitudes, to compare ships to
 " floating palaces: a comparison to the purpose, was
 " a perfection he did not arrive to till the Indian
 " Emperors days. But perhaps his similitude has
 " more in it than we imagine; this ship had a great
 " many guns in her, and they, put all together,
 " made the sting in the wasp's tail: for this is all
 " the reason I can guess, why it seemed a wasp.
 " But, because we will allow him all we can to help
 " out, let it be a phoenix sea-wasp, and the rarity of
 " such an animal may do much towards heighten-
 " ing the fancy.

" It had been much more to his purpose, if he
 " had designed to render the senseless play little,
 " to have searched for some such pedantry as this :

" Two ifs scarce make one possibility.
 " If justice will take all, and nothing give,
 " Justice, methinks, is not distributive.
 " To die or kill you is the alternative.
 " Rather than take your life, I will not live.

" Observe how prettily our author chops logic
 " in heroic verse. Three such fustian canting words
 " as *distributive*, *alternative*, and *two ifs*, no man
 " but himself would have come within the noise of.
 " But he's a man of general learning, and all comes
 " into his play.

" 'T would have done well too if he could have
 " met with the rant or two, worth the observation ;
 " such as,

" Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lover's pace,

" Leave months and weeks behind thee in thy race.

" But surely the Sun, whether he flies a lover's
 " or not a lover's pace, leaves weeks and months,
 " nay years too, behind him in his race.

" Poor Robin, or any other of the philo-mathe-
 " matics, would have given him satisfaction in the
 " point.

" If I could kill thee now, thy fate's so low

" That I must stoop ere I can give the blow.

" But mine is fixt so far above thy crown,

" That all thy men,

" Piled on thy back, can never pull it down.

" Now where that is, Almanzor's fate is fixt, I
 " cannot guess : but wherever it is, I believe Al-
 " manzor, and think that all Abdalla's subjects,
 " piled upon one another, might not pull down his
 " fate so well as without piling : besides, I think
 " Abdalla so wise a man, that, if Almanzor had
 " told him piling his men upon his back might do
 " the feat, he would scarcely bear such a weight,

" for the pleasure of the exploit; but it is a huff",
" and let Abdalla do it if he dare.

" The people like a headlong torrent go,
" And every dam they break or overflow.
" But, unoppos'd, they either lose their force,
" Or wind in volumes to their former course .-

" a very pretty allusion, contrary to all sense or reason. Torrents, I take it, let them wind never so much, can never return to their former course, unless he can suppose that fountains can go upwards, which is impossible ; nay, more, in the foregoing page he tells us so too ; a trick of a very unfaithful memory :

" But can no more than fountains upward flow ;

" which of a torrent, which signifies a rapid stream, is much more possible. Besides, if he goes to quibble, and say that it is impossible by art water may be made return, and the same water run twice in one and the same channel ; then he quite confutes what he says : for it is by being opposed that it runs into its former course ; for all engines that make water so return, do it by compulsion and opposition. Or, if he means a headlong torrent for a tide, which would be ridiculous, yet they do not wind in volumes, but come fore-right back (if their upright lies straight to their former course), and that by opposition of the sea-water that drives them back again.

" And for fancy, when he lights of any thing like it, 'tis a wonder if it be not borrowed. As

" here for example of, I find this fanciful thought
" in his *Ann. Mirab.*

" Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head
" But fear'd the fate of Simoeis would return ;
" Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
" And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

" This is stolen from Cowley's *Davideis*, p. 9.

" Swift Jordan started, and strait backward fled,
" Hidling amongst thick reeds his aged head.
" And when the Spaniards their assault begin,
" At once beat those without and those within.

" This Almanzor speaks of himself; and sure for
" one man to conquer an army within the city, and
" another without the city, at once, is something
" difficult; but this flight is pardonable to some we
" meet with in 'Granada:' Osrnin, speaking of Al-
" manzor,

' Who, like a tempest that outrides the wind,
" Made a just battle, ere the bodies join'd.

" Pray, what does this honourable person mean by
" a *tempest that outrides the wind*? a tempest that
" outrides itself? To suppose a tempest without
" wind, is as bad as supposing a man to walk
" without feet; for if he supposes the tempest to
" be something distinct from the wind, yet, as be-
" ing the effect of wind only, to come before the
" cause is a little preposterous; so that, if he takes
" it one way, or if he takes it the other, those two
" *ifs* will scarcely make one *possibility*." Enough
of Settle.

" Marriage a-la-mode " (1673), is a comedy dedicated to the earl of Rochester ; whom he acknowledges not only as the defender of his poetry, but the promoter of his fortune. Langbaine places this play in 1673. The earl of Rochester, therefore, was the famous Wilmot, whom yet tradition always represents as an enemy to Dryden, and who is mentioned by him with some disrespect in the preface to Juvenal.

" The Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery," a comedy (1673), was driven off the stage, against the opinion, as the author says, of the best judges. It is dedicated in a very elegant address, to Sir Charles Sedley ; in which he finds an opportunity for his usual complaint of hard treatment and unreasonable censure.

" Amboyna" (1673), is a tissue of mingled dialogue in verse and prose, and was perhaps written in less time than " The Virgin Martyr;" though the author thought not fit either ostentatiously or mournfully to tell how little labour it cost him, or at how short a warning he produced it. It was a temporary performance, written in the time of the Dutch war, to inflame the nation against their enemies ; to whom he hopes, as he declares in his Epilogue, to make his poetry not less destructive than that by which Tyrtæus of old animated the Spartans. This play was written in the second Dutch war, in 1673.

" Troilus and Cressida" (1679), is a play altered from Shakspeare; but so altered, that, even in Langbaine's opinion, " the last scene in the third act " is a master-piece." It is introduced by a discourse

on " the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy," to which I suspect that Rymer's book had given occasion.

The " Spanish Fryar" (1681), is a tragi-comedy, eminent for the happy coincidence and coalition of the two plots. As it was written against the papists, it would naturally at that time have friends and enemies ; and partly by the popularity which it obtained at first, and partly by the real power both of the serious and risible part, it continued long a favourite of the public.

It was Dryden's opinion, at least for some time, and he maintains it in the dedication of this play, that the drama required an alternation of comic and tragic scenes ; and that it is necessary to mitigate by alleviations of merriment the pressure of ponderous events, and the fatigue of toilsome passions. " Whoever," says he, " cannot perform both " parts, is but half a writer for the stage "

The " Duke of Guise," a tragedy (1683), written in conjunction with Lee, as " Oedipus" had been before, seems to deserve notice only for the offence which it gave to the remnant of the covenanters, and in general to the enemies of the court, who attacked him with great violence, and were answered by him ; though at last he seems to withdraw from the conflict, by transferring the greater part of the blame or merit to his partner. It happened that a contract had been made between them, by which they were to join in writing a play : and " he happened," says Dryden, " to claim the promise just " upon the finishing of a poem, when I would have " been glad of a little respite.—Two-thirds of it be-

" longed to him ; and to me only the first scene of
 " the play, the whole fourth act, and the first half,
 " or somewhat more, of the fifth."

This was a play written professedly for the party of the duke of York, whose succession was then opposed. A parallel is intended between the leaguers of France and the covenanters of England ; and this intention produced the controversy.

" Albion and Albanus" (1685), is a musical drama or opera, written, like the " Duke of Guise," against the republicans. With what success it was performed, I have not found.

" The State of Innocence and Fall of Man" (1675), is termed by him an opera : it is rather a tragedy in heroic rhyme, but of which the personages are such as cannot decently be exhibited on the stage. Some such production was foreseen by Marvel, who writes thus to Milton :

" Or if a work so infinite be spann'd,
 " Jealous I was lest some less skilful hand
 " (Such as disquiet always what is well,
 " And by ill-imitating would excel,)
 " Might hence presume the whole creation's day
 " To change in scenes, and shew it in a play."

It is another of his hasty productions ; for the heat of his imagination raised it in a month.

This composition is addressed to the princess of Modena, then Duchess of York, in a strain of flattery which disgraces genius, and which it was wonderful that any man that knew the meaning of his own words could use without self-detestation. It is an attempt to mingle earth and heaven, by praising human excellence in the language of religion.

The preface contains an apology for heroic verse and poetic licence; by which is meant, not any liberty taken in contracting or extending words, but the use of bold fictions and ambitious figures.

The reason which he gives for printing what was never acted/cannot be overpassed. " I was induced " to it in my own defence, many hundred copies of " it being dispersed abroad without my knowledge " or consent ; and every one gathering new faults, " it became at length a libel against me." These copies, as they gathered faults, were apparently manuscript ; and he lived in an age very unlike ours, if many hundred copies of fourteen hundred lines were likely to be transcribed. An author has a right to print his own works, and need not seek an apology in falsehood, but he that could bear to write the dedication felt no pain in writing the preface.

" Aurenge Zebe" (1676), is a tragedy founded on the actions of a great prince then reigning, but over nations not likely to employ their critics upon the transactions of the English stage. If he had known and disliked his own character, our trade was not in those times secure from his resentment. His country is at such a distance, that the manners might be safely falsified, and the incidents feigned; for the remoteness of place is remarked, by Racine, to afford the same conveniences to a poet as length of time.

This play is written in rhyme ; and has the appearance of being the most elaborate of all the dramas. The personages are imperial ; but the dia

logue is often domestic, and therefore susceptible of sentiments accommodated to familiar incidents. The complaint of life is celebrated; and there are many other passages that may be read with pleasure.

This play is addressed to the earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, himself, if not a poet, yet a writer of verses, and a critic. In this address Dryden gave the first hints of his intention to write an epic poem. He mentions his design in terms so obscure, that he seems afraid lest his plan should be purloined, as, he says, happened to him when he told it more plainly in his preface to *Juvenal*. "The design," says he, "you know is great, the story English, and neither too near the present times, nor too distant from them."

"*All for Love, or the World well Lost*" (1678,) a tragedy founded upon the story of Anthony and Cleopatra, he tells us, "is the only play which he wrote for himself:" the rest were given to the people. It is by universal consent accounted the work in which he has admitted the fewest improprieties of style or character; but it has one fault equal to many, though rather moral than critical, that, by admitting the romantic omnipotence of love, he has recommended, as laudable and worthy of imitation, that conduct which, through all ages, the good have censured as vicious, and the bad despised as foolish.

Of this play the prologue and the epilogue, though written upon the common topics of malicious and ignorant criticism, and without any particular relation to the characters or incidents of the

drama, are deservedly celebrated for their elegance and sprightliness.

"Lamberham, or the kind Keeper" (1680,) is a comedy, which, after the third night, was prohibited as too irdecent for the stage. What gave offence, was in the printing, as the author says, altered or omitted. Dryden confesses that its indecency was objected to ; but Langbaine, who yet seldom favours him, imputes its expulsion to resentment, because it "so much exposed the keeping part of the town."

"Oedipus" (1679,) is a tragedy formed by Dryden and Lee, in conjunction, from the works of Sophocles, Seneca, and Corneille. Dryden planned the scenes, and composed the first and third acts.

"Don Sebastian" (1690.) is commonly esteemed either the first or second of his dramatic performances. It is too long to be all acted, and has many characters and many incidents ; and though it is not without sallies of frantic dignity, and more noise than meaning, yet, as it makes approaches to the possibilities of real life, and has some sentiments which leave a strong impression, it continued long to attract attention. Amidst the distresses of princes, and the vicissitudes of empire, are inserted several scenes which the writer intended for comic but which, I suppose, that age did not much commend, and this would not endure. There are, however, passages of excellence universally acknowledged ; the dispute and the reconciliation of Dorax and Sebastian has always been admired.

This play was first acted in 1690, after Dryden had for some years discontinued dramatic poetry

"Amphitryon" is a comedy derived from Plautus and Moliere. The dedication is dated Oct. 1690. This play seems to have succeeded at its first appearance ; and was, I think, long considered as a very diverting entertainment

"Cleomencs" (1692,) is a tragedy, only remarkable as it occasioned an incident related in the Guardian, and allusively mentioned by Dryden in his preface. As he came out from the representation, he was accosted thus by some airy stripling : " Had " I been left alone with a young beauty, I would " not have spent my time like your Spartan." " That, Sir," said Dryden, " perhaps is true ; but " give me leave to tell you that you are no hero."

" King Arthur" (1691,) is another opera. It was the last work that Dryden performed for King Charles, who did not live to see it exhibited, and it does not seem to have been ever brought upon the stage. In the dedication to the marquis of Halifax, there is a very elegant character of Charles, and a pleasing account of his latter life. When this was first brought upon the stage, news that the duke of Monmouth had landed, was told in the theatre ; upon which the company departed, and Arthur was exhibited no more.

His last drama was " Love Triumphant," a tragicomedy. In his dedication to the earl of Salisbury he mentions " the lowness of fortune to which he " has voluntarily reduced himself, and of which he " has no reason to be ashamed."

This play appeared in 1694. It is said to have been unsuccessful. The catastrophe, proceeding merely from a change of mind, is confessed by the

author to be defective. Thus he began and ended his dramatic labours with ill success.

From such a number of theatrical pieces, it will be supposed, by most readers, that he must have improved his fortune ; at least, that such diligence with such abilities must have set penury at defiance. But in Dryden's time the drama was very far from that universal approbation which it has now obtained. The playhouse was abhorred by the Puritans, and avoided by those who desired the character of seriousness or decency. A grave lawyer would have debased his dignity, and a young trader would have impaired his credit, by appearing in those mansions of dissolute licentiousness. The profits of the theatre, when so many classes of the people were deducted from the audience, were not great ; and the poet had, for a long time, but a single night. The first that had two nights was Southern ; and the first that had three was Rowe. There were, however, in those days, arts of improving a poet's profit, which Dryden forbore to practise ; and a play therefore seldom produced him more than a hundred pounds, by the accumulated gain of the third night, the dedication, and the copy.

Almost every piece had a dedication, written with such elegance and luxuriance of praise, as neither haughtiness nor avarice could be imagined able to resist. But he seems to have made flattery too cheap. That praise is worth nothing of which the price is known.

To increase the value of his copies, he often accompanied his work with a preface of criticism ; a

kind of learning then almost new in the English language, and which he who had considered with great accuracy the principles of writing, was able to distribute copiously as occasions arose. By these dissertations the public judgment must have been much improved; and Swift, who conversed with Dryden, relates that he regretted the success of his own instructions, and found his readers made suddenly too skilful to be easily satisfied.

His prologues had such reputation, that for some time a play was considered as less likely to be well received, if some of his verses did not introduce it. The price of a prologue was two guineas, till being asked to write one for Mr Southern, he demanded three: " Not," said he, " young man, out of disrespect to you ; but the players have had my " goods too cheap."

Though he declares that, in his own opinion, his genius was not dramatic, he had great confidence in his own fertility ; for he is said to have engaged, by contract, to furnish four plays a-year.

It is certain that in one year, 1678, he published " All for Love, Assignment," two parts of the " Conquest of Granada," " Sir Martin Mar-all," and the " State of Innocence," six complete plays, with a celerity of performance, which, though all Langbaine's charges of plagiarism should be allowed, shews such facility of composition, such readiness of language, and such copiousness of sentiment, as, since the time of Lopez de Vega, perhaps no other author has ever possessed.

He did not enjoy his reputation, however great, nor his profits, however small, without molestation.

He had critics to endure, and rivals to oppose. The two most distinguished wits of the nobility, the duke of Buckingham and earl of Rochester, declared themselves his enemies.

Buckingham characterised him, in 1671, by the name of Bayes in the *Rehearsal* ; a farce which he is said to have written with the assistance of Butler, author of *Hudibras*; Martin Clifford, of the charter-house ; and Dr Sprat, the friend of Cowley, then his chaplain. Dryden and his friends laughed at the length of time, and the number of hands, employed upon this performance; in which, though by some artifice of action it yet keeps possession of the stage, it is not possible now to find any thing that might not have been written without so long delay, or a confederacy so numerous.

To adjust the minute events of literary history, is tedious and troublesome ; it requires indeed no great force of understanding, but often depends upon enquiries which there is no opportunity of making, or is to be fetched from books and pamphlets not always at hand.

The "*Rehearsal*," was played in 1671, and yet is represented as ridiculing passages in the "*Conquest of Granada and Assignation*," which were not published till 1678; in "*Marriage a-la-mode*," published in 1673 ; and in "*Tyrannic Love*," in 1677. These contradictions shew how rashly satire is applied.

It is said that this farce was originally intended against Davenant, who, in the first draught, was characterised by the name of Bilboa. Davenant had been a soldier and an adventurer.

There is one passage in the "*Rehearsal*," still re-

maining, which seems to have related originally to Davenant Bayes hurts his nose, and comes in with brown paper applied to the bruise ; how this affected Dryden, does not appear. Davenant's nose had suffered such diminution by mishaps among the women, that a patch upon that part evidently denoted him.

It is said likewise that Sir Robert Howard was once meant. The design was probably to ridicule the reigning poet, whatever he might be.

Much of the personal satire to which it might owe its first deception, is now lost or obscured. Bayes probably imitated the dress, and mimicked the manner of Dryden : the cant words which are so often in his mouth maybe supposed to have been Dryden's habitual phrases, or customary exclamations. Bayes, when he is to write, is blooded and purged ; this, as Lamotte relates himself to have heard, was the real practice of the poet.

There were other strokes in the Rehearsal by which malice was gratified ; the debate between Love and Honour, which keeps prince Volscious in a single boot, is said to have alluded to the misconduct of the duke of Ormond, who lost Dublin to the rebels while he was toying with a mistress.

The earl of Rochester, to suppress the reputation of Dryden, took Settle into his protection, and endeavoured to persuade the public that its approbation had been to that time misplaced. Settle was a while in high reputation ; his " Empress of Morocco," having first delighted the town, Was carried in triumph to Whitehall, and played by the ladies of the court. Now was the poetical meteor at the high-

est: the next moment began its fall. Rochester withdrew his patronage ; seeming resolved, says one of his biographers, " to have a judgment contrary " to that of the town ;" perhaps being unable to endure any reputation beyond a certain height, even when he had himself contributed to raise it.

Neither critics nor rivals did Dryden much mischief, unless they gained from his own temper the power of vexing him, which his frequent bursts of resentment give reason to suspect. He is always angry at some past, or afraid of some future censure ; but he lessens the smart of his wounds by the balm of his own approbation, and endeavours to repel the shafts of criticism by opposing a shield of adamant confidence.

The perpetual accusation produced against him, was that of plagiarism, against which he never attempted any vigorous defence ; for though he was perhaps sometimes injuriously censured, he would, by denying part of the charge, have confessed the rest ; and, as his adversaries had the proof in their own hands, he, who knew that wit had little power against facts, wisely left in that perplexity which it generally produces, a question which it was his interest to suppress, and which, unless provoked by vindication, few were likely to examine.

Though the life of a writer, from about thirty-five to sixty-three, may be supposed to have been sufficiently busied by the composition of eight-and-twenty pieces for the stage. Dryden found room in the same space for many other undertakings.

But, how much soever he wrote, he was at least once suspected of writing more; for, in **1679**, a pa-

per of verses, called " An Eassy on Satire," was shewn about in manuscript ; by which the earl of Rochester, the duchess of Portsmouth, and others, were so much provoked, that, as was supposed (for the actors were never discovered), they procured Dryden, whom they suspected as the author, to be way-laid and beaten. This incident is mentioned by the duke of Buckinghamshire, the true writer, in his Art of Poetry ; where he says of Dryden,

Though prais'd and beaten for another's rhymes,
His own deserve as great applause sometimes.

His reputation in time was such, that his name was thought necessary to the success of every poetical or literary performance, and therefore he was engaged to contribute something, whatever it might be, to many publications. He prefixed the Life of Polybius to the translation of Sir Henry Sheers : and those of Lucian and Plutarch, to versions of their works by different hands. Of the English Tacitus he translated the first book ; and, if Gordon be credited, translated it from the French. Such a charge can hardly be mentioned without some degree of indignation ; but it is not, I suppose, so much to be inferred, that Dryden wanted the literature necessary to the perusal of Tacitus, as that, considering himself as hidden in a crowd, he had no awe of the public ; and, writing merely for money, was contented to get it by the nearest way.

In 1680, the Epistles of Ovid being translated by the poets of the time, among which one was the

work of Dryden and another of Dryden and Lord Mulgrave, it was necessary to introduce them by a preface ; and Dryden, who on such occasions was regularly summoned, prefixed a discourse upon translation, which was then struggling for the liberty that it now enjoys. Why it should find any difficulty in breaking the shackles of verbal interpretation, which must for ever debar it from elegance, it would be difficult to conjecture, were not the power of prejudice every day observed. The authority of Jonson, Sandys, and Holiday, had fixed the judgment of the nation ; and it was not easily believed that a better way could be found than they had taken, though Fanshaw, Denham, Waller, and Cowley, had tried to give examples of a different practice.

In 1681, Dryden became yet more conspicuous, by uniting politics with poetry, in the memorable satire called " Absalom and Achitophel, written against the faction which by Lord Shaftesbury's incitement, set the duke of Monmouth at its head.

Of this poem, in which personal satire was applied to the support of public principles, and in which therefore every mind was interested, the reception was eager, and the sale so large, that my father, an old bookseller, told me he had not known it equalled but by Sacheverell's trial.

The reason of this general perusal Addison has attempted to derive from the delight which the mind feels in the investigation of secrets ; and thinks that curiosity to decipher the names, procured readers to the poem. There is no need to enquire why those

verses were read, which, to all the attractions of wit, elegance, and harmony, added the co-operation of all the factious passions, and filled every mind with triumph or resentment.

It could not be supposed that all the provocation given by Dryden would be endured without resistance or reply. Both his person and his party were exposed in their turns to the shafts of satire, which, though neither so well pointed, nor perhaps so well aimed, undoubtedly drew blood.

One of these poems is called " Dryden's Satire on his Muse ; " ascribed, though, as Pope says, falsely, to Somers, who was afterwards chancellor. The poem, whosoever it was, has much virulence, and some sprightliness. The writer tells all the ill that; he can collect both of Dryden and his friends.

The poem of " Absalom and Achitophel " had two answers, now both forgotten ; one called " Azaria and Hushai ; " the other " Absalom senior." Of these hostile compositions, Dryden apparently imputes " Absalom senior" to Settle, by quoting in his verses against him the second line. " Azaria and Hushai" was, as Wood says, imputed to him, though it is somewhat unlikely that he should write twice on the same occasion. This is a difficulty which I cannot remove, for want of a minuter knowledge of poetical transactions.

The same year he published " the Medal," of which the subject is a medal struck on Lord Shaftesbury's escape from a prosecution, by the *ignoramus* of a grand jury of Londoners.

In both poems he maintains the same principles,

and saw them both attacked by the same antagonist Elkanah Settle, who had answered Absalom, appeared with equal courage in opposition to " the Medal," and published an answer called " the Medal reversed," with so much success in both encounters, that he left the palm doubtful, and divided the suffrages of the nation. Such are the revolutions of fame, or such is the prevalence of fashion, that the man whose works have not yet been thought to deserve the care of collecting them, who died forgotten in an hospital, and whose latter years were spent in contriving shows for fairs, and carrying an elegy or epithalamium, of which the beginning and end were occasionally varied, but the intermediate parts were always the same, to every house where there was a funeral or a wedding, might with truth have had inscribed upon his stone,

Here lies the rival and antagonist of Dryden.

Settle was, for his rebellion, severely chastised by Dryden under the name of Doeg, in the second part of Absalom and Achitophel ; and was, perhaps for his factious audacity, made the city poet, whose annual office was to describe the glories of the Mayor's day. Of these bards he was the last, and seems not much to have deserved even this degree of regard, if it was paid to his political opinions : for he afterwards wrote a panegyric on the virtues of judge Jefferies; and what more could have been done by the meanest zealot for prerogative ?

Of translated fragments, or occasional poems, to enumerate the titles, or settle the dates, would be tedious, with little use. It may be observed, that, as Dryden's genius was commonly excited by some

personal regard, he rarely writes upon a general topic.

Soon after the accession of King James, when the design of reconciling the nation to the church of Rome became apparent, and the religion of the court gave the only efficacious title to its favours, Dryden declared himself a convert to popery. This at any other time might have passed with little censure. Sir Kenelm Digby embraced popery; the two Reynolds reciprocally converted one another; and Chillingworth himself was a while so entangled in the wilds of controversy, as to retire for quiet to an infallible church. If men of argument and study can find such difficulties, or such motives, as may either unite them to the church of Rome, or detain them in uncertainty, there can be no wonder that a man, who perhaps never enquired why he was a protestant, should by an artful and experienced disputant be made a papist, overborne by the sudden violence of new and unexpected arguments, or deceived by a representation which shews only the doubts on one part, and only the evidence on the other.

That conversion will always be suspected that apparently concurs with interest. He that never finds his error till it hinders his progress towards wealth or honour, will not be thought to love truth only for herself. Yet it may easily happen that information may come at a commodious time; and, as truth and interest are not by any fatal necessity at variance, that one may by accident introduce the other. When opinions are struggling into popularity, the arguments by which they are opposed

or defended become more known; **and** he that changes his profession would perhaps have changed it before, with the like opportunities of instruction. This was the then state of popery; every artifice was used to shew it in its fairest form; and it must be owned to be a religion of external appearance sufficiently attractive.

It is natural to hope that a comprehensive is likewise an elevated soul, and that whoever is wise is also honest. I am willing to believe that Dryden, having employed his mind, active as it was, upon different studies, and filled it, capacious as it was, with other materials, came unprovided to the controversy, and wanted rather skill to discover the right, than virtue to maintain it. But enquiries into the heart are not for man; we must now leave him to his judge.

The priests, having strengthened their cause by so powerful an adherent, were not long before they brought him into action. They engaged him to defend the controversial papers found in the strong-box of Charles the Second; and, what yet was harder, to defend them against Stillingfleet,

With hopes of promoting popery, he was employed to translate Maimbourgh's History of the League; which he published with a large introduction. His name is likewise prefixed to the English life of Francis Xavier; but I know not that he ever owned himself the translator. Perhaps the use of his name was a pious fraud, which, however, seems not to have had much effect; for neither of the books, I believe, was ever popular.

The version of Xavier's life is commended by

Brown, in a phamphlet not written to flatter ; and the occasion of it is said to have been, that the queen, when she solicited a son, made vows to him as her tutelary saint.

He was supposed to have undertaken to translate Varillas's History of Heresies ; and, when Burnet published remarks upon it, to have written an answer ; upon which Burnet makes the following observation :

" I have been informed from England, that a
" gentleman, who is famous both for poetry and
" several other things, had spent three months in
" translating M. Varillas's History; but that, as soon
" as my reflections appeared, he discontinued his
" labour, finding the credit of his author was gone.
" Now, if he thinks it is recovered by his answer,
" he will perhaps go on with his translation ; and
" this may be, for ought I know, as good an enter-
" tainment for him as the conversation that he had
" set on between the Hinds and Panthers, and all
" the rest of animals, for whom M. Varillas may serve
" well enough as an author ; and this history and
" that poem are such extraordinary things of their
" kind, that it will be but suitable to see the author
" of the worst poem, become likewise the translator
" of the worst history, that the age has produced.
" If his grace and his wit improve both proportion-
" ably, he will hardly find that he has gained much
" by the change he has made, from having no re-
" ligion, to chuse one of the worst. It is true, he
" had somewhat to sink from in matter of wit ; but,
" as for his morals, it is scarcely possible for him to
" grow a worse man than he was. He has lately

" wreaked his malice on me for spoiling his three
 " months labour ; but in it he has done me all the
 " honour that any man can receive from him, which
 " is to be railed at by him. If I had ill-nature en-
 " ough to prompt me to wish a very bad wish for
 " him, it should be, that he would go on and finish
 " his translation. By that it will appear, whether
 " the English nation, which is the most competent
 " judge in this matter, has, upon the seeing our de-
 " bate, pronounced in M. Varillas's favour, or in
 " mine. It is true, Mr D. will suffer a little by it ;
 " but at least it will serve to keep him in from
 " other extravagances ; and if he gains little hon-
 " our by this work, yet he cannot lose so much by
 " it as he has done by his last employment."

Having probably felt his own inferiority in theo-
 logical controversy, he was desirous of trying whe-
 ther by bringing poetry to aid his arguments, he
 might become a more efficacious defender of his
 new profession. To reason in verse was, indeed,
 one of his powers ; but subtilty and harmony un-
 ited, are still feeble, when opposed to truth.

Actuated, therefore, by zeal from Rome, or hope
 of fame, he published the *Hind and Panther*, a poem
 in which the church of Rome, figured by the milk-
 white hind, defends her tenets against the church
 of England, represented by the Panther, a beast
 beautiful, but spotted.

A fable, which exhibits two beasts talking theo-
 logy, appeals at once full of absurdity ; and it was
 accordingly ridiculed in the "*City Mouse and Coun-
 try Mouse*," a parody, written by Montague, after-

wards Earl of Halifax, and Prior, who then gave the first specimen of his abilities.

The conversion of such a man, at such a time, was not likely to pass uncensured. Three dialogues were published by the facetious Thomas Brown, of which the two first were called "Reasons of Mr Bayes's changing his Religion:" and the third, "the Reasons of Mr Hains the Player's Conversion and Re-conversion." The first was printed in 1688, the second not till 1690, the third in 1691. The clamour seems to have been long continued, and the subject to have strongly fixed the public attention.

In the two first dialogues, Bayes is brought into the company of Crites and Eugenius, with whom he had formerly debated on dramatic poetry. The two talkers in the third are Mr Bayes and Mr Hains.

Brown was a man not deficient in literature, nor destitute of fancy; but he seems to have thought it the pinnacle of excellence to be a *merry fellow*; and therefore laid out his powers upon small jests or gross buffoonery; so that his performances have little intrinsic value, and were read only while they were recommended by the novelty of the event that occasioned them.

These dialogues are like his other works; what sense or knowledge they contain is disgraced by the garb in which it is exhibited. One great source of pleasure is to call Dryden *Little Bays*. Ajax, who happens to be mentioned, is "he that wore as many cow-hides upon his shield as would have furnished half the king's army with shoe-leather."

Being asked whether he had seen the " Hind and Panther," Crites answers : " Seen it ! Mr Bayes, why I can stir no where but it pursues me; it haunts me worse than a pewter-buttoned serjeant does a decayed cit. Sometimes I meet it in a band-box, when my laundress brings home my linen ; sometimes, whether I will or no, it lights my pipe at a coffee-house ; sometimes it surprises me in a trunk-maker's shop ; and sometimes it refreshes my memory forme on the backside of a Chancery-lane parcel. For your comfort, too, Mr Bayes, I have not only seen it, as you may perceive, but have read it too, and can quote it as freely upon occasion as a frugal tradesman can quote that noble treatise, the Worth of a Penny, to his extravagant 'prentice that revels in stewed apples and penny custards."

The whole animation of these compositions arises from a profusion of ludicrous and affected comparisons. " To secure one's chasity," says Bayes, " little more is necessary than to leave off a correspondence with the other sex, which, to a wise man, is no greater a punishment than it would be to a fanatic person to forbid seeing 'The Cheats and The Committee ;' or for my lord mayor and aldermen to be interdicted the sight of ' The London Cuckolds.' " This is the general strain, and therefore I shall be easily excused the labour of more transcription.

Brown does not wholly forget past transactions : " You began," says Crites to Bayes, " a very different religion, and have not mended the matter in your last choice. It was but reason that your

" Muse, which appeared first in a tyrant's quarrel,
" should employ her last efforts to justify the usur-
" pation of the *Hind*."

Next year the nation was summoned to celebrate the birth of the Prince. Now was the time for Dryden to rouse his imagination, and strain his voice. Happy days were at hand, and he was willing to enjoy and diffuse the anticipated blessings. He published a poem, filled with predictions of greatness and prosperity ; predictions of which it is not necessary to tell how they have been verified.

A few months after these joyful notes, and every blossom of popish hope was blasted for ever by the revolution. A papist now could be no longer laureat. The revenue, which he had enjoyed with so much pride and praise, was transferred to Shadwell, an old enemy, whom he had formerly stigmatised by the name of Og. Dryden could not decently complain that he was deposed ; but seemed very angry that Shadwell succeeded him, and has therefore celebrated the intruder's inauguration in a poem exquisitely satirical, called "*Mac Flecknoe*;" of which the *Dunciad*, as Pope himself declares, is an imitation, though more extended in its plan, and more diversified in its incidents.

It is related by Prior, that Lord Dorset, when as chamberlain he was constrained to eject Dryden from his office, gave him from his own purse an allowance equal to the salary. This is no romantic or incredible act of generosity ; an hundred a-year is often enough given to claims less cogent, by men less famed for liberality. Yet Dryden always represented himself as suffering under a public in-

fliction; and once particularly demands respect for the patience with which he endured the loss of his little fortune. His patron might, indeed, enjoin him to suppress his bounty; but, if he suffered nothing, he should not have complained.

During the short reign of King James, he had written nothing for the stage, being, in his opinion, more profitably employed in controversy and flattery. Of praise he might perhaps have been less lavish without inconvenience, for James was never said to have much regard for poetry : he was to be flattered only by adopting his religion.

Times were now changed : Dryden was no longer the court-poet, and was to look back for support to his former trade ; and having waited about two years, either considering himself as discountenanced by the public, or perhaps expecting a second revolution, he produced " Don Sebastian in 1690 ; and in the next four years four dramas more.

In 1693 appeared a new version of Juvenal and Persius. Of Juvenal he translated the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires ; and of Persius the whole work. On this occasion he introduced his two sons to the public, as nurselings of the muses. The fourteenth of Juvenal was the work of John, and the seventh of Charles Dryden. He prefixed a very ample preface, in the form of a dedication to Lord Dorset; and there gives an account of the design which he had once formed to write an epic poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince. He considered the epic as necessarily including some kind of supernatural agency, and had imagined a new kind of contest between the

guardian angels of kingdoms, of whom he conceived that each might be represented zealous for his charge, without any intended opposition to the purposes of the Supreme Being, of which all created minds must in part be ignorant.

This is the most reasonable scheme of celestial interposition that ever was formed. The surprises and terrors of enchantments, which have succeeded to the intrigues and oppositions of pagan deities, afford very striking scenes, and open a vast extent to the imagination ; but, as Boileau observes, (and Boileau will be seldom found mistaken,) with this incurable defect, that, in a contest between heaven and hell, we know at the beginning which is to prevail ; for this reason we follow Rinaldo to the enchanted wood with more curiosity than terror.

In the scheme of Dryden there is one great difficulty, which yet he would perhaps have had address enough to surmount. In a war, justice can be but on one side ; and, to entitle the hero to the protection of angels, he must fight in defence of indubitable right. Yet some of the celestial beings, thus opposed to each other, must have been represented as defending guilt.

That this poem was never written, is reasonably to be lamented. It would doubtless have improved our numbers, and enlarged our language ; and might perhaps have contributed, by pleasing instructions ; to rectify our opinions, and purify our manners.

What he required as the indispensable condition of such an undertaking, a public stipend, was not likely in these times to be obtained. Riches were

not become familiar to us ; nor had the nation yet learned to be liberal.

This plan he charged Blackmore with stealing ; " only," says he, " the guardian angels of kingdoms " were machines too ponderous for him to manage."

In 1694, he began the most laborious and difficult of all his works, the translation of Virgil ; from which he borrowed two months, that he might turn " Fresnoy's Art of Painting" into English prose. The preface, which he boasts to have written in twelve mornings, exhibits a parallel of poetry and painting, with a miscellaneous collection of critical remarks, such as cost a mind stored like his no labour to produce them.

In 1697, he published his version of the works of Virgil ; and, that no opportunity of profit might be lost, dedicated the Pastorals to the lord Clifford, the Georgics to the earl of Chesterfield, and the *Æneid* to the earl of Mulgrave. This economy of flattery, at once lavish and discreet, did not pass without observation.

This translation was censured by Milbourne, a clergyman, styled, by Pope, " the fairest of critics," because he exhibited his own version to be compared with that which he condemned.

His last work was his Fables, published in consequence, as is supposed, of a contract how in the hands of Mr Tonsan : by which he obliged himself, in consideration of three hundred pounds, to finish for the press ten thousand verses.

In this volume is comprised the well-known ode on St Cecilia's day, which, as appeared by a letter communicated to Dr Birch, he spent a fortnight

in composing and correcting. But what is this to the patience and diligence of Boileau, whose "Equivoque," a poem of only three hundred and forty-six lines, took from his life eleven months to write it, and three years to revise it?

Part of his book of Fables is the first Iliad in English, intended as a specimen of a version of the whole. Considering into what hands Homer was to fall, the reader cannot but rejoice that this project went no further.

The time was now at hand which was to put an end to all his schemes and labours. On the 1st of May 1701, having been some time, as he tells us, a cripple in his limbs, he died, in Gerard-street, of a mortification in his leg.

There is extant a wild story relating to some vexatious events that happened at his funeral, which, at the end of Congreve's life, by a writer of I know not what credit, are thus related, as I find the account transferred to a biographical dictionary.

" Mr Dryden dying on the Wednesday morning, " Dr Thomas Sprat, then bishop of Rochester and " dean of Westminster, sent the next day to the " lady Elizabeth Howard, Mr Dryden's widow, " that he would make a present of the ground, " which was forty pounds, with all the other abbey- " fees. The lord Halifax likewise sent to the lady " Elizabeth, and Mr Charles Dryden her son, that, " if they would give him leave to bury Mr Dryden, " he would inter him with a gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards bestow five hundred pounds " on a monument in the abbey ; which, as they had " no reason to refuse, they accepted. On the Sa-

" turday following, the company came ; the corpse
 " was put into a velvet hearse ; and eighteen
 " mourning coaches, filled with company, attend-
 ed. When they were just ready to move, the
 " lord Jefferies, son of the lord chancellor Jef-
 " feries, with some of his rakish companions, coming
 " by, asked whose funeral it was : and being told
 " Mr Dryden's, he said, ' what, shall Dryden, the
 " greatest ornament of the nation, be buried after
 " this private manner ! No, gentlemen, let all that
 " loved Mr Dryden, and honour his memory, alight
 " and join with me in gaining my lady's consent to
 " let me have the honour of his interment, which
 " shall be after another manner than this ; and I will
 " bestow a thousand pounds on a monument in the
 " abbey for him.' The gentlemen in the coaches,
 " not knowing of the bishop of Rochester's favour,
 " nor of the lord Halifax's generous design (they
 " both having out of respect to the family, enjoined
 " the lady Elizabeth and her son to keep their fa-
 " vour concealed to the world, and let it pass for
 " their own expence,) readily came out of their
 " coaches, and attended lord Jefferies up to the
 " lady's bed-side, who was then sick. He repeated
 " the purport of what he had before said ; but she
 " absolutely refusing, he fell on his knees, vowing
 " never to rise till his request was granted. The
 " rest of the company by his desire kneeled also ;
 " and the lady, being under a sudden surprise, faint-
 " ed away. As soon as she recovered her speech,
 " she cried, no, no. Enough, gentlemen, replied he ;
 " my lady is very good ; she says, go, go. She re-
 " peated her former words with all her strength.

" but in vain, for her feeble voice was lost in
" their acclamations of joy ; and the lord Jeffer-
" ies ordered the hearsemen to carry the corpse
" to Mr Russel's, an undertaker in Cheapside,
" and leave it there till he should send orders for
" the embalment, which, he added, should be after
" the royal manner. His directions were obeyed,
" the company dispersed, and lady Elizabeth and
" her son remained inconsolable. The next day
" Mr Charles Dryden waited on the lord Hali-
" fax and the bishop, to excuse his mother and
" himself, by relating the real truth. But neither
" his lordship nor the bishop would admit of any
" plea ; especially the latter, who had the abbey
" lighted, the ground opened, the choir attending, an
" anthem ready set, and himself waiting for some
" time without any corpse to bury. The undertaker,
" after three days' expectance of orders for em-
" balment without receiving any, waited on the lord
" Jefferies; who, pretending ignorance of the matter,
" turned it off with an ill-natured jest, saying, that
" those who observed the orders of a drunken frolic
" deserved no better ; that he remembered nothing
" at all of it ; and that he might do what he pleased
" with the corpse. Upon this, the undertaker
" waited upon the lady Elizabeth and her son, and
" threatened to bring the corpse home, and set it
" before the door. They desired a day's respite,
" which was granted. Mr Charles Dryden wrote a
" handsome letter to the lord Jefferies, who returned
" it with this cool answer : ' That he knew nothing
" of the matter, and would be troubled no more
" about it.' He then addressed the lord Halifax
" and the bishop of Rochester, who absolutely re-

" fused to do any thing in it. In this distress Dr
 " Garth sent for the corpse to the college of physi-
 " cians, and proposed a funeral by subscription, to
 " which himself set a most noble example. At last
 " a day, about three weeks after Mr Dryden's de-
 " cease, was appointed for the interment. Dr Garth
 " pronounced a fine latin oration, at the college,
 " over the corpse ; which was attended to the abbey
 " by a numerous train of coaches. When the funeral
 " was over, Mr Charles Dryden sent a challenge to
 " the lord Jefferies, who refusing to answer it, he
 " sent several others, and went often himself; but
 " could neither get a letter delivered, nor admittance
 " to speak to him ; which so incensed him, that he
 " resolved, since his lordship refused to answer him
 " like a gentleman, tha he would watch an oppor-
 " tunity to meet and fight off-hand, though with
 " all the rules of honour ; which his lordship hear-
 " ing, left the town : and Mr Charles Dryden could
 " never have the satisfaction of meeting him, though
 " he sought it till his death with the utmost appli-
 " cation."

This story I once intended to omit, as it appears with no great evidence ; nor have I met with any confirmation, but in a letter of Farquhar ; and he only relates that the funeral of Dryden was tumultuary and confused.

Supposing the story true, we may remark, that the gradual change of manners, though imperceptible in the process, appears great when different times, and those not very distant, are compared. If at this time a young drunken lord should interrupt the pompous regularity of a magnificent funeral

what **would be the** event, **but that he would be** justled out of the way, and compelled to **be** quiet ? If he should thrust himself into an house, he would be sent roughly away ; and, what is yet more to the honour of the present time, I believe that those who had subscribed to the funeral of a man like Dryden, would not for such an accident, have withdrawn their contributions.

He was buried among the poets in Westminster-abbey, where, though the duke of Newcastle had, in a general dedication prefixed by Congreve to his dramatic works, accepted thanks for his intention to erecting him a monument, he lay long without distinction, till the duke of Buckinghamshire gave him a tablet, inscribed only with the name of DRYDEN.

He married the lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the earl of Berkshire, with circumstances, according to the satire imputed to Lord Somers, not very honourable to either party; by her he had three sons, Charles, John, and Henry. Charles was usher of the palace to Pope Clement the XIth ; and, visiting England in 1704, was drowned in an attempt to swim across the Thames at Windsor.

John was author of a comedy called " The Husband his own Cuckold." He is said to have died at Rome. Henry entered into some religious order. It is some proof of Dryden's sincerity in his second religion, that he taught it to his sons. A man, conscious of hypocritical profession in himself, is not likely to convert others ; and, as his sons were qualified in **1693** to appear among the translators

of Juvenal, they must have been **taught** some religion before their father's change.

Of the person of Dryden I know not any account ; of his mind, the portrait which has been left by Congreve, who knew him with great familiarity, is such as adds our love of his manners to our admiration of his genius. " He was," we are told, " of " a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, " ready to forgive injuries, and capable of a sincere " reconciliation with those who had offended him, " His friendship, where he professed it, went beyond " his professions. He was of a very easy, of very " pleasing access: but somewhat slow, and, as it were " diffident, in his advances to others : he had that in " nature which abhorred intrusion into any society " whatever. He was therefore less known, and con* " sequently his character became more liable to mis- " apprehensions and misrepresentations : he was very " modest, and very easily to be discountenanced in " his approaches to his equals or superiors. As his " reading had been very extensive, so was he very " happy in a memory tenacious of every thing that " he had read. He was not more possessed of know- " ledge than he was communicative of it ; but then " his communication was by no means pedantic, or " imposed upon the conversation, but just such, and " went so far, as, by the natural turn of the con- " versation in which he was engaged, it was neces- " sarily promoted or required. He was extremely " ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of " any writer who thought fit to consult him, and full " as ready and patient to admit the reprehensions of

" to hers, in respect of his own oversights or mistakes."

To this account of Congreve nothing can be objected but the fondness of friendship ; and to have excited that fondness in such a mind is no small degree of praise. The deposition of Dryden, however, is shewn in this character rather as it exhibited itself in cursory conversation, than as it operated on the more important parts of life. His placability and his friendship indeed were solid virtues ; but courtesy and good-humour are often found with little real worth. Since Congreve who knew him well, has told us no more, the rest must be collected as it can from other testimonies, and particularly from those notices which Dryden has very liberally given us of himself.

The modesty which made him so slow to advance, and so easy to be repulsed, was certainly no suspicion of deficient merit or unconsciousness of his own value : he appears to have known in its whole extent, the dignity of his own character, and to have set a very high value on his own powers and performances. He probably did not offer his conversation, because he expected it to be solicited ; and he retired from a cold reception, not submissive but indignant, with such deference of his own greatness as made him unwilling to expose it to neglect or violation.

His modesty was by no means inconsistent with ostentatiousness ; he is diligent enough to remind the world of his merit, and expresses with very little scruple his high opinion of his own powers ; but his self-commendations are read without scorn

or indignation, we allow his claims, and love his frankness.

Tradition, however, has not allowed that his confidence in himself exempted him from jealousy of others. He is accused of envy and insidiousness ; and is particularly charged with inciting Creech to translate Horace, that he might lose the reputation which Lucretius had given him.

Of this charge we immediately discover that it is merely conjectural ; the purpose was such as no man would confess ; and a crime that admits no proof, why should we believe ?

He has been described as magisterially presiding over the younger writers, and assuming the distribution of poetical fame ; but he who excels has a right to teach, and he whose judgment is incontestible may without usurpation examine and decide.

Congreve represents him as ready to advise and instruct ; but there is reason to believe that his communication was rather useful than entertaining. He declares of himself that he was saturnine, and not one of those whose sprightly sayings diverted company ; and one of his censurers makes him say,

**Nor wine nor love could ever see me gay ;
To writing bred, I knew not what to say.**

There are men whose powers operate only at leisure and in retirement, and whose intellectual vigour deserts them in conversation ; whom merriment confuses, and objection disconcerts ; whose bashfulness restrains their exertion, and suffers them not to speak till the time of speaking is past ; or whose attention

to their own character makes them unwilling to utter at hazard what has not been considered, and cannot be recalled.

Of Dryden's sluggishness in conversation it is vain to search or to guess the cause. He certainly wanted neither sentiments nor language ; his intellectual treasures were great, though they were locked up from his own use. " His thoughts," when he wrote, " flowed in upon him so fast, that his only " care was which to chuse, and which to reject." Such rapidity of composition naturally promises a flow of talk ; yet we must be content to believe what an enemy says of him, when he likewise says it of himself. But, whatever was his character as a companion, it appears that he lived in familiarity with the highest persons of his time. It is related by Carte of the duke of Ormond, that he used often to pass a night with Dryden, and those with whom Dryden consorted : who they were, Carte has not told, but certainly the convivial table at which Ormond sat was not surrounded with a plebeian society. He was indeed reproached with boasting of his familiarity with the great : and Horace will support him in the opinion, that to please superiors is not the lowest kind of merit.

The merit of pleasing must, however, be estimated by the means. Favour is not always gained by good actions or laudable qualities. Caresses and preferences are often bestowed on the auxiliaries of vice, the procurers of pleasure, or the flatterers of vanity. Dryden has never been charged with any personal agency unworthy of a good character : he abetted vice and vanity only with his pen. One of his ene-

mies has accused him of lewdness in his conversation ; but, if accusation without proof be credited who shall be innocent ?

His works afford too many examples of dissolute licentiousness and abject adulation ; but they were probably, like his merriment, artificial and constrained ; the effects of study and meditation, and his trade rather than his pleasure.

Of the mind that can trade in corruption, and can deliberately pollute itself with ideal wickedness for the sake of spreading the contagion in society, I wish not to conceal or excuse the depravity.—Such degradation of the dignity of genius, such abuse of superlative abilities, cannot be contemplated but with grief and indignation. What consolation can be had, Dryden has afforded by living to repent, and to testify his repentance.

Of dramatic immorality he did not want examples among his predecessors, or companions among his contemporaries ; but, in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation, I know not whether, since the days in which the Roman emperors were deified, he has been ever equalled, except by Afra Behn in an address to Eleanor Gwyn. When once he has undertaken the task of praise, he no longer retains shame in himself, nor supposes it in his patron. As many odoriferous bodies are observed to diffuse perfumes from year to year, without sensible diminution of bulk or weight, he appears never to have impoverished his mint of flattery by his expences, however lavish. He had all the forms of excellence, intellectual and moral, combined in his mind, with endless variation ; and, when he had

scattered on the hero of the day the golden shower of wit and virtue, he had ready for him, whom he wished to court on the morrow, new wit and virtue with another stamp. Of this kind of meanness he never seems to decline the practice, or lament the necessity : he considers the great as entitled to encomiastic homage, and brings praise rather as a tribute than a gift ; more delighted with the fertility of his invention, than mortified by the prostitution of his judgment. It is indeed not certain, that on these occasions his judgment much rebelled against his interest. There are minds which easily sink into submission, that look on grandeur with undistinguishing reverence, and discover no defect where there is elevation of rank and affluence of riches.

With his praises of others and of himself is always intermingled a strain of discontent and lamentation, a sullen growl of resentment, or a querulous murmur of distress. His works are under-valued, his merit is unrewarded, and " he has few thanks to pay his " stars that he was born among Englishmen." To his critics he is sometimes contemptuous, sometimes resentful, and sometimes submissive. The writer who thinks his works formed for duration, mistakes his interest when he mentions his enemies. He degrades his own dignity by shewing that he was affected by their censures, and gives lasting importance to names, which, left to themselves, would vanish from remembrance. From this principle Dryden did not often depart ; his complaints are for the greater part general ; he seldom pollutes his pages with an adverse name. He condescended indeed to a controversy with Settle, in which he

perhaps may be considered rather as assaulting than repelling; and since Settle is sunk into oblivion, his libel remains injurious only to himself.

Among answers to critics, no poetical attacks, or altercations, are to be included; they are like other poems, effusions of genius, produced as much to obtain praise as to obviate censure. These Dryden practised, and in these he excelled.

Of Collier, Blackmore, and Milbourne, he has made mention in the preface of his Fables. To the censure of Collier, whose remarks may be rather termed admonition than criticisms, he makes little reply; being, at the age of sixty-eight, attentive to better things than the claps of a play-house. He complains of Collier's rudeness, and the "horse-play" of his raillery: and asserts, that "in many places" he has perverted by his glosses the meaning of what he censures; but in other things he confesses that he is justly taxed; and says with great calmness and candour, "I have pleaded guilty to all" thoughts or expressions of mine that can be truly "accused of obscenity, immorality, or profaneness, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, he will be glad of repentance." Yet as our best dispositions are imperfect, he left standing in the same book a reflection on Collier, of great asperity, and indeed of more asperity than wit

Blackmore he represents as made his enemy by the poem of "Absalom and Achitophel," which "he thinks a little hard upon his fanatic patrons;" and charges him with borrowing the plan of his Arthur from the preface to Juvenal, "though he

" had," says he, " the baseness not to acknowledge
 " his benefactor, but instead of it to traduce me in
 " a libel."

The libel in which Blackmore traduced him was a
 " Satire upon Wit ;" in which, having lamented the
 exuberance of false wit and the deficiency of true,
 he proposes that all wit should be re-coined before
 it is current, and appoints masters of assay who shall
 reject all that is light or debased.

'Tis true, that when the coarse and worthless dross
 Is purg'd away, there will be mighty loss :
 Ev'n Congreve, Southern, manly Wycherly,
 When thus refin'd will grievous sufferers be.
 Into the melting pot when Dryden comes,
 What horrid stench will rise, what noisome fumes!
 How will he shrink, when all his lewd allay,
 And wicked mixture, shall be purg'd away !

Thus stands the passage in the last edition ; but in
 the original there was an abatement of the censure,
 beginning thus :

But what remains will be so pure, 'twill bear
 Th' examination of the most severe.

Blackmore, finding the censure resented, and the
 civility disregarded, ungenerously omitted the softer
 part. Such variations discover a writer who
 consults his passions more than his virtue ; and it
 may be reasonably supposed that Dryden imputes
 his enmity to its true cause.

Of Milbourne he wrote only in general terms,
 such as are always ready at the call of anger, whether
 just or not ; a short extract will be sufficient. " He

' pretends a quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul
 " upon priesthood ; if I have, I am only to ask par-
 " don of good priests, and am afraid his share of
 " the reparation will come to little. Let him be
 " satisfied that he shall never be able to force him-
 " self upon me for an adversary ; I condemn him
 " too much to enter into competition with him.

" As for the rest of those who have written
 " against me, they are such scoundrels that they
 " deserve not the least notice to be taken of them.
 " Blackmore and Milbourne are only distinguished
 " from the crowd, by being remembered to their
 " infamy."

Dryden indeed discovered, in many of his writings, an affected and absurd malignity to priests and priesthood, which naturally raised him many enemies, and which was sometimes as unseasonably resisted as it was exerted. Trapp is angry that he calls the sacrificer in the Georgics " The Holy Butcher :" the translation is not indeed ridiculous ; but Trapp's anger arises from his zeal, not for the author, but the priest' as if any reproach of the follies of paganism could be extended to the preachers of truth.

Dryden's dislike of the priesthood is imputed by Langbaine, and I think by Brown, to a repulse which he suffered when he solicited ordination but he denies, in the preface to his Fables, that he ever designed to enter into the church ; and such a denial he would not have hazarded, if he could have been convicted of falsehood.

Malevolence to the clergy is seldom at a great distance from irreverence of religion ; and Dryden

affords no exception to this observation. His writings exhibit many passages, which, with all the allowance that can be made for characters and occasions, are such as piety would not have admitted, and such as may vitiate light and unprincipled minds. But there is no reason for supposing that he disbelieved the religion which he disobeyed. He forgot his duty rather than disowned it. His tendency to profaneness is the effect of levity, negligence and loose conversation, with a desire of accommodating himself to the corruption of the times, by venturing to be wicked as far as he durst. When he professed himself a convert to popery, he did not pretend to have received any new conviction of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

The persecution of critics was not the worst of his vexations ; he was much more disturbed by the importunities of want. His complaints of poverty are so frequently repeated, either with the dejection of weakness sinking in helpless misery, or the indignation of merit claiming its tribute from mankind, that it is impossible not to detest the age which could impose on such a man the necessity of such solicitations, or not to despise the man who could submit to such solicitations without necessity.

Whether by the world's neglect, or his own imprudence, I am afraid that the greatest part of his life was passed in exigences. Such outcries were surely never uttered but in severe pain. Of his supplies or his expences no probable estimate can now be made. Except the salary of the laureat, to which King James added the office of historiographer, perhaps with some additional emoluments, his whole

revenue seems to have been casual : and it is well known that he seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal ; and they that trust her promises make little scruple of revelling to-day on the profits of the morrow.

Of his plays the profit was not great ; and of the produce of his other works very little intelligence can be had By discoursing with the late amiable Mr Tonson, I could not find that any memorials of the transactions between his predecessor and Dryden had been preserved, except the following papers :

" I do hereby promise to pay John Dryden, Esq.
 " or order, on the 25th of March 1699, the sum of
 " two hundred and fifty guineas, in consideration of
 " ten thousand verses, which the said John Dryden,
 " Esq. is to deliver to me Jacob Tonson when
 " finished, whereof seven thousand five hundred
 " verses, more or less, are already in the said Jacob
 " Tonson's possession. And I do hereby farther
 " promise, and engage myself, to make up the said
 " sum of two hundred and fifty guineas three hun-
 " dred pounds sterling to the said John Dryden,
 " Esq. his executors, administrators, or assigns, at
 " the beginning of the second impression of the
 " said ten thousand verses.

" In witness whereof I have hereunto set my
 " hand and seal, this 20th day of March, 1698-9

" JACOB TONSON.

" Sealed and delivered, being
 " first duly stampt, pursu-
 " ant to the acts of parlia-
 " ment for that purpose,

" in the presence of

" Ben. Portlock,

" Will. Congreve.

" March 24, 1698.

" Received then of Mr Jacob Tonson the sum
 " of two hundred sixty-eight pounds fifteen shil-
 " lings, in pursuance of an agreement for ten thou-
 " sand verses, to be delivered by me to the said
 " Jacob Tonson, whereof I have already delivered
 " to him about seven thousand five hundred, more
 " or less ; he the said Jacob Tonson being obliged
 " to make up the foresaid sum of two hundred
 " sixty-eight pounds fifteen shillings three hundred
 " pounds, at the beginning of the second impression
 " of the foresaid ten thousand verses ;

" I say, received by me

" JOHN DRYDEN.

" Witness, Charles Dryden."

Two hundred and fifty guineas, at £1, 1s. 6d. is
 £268, 15s.

It is manifest from the dates of this contract, that it relates to the volume of fables, which contains about twelve thousand verses, and for which therefore the payment must have been afterwards enlarged.

I have been told of another letter yet remaining, in which he desires Tonson to bring him money, to pay for a watch which he had ordered for his son, and which the maker would not leave without the price.

The inevitable consequence of poverty is dependence. Dryden had probably no recourse in his

exigences but to his bookseller. The particular character of Tonson I do not know ; but the general conduct of traders was much less liberal in those times than in our own ; their views were narrower, and their manners grosser. To the mercantile ruggedness of that race, the delicacy of the poet was sometimes exposed. Lord Bolingbroke, who in his youth had cultivated poetry, related to Dr King of Oxford, that one day, when he visited Dryden, they heard, as they were conversing, another person entering the house. " This," said Dryden, " is Tonson. You will take care not to depart before he goes away : for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him ; and if you leave me unprotected, I must suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue."

What rewards he obtained for his poems, besides the payment of the bookseller, cannot be known. Mr Derrick, who consulted some of his relations, was informed that his fables obtained five hundred pounds from the duchess of Ormond ; a present not unsuitable to the magnificence of that splendid family ; and he quotes *Movie*, as relating that forty pounds were paid by a musical society for the use of Alexander's Feast.

In those days the economy of government was yet unsettled, and the payments of the exchequer were dilatory and uncertain ; of this disorder there is reason to believe that the laureat sometimes felt the effects ; for, in one of his prefaces he complains of those, who, being intrusted with the distribution of the prince's bounty, suffer those that depend upon it to languish in penury.

Of his petty habits or slight amusements, tradition has retained little. Of the only two men whom I have found to whom he was personally known, one told me, that at the house which he frequented, called Will's coffee-house, the appeal upon any literary dispute was made to him ; and the other related, that his arm chair, which in the winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was in the summer placed in the balcony, and that he called the two places his winter and summer seat. This is all the intelligence which his two survivors afforded me.

One of his opinions will do him no honour in the present age, though in his own time, at least in the beginning of it, he was far from having it confined to himself. He put great confidence in the prognostications of judicial astrology. In the appendix to the life of Congreve is a narrative of some of his predictions wonderfully fulfilled ; but I know not the writer's means of information, or character of veracity. That he had the configurations of the horoscope in his mind, and considered them as influencing the affairs of men, he does not forbear to hint.

**The utmost malice of the stars is past.—
Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-rai's'd Jove, from his dark prison freed,
Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed.**

He has elsewhere shewn his attention to the planetary powers; and in the preface to his fables has endeavoured obliquely to justify his superstition by attributing the same to some of the ancients. The

letter, added to this narrative, leaves no doubt of his notions or practice.

So slight and so scanty is the knowledge which I have been able to collect concerning the private life and domestic manners of a man whom every English generation must mention with reverence as a critic and a poet.

DRYDEN may be properly considered as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition. Of our former poets, the greatest dramatist wrote without rules, conducted through life and nature by a genius that rarely misled, and rarely deserted him. Of the rest, those who knew the laws of propriety had neglected to teach them.

Two "Arts of English Poetry" were written in the days of Elizabeth by Webb and Puttenham, from which something might be learned, and a few hints had been given by Jonson and Cowley, but Dryden's "Essay on Dramatic Poetry" was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing.

He who, having formed his opinions in the present age of English literature, turns back to peruse this dialogue, will not perhaps find much increase of knowledge, or much novelty of instruction but he is to remember that critical principles were then in the hands of a few, who had gathered them partly from the ancients, and partly from the Italians and French. The structure of dramatic poems was then not generally understood. Audiences applauded by instinct; and poets perhaps often pleased by chance.

A writer who obtains his full purpose loses himself in his own lustre. Of an opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined. Of an art universally practised, the first teacher is forgotten. Learning once made popular is no longer learning; it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes.

To judge rightly of an author, we must transport ourselves to his time, and examine what were the wants of his contemporaries, and what were his means of supplying them. That which is easy at one time was difficult at another. Dryden at least imported his science, and gave his country what it wanted before ; or rather, he imported only the materials, and manufactured them by his own skill.

The Dialogue on the Drama was one of his first essays of criticism, written when he was yet a timorous candidate for reputation, and therefore laboured with that diligence which he might allow himself somewhat to remit, when his name gave sanction to his positions, and his awe of the public was abated, partly by custom, and partly by success. It will not be easy to find, in all the opulence of our language, a treatise so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations. His portraits of the English dramatists are wrought with great spirit and diligence. The account of Shakespeare may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism ; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration. The praise lavished by Longinus, on the attestation of the heroes of Mara-

thon, by Demosthenes, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character, so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed ; nor can the editors and admirers of Shakspeare, in all their emulation of reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence, of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value, though of greater bulk.

In this, and in all his other essays on the same subject, the criticism of Dryden is the criticism of a poet ; not a dull collection of theorems, nor a rude detection of faults, which perhaps the censor was not able to have committed ; but a gay and vigorous dissertation, where delight is mingled with instruction, and where the author proves his right of judgment by his power of performance.

The different manner and effect with which critical knowledge may be conveyed, was perhaps never more clearly exemplified than in the performances of Rymer and Dryden. It was said of a dispute between two mathematicians, " malim " cum Scaligero errare, quam cum Clavio recte " sapere ;" that " it was more eligible to go wrong " with one, than right with the other." A tendency of the same kind every mind must feel at the perusal of Dryden's prefaces and Rymer's discourses. With Dryden we are wandering in quest of truth ; whom we find, if we find her at all, drest in the graces of elegance ; and, if we miss her, the labour of the pursuit rewards itself ; we are led only through fragrance and flowers. Rymer, with-

out taking a nearer, takes a rougher way ; every step is to be made through thorns and brambles ; and truth, if we meet her, appears repulsive by her mien, and ungraceful by her habit. Dryden's criticism has the majesty of a queen ; Rymer's has the ferocity of a tyrant.

As he had studied with great diligence the art of poetry, and enlarged or rectified his notions, by experience perpetually increasing, he had his mind stored with principles and observations ; he poured out his knowledge with little labour ; for of labour, notwithstanding the multiplicity of his productions, there is sufficient reason to suspect that he was not a lover. To write *con amore* with fondness for the employment, with perpetual touches and retouches, with unwillingness to take leave of his own idea, and an unwearied pursuit of unattainable perfection, was, I think, no part of his character.

His criticism may be considered as general or occasional. In his general precepts, which depend upon the nature of things, and the structure of the human mind, he may doubtless be safely recommended to the confidence of the reader ; but his occasional and particular positions were sometimes interested, sometimes negligent, and sometimes capricious. It is not without reason that Trapp, speaking of the praises which he bestows on Palamon and Arcite, says, " Novimus judicium Drydeni de poetæ quodam Chauceri, pulehro sane illo, et admodum laudando, nimirum quod non modo vere epicum sit, sed Iliada etiam atque Æneada æquet, imo superet. Sed novimus eodem tempore viri illius maximi non semper accuratissimas esse

" censuras, nec ad severissimam critices normam
 " exactas : illo iudice id plerumque optimum est,
 " quod nunc præ manibus habet, et in quo nunc
 " occupatur."

He is therefore by no means constant to himself. His defence and desertion of dramatic rhyme is generally known. Spence, in his remarks on Pope's *Odyssey*, produces what he thinks an unconquerable quotation from Dryden's preface to the *Æneid*, in favour of translating an epic poem into blank verse ; but he forgets that when his author attempted the *Iliad*, some years afterwards, he departed from his own decision, and translated into rhyme.

When he has any objection to obviate, or any licence to defend, he is not very scrupulous about what he asserts, nor very cautious, if the present purpose be served, not to entangle himself in his own sophistries. But, when all arts are exhausted, like other hunted animals, he sometimes stands at bay ; when he cannot disown the grossness of one of his plays, he declares that he knows not any law that prescribes morality to a comic poet

His remarks on ancient or modern writers are not always to be trusted. His parallel of the versification of Ovid with that of Claudian has been very justly censured by Sewel*. His comparison of the first line of Virgil with the first of Statius is not happier. Virgil, he says, is soft and gentle, and would have thought Statius mad, if he had heard him thundering out

Qnæ superimposito moles geminata colosso

Statius perhaps heats himself, as he proceeds, to exaggeration somewhat hyperbolical ; but undoubtedly Virgil would have been too hasty, if he had condemned him to straw for one sounding line. Dryden wanted an instance, and the first that occurred was imprest into the service.

What he wishes to say, he says at hazard ; he cited Gorbuduc, which he had never seen ; gives a false account of Chapman's versification ; and discovers, in the preface to his Fables, that he translated the first book of the Iliad without knowing what was in the second.

It will be difficult to prove that Dryden ever made any great advances in literature. As having distinguished himself at Westminster under the tuition of Busby, who advanced his scholars to a height of knowledge very rarely attained in grammar-schools, he resided afterwards at Cambridge ; it is not to be supposed that his skill in the ancient languages was deficient, compared with that of common students ; but his scholastic acquisitions seem not proportionate to his opportunities and abilities. He could not, like Milton or Cowley, have made his name illustrious merely by his learning. He mentions but few books, and those such as lie in the beaten track of regular study ; from which, if ever he departs, he is in danger of losing himself in unknown regions.

In his Dialogue on the Drama, he pronounces with great confidence that the Latin tragedy of Medea is not Ovid's because it is not sufficiently interesting and pathetic. He might have determined (he question upon surer evidence ; for it is quoted by

Quintilian as the work of Seneca; and **the only line** which remains in Ovid's play, for one line is left us, is not there to be found. There was therefore no need of the gravity of conjecture, or the discussion of plot or sentiment, to find what was already known upon higher authority than such discussions can ever reach.

His literature, though not always free from ostentation, will be commonly found either obvious, and made his own by the art of dressing it; or superficial, which, by what he gives, shews what he wanted; or erroneous, hastily collected, and negligently scattered.

Yet it cannot be said that his genius is ever unprovided of matter, or that his fancy languishes in penury of ideas. His works abound with knowledge, and sparkle with illustrations. There is scarcely any science or faculty that does not supply him with occasional images and lucky similitudes; every page discovers a mind very widely acquainted both with art and nature, and in full possession of great stores of intellectual wealth. Of him that knows much, it is natural to suppose that he has read with diligence: yet I rather believe that the knowledge of Dryden was gleaned from accidental intelligence and various conversation, by a quick apprehension, a judicious selection, and a happy memory, a keen appetite of knowledge, and a powerful digestion; by vigilance that permitted nothing to pass without notice, and a habit of reflection that suffered nothing useful to be lost. A mind like Dryden's, always curious, always active, to which every understanding was proud to be associated, and

of which every one solicited the regard, by an ambitious display of himself, had a more pleasant, perhaps a nearer way to knowledge, than by the silent progress of solitary reading. I do not suppose that he despised books, or intentionally neglected them ; but that he was carried out, by the impetuosity of his genius, to more vivid and speedy instructors ; and that his studies were rather desultory and fortuitous than constant and systematical.

It must be confessed that he scarcely ever appears to want book-learning but when he mentions books ; and to him may be transferred the praise which he gives his master Charles :

His conversation, wit, and parts
His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
Were such, dead authors could not give,
But habitudes of those that live:
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive ;
He drained from all, and all they knew,
His apprehensions quick, his judgment true ;
That the most learn'd with shame confess,
His knowledge more, his reading only less.

Of all this, however, if the proof be demanded, I will not undertake to give it ; the atoms of probability, of which my opinion has been formed, lie scattered over all his works ; and by him who thinks the question worth his notice, his works must be perused with very close attention.

Criticism, either didactic or defensive, occupies almost all his prose, except those pages which he has devoted to his patrons ; but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first

half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled : every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid : the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous; what is little, is gay ; what is great, is splendid. He may be thought to mention himself too frequently ; but, while he forces himself upon our esteem, we cannot refuse him to stand high in his own. Every thing is excused by the play of images, and the sprightliness of expression. Though all is easy, nothing is feeble ; though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh ; and though, since his earlier works more than a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete.

He who writes much will not easily escape a manner, such a recurrence of particular modes as may be easily noted. Dryden is always *another and the same* ; he does not exhibit a second time the same elegances in the same form, nor appears to have any art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thinks with vigour. His style could not easily be imitated, either seriously or ludicrously ; for, being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or discriminative characters. The beauty who is totally free from disproportion of parts and features, cannot be ridiculed by an overcharged resemblance.

From his prose, however, Dryden derives only his accidental and secondary praise ; the veneration with which his name is pronounced by every cultivator of English literature, is paid to him as he

refined the language, improved the sentiments, and tuned the numbers, of English poetry.

After about half a century of forced thoughts, and rugged metre, some advances towards nature and harmony had been already made by Waller and Denham; they had shewn that long discourses in rhyme grew more pleasing when they were broken into couplets, and that verse consisted not only in the number but the arrangement of syllables.

But though they did much, who can deny that they left much to do? Their works were not many, nor were their minds of very ample comprehension. More examples of more modes of composition were necessary for the establishment of regularity, and the introduction of propriety in word and thought.

Every language of a learned nation necessarily divides itself into diction scholastic and popular, grave and familiar, elegant and gross: and from a nice distinction of these different parts arises a great part of the beauty of style. But, if we except a few minds, the favourites of nature, to whom their own original rectitude was in the place of rules, this delicacy of selection was little known to our authors; our speech lay before them in a heap of confusion; and every man took for every purpose what chance might offer him.

There was therefore before the time of Dryden no poetical diction, no system of words at once refined from the grossness of domestic use, and free from the harshness of terms appropriated to particular arts. Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet. From those sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions, we do not

easily receive strong impressions, or delightful images ; and words to which we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themselves which they should transmit to things.

Those happy combinations of words which distinguish poetry from prose had been rarely attempted : we had few elegances or flowers of speech ; the roses had not yet been plucked from the bramble ; or different colours had not been joined to enliven one another.

It may be doubted whether Waller and Denham could have over-borne the prejudices which had long prevailed, and which even then were sheltered by the protection of Cowley. The new versification, as it was called, may be considered as owing its establishment to Dryden; from whose time it is apparent that English poetry has had no tendency to relapse to its former savageness.

The affluence and comprehension of our language is very illustriously displayed in our poetical translations of ancient writers; a work which the French seem to relinquish in despair, and which we were long unable to perform with dexterity, Ben Jonson thought it necessary to copy Horace almost word by word ; Feltham, his contemporary and adversary, considers it as indispensably requisite in a translation to give line for line. It is said that Sandys, whom Dryden calls the best versifier of the last age, has struggled hard to comprise every book of the English metamorphoses in the same number of verses with the original. Holiday had nothing in view but to shew that he understood his author with so little

regard to the grandeur of his diction, or the volubility of his numbers, that his metres can hardly be called verses ; they cannot be read without reluctance, nor will the labour always be rewarded by understanding them. Cowley saw that such copyers Were a servile race; he asserted his liberty, and spread his wings so boldly that he left his authors. It was reserved for Dryden to fix the limits of poetical liberty, and give us just rules and examples of translation.

When languages are formed upon different principles, it is impossible that the same modes of expression should always be elegant in both. While they run on together, the closest translation may be considered as the best ; but when they divaricate, each must take its natural course. Where correspondence cannot be obtained, it is necessary to be content with something equivalent. " Translation " therefore," says Dryden, " is not so loose as " paraphrase, nor so close as metaphrase."

All polished languages have different styles ; the concise, the diffuse, the lofty, and the humble. In the proper choice of style consists the resemblance which Dryden principally exacts from the translator. He is to exhibit his author's thoughts in such a dress of diction as the author would have given them, had his language been English : ragged magnificence is not to be softened ; hyperbolical ostentation is not to be repressed ; nor sententious affectation to have its point blunted. A translator is to be like his author ; it is not his business to excel him.

The reasonableness of these rules seems sufficient for their vindication ; and the effects produced by

observing them were so happy, that I know not whether they were ever opposed but by Sir Edward Sherburne, a man whose learning was greater than his powers of poetry, and who, being better qualified to give the meaning than the spirit of Seneca, has introduced his version of three tragedies by a defence of close translation. The authority of Horace, which the *new* translators cited in defence of their practice, he has, by a judicious explanation, taken fairly from them, but reason wants not Horace to support it.

It seldom happens that all the necessary causes concur to any great effect : will is wanting to power, or power to will, or both are impeded by external obstructions. The exigencies in which Dryden was condemned to pass his life are reasonably supposed to have blasted his genius, to have driven out his works in a state of immaturity, and to have intercepted the full-blown elegance which longer growth would have supplied.

Poverty, like other rigid powers, is sometimes too hastily accused. If the excellence of Dryden's works was lessened by his indigence, their number was increased ; and I know not how it will be proved, that if he had written less he would have written better ; or that indeed he would have undergone the toil of an author, if he had not been solicited by something more pressing than the love of praise.

But, as is said by his Sebastian,

What bad been, is unknown; what is, appears.

We know that Dryden's several productions were so many successive expedients for his support; his

plays were therefore often borrowed ; and his poems were almost all occasional.

In an occasional performance, no height of excellence can be expected from any mind, however fertile in itself, and however stored with acquisitions. He whose work is general and arbitrary has the choice of his matter, and takes that which his inclination and his studies have best qualified him to display and decorate. He is at liberty to delay his publication till he has satisfied his friends and himself, till he has reformed his first thoughts by subsequent examination, and polished away those faults which the precipitance of ardent composition is likely to leave behind it. Virgil is related to have poured out a great number of lines in the morning, and to have passed the day in reducing them to fewer.

The occasional poet is circumscribed by the narrowness of his subject. Whatever can happen to man has happened so often that little remains for fancy or invention. We have been all born; we have most of us been married ; and so many have died before us, that our deaths can supply but few materials for a poet. In the fate of princes the public has an interest ; and what happens to them of good or evil, the poets have always considered as business for the Muse. But after so many inaugural gratulations, nuptial hymns, and funeral dirges, he must be highly favoured by nature, or by fortune, who says any thing not said before. Even war and conquest, however splendid, suggest no new images ; the triumphant chariot of a victorious monarch can be

decked only with those ornaments **that** have graced his predecessors.

Not only matter but time is wanting. The poem must not be delayed till the occasion is forgotten. The lucky moments of animated imagination cannot be attended ; elegances and illustrations cannot be multiplied by gradual accumulation ; the composition must be dispatched, while conversation is yet busy, and admiration fresh ; and haste is to be made, lest some other event should lay hold upon mankind.

Occasional compositions may however secure to a writer the praise both of learning and facility ; for they cannot be the effect of long study, and must be furnished immediately from the treasures of the mind.

The death of Cromwell was the first public event which called forth Dryden's poetical powers. His heroic stanzas have beauties and defects ; the thoughts are vigorous, and, though not always proper, shew a mind replete with ideas ; the numbers are smooth ; and the diction, if not altogether correct, is elegant and easy.

Davenant was perhaps at this time his favourite author, though Gondibert never appears to have been popular ; and from Davenant he learned to please his ear with the stanza of four lines alternately rhymed.

Dryden very early formed his versification ; there are in this early production no traces of Donne's or Jonson's ruggedness ; but he did not so soon free his **mind from the ambition of forced conceits. In.**

his verses **on the restoration**, he says of the king's exile,

He, toss'd by fate—
 Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age,
 But found his life too true a pilgrimage.

And afterwards, to shew how virtue and wisdom are increased by adversity, he makes this remark :

Well might the ancient poets then confer
 On night the honoured name of counsellor,
 Since struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
 We light alone in dark afflictions find.

His praise of Monk's dexterity comprises such a cluster of thoughts unallied to one another, as will not elsewhere be easily found.

'Twas Monk, whom providence design'd to loose
 Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
 The blessed saints that watch'd this turning scene
 Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean.
 To see small clues draw vastest weights along.
 Not in their bulk, but in their order strong.
 Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
 With ease such fond chimeras we pursue,
 As fancy frames, for fancy to subduc :
 But, when ourselves to action we betake.
 It shuns the mint like gold that chemists make.
 How hard was then his task, at once to be
 What in the body natural we see !
 Man's Architect distinctly did ordain
 The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain.
 Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense
 The springs of motion from the seat of sense
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
 But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
 He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,

Would let **them play** awhile upon the hook.
 Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
 At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
 Wise leeches will not vain receipts obtrude,
 While growing pains pronounce the humours crude ,
 Deaf to complaints, the ywait upon the ill,
 Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.

He had not yet learned, indeed he never learned well, to forbear the improper use of mythology. After having rewarded the heathen deities for their care.

With alga who the sacred altar strows ?
 To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes ;
 A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slam ;
 A ram to you, ye tempests of the main

He tells us, in the language of religion,

Prayer storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from
 thence,
 As heaven itself is took by **violence**.

And afterwards mentions one of the most awful passages of Sacred History.

Other conceits there are, too curious to be quite omitted ; as.

For *by* example most we sinn'd before,
 And, glass-like, clearness mix'd with frailty bore.

How far he was yet from thinking it necessary to found his sentiments on nature, appears from the extravagance of his fictions and hyperboles ;

The winds that never moderation knew,
 Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew :
 Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge

Their straiten'd lungs.—

It is no longer motion cheats your view ;

As you meet it, the land approacheth you ;

The land returns, and in the white it wears

The marks of penitence, and sorrow bears.

I know not whether this fancy, however little be its value, was not borrowed. A French poet read to Malherbe some verses, in which he represents Prance as moving out of its place to receive the king. " Though this," said Malherbe, " was in my " time, I do not remember it."

His poem on the coronation has a more even tenor of thought. Some lines deserve to be quoted.

You have already quench'd sedition's brand ;

And zeal, that burnt it, only warms the land ;

The jealous sects that durst not trust their cause,

So far from their own will as to the laws,

Him for their umpire and their synod take,

And their appeal alone to Caesar make.

Here may be found one particle of that old versification, of which, I believe, in all his works, there is not another :

Nor is it duty, or **our** hope alone,

Creates that joy, **but full** fruition.

In the verses to the lord chancellor Clarendon, two years afterwards, is a conceit so hopeless at the first view, that few would have attempted it ; and so successfully laboured, that though at last it gives the reader more perplexity than pleasure, and seems hardly worth the study that it costs, yet it must be valued as a proof of a mind at once subtile and comprehensive ;

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
 Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky :
 So in this hemisphere our utmost view
 Is only bounded by our king and you :
 Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
 And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
 So well your virtues *do* with his agree,
 That though your orbs of different greatness be,
 Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd.
 His to enclose, and yours to be enclos'd.
 Nor could another in your room have been,
 Except an emptiness had come between.

The comparison of the chancellor to the Indies,
 leaves all resemblance too far behind it :

And as the Indies were not found before
 Those rich perfumes which from the happy shore,
 The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
 Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd ;
 So by your council, we are brought to view
 A new and undiscover'd world in you.]

There is another comparison, for there is little else
 in the poem, of which, though perhaps it cannot be
 explained into plain prosaic meaning, the mind per-
 ceives enough to be delighted, and readily forgives
 its obscurity, for its magnificence :

How strangely active are the arts of peace,
 Whose restless motions less than wars do cease !
 Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise ;
 And war more force, but not more pains employs
 Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
 That, like the earth's, it leaves our sense behind ;
 While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere.
 That rapid motion does but rest appear.
 For as in nature's swiftness, with the throng

Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony :
So carry'd on by your unwearied care,
We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.

To this succeed four lines, which perhaps afford Dryden's first attempt at those penetrating remarks on human nature, for which he seems to have been peculiarly formed :

Let envy then those crimes within you see,
From which the happy never must be free;
Envy that does with misery reside,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.

Into this poem he seems to have collected all his powers ; and after this he did not often bring upon his anvil such stubborn and unmalleable thoughts ; but, as a specimen of his abilities to unite the most unsociable matter, he has concluded with lines of which I think not myself obliged to tell the meaning.

Yet unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
And measure change, but share no part of it :
And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this new year, whose motions never cease.
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the centre of it is above.

In the *Annus Mirabilis* he returned to the quatrain, which from that time he totally quitted, perhaps from experience of its inconvenience, for he

complains of its difficulty. This is one of his greatest attempts. He had subjects equal to his abilities, a great naval war, and the fire of London. Battles have always been described in heroic poetry ; but a sea-fight and artillery had yet something of novelty. New arts are long in the world before poets describe them ; for they borrow every thing from their predecessors, and commonly derive very little from nature or from life. Boileau was the first French writer that had ever hazarded in verse the mention of modern war, or the effects of gun-powder. We, who are less afraid of novelty, had already possession of those dreadful images. Waller had described a sea-fight. Milton had not yet transferred the invention of fire-arms to the rebellious angels.

This poem is written with great diligence, yet does not fully answer the expectation raised by such subjects and such a writer. With the stanza of Davenant he has sometimes his vein of parenthesis, and incidental disquisition, and stops his narrative for a wise remark.

The general fault is, that he affords more sentiment than description, and does not so much impress scenes upon the fancy, as deduce consequences and make comparisons.

The initial stanzas have rather too much resemblance to the first lines of Waller's poem on the war with Spain ; perhaps such a beginning is natural, and could not be avoided without affectation. Both Waller and Dryden might take their hint from the poem on the civil war of Home, " *Orbem jam totum,*" &c.

Of the king collecting his navy, he says,

It seems, as every ship their sovereign knows,
His awful summons they so soon obey :
So hear the scaly herds when Proteus blows,
And so to pasture follow through the sea.

It would not be hard to believe that Dryden had written the two first lines seriously, and that some wag had added the two latter in burlesque. Who would expect the lines that immediately follow, which are indeed perhaps indecently hyperbolical, but certainly in a mode totally different ?

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies ;
And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

The description of the attempt at Bergen will afford a very complete specimen of the descriptions in this poem :

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising sun :
And precious sand from southern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

Like hunted castors, Conscious of their store,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coast they bring :
Then first the north's cold bosom spices bore,
And winter brooded on the eastern spring.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie ;
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The English undertake the unequal war ;

Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

these fight like husbands, but like lovers those :
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy :
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd against them fly :
Some preciously by shattered porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die:

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
In heav'ns inclemency some ease we find ;
Our foes we vanquished by our valour left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind. ,

In this manner is the sublime too often mingled with the ridiculous. The Dutch seek a shelter for a wealthy fleet : this surely needed no illustration ; yet they must fly, not like all the rest of mankind on the same occasion, but " like hunted castors ;" and they might with strict propriety be hunted ; for we winded them by our noses—their *perfumes* betrayed them. The *husband* and the *lover*, though of more dignity than the *castor*, are images too domestic to mingle properly with the horrors of war. The two quatrains that follow are worthy of the author.

The account of the different sensations with which the two fleets retired, when the night parted them, is one of the fairest flowers of English poetry :

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still, and they ashamed to leave,

**Till the last streaks of dying day "withdrew.
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.**

**In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
And loud applause of their great leader's fame—**
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And, slumbering, smile at the imagined flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,
Stretched on their decks, like weary oxen lie ;
Faint sweats **all** down their mighty members run,
(Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.)

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or, shipwrecked, labour to some distant shore,
Or, in dark churches, walk among the dead,
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

It is a general rule in poetry, that all appropriated terms of art should be sunk in general expressions, because poetry is to speak an universal language. This rule is still stronger with regard to arts not liberal, or confined to few, and therefore far removed from common knowledge; and of this kind, certainly, is technical navigation. Yet Dryden was of opinion, that a sea-fight ought to be described in the nautical language ; " and certainly," says he, " as those, who in a logical disputation keep to " general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who " do it in poetical description would veil their ignorance."

Let us then appeal to experience ; for by experience at last we learn as well what will please as what will profit. In the battle, his terms seem to have been blown away ; but he deals them liberally in the dock :

So here some pick out bullets from the side,
Some drive old *okum* thro' each *seam* and rift :
Their left-hand does the *calking-iron* guide,
The rattling *mallet* with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand
(From friendly Sweden brought) the *seams in-stops*,
Which, well laid o'er the salt-sea waves withstand,
And shake them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the *guild* ropes with dawby *marling* bind,
Or sear-cloth mats with strong *tarpawling* coats.
To try new *shrouds* one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes

I suppose there is not one term which every reader does not wish away.

His digression to the original and progress of navigation, with his prospect of the advancement it shall receive from the Royal Society, then newly instituted, may be considered as an example seldom equalled, of seasonable excursion and artful return.

One line, however, leaves me discontented : he says that, by the help of the philosophers,

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
By which remotest regions arc allied.

Which he is constrained to explain in a note " by " a more exact measure of longitude." It had better become Dryden's learning and genius to have laboured science into poetry, and have shewn, by explaining longitude, that verse did not refuse the ideas of philosophy.

His description of the lire is painted by resolute meditation, out of a mind better formed to reason than to feel. The conflagration of a city, with all its tumults of concomitant distress, is one of the

most dreadful spectacles which this world can offer to human eyes ; yet it seems to raise little emotion in the breast of the poet ; he watches the flame coolly from street to street, with now a reflection, and now a smile, till at last he meets the King, for whom he makes a speech rather tedious in a time so busy ; and then follows again the progress of the fire.

There are, however, in this part, some passages that deserve attention ; as in the beginning ;

The diligence of trades noiseful gain,
 And luxury, more late, asleep were laid !
 All was the Night's, and in her silent reign
 No sound the rest of Nature did invade
 In this deep quiet—

The expression " all was the Night's" is taken from Seneca, who remarks on Virgil's line,

Omnia noctis erant, placida composta quiete,

that he might have concluded better,

Omnia noctis erant.

The following quatrain is vigourous and animated ;

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend
 With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice ;
 About the fire into a dance they bend,
 And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice,

His prediction of the improvements which shall be made in the new city is elegant and poetical, and with an event which poets cannot always boast, has been happily verified. The poem concludes with a simile that might have better been omitted.

Dryden, when he wrote this poem, seems not yet fully to have formed his versification, or settled his system of propriety.

From this time he addicted himself almost wholly to the stage, "to which," says he "my genius" never much inclined me," merely as the most profitable market for poetry. By writing tragedies in rhyme, he continued to improve his diction and his numbers. According to the opinion of Harte, who had studied his works with great attention, he settled his principles of versification in 1676, when he produced the play of "Aureng Zebe;" and according to his own account of the short time in which he wrote "Tyrannic Love," and the "State of Innocence," he soon obtained the full effect of diligence, and added facility to exactness.

Rhyme has been so long banished from the theatre, that we know not its effects upon the passions of an audience ; but it has this convenience, that sentences stand more independent on each other, and striking passages are therefore easily selected and retained. Thus the description of Night in the "Indian Emperor," and the rise and fall of empire in the "Conquest of Granada," are more frequently repeated than any lines in "All for Love" or "Don Sebastian."

To search his plays for vigorous sallies and sententious elegances, or to fix the dates of any little pieces which he wrote by chance, or by solicitation, were labour too tedious and minute.

His dramatic labours did not so wholly absorb his thoughts, but that he promulgated the laws of translation in a preface to the English Epistles of

Ovid ; one of which he translated himself, and another in conjunction with the earl of Mulgrave.

Absalom and Achitophel is a work so well known, that particular criticism is superfluous. If it be considered as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellences of which the subject is susceptible; acrimony of censure, elegance of praise, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigour of sentiment, happy turns of language, and pleasing harmony of numbers ; and all these raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition.

It is not, however, without faults : some lines are inelegant or improper, and too many are irreli-
giously licentious. The original structure of the poem was defective : allegories drawn to great length will always break; Charles could not run continually paralleled with David.

The subject had likewise another inconvenience : it admitted little imagery or description ; and a long poem of mere sentiments easily becomes tedious : though all the parts are forcible, and every line kindles new rapture, the reader, if not relieved by the interposition of something that soothes the fancy, grows weary of admiration, and defers the rest.

As an approach to the historical truth was necessary, the action and catastrophe were not in the poet's power: there is therefore an unpleasing disproportion between the beginning and the end. We are alarmed by a faction formed of many sects, various in their principles but agreeing in their purpose of mischief, formidable for their numbers

and strong by their supports; while the king's friends are few and weak. The chiefs on either part are set forth to view: but when expectation is at the height, the king makes a speech, and

Henceforth a series of new times began.

Who can forbear to think of an enchanted castle, with a wide moat and lofty battlements, walls of marble and gates of brass, which vanishes at once into air, when the destined knight blows his horn before it ?

In the second part, written by Tate, there is a long insertion, which, for its poignancy of satire, exceeds any part of the former. Personal resentment, though no laudable motive to satire, can add great force to general principle. Self-love is a busy prompter.

" The Medal," written upon the same principles with " Absalom and Achitophel," but upon a narrow plan, gives less pleasure, though it discovers equal abilities in the writer. The superstructure cannot extend beyond the foundation ; a single character or incident cannot furnish as many ideas, as a series of events or multiplicity of agents. This poem, therefore, since time has left it to itself is not much read, nor perhaps generally understood; yet it abounds with touches both of *humourous* and serious satire. The picture of a man whose propensions to mischief are such, that his best actions are but inability of wickedness, is very skilfully delineated and strongly coloured :

Power was his aim ; but, thrown-from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence.
And malice reconcile'd him to his prince.

}

Him, in the anguish of his soul, he serv'd:
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd;
 Behold him now exalted into trust—
 His counsels oft convenient, seldom just ;
 Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave,
 He had a grudging still to be a knave.
 The frauds he learnt in his fanatic years,
 Made him uneasy in his lawful gears,
 At least as little honest as he could,
 And, like white witches, mischievously good.
 To this first bias, longingly, he leans;
 And rather would be great by wicked means.

The *Threnodia*, which, by a term I am afraid neither authorized nor analogical, he calls *Angustalis*, is not among his happiest productions. Its first and obvious defect is the irregularity of its metre, to which the ears of that age, however, were accustomed. What is worse, it has neither tenderness nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetic. He seems to look round him for images which he cannot find ; and what he has, he distorts by endeavouring to enlarge them. " He is," he says, " petrified with grief;" but the marble sometimes relents, and trickles in a joke.

The sons of art all med'cines try'd,
 And every noble remedy apply'd :
 With emulation each essay'd
 His utmost skill: *nay, more, they pray'd ;*
 Was never losing game with better conduct play'd.

He had been a little inclined to merriment before, upon the prayers of a nation for their dying sovereign ; nor was he serious enough to keep heathen fables out of his religion :

With him the innumerable crowd of armed prayers
 Knock'd at the gates of Heaven, and knock'd aloud :
The first well-meaning rude petitioners
 All for his life assail'd the throne,
 All would have brib'd the skies by offering up their
 own.
 So great a throng not Heaven itself could bar :
 'Twas almost borne by force as in the giants' war.
 The prayers, at least, for his reprieve were heard ;
 His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd.

There is throughout the composition a desire of Splendour without wealth. In the conclusion he seems too much pleased with the prospect of the new reign, to have lamented his old master with much sincerity.

He did not miscarry in this attempt, for want of skill either in lyric or elegiac poetry. His poem on the death of Mrs Killegrew is undoubtedly the noblest ode that our language ever has produced. The first part flows with a torrent of enthusiasm, " *Fervet immensusque ruit.*" All the stanzas indeed are not equal. An imperial crown cannot be one continued diamond; the gems must be held together by some less valuable matter.

In his first ode for Cecilia's day, which is lost in the splendour of the second, there are passages which would have dignified any other poet. The first stanza is vigorous and elegant, though the word *diapason* is too technical, and the rhymes are too remote from one another.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began :
 When Nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,

And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise ye more than dead.
 Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began :
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in man.

The conclusion is likewise striking ; but it includes an image so awful in itself, that it can owe little to poetry ; and I could wish the antithesis of *music untuning* had found some other place.

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the bless'd above :

So, when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And music shall untune the sky.

}

Of his skill in elegy, he has given a specimen in his *Eleonora*, of which the following lines discover their author :

Though all these rare endowments of the mind
 Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
 The figure was with full perfection crown'd,
 Though not so large an orb, as truly round :
 As when in glory, through the public place,
 The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,

And but **one day for triumph** was allow'd,
 The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
 And so the swift procession hurry'd on,
 That all, tho' not distinctly, might be shown,
 So, in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
 She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind ;
 And multitudes of virtues pass'd along,
 Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
 Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
 For greater multitudes that were to come.
 Yet unemploy'd no minute slipp'd away—
 Moments were precious in so short a stay.
 The haste of Heaven to have her was so great,
 That some were single acts, though each complete,
 And every act stood ready to repeat.

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This piece, however, is not without its faults ;
 there is so much likeness in the initial comparison,
 that there is no illustration. As a king would be
 lamented, Eleonora was lamented :

As, when some great and gracious monarch diet),
 Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs, rise
 Among the sad attendants ; then the sound
 Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
 Through town and country, till the dreadful blast
 Is blown to distant colonies at last,
 Who then, perhaps, were offering vows *in vain*,
 For his long life, and for his happy reign ;
 So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
 Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
 Till public as the loss the news became.

}

This is little better than to say in praise of a
 shrub, that it is as green as a tree ; or of a brook,
 that it waters a garden as a river waters a coun-
 try.

Dryden confesses that he did not know the lady whom he celebrates : the praise being therefore inevitably general, fixes no impression upon the reader, nor excites any tendency to love, nor much desire of imitation. Knowledge of the subject is to the poet what durable materials are to the architect.

The *Religio Laici*, which borrows its title from the *Religio Medici* of Browne, is almost the only work of Dryden which can be considered as a voluntary effusion ; in this, therefore, it might be hoped, that the full effulgence of his genius would be found. But unhappily the subject is rather argumentative than poetical ; he intended only a specimen of metrical disputation :

**And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose.**

This, however, is a composition of great excellence in its kind, in which the familiar is very properly diversified with the solemn, and the grave with the humorous ; in which metre has neither weakened the force, nor clouded the perspicuity of argument ; nor will it be easy to find another example equally happy of this middle kind of writing, which, though prosaic in some parts, rises to high poetry in others, and neither towers to the skies, nor creeps along the ground.

Of the same kind, or not far distant from it, is the "Hind and Panther," the longest of all Dryden's original poems; an allegory intended to comprize and to decide the controversy between the Romanists and protestants. The scheme of the work is injudicious and incommodious ; for what can be more

absurd, than that one beast should counsel another to rest her faith upon a pope and council? He seems well enough skilled in the usual topics of argument, endeavours to shew the necessity of an infallible judge, and reproaches the reformers with want of unity; but it is weak enough to ask, why, since we see without knowing how, we may not have an infallible judge without knowing where?

The *Hind* at one time is afraid to drink at the common brook, because she may be worried; but, walking home with the *Panther*, talks by the way of the *Nicene Fathers*, and at last declares herself to be the Catholic church.

This absurdity was very properly ridiculed in the *City Mouse* and *Country Mouse* of Montague and Prior; and in the detection and censure of the incongruity of the fiction, chiefly consists the value of their performance, which, whatever reputation it might obtain by the help of temporary passions, seems, to readers almost a century distant, not very forcible or animated.

Pope, whose judgment was perhaps a little bribed by the subject, used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. It was indeed written when he had completely formed his manner, and may be supposed to exhibit, negligence excepted, his deliberate and ultimate scheme of metre.

We may therefore reasonably infer, that he did not approve the perpetual uniformity which confines the sense to couplets, since he has broken his lines in the initial paragraph.

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
 Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd :
 Without unspotted, innocent within,
 She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
 Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
 And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
 Aim'd at her heart ; was often forc'd to fly,
 And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

These lines are lofty, elegant, and musical, notwithstanding the interruption of the pause, of which the effect is rather increase of pleasure by variety, than offence by ruggedness.

To the first part it was his intention, he says, " to give the majestic turn of heroic poesy ;" and perhaps he might have executed his design not unsuccessfully, had not an opportunity of satire, which he cannot forbear, fallen sometimes in his way. The character of a presbyterian, whose emblem is the wolf, is not very heroically majestic :

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
 Appear with belly gaunt and famish'd face ;
 Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
 His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
 Close clapp'd for shame ; but his rough crest he rears,
 And pricks up his predestinating ears.

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His general character of the other sorts of beasts that never go to church, though sprightly and keen, has, however, not much of heroic poesy :

These are the chief ; to number o'er the rest,
 And stand like Adam, naming every beast,
 Were weary work ; nor will the muse describe
 A slimy-born, and sun-begotten tribe,

Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
 In fields their sullen conventicles found.
 These gross, half-animated lumps I leave—
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive
 But, if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
 Than matter, put *in* motion, may aspire :
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
 So drossy, so divisible are they,
 As would but serve poor bodies for allay,
 Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
 As odly bus to heaven with evening wings ;
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance ;
 Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
 They know no being, and but hate a name,
 To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

One more instance, and that from the narrative part, where style was more in his choice, will shew how steadily he kept his resolution of heroic dignity.

For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
 To ferny heaths and to their forest laire,
 She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
 Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way ,
 That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
 With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
 To chat awhile on their adventures past.
 Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
 Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot ;
 Yet, wondering how of late she grew estrang'd,
 Her forehead cloudy and her count'nance chang'd,
 She thought this hour th' occasion would present
 To learn her secret cause of discontent,
 Which well she hop'd might be with ease redress'd,
 Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
 And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
 After some common talk what rumours ran,
 The lady of the spotted muff began.

The second and third parts he professes to have reduced to diction more familiar and more suitable to dispute and conversation ; the difference is not, however, very easily perceived; the first has familiar, and the two others have sonorous, lines. The original incongruity runs through the whole: the king is now Cæsar, and now the Lion ; and the name Pan is given to the Supreme Being.

But when this constitutional absurdity is forgiven, the poem must be confessed to be written with great smoothness of metre, a wide extent of knowledge, and an abundant multiplicity of images. The controversy is embellished with pointed sentences, diversified by illustrations, and enlivened by sallies of invective. Some of the facts to which allusions are made, are now become obscure, and perhaps there may be many satirical passages little understood.

As it was by its nature a work of defiance, a composition which would naturally be examined with the utmost acrimony of criticism, it was probably laboured with uncommon attention, and there are, indeed, few negligences in the subordinate parts. The original impropriety, and the subsequent unpopularity of the subject, added to the ridiculousness of its first elements, has sunk it into neglect ; but it may be usefully studied, as an example of poetical ratiocination, in which the argument suffers little from the metre.

In the poem on " the Birth of the Prince of Wales," nothing is very remarkable but the exorbitant adulation, and that insensibility of the precipice on which the king was then standing, which

the laureat apparently shared with the rest of the courtiers. A few months cured him of controversy, dismissed him from court, and made him again a play-wright and translator.

Of Juvenal there had been a translation by Stapylton, and another by Holiday ; neither of them is very poetical. Stapylton is more smooth ; and Holiday's is more esteemed for the learning of his notes. A new version was proposed to the poets of that time, and undertaken by them in conjunction. The main design was conducted by Dryden, whose reputation was such that no man was unwilling to serve the muses under him.

The general character of this translation will be given, when it is said to preserve the wit, but to want the dignity, of the original. The peculiarity of Juvenal is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur. His points have not been neglected ; but his grandeur none of the band seemed to consider as necessary to be imitated, except Creech, who undertook the thirteenth satire. It is therefore perhaps possible to give a better representation of that great satirist, even in those parts which Dryden himself has translated, some passages excepted, which will never be excelled.

With Juvenal was published Persius, translated wholly by Dryden. This work, though, like all other productions of Dryden, it may have shining parts, seems to have been written merely for wages, in an uniform mediocrity, without any eager endeavour after excellence, or laborious effort of the mind.

There wanders an opinion among the readers of poetry, that one of these satires is an exercise of the school. Dryden says, that he once translated it at school; but not that he preserved or published the juvenile performance.

Not long afterwards, he undertook perhaps the most arduous work of its kind, a translation of Virgil, for which he had shewn how well he was qualified by his version of the *Pollio*, and two episodes, one of *Nisus and Euryalus*, the other of *Mezentius and Lausus*.

In the comparison of *Homer* and *Virgil*, the discriminative excellence of *Homer* is elevation and comprehension of thought, and that of *Virgil* is grace and splendour of diction. The beauties of *Homer* are therefore difficult to be lost, and those of *Virgil* difficult to be retained. The massy trunk of sentiment is safe by its solidity, but the blossoms of elocution easily drop away. The author, having the choice of his own images, selects those which he can best adorn; the translator must, at all hazards, follow his original, and express thoughts which perhaps he would not have chosen. When to this primary difficulty is added the inconvenience of a language so much inferior in harmony to the Latin, it cannot be expected that they who read the *Georgics* and the *Æneid*, should be much delighted with any version.

All these obstacles Dryden saw, and all these he determined to encounter. The expectation of his work was undoubtedly great; the nation considered its honour as interested in the event. One gave him the different editions of his author, another helped

him in the subordinate parts. The arguments of the several books were given him by Addison.

The hopes of the public were not disappointed. He produced, says Pope, " the most noble and spirited translation that I know in any language." It certainly excelled whatever had appeared in English, and appears to have satisfied his friends, and, for the most part, to have silenced his enemies. Milbourne, indeed, a clergyman, attacked it; but his outrages seem to be the ebullitions of a mind agitated by stronger resentment than bad poetry can excite, and previously resolved not to be pleased.

His criticism extends only to the preface, pastorals, and georgies; and as he professes to give his antagonist an opportunity of reprisal, he has added his own version of the first and fourth pastorals, and the first georgic. The world has forgotten his book; but, since his attempt has given him a place in literary history, I will preserve a specimen of his criticism, by inserting his remarks on the invocation before the first georgic, and of his poetry, by annexing his own version.

ver. 1.

" What makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn

" The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn.

" It's unlucky, they say, to stumble at the threshold:

" but what has a *plenteous harvest* to do here? Vir-

" gil would not pretend to prescribe rules for that

" which depends not on the husbandman's care, but

" the disposition of Heaven altogether. Indeed, the

" plenteous crop depends somewhat on the good

" method of tillage ; and where the land's ill-man-
 " ur'd, the com, without a miracle, can be but in-
 " different ; but the harvest may be good, which is
 " its properest epithet, tho' the husbandman's skill
 " were never so indifferent, The next sentence is
 " too literal, and *when to plough* had been Virgil's
 " meaning, and intelligible to every body ; and *when*
 " *to sow the corn*, is a needless addition."

Ver. 3.

" The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine,
 " And when to geld the lambs, and sheer the swine,

" would as well have fallen under the " *cura bonum*.
 " *qui cultus habendo sit pecori*, as Mr D.'s deduc-
 " tion of particulars."

Ver.

" The birth and genius of the frugal bee
 " I sing, Maecenas, and I sing to thee ;

" but where did *experientia* ever signify birth and
 " genius ? or what ground was there for such a
 " figure in this place ? How much more manly is
 " Mr Ogylby's version ?"

" What makes rich grounds, in what celestial signs
 " 'Tis good to plough, and marry elms with vines :
 " What best fits cattle, what with sheep agrees,
 " And several arts improving frugal bees :
 " I sing, Maecenas.

" which four lines, tho' faulty enough, are yet much
 " more to the purpose than Mr D.'s six."

Ver. 22.

" From fields and mountains to my song repair.

" For *patrium linquens nemus, saltusque Lycæi*—
" very well explained !"

Ver. 23. 24.

" Inventor Pallas, of the fattening oil,
" Thou founder of the plough, and ploughman's toil !

" Written as if these had been Pallas's invention."
" *The ploughman's toil's* impertinent."

Ver. 25.

"— The shroud-like cypress—

" Why shroud-like ? Is a cypress, pulled up by the
" roots, which the sculptor in the last eclogue fills
" Silvanus's hand with, so very like a shroud? Or
" did not Mr D. think of that kind of cypress us'd
" often for scarves and hatbands at funerals former-
" ly, or for widows' vails, &c. ? if so, 'twas a deep
" good thought"

Ver 26.

"— That wear
" The royal honours, and increase the year.

" What's meant by increasing the year? Did the
" gods or goddesses add more months, or days, or
" hours, to it? Or how can *arva tueri* signify to
" wear rural honours? Is this to translate, or abuse
" *an* author? The next couplet is borrowed from
" Ogylby, I suppose, because less to the purpose
" than ordinary."

Ver 33.

" The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard

" Idle, and none of Virgil's, no more than the sense
 " of the precedent couplet ; so again, he interpolates
 " Virgil with that and the round circle of the year
 " to guide powerful of blessings, which thou strew'st
 " around; a ridiculous Latinism, and an imperti-
 " nent addition ; indeed the whole, period is but one
 " piece of absurdity and nonsense, as those who
 " lav it with the original must find."

Ver. 42, 43.

" And Neptune shall resign the faces of the sea.

" Was he consul or dictator there ?"

" And wat'ry virgins for thy bed shall strive.

" Both absurd interpolations."

Ver. 47, 48.

" Where in the void of heaven a place is *free*,

" Ah, happy D — n , were that place for thee !

" But where is that void ? Or, what does our trans-
 " lator mean by it ? He knows what Ovid says, God
 " did not prevent such a void in heaven ; perhaps
 " this was then forgotten : but Virgil talks more
 " sensibly."

Ver. 49.

" The scorpion ready to receive thy laws.

" No, he would not then have gotten out of his way
 " so fast."

Ver. 56.

" Though Proserpine affects her silent seat.

" What made her then so angry with Ascalaphus,
 " for preventing her return ? She was now mus'd
 " to patience under the determinations of fate, ra-
 " ther than fond of her residence."

Ver. 61, 62, 63.

" Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares,
 " Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
 " And use thyself betimes to hear our prayers.

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" Which is such a wretched perversion of Virgil's
 " noble thought, as Vicars would have blushed at;
 " but Mr Ogylby makes us some amends, by his
 " better lines .

" O wheresoe'er thou art, from thence incline,
 " And grant assistance to my bold design !
 " Pity, with me, poor husbandmen's affairs,
 " And now, as it translated, hear our prayers.

" this is sense, and to the purpose : the other, poor
 " mistaken stuff."

Such were the strictures of Milbourne, who found
 few abettors, and of whom it may be reasonably
 imagined, that many who favoured his design were
 ashamed of his insolence.

When admiration had subsided, the translation
 was more coolly examined, and found, like all others,
 to be sometimes erroneous, and sometimes licen-
 tious. Those who could find faults, thought they
 could avoid them ; and Dr Brady attempted in
 blank verse a translation of the *Æneid*, which, when
 dragged into the world, did not live long enough to
 cry. I have never seen it ; but that such a version

there is, or has been, perhaps some old catalogue informed me.

With not much better success, Trapp, when his tragedy and his prelections had given him reputation, attempted another blank version of the *Æneid* ; to which, notwithstanding the slight regard with which it was treated, he had afterwards perseverance enough to add the eclogues and georgics. His book may continue in existence as long as it is the clandestine refuge of school-boys.

Since the English ear has been accustomed to the melliflence of Pope's numbers, and the diction of poetry has become more splendid, new attempts have been made to translate Virgil ; and all his works have been attempted by men better qualified to contend with Dryden. I will not engage myself in an invidious comparison, by opposing one passage to another; a work of which there would be no end, and which might be often offensive without use.

It is not by comparing line with line that the merit of great works is to be estimated, but by their general effects and ultimate result. It is easy to note a weak line, and write one more vigorous in its place, to find a happiness of expression in the original, and transplant it by force into the version : but what is given to the parts may be subducted from the whole, and the reader may be weary, though the critic may commend. Works of imagination excel by their allurements and delight ; by their power of attracting and detaining the attention. That book is good in vain, which the reader throws away. He only is the master, who keeps the mind in pleasing

captivity ; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hope of new pleasure are perused again ; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day.

By his proportion of this predomination, I will consent that Dryden should be tried; of this, which, in opposition to reason, makes Ariosto the darling and the pride of Italy ; of this, which, in defiance of criticism, continues Shakspeare the sovereign of the drama.

His last work was his Fables, in which he gave us the first example of a mode of writing which the Italians call *refaccimento*, a renovation of ancient writers, by modernizing their language. Thus the old poem of Boiardo has been newly dressed by Domenichi and Berni. The works of Chaucer, upon which this kind of rejuvenescence has been bestowed by Dryden, require little criticism. The title of the Cock seems hardly worth revival ; and the story of Palamon and Areite, containing an action unsuitable to the times in which it is placed, can hardly be suffered to pass without censure of the hyperbolical commendation which Dryden has given it in the general preface, and in a poetical dedication, a piece where his original fondness of remote conceits seems to have revived.

Of the three pieces borrowed from Boccace, *Sigismunda* may be defended by the celebrity of the story. Theodore and Honoria, though it contains not much moral, yet afforded opportunities of striking description. And Cymon was formerly a tale of such reputation, that at the revival of letters it was translated into Latin by one of the Beroalds.

Whatever subjects employed his pen, he was still improving our measures, and embellishing our language,

In this volume are interspersed some short original poems, which, with his prologues, epilogues, and songs, may be comprised in Congreve's remark, that even those, if he had written nothing else, would have entitled him to the praise of excellence in his kind.

One composition must however be distinguished. The ode for St Cecilia's day, perhaps the last effort of his poetry, has been always considered as exhibiting the highest flight of fancy, and the exactest nicety of art. This is allowed to stand without a rival. If indeed there is any excellence beyond it, in some other of Dryden's works that excellence must be found. Compared with the ode on Killegrew, it may be pronounced perhaps superior in the whole, but without any single part equal to the first stanza of the other.

It is said to have cost Dryden a fortnights labour; but it does not want its negligences : some of the lines are without correspondent rhymes ; a defect which I never detected but after an acquaintance of many years, and which the enthusiasm of the writer might hinder him from perceiving.

His last stanza has less emotion than the former ; but it is not less elegant in the diction. The conclusion is vicious ; the music of Timotheus, which raised a mortal to the skies, had only a metaphorical power ; that of Cecilia, which drew an angel down, had a real effect: the crown therefore could not reasonably be divided.

In a general survey of Dryden's labours, he appears to have a mind very comprehensive by nature, and much enriched with acquired knowledge. His compositions are the effects of a vigorous genius operating upon large materials.

The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. Upon all occasions that were presented, he studied rather than felt, and produced sentiments not such as nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the simple and elemental passions, as they spring separate in the mind, he seems not much acquainted ; and seldom describes them but as they are complicated by the various relations of society, and confused in the tumults and agitations of life.

What he says of love may contribute to the explanation of his character :

Love various minds does variously inspire.
It stirs in gentle bosoms gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar laid,
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade.
A fire which every windy passion blows,
With pride it mounts, or with revenge it glows.

Dryden's was not one of *the gentle bosoms* : Love, as it subsists in itself, with no tendency but to the person loved, and wishing only for correspondent kindness ; such love as shuts out all other interest, the love of the golden age, was too soft and subtile to put his faculties in motion. He hardly conceived it but in its turbulent effervescence with some other desires; when it was inflamed by rivalry, or ob-

structed by difficulties ; when it invigorated ambition, or exasperated revenge.

He is therefore, with all his variety of excellence, not often pathetic ; and had so little sensibility of the power of effusions purely natural, that he did not esteem them in others. Simplicity gave him no pleasure ; and for the first part of his life he looked on Otway with contempt, though at last, indeed very late, he confessed that in his play *there was Nature, which is the chief beauty.*

We do not always know our own motives. I am not certain whether it was not rather the difficulty which he found in exhibiting the genuine operations of the heart, than a servile submission to an injudicious audience, that filled his plays with false magnificence. It was necessary to fix attention ; and the mind can be captivated only by recollection, or by curiosity, by reviving natural sentiments, or impressing new appearances of things : sentences were readier at his call than images ; he could more easily fill the ear with splendid novelty, than awaken those ideas that slumber in the heart.

The favourite exercise of his mind was ratiocination ; and, that argument might not be too soon at an end, he delighted to talk of liberty and necessity, destiny and contingency ; these he discusses in the language of the school, with so much profundity, that the terms which he uses are not always understood. It is indeed learning, but learning out of place.

When once he had engaged himself in disputation, thoughts flowed in on either side : he was now no longer at a loss ; he had always objections and solutions at command ; " verbaque provisam rem"

—give him matter for his verse, and he finds without difficulty verse for his matter.

In comedy, for which he professes himself not naturally qualified, the mirth which he excites will perhaps not be found so much to arise from any original humour, or peculiarity of character, nicely distinguished and diligently pursued, as from incidents and circumstances, artifices and surprizes ; from jests of action rather than of sentiment. What he had of humorous or passionate, he seems to have had, not from nature but from other poets ; if not always as a plagiarist, at least as an imitator-

Next to argument, his delight was in wild and daring sallies of sentiment, in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit. He delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to mingle ; to approach the precipice of absurdity, and hover over the abyss of unideal vacancy. This inclination sometimes produced nonsense, which he knew ; as,

Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lover's pace,
Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race.

Amamel flies

To guard thee from the demons of the air ;
My flaming sword above them to display,
All keen, and ground upon the edge of day.

And sometimes it issued in absurdities, of which perhaps he was not conscious :

Then we upon our orb's last verge shall go,
And see the ocean leaning on the sky,
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
And on the lunar world securely pry.

These lines have no meaning ; but may we not say, in imitation of Cowley on another book,

'Tis so like *sense* 'twill serve the turn as well?

This endeavour after the grand and the new, produced many sentiments either great or bulky, and many images either just or splendid:

I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of sen itude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

}

—'Tis but because the living death ne'er knew,
They fear to prove it as a thing that's new ;
Let me the experiment before you try,
I'll shew you first how easy 'tis to die.

—There with a forest of their darts he strove,
And stood like Capaneus defying Jove,
With h's broad sword the boldest beating down,
While Fate grew pale lest he should win the town,
And turn'd the iron leaves of his dark book,
To make new dooms, or mend what it mistook.

—I beg no pity for this mouldering clay ;
For if you give it burial, there it takes
Possession of your earth :
If burnt and scattered in the air, the winds
That strew my dust diffuse my royalty,
And spread me o'er your clime, for where one atom
Of mine shall light, know there Sebastian reigns.

Of these quotations the two first may be allowed to be great, the two latter only tumid.

Of such selection there is no end. I will add only a few more passages ; of which the first, though

it may not perhaps be quite clear in prose, is not too obscure for poetry, as the meaning that it has is noble :

No, there is a necessity in Fate,
 Why still the brave bold man is fortunate :
 He keeps his object ever full in sight :
 And that assurance holds him firm and right.
 True, 'tis a narrow way that leads to bliss,
 But right before there is no precipice :
 Fear makes men look aside, and so their footing miss.

}

Of the images which the two following citations afford, the first is elegant, the second magnificent ; whether either be just, let the reader judge :

What piecious drops are these,
 Which silently each other's track pursue,
 Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew ?

—Resign your castle—

—Enter, brave Sir , for when you speak the word,
 The gates shall open of their own accord:
 The genius of the place its lord shall meet,
 And bow its towery forehead at your feet.

These bursts of extravagance Dryden calls the " Dalilahs" of the theatre ; and owns that many noisy lines of " Maximin and Almanzor" call out for vengeance upon him : " but I knew," says he, " that they were bad enough to please even when I " wrote them." There is surely reason to suspect that he pleased himself as well as his audience; and that these, like the harlots of other men, had his love, though not his approbation.

He had sometimes faults of a less generous and

splendid kind. He makes, like almost all other poets, very frequent use of mythology, and sometimes connects religion and fable too closely without distinction.

He descends to display his knowledge with pedantic ostentation; as when, in translating Virgil, he says, " tack to the larboard,"—and " veer star-board;" and talks, in another work, of " virtue spooning before the wind." His vanity now and then betrays his ignorance :

They Nature's king through Nature's optics view'd ;
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eyes.

He had heard of reversing a telescope, and unluckily reverses the object.

He is sometimes unexpectedly mean. When he describes the Supreme Being as moved by prayer to stop the fire of London, what is his expression?

A hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipp'd above ;
Of this a broad *extinguisher* he makes,
And *hoods* the flames that to their quarry strove.

When he describes the last day, and the decisive tribunal, he intermingles this image :

When rattling bones together fly,
From the four quarters of the sky.

It was indeed never in his power to resist the temptation of a jest In his elegy on Cromwell :

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrae'd,
Than the *light Monsieur* the *grave Don* outweigh'd,
His fortune turn'd the scale—

He had a vanity, unworthy of his abilities, to shew, as may be suspected, the rank of the company with whom he lived, by the use of French words, which had then crept into conversation ; such as *fraicheur* for *coolness*, *fougue* for *turbulence*, and a few more, none of which the language has incorporated or retained. They continue only where they stood first, perpetual warnings to future innovators.

These are his faults of affectation ; his faults of negligence are beyond recital. Such is the unevenness of his compositions, that ten lines are seldom found together without something of which the reader is ashamed. Dryden was no rigid judge of his own pages; he seldom struggled after supreme excellence, but snatched in haste what was within his reach ; and when he could content others, was himself contented. He did not keep present to his mind an idea of pure perfection ; nor compare his works, such as they were, with what they might be made. He knew to whom he should be opposed. He had more music than Waller, more vigour than Denham, and more nature than Cowley ; and from his contemporaries he was in no danger. Standing therefore in the highest place, he had no care to rise by contending with himself; but, while there was no name above his own, was willing to enjoy fame on the easiest terms.

He was no lover of labour. What he thought sufficient, he did not stop to make better ; and allowed himself to leave many parts unfinished, in confidence that the good lines would overbalance the bad. What he had once written, he dismissed from his thoughts ; and I believe there is no example

to be found of any correction or improvement made by him after publication. The hastiness of his productions might be the effect of necessity ; but his subsequent neglect could hardly have any other cause than impatience of study.

What can be said of his versification will be little more than a dilution of the praise given it by Pope :

Waller was smooth : But Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the lull resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

}

Some improvements had been already made in English numbers ; but the full force of our language was not yet felt ; the verse that was smooth was commonly feeble. If Cowley had sometimes a finished line, he had it by chance. Dryden knew how to chuse the flowing and the sonorous words ; to vary the pauses, and adjust the accents ; to diversify the cadence, and yet preserve the smoothness of his metre.

Of triplets and alexandrines, though he did not introduce the use, he established it. The triplet has long subsisted among us. Dryden seems not to have traced it higher than to Chapman's Homer ; but it is to be found in Phaer's Virgil, written in the reign of Mary ; and in Hall's Satires, published five years before the death of Elisabeth.

The alexandrine was, I believe, first used by Spenser, for the sake of closing his stanza with a fuller sound. We had a longer measure of fourteen syllables, into which the *Æneid* was translated by Phaer, and other works of the ancients by other

writers ; of which Chapman's *Iliad* was, I believe, the last.

The two first lines of Phaer's third *Æneid* will exemplify this measure :

When Asia's state was overthrown, and Priam's kingdom
stout,
All guiltless, by the power of gods above was rooted out.

As these lines had their break, or *cæsuro*, always at the eight syllable, it was thought, in time, commodious to divide them : and quatrains of lines alternately, consisting of eight and six syllables, make the most soft and pleasing of our lyric measures;

Relentless Time, destroying power,
Which stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to every flying hour
To work some new decay.

In the alexandrine, when its power was once felt, some poems, as Drayton's *Polyolbion*, were wholly written ; and sometimes the measures of twelve and fourteen syllables were interchanged with one another. Cowley was the first that inserted the alexandrine at pleasure among the heroic lines of ten syllables, and from him Dryden professes to have adopted it.

The triplet and alexandrine are not universally approved. Swift always censured them, and wrote some lines to ridicule them. In examining their propriety, it is to be considered that the essence of verse is regularity, and its ornament is variety. To write verse, is to dispose syllables and sounds harmonically

by some known and settled rule ; a rule, however, lax enough to substitute similitude for identity, to admit changewithout breach of order, and to relieve the ear without disappointing it. Thus a Latin hexameter is formed fom dactyls and spoondees differently combined ; the English heroic admits of acute or grave syllables variously disposed. The Latin never deviates into seven feet, or exceeds the number of seventeen syllables ; but the English alexandrine breaks the lawful bounds, and surprises the reader with two syllables more than he expected.

The effect of the triplet is the same ; the ear has been accustomed to expect a new rhyme in every couplet; but is on a sudden surprized with three rhymes together, to which the reader could not accommodate his voice, did he not obtain notice of the change from the braces of the margins. Surely there is something unskilful in necessity of such mechanical direction.

Considering the metrical art simply as a science, and consequently excluding all casualty, we must allow that triplets and alexandrines, inserted by caprice, are interruptions of that constancy to which science aspires. And though the variety which they produce may very justly be desired, yet, to make poetry exact, their ought to be some stated mode of admitting them.

But till some such regulation can be formed, I wish them still to be retained in their present state. They are sometimes convenient to the poet. Fenton was of opinion, that Dryden was too liberal, and Pope too sparing, in their use.

The rhymes of Dryden are commonly just, and

he valued himself for his readiness in finding them but he is sometimes open to objection.

It is the common practice of our poets to end the second line with a weak or grave syllable :

**Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy.**

Dryden sometimes puts the weak rhyme in the first ;

**Laugh all the powers that favour tyranny,
And all the standing army of the sky.**

Sometimes he concludes a period or paragraph with the first line of a couplet, which, though the French seem to do it without irregularity, always displeases in English poetry.

The alexandrine, though much his favourite, is not always very diligently fabricated by him. It invariably requires a break at the sixth syllable ; a rule which the modern French poets never violate, but which Dryden sometimes neglected :

And with paternal thunder vindicates his throne.

Of Dryden's works it was said by Pope, that he " could select from them better specimens of every " mode of poetry, than any other English writer " could supply." Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such a variety of models. To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctness of our senti-

ments. By him we were taught "sapere et fari, to think naturally and express forcibly. Though Davies has reasoned in rhyme before him, it may be perhaps maintained that he was the first who joined argument with poetry. He shewed us the true bounds of a translators liberty. What was said of Rome, adorned by Augustus, may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry embellished by Dryden, "lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit." He found it brick, and he left it marble.

The invocation before the georgics is here inserted from Mr Milbourne's version, that according to his own proposal, his verses may be compared with those which he censures.

What makes the richest tilth, beneath what signs
To plough, and when to match your *elms* and *vines* ;
 What care with *flocks*, and what with *herds* agree-
 And all the management of frugal *bees* ;
 I sing, Mæcnas ! Ye immensely clear,
 Vast orbs of light, which guide the rolling year :
Bacchus, and mother *Ceres*, if by you
 We fatt'ning *corn* for hungry *mast* pursue,
 If, taught by you, we find the *cluster* prest,
 And *thin cold streams* with *sprightly Juice* refresht,
 Ye *fawns*, the present *numens* of the field,
Wood nymphs and *fawns*, your kind assistance yield;
 Your gifts I sing : and thou, at whose fear'd stroke
 From rending earth the fiery *courser* broke,
 Great *Neptune*, O assist my artful song !
 And thou to whom the woods and groves belong.
 Whose snowy heifers on her flow'ry plains
 In mighty herds the *Cæen Isle* maintains !
 Van, happy shepherd, if thy cares divine,
 E'er to improve thy *Mænalus* incline,
 Leave thy *Lycæan wood* and *native grove*,
 And with thy lucky smiles our work approve ;

Be *Pallus* too, sweet oil's inventor, kind ;
 And he who first the crooked *plough* design'd,
Sylvanus, god of all the woods, appear,
 Whose hands a new-drawn tender *cypress* bear !
 Ye *gods* and *goddesses*, who e'er with love
 Would guard our pastures and our fields improve,
 Ye, who new plants from unknown lands supply,
 And with condensing clouds obscure the sky,
 And drop them softly thence in fruitful showers ;
 Assist my enterprise ye gentle powers !

And thou, great Caesar ! though we know not yet
 Among what gods thou'lt fix thy lofty seat ;
 Whether thou'lt be the kind *tutelar god*
 Of thy own *Rome*, or with thy awful nod
 Guide the vast world, while thy great hand shall bear
 The fruits and seasons of the turning year,
 And thy bright brows thy mother's myrtles wear ,
 Whether thou'lt all the boundless ocean sway,
 And sea-men only to thyself shall pray ;
Thule, the fairest island kneel to thee,
 And, that thou may'st her son by marriage be,
Tethys will for the happy purchase yield
 To make a *dowry* of her wat'ry field.
 Whether thou'lt add to Heaven a *brighter sign*,
 And o'er the *summer months* serenely shine ;
 Where between *Cancer* and *Erigone*,
 There yet remains a spacious *room* for thee ,
 Where the hot *Scorpion* too his aim declines,
 And more to thee than half his *arch* resigns ;
 Whate'er thou'lt be, for sure the realms below
 No just pretence to thy command can show :
 No such ambition sways thy vast desires,
 Though *Greece* her own *Elysian fields* admires
 And now, at last contented *Proserpine*
 Can all her mother's earnest prayers decline.
 Whate'er thou'lt be, O guide our gentle course ;
 And with thy smiles our bold attempts enforce ;
 With me th' unknowing *rustics'* wants relieve,
 And, though on earth, our sacred vows receive !

Mr DRYDEN, having received from Rymer his "Remarks on the Tragedies of the last Age," wrote observations on the blank leaves ; which, having been in the possession of Mr Garrick, are by his favour communicated to the public, that no particle of Dryden may be lost.

" That we may less wonder why pity and terror
" are not now the only springs on which our tra-
" gedies move, and that Shakspeare may be more
" excused, Rapin confesses that the French trage-
" dies now all run on the *tendre* ; and gives the
" reason, because love is the passion which most
" predominates in our souls, and that therefore the
" passions represented become insipid, unless they
" are conformable to the thoughts of the audience.
" Hut it is to be concluded, that this passion works
" not now amongst the French so strongly as the
" other two did amongst the ancients. Amongst us,
" who have a stronger genius for writing, the oper-
" ations from the writing are much stronger; for
" the raising of Shakspeare's passions, is more from
" the excellency of the words and thoughts, than
" the justness of the occasion ; and if he has been
" able to pick single occasions, he has never found-
" ed the whole reasonably : yet, by the genius of
" poetry in writing, he has succeeded.

" Rapin attributes more to the *dictio*, that is, to
" the words and discourse of a tragedy, than Ari-
" stotle has done, who places them in the last rank
" of beauties; perhaps, only last in order, because
" they are the last product of the design, of the dis-
" position or connection of its parts ; of the charac-

" ters, of the manners of those characters, and of
 " the thoughts proceeding from those manners.
 " Rapin's words are remarkable : 'Tis not the ad-
 " mirable intrigue, the surprising events and extra-
 " ordinary incidents, that make the beauty of a tra-
 " gedy : 'tis the discourses, when they are natural
 " and passionate : so are Shakspeare's.

" The parts of a poem, tragic or heroic, are,

" 1. The fable itself.

" 2. The order or manner of its contrivance, in
 " relation of the parts to the whole.

" 3. The manners, or decency, of the characters,-
 " in speaking or acting what is proper for them,
 " and proper to be shewn by the poet.

" 4. The thoughts which express the manners.

" 5. The words which express those thoughts.

" In the last of these, Homer excels Virgil ; Vir-
 " gil all the other ancient poets ; and Shakspeare all
 " modern poets,

" For the second of these—the order, the mean-
 " ing is, that a fable ought to have a beginning,
 " middle, and an end, all just and natural; so that
 " that part, e.g. which is in the middle, could not
 " naturally be the beginning or end, and so of the
 " rest: all depend on one another, like the links of
 " a curious chain. If terror and pity are only to
 " be raised, certainly this author follows Aristotle's
 " rules, and Sophocles' and Euripides' example;
 " but joy may be raised too, and that doubly, either
 " by seeing a wicked man punished, or a good man
 " at last fortunate: or perhaps indignation, to see
 " wickedness prosperous, and goodness depressed :
 " Both these may be profitable to the end of a tra-

" gedy, reformation of manners ; but the last im-
" properly, only as it begets pity in the audience ;
" though Aristotle, I confess, places tragedies of
" this kind in the second form.

" He who undertakes to answer this excellent
" critique of Mr Rymer, in behalf of our English
" poets against the Greek, ought to do it in this
" manner : either by yielding to him the greatest
" part of what he contends for, which consists in
" this, that the ~~wise~~, i. e. the design and conduct of
" it, is more conducing in the Greeks to those ends
" of tragedy, which Aristotle and he propose, name-
" ly, to cause terror and pity ; yet the granting
" this does not set the Greeks above the English
" poets.

" But the answer ought to prove two things :
" first, that the fable is not the greatest master-
" piece of a tragedy, though it be the foundation
" of it.

" Secondly, that other ends as suitable to the
" nature of tragedy may be found in the English,
" which were not in the Greek.

" Aristotle places the fable first ; not *quoad dig-*
" *nitatem*, sed *quoad fundamentum* : for a fable,
" never so movingly contrived to those ends of his,
" pity and terror, will operate nothing on our at-
" fections, except the characters, manners, thoughts,
" and words, are suitable.

" So that it remains for Mr Rymer to prove,
" that in all those, or the greatest part of them, we
" are inferior to Sophocles and Euripides ; and this
" he has offered at, in some measure ; but, I think,
" a little partially to the ancients.

" For the fable itself, 'tis in the English more a
 " dorned with episodes, and larger than in the
 " Greek poets ; consequently more diverting. For,
 " if the action be but one, and that plain, without
 " any counterturn of design or episode, i. e., under-
 " plot, how can it be so pleasing as the English,
 " which have both underplot and a turned design,
 " which keeps the audience in expectation, of the
 " catastrophe ? whereas in the Greek poets we see
 " through the whole design at first.

" For the characters, they are neither so many
 " nor so various in Sophocles and Euripides, as in
 " Shakspeare and Fletcher; only they are more
 " adapted to those ends of tragedy which Aristotle
 " commends to us, pity and terror

" The manners How from the characters, and
 " consequently must partake of their advantages and
 " disadvantages.

" The thoughts and words, which are the fourth
 " and fifth beauties of tragedy, are certainly more
 " noble and more poetical in the English than in
 " the Greek, which must be proved by comparing
 " them somewhat more equitably than Mr Rymer
 " has done

" After all, we need not yield that the English
 " way is less conducing to move pity and terror,
 " because they often shew virtue oppressed and
 " vice punished ; where they do not both, or either,
 " they are not to be defended.

" And if we should grant that the Greeks per-
 " formed this better, perhaps it may admit of dis-
 " pute, whether pity and terror are either the
 " prime, or at least the only ends of tragedy.

" 'Tis not enough that Aristotle had said so ; for
" Aristotle drew his models of tragedy from Sopho-
" cles and Euripdes; and, if he had seen ours,
" might have changed his mind. And chiefly we
" have to say (what I hinted on pity and terror, in
" the last paragraph save one), that the punishment
" of vice and reward of virtue are the most adequate
" ends of tragedy, because most conducing to good
" example of life. Now, pity is not so easily raised
" for a criminal (and the ancient tragedy always
" represents its chief person such) as it is for an in-
" nocentman ; and the suffering of innocence, and
" punishment of the offender, is of the nature of
" English tragedy ; contrarily, in the Greek, inno-
" cence is unhappy often, and the offender escapes.
" Then we are not touched with the sufferings of
" any sort of men so much as of lovers ; and this
" was almost unknown to the ancients : so that
" they neither administered poetical justice, of
" which Mr Rymer boasts, so well as we; neither
" knew they the best common-place of pity, which
" is love,

" He therefore unjustly blames us for not build-
" ing on what the ancients left us; for it seems,
" upon consideration of the premises, that we have
" wholly finished what they began.

" My judgment on this piece is this: that it is
" extremely learned, but that the author of it is
" better read in the Greek than in the English
" poets ; that all writers ought to study this cri-
" tique, as the best-account I have ever seen of the
" ancients; that the model of tragedy he has here
" given, is excellent, and extremely correct ; but

" that it is not the only model of all tragedy, be-
 " cause it is too much circumscribed in plot, cha-
 " racters, &c.; and, lastly, that we may be taught
 " here justly to admire and imitate the ancients,
 " without giving them the preference with this au-
 " thor, in prejudice to our own country.

" Want of method in this excellent treatise,
 " makes the thoughts of the author sometimes ob-
 " scure.

" His meaning, that pity and terror are to be
 " moved, is, that they are to be moved as the means
 " conducing to the ends of tragedy, which are plea-
 " sure and instruction.

" And these two ends may be thus distinguished.
 " The chief end of the poet is to please ; for his
 " immediate reputation depends on it.

" The great end of the poem is to instruct, which
 " is performed by making pleasure the vehicle of
 " that instruction ; for poesy is an art, and all arts
 " are made to profit. *Rapin.*

" The pity which the poet is *to* labour for, is for
 " the criminal, not for those or him whom he has
 " murdered, or who have been the occasion of the
 " tragedy. The terror is likewise in the punish-
 " ment of the same criminal, who, if he be repre-
 " sented too great an offender, will not be pitied ;
 " if altogether innocent, his punishment will be un-
 " just.

" Another obscurity is, where he says, Sophocles
 " perfected tragedy by introducing the third actor :
 " that is, he meant three kinds of action ; one com-
 " pany singing, or speaking ; another playing on
 " the music ; a third dancing.

" To make a true judgment in this competition
" betwixt the Greek poets and the English, in
" tragedy :

" Consider, first, how Aristotle has defined a
" tragedy. Secondly, what he assigns the end of
" it to be. Thirdly, what he thinks the beauties
" of it. Fourthly, the means to attain the end pro-
" posed.

" Compare the Greek and English tragic poets
" justly, and without partiality, according to those
" rules.

" Then, secondly, consider whether Aristotle has
" made a just definition of tragedy—of its parts, of
" its ends, and of its beauties ; and whether he,
" having not seen any others but those of Sophocles,
" Euripides, &c. had or truly could determine what
" all the excellences of tragedy are, and wherein
" they consist.

" Next, shew in what ancient tragedy was defi-
" cient: for example, in the narrowness of its plots,
" and fewness of persons ; and try whether that be
" not a fault in the Greek poets ; and whether their
" excellency was so great, when the variety was vi-
" sibly so little ; or whether what they did was not
" very easy to do.

" Then make a judgment on what the English
" have added to their beauties : as, for example,
" not only more plot, but also new passions; as,
" namely, that of love, scarcely touched on by the
" ancients, except in this one example of Phædra,
" cited by Mr Rymer ; and in that how short they
" were of Fletcher !

" Prove also that love, being an heroic passion.

" is fit for tragedy, which cannot be denied, be-
 " cause of the example alleged of Phædra ; and how
 " far Shakspeare has outdone them in friendship,
 " &c.

" To return to the beginning of this enquiry,
 " consider if pity and terror be enough for tragedy
 " to move : and I believe, upon a true definition
 " of tragedy, it will be found that its work extends
 " farther, and that it is to reform manners, by a
 " delightful representation of human life in great
 " persons, by way of dialogue. If this be true, then
 " not only pity and terror are to be moved, as the
 " only means to bring us to virtue, but generally,
 " love to virtue, and hatred to vice, by shewing the
 " rewards of one, and punishments of the other ; at
 " least, by rendering virtue always amiable, though
 " it be shewn unfortunate; and vice detestable.
 " though it be shewn triumphant.

" If, then, the encouragement of virtue and dis-
 " couragement of vice be the proper ends of poetry
 " in tragedy ; pity and terror, though good means,
 " are not the only. For all the passions, in their
 " turns, are to be set in a ferment ; as joy, anger,
 " love fear, are to be used as the poet's common-
 " places ; and a general concernment for the prin-
 " cipal actors is to be raised, by making them appear
 " such in their characters, their words, and actions,
 " as will interest the audience in their fortunes.

" And if, after all, in a larger sense, pity com-
 " prehends this concernment for the good, and ter-
 " ror includes detestation for the bad, then let us
 " consider whether the English have not answered

" this" end of tragedy as well as the ancients, or
" perhaps better.

" And here Mr Rymer's objections against these
" plays are to be impartially weighed, that we may
" see whether they are of weight enough to turn the
" balance against our countrymen.

" 'Tis evident those plays which he arraigns,
" have moved both those passions in a high degree
" upon the stage.

" To give the glory of this away from the poet,
" and to place it upon the actors, seems unjust.

" One reason is, because whatever actors they
" have found, the event has been the same ; that is
" the same passions have been always moved: which
" shews that there is something of force and merit
" in the plays themselves, conducing to the design
" of raising these two passions ; and suppose them
" ever to have been excellently acted, yet action
" only adds grace, vigour, and more life, upon the
" stage ; but cannot give it wholly where it is not
" first. But, secondly, I dare appeal to those who
" have never seen them acted, if they have not
" found these two passions moved within them :
" and if the general voice will carry it, Mr Rymer's
" prejudice will take off his single testimony.

" This, being matter of fact, is reasonably to be
" established by this appeal ; as, if one man says it
" is night, when the rest of the world conclude it
" to be day, there needs no farther argument
" against him, that it is so.

" If he urge, that the general taste is depraved,
" his arguments to prove this can at best but evince
" that our poets took not the best way to raise those

" passions ; but experience proves against him, that
 " those means which they have used, have been
 " successful, and have produced them.

" And one reason of that success is, in my opi-
 " nion, this; that Shakspeare and Fletcher have
 " written to the genius of the age and nation in
 " which they lived ; for though nature, as he ob-
 " jects. is the same in all places, and reason too the
 " same ; yet the climate, the age, the disposition
 " of the people, to whom a poet writes, may be so
 " different, that what pleased the Greeks would
 " not satisfy an English audience.

" And if they proceed upon a foundation of truer
 " reason to please the Athenians, than Shakespeare
 " and Fletcher to please the English, it only shews
 " that the Athenians were a more judicious people;
 " but the poet's business is certainly to please the
 " audience.

" Whether our English audience have been pleased
 " hitherto with acorns, as he calls it, or with bread,
 " is the next question ; that is, whether the means
 " which Shakspeare and Fletcher have used in
 " their plays, to raise those passions before named, be
 " better applied to the ends by the Greek poets than
 " by them. And perhaps we shall not grant him
 " this wholly : let it be yielded that a writer is not
 " to run down with the stream, or to please the
 " people by their usual methods, but rather to re-
 " form their judgments, it still remains to prove
 " that our theatre needs this total reformation.

" The faults which he has found in their design,
 " are rather wittily aggravated in many places than
 " reasonably urged; and as much may be re-

" turned on the Greeks by one who were as witty
" as himself.

" They destroy not, if they are granted, the
" foundation of the fabric : only take away from
" the beauty of the symmetry ; for example, the
" faults in the character of the king, in King and
" No-king, are not, as he calls them, such as render him detestable, but only imperfections which
" accompany human nature, and are for the most
" part excused by the violence of his love ; so that
" they destroy not our pity or concernment for
" him : this answer may be applied to most of his
" objections of that kind.

" And Rollo committing many murders when he
" is answerable but for one, is too severely arraigned
" by him ; for it adds to our horror and detestation
" of the criminal : and poetic justice is not neglected
" neither ; for we stab him in our minds for every
" offence which he commits ; and the point which
" the poet is to gain on the audience, is not so much
" in the death of an offender as the raising an horror
" of his crimes.

" That the criminal should neither be wholly
" guilty, nor wholly innocent, but so participating
" of both, as to move both pity and terror, is certainly a good rule, but not perpetually to be observed ; for that were to make all tragedies too
" much alike ; which objection he foresaw, but has
" not fully answered.

" To conclude, therefore; if the plays of the
" ancients are more correctly plotted, ours are more
" beautifully written. And, if we can raise passions
" as high on worse foundations, it shows our genius

" in tragedy is greater ; for in all other parts of it
" the English have manifestly excelled them."

THE original of the following letter is preserved
in the library at Lambeth, and was kindly imparted
to the public by the reverend Dr Vyse.

Copy of an original letter from John Dryden,
Esq. to his sons in Italy, from a MS. in the
Lambeth Library, marked No. 933, p. 56.

(*Superscribed*)

" Al illustrissimo Sig"

" Carlo Dryden Camariere

" d'Honore A. S. S.

" In Roma.

" Franca per Mantoua.

" Sept. the 3d, our style

" Dear Sons,

" Being now at Sir William Bower's in the coun-
" try, I cannot write at large, because I find myself
" somewhat indisposed with a cold, and am thick of
" hearing, rather worse than I was in town. I am
" glad to find, by your letter of July 26th, your
" style, that you are both in health; but wonder
" you should think me so negligent as to forget to
" give you an account of the ship in which your
" parcel is to come. I have written to you two or
" three letters concerning it, which I have sent by
" safe hands, as I told you, and doubt not but you
" have them before this can arrive to you. Being
" out of town, I have forgotten the ship's name.

" which your mother will enquire, and put into her
" letter, which is joined with mine. But the master's
" name I remember : he is called Mr Ralph Thorp ;
" the ship is bound to Leghorn, consigned to Mr
" Peter and Mr Thomas Ball, merchants. I am of
" your opinion, that by Tonson's means almost all
" our letters have miscarried for this last year. But,
" however, he has missed of his design in the dedi-
" cation, though he had prepared the book for it ;
" for, in every figure of Æneas he has caused him to
" be drawn like King William, with a hooked nose.
" After my return to town, I intend to alter a play of
" Sir Robert Howard's, written long since/and lately
" put into my hands ; 'tis called the ' The Conquest
" of China by the Tartars.' It will cost me six
" weeks study, with the probable benefit of an hun-
" dred pounds. In the mean time I am writing a
" song for St Cecilia's feast, who, you know, is the
" patroness of music. This is troublesome, and no
" way beneficial ; but I could not deny the stewards
" of the feast, who came in a body to me to desire
" that kindness, one of them being Mr Bridgeman,
" whose parents are your mother's friends. I hope
" to send you thirty guineas between Michaelmas
" and Christmas, of which I will give you an ac-
" count when I come to town. I remember the
" counsel you gave me in your letter : but dissem-
" bling, though lawful in some cases, is not my
" talent ; yet, for your sake, I will struggle with the
" plain openness of my nature, and keep in my just
" resentments against that degenerate order. In the
" mean time, I flatter not myself with any manner
" of hopes, but do my duty, and suffer for God's

" sake ; being assured beforehand never to be re-
 " warded, though the times should alter. Towards
 " the latter end of this month, September, Charles
 " will begin to recover his perfect health, according
 " to his nativity, which, casting it myself, I am
 " sure is true, and all things hitherto have happen-
 " ed accordingly to the very time I predicted them:
 " I hope at the same time to recover more health,
 " according to my age. Remember me to poor
 " Harry, whose prayers I earnestly desire. My
 " Virgil succeeds in the world beyond its desert or
 " my expectation. You know the profits might
 " have been more; but neither my conscience nor
 " my honour would suffer me to take them: but
 " I never can repent of my constancy, since I am
 " thoroughly persuaded of the justice of the cause
 " for which I suffer. It has pleased God to raise up
 " many friends to me amongst my enemies, though
 " they who ought to have been my friends are neg-
 " ligent of me. I am called to dinner, and cannot
 " go on with this letter which I desire you to ex-
 " case; and am

" Your most affectionate father,

JOHN DRYDEN."

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

