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WITH CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS
BY VARIOUS WRITERS
AND GENERAL INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PERIOD

EDITED BY

HENRY CRAIK

VOL. III

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

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INTRODUCTION

IN the period just preceding that covered by the present volume, English prose had passed through a critical and disordered phase. In spite of some notable achievements even in prose, and occasional flashes of consummate perfection in style, the Elizabethans left us, in that sphere, no permanent inheritance, no accepted standard of diction. They had, indeed, enriched the language by free adaptations from various sources; they had kept alive the tradition of a racy colloquialism, instinct with life and vigour; and they had added the polished deftness—albeit somewhat affected—of Euphuism, with its copiousness of rich metaphor and quaint antithesis. The resources of the language were bewildering in their multiplicity, and had need of the ease and leisure of peace and quiet for their orderly development. Instead of that, as the seventeenth century advanced, men's minds were made restless, first by intricacy in thought, with its corresponding involution of style, and then by the hot controversies of politics and religion, which made prose laboured, earnest, and even eloquent, but shut it out from the calmness necessary for artistic grace or literary finish. Its earlier qualities were not indeed lost, although they were under a cloud that hindered their free development. There were still those who, to use the words of Atterbury, would prize "that dance of words which good ears are so much pleased with." The rich draperies of Euphuism were not altogether abandoned; and the very earnestness that moved the generation which lived through the struggle between loyalty and puritanism, served to keep alive the tradition of directness, of vivid colloquialism, which never disappeared from English prose. But we have only to

glance through the authors represented in the preceding volume in order to see how hard was the struggle through which our prose style had to pass, and how disordered and even lurid were some of its phases. The manner of writing was subordinated to the immediate needs of the strife: men had to argue, to contend, to preach, or to narrate, and they had no time for literary art. They lost themselves in the development of obscure systems: they were over-burdened with a learning that had no sense of proportion. They often attained, it is true, to impressive force and dignity of eloquence, but it is by the very tragic energy of their earnestness. We find no unity of aim, no natural resemblance in their methods. The solemn eloquence of Clarendon, the fascination of Browne's religious melancholy—these are inheritances, rich, indeed, but, like so much in the literary work of the age, they are monuments, not examples or types. Side by side with them, we find a bewildering contrast of miscellaneous effort, by turns fantastic, reckless, solemn and portentous; always instinct with force of a kind; often depressed by pedantry; but having in it no principle of development, upon which literary art could make a sure and steady advance.

Before the close of that period, some calm had succeeded to the storm. In Hales and Chillingworth, philosophy had reached a more restful haven; in Jeremy Taylor, Herbert, and Leighton, devotional writings had escaped from the hurtle of controversy, and breathed in a more peaceful atmosphere. As it recovered rest, English prose became more dignified and stately, and on these lines of dignity and stateliness, its forward movement was to take its course. "I found myself in a storm," writes Locke, just after the Restoration, "which had lasted almost hitherto, and therefore cannot but entertain the approaches of a calm with the greatest joy and satisfaction." He puts into words what might have been uttered by the spirit of our literature, which breathed more freely after an intense, but, for her, a gloomy struggle.

The new period is typified by the names which meet us at the beginning of this volume. It is not for his style, orderly, methodical, and dignified as it is, that Bishop Pearson is chiefly remarkable; but when we come to Evelyn, we have in him one who fitly represents the new spirit in English prose. His style may be cumbrous, artificial, even tedious; but it is impossible to deny its stateliness, its dignity, its consummate calm. It lacked much which the succeeding generation was to bring, and which

was fully attained by those who follow him in this volume. The long roll of his sentences was monotonous, and the reader instinctively calls for the relief of variety. But the essential elements of regularity, formal order, and restraint, were distinctly present. He retains much of the pedantic learning and far-fetched allusion which were so rife in the preceding age; but he retains also—and for this we have to thank him—the richness of ornament and metaphor that prevent an impression of dulness and barrenness. Luxuriance of fancy had yet to be pruned; the spirit of the succeeding generation was to bring greater lucidity and exactness of thought and method, and as a result the cumbrous period was to be shortened, and the movement of our prose made more quick and natural. But even what is best in the full ripeness of the later harvest owes something to the luxuriance of such prose as that of Evelyn.

As we pass in review the various specimens which this volume presents to us, the differences and contrasts are apt to perplex, and to leave upon us the impression of a confused and miscellaneous aggregate, with no definite aim, and no principle of development. To some extent the impression is a true one. The struggle of the previous generation was not entirely over, and it was a hard task to attain to any orderly style out of the mass of various material from which the selection had to be made. But as we proceed to classify and arrange our authors, we find that the advance was gradual but sure, and that the new generation was evolving order out of chaos. First we have a regular sequence of writers, who attended very little to niceties of style, but confined themselves to methodical treatment of their subject; who aimed at clearness and definition, and avoided those more intricate disquisitions that had perplexed their predecessors. The series fitly opens with Bishop Pearson; it proceeds through Barrow and South, Stillingfleet and Sprat on the one hand, and through Boyle, Locke, Newton, and Shaftesbury on the other, representing different phases of the same literary method. All of these, in their varying degrees, are in strong contrast with the preceding generation; all of them are forerunners of the exact and restrained method, and the more ordered and regular style which was to be distinctive of the eighteenth century. On a lower level, but with the same avoidance of waywardness, extravagance, and intricacy, we have the plain and straightforward style of Bishop Burnet and Sidney, the common-

sense philosophy and somewhat commonplace rationalising of Clarke, Cudworth, and Hoadly; and the religious outpourings—simple even to uncouthness—of such men as Ellwood, Fox, and Penn. To none of these classes are we to look for the real development of prose style. Only a few of those named gave much thought to its niceties or graces; but they contributed something if it were only by the logical method of their exposition, and by the plain directness of their narrative. There were others, however, whose literary work is far more important in this connexion. Evelyn's style is often cumbrous, artificial, and pedantic. But it preserved the rich vein of ornament and fancy that descended from the older Euphuism; and it added to abundance of metaphor, an orderly regularity, and an absence of involution, which Euphuism had not mastered. Evelyn wrote with a courtly grace that gave a tradition of dignity to English prose. Thomas Burnet had something of the older extravagance; but there was a rich vein in his eloquence which was not without its effect on his successors, although posterity accorded to him no such important place as he occupied in his own generation. From Evelyn to Temple was only a small step; but yet the luxuriance was pruned in Temple's periods, and the courtliness has more of ease and less of artificiality. As is shown in the preface to the specimens of Temple's prose in this volume, he shares with Tillotson, Halifax, and Dryden the distinction of typifying the strongest tendency in the prose of that generation. It is difficult to describe this by any short definition; but its most marked characteristics were ease and familiarity, combined with dignity and regularity. The qualities which Tillotson brought to the treatment of religious subjects were essentially of the same kind. Halifax typifies the same characteristics in his *Political and Moral Reflections:* and the consummate genius of Dryden brought these qualities to perfection in his critical essays. The debt which Dryden owed to Tillotson, was exaggerated by his own generosity; but his acknowledgment at least shows that the two were akin in their literary taste and judgment.

The work which Dryden accomplished for English prose is treated fully in the preface to the selections from his prose in this volume. In him, as is there remarked, we have "an isthmus between two seas," touching, on the one hand, the imagination and richness of the past, and on the other, the calmer and more critical instincts of the succeeding generation. To him we owe that perfection of

ease, that familiar intercourse between author and reader, that constant reference to the common judgment of educated men, which gave its best note to English prose. When we pass from him to Steele and Addison, we find that the model he had formed has been adapted to new purposes for which by its nature, it was admirably fitted. It has lost some of the wealth of imagination which was the product partly of Dryden's contact with the past, partly of his own genius. But it has gained, in the miscellaneous essay, a theme for which, of all others, its easy and yet graceful conversational tone was best suited, and in the treatment of which it acquired, in the hands of such successors, new delicacy and precision, even if it lost something of the exuberance which had belonged to it in the hands of Dryden.

It is thus through Evelyn, Temple, and Tillotson, that we may trace the growth of English prose during this period, until it culminates in the rich storehouse of Dryden's essays, and is refined and adapted to a tone of courtly and yet familiar conversation, varied and embellished by a subtle literary flavour, in the hands of Addison and Steele. The growing precision of thought, the scientific accuracy towards which the age was tending, helped towards this, and the authors previously named, although their purely literary claims are inferior, yet deserve some credit for their share in the work. But there are others, of more outstanding genius, who defy classification, who belonged to no hereditary line, and neither received from predecessors, nor transmitted to successors, the distinctive traits of their genius; but who, nevertheless, powerfully affected the prose style of our language. The first of these is Bunyan. We cannot detach from one another the elements of his style: its raciness, its homeliness, its copiousness, and its directness and force. Just as little can we distinguish his style from the earnestness of feeling, the vividness of description, the quaint turns of thought, that make his work a masterpiece. We cannot attempt to trace his literary genealogy, and must be content to accept his genius, without appraising it, as an addition to the literary wealth of our country. The next is Defoe. In both there is the same vividness of imagination which gives to its products all the force of reality, and which makes the language fluent, direct, and homely, because no trace of artificiality intervenes between the subject and the style. No man ever wielded his pen with more consummate ease: and no man ever made his style fit so aptly to

his theme, and clothe imaginative creations with such an irresistible air of reality, as Defoe. It was impossible that any language could be handled as Defoe handled it, and yet not carry on its face the impress of his genius: but it is nevertheless true that his position is unique, and that we cannot look upon him, as we look upon Dryden or upon Addison, as marking a distinct phase in the development of English prose.

The same may be said of the third and greatest of these masters of language, who belong to no class or school—Jonathan Swift. To use his own words, his "English was his own." It may well be doubted whether in absolute command over language, any English prose author has ever equalled Swift. His style defies description or classification. It lends itself less than any, to imitation or to parody. It varies according to every mood. Its lucid simplicity is so perfect that its phrases once read, seemed to be only the natural utterances of careless thought, produced without effort and without art. Its very neglect of rule, and its frequent defiance of grammatical regularity, help to give to it force and directness. But such a style refuses to transmit the secret of its power, and must needs remain unique and solitary in its kind.

H. CRAIK.

BISHOP PEARSON

[John Pearson (1612-1686), was the son of a country clergyman, and was born at Snoring, in Norfolk, in 1612. He was educated at Eton, whence he proceeded to King's College, Cambridge, where he became a Fellow in 1634. He received holy orders in 1639, and was appointed chaplain to the Lord Keeper Finch, who presented him to the living of Torrington in Suffolk. On the breaking out of the Civil War he took the Royalist side; and a sermon preached by him at Cambridge in 1643 shows that he had the courage of his convictions. He was, however, allowed to hold a lectureship at St. Clement's, Eastcheap, and his immortal *Exposition of the Creed* was, in the first instance, nothing more than a series of lectures delivered to the congregation of St. Clement's, about the year 1654. After the Restoration he rose rapidly. In 1660 he was made Archdeacon of Surrey, Prebendary of Ely, and Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1661, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity; in 1662, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1672, Bishop of Chester. His faculties gave way some years before his death, which took place 16th July 1686. He took a leading part in the Savoy Conference, where his fairness won the approbation of Baxter, and he was one of the founders of the Royal Society. After his appointment to the bishopric he does not appear to have taken any prominent part in the church life of the period. According to Burnet he was "a much better divine than bishop"; but Burnet's evidence must be accepted with caution, for the two men differed widely from one another, not only in their opinions, but in their whole tone of mind, habits, and character; according to another almost contemporary historian, Laurence Echard, "he filled the bishopric of Chester with honour and reputation."]

BISHOP PEARSON is in the popular estimation essentially *homo unius libri*. Everybody has heard of, and many have read "Pearson on the Creed," but few have read anything else that he wrote. And yet, as matter of fact, he was a voluminous writer. Archdeacon Churton, in his excellent edition of *Bishop Pearson's Minor Works*, specifies no less than thirty-one publications bearing his name. Of these, however, several are in Latin (one—*Vindiciæ Ignatianæ*—being of permanent value) some are single sermons, and some, notes and prefaces to other people's writings. Bishop

Pearson therefore may fairly be estimated as a writer of English prose by his great work, the *Exposition of the Creed*. If he had written nothing else, this alone, with the *Notes*, would have been more than enough to make any man's reputation. Bishop Pearson depends wholly upon his matter, not at all upon his manner, for the value of his work; for as the best editor of the *Exposition of the Creed* (Professor Burton) remarks, "his style is rugged and antiquated even for the age in which he lived"; but his calm, rational judgment, his power of argument, his honest determination to sift to the bottom every difficult question that could possibly arise, and his profound knowledge of theology, especially of patristic theology, as shown in the marginal notes, which are at least as valuable, and nearly as lengthy as the text, have all contributed to make his work an exhaustive and final one. Later expounders of the Apostles' Creed can do little more than follow Bishop Pearson's lines, that is, of course, if they hold like him high Anglican views. He nobly employed his enforced leisure during "the troubles" in elaborating a work, which has not only become classical, but which has more completely covered the ground that it occupies, than any other work in any department of theology; for we gather from his dedication "to the Right Worshipful and Well-Beloved the Parishioners of St. Clement's, East Cheap," that he employed much time in putting the lectures he had delivered to them into the shape of a formal treatise. The lectures were delivered about 1654; the book did not appear until 1659. Bishop Pearson carefully avoids any quotations from "any learned language," or any English word which would not be understood by the unlearned reader, reserving what is intended for scholars for his elaborate notes. He ranks high among the great divines of the golden age of English theology, and if he cannot be cited as an example of style, it is because he deliberately chose to write in that style which seemed to him most suitable for his purpose.

J. H. OVERTON.

THE TRUE NOTION OF SAINTS

THE true notion of saints is expressed by Moses, both as to the subject, and the affection or qualification of it; for they are called by him *men of holiness*; such are the persons understood in this article, which is the communion of men of holiness. Now holiness in the first acceptation of it signifieth separation, and that with the relation of a double term, of one from which the separation is made, of the other to which that which is separated is applied. Those things which were counted holy under the law were separated from common use, and applied to the service of God; and their sanctity was nothing else but that separation from and to those terms, from an use and exercise profane and common, to an use and exercise peculiar and divine. Thus all such persons as are called from the vulgar and common condition of the world unto any particular service or relation unto God, are hereby denominated holy, and in some sense receive the name of *saints*. The penmen of the Old Testament do often speak of the people of Israel as of an holy nation, and God doth speak unto them as to a people holy unto himself; because he had chosen them out of all the nations of the world, and appropriated them to himself. Although therefore most of that nation were rebellious to him which called them, and void of all true inherent and actual sanctity; yet, because they were all in that manner separated, they were all, as to that separation, called holy. In the like manner those of the New Testament writing to such as were called, and had received, and were baptised in, the faith, give unto them all the name of *saints*, as being in some manner such, by being called and baptised. For being baptism is a washing away of sin, and the purification from sin is a proper sanctification; being every one who is so called and baptised is thereby separated from the rest of the world which are not so, and all such separation is some kind of sanctification; being,

though the work of grace be not perfectly wrought, yet when the means are used, without something appearing to the contrary, we ought to presume of the good effect; therefore all such as have been received into the Church, may be in some sense called holy.

But because there is more than an outward vocation, and a charitable presumption, necessary to make a man holy; therefore we must find some other qualification which must make him really and truly such, not only by an extrinsical denomination, but by a real and internal affection. What this sanctity is, and who are capable of this title properly, we must learn out of the Gospel of Christ; by which alone, ever since the Church of Christ was founded, any man can become a saint. Now by the tenure of the Gospel we shall find that those are truly and properly saints which are sanctified in Christ Jesus: first, in respect of their holy faith, by which they are regenerated; for whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God; by which they are purged, God himself purifying their hearts by faith, whereby they are washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, in whom also after that they believe, they are sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise. Secondly, in respect of their conversation: For as he which hath called them is holy, so are they holy in all manner of conversation: adding to their faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity, that they may neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Such persons then as are called by a holy calling, and not disobedient unto it, such as are endued with a holy faith, and purified thereby; such as are sanctified by the Holy Spirit of God, and by virtue thereof do lead a holy life, perfecting holiness in the fear of God, such persons, I say, are really and truly saints; and being of the Church of Christ (as all such now must of necessity be) are the proper subject of this part of the article, the communion of saints, as it is added to the former, the holy Catholic Church.

(From the *Exposition of the Creed.*)

JOHN EVELYN

[John Evelyn (1620-1706), was born at Wotton, in Surrey, the seat of his family for some generations, to the possession of which he afterwards succeeded on the death of his brother. He was educated at the school of Lewes, and afterwards at Balliol College, Oxford, whence he proceeded to the study of the Law at the Middle Temple. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War, his sympathies were entirely on the Royalist side, but he saw little of the actual progress of the war, having received the Royal license to travel abroad in 1643. It was in making the tour of Europe that he first developed those artistic and scientific tastes, which he ardently cultivated during a long life spent in researches more diffuse than arduous. His knowledge of Italian art was probably beyond that of any other Englishman of his age; and to appreciation of art, he added considerable technical skill. His first works were a translation from La Motte le Vayer, entitled *Liberty and Servitude* (1649), *A Character of England* (1651), and *The State of France* (1652). During the Commonwealth he withdrew altogether from public life, and spent his time chiefly in forestry and gardening, and, in 1659, published a translation of the Golden Book of Chrysostom, on education. On the eve of the Restoration he came forward as the vindicator of the Royalists and of the king, in *An Apology for the Royal Party* (1659), and *A Panegyric at the Coronation* (1661). An ardent member of the Royal Society, he published his best known book, *Silva*, under its auspices, in 1664. He wrote also upon architecture and gardening; and a rather characteristic tract is that on *Public Employment preferred to Solitude*, which was a reply (1667), to Sir George Mackenzie's *Panegyric on Solitude*. In 1675, he published *Terra, a Philosophical Discourse of Earth*; and until his death in 1706, at the age of 87, he was constantly writing on some of the many subjects which claimed his attention as connoisseur and virtuoso. He filled some public offices after the Restoration; but they interfered but little with his learned and cultured leisure. Evelyn's *Diary* was first published from his MSS. at Wotton, in 1819.]

EVELYN is one of those for the dignity of whose character it is impossible not to have respect, and whose wide culture, and graceful treatment of a subject it is equally impossible to deny; but he is also one of those whose reputation in his own day was far higher than his fame or influence have since proved to be. His treatises are models of elegant, dignified,—sometimes even

eloquent—prose; but none the less they are cumbrous, artificial and vastly more wordy than their matter requires. He never drops the somewhat artificial manner of the cultured, dignified gentleman—with a mind open to appreciate all the best which his age had to give him on the side of science, miscellaneous information, artistic taste; but never harassing his mind with any imaginative or speculative effort of his own. In some respects he offers a curious parallel and yet contrast to Clarendon. Their political standpoint towards the struggles of the time was almost identical. They viewed the earlier part of the reign of Charles I. with the same affection, the Commonwealth with the same detestation, the corroding profligacy of the later Stuarts with the same bitterness of regret. They had the same love of cultured society; the same acquaintance with men, at home and abroad; the same faculty of discerning motives. But Evelyn was essentially the student, calm and equable in temper, carried away by none of the fiery heat of the contest; as much despising as unfitted for the active part of the strife. Such a man may have a high place in the esteem of his contemporaries—especially of his learned contemporaries; but his weight is apt to be small with posterity. He may equip himself, quietly and leisurely, with much varied learning; but it is apt to be learning which is not reckoned very valuable by later ages. He may polish his style, and even set a model of which later writers may feel the influence; but his prose can never reach the pregnant force, or tragic dignity, which we find in Clarendon—speaking, as Clarendon does, from the thick of the struggle, with the burden of the nation's fate heavy upon him, with the bitterness of disappointment gnawing at his heart. Hence it is that with all his elegance, Evelyn is apt to pall upon us, and the works that his own age—especially its scholars and virtuosos—rated so highly, remain unread. He tells his own scheme in the advertisement to the *Silva:* "As I have frequently inserted diverse historical and other passages, apposite and agreeable to the subject, abstaining from a number more which I might have added, let it be remembered that I did not altogether compile this work for the sake of our ordinary rustics, mere foresters and woodmen, but for the benefit and diversion of gentlemen and persons of quality, who often refresh themselves in these agreeable toils of planting and gardening." We all know that literary men, from Virgil downwards, have not written their georgics for "ordinary rustics";

but when they know their business a little better than Evelyn, they refrain from telling us so. They doubtless are prone to introduce illustrations, "apposite and agreeable"; only, unlike Evelyn, they make us believe that the illustrations are absolutely essential to the work. Evelyn hangs his tags of whimsical and far-fetched illustration upon every bough. Their quaintness and oddity at first perhaps charm us; but the weariness inevitably comes. We need not forget to thank Evelyn, however, for his adding some new graces to our prose, and for the service he has done in perpetuating the tradition of ornament and elegance, without which our prose, as it lost the spring of its old lightness and simplicity, would have been poor indeed.

In his early work (of which the first extract here given is a specimen) we see a lightness and sprightliness of touch which certainly do not reach to true humour, but yet preserve him from dullness. The *Silva* was really a labour of love, and although it is prolix, it is saved from being fantastic by its steadiness of purpose, which is evident even behind its long words, its artificiality, its over-methodical construction. The answer to Sir George Mackenzie on *Public Employment* (of which also a specimen is given) is purely a piece of word fencing, with no real purpose or meaning at the root of it. It is just such a treatise as a well-trained schoolboy might write upon a given theme.

The *Diary* has an interest and value of its own. It rarely gives the writer's own thoughts. It is minute, careful, and methodical in the description of places and buildings and works of art; but it is carefully restrained, for the most part, in regard to all that touches on the burning questions of the day. It might serve as a model for the simple and succinct recounting of facts; and where it does betray some feeling, the effect is all the more striking from the consistency with which the ordinary narrative is toned down to the barest simplicity of narration.

One subject could stir Evelyn, as it stirred Clarendon, to eloquence—an intense and whole-hearted faith in the Church of England. The historian has yet to appear who will draw in its true colours the picture of what was noblest in the Royalist party of that day, which stirred alike Laud and Clarendon, and Evelyn—the intense devotion to the Church of England, with all the beneficent influence which they believed it might exert. It was this that gave force to the easy humour which, in the succeeding age, the writers for the Church and against the Dissenters, found

altogether on their own side. We may esteem it narrow and dogmatic. We may talk of possible comprehension, and of the errors that prevented it. But all this only blinds us to the central movement that stirred the heart of the age, and that gives us its true key. He who was not entirely for the Church was against her; there was no halting between two opinions. It is thus that Evelyn, in the same tone as Clarendon, regrets the profligate wrecking of a great cause:—

"What opportunities he (Charles II.) had to have made himself the most renowned king that ever swayed the British sceptre, had he been firm to that Church for which his martyred and blessed father suffered. The emissaries and instruments of the Church of Rome will never rest till they have crushed the Church of England, as knowing that alone to be able to cope with them, and that they can never answer her, but lie abundantly open to the irresistible force of her arguments, antiquity, and purity of her doctrine, so that albeit it may move God for the punishment of a nation so unworthy, to eclipse again the profession of her here, and darkness and superstition may prevail, I am most confident the doctrine of the Church of England will never be extinguished, but will remain visible, if not eminent, to the consummation of the world. In all events, whatever do become of the Church of England, it is certainly, of all the Christian professions on the earth, the most primitive, apostolical, and excellent."

H. CRAIK.

FOREIGN TRAVEL

To proceed, therefore; presuppose travel *ut suscipiatur propter unum aliquem finem* as we have already constituted it: we are yet to give our young subject leave to be so far practical as that he do not slip any opportunity by which he may inform himself as well in things even mechanically curious and useful, as altogether in the mysteries of government and polity, which indeed are more appositely termed philosophical. Those who have imposed on themselves and others so many different species of travel as it may be said to contain theoretical parts in it, that is to say, the metaphysical, physical, and mathematical, are, in my apprehension, more exact and tedious in their analysing than perhaps they needed to have been; of them, therefore, I say no more: it shall be sufficient for him whom I send abroad, that he conform himself to such precepts as are only necessary, not cumbersome; which rule he shall likewise do well to observe even in his very necessary accoutrements and portmanteau.

First then, supposing him to be a young gentleman apt for all impressions, but from his primary education inclined to the most worthy: having set foot upon the continent, his first study shall be to master the tongue of the country, wherein he resolves to reside: which ought to be understood perfectly, written congruously, and spoken intelligently; after which, he may do well to accomplish himself in such exercises as are most commendable at home, and best attained abroad; which will be a means of rendering him very fit and apt for the general society of that nation amongst whom he converses, and consequently the better qualify him to frequent, without blush, such particular places and persons by whom he may best profit himself in the mysteries of their polity, or what other perfection they are renowned for, according as his particular genius and inclinations

import him. But this he shall never attain unto, till he begin to be somewhat ripened and seasoned in a place; for it is not every man that crosses the seas, hath beçn of an academy, learned a *corranto*, and speaks the language, whom I esteem a traveller (of which piece most of our English are in these countries at present); but he that instead of taking the tour, as they call it, or (as a late ambassador of ours facetiously but sharply reproached), like a goose swims down the river, having mastered the tongue, frequented the court, looked into their customs, been present at their pleadings, observed their military discipline, contracted acquaintance with their learned men, studied their arts, and is familiar with their dispositions, makes this account of his time. The principal advantages which a gentleman, thus made, may observe and apply are, truth, taciturnity, facetiousness without morosity, courage, modesty, hardiness, patience, frugality, and an excellent temper in the regimen of his health and affections, especially in the point of drink and tobacco, which is our northern, national, and most sordid of vices. It is (I confess) a thing extremely difficult to be at all times and in all places thus reserved, and, as it were, obliged to a temper so static and exact among all conversations; nor, for mine own part, do I esteem it in all cases necessary, provided a man be furnished with such a stock of prudence as he know how and when to make use even of his companions' extravagances (as then frequently betraying more freely their inclinations, than at times of their more serious recollection and first addresses). Seeing I find it generally impossible for a traveller to evade some occasions and encounters, which (if he be at all practical) he will, *nolens volens*, perceive himself engaged into at some one time or other. But to recover this deviation, and return to our purpose; the virtues which our traveller is to bring home when he doth *repatriare* (as Solinus terms it) are either public, such namely as concern the service of his country; or private, and altogether personal, in order to his particular advantage and satisfaction: and believe it, sir, if he reap some contentment extraordinary from what he hath observed abroad, the pains, solicitations, watchings, perils, journeys, ill entertainment, absence from friends, and innumerable like inconveniences, joined to his vast expenses, do very dearly, and by a strange kind of extortion, purchase that small experience and reputation which he can vaunt to have acquired from abroad.

Those who boast of philological peregrinations (falsely so called) which they undertake merely for the flourish and tongue of a place, possess only a parrot-virtue: it is one of the shells of travel, though I confess, the kernel is not to be procured without it; and topical; in which I find the Dutch ὁδοιπορικὸν generally most accurate and industrious; both of them serve well for the entertainment of women and children, who are commonly more imported with wonder and romance, than that solid and real emolument which is (through these instruments) to be conveyed us from abroad.

It is written of Ulysses, that he saw many cities indeed, but, withal, his remarks of men's manners and customs were ever preferred to his counting steeples, and making tours; it is this ethical and moral part of travel, which embellisheth a gentleman, in the first place having a due respect to the religion which accomplisheth a Christian: in short, they are all severally very commendable, accommodated to persons and professions; nor should a cavalier neglect to be seen in all of them: but for that my intention is here to make an introduction only into my own observations, I shall forbear to enter so large and ample a field, as the thorough handling of this argument would insensibly oblige me to do; it having likewise been so abundantly treated of, almost by every pen which hath prevaricated on this subject; though, in my slender judgment, and, under favour, I must confess, without any real and ingenious satisfaction either to truth or curiosity.

(From *The State of France.*)

PUBLIC EMPLOYMENT

LET us therefore rather celebrate public employment and an active life, which renders us so nearly allied to virtue, defines and maintains our being, supports society, preserves kingdoms in peace, protects them in war; has discovered new worlds, planted the Gospel, increases knowledge, cultivates arts, relieves the afflicted; and in sum, without which the whole universe itself had still been but a rude and indigested chaos. Or if (to vie landscapes with our Celador) you had rather see it represented

in picture, behold here a sovereign sitting in his august assembly of Parliament enacting wholesome laws: next him my Lord Chancellor and the rest of the reverend judges and magistrates dispensing them for the good of the people; figure to yourself a Secretary of State making his dispatches and receiving intelligence: a statesman countermining some pernicious plot against the commonwealth; here a general bravely embattling his forces and vanquishing the enemy; there a colony planting an island, and a barbarous and solitary nation reduced to civility; cities, houses, forts, ships, building for society, shelter, defence, and commerce. In another table, the poor relieved and set to work, the naked clad, the oppressed delivered, the malefactor punished, the labourer busied, and the whole world employed for the benefit of mankind. In a word, behold him in the nearest resemblance to his Almighty Maker, always in action, and always doing good.

On the reverse, now represent to yourself, the goodliest piece of the creation, sitting on a cushion picking his teeth; his country gentleman taking tobacco, and sleeping after a gorgeous meal; there walks a contemplator, like a ghost in a churchyard, or sits poring on a book while his family starves; here lies a gallant at the feet of his pretty female, sighing and looking babies in her eyes, while she is reading the last new romance, and laughs at his folly; on yonder rock an anchorite at his beads; there one picking daisies, another playing at push-pin, and abroad the young poacher with his dog and kite, breaking his neighbour's hedges or trampling over his corn for a bird not worth sixpence: this sits basking himself in the sun, that quivering in the cold; here one drinks poison: another hangs himself; for all these, and a thousand more, seem to prefer solitude and an inactive life as the most happy and eligible state of it. And thus have you landscape for your landscape.

The result of all is, solitude produces ignorance, renders us barbarous, feeds revenge, disposes us to envy, creates witches, dispeoples the world, renders it a desert, and would soon dissolve it; and if after all this, yet he admit not an active life to be by infinite degrees more noble; let the gentleman whose first contemplative piece he produces to establish his discourse, confute him by his example; since, I am confident, there lives not a person whose moments are more employed than Mr. Boyle's, and that more confirms his contemplations by his actions and experience;

and if it be objected, that his employments are not public, I can assure him there is nothing more public than the good he is always doing.

How happy in the mean time were it for this ingenious adventurer, could it produce us more such examples, were they but such as himself; for I cannot imagine, but that he who writes so well, must act well; and that he who declaims against public employment in essay, would refuse to essay a public employment that were worthy of him. These notices are not the result of inactive contemplation only, but of a public, refined, and generous spirit; or if in truth I be mistaken, I wish him store of proselytes, and that we had more such solitary gentlemen that could render an account of their retirements, and whilst they argue against conversation (which is the last of the appanages he disputes against) prove the sweetest conversation in the world.

(From *Public Employment preferred to Solitude.*)

THE WORK OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY

THOSE who perfectly comprehend the scope and end of that noble institution, which is to improve natural knowledge, and enlarge the empire of operative philosophy, not by an abolition of old, but by the real effects of the experimental—collecting, examining, and improving their scattered phenomena, with a view to establish even the received methods and principles of the schools, as far as were consistent with truth and matter of fact, thought it long enough that the world had been imposed upon by that notional and formal way of delivering divers systems and bodies of philosophy, falsely so called, beyond which there was no more country to discover; which being brought to the test and trial, vapours all away in fume and empty sound.

This structure then being thus ruinous and crazy, it is obvious what they were to do—even the same which skilful architects do every day before us—by pulling down the decayed and sinking wall, to erect a better and more substantial in its place. They not only take down the old, reject the useless and decayed, but sever such materials as are solid, and will serve again; bring new ones in, prepare and frame a model suitable to so magnificent a

design: this Solomon did in order to the building of the material temple, and this is here to be pursued in the intellectual: nay, here was abundance of rubbish to be cleared, that the area might be free; and then was the foundation to be deeply searched, the materials accurately examined, squared, and adjusted before it could be laid: nor was this the labour of a few; less than a much longer time, more cost and encouragement than any which the Society has yet met withal, could not in season be sufficient effectually to go through so chargeable a work, and highly necessary.

A long time it was they had been surveying the decays of what was ready now to drop in pieces. Whatever show the outside made with a noise of elements and qualities, occult and evident, abhorrence of vacuum, sympathies, antipathies, substantial forms, and prime matter courting form; epicycles, Ptolemean hypothesis, magisterial definitions, peremptory maxims, speculative and positive doctrines, and alti-sonant phrases, with a thousand other precarious and unintelligible notions (all which they have been turning over to see if they could find anything sincere and useful among this pedantic rubbish, but in vain), here was nothing material, nothing of moment, mathematical or mechanical, and which had not been miserably sophisticated, on which to lay the stress; nothing in a manner whereby any further progress could be made, for the raising and ennobling the dignity of mankind in the sublimest operations of the rational faculty, by clearing the obscurities, and healing the defects of most of the physiological hypotheses, repugnant, as they hitherto seemed to be, to the principles of real knowledge and experience.

Now, although it was neither in their hopes or in their prospect to consummate a design requiring so mighty aids, environed as they have been with these prejudices, yet have they not desisted from the enterprise; but rather than so noble and illustrious an undertaking should not proceed for want of some generous and industrious spirits to promote the work, they have themselves submitted to those mean employments of digging in the very quarry; yea, even of making bricks where there was no straw but what they gleaned, and lay dispersed up and down; nor did they think their pains yet ill bestowed, if, through the assiduous labour and train of continual experiments they might at last furnish and leave solid and uncorrupt materials to a succeeding and more grateful age, for the building up a body of real and substantial

philosophy, which should never succumb to time, but with the ruins of nature and the world itself.

In order to this how many, and almost innumerable, have been their trials and experiments through the large and ample field of art and nature! we call our journals, registers, correspondence, and transactions to witness; and may, with modesty, provoke all our systematical methodists, natural historians, and pretenders, hitherto extant from the beginning of letters to this period, to show us so ample, so worthy, and so useful a collection. It is a fatality and an injury to be deplored, that those who give us hard words will not first vouchsafe impartially to examine these particulars, since all ingenious spirits could not but be abundantly satisfied, that this illustrious assembly has not met so many years purely for speculation only; though I take even that to be no ignoble culture of the mind, or time misspent, for persons who have so few friends, and slender obligations to those who should patronise and encourage them: but they have aimed at greater things, and greater things produced. By emancipating and freeing themselves from the tyranny of opinion, delusory and fallacious shows, they receive nothing upon trust, but bring all things to the Lydian touch; make them pass the fire, the anvil, and the file, till they come forth perfectly repurged, and of consistence. They are not hasty in pronouncing from a single or incompetent number of experiments the ecstatic Εὕρηκα, and offer hecatombs; but, after the most diligent scrutiny, and by degrees, and wary inductions honestly and faithfully made, record the truth and event of trials, and transmit them to posterity. They resort not immediately to general propositions upon every specious appearance, but stay for light and information from particulars, and make report *de facto*, and as sense informs them. They reject no sect of philosophers, no mechanic helps, except no persons of men, but cheerfully embracing all, cull out of all, and alone retain what abides the test; that, from a plentiful and well-furnished magazine of true experiments they may in time advance to solemn and established axioms, general rules and maxims; and a structure may indeed lift up its head, such as may stand the shock of time, and render a solid account of the phenomena and effects of nature, the aspectable works of God, and their combinations; so as, by causes and effects, certain and useful consequences may be deduced. Therefore they do not fill their papers with transcripts out of rhapsodies, mountebanks, and compilers of receipts and secrets,

to the loss of oil and labour; but, as it were, eviscerating nature, disclosing the resorts and springs of motion, have collected innumerable experiments, histories, and discourses, and brought in specimens for the improvement of astronomy, geography, navigation, optics, all the parts of agriculture, the garden, and the forest, anatomy of plants and animals, mines and ores, measures and equations of time by accurate pendulums and other motions, hydro- and hygro-statics, divers engines, powers, and automata, with innumerable more luciferous particulars subservient to human life, of which Dr. Glanvil has given an ample and ingenious account in his learned essay, and since in the posthumous works of Dr. Hooke, lately published by the most obliging Mr. Waller, already mentioned.

This is, reader, what they have done, and they are but part of the materials which the Society have hitherto amassed and prepared for this great and illustrious work; not to pass over an infinity of solitary and loose experiments subsidiary to it, gathered at no small pains and cost: for so have they hitherto borne the burden and heat of the day alone, sapping and mining to lay the foundation deep, and raise a superstructure to be one day perfected by the joint endeavours of those who shall in a kinder age have little else to do but the putting and cementing of the parts together, which, to collect and fit have cost them so much solicitude and care. Solomon indeed built the glorious temple, but David provided the materials. Did men in those days insolently ask, What had he done in all the time of that tedious preparation? I beseech you what obligation has the Royal Society to render an account of their proceedings to any who are not of the body, especially when they carry on the work at their own expense amidst so many contradictions? It is an evil spirit and an evil age, which, having sadly debauched the minds of men, seeks with industry to blast and undermine all attempts and endeavours that signify, to the illustration of truth, the discovery of imposture and its sandy foundation.

(From the Address to the Reader in *Silva.*)

THE GROANS OF THE FOREST

In the meanwhile, as the fall of a very aged oak, giving a crack like thunder, has often been heard at many miles' distance (con-

strained though I often am to fell them with reluctancy), I do not at any time remember to have heard the groans of those nymphs (grieving to be dispossessed of their ancient habitations) without some emotion and pity. Now to show that many such disasters as that which befel Erisichthon have happened to the owners of places where goodly trees have been felled, I cannot forget one, who giving the first stroke of the axe with his own hand, and doubtless pursuing it with more, killed his own father by the fall of the tree, not without giving the incautious knight (for so he was) sufficient warning to avoid it. And here I must not pass by the groaning-board which they kept for a while in Southwark, drawing abundance of people to see the wonder; such another plant had been formerly, it seems, exposed as a miracle at Caumont near Toulouse, in France, and the like sometimes happens in woods and forests, through the inclusion of the air within the cavities of the timber, and something of this kind, perhaps, was heretofore the occasion of the fabulous Dodonean oracle. But, however this were, methinks I still hear, sure I am that I still feel, the dismal groans of our forests, when that late dreadful hurricane (happening on the 26th of November 1703) subverted so many thousands of goodly oaks, prostrating the trees, laying them in ghastly postures, like whole regiments fallen in battle by the sword of the conqueror, and crushing all that grew beneath them. Such was the prospect of many miles in several places, resembling that of Mount Taurus, so naturally described by the poet, speaking of the fall of the Minotaurs slain by Theseus :—

> Illa procul radicibus exturbata
> Prona cadit, late quæcumvis obvia frangens.

The losses and dreadful stories of this ruin were indeed great, but how much greater the universal devastation through the kingdom! The public accounts reckon no less than 3000 brave oaks in one part only of the Forest of Dean blown down; in New-Forest in Hampshire, about 4000; and in about 450 parks and groves from 200 large trees to 1000, of excellent timber, without counting fruit and orchard trees *sans* number and proportionally the same through all the considerable woods of the nation.

Sir Edward Harley had 1300 blown down; myself above 2000: several of which, torn up by their fall, raised mounds of

earth near twenty feet high, with great stones entangled among the roots and rubbish; and this almost within sight of my dwelling (now no longer Wotton), sufficient to mortify and change my too great affection and application to this work, which, as I contentedly submit to, so I thank God for what are yet left standing: *Nepotibus umbram.* (From *Silva.*)

THE GREAT FIRE

I WENT this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime His Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late king), now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books, belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the

altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near a hundred more. The lead, iron work, bells, plate, etc., melted, the exquisitely wrought Mercer's Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones, but that were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy: to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated. The bye-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with

provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the city. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of these two nations joining; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations when they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which His Majesty's proclamation also invited them.

Still, the plague continuing in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church. (From *The Diary*.)

ILL GOVERNMENT OF THE NAVY

7th March 1689/90.—I dined with Mr. Pepys, late secretary to the Admiralty, where that excellent shipwright and seaman (for so he had been, and also a commissioner of the Navy), Sir Anthy. Deane. Amongst other discourse, and deploring the sad condition of our Navy, as now governed by unexperienced men since this Revolution, he mentioned what exceeding advantage we of this nation had by being the first who built frigates, the first of which ever built was that vessel which was afterwards called *The Constant Warwick*, and was the work of Pett of Chatham, for a trial of making a vessel that would sail swiftly; it was built with low decks, the guns lying near the water, and was so light and swift of sailing, that in a short time he told us

she had, ere the Dutch war was ended, taken as much money from privateers as would have laden her; and that more such being built did in a year or two scour the Channel from those of Dunkirk and others which had exceedingly infested it. He added that it would be the best and only infallible expedient to be masters of the sea, and able to destroy the greatest navy of any enemy, if instead of building huge great ships and second and third rates, they would leave off building such high decks, which were for nothing but to gratify gentlemen commanders, who must have all their effeminate accommodations, and for pomp; that it would be the ruin of our fleets if such persons were continued in command, they neither having experience nor being capable of learning, because they would not submit to the fatigue and inconvenience which those who were bred seamen would undergo, in those so otherwise useful swift frigates. These, being to encounter the greatest ships, would be able to protect, set on, and bring off, those who should manage the fire-ships; and the prince who should first store himself with numbers of such fire-ships would, through the help and countenance of such frigates, be able to ruin the greatest force of such vast ships as could be sent to sea, by the dexterity of working those light swift ships to guard the fire-ships. He concluded there would shortly be no other method of sea-fight, and that great ships and men of war, however stored with guns and men, must submit to those who should encounter them with far less number. He represented to us the dreadful effect of these fire-ships; that he continually observed in our late maritime war with the Dutch, that when an enemy's fire-ship approached, the most valiant commander and common sailors were in such consternation, that though then of all times, there was most need of the guns, bombs, etc. to keep the mischief off, they grew pale and astonished, as if of a quite other mean soul; that they slunk about, forsook their guns and work as if in despair, every one looking about to see which way they might get out of their ship, though sure to be drowned if they did so. This he said was likely to prove hereafter the method of sea-fight, likely to be the misfortune of England if they continued to put gentlemen commanders over experienced seamen, on account of their ignorance, effeminacy, and insolence.

(From the Same.)

MR. SAMUEL PEPYS

26th May 1703.—This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices (clerk of the Acts, and secretary of the Admiralty), all which he performed with great integrity. When King James II. went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more, but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he published of an account of the Navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the *History of the Navy*, or *Navalia* as he called it; but how far advanced, and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending him to travel abroad, from whence he returned with extraordinary accomplishments, and worthy to be heir. Mr. Pepys had been for near forty years so much my particular friend, that Mr. Jackson sent me complete mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office.

(From the Same.)

A FUNERAL SERMON

6th Jan. 1691/92.—At the funeral of Mr. Boyle at St. Martin's, Dr. Burnet, Bp. of Salisbury, preached on Eccles. ii. 26. He concluded with an eulogy due to the deceased, who made God and religion the scope of all his excellent talents in the knowledge of nature, and who had arrived to so high a

degree in it—accompanied with such zeal and extraordinary piety, which he showed in the whole course of his life, particularly in his exemplary charity on all occasions—that he gave £1000 yearly to the distressed refugees of France and Ireland; was at the charge of translating the Scriptures into the Irish and Indian tongues, and was now promoting a Turkish translation, as he had formerly done of Grotius on *The Truth of the Christian Religion* into Arabic, which he caused to be dispersed in the Eastern countries; that he had settled a fund for preachers who should preach expressly against Atheists, Libertines, Socinians, and Jews; that he had in his will given £8000 to charitable uses; but that his private charities were extraordinary. He dilated on his learning in Hebrew and Greek, his reading of the Fathers, and solid knowledge in theology, once deliberating about taking holy orders, and that at the time of the restoration of King Charles II. when he might have made a great figure in the nation as to secular honour and titles, his fear of not being able to discharge so weighty a duty as the first, made him decline that, and his humility the other. He spake of his civility to strangers, the great good which he did by his experience in medicine and chemistry, and to what noble ends he applied himself to his darling studies; the works, both pious and useful, which he published; the exact life he led, and the happy end he made. Something was touched of his sister, the Lady Ranelagh, who died but a few days before him. And truly all this was but his due, without any grain of flattery.

(From the Same.)

ANDREW MARVELL

[Andrew Marvell (1621-1678) was carried away from his poetry by political interests and controversies. His poems belong for the most part to the two years (1650-1652) which he spent at Nun Appleton as tutor to Lord Fairfax's daughter Mary. The verse of his later years is in satirical couplets, sometimes vigorous enough, with a spirit unlike that of his contemplative youth. His remarkable prose essays were written in answer to certain pieces of ecclesiastical theory which seemed to Marvell to make too great pretentions. *The Rehearsal Transprosed* (1672) was an attack on Samuel Parker, Archdeacon of Canterbury (afterwards Bishop of Oxford), for his *Ecclesiastical Polity* (1670), as well as for other arguments proving "the mischiefs and inconvenience of Toleration." A number of apologists for Parker came out to punish Marvell, who answered them in a second part of the *Rehearsal Transprosed* (1672). In 1676 Marvell found another subject in the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, who had written *Animadversions on the Naked Truth. The Naked Truth, or the True State of the Primitive Church* was a plea for reconciliation with Nonconformists, published by Bishop Croft of Hereford in 1675. Marvell's answer to the *Animadversions* is the best of his prose writings, the title of which, *Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode*, was suggested by Etheridge's new comedy, the *Man of Mode*, or *Sir Fopling Flutter. A Short Historical Essay touching General Councils, Creeds, and Impositions in Religion*, forms part of the volume. Marvell also wrote an *Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England, more particularly from the Long Prorogation of November 1675, ending the 15th of February 1676, till the last Meeting of Parliament the 16th of July 1677* (1677); and a defence of John Howe, *Remarks upon a late disingenuous Discourse writ by me, T. D——, by a Protestant* (1678).

Marvell was elected Member of Parliament for Hull in 1659, and wrote a number of newsletters to his constituents between 1660 and the year of his death. The Poems, Satires, Prose Essays, and Correspondence have been edited by Dr. Grosart in his *Fuller Worthies Library* (1872-1875).]

THE *Rehearsal Transprosed* and *Mr. Smirke* may still be read, but to come to them from *The Garden* and from *Appleton House*, is even a sorrier business than to pass from Milton's early poems into the thick of the warfare with Salmasius. Marvell can rail as well as Milton, but he has not Milton's dignity of anger at its

highest. Both, in dealing with their adversaries, seem fully possessed by Dante's opinion that it is courtesy to spurn them in the face; and both seem to be pleased, as Dante is not, with the poor sport. Milton often makes some amends for this by the magnificence of his invective, but Marvell does not attempt to follow him. And even considered as invective, scolding, railing, "flyting" (or whatever may be the right term for this, one of the oldest kinds of literature in the world), the *Rehearsal Transprosed* is apt to drag and grow wearisome. It is not as good as some things in Marvell's satiric couplets. The lines on *Holland* have more of the true Fescennine license in them; none of the jokes in prose are as good as the opening of *An Historical Poem*:—

> "Of a tall stature, and of sable hue,
> Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew,
> Twelve years complete he suffered in exile,
> And kept his father's asses all the while."

The Proclamation of "Bayes R."—a *Declaration for the tolerating of Debauchery*—is the liveliest part of the *Rehearsal Transprosed*—a travesty of a solemn proclamation, bringing together all the fallacies picked out by Marvell from Parker's argument, especially, the theory that private vice is rather to be encouraged in the State than Nonconformity.

The serious part of the case against Parker is too much obscured and overlaid with railing accusations; but sometimes Marvell lets "Bayes" alone, and argues more gravely than usual:—

"But you, not content to have said that the 'magistrate hath power to make that a particular of the Divine Law which God hath not made so,' do avowedly and plainly make all human laws that do not countenance vice, or disgrace the Deity, to be particulars of the Divine Law, . . . and that 'all laws, civil as well as ecclesiastical, equally oblige the conscience,' and upon pain of damnation. So that hereby whatsoever is enacted on earth is at the same time enacted in heaven. Every law carries along with it the pain of excommunication. Whatsoever the magistrate binds in earth is bound in heaven: *and he delivers every man who transgresses in cart-wheels and the number of horses in his team, or that buries not in flannel, over to Satan.*"—*Rehearsal Transprosed*, Part ii. ed. Grosart, p. 395.)

Here the fencing is good, the attack is not a noisy one.

Marvell, in this and in some other places, by his close reasoning, and his self-command, makes his readers wish that Bayes and the Rehearsal had been out of the argument. It is thus, and not by anything like Milton's solemn denunciations, that Marvell shows his real strength.

The *Divine in Mode* is very much better than the *Rehearsal Transprosed:* there is more irony and less irrelevance. The comic invention is more effective: this passage on the author of the *Animadversions* is redeemed by one phrase from mere commonplace mockery:—

"And indeed the Animadverter hath many times in the day such fits take him, wherein he is lifted up in the air, that six men cannot hold him down; tears, raves, and foams at the mouth, casts up all kind of trash, *sometimes speaks Greek and Latin*, that no man but would swear he is bewitched."

There is great comfort also in the allusion to "the primitive times," "when the Defenders of the Faith were all heathens, and most of them persecutors of Christianity."

One of the best continuous passages of Marvell's prose is that which opens the description of *Mr. Smirke*. The "voluntary humility" of it, the carefulness not to exact too much from the other side, the irony, which one misses in the earlier book, may be found in this one, at any rate in the beginning of it.

"For all are not of my mind, who could never see any elevated to that dignity [of Bishop], but I presently conceived a greater opinion of his wit than ever I had formerly."

"However it goes with excommunication, they should take good heed to what manner of person they delegate the keys of Laughter. It is not every man that is qualified to sustain the dignity of the Church's jester."

This same passage, in praising the original essay of the Bishop of Hereford, rises to one of the few heights of serious eloquence to be found in Marvell's prose, where for a moment he converses again, in a sudden lull of the storm of controversy, with the Ideas of Truth and Justice, and once again his mind, as in the Platonic rapture of the *Garden*, "withdraws into its happiness." Passages of this sort, however, are as uncommon in the prose essays as in the satires of Marvell.

The *Account of the Growth of Arbitrary Government* is much less emphatic, and at the same time a more elaborate piece of argument and historical exposition, than the earlier treatises.

Addressed as it is "to all English Protestants," it escapes the temptation of the more personal controversies, and can afford to be generous to the old Cavaliers and the English Catholics, contrasting them with "such as lie under no temptation of religion," "obliged by all the most sacred ties of malice and ambition to advance the ruin of the king and kingdom, and qualified much better than others, under the name of good Protestants, to effect it."

In the style of Marvell's prose, as in the style of his satiric couplets, there are the marks of hesitation between two different manners. He is sometimes clear, quick, and succinct, sometimes he falls back into the heavier manner of the older writers. His vocabulary is various. His practice on "Bayes" involved a good deal of slang; his satiric medley is dashed with a number of spices from different languages, even from the Malay. He uses, without distress, the heavier Latin armoury—"it is not wisdom in the Church to pretend to, or however to exercise, that power of angariating men further than their occasions or understandings will permit." His reference in one place to "the music and cadence of the period" is significant.

W. P. KER.

JOCULAR DIVINITY

IT hath been the good-nature (and politicians will have it the wisdom) of most governors to entertain the people with public recreations; and therefore to encourage such as could best contribute to their divertisement. And hence doubtless it is, that our ecclesiastical governors also (who as they yield to none for prudence, so in good humour they exceed all others) have not disdained of late years to afford the laity no inconsiderable pastime. Yea, so great hath been their condescension that, rather than fail, they have carried on the merriment by men of their own faculty, who might otherwise, by the gravity of their calling, have claimed an exemption from such offices. They have ordained, from time to time, several of the most ingenious and pregnant of their clergy to supply the press continually with new books of ridiculous and facetious argument. Wherein divers of them have succeeded even to admiration; insomuch that by the reading thereof, the ancient sobriety and seriousness of the English nation hath been in some good measure discussed and worn out of fashion. Yet, though the clergy have hereby manifested that nothing comes amiss to them; and particularly, that when they give their minds to it, no sort of men are more proper or capable to make sport for spectators; it hath so happened by the rewards and promotions bestowed upon those who have labour'd in this province, that many others in hopes of the like preferment, although otherwise by their parts, their complexion, and education unfitted for this jocular divinity, have, in order to it, wholly neglected the more weighty cares of their function. And from hence it proceeds, that to the no small scandal and disreputation of our church, a great arcanum of their state hath been discovered and divulged; that, albeit wit be not inconsistent and incompatible with a clergyman, yet neither is it inseparable from them. So that it is of concernment to my lords the bishops henceforward to repress those

of 'em who have no wit, from writing, and to take care that even those that have, do husband it better, as not knowing to what exigency they may be reduced: but however that they the bishops be not too forward in licensing and prefixing their venerable names to such pamphlets. For admitting—though I am not too positive in it—that our episcopacy is of apostolic right, yet we do not find that among all those gifts then given to men, that which we call wit is enumerated; nor yet among those qualifications requisite to a bishop. And therefore should they, out of complacency for an author, or delight in the argument, or facility of their judgments, approve of a dull book, their own understandings will be answerable, and irreverent people, that cannot distinguish, will be ready to think that such of them differ from men of wit, not only in degree, but in order. For all are not of my mind, who could never see any elevated to that dignity, but I presently conceived a greater opinion of his wit than ever I had formerly. But some do not stick to affirm that even they, the bishops, come by theirs not by inspiration, not by teaching, but even as the poor laity do light upon it sometimes, by a good mother; which has occasioned the homely Scotch proverb that "an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy." And as they come by it as do other men, so they possess it on the same condition: that they cannot transmit it by breathing, touching, or any other natural effluvium, to other persons; not so much as to their most domestic chaplain, or to the closest residentiary. That the king himself, who is no less the spring of that than he is the fountain of honour, yet has never used the dubbing or creating of wits as a flower of his prerogative; much less can the ecclesiastical power confer it with the same ease as they do the holy orders. That whatsoever they can do of that kind is at uttermost, to empower men by their authority and commission, no otherwise than in the licensing of midwives or physicians. But that as to their collating of any internal talent or ability, they could never pretend to it; their grants and their prohibitions are alike invalid, and they can neither capacitate one man to be witty, nor hinder another from being so, further than as the press is at their devotion. Which if it be the case, they cannot be too circumspect in their management, and should be very exquisite, —seeing this way of writing is found so necessary,—in making choice of fit instruments. The Church's credit is more interested in an ecclesiastical droll, than in a lay chancellor. It is no small

trust that is reposed in him to whom the bishop shall commit, *omne et omnimodum suum ingenium, tam temporale quam spirituale:* and however it goes with excommunication, they should take good heed to what manner of persons they delegate the keys of laughter. It is not every man that is qualified to sustain the dignity of the church's jester; and should they take as exact a scrutiny of them as of the Nonconformists through their dioceses, the number would appear inconsiderable upon this Easter visitation. Before men be admitted to so important an employment, it were fit they underwent a severe examination; and that it might appear first, whether they have any sense; for without that how can any man pretend—and yet they do—to be ingenious? Then, whether they have any modesty; for without that they can only be scurrilous and impudent. Next, whether they have any truth: for true jests are those that do the greatest execution. And lastly, it were not amiss that they gave some account too of their Christianity; for the world has always been so uncivil as to expect something of that from the clergy, in the design and style even of their most uncanonical writings. And though I am no rigid imposer of a discipline of mine own devising, yet had anything of this nature entered into the minds of other men it is not impossible that a late pamphlet, published by authority and proclaimed by the *Gazette*, "Animadversions upon a late pamphlet, entitled *The Naked Truth;* or, *The True State of the Primitive Church*," might have been spared.

That book so called, *The Naked Truth*, is a treatise, that, were it not for this its opposer, needs no commendation; being writ with that evidence and demonstration of spirit, that all sober men cannot but give their assent and consent to it, unasked. It is a book of that kind, that no Christian scarce can peruse it without wishing himself had been the author, and almost imagining that he is so; the conceptions therein being of so eternal an idea, that every man finds it to be but the copy of an original in his own mind, and though he never read it till now, wonders it could be so long before he remembered it. Neither, although there be a time when as they say all truths are not to be spoken, could there ever have come forth anything more seasonable; when the sickly nation had been so long indisposed and knew not the remedy, but (having taken so many things that rather did it harm than good) only longed for some moderation, and as soon as it had tasted this, seemed to itself sensibly to

recover; when their representatives in Parliament had been of late so frequent in consultations of this nature, and they, the physicians of the nation, were ready to have received any advice for the cure of our malady. It appears moreover plainly that the author is judicious, learned, conscientious, a sincere Protestant, and a true son, if not a father, of the Church of England. For the rest, the book cannot be free from the imperfection incident to all human endeavours, but those so small, and guarded everywhere with so much modesty, that it seems there was none left for the animadverter, who might otherwise have blushed to reproach him. But some there were who thought Holy Church was concerned in it, and that no true-born son of our mother of England but ought to have it in detestation. Not only the churches but the coffee-houses rung against it. They itinerated like excise-spies from one house to another, and some of the morning and evening chaplains burnt their lips with perpetual discoursing it out of reputation, and loading the author, whoever he were, with all contempt, malice, and obloquy. Nor could this suffice them, but a lasting pillar of infamy must be erected to eternise his crime and his punishment. There must be an answer to him, in print, and that not according to the ordinary rules of civility, or in the sober way of arguing controversy, but with the utmost extremity of jeer, disdain, and indignation; and happy the man whose lot it should be to be deputed to that performance. It was Shrove Tuesday with them, and, not having yet forgot their boys' play, they had set up this cock, and would have been content some of them to have ventured their coffee-farthings, yea their Easter-pence by advance, to have a fling at him. But there was this close youth who treads always upon the heels of ecclesiastical preferment, but hath come nearer the heels of *The Naked Truth* than were for his service, that rather by favour than any tolerable sufficiency carried away this employment, as he hath done many others from them. So that being the man pitched upon, he took up an unfortunate resolution that he would be witty: unfortunate, I say, and no less criminal; for I dare aver that never any person was more manifestly guilty of the sin against nature. But, however, to write a book of that virulence, and at such a season, was very improper; even in the holy time of Lent, when, whether upon the sacred account, it behoved him rather to have subjugated and mortified the swelling of his passions; or whether upon the political reason, he might well

have forborn his young wit, but newly pigg'd or calv'd, in order to the growth of the yearly summer provisions. Yet to work he fell, not omitting first to sum himself up in the whole wardrobe of his function; as well because his wit consisting wholly in his dress, he would (and 'twas his concernment to) have it all about him: as to the end that being huff'd up in all his ecclesiastical fluster, he might appear more formidable, and, in the pride of his heart and habit, out-boniface an humble moderator. So that there was more to do in equipping of Mr. Smirke than there is about Doriman, and the Divine in Mode might have vied with Sir Fopling Flutter. The vestry and the tiring-room were both exhausted, and 'tis hard to say whether there went more attendants toward the composing of himself, or of his pamphlet. Being thus dressed up, at last forth he comes in print. No poet either the first or the third day could be more concern'd; and his little party, like men hired for the purpose, had posted themselves at every corner to feign a more numerous applause; but clapped out of time, and disturbed the whole company.

(From *Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode*, 1676.)

ALGERNON SIDNEY

[Algernon Sidney was the second son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, by Lady Dorothy Piercy. In 1632 and 1636 he accompanied his father, as a little boy, on embassies to Denmark and France. In 1641 (æt. 19) he took a troop of horse in the regiment of his father, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1644 joined the parliamentary forces: rising to be Lieutenant-General of horse in Ireland, and Governor of Dublin. He was badly wounded, and in 1647 received the thanks of the Commons. In 1649 he was nominated one of the king's judges, but did not vote. He violently opposed Oliver Cromwell and his son, and in 1659 was sent as commissioner with Whitelocke, to mediate between Sweden and Denmark. He was dissuaded from returning at the Restoration, and till 1677 remained on the Continent, in Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, where he visited Edmund Ludlow. In 1678 he stood unsuccessfully for Parliament at Guildford, being opposed by the Court. In 1683 he was accused of being in the Rye House Plot, was tried, and executed for treason, without legal evidence of his guilt. His attainder was subsequently reversed by Parliament.]

IN the case of Algernon Sidney it would impair criticism to consider the life and writings apart. It would be unfitting because Sidney's was not an artistic or impressionable nature, but one practical and intellectually self-determined; and as he wrote upon political principles by which his whole life was governed, his character is of a piece with his book, and is its most vivid illustration.

There seem to be writings whose imperfections charm; they are those to which the life of the writer imparts the absolute finish that fate denied to his pen. The abrupt, profuse, and rough-hewn masses of the *Discourses on Government* are not completed into a citadel of that proud Liberty whom it was Sidney's long task to defend. The ramparts are heaped in haste, the plain sentences are eloquent of practical activities. But from such shortcomings the axe absolves him. The arguments amassed at the desk are driven home on the scaffold.

In Sidney the natural courage is high and indomitable. In the new-found *Essay on Love*, the effusion of a boy, and written not ill, but for his private eye alone, we detect the chivalrous note: "For the beauty and loveliness of the person I love . . . my passion hath made itself master of all the faculties of my mind . . . I live in and by it, it is all that I am," is the naive confession of our amorous Roman citizen. Astonished at the mockers of womanhood, he says, "some men seem to have just so much soul as serves them instead of salt only, to keep them from corruption." And this natural force became independent even to obstinacy. "How unfriendly and unkindly you have rejected those exhortations and admonitions of mine. . . . How little weight my opinions and counsels have been with you," are constant complaints in the letters of the Earl his father. As a mere boy he exercised military command, and the free habit of thinking that freshens the air of those times, fostered by the example of the heroic group of great Dutchmen, was nourished in Sidney as in Milton by life-long study of classical, and chiefly Latin writers. As the poet consciously imitates the rhythm of Virgilian passages, the statesman takes Brutus for beacon and exemplar. In letters he chiefly quotes and admires (although he does not imitate) the terse and pithy Tacitus. At the Turk's Head in Palace Yard, Westminster, used to meet a club of Commonwealth's men, where Sidney, with Dr. William Petty, Cyriac Skinner, Harrington, and the rest, discussed *Rotas* and dreamed *Oceanas*. "By reading of these Greek and Latin authors," Hobbes avouches with asperity, "men have gotten a habit of favouring tumults and licentious controllers of the habit of their sovereigns. Never was anything so dearly bought as these Western parts have bought their learning." Deeper yet, we may discern in Sidney a strange and solitary religious spirit, a Christianity which was to be "like a divine philosophy in the mind."[1] These were the elements that formed our last Roman.

Writing, thinking, living upon the lofty levels of ancient republicanism, Sidney saw his hope of a Republic dashed not only by Cromwell, but by a Restoration that turned the family of the chief magistrate into the scene of adulterous riot. "Where Vane, Lambert, Haselrigge cannot live in safety," he said, "I cannot live at all;" and from his vagrant exile came these wandering *Discourses*, unpublished in his lifetime. Whether or no on his

[1] Burnet.

return he deigned to conspire, is unproven; but to the soul he was in rebellion.

The High Royalist views of the Restoration times are embodied in the *Patriarcha* of Sir Robert Filmer. Now Sidney's *Discourses on Government* are a magnificent attack on that book, and upon all that it represents. Sidney not only uses the *Patriarcha* as an anvil on which to beat out thoughts. It is more; it is the boast of victorious Philistia, to be withstood to the end. Sidney's *Discourses on Government* are in fact precisely analogous to Milton's *Samson Agonistes.*

The *Discourses* are therefore a book with the virtues and defects of protracted contention. The thews and sinews of style are fully developed; but when he has crushed Filmer's cobweb monarch with a mace, he proceeds again to slay the slain. Not that though the style be vigorous its reasoning is violent. He defeats not unfairly by boisterous bluster, but by redundance of dignified reasoning. And notwithstanding that the kind of argument is in some cases out of fashion;—that at the head of Filmer Tarquin is too often flung, or the convincing history of Nimrod and Cush, still the doctrine remains sound yet. Its truths, then treasons, are become platitudes,—too familiar to be justly appraised.

As prose, it is not of course to be compared with the exquisite clearness and balance of the prose of Halifax, or the finished strength of Dryden and Temple. Its place in the development of controversial English is between the style of Hobbes (which it excels in rhythm and colour) and that of Locke. In gait and pace it not seldom recalls Landor's *Conversations between Milton and Marvell* and to Landor by temperament and education Sidney bears resemblances. Like Milton's, his style is deficient in lightness and in humour. But it has a rough and splendid earnestness which arrests, abashes, and perturbs. The book reads like a great and unprepared oration, by a master of his theme, in the third and last parliament of the Protectorate.

His sentences, though plain and free from literary graces, are not seldom finely cadenced;—terse and succinct, even while the main passage is ill-knit, loose, and large. Of the degradation of passive obedience, he writes, "they worship what they find in the temple, though it be the vilest of idols," and of the divine right by patriarchal lineage: "the adoption of fathers is a whimsical piece of nonsense." Of absolute kingship: "I believe no man is

wise enough to govern us all," and "If it be liberty to live under such a government, I desire to know what is meant by slavery:" yet also, "he who takes upon himself the government of a people can do no greater evil than by doing nothing." In the deaf wisdom, the equal and inflexible restraint of law, he sternly rejoices, and Grotius evidently inspires many an illumined passage. But he owns no unreasoned submission. "Laws are made to keep things in good order without recourse to force;" and they were "made by our ancestors according to the light they had, and their present occasions." "We are not so much to enquire after what is most ancient, as to that which is best, and most conducing to the ends for which it was directed." He foreruns the *volonté de tous:* "All human constitutions are subject to corruption and must perish unless they are timely renewed and reduced to their first principles. This was chiefly done by means of those tumults which our author ignorantly blames."

He is in favour then of a kind of aristocratic republicanism based on private virtue; and though well aware that those fittest to exercise power are usually slow to seek it, yet affirms with Plato that heaven-sent rulers carry the true marks of sovereignty upon them, and no country ever lacked great numbers of excellent men where excellence is held in honour. "Rome conquered the best part of the world and never wanted men to defend what was gained." Sometimes a grim touch occurs. "From which it will appear whose throne he seeks to advance, and whose servant he is, while he pretends to serve the king." "There is not in the world a piece of wood out of which a Mercury cannot be made," or: "The peace that the Romans had under Augustus was like that which the devil allowed to the child in the gospel, whom he rent sorely and left as dead." But his mind is evidently most in such clear sayings as "God is constant to himself; and no consequences can destroy any truth."

Sidney and Milton may be accounted types, in letters as in politics, of a character not uncommon in that century, but singularly rare in our own. Noble in style because full of sustained purpose and intellectual self-respect; unenfeebled by effeminate sentiment, stoical in private and public fortitude; not seldom exalted, as though granite were burning, by passion and awe.

F. H. TRENCH.

THE DEGRADATION OF ITALY

WHILST Italy was inhabited by nations governing themselves by their own will, they fell sometimes into domestic seditions, and had frequent wars with their neighbours. When they were free, they loved their country, and were always ready to fight in its defence. Such as succeeded well, increased in vigour and power; and even those who were the most unfortunate in one age found means to repair their greatest losses, if their government continued. While they had a property in their goods, they would not suffer the country to be invaded, since they knew they could have none, if it were lost. This gave occasion to wars and tumults; but it sharpened their courage, kept up a good discipline, and the nations that were most exercised by them always increased in power and number: so that no country seems ever to have been of greater strength than Italy was, when Hannibal invaded it: and after his defeat the rest of the world was not able to resist their valour and power. They sometimes killed one another, but their enemies never got anything but burying-places within their territories. All things are now brought into a very different method by the blessed governments they are under. The fatherly care of the King of Spain, the pope, and other princes, has established peace among them. We have not in many ages heard of any sedition among the Latins, Sabines, Volsci, Equi, Samnites, or others. The thin, half-starved inhabitants of walls supported by ivy fear neither popular tumults nor foreign alarms; and their sleep is only interrupted by hunger, the cries of their children, or the howling of wolves. Instead of many turbulent, contentious cities, they have a few scattered, silent cottages; and the fierceness of those nations is so tempered, that every rascally collector of taxes extorts, without fear, from every man, that which should be the nourishment of his family. And if any of those countries are free from these pernicious vermin, it is through the

extremity of their poverty. Even in Rome a man may be circumvented by the fraud of a priest, or poisoned by one who would have his estate, wife, whore, or child; but nothing is done that looks like tumult or violence. The governors do as little fear Gracchus as Hannibal; and instead of wearying their subjects in wars, they only seek, by perverted laws, corrupt judges, false witnesses, and vexatious suits, to cheat them of their money and inheritance. This is the best part of their condition. Where these arts are used, there are men, and they have something to lose; but for the most part the lands be waste; and they, who were formerly troubled with the disorders incident to populous cities, now enjoy the quiet and peaceable estate of a wilderness.

(From *Discourses on Government.*)

THE WISDOM OF FLEXIBLE CONSTITUTIONS

IT ought to be considered, that the wisdom of man is imperfect, and unable to foresee the effects that may proceed from an infinite variety of accidents, which according to emergencies, necessarily require new constitutions, to prevent or cure the mischiefs arising from them, or to advance a good that at the first was not thought of. And as the noblest work in which the wit of man can be exercised, were (if it could be done) to constitute a government that should last for ever, the next to that is to suit laws to present exigencies, and so much as is in the power of man to foresee. He that would resolve to persist obstinately in the way he first entered upon, or to blame those who go out of that in which their fathers had walked, when they find it necessary, does, as far as in him lies, render the worst of errors perpetual. Changes therefore are unavoidable; and the wit of man can go no farther than to institute such as in relation to the forces, manners, nature, religion, or interests of a people, and their neighbours, are suitable and adequate to what is seen, or apprehended to be seen. He who would oblige all nations at all times to take the same course, would prove as foolish as a physician who should apply the same medicine to all distempers, or an architect that would build the same kind of house for all persons, without considering their estates, dignities, the number of their children or servants, the time or climate in which they live, and

other circumstances: or, which is, if possible, more sottish, a general who should obstinately resolve always to make war in the same way and to draw up his army in the same form, without examining the nature, number, and strength of his own and his enemies' forces, or the advantages and disadvantages of the ground. But as there may be some universal rules in physic, architecture, and military discipline, from which men ought never to depart, so there are some in politics also which ought always to be observed; and wise legislators, adhering to them only, will be ready to change all others, as occasion may require, in order to the public good.

(From the Same.)

THE VIRTUES OF LIBERTY

THE secret counsels of God are impenetrable; but the ways by which He accomplishes His designs are often evident. When He intends to exalt a people, He fills both them and their leaders with the virtues suitable to the accomplishment of His end; and takes away all wisdom and virtue from those He resolves to destroy. The pride of the Babylonians and Assyrians fell through the baseness of Sardanapalus; and the great city was taken while Belshazzar lay drunk amongst his whores. The empire was transported to the Persians and Grecians by the valour of Cyrus, Alexander, and the brave armies that followed them. Histories furnish us with innumerable examples of this kind: but I think none can be found of a cowardly, weak, effeminate, foolish, ill-disciplined people, that have ever subdued such as were eminent in strength, wisdom, valour, and good discipline; or that those qualities have been found or subsisted anywhere, unless they were cultivated and nourished by a well-ordered government. If this, therefore, were found among the Romans, and not in the kingdoms they overthrew, they had the order and stability which the monarchies had not; and the strength and virtue, by which they obtained such success, was the product of them. But if this virtue, and the glorious effects of it, did begin with liberty, it also expired with the same. The best men that had not fallen in battle were gleaned up by the proscriptions, or circumvented for the most part by false and frivolous accusations. Mankind is

inclined to vice, and the way to virtue is so hard, that it wants encouragement; but when all honours, advantages, and preferments are given to vice, and despised virtue finds no other reward than hatred, persecution, and death, there are few who will follow it.

(From the Same.)

FOLLY OF HEREDITARY KINGSHIP

THOUGH it may be fit to use some ceremonies, before a man be admitted to practise physic, or set up a trade, it is his own skill that makes him a doctor, or an artificer, and others do but declare it. An ass will not leave his stupidity, though he be covered with scarlet; and he, that is by nature a slave, will be so still, though a crown be put upon his head. And it is hard to imagine a more violent inversion of the laws of God and nature, than to raise him to the throne, whom nature intended for the chain: or to make them slaves to slaves, whom God hath endowed with the virtues required in kings. Nothing can be more preposterous, than to impute to God the frantic domination, which is often exercised by wicked, foolish, and vile persons, over the wise, valiant, just, and good; or to subject the best to the rage of the worst. If there be any family therefore in the world, which can by the law of God and nature, distinct from the ordinance of man, pretend to an hereditary right of dominion over any people, it must be one that never did, and never can produce any person, who is not free from all the infirmities and vices, which render him unable to exercise the sovereign power; and is endowed with all the virtues required to that end; or at least a promise from God verified by experience, that the next in blood shall ever be able and fit for that work. But since we do not know, that any such has yet appeared in the world, we have no reason to believe that there is, or ever was any such; and consequently none, upon whom God has conferred the rights that cannot be exercised without them.

(From the Same.)

THE RIGHT TO CHANGE RULERS

HE doubts who shall judge of the lawful cause of changing the government; and says, it is a pestilent conclusion to place that power in the multitude. But why should this be esteemed pestilent? or to whom? If the allowance of such a power to the senate was pestilent to Nero, it was beneficial to mankind; and the denial of it, which would have given to Nero an opportunity of continuing in his villainies, would have been pestilent to the best of men, whom he endeavoured to destroy, and to all others that received benefit from them. But this question depends upon another: for if governments are constituted for the pleasure, greatness, or profit of one man, he must not be interrupted: the opposing of his will is to overthrow the institution. On the other side, if the good of the government be sought, care must be taken that the end be accomplished, though it be with the prejudice of the governor. If the power be originally in the multitude, and one or more men, to whom the exercise of it, or a part of it, was committed, had no more than their brethren, till it was conferred on him or them, it cannot be believed that rational creatures would advance one, or a few of their equals above themselves, unless in consideration of their own good; and then I find no inconvenience in leaving to them a right of judging, whether this be duly performed or not. We say in general:—"he that institutes, may also abrogate"; more especially when the institution is not only by, but for himself. If the multitude therefore do institute, the multitude may abrogate; and they themselves, or those who succeed in the same right, can only be fit judges of the performance of the ends of the institution. Our author may perhaps say, the public peace may be hereby disturbed: but he ought to know, there can be no peace, where there is no justice; nor any justice, if the government instituted for the good of a nation be turned to its ruin.

(From the Same.)

THE BASIS OF SOCIAL ORDER

THE weakness in which we are born renders us unable to attain the good of ourselves: we want help in all things, especially in

the greatest. The fierce barbarity of a loose multitude, bound by no law, and regulated by no discipline, is wholly repugnant to it. Whilst every man fears his neighbour, and has no other defence than his own strength, he must live in that perpetual anxiety, which is equally contrary to that happiness, and that sedate temper of mind, which is required for the search of it. The first step towards the cure of this pestilent evil is for many to join in one body, that every one may be protected by the united force of all; and the various talents that men possess, may by good discipline be rendered useful to the whole: as the meanest piece of wood or stone, being placed by a wise architect, conduces to the beauty of the most glorious building. But every man bearing in his own breast affections, passions, and vices, repugnant to this end, and no man owing any submission to his neighbour, none will subject the correction or restriction of themselves to another, unless he also submit to the same rule. They are rough pieces of timber or stone, which it is necessary to cleave, saw, or cut: this is the work of a skilful builder, and he only is capable of erecting a great fabric, who is so. Magistrates are political architects; and they only can perform the work incumbent on them, who excel in political virtues. Nature, in variously framing the minds of men, according to the variety of uses, in which they may be employed, in order to the institution and preservation of civil societies, must be our guide, in allotting to every one his proper work. And Plato, observing this variety, affirms that the laws of nature cannot be more absurdly violated than by giving the government of a people to such as do not excel others in those arts and virtues that tend to the ultimate ends for which governments are instituted. And this means those who are slaves by nature, or rendered so by their vices, as often set above those that God and nature had fitted for the highest commands; and societies, which subsist only by order, fall into corruption, when all order is so preposterously inverted.

(From the Same.)

THE INVISIBLE KING

A NOBLE lord, who was irregularly detained in prison in 1681, being by *habeas corpus* brought to the bar of the King's Bench, where he sued to be released upon bail; and an ignorant judge telling him he must apply himself to the king, he replied, that he

came thither for that end; that the king might eat, drink, or sleep where he pleased; but when he rendered justice, he was always in that place. The king that renders justice is indeed always there; he never sleeps; he is subject to no infirmity; he never dies, unless the nation be extinguished, or so dissipated as to have no government. No nation that has a sovereign power within itself does ever want this king. He was in Athens and Rome, as well as in Babylon and Susa; and is as properly said to be now in Venice, Switzerland, or Holland, as in France, Morocco, or Turkey. This is he to whom we all owe a simple and unconditional obedience. This is he who never does any wrong; it is before him we appear, when we demand justice, or render an account of our actions. All juries give their verdict in his sight: they are his commands that the judges are bound and sworn to obey, when they are not at all to consider such as they receive from the person that wears the crown. It was for treason against him, that Tresilian and others like to him in several ages were hanged. They gratified the lusts of the visible powers; but the invisible king would not be mocked. He caused justice to be executed upon Empson and Dudley. He was injured, when the perjured wretches, who gave that accursed judgment in the case of ship-money, were suffered to escape the like punishment by means of the ensuing troubles which they had chiefly raised. And I leave it to those who are concerned, to consider how many in our days may expect vengeance for the like crimes.

(From the Same.)

GEORGE FOX

[George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, was born at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in 1624. He was the son of a weaver, "an honest man," George tells us, with "a seed of God in him." He inherited from his mother, whose maiden name was Lago, the martyr spirit of her family. From his earliest years he appears to have been earnest and religious, to have shrunk more and more from the fellowship of men, finally breaking off from both old and young, at, as he thought, the command of God. He appears to have had some private means, and soon took to wandering about England preaching and exhorting. He gradually severed himself from the visible church, and from all formal assemblies of religious people, coming to believe in his own special inspiration. He suffered much and frequent ill-usage at the hands of the mob, and was repeatedly imprisoned for conscience' sake. From the year 1647 to his death in 1690, except when interrupted by imprisonment, he went preaching and praying through the length and breadth of England again and again, visiting also Ireland, Scotland, the Barbadoes, Jamaica, America, and the Netherlands. Even from gaol he wrote exhortations to his friends and admonitions to the government. He married in 1669 Margaret, the widow of one Judge Fell, who had repeatedly used her influence both with her first husband and with the king on Fox's behalf. He believed himself possessed of the power of discerning witches, of healing the sick and of casting out devils.]

THE most important of the writings of George Fox is his *Journal, or Historical Account of the Life, Trials, Sufferings, Christian Experiences, and Labour of Love in the Work of the Ministry of that Ancient, Eminent, and Faithful Servant of Jesus Christ, George Fox*, which was published after his death. In addition to this record of his experiences he wrote sundry tracts and addresses to the king, and a volume has been collected of his epistles.

The style of his journal is simple, unaffected, and earnest. He makes a fairly liberal use of Scripture phraseology, but not so as to break the continuity of his own writing. He is dignified and temperate, never indulging in grotesque metaphors nor in recondite biblical allusions. He is often quite eloquent from the force of his convictions, speaking straight out of the heart, as God gave

him utterance, he would have said, without any attempt at effect or beauty of diction.

He does not appear to have been learned in other books than the Bible, though he is evidently not wholly unacquainted with some commentaries.

He makes no appeal to the emotions, nor does he, in relating the cruel persecutions of himself or his followers, make any endeavour to over-excite the sympathies of his readers. He is rarely, if ever, fanatical.

His remonstrances to Oliver Cromwell for his persecution of the Quakers, and his admonitions of Charles II. on his restoration, are eloquent and dignified.

He is deficient in imagination and poetry. Stern, bare facts are his province, and he lays them before the reader with absolute impartiality. Of much the same religious opinions as John Bunyan, he differs widely from him, looking upon life with the eye of a moralist, and not of a poet. There are no flowers of imagination in his writings. He is no genius, no great writer. A plain earnest man, thinking only of his mission and never of himself, he tells us the story of his life in plain earnest words, without self-consciousness and without effort.

He is a man of sound common sense, great readiness of wit and undaunted courage. He, here and there, displays a certain grim humour and occasionally a touch of pathos. The main charms of his journal seem to consist in its sincerity and truthfulness.

George Fox's style is emphatically the right sort for his matter. The interest of the reader is sustained but never inflamed. He carries conviction and arouses our sympathies by his unaffectedness and simplicity.

A. I. FITZROY.

A SENSE OF THE BLOOD OF MARTYRS

AND as I was walking along with several friends, I lifted up my head, and I saw three steeple-house spires, and they struck at my life; and I asked friends what place that was, and they said Lichfield; immediately the word of the Lord came to me, that I must go thither. So being come to the house we were going to, I wished friends that were with me to walk into the house, saying nothing to them whither I was to go; and as soon as they were gone, I stepped away, and went by my eye over hedge and ditch, till I came within a mile of Lichfield, where, in a great field, there were shepherds keeping their sheep. Then I was commanded by the Lord to pull off my shoes; and I stood still (for it was winter); and the word of the Lord was like a fire in me. So I put off my shoes, and left them with the shepherds, and the poor shepherds trembled and were astonished. Then I walked on about a mile till I came into the city, and as soon as I was got within the city, the word of the Lord came to me again, saying, "Cry, Woe unto the bloody city of Lichfield." So I went up and down the streets, crying with a loud voice, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" And it being market day, I went into the market place, and to and fro in the several parts of it and made stands, crying as before, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" And no one laid hands on me; but as I went thus crying through the streets, there seemed to me to be a channel of blood running down the streets, and the market place appeared like a pool of blood. Now when I had declared what was upon me, and felt myself clear, I went out of the town in peace, and returning to the shepherds, gave them some money, and took my shoes of them again. But the fire of the Lord was so in my feet, and all over me, that I did not matter to put on my shoes any more, and was at a stand whether I should or no, till I felt freedom from the Lord so to do; and then, after I had washed my feet, I put on my shoes again. After this a deep consideration came upon

me, why, or for what reason, I should be sent to cry against that city, and call it the bloody city. For though the parliament had the minster one while and the king another while, and much blood had been shed in the town during the wars between them, yet that was no more than had befallen many other places. But afterwards I came to understand that in the emperor Diocletian's time, a thousand Christians were martyred in Lichfield. So I was to go, without my shoes, through the channel of their blood, and into the pool of their blood in the market place, that I might raise up the memorial of the blood of those martyrs which had been shed above a thousand years before, and lay cold in their streets. So the sense of this blood was upon me, and I obeyed the word of the Lord. Ancient records testify how many of the Christian Britons suffered there; and much I could write of the sense I had of the blood of the martyrs that hath been shed in this nation, for the name of Christ, both under the ten persecutions and since; but I leave it to the Lord, and to His book, out of which all shall be judged; for His book is a most certain, true record, and His spirit a true recorder.

(From the *Journal.*)

A YOUTHFUL MARTYR

WHILST I was in the dungeon at Carlisle, one James Parnel, a little lad of about sixteen years of age came to see me, and was convinced; and the Lord quickly made him a powerful minister of the word of life, and many were turned to Christ by him; though he lived not long; for travelling into Essex, in the work of the ministry, in the year 1655, he was committed to Colchester castle, where he endured very great hardships and sufferings, being put by the cruel jailor into a hole in the castle wall, called the oven, so high from the ground, that he went up to it by a ladder; which being six feet too short, he was fain to climb from the ladder to the hole by a rope that was fastened above. And when friends would have given him a cord and a basket, to have drawn up his victuals in, the inhuman jailor would not suffer them, but forced him to go down and up by that short ladder and rope, to fetch his victuals (which for a long time he did) or else he might have famished in the hole. At length, his limbs being much benumbed with lying in that place, yet being constrained to go

down to take up some victuals, as he came up the ladder again with his victuals in one hand, and catched at the rope with the other, he missed the rope, and fell down from a very great height upon the stones; by which fall he was exceedingly wounded in his head and arms, and his body much bruised; and he died in a short time after. And when he was dead, the wicked professors, to cover their own cruelty, writ a book of him, and said he fasted himself to death; which was an abominable falsehood, and was manifested so to be by another book, which was written in answer to that, and was called "The Lamb's Defence against Lies."

(From the Same.)

A MAN OF A TENDER CONSCIENCE

I WAS brought before judge Twisden on the 14th day of the month called March, in the latter end of the year 1663. When I was set up to the bar, I said, Peace be amongst you all. The judge looked upon me, and said, What, do you come into the court with your hat on! Upon which words the jailor taking it off, I said, The hat is not the honour that comes from God. Then said the judge to me, Will you take the oath of allegiance, George Fox? I said, I never took any oath in my life, nor any covenant or engagement. Well, said he, will you swear or no? I answered, I am a Christian, and Christ commands me not to swear, and so does the apostle James likewise; and whether I should obey God or man, do thou judge. I ask you again, said he, whether you will swear or no? I answered again, I am neither Turk, Jew, nor heathen, but a Christian, and should shew forth Christianity. And I asked him, if he did not know that Christians in the primitive times under the ten persecutions, and some also of the martyrs in queen Mary's days refused swearing, because Christ and the apostle had forbidden it. I told him also, they had had experience enough, how many men had first sworn for the king and then against the king; but as for me, I had never taken an oath in all my life; and my allegiance did not lie in swearing, but in truth and faithfulness, for I honour all men, much more the king. But Christ, who is the great prophet, who is the King of kings, who is the Saviour of the world, and the great judge of the whole world, he saith I must not swear; now,

whether must I obey, Christ or thee? For it is in tenderness of conscience, and in obedience to the commands of Christ, that I do not swear; and we have the word of a king for tender consciences. Then I asked the judge if he did own the king. Yes, said he, I do own the king. Why then, said I, dost thou not observe his declaration from Breda, and his promises made since he came into England, that no man should be called in question for matters of religion, so long as they lived peaceably. Now if thou ownest the king, said I, why dost thou call me into question, and put me upon taking an oath, which is a matter of religion, seeing thou nor none else can charge me with unpeaceable living. Then he was moved, and looking angrily at me, said, Sirrah, will you swear. I told him, I was none of his sirrahs, I was a Christian; and for him, that was an old man and a judge, to sit there and give nick-names to prisoners, it did not become either his gray hairs or his office. Well, said he, I am a Christian too. Then do Christians' works, said I. Sirrah, said he, thou thinkest to frighten me with thy words. Then catching himself and looking aside, he said, Hark! I am using the word (sirrah) again, and so checked himself. I said, I spake to thee in love, for that language did not become thee, a judge; thou oughtest to instruct a prisoner in the law, if he were ignorant and out of the way. And I speak in love to thee too, said he. But, said I, love gives no nick-names. Then he roused himself up and said, I will not be afraid of thee, George Fox; thou speakest so loud thy voice drowns mine and the court's, I must call for three or four criers to drown thy voice; thou hast good lungs. I am a prisoner here, said I, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake; for his sake do I suffer, and for him do I stand this day; and if my voice were five times louder yet I should lift it up, and sound it out for Christ's sake, for whose cause I stand this day before your judgment seat, in obedience to Christ, who commands not to swear, before whose judgment seat you must all be brought, and must give an account. Well, said the judge, George Fox, say whether thou wilt take the oath, yea or nay? I replied, I say as I said before, whether ought I to obey God or man, judge thou? If I could take any oath at all, I should take this; for I do not deny some oaths only, or on some occasion, but all oaths, according to Christ's doctrine, who hath commanded his not to swear at all. Now if thou or any of you, or any of your ministers or priests here, will prove that ever Christ or his apostles after they had forbidden all

swearing, commanded Christians to swear, then I will swear. I saw several priests there, but never an one of them offered to speak. Then said the judge, I am a servant of the king, and the king sent me not to dispute with you, but to put the laws in execution; therefore tender him the oath of allegiance. "If thou love the king," said I, "why dost thou break his word, and not keep his declarations and speeches, wherein he promised liberty to tender consciences. I am a man of a tender conscience, and in obedience to Christ's command I cannot swear. Then you will not swear, said the judge; take him away, jailor. I said, It is for Christ's sake that I cannot swear, and for obedience to his command I suffer, and so the Lord forgive you all. So the jailor took me away; but I felt the mighty power of the Lord was over them all.

(From the Same.)

AN APPEAL

SOUND, sound abroad, you faithful servants of the Lord, and witnesses in his name, and faithful servants and prophets of the Highest, and angels of the Lord! Sound ye all abroad in the world, to the awakening and raising of the dead, that they may be awakened and raised up out of the grave, to hear the voice that is living. For the dead have long heard the dead, and the blind have long wandered among the blind, and the deaf amongst the deaf; therefore sound, sound, ye servants and prophets, and angels of the Lord, ye trumpets of the Lord, that you may awaken the dead, and awaken them that be asleep in their graves of sin, death and hell, and sepulchres, and sea, and earth, and who lie in the tombs. Sound, sound abroad, ye trumpets, and raise up the dead, that the dead may hear the voice of the Son of God, the voice of the second Adam, that never fell; the voice of the light, and the voice of the life; the voice of the power, and the voice of the truth; the voice of the righteous, and the voice of the just. Sound, sound the pleasant and melodious sound! Sound, sound, ye the trumpets, the melodious sound abroad, that all the deaf ears may be opened to hear the pleasant sound of the trumpet to judgment and life, to condemnation and light. Sound, sound your trumpets all abroad, you angels of the Lord, sons and daughters, prophets of the highest, that all that are dead and

asleep in the graves, and been long dreaming and slumbering, may be awakened, and hear the voice of the Lamb, who have long heard the voice of the beast; that now they may hear the voice of the Bridegroom, now they may hear the voice of the Bride, now they may hear the voice of the great Prophet, now they may hear the voice of the great King, now they may hear the voice of the great Shepherd, and the great Bishop of their souls. Sound, sound it all abroad, ye trumpets, among the dead in Adam, for Christ is come, the second Adam, that they might have life, yea have it abundantly. Awaken the dead, awaken the slumberers, awaken the dreamers, awaken them that be asleep, awaken them out of their graves, out of their tombs, out of their sepulchres, out of the seas! Sound, sound abroad you trumpets! you trumpets that awaken the dead, that they may all hear the sound of it in the graves, and they that hear may live, and come to the life that is the Son of God; He is risen from the dead, the grave could not hold nor contain Him, neither could all the watchers of the earth, with all their guards, keep Him therein. Sound, sound, ye trumpets of the Lord, to all the seekers of the living among the dead, that He is risen from the dead; to all the seekers of the living among the dead, and in the graves that the watchers keep, He is not in the grave, but He is risen; and there is that under the grave of the watchers of the outward grave, which must be awakened and come to hear His voice, which is risen from the dead, that they might come to live. Therefore sound abroad, you trumpets of the Lord, that the grave might give up her dead, and hell and the sea might give up their dead; and all might come forth to judgment, to the judgment of the Lord before his throne, and to have their sentence and reward according to their works.

And sound, sound, all ye angels and faithful servants of the Most High, you trumpets of the Lord, amongst all the night watchers and watchers of the graves, sepulchres, and tombs, and overseers of those watchers of the seas, graves, and sepulchres, sound the trumpet amongst them and over them all; make the sound to be heard, that the dead may arise at the sound of the trumpet, that they may come out of their graves, and live and praise the Lord; that all the dead in the seas, and all the dead in the tombs and sepulchres may hear the sound of the trumpet, and come to judgment, and come to hear the voice of the Son of God and live, in whom there is life.

Away with all the chaff and the husks, and contentions and strife, that the swine feed upon in the mire and in the fall; and the keepers of them of Adam and Eve's house in the fall, that lies in the mire, out of light and life.

(From the Same.)

GREETING TO CHARLES II. ON HIS RESTORATION

LET thy moderation be known unto all men, for the Lord is at hand whose presence filleth Heaven and earth; and let such a nobility appear in thee as to try all things and to hold fast that which is good; and either to read or to hear with patience before thou judge; for wisdom becometh a king, and true reason, solidness and patience, him that is a ruler of the people. The God of Heaven hath put into my heart to write unto thee, and in tender love both to thy soul and body, to lay before thee several things whereby thou mayest come to me and consider, how the mighty hand and justice of the invisible God hath been in these overturnings and changes, which have happened in these nations of late years. Therefore, consider these things. The mighty God, the everlasting Father, He is the King of kings and the Lord of lords; and the whole earth is His, and the fulness thereof, and He ruleth over the kingdoms of men, and giveth them to whomsoever He pleaseth. Yea, He pulleth down one and setteth up another, and there is no overturning or changing in kingdoms but it is either by His commission or permission, and the Lord doth not do anything, neither suffereth He anything to be done unto persons or kingdoms without a cause (though he may do whatsoever he pleaseth) and who shall call Him to an account? Yet all His doings are righteous, and His ways are just and equal altogether; and it is for the unrighteousness, sometimes of a king or kings, and sometimes of a people, and other times of both, hat the Lord doth break or suffer a nation or nations to be broken; and when He determines to break a people, or to change governors (or to suffer such things to be done) in vain do men strive to preserve or uphold them; and the Lord may, and doth make whomsoever He pleaseth His instruments for to do His determined work; and when they have done His work, thus He may do whatsoever He pleaseth with them; and

many times His instruments, when they begin His determined work, appear very contemptible unto many; yet, such speak foolishly and without understanding, who say that such instruments are too weak and cannot prevail, seeing all power is in the hand of God, who can give wisdom and strength and courage unto whomsoever He pleaseth; . . . and when His instruments have done this work (and he determines to break or to suffer them to be broken again) let them appear never so wise, bold, and mighty, yet vainly do they speak who say such a wise, bold, and mighty people cannot be broken, seeing the Lord can do whatsoever He pleaseth, who suddenly can turn man's wisdom into folly, his strength into weakness, and his boldness into dauntedness of spirit. Now such things as these, O king, come oft to pass, and some of them without a cause, and they that are truly wise learn further and get understanding through all these things. Therefore is true wisdom better than strength, and a right understanding is better than an earthly crown. Therefore, O king, wait to feel the noble principle of wisdom, which God hath inspired thee withal; for there is a measure of it in thee, though it hath been hid, and that measure is the light, which Christ the wisdom of God hath enlightened thee withal, which light in thee is that which never had fellowship with darkness in thee, or its deeds, nor concord with the devil or his works, but makes manifest and reproves all such things, which light being received in the love of it and believed and united in, man becomes a child of it, and so it gives him a good understanding. . . . Therefore, O king, give all diligence to receive the gift which God hath placed in thy heart, that so thou mayest be acquainted with wisdom, and that thou mayest be filled with moderation, gravity, and patience, and come to a right understanding and discerning, that so thou may'st rightly look upon things past, present, and to come; and see them as they were, are, or shall be.

ROBERT BOYLE

[Robert Boyle was the seventh son of Richard, first Earl of Cork, one of the most active and successful statesmen of his busy day, and of Catherine Fenton his wife, and was born at Lismore Castle in Munster, on the 25th of January 1627. His education at home gave him a mastery of French and Latin, and he was afterwards distinguished for the purity and ease of his conversation in the language of learning. It was at Geneva, where he was resident for a time on leaving Eton, with a greatly valued tutor, that he first experienced, at the age of fourteen, an impulse to religious meditation which never left him. By the death of his father in 1644 he inherited the manor of Stalbridge, in Dorsetshire, and considerable wealth, which was largely increased in after years by the favour of his sovereign, and devoted in abundant measure (witness Bishop Burnet) to the spread of scriptural knowledge, and to the aid of poor students of science. He was elected president of the Royal Society in 1680, but declined the honour. He settled at Oxford in 1654 and removed to London in 1668, where he died on the 30th of December 1691. In these years he was incessantly engaged in chemical and physical investigations and in the writing of his scientific and religious works. They took the form of essays, the complete edition of which was published in five folios by Dr. Birch in 1744. In physics Boyle is of course renowned as the discoverer, or, to speak more accurately, as the adapter to scientific purposes of the air-pump, and in a lesser degree for "Boyle's Law" of the relation between elasticity and pressure; we may notice also his improvement in the thermometer, and his experiments in electricity In chemistry his service was chiefly that of a clearer of the ground for others, in ridding it of confused and erroneous antiquities, and in indicating the direction of further efforts; he was a strict practitioner of experiment. He refused the provostship of Eton, which Charles II. offered him in 1665, on the grounds that its holder should be in orders, and that he could assist religion more valuably as a layman. He is said to have refused a peerage offered by Charles II., whose friend he was, as of James and William. Evelyn tells a love story of him which may or may not be true; he never married, and is somewhat severe on the feminine character.]

IN estimating the qualities of a writer of prose who was at few pains to be an artist therein, it is a useful preliminary to observe the essential stamp and direction of his intellect. Robert Boyle had the strict temperament of a man of science, as distinguished from that of a general philosopher. He guarded himself carefully

from even the knowledge of *a priori* theory which might lead to prepossessions inimical to the impartial conduct of experiment, save, one must suppose, in so far as hypothesis is absolutely necessary to the first stages. He liked to interrogate nature, following very closely of his own impulse the design of Bacon. But the excellent work in science that resulted was rather due to an untiring persistence than to great gifts of intellect. He had hardly a disinterested love of knowledge; he valued it as it "had a tendency to use." And the advance he made on his time in clearness of thought concerning things in general is not that of one whose mental endowment was extraordinary. He was immersed in his pursuit of experiment, only leaving it in obedience to the calls which his birth and reputation as a savant made on his society, calls which he regretted and endeavoured to avoid. It is a reasonable supposition that if he had lived in our time he would have given his results to the world in the roughest of rough notes, for others to make books of. But having had the training of a student of the humanities, and living when to be learned meant a more diverse, a less specialised culture than the wider data of learning make possible now, and when printing was a graver undertaking than it seems with us, he gave of necessity some form and literary completeness to his publications. We find in them still the note of impatience of form: he had not time to be brief. There is scarcely a trace in him of the first quality of an artist in prose, rejection. Now and again a well-turned phrase strikes the reader, but, given a certain condition of language, the phrase is found to be that which would have occurred at once to a certain order of intellect. Happily for Boyle the English of his time was comparatively free from the more vulgar sort of stereotyped phrase; had still a full and sonorous tone. But from the greater masters of sonorous English, Boyle was as far removed as from the clear-cut simplicity and directness of Swift. His style is not involved, and is not affected; it is merely rarified and verbose. In his religious writings the same thing is noticeable as in his scientific. Here again he was deeply interested in his subject, a sincerely pious man applying his best powers, or trying so to do, to the subject he deemed of first importance. And here again he is essentially impatient of form; his sincerity gave him an infrequent warmth of phrase, the general and vague nature of his reflections an occasional rotundity, but again the average is jejune. One may often

collect very clearly the points of a writer by a comparison with a parodist. Swift was not likely to be a greatly indulgent parodist. But if a reader turn from an hour or two of Boyle's *Occasional Reflexions* to the immortal *Meditation upon a Broomstick*, he will see that Swift, neatly burlesquing the nature of his original's thoughts, is unable to compass his lack of directness and pungency. When Boyle turned to a lighter theme, he was still verbose, though there is a certain charm and demureness which recall the accounts we have of the kindly and pleasant nature of the man. It is said that he tried to correct his diffuseness, but we may surmise that he tried to mitigate its inconvenience rather than to correct its deficiency of form. In fine, his attainments as a scholar, while they impelled him to attempt a literary form for his thoughts and discoveries, were not strong enough in the balance of his mind to compel the sacrifices necessary to an artistic result.

G. S. STREET.

THE VALUE OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY

THE natural philosophy wont to be taught in schools, being little other than a system of the opinions of Aristotle and some few other writers, is not, I confess, Pyrophilus, very difficult to be learned; as being attainable by the perusal of a few of the more current authors. But, Pyrophilus, that experimental philosophy which you will find treated of in the following essays is a study, if duly prosecuted, so difficult, so changeable, and so toilsome that I think it requisite, before I propose any particular subjects to your inquiries, to possess you with a just value of true and solid physiology; and to convince you that, by endeavouring to addict you to it, I invite you not to misspend your time or trouble on a science unable to merit and requite it. In order, Pyrophilus, to the giving you this satisfaction, give me leave to mind you that it was a saying of Pythagoras, worthy so celebrated a philosopher, that there are two things which most ennóble man, and make him resemble the gods; to know the truth, and to do good. For, Pyrophilus, that diviner part of man, the soul, which alone is capable of wearing the glorious image of its author, being endowed with two chief faculties, the understanding and the will, the former is blest and perfectionated by knowledge, and the latter's loveliest and most improving property is goodness. A due reflection upon this excellent sentence of him to whom philosophers owe that modest name, should, methinks, Pyrophilus, very much endear to us the study of natural philosophy. For there is no human science that does more gratify and enrich the understanding with variety of choice and acceptable truths; nor scarce any, that does more enable a willing mind to exercise a goodness beneficial to others.

To manifest these truths more distinctly, Pyrophilus, and yet without exceeding that brevity my avocations and the bounds of an essay exact of me, I shall, among the numerous advantages accruing to men from the study of the book of nature, content

myself to instance only in a couple that relate more properly to the improving of men's understandings, and to mention a few of those many by which it increases their power.

The two great advantages which a real acquaintance with nature brings to our minds are, first, by instructing our understandings, and gratifying our curiosities; and next, by exciting and cherishing our devotion.

And for the first of these; since, as Aristotle teacheth, and was taught himself by common experience, all men are naturally desirous to know; that propensity cannot but be powerfully engaged to the works of nature, which, being incessantly present to our senses, do continually solicit our curiosities; of whose potent inclining us to the contemplation of nature's wonders, it is not, perhaps, the inconsiderablest instance, that, though the natural philosophy hitherto taught in most schools hath been so litigious in its theory, and so barren as to its productions, yet it hath found numbers of zealous and learned cultivators, whom sure nothing but men's inbred fondness for the object it converses with, and the end it pretends to, could so passionately devote to it.

And since that (as the same Aristotle, taught by his master Plato, well observes) admiration is the parent of philosophy, by engaging us to enquire into the causes of things at which we marvel, we cannot but be powerfully invited to the contemplation of nature, by living and conversing among wonders, some of which are obvious and conspicuous enough to amaze even ordinary beholders, and others admirable and abstruse enough to astonish the most inquisitive spectators.

The bare prospect of this magnificent fabric of the universe, furnished and adorned with such strange variety of curious and useful creatures, would suffice to transport us both with wonder and joy if their commonness did not hinder their operations. Of which truth Mr. Stepkins, the famous oculist, did not long since supply us with a memorable instance; for (as both himself and an illustrious person that was present at the cure, informed me) a maid of about eighteen years of age, having by a couple of cataracts that she brought with her into the world, lived absolutely blind from the moment of her birth, being brought to the free use of her eyes, was so ravished at the surprising spectacle of so many and various objects as presented themselves to her unacquainted sight, that almost everything she saw transported her with such admiration and delight that she was

in danger to lose the eyes of her mind by those of her body, and expound that mystical Arabian proverb which advises to shut the windows that the house may be light.

(From *Usefulness of Natural Philosophy.*)

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

IT is not that I think all the books that constitute the Bible of equal necessity or equal usefulness because they are of equal extraction, or that I esteem the Church would lose as much in the prophecy of Nahum as that of Isaiah, or in the book of Ruth as in the Epistle to the Romans or the gospel of John (as the fixed stars themselves, though of the same heaven, are not all of the same magnitude and lustre). But I esteem all the constituent books of Scripture necessary to the canon of it; as two eyes, two ears, and the rest of the members are all necessary to the body; without divers of which it may be, but not be so perfect, and which are all of great though not of equal usefulness. And perhaps it might, without, too, hyperbole, be said further, that as amongst the stars that shine in the firmament, though there be a disparity of greatness compared one to another, yet they are all of them lucid and celestial bodies, and the least of them far vaster than any thing on earth, so of the two Testaments that compose the Bible, though there may be some disparity in relation to themselves, yet they are both heavenly and instructive volumes, and inestimably out-valuing any the earth affords, or human pens ever traced. And I must add, that as mineralists observe that rich mines are wont to lie hid in those grounds whose surface bears no fruit trees (too much maligned by the arsenical and resembling fumes), nor is well stored with useful plants or verdure (as if God would endear those ill-favoured lands by giving them great portions), so divers passages of Holy Writ, which appear barren and unpromising to our first survey, and hold not obviously forth instructions or promises, being by a sedulous artist searched into (and the original word ἐρευνᾶν used in that text of Search the Scriptures does properly enough signify the searching for hid treasure) afford, out of their penetrated bowels, rich and precious mysteries of divinity.

(From *Some Considerations touching the Style of the Holy Scriptures.*)

AN EXPERIMENT

AMONG the more familiar phenomena of the Machina Boyliana, as they now call it, none leaves so much scruple in the minds of some sorts of men as this, that when one's finger is laid close upon the orifice of the little pipe by which the air is wont to pass from the receiver into the exhausted cylinder, the pulp of the finger is made to enter a good way into the cavity of the pipe, which doth not happen without a considerable sense of pain in the lower part of the finger. For most of those that are strangers to hydrostatics, especially if they be prepossessed with the opinions generally received both in the peripatetic and other schools, persuade themselves that they feel the newly mentioned and painful protuberance of the pulp of the finger to be effected, not by pressure, as we would have it, but distinctly by attraction.

To this we are wont to answer that, common air being a body not devoid of weight, the phenomenon is clearly explicable by the pressure of it; for, when the finger is first laid upon the orifice of the pipe, no pain nor swelling is produced, because the air which is in the pipe presses as well against that part of the finger which covereth the orifice, as the ambient air doth against the other parts of the same finger. But when, by pumping, the air in the pipe, or the most part of it, is made to pass out of the pipe into the exhausted cylinder, then there is nothing left in the pipe whose pressure can anything near countervail the undiminished pressure of the external air on the other parts of the finger; and consequently, that air thrusts the most yielding and fleshy part of the finger, which is the pulp, into that place where its pressure is unresisted, that is, into the cavity of the pipe, where this forcible intrusion causeth a pain in those tender parts of the finger.

(From *The Cause of Attraction by Suction.*)

THE WRITING OF A ROMANCE

BUT, upon further thoughts, I soon foresaw that this task was not more worthy to be undertaken than it would prove difficult

to be well performed; for the martyrologist being allowed scarce one whole page to a relation that perhaps merited a volume, had left so many chasms, and so many necessary things unmentioned, that I plainly perceived I wanted a far greater number of circumstances than that he had supplied me with, to make up so maimed a story tolerably complete. And as the relation denied me matter enough to work upon, so the nature of the subject refused most of those embellishments, which in other themes, where young gallants and fair ladies are the chief actors, are wont to supply the deficiencies of the matter. Besides, my task was not near so easy, as it would have been, if I had been only to recite the intrigues of an amour, with the liberty to feign surprising adventures to adorn the historical part of the account, and to make a lover speak as passionately as I could, and his mistress as kindly as the indulgentest laws of decency would permit. But I was to introduce a Christian and a pious lover, who was to contain the expressions of his flame within the narrow bounds of his religion; and a virgin, who, being as modest and discreet as handsome, and as devout as either, was to own an high esteem for an excellent lover, and an uncommon gratitude to a transcendent benefactor, without entrenching either upon her virtue, or her reservedness. And I perceived the difficulty of my task would be increased, by that of reconciling Theodora's scrupulousness to the humours of some young persons of quality of either sex, who were earnest to engage my pen on this occasion, and would expect, that I should make Theodora more kind, than I thought her great piety and strict modesty would permit. But for all this, the esteem that I had for the fair martyr's excellences, and the compliance I had for those, that desired to receive an account of so rare a person's actions and sufferings, made me resolve to try what I could do; which I adventured upon with the less reluctancy, because, though I esteemed it a kind of profaneness to transform a piece of martyrology into a romance, yet I thought it allowable enough, where a narrative was written so concisely, and left so imperfect, as that I had to descant upon, to make such supplements of circumstances, as were not improbable in the nature of the thing, and were little less than necessary to the clearness and entireness of the story, and the decent connection of the parts it should consist of. I supposed too, that I need not scruple to lend speeches to the persons I brought upon the stage, provided they

were suitable to the speakers, and occasions; since I was warranted by the examples of Livy, Plutarch, and other grave and judicious historians, who make no scruple to give us set orations of their own framing, and sometimes put them into the mouths of generals at the head of their armies, just going to give battle; though at such times the hurry and distraction that both they and their auditors must be in, must make it very unlikely, either that they should make elaborate speeches, or their hearers mind and remember them well enough to repeat them to the historians.

(From *The Martyrdom of Theodora.*)

JOHN BUNYAN

[John Bunyan was born, the son of a tinker, at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. In his seventeenth year he enlisted, but whether on the side of King or Parliament is undetermined; the fact is noteworthy because of the use he made of his military experiences in the *Holy War*. He married early a wife who brought him for dowry *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*, books which first attracted him to godliness and literature. His earliest writings were against the Quakers (1656). He was arrested in 1660 for preaching, and imprisoned for twelve years, during which time he wrote various tracts, and notably *Grace Abounding*, the history of his conversion. He was a licensed preacher from 1672-75, but when the Declaration of Indulgence was cancelled, was again arrested. In the six months of imprisonment that followed he wrote the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* (1677), several of the best passages being added in the second edition of the next year. Other works followed, *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman* (1680), *The Holy War* (1682), the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* (1684). For the next sixteen years he was pastor of a church in Bedford, writing in all some sixty volumes; none of which retain vitality but those mentioned. He died 31st August 1688.]

"HE had a sharp quick eye, accomplished with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit." So writes Bunyan's first biographer. "I never went to school to Aristotle or Plato, but was brought up in my father's house in a very mean condition among a company of poor countrymen." So writes Bunyan in his religious autobiography *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. And these two sentences give us more than half the explanation of the charm of Bunyan's writing; for that charm lies, first of all, in the *excellent discerning of persons*, the quick comprehension of the various mixtures of simple and radical virtues and vices, of which his "poor countrymen" were composed, and then in the vivid homely phrases in which the sketches were made. It is more especially the first of these great qualities, the discernment of spirits, which gives permanence to the permanent residue of Bunyan's vast literary production; for while in all his

writing there is abundant evidence of brain-power, and his skill in marshalling texts to defend his dogmatic positions is admirable, yet this general cleverness would not have raised him above the rank of the popular preacher whose performances in the next generation cumber the book-stalls, had it not been for that drop of precious elixir which nature infused into his eyes at birth, as into those of such different people as Geoffrey Chaucer and Jane Austen. It is this which divides Bunyan from one in other respects so like him as George Fox. Both were children of the people, both were intensely religious, both were given to hearing voices in their ears speaking the words of God or of Satan, both for their faith were "in prisons oft"; but the discriminating eye, and the sense of humour which accompanies it, were lacking to Fox, as his *Journal* makes abundantly conspicuous.

One outcome of this gift of vivid realisation was of course the corresponding vigour of the characters in the allegories; it is a commonplace to acknowledge that Mr. By-ends, Mr. Talkative, and the rest are as familiar to us as people we have met in real life. They were no doubt drawn from the quick, and the descriptive touches are put in with a sure pencil so that they live to us. Examples will be found on nearly every page, but the epithet "gentlemanlike" by which he describes the attitude of Demas, is one of the simplest and most effective. And how happy he is in the names of persons and places, "Mr. Worldly Wiseman," "Sir Having Greedy," "Mrs. Bats-eyes," "Mr. Facing-both-ways," "A young woman her name was Dull," "Vanity Fair," "The Slough of Despond," "Flesh Lane" (where Forget-good dwelt) "right opposite to the Church." His vocabulary as a rule is homely enough, but it is copious, and it is always justly and accurately employed. In the preface to *Grace Abounding* Bunyan says, "I could have stepped into a style much higher than this in which I have here discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do, but I dare not. I may not play in the relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was." The accurate delineation which in that book he gives of "the thing as it was," in that case the growth of his religious feelings and ideas, depends upon his vivid perception, and this again enables him to clothe his experiences in adequate and nervous language; and so too when the thing he has to represent is some neighbour whom he knows, or some coinage of his fancy, the fit words are equally at command. Had the poor

tinker's son been sent to grammar-school or university, this natural freedom of style, though probably from his preacher's habit it could never have been pestered in such a pinfold as Milton affected, yet it could not but have grown more abstract, and perhaps have made him a more lively Howe; as it was, the words and phrases and images remained racy of the soil. Here are some sentences from the *Holy War:* "Nor did the silly Mansoul stick or boggle at all at this most monstrous engagement, but as if it had been a sprat in the mouth of a whale, they swallowed it without any chewing." "He had for his malapertness one of his legs broken, and he that did it wished it had been his neck." "At this they were all of them struck into their dumps." "When Mr. Cerberus and Mr. Profane did meet they were presently as great as beggars"; and there are a hundred other quaint expressions for which it would be hard to find a parallel in religious literature, such as "quat and close," "in the very nick and first trip," "ticking and toying," "put to my plunge." The same freshness may be noted in such phrases as "a tongue bravely *hung*," "*to clap up* in prison," "gird them up from the ground, and let them not lag with dust and dirt," "he saw something like a lion, and it came *a great padding pace* after," "I saw the clouds *rack* at an unusual rate." Free scope is given for such lively turns of phrase by the large use of dialogue.[1]

Bunyan's literary education was based upon two books, Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, and the Genevan version of the Bible. The former supplied him with the model of a homely and yet forcible mode of writing, and to this example we probably owe it that Bunyan was contented to write in the vernacular. He borrowed from it further the practice of using the margin for notes and comments, very desirable appendages to an allegory. Occasionally some of his are pungent summaries of the text, and

[1] Bunyan frequently employs the contraction *a* for *have*, especially in the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which is the more homely in style as in matter; *e.g.* "What could you *a* done to *a* helped yourself?" A still more interesting colloquialism is a narrative use of *should*, which occurs repeatedly in *Grace Abounding*, *e.g.* "I *should* at these years be greatly afflicted . . . "for I *used* to be." I have not noticed this in other works of Bunyan, but there is a curious use of *shall*, half narrative, half conditional, in the *Holy War*. "This was the condition of Mansoul for about two years and a half—what rest then could be to the inhabitants? Had the enemy lain so long without, it had been enough to have famished them; but now when they *shall be* within, when the terror *shall be* in their tent, this *was* terrible, and yet this was now the state of Mansoul."

some are exclamations; *e.g.*: "Hopeful swaggers," "Christian snibbeth his fellows," "O brave Talkative!" "O good riddance!" "O sweet prince!" "That's false, Satan!" again, "Mark this!" "Take heed, Mansoul!" "Look to it, Mansoul!" the last of these repeated very effectively at each period in the Infernal Conclave. The Bible Bunyan must have known by heart; its phraseology and imagery he made so thoroughly his own, that many passages of description are simply a cento of quotations; elsewhere he intermingles them with those of his own day without any sense of incongruity. At times to us the incongruity is sufficiently manifest, as when Mercy falls down before the Keeper of the Gate, and says "Let my Lord accept of the sacrifice which I now offer Him *with the calves of my lips*"; at times also his extreme familiarity with the text seems to have led him to quote more than he meant, as in the close of the Preface to the *Holy War*.

> "If thou wouldst know
> My riddle, *and would with my heifer plow*,
> It lies there in the window."

But such singularities are but trifles in comparison with the magnificent use he made of the book generally. Two passages in *Grace Abounding* show the passionate intuition he brought to the sacred text: "When I have considered also the truth of his resurrection and have remembered that word, *Touch me not Mary*, etc., I have seen as if he leaped at the grave's mouth for joy that he was risen again." "At this time also I saw more in those words *Heirs of God*, than ever I shall be able to express while I live in this world. *Heirs of God!* God himself is the portion of the saints. This I saw and wondered at, but cannot tell you what I saw." As a consequence of this penetrating appreciation he was able to vivify not only the events of the narrative, but the images and the very metaphors, which were thus erected into the machinery of his allegories.

Outside the Bible he had nothing to draw upon but his own observation, and this, while it afforded a sufficient variety of persons, left him little choice in the matter of scenery. He was born and bred, as Kingsley says "in the monotonous Midland," and so, while his meadows and streams and sloughs are described graphically (though sometime idealised as, *e.g.* the meadow by the River of God, which was "curiously beautified with lilies"), his hills and the *ferior natura* have no verisimili-

tude; in one place he allows himself to speak of "a wide field full of dark mountains"; in another of Emmanuel "leaping over the mountains," a phrase which a verse in Canticles (ii. 8) may account for, but will not justify. But where his eye has once rested upon the object the descriptions are very lively.

"By this time they were got to the enchanted ground, where the air naturally tended to make one drowsy. And that place was all grown over with briars and thorns. The way also was here very wearisome through dirt and slabbiness. Nor was there on all this ground so much as one inn or victualling-house, therein to refresh the feebler sort. Here therefore was grunting, and puffing, and sighing; while one tumbleth over a bush, another sticks fast in the dirt, and the children, some of them lost their shoes in the mire. While one cries out, I am down, and another, Ho, where are you? and a third, The bushes have got such fast hold on me I think I cannot get away from them."

H. C. BEECHING.

THE STORY OF BUNYAN'S CONVERSION

I.

FURTHER, in these days I should find my heart to shut itself up against the Lord, and against His Holy Word. I have found my unbelief to set, as it were, the shoulder to the door to keep Him out, and that, too, even then, when I have with many a bitter sigh cried "Good Lord, break it open; Lord, break these gates of brass, and cut these bars of iron asunder." Yet that word would sometimes create in my heart a peaceable pause, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me."

But all this while as to the act of sinning, I never was more tender than now. I durst not take a pin or a stick, though but so big as a straw, for my conscience now was sore, and would smart at every touch; I could not now tell how to speak my words, for fear I should misplace them. Oh how gingerly did I then go in all I did or said! I found myself as on a miry bog that shook if I did but stir; and was as there left both of God and Christ, and the Spirit and all good things.

In this condition I went a great while; but when comforting time was come, I heard one preach a sermon upon those words in the song, "Behold thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." But I got nothing by what he said at present, only when he came to the application of the fourth particular, this was the word he said: "If it be so, that the saved soul is Christ's love when under temptation, and desertion; then poor, tempted soul, when thou art assaulted and afflicted with temptation, and the hidings of God's face, yet think on these two words, 'my love,' still."

So as I was a going home, these words came again into my thoughts; and I well remember, as they came in, I said thus in my heart, "What shall I get by thinking on these two words?" This thought had no sooner passed through my heart, but the

words began thus to kindle in my spirit, "Thou art my love, thou art my love," twenty times together; and still as they ran thus in my mind, they waxed stronger and warmer, and began to make me look up. But being as yet between hope and fear, I still replied in my heart, "But is it true, but is it true?" At which, that sentence fell in upon me, "He wist not that it was true which was done by the angel."

Then I began to give place to the Word, which, with power, did over and over make this joyful sound within my soul, "Thou art my love, thou art my love; and nothing shall separate thee from my love; and with that Romans eight, thirty-nine, came into my mind. Now was my heart filled full of comfort and hope, and now I could believe that my sins should be forgiven me; yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God, that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of His love and of His mercy to me, even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me; wherefore I said in my soul, with much gladness, "Well, I would I had a pen and ink here, I would write this down before I go any farther, for surely I will not forget this forty years hence." But alas! within less than forty days, I began to question all again; which made me begin to question all still.

Yet still at times I was helped to believe that it was a true manifestation of grace unto my soul, though I had lost much of the life and savour of it. Now about a week or fortnight after this I was much followed by this Scripture, "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you." And sometimes it would sound so loud within me, yea, and as it were call so strongly after me, that once above all the rest, I turned my head over my shoulder, thinking verily that some man had, behind, called to me; being at a great distance, methought he called so loud. It came, as I have thought since, to have stirred me up to prayer, and to watchfulness; it came to acquaint me that a cloud and a storm was coming down upon me, but I understood it not.

II.

And now I found, as I thought, that I loved Christ dearly. Oh! methought my soul cleaved unto Him, my affections cleaved

unto Him. I felt love to Him as hot as fire; and now, as Job said, I thought I should die in my nest; but I did quickly find that my great love was but little, and that I, who had, as I thought, such burning love to Jesus Christ, could let Him go again for a very trifle. But God can tell how to abase us, and can hide pride from man. Quickly after this my love was tried to purpose.

And that was, to sell and part with this most blessed Christ, to exchange Him for the things of this life, for anything. The temptation lay upon me for the space of a year, and did follow me so continually that I was not rid of it one day in a month, no, not sometimes one hour in many days together, unless when I was asleep.

And though, in my judgment, I was persuaded that those who were once effectually in Christ, as I hoped, through His grace, I had seen myself, could never lose him for ever,—for the land shall not be sold for ever, the land is mine, saith God,—yet it was a continual vexation to me to think that I should have as much as one such thought within me against a Christ, a Jesus, that had done for me as He had done; and yet then I had almost none others, but such blasphemous ones.

But it was neither my dislike of the thought, nor yet any desire and endeavour to resist it that in the least did shake or abate the continuation, or force and strength thereof; for it did always, in almost whatever I thought, intermix itself therewith in such sort that I could neither eat my food, stoop for a pin, chop a stick, or cast mine eye to look on this or that, but still the temptation would come, "Sell Christ for this, or sell Christ for that; sell Him, sell Him."

Sometimes it would run in my thoughts, not so little as a hundred times together, "Sell Him, sell Him, sell Him"; against which I may say, for whole hours together, I have been forced to stand as continually leaning and forcing my spirit against it, lest haply, before I was aware some wicked thought might arise in my heart that might consent thereto; and sometimes also the tempter would make me believe I had consented to it, then should I be as tortured upon the rack for whole days together.

This temptation did put me to such scares, lest I should at sometimes, I say, consent thereto, and be overcome therewith, that by the very force of my mind, in labouring to gainsay and resist this wickedness, my very body also would be put into action or motion by way of pushing or thrusting with my hands or elbows,

still answering as fast as the destroyer said, "Sell Him"; "I will not, I will not, I will not, I will not; no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds." Thus reckoning lest I should, in the midst of these assaults, set too low a value of Him, even until I scarce well knew where I was, or how to be composed again.

At these seasons he would not let me eat my food at quiet; but, forsooth, when I was set at the table at my meat, I must go hence to pray; I must leave my food now, and fast now, so counterfeit holy also would this devil be. When I was thus tempted I should say in myself "Now I am at my meat, let me make an end." "No," said he, "you must do it now, or you will displease God, and despise Christ." Wherefore I was much afflicted with these things; and because of the sinfulness of my nature (imagining that these things were impulses from God), I should deny to do it as if I denied God; and then should I be as guilty, because I did not obey a temptation of the devil, as if I had broken the law of God indeed.

But to be brief, one morning, as I did lie in my bed, I was, as at other times, most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, to sell and part with Christ; the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, "Sell Him, sell Him, sell Him, sell Him," as fast as a man could speak. Against which also, in my mind, as at other times, I answered, "No, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands," at least twenty times together. But at last, after much striving, even until I was almost out of breath, I felt this thought pass through my heart, Let Him go, if He will! And I thought also, that I felt my heart desperately consent thereto. Oh, the diligence of Satan! Oh, the desperateness of man's heart!

Now was the battle won, and down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt and fearful despair. Thus getting out of my bed, I went moping into the field; but God knows, with as heavy a heart as mortal man, I think, could bear; where, for the space of two hours, I was like a man bereft of life, and as now past all recovery, and bound over to eternal punishment.

And withal, that Scripture did seize upon my soul, "or profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright; for ye know, how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

Now was I as one bound; I felt myself shut up into the judg-

ment to come. Nothing now for two years together would abide with me but damnation, and an expectation of damnation. I say, nothing now would abide with me but this, save some few moments for relief, as in the sequel you will see.

Then began I with sad and careful heart to consider of the nature and largeness of my sin, and to search in the Word of God, if I could in any place espy a word of promise or any encouraging sentence by which I might take relief. Wherefore I began to consider that third of Mark, "All manner of sins and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, wherewith soever they shall blaspheme." Which place, methought, at a blush, did contain a large and glorious promise, for the pardon of high offences; but considering the place more fully, I thought it was rather to be understood as relating more chiefly to those who had, while in a natural estate, committed such things as there are mentioned; but not to me, who had not only received light and mercy, but that had, both after, and also contrary to that, so slighted Christ as I had done.

Then again, being loth and unwilling to perish, I began to compare my sin with others, to see if I could find that any of those that were saved had done as I had done. So I considered David's adultery and murder, and found them most heinous crimes; and those too committed after light and grace received. But yet by considering, I perceived that his transgressions were only such as were against the law of Moses; from which the Lord Christ could, with the consent of His Word, deliver him. But mine was against the Gospel; yea, against the Mediator thereof; I had sold my Saviour.

Again, after I had thus considered the sins of the Saints in particular, and found mine went beyond them, then I began to think thus with myself:—Set the case I should put all theirs together, and mine alone against them, might I not then find some encouragement? For if mine, though bigger than anyone, should but be equal to all, then there is hope; for that blood that hath virtue enough in it to wash away all theirs, hath also virtue enough in it to do away mine, though this one be full as big, if not bigger, than all theirs. Here, again, I should consider the sin of David, of Solomon, of Manasseh, of Peter, and the rest of the great offenders; and should also labour, what I might with fairness, to aggravate and heighten their sins by several circumstances: but alas! it was all in vain.

Then I thought on Solomon, and how he sinned in loving strange women, in falling away to their idols, in building them temples, in doing this after light, in his old age, after great mercy received; but the same conclusion that cut me off in the former consideration, cut me off as to this; namely, that all those were but sins against the law, for which God had provided a remedy; but I had sold my Saviour, and there now remained no more sacrifice for sin.

This one consideration would always kill my heart; my sin was point blank against my Saviour; and that too, at that height, that I had in my heart said of Him, "Let Him go if He will." Oh! methought, this sin was bigger than the sins of a country, of a kingdom, or of the whole world, no one pardonable, nor all of them together, was able to equal mine; mine outwent every one.

About this time I took an opportunity to break my mind to an ancient Christian, and told him all my case. I told him, also, that I was afraid I had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost; and he told me—He thought so too. Here, therefore, I had but cold comfort; but, talking a little more with him I found him, though a good man, a stranger to much combat with the devil. Wherefore, I went to God again, as well as I could, for mercy still.

But one morning, when I was again at prayer, and trembling under the fear of this, that no word of God could help me; that piece of a sentence darted in upon me, My grace is sufficient. At this methought I felt some stay, as if there might be hopes. But oh how good a thing it is for God to send His word! For about a fortnight before I was looking on this very place, and then I thought it could not come near my soul with comfort, therefore I threw down my book in a pet. Then I thought it was not large enough for me; no, not large enough. But now, it was as if it had arms of grace so wide that it could not only enclose me, but many more besides.

By these words I was sustained; yet not without exceeding conflicts, for the space of seven or eight weeks; for my peace would be in and out; sometimes twenty times a day; comfort now, and trouble presently; peace now, and before I could go a furlong as full of fear and guilt as ever heart could hold; and this was not only now and then, but my whole seven weeks' experience; for this about the sufficiency of Grace, and that of

Esau's parting with his birthright, would be like a pair of scales within my mind, sometimes one end would be uppermost, and sometimes again the other; according to which would be my peace or trouble.

And I remember one day, as I was in divers frames of spirits and considering that these frames were still according to the nature of the several Scriptures that came in upon my mind; if this of grace, then was I quiet; but if that of Esau, then tormented; "Lord," thought I, "if both these Scriptures would meet in my heart at once, I wonder which of them would get the better of me." So methought I had a longing mind that they might both come together upon me; yea, I desired of God they might.

Well, about two or three days after, so they did indeed; they bolted both upon me at a time, and did work and struggle strangely in me for a while; at last, that about Esau's birthright began to wax weak, and withdraw, and vanish; and this about the sufficiency of Grace prevailed with peace and joy. And as I was in a muse about this thing, that Scripture came home upon me:—Mercy rejoiceth against judgment.

This was a wonderment to me; yet truly I am apt to think it was of God. For the word of the law and wrath must give place to the word of life and grace; because, though the word of condemnation be glorious, yet the word of life and salvation doth far exceed in glory. Also that Moses and Elias must both vanish, and leave Christ and His Saints alone.

(From *Grace Abounding.*)

CHRISTIAN LOSES HIS ROLL

I LOOKED then after Christian, to see him go up the hill, when I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbour, made by the lord of the hill, for the refreshing of weary travellers. Thither therefore Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his roll out of his bosom and read therein to his comfort: he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given

him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself a while, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night, and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awaked him saying, "go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," and with that Christian suddenly started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace till he came to the top of the hill.

Now when he was got to the top of the hill, there came two men running against him amain; the name of the one was Timorous, and the name of the other Mistrust, to whom Christian said, "Sirs, what's the matter you run the wrong way?" Timorous answered, that they were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place; "but," said he, "the farther we go, the more danger we meet with, wherefore we turned, and are going back again."

"Yes," said Mistrust, "for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way (whether sleeping or waking we know not); and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us to pieces."

Then said Christian, "You make me afraid, but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to mine own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone; and I shall certainly perish there. If I can get to the celestial city, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. To go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward." So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill; and Christian went on his way. But thinking again of what he heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein and be comforted; but he felt and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do; for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the celestial city. Here therefore he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do; at last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbour that is on the side of the hill: and falling down upon his knees, he asked God forgiveness for that his foolish fact; and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart; sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself, for being so foolish as to fall asleep in that place which

was erected only for a little refreshment from his weariness. Thus therefore he went back; carefully looking on this side and on that, all the way as he went, if haply he might find his roll, that had been his comfort so many times on his journey. He went thus till he came again within sight of the arbour, where he sat and slept; but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping into his mind. Thus therefore he now went on bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, "O wretched man that I am, that I should sleep in the day-time! that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty! that I should so indulge the flesh, as to use that rest for ease to my flesh, which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims! How many steps have I taken in vain! (Thus it happened to Israel for their sin, they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea), and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow, which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice over, which I needed not to have trod but once: Yea now also I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. O that I had not slept!" Now by this time he was come to the arbour again, where for awhile he sat down and wept, but at last (as Christian would have it) looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his roll; the which he with trembling haste catched up, and put it into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was, when he had gotten his roll again! For this roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But oh how nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill! Yet before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian, and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance, and thus he again began to condole with himself: "Oh thou sinful sleep! how for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey! I must walk without the sun, darkness must cover the path of my feet, and I must hear the noise of doleful creatures, because of my sinful sleep!" Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were frighted with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, "These beasts range in the night for their prey, and if they should meet with me in the dark, how

should I shift them? how should I escape being by them torn in pieces? Thus he went on his way, but while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lifted up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood just by the highway side.

(From *The Pilgrim's Progress.*)

THE TRIAL OF CHRISTIAN AND FAITHFUL

THEN a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned; the judge's name was Lord Hategood. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents whereof were this:—

That they were enemies to, and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince.

Then Faithful began to answer, That he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked, If they knew the prisoner at the bar? and what they had to say for their lord the king against him?

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: My lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before the honourable Bench, that he is——

Judge. Hold, give him his oath.

So they sware him. Then he said, My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our

country; he neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And in particular, I heard him once affirm, That Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

Then did the judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say?

Envy. My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the Court. Yet if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than any thing shall be wanting that will dispatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid stand by. Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner; they also asked, What he could say for their lord the king against him? Then they sware him, so he began.

Superstition. My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him; however this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that the other day I had with him in this town; for then talking with him, I heard him say, That our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God; which sayings of his, my lord, your lordship very well knows, what necessity thence will follow, to wit, That we still do worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned; and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew, in behalf of their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar.

Pickthank. My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoke. For he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoke contemptibly of his honourable friends, whose names are the Lord Oldman, the Lord Carnal-delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain-glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility; and he hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such vilifying

terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the Judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

Faithful. May I speak a few words in my own defence?

Judge. Sirrah, sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us see what thou hast to say.

Faithful. 1. I say then in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said ought but this, That what rule or laws or custom or people were flat against the Word of God are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, That in the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God: therefore whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith; which faith will not be profit to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), That the prince of this town, with all the rabblement his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell, than in this town and country; and so the Lord have mercy upon me.

Then the Judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe), Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also you have heard his reply and confession: it lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life, but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, That lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be

thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an act made in the days of Darius, That whoso, for some time, called upon any God but him, should be cast into the lion's den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed ; which must therefore needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent ; but here is a crime apparent. For the second or third, you see he disputeth against our religion, and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable, who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first Mr. Blind-man the foreman said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. No-good, away with such a fellow from the earth. Ay, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Love-lust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Live-loose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let's dispatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable ; might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him, therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death ; and so they did, therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law ; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives ; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords, and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end. Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, the nearest way to

the celestial gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison, so he there remained for a space. But He that over-rules all things, having the power of their rage in His own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

(From the Same.)

MR. BY-ENDS

So I saw that quickly after they were got out of the fair, they overtook one that was going before them, whose name was By-ends; so they said to him, What country-man, sir? and how far go you this way? He told them, That he came from the town of Fair-speech, and he was going to the celestial city (but told them not his name).

From Fair-speech, said Christian; is there any that be good live there?

By-ends. Yes, said By-ends, I hope.

Christian. Pray, sir, what may I call you?

By-ends. I am a stranger to you, and you to me; if you be going this way, I shall be glad of your company; if not, I must be content.

Christian. This town of Fair-speech, I have heard of it, and, as I remember, they say it's a wealthy place.

By-ends. Yes, I will assure you that it is, and I have very many rich kindred there.

Christian. Pray, who are your kindred there, if a man may be so bold?

By-ends. Almost the whole town; and, in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose ancestors the town first took its name); Also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-bothways, Mr. Anything, and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother by father's side; and, to tell you the truth, I am a gentleman of good quality; yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way, and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

Christian. Are you a married man?

By-ends. Yes, and my wife is a very virtuous woman, the

daughter of a virtuous woman. She was my Lady Feigning's daughter, therefore she came of a very honourable family, and is arrived at such a pitch of breeding, that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. 'Tis true, we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points; First, we never strive against wind and tide. Secondly, we are always most zealous when religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the street, if the sun shines, and the people applaud it.

Then Christian stepped a little aside to his fellow Hopeful, saying, It runs in my mind that this is one By-ends of Fair-speech, and if it be, we have as very a knave in our company as dwelleth in all these parts. Then said Hopeful, Ask him; methinks he should not be ashamed of his name. So Christian came up with him again, and said, Sir, you talk as if you knew something more than all the world doth, and if I take not my mark amiss, I deem I have half a guess of you: is not your name Mr. By-ends of Fair-speech?

By-ends. That is not my name, but indeed it is a nick-name that is given me by some that cannot abide me, and I must be content to bear it as a reproach, as other good men have borne theirs before me.

Christian. But did you never give an occasion to men to call you by this name?

By-ends. Never, never! The worst that ever I did to give them an occasion to give me this name, was, that I had always the luck to jump in my judgment with the present way of the times, whatever it was, and my chance was to get thereby; but if things are thus cast upon me, let me count them a blessing, but let not the malicious thereby load me with reproach.

Christian. I thought indeed that you was the man that I had heard of, and to tell you what I think, I fear this name belongs to you more properly than you are willing we should think it doth.

By-ends. Well, if you will thus imagine, I cannot help it. You shall find me a fair company-keeper, if you will still admit me your associate.

Christian. If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide, the which, I perceive, is against your opinion: you must also own religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers, and stand by him, too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets with applause.

By-ends. You must not impose, nor lord it over my faith; leave me to my liberty, and let me go with you.

Christian. Not a step further, unless you will do in what I propound, as we.

Then said By-ends, I shall never desert my old principles, since they are harmless and profitable. If I may not go with you, I must do as I did before you overtook me, even go by myself, until some overtake me that will be glad of my company.

(From the Same.)

CHRISTIANA'S NEIGHBOURS

BUT while they were thus about to be gone, two of the women that were Christiana's neighbours came up to her house and knocked at her door. To whom she said as before, If you come in God's name, come in. At this the women were stunned, for this kind of language they used not to hear, or to perceive to drop from the lips of Christiana. Yet they came in; but behold they found the good woman a-preparing to be gone from her house.

So they began and said, Neighbour, pray what is your meaning by this?

Christiana answered and said to the eldest of them, whose name was Mrs. Timorous, I am preparing for a journey. (This Timorous was daughter to him that met Christian upon the hill Difficulty; and would a had him go back for fear of the lions.)

Timorous. For what journey, I pray you?

Christiana. Even to go after my good husband; and with that she fell a weeping.

Timorous. I hope not so, good neighbour, pray, for these poor children's sakes, do not so unwomanly cast away yourself.

Christiana. Nay, my children shall go with me; not one of them is willing to stay behind.

Timorous. I wonder in my very heart, what, or who has brought you into this mind.

Christiana. Oh, neighbour, knew you but as much as I do, I doubt not but that you would go with me.

Timorous. Prithee, what new knowledge hast thou got that so worketh off thy mind from thy friends, and that tempteth thee to go nobody knows where?

Christiana. Then Christiana replied, I have been sorely afflicted since my husband's departure from me: but specially since he went over the river. But that which troubleth me most, is my churlish carriages to him when he was under his distress. Besides, I am now, as he was then; nothing will serve me but going on pilgrimage. I was a dreaming last night that I saw him. Oh that my soul was with him. He dwelleth in the presence of the king of the country, he sits and eats with him at his table, he is become a companion of immortals, and has a house now given him to dwell in, to which the best palaces on earth, if compared, seem to me but as a dunghill. The prince of the place has also sent for me, with promise of entertainment if I shall come to him; his messenger was here even now, and has brought me a letter, which invites me to come. And with that she plucked out her letter and read it, and said to them, What now will you say to this?

Timorous. Oh the madness that has possessed thee and thy husband, to run yourselves upon such difficulties! You have heard, I am sure, what your husband did meet with, as our neighbour Obstinate can yet testify; for he went along with him, yea, and Pliable too, until they, like wise men, were afraid to go any further. We also heard, over and above, how he met with the lions, Apollyon, the Shadow of Death, and many other things. Nor is the danger that he met with at Vanity Fair to be forgotten by thee. For if he, though a man, was so hard put to it, what canst thou, being but a poor woman, do? Consider also that these four sweet babes are thy children, thy flesh and thy bones. Wherefore, though thou shouldest be so rash as to cast away thyself; yet for the sake of the fruit of thy body, keep thou at home.

But Christiana said unto her, Tempt me not, my neighbour: I have now a price put into mine hand to get gain, and I should be a fool of the greatest size if I should have no heart to strike in with the opportunity. And for that you tell me of all these troubles that I am like to meet with in the way, they are so far off being to me a discouragement, that they show I am in the right. The bitter must come before the sweet, and that also will make the sweet the sweeter. Wherefore since you came not to my house in God's name, as I said, I pray you to be gone, and not to disquiet me farther.

Then Timorous also reviled her, and said to her fellow, Come,

neighbour Mercy, let's leave her in her own hands, since she scorns our counsel and company. But Mercy was at a stand, and could not so readily comply with her neighbour: and that for a two-fold reason. First, her bowels yearned over Christiana: so she said within herself, If my neighbour will needs be gone, I will go a little way with her, and help her. Secondly, her bowels yearned over her own soul (for what Christiana had said had taken some hold upon her mind). Wherefore she said within herself again, I will yet have more talk with this Christiana, and if I find truth and life in what she shall say, myself with my heart shall also go with her. Wherefore Mercy began thus to reply to her neighbour Timorous.

Mercy. Neighbour, I did indeed come with you to see Christiana this morning, and since she is, as you see, a taking of her last farewell of her country, I think to walk this sunshine morning a little way with her to help her on the way. (But she told not of her second reason, but kept that to herself.)

Timorous. Well, I see you have a mind to go fooling too: but take heed in time, and be wise; while we are out of the danger we are out, but when we are in, we are in. So Mrs. Timorous returned to her house, and Christiana betook herself to her journey. But when Timorous was got home to her house, she sends for some of her neighbours, to wit, Mrs. Bats-eyes, Mrs. Inconsiderate, Mrs. Light-mind, and Mrs. Know-nothing. So when they were come to her house, she falls to telling of the story of Christiana, and of her intended journey. And thus she began her tale.

Timorous. Neighbours, having had little to do this morning, I went to give Christiana a visit, and when I came at the door, I knocked, as you know 'tis our custom. And she answered, If you come in God's name, come in. So in I went, thinking all was well. But when I came in, I found her preparing herself to depart the town, she and also her children. So I asked her what was her meaning by that, and she told me in short, that she was now of a mind to go on pilgrimage, as did her husband. She told me also a dream that she had, and how the king of the country where her husband was, had sent her an inviting letter to come thither.

Then said Mrs. Know-nothing, And what! do you think she will go?

Timorous. Ay, go she will, whatever come on't; and methinks

I know it by this, for that which was my great argument to persuade her to stay at home (to wit, the trouble she is like to meet with on the way) is one great argument with her to put her forward on her journey. For she told me in so many words, The bitter goes before the sweet. Yea, and forasmuch as it so doth, it makes the sweet the sweeter.

Mrs. Bats-eyes. Oh this blind and foolish woman, said she, will she not take warning by her husband's afflictions? For my part, I see if he was here again he would rest him content in a whole skin, and never run so many hazards for nothing.

Mrs. Inconsiderate also replied, saying, Away with such fantastical fools from the town, a good riddance, for my part, I say, of her. Should she stay where she dwells, and retain this her mind, who could live quietly by her? For she will either be dumpish or unneighbourly, or talk of such matters as no wise body can abide. Wherefore for my part I shall never be sorry for her departure; let her go and let better come in her room; 'twas never a good world since these whimsical fools dwelt in it.

Then Mrs. Light-mind added as followeth: Come put this kind of talk away. I was yesterday at Madame Wanton's, where we were as merry as the maids. For who do you think should be there, but I, and Mrs. Love-the-flesh, and three or four more, with Mr. Lechery, Mrs. Filth, and some others. So there we had music and dancing, and what else was meet to fill up the pleasure. And I dare say my lady herself is an admirably well bred gentlewoman, and Mr. Lechery is as pretty a fellow.

By this time Christiana was got on her way, and Mercy went along with her.

(From the Same.)

LETTERS TO AND FROM DIABOLUS

LETTER I

To our great Lord, the Prince Diabolus, dwelling below in the Infernal Cave.

Oh great father, and mighty Prince Diabolus, we, the true Diabolonians yet remaining in the rebellious town of Mansoul, having received our beings from thee, and our nourishment at thy hands, cannot with content and quiet endure to behold, as we do this day, how thou art dispraised, disgraced, and reproached

among the inhabitants of this town; nor is thy long absence at all delightful to us, because greatly to our detriment.

The reason of this our writing unto our lord, is for that we are not altogether without hope that this town may become thy habitation again; for it is greatly declined from its Prince Emmanuel; and he is uprisen, and is departed from them: yea, and though they send, and send, and send after him to return to them, yet can they not prevail, nor get good words from him.

There has been also of late, and is yet remaining, a very great sickness and fainting among them; and that not only upon the poorer sort of the town, but upon the lords, captains, and chief gentry of the place (we only who are of the Diabolonians by nature remain well, lively, and strong), so that through their great transgression on the one hand, and their dangerous sickness on the other, we judge they lie open to thy hand and power. If therefore, it shall stand with thy horrible cunning, and with the cunning of the rest of the princes with thee, to come and make an attempt to take Mansoul again, send us word, and we shall to our utmost power be ready to deliver it unto thy hand. Or, if what we have said shall not by thy Fatherhood be thought best and most meet to be done, send us thy mind in a few words, and we are all ready to follow thy counsel to the hazarding of our lives, and what else we have.

Given under our hands the day and date above written, after a close consultation at the house of Mr. Mischief, who yet is alive, and hath his place in our desirable town of Mansoul.

LETTER II

To our offspring, the high and mighty Diabolonians that yet dwell in the town of Mansoul, Diabolus, the great Prince of Mansoul wisheth a prosperous issue and conclusion of those many brave enterprises, conspiracies, and designs that you, of your love and respect to our honour, have in your hearts to attempt to do against Mansoul.

Beloved children and disciples, my Lord Fornication, Adultery, and the rest, we have here in our desolate den, received, to our highest joy and content, your welcome letter, by the hand of our trusty Mr. Profane; and to show how acceptable your tidings

were, we rang out our bell for gladness; for we rejoiced as much as we could, when we perceived that yet we had friends in Mansoul, and such as sought our honour and revenge in the ruin of the town of Mansoul. We also rejoiced to hear that they are in a degenerated condition, and that they have offended their prince, and that he is gone. Their sickness also pleaseth us, as doth your health, might, and strength. Glad also would we be, right horribly beloved, could we get this town into our clutches again. Nor will we be sparing of spending our wit, our cunning, our craft, and hellish inventions to bring to a wicked conclusion this your brave beginning in order thereto.

And take this for your comfort (our Birth, and our Offspring), that shall we again surprise it and take it, we will attempt to put all your foes to the sword, and will make you the great lords and captains of the place. Nor need you fear, if ever we get it again, that we after that shall be cast out any more; for we will come with more strength, and so lay far more fast hold than at the first we did. Besides, it is the law of that prince that now they own, that if we get them a second time, they shall be ours for ever.

Do you, therefore, our trusty Diabolonians, yet more pry into and endeavour to spy out the weakness of the town of Mansoul. We also would that you yourselves do attempt to weaken them more and more. Send us word also by what means you think we had best to attempt the regaining thereof: namely, whether by persuasion to a vain and loose life, or whether by tempting them to doubt and despair; or whether, by blowing up the town by the gunpowder of pride and self-conceit. Do you also, oh ye brave Diabolonians, and true sons of the pit, be always in a readiness to make a most hideous assault within, when we shall be ready to storm it without. Now speed you in your project, and we in our desires, to the utmost power of our gates, which is the wish of your great Diabolus, Mansoul's enemy, and him that trembles when he thinks of judgment to come. All the blessings of the pit be upon you, and so we close up our letter.

Given at the pit's mouth, by the joint consent of all the princes of darkness, to be sent to the Force and Power that we have yet remaining in Mansoul, by the hand of Mr. Profane,

By me,

DIABOLUS.

LETTER III

The Lords of Looseness send to the great and high Diabolus from our dens, caves, holes, and strongholds, in and about the walls of the town of Mansoul, greeting.

Our great lord, and the nourisher of our lives, Diabolus—how glad we were when we heard of your Fatherhood's readiness to comply with us, and help forward our design in our attempts to ruin Mansoul, none can tell but those who, as we do, set themselves against all appearance of good, when and wheresoever we find it.

Touching the encouragement that your Greatness is pleased to give us to continue to devise, contrive, and study the utter desolation of Mansoul, that we are not solicitous about; for we know right well that it cannot be but pleasing and profitable to us to see our enemies, and them that seek our lives, die at our feet, or fly before us. We therefore are still contriving, and that to the best of our cunning, to make this work more facile and easy to your lordships, and to us.

First, we considered of that most hellishly cunning compacted three-fold project, that by you was propounded to us in your last; and have concluded, that though to blow them up with the gunpowder of pride would do well, and to do it by tempting them to be loose and vain will help on, yet to contrive to bring them into the gulf of Desperation, we think will do best of all. Now we, who are at your beck, have thought of two ways to do this: first we, for our parts, will make them as vile as we can, and then you with us, at a time appointed, shall be ready to fall upon them with the utmost force. And of all the nations that are at your whistle, we think that an army of Doubters may be the most likely to attack and overcome the town of Mansoul. Thus shall we overcome these enemies, else the pit shall open her mouth upon them, and Desperation shall thrust them down into it. We have also, to effect this so much by us desired design, sent already three of our trusty Diabolonians among them; they are disguised in garb, they have changed their names, and are now accepted of them; namely, Covetousness, Lasciviousness, and Anger. The name of Covetousness is changed to Prudent-Thrifty, and him Mr. Mind has hired, and is almost become as bad as our friend. Lasciviousness has changed his name to Harmless-Mirth, and he

is got to be the Lord Willbewill's lacquey; but he has made his master very wanton. Anger changed his name to Good-zeal, and was entertained by Mr. Godly-Fear; but the peevish old gentleman took pepper in the nose, and turned our companion out of his house. Nay, he has informed us since that he ran away from him, or else his old master had hanged him up for his labour.

Now these have helped forward our work and design upon Mansoul; for notwithstanding the spite and quarrelsome temper of the old gentleman last mentioned, the other two ply their business well, and are likely to ripen the work apace.

Our next project is, that it be concluded that you come upon the town upon a market-day, and that when they are upon the heat of their business; for then, to be sure, they will be most secure, and least think that an assault will be made upon them. They will also at such a time be less able to defend themselves, and to offend you in the prosecution of our design. And we your trusty (and we are sure your beloved) ones shall, when you shall make your furious assault without, be ready to second the business within. So shall we, in all likelihood, be able to put Mansoul to utter confusion, and to swallow them up before they can come to themselves. If your serpentine heads, most subtle Dragons, and our highly esteemed lords, can find out a better way than this, let us quickly know your minds.

To the monsters of the infernal cave, from the house of Mr. Mischief in Mansoul, by the hand of Mr. Profane.

(From *The Holy War.*)

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

[William Temple was born in London in the year 1628, his father, Sir John Temple, being the Irish Master of the Rolls. He was educated under Cudworth at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, went the grand tour, and had difficulties in his course of true love with Dorothy Osborne, whose delightful letters to him have only in the last few years been made completely public. In this affair the lady's parents objected to him both as the son of a Parliamentarian (Sir Peter Osborne, the father, being a strong Cavalier) and as an insufficient match. Temple seems to have displayed constancy and affection; but we gather that the trimming and Laodicean character which afterwards distinguished him was already suspected, if not displayed. It is supposed that the marriage took place about 1654; and between that date and the Restoration he resided chiefly in Ireland, where, on a regular Parliament meeting after the King's return, he was chosen member for Carlow. Migrating to England in 1663, he seems to have attached himself chiefly to Arlington ("Bennet's grave looks" may have suited him), and received diplomatic employment at Munster, at Brussels, and in the negotiation of the Triple Alliance with De Witt. He was afterwards ambassador at the Hague till he was recalled, owing to the intrigues of the Cabal with France. He then established himself at Sheen, whence he moved later to Moor Park. On the fall of the Cabal, he was once more employed in his old work at the Hague, where he remained till 1679. He then formed part, and indeed was the deviser, of the new Cabinet or Council of Thirty, which was tried after the fall of Danby, and which failed, as it was certain to fail. Only after this, and then only for a session, did he sit in the English House of Commons, and he speedily retired altogether from politics, for which, at that juncture, his cautious and timorous temper entirely unfitted him. Thenceforward, for nearly twenty years, he lived at the two seats above mentioned, frequently consulted, but never taking any active part, even in the reign of William, whose friendship he had early acquired. His wife died in 1694, and he himself in 1699, both having suffered a terrible blow by the suicide of their son John, who destroyed himself in consequence of some official delinquencies, for which he was only indirectly to blame. Temple perhaps secured a greater certainty of immortality by having Swift as a member of his household in his later years than by his not inconsiderable participation in historical affairs. In the same way, though he wrote a good deal, and is, to exact critics of style, as will presently be pointed out, a very memorable person, he made himself more certain ground of remembrance by his rather unlucky participation in the "Ancient

and Modern " Dispute, whence arose Bentley's *Dissertation on Phalaris*. The standard edition of his works is in 4 vols. London : 1757.]

ONE magnificent though brief passage, Macaulay's essay, and Charles Lamb's curious and characteristic dissertation on his connection with "the genteel style," may be said to make up all the hold that Sir William Temple still exercises on the general consciousness of even reading Englishmen. The fuller modern publication of Dorothy Osborne's charming letters to him threw very little fresh light on his own character, which was already more than sufficiently known, to all who cared to inquire, by his *Works*, by Courtenay's life of him, by the references of the essayists above mentioned, and by his connection with the far greater name of Swift. With the small but tolerably constant number of students of literary history, however, Temple is sure of an equally lasting and a more correct and detailed remembrance. For he holds with Tillotson, Halifax, and Dryden the most distinguished place among those authors of the late seventeenth century who definitely expressed the tendencies of the present, and even of the future, among their contemporaries in matter of English prose style. It is, no doubt, possible to discover anticipations of this style in much earlier writers—in Jonson, in Cowley, and in others. But this possibility involves another—the possibility of inquiring too curiously. It is not the occasional flash here and flash there of "modernism" that is the important point, but the general presence of a tendency distinctly different from that of the main body of forerunners. And this general tendency is more discoverable in Temple, with the three above mentioned, than in any others. Nor is it irrelevant to observe that he was the eldest of the quartette, that he had an earlier and wider experience of public affairs both at home and abroad than any of them, and that he anticipated what was in the next generation to be the most prevailing form of the new style—that of the miscellaneous essay.

Of these four, Temple had beyond all doubt the least original genius, though there is not much to choose between him and Tillotson either in intellect or in literary form. To the universal competency of Dryden, or the admirable sense and terseness of Halifax, he could lay no claim. But he had, as has been said, an early practice in affairs. He was thrown by his diplomatic employments much in contact with the French, a nation where at

that time every gentleman of capacity a little superior to the average, thought it necessary to dabble in literature of a polished and more or less serious kind ; and his education and subsequent studies, if not exactly profound, supplied him with the raw material of literature, as literature then went, to a certain, and even a considerable extent. The cautious timidity, not to say time-servingness, of his temperament, which induced him to quit the ship of State whenever she got out of smooth water, gave him much leisure, and his four volumes of *Works* are the result. Except that purple patch above referred to, and a few others, the contents are of no very great positive worth for matter. Yet it is agreeable to hear what Sir William has to say on the gout, on gardening, on the affairs of the Low Countries ; and it would not be disagreeable to hear what he thinks about poetry and the ancients if only he had had, on these subjects, a knowledge at all comparable in competence to his knowledge of gardening and of gout, of diplomacy and of Dutchmen. Nor will he "spoil any fine gentleman," whatever he may have done in another famous case, by his manner of dealing with these subjects. That manner is better than genteel, even in the sense which in Lamb's day that now degraded adjective still possessed. It is indeed not quite or not always the grand style ; but except when the writer is discoursing on subjects of which he is totally, or almost totally, ignorant, it is a great deal more than the mere style of a well-bred gentleman who writes with ease after good examples. It must never be forgotten that Sir William was setting, not following, the fashion ; that he was at the head of the van, not a mere private in the main body. It may be that that famous sentence which, once heard, never drops out of the memory as a criticism of life, prejudices the critic too favourably towards him ; but if it is his best, it is not his only one. It is, on the contrary, but one of the happiest discoveries in a new path, which all the wits were to tread for more than a century, and in which few found things so happy. The fifty volumes of the British essayists are in that little passage—hardly more than a phrase—which begins, "When all is done," and ends with "over" ; and in few passages of any day is the philosophy of the time expressed with such touches of pathos and true "prose poetry," or its style moulded with a happier pressure of form and finish.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

TEMPLE ON HIS WAY TO MUNSTER

I NEVER travelled a more savage country, over cruel hills, through many great and thick woods, stony and rapid streams, never hardly in any highway, and very few villages, till I came near Dortmund, a city of the Empire, and within a day's journey, or something more, of Munster. The night I came to Dortmund was so advanced when I arrived, that the gates were shut, and with all our eloquence, which was as moving as we could, we were not able to prevail to have them opened; they advised us to go to a village about a league distant, where they said we might have lodging. When we came there, we found it all taken up with a troop of Brandenburg horse, so as the poor Spanish Envoy was fain to eat what he could get in a barn, and to sleep upon a heap of straw, and lay my head upon my page instead of a pillow. The best of it was, that he, understanding Dutch, heard one of the Brandenburg soldiers coming into the barn, to examine some of my guards about me and my journey, which, when he was satisfied of, he asked if he had heard nothing upon the way of an English Envoy that was expected; the fellow said, he was upon the way, and might be at Dortmund within a day or two, with which he was satisfied, and I slept as well as I could.

The next morning I went into Dortmund, and, hearing there that, for five or six leagues round, all was full of Brandenburg troops, I dispatched away a German gentleman I had in my train, with a letter to the bishop of Munster, to let him know the place and condition I was in, and desire he would send me guards immediately, and strong enough to convey me. The night following my messenger returned, and brought me word, that, by eight o'clock the morning after, a Commander of the Bishop's would come in sight of the town, at the head of twelve hundred horse, and desired I would come and join them so soon as they appeared. I did so, and, after an easy march till four o'clock, I came to a

castle of the Bishop's, where I was received by Lieutenant-General Gorgas, a Scotsman in that service, who omitted nothing of honour or entertainment that could be given me. There was nothing here remarkable, but the most Episcopal way of drinking that could be invented. As soon as we came in the great hall, there stood many flagons ready charged, the General called for wine to drink the King's health; they brought him a formal bell of silver gilt, that might hold about two quarts or more; he took it empty, pulled out the clapper, and gave it me, who he intended to drink to, then had the bell filled, drank it off to his Majesty's health, then asked me for the clapper, put it in, turned down the bell, and rung it out, to show he had played fair, and left nothing in it; took out the clapper, desired me to give it to whom I pleased, then gave his bell to be filled again, and brought it to me. I that never used to drink, and seldom would try, had commonly some gentlemen with me that served for that purpose when it was necessary; and so I had the entertainment of seeing his health go current through about a dozen hands, with no more share in it than just what I pleased.

(From *Letters.*)

THE GARDEN OF MOOR PARK IN HERTFORDSHIRE

THE perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park, in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Doctor Donne: and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost; but greater sums may be thrown away without effect or honour, if there want sense in proportion to money, or if nature be not followed; which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in everything else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments. And whether the greatest of mortal men should attempt the forcing of nature may best be judged, by observing how seldom God Almighty does it Himself, by so few, true and undisputed miracles, as we see or hear of in the world. For my own part, I know not three wiser precepts for the conduct either of princes or private men, than—

"Servare modum, finemque tueri,
Naturamque sequi."

Because I take the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the most beautiful and perfect, at least in the figure and disposition, that I have ever seen, I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expense. It lies on the side of a hill (upon which the house stands), but not very steep. The length of the house, where the best rooms and of most use or pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden, the great parlour opens into the middle of a terras gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may be, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border set with standard laurels, and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange-trees out of flower and fruit: from this walk are three descents by many stone steps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters; at the end of the terras walk are two summer-houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters, open to the garden, upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer-houses even with the cloisters, which are paved with stone, and designed for walks of shade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over these two cloisters are two terrasses covered with lead, and fenced with balusters; and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer-houses, at the end of the first terras-walk. The cloister facing the south is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-house, and the other for myrtles, or other more common greens; and had, I doubt not, been cast for that purpose, if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now.

From the middle of the parterre is a descent by many steps flying on each side of a grotto that lies between them (covered with lead, and flat) into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness which is very shady; the walks here are all green, the grotto embellished with figures of shell rock-work, fountains and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is supplied by a garden on the other side the house, which is all of

that sort, very wild, shady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

This was Moor Park, when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place, I think, that I have seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad; what it is now, I can give little account, having passed through several hands that have made great changes in gardens as well as houses; but the remembrance of what it was is too pleasant ever to forget, and therefore I do not believe to have mistaken the figure of it, which may serve for a pattern to the best gardens of our manner, and that are most proper for our country and climate.

(From *Miscellanea.*)

PERORATION ON POETRY

BUT to spin off this thread, which is already grown too long: what honour and request the ancient poetry has lived in, may not only be observed from the universal reception and use in all nations from China to Peru, from Scythia to Arabia, but from the esteem of the best and the greatest men as well as the vulgar. Among the Hebrews, David and Solomon, the wisest kings, Job and Jeremiah, the holiest men, were the best poets of their nation and language. Among the Greeks, the two most renowned sages and lawgivers were Lycurgus and Solon, whereof the last is known to have excelled in poetry, and the first was so great a lover of it, that to his care and industry we are said (by some authors) to owe the collection and preservation of the loose and scattered pieces of Homer in the order wherein they have since appeared. Alexander is reported neither to have travelled nor slept without those admirable poems always in his company. Phalaris, that was inexorable to all other enemies, relented at the charms of Stesichorus, his muse. Among the Romans, the last and great Scipio passed the soft hours of his life in the conversation of Terence, and was thought to have a part in the composition of his comedies. Cæsar was an excellent poet as well as orator, and composed a poem in his voyage from Rome to Spain, relieving the tedious difficulties of his march with the entertainments of his muse. Augustus was not only a patron, but a friend and companion of Virgil and Horace, and was himself both an admirer of poetry and a pretender too, as far as his

genius would reach, or his busy scene allow. 'Tis true, since his age we have few such examples of great Princes favouring or affecting poetry, and as few perhaps of great poets deserving it. Whether it be that the fierceness of the Gothic humours, or noise of their perpetual wars, frighted it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it; certain it is, that the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet, such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the Courts of Princes, and the cottages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life: for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions and affections. I know very well, that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But, whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question; it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too: and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent; and do not trouble the world, or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though no body hurts them!

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

(From the Same.)

THE LIMITS OF HUMAN FACULTIES

IT were too great a mortification to think, that the same fate has happened to us, even in our modern learning, as if the growth of that, as well as of natural bodies, had some short periods, beyond which it could not reach, and after which it must begin to decay. It falls in one country or one age, and rises again in others, but never beyond a certain pitch. One man, or one country, at a certain time runs a great length in some certain kinds of knowledge, but loses as much ground in others, that were perhaps as useful and as valuable. There is a certain degree of capacity in the greatest vessel, and, when 'tis full, if you pour in still, it must run out some way or other, and, the more it runs out on one side, the less runs out at the other. So the greatest memory, after a certain degree, as it learns or retains more of some things or words, loses and forgets as much of others. The largest and deepest reach of thought, the more it pursues some certain subjects, the more it neglects others.

Besides, few men or none excel in all faculties of mind. A great memory may fail of invention; both may want judgment to digest or apply what they remember or invent. Great courage may want caution; great prudence may want vigour; yet all are necessary to make a great Commander. But how can a man hope to excel in all qualities, when some are produced by the heat, others by the coldness of brain and temper? The abilities of man must fall short on one side or other, like too scanty a blanket when you are a-bed, if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare: if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered.

But what would we have, unless it be other natures and beings than God Almighty has given us? The height of our statures may be six or seven feet, and we would have it sixteen; the length of our age may reach to a hundred years, and we would have it a thousand. We are born to grovel upon the earth, and we would fain soar up to the skies. We cannot comprehend the growth of a kernel or seed, the frame of an ant or bee: we are amazed at the wisdom of the one, and industry of the other; and yet we will know the substance, the figure, the courses, the influences of all those glorious celestial bodies, and the end for which they were made: we pretend to give a clear account how

thunder and lightning (that great artillery of God Almighty) is produced; and we cannot comprehend how the voice of a man is framed, that poor little noise we make every time we speak. The motion of the sun is plain and evident to some astronomers, and of the earth to others; yet we none of us know which of them moves, and meet with many seeming impossibilities in both, and beyond the fathom of human reason or comprehension. Nay, we do not so much as know what motion is, nor how a stone moves from our hand, when we throw it cross the street. Of all these that most ancient and divine writer gives the best account in that short satire, "Vain man would fain be wise, when he is born like a wild ass's colt."

But, God be thanked, his pride is greater than his ignorance; and what he wants in knowledge, he supplies by sufficiency. When he has looked about him as far as he can, he concludes there is no more to be seen; when he is at the end of his line, he is at the bottom of the ocean; when he has shot his best, he is sure, none ever did nor ever can shoot better or beyond it. His own reason is the certain measure of truth, his own knowledge, of what is possible in nature; though his mind and his thoughts change every seven years, as well as his strength and his features: nay, though his opinions change every week or every day, yet he is sure, or at least confident, that his present thoughts and conclusions are just and true, and cannot be deceived: and, among all the miseries to which mankind is born and subjected in the whole course of his life, he has this one felicity to comfort and support him, that, in all ages, in all things, every man is always in the right. A boy of fifteen is wiser than his father at forty, the meanest subject than his prince or governors; and the modern scholars, because they have, for a hundred years past, learned their lesson pretty well, are much more knowing than the ancients their masters.

But let it be so, and proved by good reasons, is it so by experience too? Have the studies, the writings, the productions of Gresham College, or the late Academies of Paris, outshined or eclipsed the Lycæum of Plato, the Academy of Aristotle, the Stoa of Zeno, the Garden of Epicurus? Has Harvey out-done Hippocrates, or Wilkins, Archimedes? Are D'Avila's and Strada's histories beyond those of Herodotus and Livy? Are Sleyden's Commentaries beyond those of Cæsar? the flights of Boileau above those of Virgil? If all this must be allowed, I

will then yield Gondibert to have excelled Homer as is pretended; and the modern French poetry, all that of the ancients. And yet, I think, it may be as reasonably said, that the plays in Moorfields are beyond the Olympic games; a Welsh or Irish harp excel those of Orpheus and Arion; the pyramid in London, those of Memphis; and the French conquests in Flanders are greater than those of Alexander and Cæsar, as their operas and panegyrics would make us believe.

But the consideration of poetry ought to be a subject by itself. For the books we have in prose, do any of the modern we converse with appear of such a spirit and force, as if they would live longer than the ancients have done? If our wit and eloquence, our knowledge or inventions would deserve it yet our languages would not: there is no hopes of their lasting long, nor of any thing in them; they change every hundred years so as to be hardly known for the same, or any thing of the former styles to be endured by the latter; so as they can no more last like the ancients, than excellent carvings in wood, like those in marble or brass.

(From the Same.)

JOHN RAY

[John Ray (1628-1705), the first important writer on natural history in English, was born at Black Nettley, in Essex, on 29th November 1628, and, after education at Braintree School, entered at the College or Hall of St. Catharine at Cambridge, 28th June 1644. The chief exercises of the College were at that time philosophical and theological disputations, and after two academical years he migrated to Trinity College, where the regulations allowed him more time to pursue the studies in natural history to which he was already addicted. He was elected a Fellow with his friend Isaac Barrow, 8th September 1649, and his portrait hangs to this day in the College Hall. He preached in the days of the Rebellion both in his College chapel and the University Church, but was only ordained deacon and priest by the Bishop of Lincoln, 23rd December 1660, and resigned his Fellowship rather than make a declaration, in the terms of the Bartholomew Act, against the Covenant. The rest of his life was spent in the pursuit of natural history, and especially of botany and ornithology, in travels on the Continent and in England, and in editing the works of his friend Willoughby. He died at his birthplace in Essex on 17th January 1705]

RAY'S scientific writings are chiefly in Latin, but he had given much consideration to his own language, and made a collection of English proverbs. Of his English works the most interesting are *The Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation*, published in 1691, and his *Itineraries*, published after his death by his friend Dr. William Derham, in 1710. The former may be regarded as the precursor of Paley's *Natural Theology*, written in the same University later in the century. The demonstration of the wisdom of the Deity from His works coincides in a large part of its extent with the proof of His existence from the evidence of design in the natural world. The *Itineraries* describe Ray's travels in England, Wales, and Scotland. He excels in simple description, and is, however technical his subject, always free from pedantry. Long sentences like those of his friend Isaac Barrow occasionally occur in his writings, but he has the great merit in a scientific writer of always making his subject clear, and of so expressing himself that his reader thinks of what is told without noticing the manner of telling. NORMAN MOORE.

AN ARGUMENT OF PROVIDENCE

ANOTHER argument of providence and counsel relating to animals is the various kinds of voices the same animal uses on divers occasions, and to different purposes. Hen birds, for example, have a peculiar sort of voice when they would call the male; which is so eminent in quails, that it is taken notice of by men, who by counterfeiting this voice with a quail-pipe, easily draw the cocks into their snares. The common hen, all the while she is broody, sits, and leads her chickens, uses a voice which we call clocking; another she employs when she calls her chickens to partake of any food she hath found for them, upon hearing whereof they speedily run to her; another when upon sight of a bird of prey, or apprehension of any danger, she would save them, bidding them as it were to shift for themselves, whereupon they speedily run away, and seek shelter among bushes, or in the thick grass, or elsewhere dispersing themselves far and wide. These actions do indeed necessarily infer knowledge and intention of, and direction to the ends and uses to which they serve, not in the birds themselves, but in a superior agent, who hath put an instinct in them of using such a voice upon such an occasion; and in the young, of doing that upon hearing of it, which by Providence was intended. Other voices she hath when angry, when she hath laid an egg, when in pain or in great fear, all significant; which may more easily be accounted for, as being effects of the several passions of anger, grief, fear, joy; which yet are all argumentative of Providence intending their several significations and uses.

(From *The Wisdom of God in the Creation.*)

HURLING

THERE are two kinds of hurling, the in-hurling and the out-hurling. In the first there are chosen 20 or 25 of a side, and

two goals are set up; then comes one with a small hard leather ball in his hand, and tosses it up in the midst between both parties; he that catches it endeavours to run with it to the furthermost goal; if he be stopped by one of the opposite side, he either saith I will stand, and wrestles with him, letting fall the ball by him (which one of the opposite side must not take up, but one of his own) or else throws away the ball to one of his own side (if any of them can catch it). He that is stopped may chose whether he may wrestle, or throw away the ball; but it is more generous to wrestle. He that stops must answer, and wrestle it out. When any one wrestles, one of his side takes up the ball, and runs with it towards the goal, till he be stopped, and then, as before, he either wrestles or throws away the ball, so that there are commonly many pairs wrestling. An out-hurling is played by one parish against another, or eastern men against western, or Devonshire men against Cornish; the manner they enter upon it is as follows:—Any one that can get leave of a justice, etc., goes into a market town, with a little wooden ball in his hand, plated over with silver, and there proclaims the hurling, and mentions the time and place. They play in the same manner as in the other, only they make the churches their goals, that party which can cast the ball into, or upon a church, wins.

(From the *Itineraries*.)

ISAAC BARROW

[Isaac Barrow, a great mathematician in an age of great mathematicians, a great preacher in an age of great preachers, and a great theologian in an age of great theologians, was born in London in 1630. His father, Thomas Barrow (who outlived Isaac and shared with Tillotson the task of editing his works), was "linen draper to Charles I.," and so steady a royalist that he shared the exile of his master's son. Barrow, whose uncle and namesake, later Governor and Bishop of Man and Bishop of St. Asaph, was a fellow of Peterhouse at Cambridge, was entered at that college after a youth spent partly at Charterhouse (where he gained the name of a terrible fighter), and partly at Felstead where his great intellectual capacities first appeared. He shared to the full the political principles of his family; and, his uncle having been ejected, he went, not to Peterhouse but to Trinity, where his Cavalier tenets were the only fault found with him. He was, however, elected Fellow in 1649. He was soon famous as a scholar, and would have been made Greek Professor as early as 1654, but for his Cavalier and Arminian principles. Then he went abroad and travelled for four years on the coasts of the Mediterranean, having some adventures. In 1659 the Greek professorship was actually conferred on him, but he was as expert in science as in scholarship, and having been one of the first fellows of the Royal Society, he was in 1662 appointed Gresham Professor of Geometry in London, and next year Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. This post in 1669 he resigned in favour of his pupil Newton. In 1672 Charles the Second, who had a great admiration for his preaching, made him Master of Trinity. He was chiefly instrumental in founding the famous library of that College; was Vice-Chancellor in 1675, and two years later died while on an official visit to London in connection with the Westminster scholarships at Trinity, being then only forty-seven. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. His non-mathematical works, printed and reprinted in folio, came at last into a standard edition by the good offices of the Clarendon Press at Oxford, in 1830. It was some time later before his own University paid him the debt it owed; but the Rev. Alexander Napier (afterwards known as editor of Boswell) thoroughly re-edited the theological works at Cambridge in 1859, and Dr. Whewell, the mathematical, a year later.]

BARROW'S work, as it was published chiefly after his death, consists of three parts—the mathematical treatises (which do not

concern us at all, but which were thought remarkable even in the century of Descartes, Pascal, and Newton), the Latin works in prose and verse (which, though not directly part of our subject, have a very close connection with it), and the English works proper. The largest single item of these latter is his posthumous *Treatise of the Pope's Supremacy;* besides which he left an *Exposition of the Creed,* which has been somewhat overshadowed by the similar work of his contemporary Pearson, and some minor tractates. But by far the larger part of the English works, as a whole, consists of Sermons. Considerable numbers of these are themselves connected in series, the longest of which connects itself with the above-mentioned *Exposition* by being devoted to the Creed. Barrow had the reputation of being a most unmercifully long-winded preacher; and the best known anecdote about him is that on one occasion in Westminster Abbey he preached for three hours and a half, till the desperate congregation managed to get the organist to "play him down." His published sermons are not on an average very long; but a few of them are, and it does not require very elaborate examination even of the others to discover signs that their author might easily have been prone to "take the other glass," as the play of words went in his own time. For the characteristics of Barrow are neither the gorgeous rhetoric of Taylor, which almost necessarily involves careful preparation and a sort of intellectual exhaustion after it is evolved, nor the sharp sarcasm and scholastic criticism of South, which almost necessarily imply succinctness and concentration. It is true that Barrow is not in the least exposed to the charge of slip-shod style, or of fluent verbosity. But his sermons are less the workings out of a single argument than the outpouring of an extraordinarily well-stored mind in the discussion and inculcation of moral truth and religious duty. The moral side, indeed—the side of conduct—is very strong in Barrow, so strong as sometimes to give an eighteenth, rather than a seventeenth, century tone and colour to his handling. This had no doubt something to do with his strong anti-Calvinism. He was as uncompromisingly Arminian as he was uncompromisingly orthodox: and one of his finest series of sermons is that which vindicates the Arminian "Doctrine of universal redemption," not of course to the extent of Origenism, but maintaining the unlimited efficacy and applicability of the sacrifice of Christ. Nothing seems to kindle Barrow's style, or to attract his energies

so much as these two subjects—the inculcation of conduct in life and the Messianic doctrine that Christ died for all.

This combined quality of manly sense with practical and charitable spirit, enforced with logical powers less scholastic than South's, but at least as persuasive, and with a vigour not inferior to that of the great Oxonian, though far less harsh—was probably what captivated the always acute intellect, and the often not ignoble sympathies of Charles II. Of actual graces of style Barrow, as hinted above, has not very many, though he has some, and those no mean ones, when he chooses. In general character and complexion his style is more modern than South's, less so than Tillotson's. His most archaic trick is the arrangement of antithetic similes from natural or other history, somewhat in the manner of Lyly's famous parallelisms, though of course infinitely less fantastic in substance and form. His vocabulary is not very peculiar, though occasionally we come across obsolete classicisms like "evanid" (for "evanescent,") or the serious use of words which have now become familiar or even slangy, such as "colloguing," or the employment of exotic forms like "scribatious" and "discost" (the opposite of "accost," and meaning "to part company with"). He has a quaint phrase now and then as when he speaks of "a shining earthworm, a well-trapped ass, a gaudy statue, a theatrical grandee," or describes the Pope's supposed duty of feeding *all* Christ's sheep as "a vast and crabbed province." But he is on the whole very little noticeable in these easy and trivial respects. His great characteristic is a steady flow of nervous English, rising occasionally to higher things, examples of which will not be found missing in the extracts given here. It is impossible to read Barrow long without coming across some weighty, and so to speak double-shotted sentence, which abides in the memory. Here he will contrast "these shallow plashes of present inconvenience" with the abysses of future weal or woe; there he will describe how in the case of ill-regulated life "every day our mind groweth more blind, our will more resty, our spirit more faint, our appetites more fierce, our passions more headstrong and untameable," a sentence by the way which shows a strong intuitive appreciation of cadence and proportion. He has a particular inclination to what may be called the sustained interrogatory—a common trick of orators, but not often carried off so well as in the extract given below, and in not a few other passages of Barrow.

His best composition is to be looked for in his *Sermons* not in his treatises. The *Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy* and the *Discourse on the Unity of the Church* are, with a few cases of connected argument or discourse, one of which I have selected, rather immensely learned stretches and strings of scriptural and patriotic authorities bearing on the points of dispute, than instinctive and inventive compositions. In his *Sermons* also he is not infrequently what Milton calls a "quotationist," though assuredly not one of "narrow intellectuals" (as that great but ill-tempered poet describes) such persons; and it may be suspected that it was by the use of quotation that he spread his sermons out to a length so terrible. But as they are printed they do not exhibit this peculiarity to a very faulty extent as a rule; and the serried but not too formal argument in which he delights has fairer play than in the treatises. Nor is it by any means superfluous to compare his Latin style, of which we have abundant examples, with his English. The verse, especially the lyrical verse, is not very good; nor can even the prose be pronounced elegant as a rule. But it strongly resembles, and may be thought to have had no small influence upon, his English manner in its clear and strong simplicity, sometimes almost rugged, and never much adorned, but still furnishing a thorough workman's style, fit to exhibit premises and drive conclusions home.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

AS WE WOULD BE DONE BY

WHEREFORE for information concerning our duty in each case and circumstance, we need only thus to consult and interrogate ourselves, hence forming resolutions concerning our practice.

Do we not much esteem and set by ourselves? Do we strive to maintain in our minds a good opinion of ourselves? Can any mischances befalling us, any defects observable in us, any faults committed by us, induce us to slight or despise ourselves?—This may teach us what regard and value we should ever preserve for our neighbour.

Do we not sincerely and earnestly desire our own welfare and advantage in every kind? Do we not heartily wish good success to our own designs and undertakings? Are we unconcerned or coldly affected in any case touching our own safety, our estate, our credit, our satisfaction or pleasure? Do we not especially, if we rightly understand ourselves, desire the health and happiness of our souls?—This doth inform us, what we should wish and covet for our neighbour.

Have we not a sensible delight and complacency in our own prosperity? (Do we ever repine at any advantages accruing to our person or condition?) Are we not extremely glad to find ourselves thriving and flourishing in wealth, in reputation, in any accommodation or ornament of our state? Especially if we be sober and wise, doth not our spiritual proficiency and improvement in virtue yield joyous satisfaction to us? Are we not much comforted in apprehending ourselves to proceed in a hopeful way towards everlasting felicity?—This may instruct us what content we should feel in our neighbour's prosperity, both temporal and spiritual.

Do we not seriously grieve at our own disasters and disappointments? Are we not in sad dumps, whenever we incur any damage or disgrace? Do not our diseases and pains sorely

afflict us? Do we not pity and bemoan ourselves in any want, calamity, or distress? Can we especially, if we are ourselves, without grievous displeasure apprehend ourselves enslaved to sin and Satan, destitute of God's favour, exposed to endless misery? —Hence may we learn how we should condole and commiserate the misfortunes of our neighbour.

Do we not eagerly prosecute our own concerns? Do we not with huge vigour and industry strive to acquire all conveniences and comforts to ourselves, to rid ourselves of all wants and molestations? Is our solicitous care or painful endeavour ever wanting towards the support and succour of ourselves in any of our needs? Are we satisfied in merely wishing ourselves well? are we not also busy and active in procuring what we affect? Especially, if we are well advised, do we not effectually provide for the weal of our soul, and supply of our spiritual necessities; labouring to rescue ourselves from ignorance and error, from the tyranny of sin, from the torture of a bad conscience, from the danger of hell?—This showeth how ready we should be really to further our neighbour's good, ministering to him all kinds of assistance and relief suitable to his needs, both corporal and spiritual.

Are we so proud or nice, that we disdain to yield attendance or service needful for our own sustenance or convenience? Do we not indeed gladly perform the meanest and most sordid offices for ourselves?—This declareth how condescensive we should be in helping our neighbour, how ready even to wash his feet, when occasion doth require.

Do we love to vex ourselves, or cross our own humour? do we not rather seek by all means to please and gratify ourselves? —This may warn us how innocent and inoffensive, how compliant and complacent we should be in our behaviour toward others; endeavouring to please them in all things, especially for their good to edification.

Are we easily angry with ourselves, do we retain implacable grudges against ourselves, or do we execute upon ourselves mischievous revenge? are we not rather very meek and patient toward ourselves, mildly comporting with our own great weaknesses, our troublesome humours, our impertinences and follies; readily forgiving ourselves the most heinous offences, neglects, affronts, injuries, and outrages committed by us against our own interest, honour, and welfare?—Hence may we derive lessons of meekness and patience, to be exercised toward our neighbour,

in bearing his infirmities and miscarriages, in remitting any wrongs or discourtesies received from him.

Are we apt to be rude in our deportment, harsh in our language, or rigorous in our dealing toward ourselves? do we not rather in word and deed treat ourselves very softly, very indulgently? Do we use to pry for faults, or to pick quarrels with ourselves, to carp at anything said or done by us, rashly or upon slight grounds to charge blame on ourselves, or to lay heavy censures on our actions, to make foul constructions of our words, to blazon our defects, or aggravate our failings? do we not rather connive at and conceal our blemishes? do we not excuse and extenuate our own crimes?

Can we find in our hearts to frame virulent invectives, or to dart bitter taunts and scoffs against ourselves; to murder our own credit by slander, to blast it by detraction, to maim it by reproach, to prostitute it, to be defloured by jeering and scurrilous abuse? Are we not rather very jealous of our reputation, and studious to preserve it, as a precious ornament, a main fence, an useful instrument of our welfare?

Do we delight to report, or like to hear ill stories of ourselves? do we not rather endeavour all we can to stifle them; to tie the tongues and stop the ears of men against them?—Hence may we be acquainted how civil and courteous in our behaviour, how fair and ingenuous in our dealing, how candid and mild in our judgment or censure, we should be toward our neighbour; how very tender and careful we should be of anywise wronging or hurting his fame.

Thus reflecting on ourselves, and making our practice toward ourselves the pattern of our dealing with others, we shall not fail to discharge what is prescribed to us in this law: and so we have here a rule of charity.

(From Sermon *Of the Love of our Neighbour.*)

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

BUT especially (that which as reason enables us, so due gratitude obliges us, and prompts us especially to observe) there is an evdient regard (so evident, that even Pliny, a professed Epicurean, could not forbear acknowledging it) which all things bear to man, the prince of creatures visible; they being all as on purpose

ordered to yield tribute unto him; to supply his wants, to gratify his desires; with profit and pleasure to exercise his faculties; to content, as it were, even his humour and curiosity. All things about us do minister (or at least may do so, if we improve the natural instruments, and the opportunities afforded us) to our preservation, ease, or delight. The hidden bowels of the earth yield us treasures of metals and minerals, quarries of stone and coal, so necessary, so serviceable to divers good uses, that we could not commodiously be without them; the vilest and most common stones we tread on (even in that we tread on them) are useful, and serve to many good purposes beside: the surface of the earth how is it bespread all over, as a table well furnished, with variety of delicate fruits, herbs, and grains to nourish our bodies, to please our tastes, to cheer our spirits, to cure our diseases! how many fragrant and beautiful flowers offer themselves for the comfort of our smell and the delight of our sight! Neither can our ears complain, since every wood breeds a quire of natural musicians, ready to entertain them with easy and unaffected harmony. The woods, I say, which also adorned with stately trees afford us a pleasant view and a refreshing shade, shelter from weather and sun, fuel for our fires, materials for our houses and our shipping; with divers other needful utensils. Even the barren mountains send us down fresh streams of water, so necessary to the support of our lives, so profitable for the fructification of our grounds, so commodious for conveyance of our wares and maintaining intercourse among us. Yea the wide seas are not (altogether unprofitable) wastes; but freely yield us, without our tillage, many rich harvests, transmitting our commerce and traffic, furnishing our tables with stores of dainty fish, supplying the bottles of heaven with waters to refresh the earth, being inexhaustible cisterns, from whence our rivers and fountains are derived; the very rude and boisterous winds themselves fulfil God's word (which once commanded all things to be good, and approved them to be so) by yielding manifold services to us; in brushing and cleansing the air for our health, in driving forward our ships (which without their friendly help could not stir) in gathering together, in scattering, in spreading abroad the clouds; the clouds, those paths of God which drop fatness upon our fields and pastures. As for our living subjects, all the inferior sorts of animals, it is hardly possible to reckon the manifold benefits we receive from them; how many ways they supply our

needs with pleasant food and convenient clothing, how they ease our labour, how they promote even our recreation and sport. Thus have all things upon this earth (as is fit and seemly they should have) by the wise and gracious disposal of the great Creator, a reference to the benefit of its noblest inhabitant, most worthy and most able to use them: many of them have an immediate reference to man (as necessary to his being, or conducive to his well-being; being fitted thereto, to his hand, without his care, skill, or labour), others a reference to him, more mediate indeed, yet as reasonable to suppose; I mean such things, whose usefulness doth in part depend upon the exercise of our reason, and the instruments subservient thereto; for what is useful by the help of reason, doth as plainly refer to the benefit of a thing naturally endowed with that faculty, as what is agreeable to sense refers to a thing merely sensitive: we may therefore, for instance, as reasonably suppose, that iron was designed for our use, though first we be put to dig for it, then must employ many arts, and much pains before it become fit for our use; as that the stones were therefore made, which be open to our view; and which without any preparation we easily apply to the pavement of our streets, or the raising of our fences: also, the grain we sow in our grounds, or the trees which we plant in our orchards, we have reason to conceive as well provided for us, as those plants which grow wildly and spontaneously; for that sufficient means are bestowed on us of compassing such ends, and rendering those things useful to us (a reason able to contrive what is necessary in order thereto, and a hand ready to execute), it being also reasonable, that something should be left for the improvement of our reason, and employment of our industry, lest our noblest powers should languish and decay by sloth, or want of fit exercise.

(From Sermon *On the Being of God proved from the Frame of the World.*)

THE SILENCE OF HISTORY AND TRADITION ON THE POPE'S SUPREMACY

BUT however, seeing the Scripture is so strangely reserved, how cometh it to pass that tradition is also so defective, and staunch in so grand a case? We have in divers of the Fathers

(particularly in Tertullian, in St. Basil, in St. Jerome) catalogues of traditional doctrines and observances, which they recite to assert tradition in some cases supplemental to Scripture; on which their purpose did require, that they should set down those of principal moment; and they are so punctual, as to insert many of small consideration: how then came they to neglect this, concerning the papal authority over the whole church, which had been most pertinent to their design, and in consequence did vastly surpass all the rest which they do name?

The designation of the Roman bishop by succession to obtain so high a degree in the church, being above all others a most remarkable and noble piece of history, which it had been a horrible fault in an ecclesiastical history to slip over, without careful reporting and reflecting upon it; yet Eusebius, that most diligent compiler of all passages relating to the original constitution of the church, and to all transactions therein, hath not one word about it! who yet studiously doth report the successions of the Roman bishops, and all the notable occurrences he knew concerning them, with favourable advantage.

Whereas this doctrine is pretended to be a point of faith, of vast consequence to the subsistence of the church and to the salvation of men, it is somewhat strange that it should not be inserted into any one ancient summary of things to be believed (of which summaries divers remain, some composed by public consent, others by persons of eminence in the church) nor by fair and forcible consequence should be deducible from any article in them; especially considering that such summaries were framed upon occasion of heresies springing up which disregarded the pope's authority, and which by asserting it were plainly confuted. We are therefore beholden to Pope Innocent III., and his Lateran synod for first synodically defining this point, together with other points no less new and unheard of before. The Creed of Pope Pius IV. formed the other day, is the first as I take it, which did contain this article of faith.

It is much that this point of faith should not be delivered in any of those ancient expositions of the Creed (made by St. Austin, Ruffin, etc.) which enlarge it to necessary points of doctrine, connected with the articles therein, especially with that of the Catholic Church, to which the pope's authority hath so close a connexion; that it should not be touched in the

catechetical discourses of Cyril, Ambrose, etc.; that in the systems of divinity composed by St. Austin, Lactantius, etc., it should not be treated on: the world is now changed; for the Catechism of Trent doth not overlook so material a point; and it would pass for a lame body of theology which should omit to treat on this subject.

It is more wonderful, that this point should never be defined, in downright and full terms, by any ancient synod; it being so notoriously in those old times opposed by divers who dissented in opinion, and discorded in practice from the pope; it being also a point of that consequence, that such a solemn declaration of it would have much conduced to the ruin of all particular errors and schisms, which were maintained then in opposition to the church.

Indeed had this point been allowed by the main body of orthodox bishops, the pope could not have been so drowsy or stupid as not to have solicited for such a definition thereof; nor would the bishops have been backward in compliance thereto; it being, in our adversaries' conceit, so compendious and effectual a way of suppressing all heresies, schisms, and disorders (although indeed later experience hath showed it no less available to stifle truth, justice, and piety); the popes after Luther were better advised, and so were the bishops adhering to his opinions.

Whereas also it is most apparent that many persons disclaimed this authority, not regarding either the doctrines or decrees of the popes; it is wonderful that such men should not be reckoned in the large catalogues of heretics, wherein errors of less obvious consideration, and of far less importance, did place men; if Epiphanius, Theodoret, Leontius, etc., were so negligent or unconcerned, yet St. Austin, Philastrius,—western men, should not have overlooked this sort of desperate heretics: Aerius, for questioning the dignity of bishops, is set among the heretics; but who got that name for disavowing the pope's supremacy, among the many who did it (it is but lately, that such as we have been thrust in among heretics)?

Whereas no point avowed by Christians could be so apt to raise offence and jealousy in pagans against our religion as this, which setteth up a power of so vast extent and huge influence; whereas no novelty could be more surprising or startling, than the erection of an universal empire over the

consciences and religious practices of men; whereas also this doctrine could not but be very conspicuous and glaring in ordinary practice; it is prodigious, that all pagans should not loudly exclaim against it.

It is strange that pagan historians (such as Marcellinus, who often speaketh of popes, and blameth them for their luxurious way of living and pompous garb; as Zozimus, who bore a great spite at Christianity; as all the writers of the imperial history before Constantine) should not report it, as a very strange pretence newly started up.

It is wonderful that the eager adversaries of our religion (such as Celsus, Porphyry, Hierocles, Julian himself) should not particularly level their discourse against it, as a most scandalous position and dangerous pretence, threatening the government of the empire.

It is admirable that the emperors themselves, inflamed with emulation and suspicion of such an authority (the which hath been so terrible even to Christian princes), should not in their edicts expressly decry and impugn it; that indeed every one of them should not with extremest violence implacably strive to extirpate it.

(From *A Treatise of the Pope's Supremacy.*)

JOHN TILLOTSON

[John Tillotson was born in 1630 at Sowerby in Yorkshire, his father being a clothier and a strong Puritan. The son was sent to Cambridge, not, however, to Emmanuel, the Puritan headquarters, but to Clare Hall. He took his Master's degree in 1654, and seems to have been a good deal under the influence of the overlapping schools of thought in that University, who earned themselves the titles of "Cambridge Platonists" and "Cambridge Latitudinarians." He took a tutorship on leaving Cambridge, and the place and circumstances of his ordination are very uncertain. At the Savoy Conference he appeared on the Presbyterian side, but accepted the Act of Uniformity. Refusing to take a living of which Calamy had been deprived (a piece of politic chivalry which he would have done well to repeat later), he soon obtained another, and was also appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn. Here his sermons at once attracted attention, not only for their merits of style, but because the preacher developed in them a kind of "moderate" theological and ecclesiastical position, which kept "Popery," Puritanism, and what was beginning to be called "philosophy" at equal distance. He became, notwithstanding decided Whig leanings, a prebendary and Dean of St. Paul's during Charles the Second's reign, and his attendance on Lord Russell during his imprisonment marked him out for favour after the Revolution. When Sancroft refused to take the oaths, the primacy was offered to him, and though he is said to have resisted the invidious honour, his resistance was overcome. That he would be violently attacked by the Nonjurors was, of course, certain, and he must have laid his account with it. He died not long afterwards, on 18th November 1694. Until his mistake in the Canterbury matter, Tillotson, though a Low Church latitudinarian, whose orthodoxy, even on the most liberal estimate, was open to considerable question, had been treated with much respect by all parties, and appears to have earned it, so far as a gentle temper and a complete freedom from ambition, greed, and intriguing could go; while even his great popularity as a preacher does not seem to have drawn on him the envy of his brethren. His *Works* have been more than once collected. The latest collection, I believe, which includes Birch's learned *Life* (1752) is in 10 vols. 8vo. London, 1820.]

TILLOTSON enjoys, and partly deserves, a very high traditional reputation among English prose writers. That reputation is in part due to two rather accidental circumstances. We have it on the authority of Congreve that Dryden told him that if he,

Dryden, had any skill of English prose, it was at any rate in some measure due to the study of Tillotson; and this is naturally and necessarily regarded as a very high testimonial. A little examination will perhaps somewhat reduce its value. In the first place, Dryden, like most, though not all, distinguished men of letters, was very much wont to overestimate, or at least to overstate, the merits of others and his own debt to them. A man who is thoroughly conscious of his own superior, much more of his own supreme merits, seldom (though there are contrary instances in the cases of Milton, Corneille, Racine, Wordsworth, and others) attempts to enhance them by the depreciation of others. Indeed he very often, as Goethe, Scott, and Dryden himself notoriously did, exceeds the limits of strict criticism in his encomiums. In this particular case, too, we have dates and facts to guide us. Before the appearance of Dryden's first remarkable prose work, the *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, Tillotson had published so little that he simply cannot have exercised much influence on his contemporary. They were both on the same way—the way of simplifying and refining English prose style; and, no doubt, Dryden was encouraged by Tillotson at the time, and with characteristic generosity exaggerated his indebtedness long afterwards. But something else has to be considered in estimating both the just and the traditional reputation of the archbishop. For something like two centuries, in gradually decreasing, but till almost within living memory, still considerable degree, the reading of sermons was one of the chief literary occupations of all Englishmen and Englishwomen who were disposed to literary occupations of any kind. In the later years of the seventeenth century there were hardly any indigenous novels, essays, or periodicals which rose above mere news-letters. It was some time after Tillotson's death that Defoe, Addison, Steele, and the rest supplied the essays; and nearly half a century had passed after that event before the novels came in any noteworthy degree. The sermon, therefore, had a prerogative influence, and it lost that influence only step by step during the whole eighteenth century. Now, of sermon writers Tillotson was unquestionably the first who adjusted himself, with commanding ability, to the alterations of English style and English taste during the last quarter or the last two quarters of the seventeenth century—alterations which prevailed and progressed during the whole of the eighteenth. He could not vie in intellectual

eminence or in literary quality with Taylor or South or Barrow; but he was far more distinctly "modern" for his day even than South, who was his junior, and outlived him for a good many years. His theology was the fashionable accommodation and latitudinarianism, which was the shoe-horn to draw on the deism of the next century; but he was not consciously or intentionally otherwise than orthodox. He was a Whig in politics, but though by no means given to temporising or cowardice, he never made any attacks on the other side, and might have gone to his grave with the esteem of both sides if it had not been for his fatal (and yet perhaps in a way generous) acceptance of Sancroft's bishopric. And he undoubtedly had, if not as a master and originator, at any rate by early adoption and by sympathy of literary feeling, the new style—the style of slightly Gallicised English, which discarded flights and conceits on the one hand, classicisms and long-winded constructions on the other, and was concise, clear, succinct, reasonable, prosaic. He will rank, in short, with Dryden, Halifax, and Temple among the chief introducers of this style in English, and as perhaps the most influential (in virtue of the potency of his special form on the literary habits of the nation) of the four. But he will, I think, rank as the least of them in original literary quality and in literary accomplishment within his own limits. Not the least good example of his style, and one of the most touching examples of his curiously amiable temper that I know, will be found in the first of the following extracts, given by Dr. Birch from his commonplace book, and dated just after his troublesome elevation to the archbishopric; and in a larger space it might be supplemented from many of his letters, especially those to Rachel, Lady Russell. Indeed it is impossible for the most ferocious of Tories not to have a certain affection for Tillotson after reading him.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SCATTERED THOUGHTS UPON SEVERAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

ONE would be apt to wonder, that Nehemiah (chap. v. verses 16, 17, 18) should reckon a huge bill of fare, and a vast number of promiscuous guests amongst his virtues and good deeds, for which he desires God to remember him. But, upon better consideration, besides the bounty, and sometimes charity, of a great table (provided there be nothing of vanity or ostentation in it) there may be exercised two very considerable virtues; one is temperance, and the other self-denial, in a man's being contented, for the sake of the public, to deny himself so much, as to sit down every day to a feast, and to eat continually in a crowd, and almost never to be alone, especially when, as it often happens, a great part of the company that a man must have is the company that a man would not have. I doubt it will prove but a melancholy business, when a man comes to die, to have made a great noise and bustle in the world, and to have been known far and near, but all this while to have been hid and concealed from himself. It is a very odd and fantastical sort of life for a man to be continually from home, and most of all a stranger at his own house.

It is surely an uneasy thing, to sit always in a frame, and to be perpetually upon a man's guard; not to be able to speak a careless word, or to use a negligent posture, without observation and censure.

Men are apt to think, that they, who are in highest places, and have the most power, have most liberty to say and do what they please. But it is quite otherwise; for they have the least liberty, because they are most observed. It is not mine own observation; a much wiser man (I mean Tully) says, *In maxima quaque fortuna minimum licere.* They, that are in the highest and greatest condition, have of all others the least liberty.

In a moderate station it is sufficient for a man to be indifferently wise. Such a man has the privilege to commit little follies and mistakes without having any great notice taken of them. But he that lives in the light, *i.e.* in the view of all men, his actions are exposed to every body's observation and censure.

We ought to be glad, when those, that are fit for government, and called to it, are willing to take the burden of it upon them: yea, and to be very thankful to them too, that they will be at the pains, and can have the patience, to govern, and to live publicly. Therefore it is happy for the world, that there are some, who are born and bred up to it; and that custom hath made it easy, or at least tolerable to them. Else who, that is wise, would undertake it, since it is certainly much easier of the two to obey a just and wise government (I had almost said any government) than to govern justly and wisely. Not that I find fault with those, who apply themselves to public business and affairs. They do well, and we are beholden to them. Some by their education, and being bred up to great things, and to be able to bear and manage great business with more ease than others, are peculiarly fitted to serve God and the public in this way: and they that do are worthy of double honour.

The advantage which men have by a more devout and retired and contemplative life is, that they are not distracted about many things; their minds and affections are set upon one thing, and the whole stream and force of their affections run one way. All their thoughts and endeavours are united in one great end and design, which makes their life all of a piece, and to be consistent with itself throughout.

Nothing but necessity, or the hope of doing more good than a man is capable of doing in a private station (which a modest man will not easily presume concerning himself) can recompense the trouble and uneasiness of a more public and busy life.

Besides that many men, if they understand themselves right, are at the best in a lower and more private condition, and make a much more awkward figure in a higher and more public station; when, perhaps, if they had not been advanced, every one would have thought them fit and worthy to have been so.

And thus I have considered and compared impartially both these conditions, and, upon the whole matter, without any thing either of disparagement or discouragement to the wise and great. And, in my poor judgment, the more retired and private condition

is the better and safer, the more easy and innocent, and consequently the more desirable of the two.

Those, who are fitted and contented to serve mankind in the management and government of public affairs, are called benefactors, and if they govern well deserve to be called so, and to be so accounted for denying themselves in their own ease, to do good to many.

Not that it is perfection to go out of the world, and to be perfectly useless. Our Lord, by His own example, has taught us, that we can never serve God better than when doing good to men; and that a perpetual retirement from the world, and shunning the conversation of men, is not the most religious life; but living amongst men, and doing good to them. The life of Our Saviour is a pattern both of the contemplative and active life, and shews us, how to mix devotion and doing good to the greatest advantage. He would neither go out of the world, nor yet immerse himself in the cares and troubles, in the pleasures and plentiful enjoyments, much less in the pomp and splendour of it. He did not place religion (as too many have done since) in a total retirement from the world, and shunning the conversation of men, and taking care to be out of all condition and capacity of doing good to any body. He did not run away from the conversation of men, nor live in a wilderness, nor shut himself up in a pen. He lived in the world with great freedom, and with great innocency, hereby teaching us, that charity to men is a duty no less necessary than devotion towards God. He [avoided] the world without leaving it. We read indeed, that He was carried into the wilderness to be tempted; but we nowhere read that He chose to live in a wilderness to avoid temptation.

The capacity and opportunity of doing greater good is the specious pretence, under which ambition is wont to cover the eager desire of power and greatness.

If it be said (which is the most spiteful thing that can be said) that some ambition is necessary to vindicate a man from being a fool; to this I think it may be fairly answered, and without offence, that there may perhaps be as much ambition in declining greatness, as in courting it: only it is of a more unusual kind, and the example of it less dangerous, because it is not like to be contagious.

(From *Reflections*, printed in his life by Thomas Birch.)

OF SOCIETY AND VANITY

AND if we go abroad into the world, and try the conversation of men, it cannot but grieve us to see a great many things, which yet we must see every day; the censoriousness, and uncharitableness, and insincerity of men one towards another; to see with what kindness they will treat one another to the face, and how hardly they will use them behind their backs. If there were nothing else, this one naughty quality, so common and reigning among mankind, were enough to make an honest and true-hearted man, one that loves plainness and sincerity, to be heartily sick of the world, and glad to steal off the stage, where there is nothing native and sincére, but all personated and acted; where the conversation of a great part of men is all designing and insidious, full of flattery and falsehood, of good words and ill offices: "one speaketh peaceably to his neighbour with his mouth, but in his heart he lieth in wait," as it is in the prophet, Jer. ix. 8. And when a man hath done all the good turns he can, and endeavoured to oblige every man, and not only to live inoffensively, but exemplarily; he is fairly dealt withal, and comes off upon good terms, if he can but escape the ill words of men for doing well, and obtain a pardon for those things which truly deserve praise.

But setting aside these, and the like melancholy considerations; when we are in the health and vigour of our age, when our blood is warm, and our spirits quick, and the humours of our body not yet turned and soured by great disappointments, and grievous losses of our estates, or nearest friends and relations, by a long course of afflictions, by many cross events and calamitous accidents; yet we are continually liable to all these: and the perpetual fear and danger of them is no small trouble and uneasiness to our minds, and does in a great measure rob us of the comfort, and eat out the pleasure and sweetness of all our enjoyments; and, by degrees, the evils we fear overtake us; and as one affliction and trouble goes off, another succeeds in the place of it, like Job's messengers, whose bad tidings and reports of calamitous accidents came so thick upon him, that they overtook one another.

If we have a plentiful fortune, we are apt to abuse it to intemperance and luxury; and this naturally breeds bodily pains and diseases, which take away all the comfort and enjoyment of a great estate. If we have health, it may be we are afflicted with

losses, or deprived of friends, or cross'd in our interests and designs, and one thing or other happens to impede or interrupt the contentment and happiness of our lives. Sometimes an unexpected storm, or some other sudden calamity, sweepeth away, in an instant, all that which with so much industry and care we have been gathering many years. Or if an estate stand firm, our children are taken away, to whose comfort and advantage all the pains and endeavours of our lives were devoted. Or if none of these happen (as it is very rare to escape most, or some of them), yet for a demonstration to us that God intended this world to be uneasy, to convince us that a perfect state of happiness is not to be had here below, we often see in experience, that those who seem to be in a condition as happy as this world can put them into, by the greatest accommodations towards it, are yet as far or farther from happiness, as those who are destitute of most of those things wherein the greatest felicity of this world is thought to consist. Many times it so happens, that they who have all the furniture and requisites, all the materials and ingredients of a worldly felicity at their command, and in their power, yet have not the skill and ability out of all these to frame a happy condition of life to themselves. They have health, and friends, and reputation, and estate in abundance, and all outward accommodations that heart can wish; and yet in the midst of all these circumstances of outward felicity, they are uneasy in their minds, and as the wise man expresseth it, "in their sufficiency they are in streights," and are as it were surfeited even with happiness itself, and do so fantastically and unaccountably nauseate the good condition they are in, that though they want nothing to make them happy, yet they cannot think themselves so; though they have nothing in the world to molest and disgust them, yet they can make a shift to create as much trouble to themselves, out of nothing, as they who have the real and substantial causes of discontent.

Which plainly shews, that we are not to look for happiness here; 'tis not to be found in this land of the living; and after our enquiries after it, we shall see sufficient reason to take up Solomon's conclusion, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit"; which is much the same with that aphorism of David his father, which I mentioned before, that "man in his best estate is altogether vanity."

But what happiness soever our condition in this world is

capable of, 'tis most assuredly full of uncertainty and unsettlement; we cannot enjoy it long, and every moment we are in danger of being deprived of it. Whatever degree of earthly felicity we are possessed of, we have no security that it shall continue. There is nothing in this world, but, when we are as sure of it as this world can make us, may be taken away from us by a thousand accidents. But suppose it to abide and continue; we ourselves shall be taken away from it. We must die, and "in that very day" all our enjoyments and hopes, as to this world, will perish with us; for here is no abiding place, "we have no continuing city"; so that it is in vain to design a happiness to ourselves in this world, when we are not to stay in it, but only travel and pass through it.

(From the Sermon, *Good Men Strangers and Sojourners upon Earth.*)

JOHN DRYDEN

[John Dryden was born in 1631 and died in 1700. The most elaborate of his prose compositions was his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, written in 1667 His first play was acted in 1663, his last in 1694, and during this period he wrote many criticisms, chiefly controversial, on matters relating to the stage, prominent among which are his *Defence of the Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668), *Defence of the Epilogue* (1673), *Remarks on the Empress of Morocco* (1674), *Vindications of the Duke of Guise* (1683) After the Revolution of 1688 his chief prose works were the *Essay on Satire* prefixed to his *Translations from Juvenal and Persius* (1692), and the Preface to the *Fables* (1700). Of his other prose writings the principal are his *Life of Plutarch* (1683), his controversy with Stillingfleet respecting the conversion of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, to the Roman Catholic faith (1686) ; his translations of the *Life of St Francis Xavier* (1687), and of Fresnoy's *Art of Poetry*, to which is prefixed *A Parallel of Poetry and Painting* (1695).]

DRYDEN was the first, and in many ways the greatest, of the writers who employed English prose as an instrument for promoting social intercourse and refinement. Before him literary prose had been used in our language chiefly in sermons, travels, histories, scientific treatises, and controversial pamphlets ; in short, for the various purposes of instruction. All writings of this kind show themselves plainly, in respect both of matter and manner, to be the offspring of the Schools. The reader is never allowed to forget that he is in the presence of his master ; he must submit himself to the learning of the priest, the scholar, or the logician. The sentences, modelled on the Latin, are protracted, through labyrinths of clauses, to "periods of a mile" ; in which, though the rhythmical effect is often musical, and sometimes majestic, the mind craves vainly for the relief of variety and repose. Even in the Essay, where Bacon and Cowley have followed the footsteps of Montaigne, the reader seems rather to have surprised an author in his privacy, and overheard him soliloquising, than to have conversed with him face to face. Dryden brings the author

and reader together in company, where each must make the acquaintance of the other on equal terms; he appeals to common reason, imagination, taste, and judgment; and while he is very far from disdaining the arts of learning, he improves them with the genius of conversation.

The composition of the conversational elements underlying his prose style is difficult to analyse, but there can be no doubt from what Dryden himself says, that the main factor in it was the character of the king. Charles II. exerted an influence over the tastes and manners of his subjects, which in some respects resembled, and was only equalled by, the authority of Louis XIV. in France; "all by the King's example lived and loved." Yet no two examples ever differed in kind more radically than those furnished by these sovereigns. In France the king was only the living impersonation of the monarchy, the great centralising institution which for ages had been absorbing into itself all the political and intellectual powers of the nation; and the stately ceremony in which absolutism embodied itself was reflected equally in the architecture, horticulture, poetry, and criticism of the period. It was said with justice of the court of Louis XIV., that in it nobody dared to speak aloud. In England, on the other hand, where the monarchy had only recently been brought back on a spring tide of popularity to shores strewn with the wrecks of old beliefs and habits, everything depended for the moment on the personal inclinations of the King. Charles II. was well fitted by nature to leave the imprint of his character on the disorganised world over which he ruled. After a youth made painful by danger and privation, he had returned to the exercise of almost absolute power with a boundless appetite for enjoyment. Endowed with keen wit and perception, he took delight in every kind of imaginative entertainment, particularly in the drama. His favourites, Rochester, Buckingham, and Sedley, reflected their sovereign's tastes in their own, and imparted them to the crowd of playwrights, actors, musicians, epigrammatists and satirists who were charged with providing amusement for the moment. As almost anything might be imagined in the court of Charles II., so whatever was imagined might be uttered and even written. The restraints on society usually exercised by religion and morality vanished in the reaction against Puritanic despotism. There was in fact nothing to check the licence of conversation, except—what can never completely desert a society of gentlemen — the sense of

good breeding, and the necessity of veiling the crudities of thought beneath the refinements of language.

Into this courtly chaos Dryden brought the informing spirit of his learning and imagination. Not indeed that fashionable society had any special charm for him. He was not what Pope calls "a genteel man," for, though he was well born and, by his marriage, highly allied, his want of means prevented him from mixing on a footing of equality with the court wits. Nor did his disposition, reserved and somewhat diffident, naturally fit him to shine in the sparkling exchanges of repartee which were the delight of aristocratic company. But literature was his trade; society needed to be amused; and, whether it were tragedy, comedy, satire, translation, or controversy, he was always ready to provide an entertainment in accordance with what he believed to be the requirements of his patrons.

But how were these requirements to be surely ascertained? The task of the poet was no longer so simple as in the early years of the century, when the imagination moved freely in the midst of a profusion of materials, and words united almost spontaneously with thoughts. Half of that original impulse had spent itself; while, at the same time, the judgment of the audience had become more various and exacting. Dryden, as a playwright had to reckon with the taste of a king, who was always in search of novelty; the taste of a nobility, each of them stiff in his opinions and accustomed to be treated with deference; the taste of rivals jealous of his favour with the public; and beyond these, with the taste of the public itself, which, though anxious to be rightly pleased and instructed, was perplexed by the conflict of opinions. On what common element in the midst of so much contradiction were the foundations of art to repose? The attempt to answer this question was the beginning of criticism. Every work of imaginative creation had now to be explained and even defended by a process of intellectual analysis; every kind of judgment must be adroitly flattered by an author before he could secure a verdict in favour of his performance. Hence it is that almost all Dryden's prose writings are of a critical character. His plays are, as a rule, preceded by an "Epistle Dedicatory," addressed to some noble patron; and the dedication is often followed by a Preface, in which he either replies with spirit to those who seek to lower him in public esteem, or discourses familiarly with "the reader" on the principles of dramatic composition.

The style of his Dedications is marked by the finest gradations of respectfulness or familiarity. At times he seems, like the Panegyrists in the declining days of the Roman Empire, to prostrate himself at the foot of the mountain of compliments which he piles up. "For what could be more glorious to me," he writes to William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, "than to have acquired some part of your esteem who are admired and honoured by all good men, who have been for so many years together the pattern and standard of honour to the nation; and whose whole life has been so great an example of heroic virtue that we might wonder how it happened into an age so corrupt as ours, if it had not been likewise a part of the former. As you came into the world with all the advantages of noble birth and education, so you have rendered both more conspicuous by your virtue. Fortune indeed has perpetually crowned your undertakings with success, but she has only waited on your valour, not conducted it. She has administered to your glory like a slave, and has been led in triumph by it; or at most, while honour led you by the hand to greatness, fortune only followed to keep you from sliding back in your ascent."

At other times he mitigates this oriental style of flattery with a note of playfulness, as in his dedication of "Tyrannic Love" to the Duke of Monmouth. "So dangerous a thing it is to admit a poet into your family, that you can never afterwards be free from the chiming of ill verses, perpetually sounding in your ears, and more troublesome than the neighbourhood of steeples. I have been favourable to myself in this expression; a zealous fanatic would have gone farther, and have called me the serpent who first presented the fruit of my poetry to the wife, and so gained the opportunity to seduce the husband."

Or again, dropping these formal conceits, he suggests a closer degree of familiarity by first allowing himself the privilege of using criticism in a dedication, and then excusing himself with an anecdote. "This digression, my lord, is not altogether the purpose of an epistle dedicatory; yet it is expected that somewhat should be said even here in relation to criticism; at least in vindication of my address, that you may not be deceived to patronise a poem which is wholly unworthy of your protection. Though after all I doubt not but some will liken me to the lover in a modern comedy who was combing his peruke and setting his cravat before his mistress; and being asked by her when he

intended to begin his court replied, 'He had been doing it all this while.'"[1]

On the other hand, when he is dealing with those who have sought to discredit him with his patrons or the public, he befouls his antagonists with the coarsest imagery of Smithfield and Billingsgate. Some of them he describes as "animals of the most deplored understanding," "upstart illiterate scribblers," a "sputtering triumvirate," "the illustrious Mr. Hunt and his brace of beagles." Of another he says, "I have daubed him with his own puddle." "Og," so he speaks of his rival Shadwell, "may write against the king if he pleases, so long as he drinks for him, and his writings will never do the government so much harm, as his drinking does it good; for true subjects will not be much perverted by his libels; but the wine duties rise considerably by his claret." And again of Settle: "He has all the pangs and throes of a fanciful poet, but is never delivered of any more perfect issue of his phlegmatic brain than a dull Dutchwoman's sooterkin is of her body."

Removed equally from the toilsome flattery of his Dedications, and the not less laboured blackguardism of his controversial pamphlets, the full charm of his style is to be found in his Prefaces. Here he is face to face with "the reader." He is no longer addressing a patron or a rival, but an equal, and, it may be presumed, a friend, with whom he may be easy, natural, and unpretending. Though his audience is unseen, and indeed almost impersonal, he is well acquainted with their tastes and sympathies. He has met with them in every class of society, in the court, the coffee house, and all the busy professions of life; and it is their sense of what is right in morals and art in which he lays the foundations of his criticism. When he replies to the charge of offending as an artist against the laws of morality, he understands how to retire with dignity from a position that he knows his audience would not wish him to defend; and when to turn upon an antagonist who has, in the public judgment, pushed his advantage too far. If he discusses a point of abstract taste, he avoids all show of learning and metaphysics, and submits his opinion with confidence to his readers, as men who will judge him by the common law of human nature. He digresses skilfully from his subject to dwell upon his own merits and the motives of those who disparage him. The strength of his formal

[1] Epistle Dedicatory to *Love Triumphant.*

reasoning is always felt, but his thoughts follow each other in a natural order, according to the animated motions of his mind, in a flow of language so splendid and yet so familiar, that they seem to spring less from an effort of meditated art, than from the happiness of eloquent conversation.

As to the literary elements which mixed themselves in this vein of colloquial idiom, it does not appear that Dryden was greatly influenced by any existing models. He himself modestly ascribes some of his merit as a prose writer to the sermons of Tillotson, which indeed furnished him with good examples of the logical and lucid arrangement of thought. Yet, if Tillotson had never preached, it may be doubted whether there would have been any great difference in the style of Dryden. Such resemblance as may be observed between them is probably the result, less of conscious imitation of the one by the other, than of the necessity under which they each lay of addressing audiences in the language of daily use. It has also been supposed that Dryden borrowed much of his style from the French, an opinion, it appears, chiefly founded on the numerous words in his writings either taken directly, or ultimately derived, from that language. Many of these words, however, were merely used by him carelessly, after the court fashion of conversation; while others had obtained a footing in our literature long before he began to write. Doubtless he had read, and (as his idioms sometimes show) felt the influence of, Bossu and other French critics, but, while he acknowledged their supremacy in their own department of taste, he was far from surrendering his liberties into their hands. Louis XIV. encouraged critical principles that extended into literature the absolutism he had established in the system of his government, and in the manners of his court; his subjects submitted readily to the authority of "the ancients"; but the turbulent tides of English taste could not be checked by Aristotle's dams. Of this Dryden was well aware, and often opposed himself to the rules laid down by the French critics. Nor did he make any attempt to imitate their style, who, in their efforts after precision, aimed at purging their language of metaphor, and thus while they refined it into a perfect instrument of logic, deprived it necessarily of much individual life and character.

As far as he can be said to have looked to any literary model, Dryden followed an English tradition, the tendency of which was exactly opposite to the French. The style, which Lyly had first

made fashionable in the court of Elizabeth, had continued to affect the conversational idiom of polite society in each succeeding reign. In this style two characteristics predominate, verbal antithesis and metaphorical imagery; and though usage had greatly modified and softened their original harshness, both features of the parent "Euphues" may be plainly discerned in English prose long after the Restoration. They make a prominent figure in the writings of Dryden. Johnson indeed pronounces his clauses to be without studied balance,[1] but his opinion is plainly ill-founded, for Dryden's style abounds with verbal oppositions—though these are introduced naturally and with no appearance of effort—and even when the parts of his sentence are not formally weighed against each other, the rhythm is frequently determined by a subtle antithesis of thought. As to his employment of metaphor, the examples already cited from his Dedications show how freely he indulged in what may be called metaphysical Euphuism, when using the language of compliment. But the Euphuistic habit influences him in his more sober moods, and even his controversial passages are enriched with a profusion of images. It is true that in these he does not follow a conceit for its own sake, but—as in good architecture the ornament is intimately connected with the construction—uses metaphors and similes to illustrate, and even to strengthen, his arguments.

When, for example, he is told that, as a layman, he should not trespass on the ground of religion, he answers: "I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a distance." Ben Jonson has been charged with plagiarism. What signifies? says Dryden. "He has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him." Shakespeare is accused of having wanted learning; Nay, replies the critic, "he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there." His images are always happily adapted to their subject: "He is too much given to horse-play in his raillery," he says of Collier, "and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough." Speaking of the progress of refinement in comedy; "Gentlemen," he says, "will now be

[1] Johnson's *Life of Dryden*.

entertained by the follies of each other; and though they allow Cobb and Tibb to speak properly, yet they are not much pleased with their tankard or with their rags." The fault of irregularity in writing is illustrated by a metaphor of homely force: "Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the sum."

Dryden's prose writings are almost always of an occasional character, and in this respect they want the dignity derived from moral purpose. Among those who succeeded him, Addison, in the next generation, used the essay as an instrument for improving national taste and manners, and a generation later Johnson made it the vehicle of dictatorial criticism. Both of them wrote in a spirit of independence which was foreign to Dryden, whose work, with the single exception of the *Essay of Dramatic Poetry*, was produced at the demand of patrons or publishers, and who is so far from seeking to rise above the conversation of his company, that, in the extravagance of his flattery, he too often forgets what is due to himself. For all that, no later prose writer can approach him in strength, freedom, and harmony of expression. In reading him, when at his best, we are reminded of his own description of Absalom:

> "Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
> In him alone 'twas natural to please."

The most skilful critic finds it sometimes hard to discriminate between the style of Addison and Steele; Johnson's style had many imitators; but no man could imitate the style of Dryden. Of no writer can it be more truly said, *Le style c'est l'homme.* Like the Socrates of Plato he runs before his argument as a ship under sail, and whatever be his subject of the moment, he suffuses it with all the glow and colour of his rich vocabulary. The coarse immorality of Charles II.'s Court, as he paints it, takes an air of grace and refinement. A few strokes of unequalled vigour place before us, with perfect discrimination, the varied characters of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Jonson. Even in the midst of his servility he seems to be sustained by a sense of inward greatness, which allows him to speak to his readers with self-respect. Nothing can surpass the dignity of his attitude before Collier; his haughty disdain of Buckingham and the authors of the *Rehearsal;* his pathetic reference to his old age in the *Postscript to the Æneis.*

It is this twofold character which makes Dryden, whether in verse or prose, so interesting a figure in English literature. He occupies, as it were, an isthmus between two seas. In one direction he looks, not without experience, over the great imaginative ocean of Tudor and Stuart literature; in the other he seems to survey in thought the yet untravelled waters of the eighteenth century; the world of reason, judgment, science; the coming temper of Berkeley and Addison, of Burke and of Reynolds. As a playwright he is still the servant of the king. As a man of letters he is the client of noble patrons. He acknowledges with an excessive deference what is due to these; he knows how much of art and manners is derived from their authority; but he feels that their influence is on the wane. On the other hand, looking to the great unorganised forces of the coming time, he sees that the supreme court of appeal lies with the people. To this tribunal he submits his Preface to the *Fables*, his Versification of Chaucer, his Translation of the *Æneid*. He pays it the compliment of sincerity, which he withholds from the patrons whom he flatters. All the treasures of his memory and imagination are placed at the disposal of his audience. Yet in one respect he feels himself to be superior to his judges. He is addressing them as a man of genius, on whom they are dependent for their intellectual pleasures. No one, he is well aware, understands like himself how to blend the conversation of refined society with the language of literary tradition; he is acquainted, as none who listen to him can be, with the resources of their mother tongue. Hence he naturally adopts in his Prefaces a tone of dignified familiarity. His discourse is addressed to men who have shown themselves able to conduct a constitutional Revolution, and who are the masters of their own liberties; but it proceeds from one who has learned his manners, and formed his style, amid the arts, the splendour, and the experience of the old English Monarchy.

W. J. COURTHOPE.

A DEFENCE OF RHYME IN TRAGEDY

IT concerns me less than any, said Neander (seeing he had ended), to reply to this discourse; because when I should have proved, that verse may be natural in plays, yet I should always be ready to confess, that those which I have written in this kind come short of that perfection which is required. Yet since you are pleased I should undertake this province, I will do it, though with all imaginable respect and deference, both to that person from whom you have borrowed your strongest arguments, and to whose judgment, when I have said all, I finally submit. But before I proceed to answer your objections, I must first remember you, that I exclude all comedy from my defence; and next, that I deny not but blank verse may be also used; and content myself only to assert, that in serious plays, where the subject and characters are great, and the plot unmixed with mirth, which might allay or divert those concernments which are produced, rhyme is there as natural, and more effectual, than blank verse.

And now having laid down this as a foundation—to begin with Crites—I must crave leave to tell him, that some of his arguments against rhyme reach no further than, from the faults and defects of ill rhyme, to conclude against the use of it in general. May not I conclude against blank verse by the same reason? If the words of some poets, who write in it, are either ill-chosen or ill-placed (which makes not only rhyme, but all kinds of verse in any language unnatural), shall I, for their vicious affectation, condemn those excellent lines of Fletcher, which are written in that kind? Is there anything in rhyme more constrained than this line in blank verse?

> "I'heaven invoke, and strong resistance make;"

where you see both the clauses are placed unnaturally; that is, contrary to the common way of speaking, and that without the excuse of

a rhyme to cause it: yet you would think me very ridiculous, if I should accuse the stubbornness of blank verse for this, and not rather the stiffness of the poet. Therefore, Crites, you must either prove that words, though well chosen and duly placed, yet render not rhyme natural in itself; or that, however natural and easy the rhyme may be, yet it is not proper for a play. If you insist on the former part, I would ask you what other conditions are required to make rhyme natural in itself, besides an election of right words, and a right disposition of them? For the due choice of your words expresses your sense naturally, and the due placing them adapts the rhyme to it. If you object, that one verse may be made for the sake of another, though both the words and rhyme be apt, I answer, it cannot possibly so fall out; for either there is a dependence of sense betwixt the first line and the second, or there is none; if there be that connexion, then in the natural position of the words the latter line must of necessity flow from the former; if there be no dependence, yet still the due ordering of words makes the last line as natural in itself as the other; so that the necessity of a rhyme never forces any but bad or lazy writers to say what they would not otherwise. 'Tis true, there is both care and art required to write in verse. A good poet never establishes the first line till he has sought out such a rhyme as may fit the sense, already prepared to heighten the second; many times the close of the sense falls into the middle of the next verse, or farther off, and he may often avail himself of the same advantages in English which Virgil had in Latin, he may break off in the hemistick, and begin another line. Indeed, the not observing these two last things, makes plays which are writ in verse so tedious; for though, most commonly, the sense is to be confined to the couplet, yet nothing that does *perpetuo tenore fluere*, run in the same channel, can please always. 'Tis like the murmuring of a stream, which, not varying in the fall, causes at first attention, at last drowsiness. Variety of cadences is the best rule; the greatest help to the actors, and refreshment to the audience.

If then verse may be made natural in itself, how becomes it unnatural in a play? You say the stage is the representation of nature, and no man in ordinary conversation speaks in rhyme. But you foresaw, when you said this, that it might be answered; neither does any man speak in blank verse, or in measure without rhyme. Therefore you concluded, that which is nearest nature is still to be preferred. But you took no notice, that rhyme might

be made as natural as blank verse, by the well placing of the words, etc. All the difference between them, when they are both correct, is the sound in one, which the other wants; and if so, the sweetness of it, and all the advantage resulting from it, which are handled in the preface to the *Rival Ladies*, will yet stand good. As for that place in Aristotle, where he says plays should be writ in that kind of verse which is nearest prose, it makes little for you; blank verse being properly measured prose. Now measure alone, in any modern language, does not constitute verse; those of the ancients in Greek and Latin consisted in quantity of words, and a determinate number of feet. But when, by the inundation of the Goths and Vandals into Italy, new languages were introduced, and barbarously mingled with the Latin, of which the Italian, Spanish, French, and ours (made out of them and the Teutonic), are dialects, a new way of poesy was practised; new, I say, in those countries, for in all probability it was that of the conquerors in their own nations; at least we are able to prove that the eastern people have used it from all antiquity. This new way consisted in measure or number of feet and rhyme. The sweetness of rhyme and observation of accent, supplying the place of quantity in words, which could neither exactly be observed by those barbarians, who knew not the rules of it, neither was it suitable to their tongues as it had been to the Greek and Latin. No man is tied in modern poetry to observe any farther rule in the feet of his verse, but that they be dissyllables; whether spondee, trochee, or iambic, it matters not; only he is obliged to rhyme; neither do the Spanish, French, Italians, or Germans acknowledge at all, or very rarely, any such kind of poesy as blank verse amongst them. Therefore, at most 'tis but a poetic prose, a *sermo pedestris;* and as such, most fit for comedies, where I acknowledge rhyme to be improper. Further, as to that quotation of Aristotle, our couplet verses may be rendered as near prose as blank verse itself, by using those advantages I lately named; as breaks in an hemistick, or running the sense into another line; thereby making art and order appear as loose and free as nature; or, not tying ourselves to couplets strictly, we may use the benefit of the Pindaric way, practised in the *Siege of Rhodes*, where the numbers vary, and the rhyme is disposed carelessly, and far from often chiming. Neither is that other advantage of the ancients to be despised, of changing the kind of verse when they please, with the change of the scene, or some new entrance; for

they confine not themselves always to iambics, but extend their liberty to all lyric numbers, and sometimes even to hexameter. But I need not go so far to prove, that rhyme, as it succeeds to all other offices of Greek and Latin verse, so especially to this of plays, since the custom of nations at this day confirms it; the French, Italian, and Spanish tragedies are generally writ in it; and sure the universal consent of the most civilized parts of the world, ought in this, as it doth in other customs, to include the rest.

(From *Essay of Dramatic Poesy.*)

ABANDONMENT OF RHYME IN TRAGEDY: IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE

IT remains that I acquaint the reader, that I have endeavoured in this play to follow the practice of the ancients, who, as Mr. Rymer has judiciously observed, are and ought to be our masters. Horace likewise gives it for a rule in his Art of Poetry,

> "*Vos exemplaria Græca*
> *Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*"

Yet, though their models are regular, they are too little for English tragedy; which requires to be built in a larger compass. I could give an instance in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, which was the masterpiece of Sophocles; but I reserve it for a more fit occasion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my style, I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare; which that I might perform more freely, I have disincumbered myself from rhyme. I hope I need not to explain myself, that I have not copied my author servilely; words and phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding ages; but it is almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure; and that he who began dramatic poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as Ben Jonson tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair, and the subject would be pleasant to handle the difference of styles betwixt him and Fletcher, and wherein and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet, I hope I may

affirm, and without vanity, that, by imitating him, I have excelled myself throughout the play; and particularly, that I prefer the scene between Antony and Ventidius in the first act, to anything which I have written in this kind.

(From Preface to *All for Love.*)

SHAKESPEARE. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. BEN JONSON

To begin then with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily: when he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets

"Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at the highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived,

submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no further of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster*; for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman

authors of those times, whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps too, he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the most correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing: I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries* we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

(From *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.)

THE OLD DRAMATISTS AND THE NEW

AND this leads me to the last and greatest advantage of our writing, which proceeds from conversation. In the age wherein those poets lived, there was less of gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best company of theirs. Their fortune has been much like that of Epicurus, in the retirement of his gardens; to live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their decease. I cannot find that any of them had been conversant in courts, except Ben Jonson; and his genius lay not so much that way, as to make an improvement by it. Greatness was not then so easy of access, nor conversation so free, as now it is. I cannot, therefore, conceive it any insolence to affirm, that, by the knowledge and pattern of their wit who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own conversation, the discourse and raillery of our comedies excel what has been written by them. And this will be denied by

none, but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Black Friars; who, because they saw their plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. The memory of these grave gentlemen is their only plea for being wits. They can tell a story of Ben Jonson, and, perhaps, have had fancy enough to give a supper in the Apollo, that they might be called his sons: and because they were drawn in to be laughed at in those times, they think themselves now sufficiently entitled to laugh at ours. Learning I never saw in any of them; and wit no more than they could remember. In short, they were unlucky to have been bred in an unpolished age, and more unlucky to live in a refined one. They have lasted beyond their own, and are cast behind ours; and, not contented to have known little at the age of twenty, they boast of their ignorance at threescore.

Now, if they ask me, whence it is that our conversation is so much refined? I must freely, and without flattery, ascribe it to the court: and in it, particularly to the King, whose example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes, and the nation's, afforded him an opportunity, which is rarely allowed to sovereign princes, I mean of travelling, and being conversant in the most polished courts of Europe; and, thereby, of cultivating a spirit which was formed by nature to receive the impressions of a gallant and generous education. At his return, he found a nation lost as much in barbarism as in rebellion: and, as the excellency of his nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reformed the other. The desire of imitating so great a pattern first awakened the dull and heavy spirits of the English from their native reservedness; loosened them from their stiff forms of conversation, and made them easy and pliant to each other in discourse. Thus, insensibly, our way of living became more free; and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrained, melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force by mixing the solidity of our nation with the air and gaiety of our neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder if the poets, whose work is imitation, should be the only persons in three kingdoms who should not receive advantage by it; or, if they should not more easily imitate the wit and conversation of the present age than of the past.

Let us therefore admire the beauties and the heights of Shakespeare, without falling after him into a carelessness, and, as I may call it, a lethargy of thought, for whole scenes together. Let us imitate, as we are able, the quickness and easiness of Fletcher

without proposing him as a pattern to us, either in the redundancy of his matter, or the incorrectness of his language. Let us admire his wit and sharpness of conceit; but let us at the same time acknowledge, that it was seldom so fixed, and made proper to his character, as that the same things might not be spoken by any person in the play. Let us applaud his scenes of love; but let us confess, that he understood not either greatness or perfect honour in the parts of any of his women. In fine, let us allow, that he had so much fancy, as when he pleased he could write wit; but that he wanted so much judgment, as seldom to have written humour, or described a pleasant folly. Let us ascribe to Jonson, the height and accuracy of judgment in the ordering of his plots, his choice of characters, and maintaining what he had chosen to the end. But let us not think him a perfect pattern of imitation, except it be in humour; for love, which is the foundation of all comedies in other languages, is scarcely mentioned in any of his plays: and for humour itself, the poets of this age will be more wary than to imitate the meanness of his persons. Gentlemen will now be entertained by the follies of each other; and, though they allow Cobb and Tibb to speak properly, yet they are not much pleased with their tankard, or with their rags: and surely their conversation can be no jest to them on the theatre, when they would avoid it in the street.

To conclude all, let us render to our predecessors what is their due, without confining ourselves to a servile imitation of all they writ; and, without assuming to ourselves the title of better poets, let us ascribe to the gallantry and civility of our age the advantage which we have above them, and, to our knowledge of the customs and manners of it, the happiness we have to please beyond them.

(From *Defence of the Epilogue.*)

THE WITS OF KING CHARLES II.'S DAYS

CERTAINLY the poets of that age enjoyed much happiness in the conversation and friendship of one another. They imitated the best way of living, which was, to pursue an innocent and inoffensive pleasure, that which one of the ancients called *eruditam voluptatem.* We have, like them, our genial nights, where our discourse is neither too serious nor too light, but always pleasant,

and for the most part, instructive; the raillery, neither too sharp upon the present, nor too censorious on the absent; and the cups only such as will raise the conversation of the night, without disturbing the business of the morrow. And thus far not only the philosophers, but the fathers of the Church have gone, without lessening their reputation of good manners or of piety. For this reason, I have often laughed at the ignorant and ridiculous descriptions which some pedants have given of the wits, as they are pleased to call them; which are a generation of men as unknown to them as the people of Tartary or the *Terra Australis* are to us. And therefore, as we draw giants and anthropophagi in those vacancies of our maps, where we have not travelled to discover better; so those wretches paint lewdness, atheism, folly, ill-reasoning, and all manner of extravagancies amongst us, for want of understanding what we are. Oftentimes it so falls out, that they have a particular pique to some one amongst us, and then they immediately interest heaven in their quarrel; as it is an usual trick in courts, when one designs the ruin of his enemy, to disguise his malice with some concernment of the king's, and to revenge his own cause, with pretence of vindicating the honour of his master. Such wits as they describe, I have never been so unfortunate as to meet in your company; but have often heard much better reasoning at your table, than I have encountered in their books. The wits they describe are the fops we banish. For blasphemy and atheism, if they were neither sin nor ill-manners, are subjects so very common, and worn so threadbare, that people who have sense avoid them, for fear of being suspected to have none. It calls the good name of their wit in question, as it does the credit of a citizen when his shop is filled with trumperies and painted titles, instead of wares; we conclude them bankrupt to all manner of understanding; and that to use blasphemy, is a kind of applying pigeons to the soles of the feet; it proclaims their fancy, as well as judgment, to be in a desperate condition. I am sure, for your own particular, if any of these judges had once the happiness to converse with you, to hear the candour of your opinions; how freely you commend that wit in others of which you have so large a portion yourself; how unapt you are to be censorious; with how much easiness you speak so many things, and those so pointed, that no other man is able to excel, or perhaps to reach by study, they would, instead of your accusers, become your proselytes. They would reverence so much sense

and so much good nature in the same person; and come, like the satyr, to warm themselves at that fire, of which they were ignorantly afraid when they stood at a distance. But you have too great a reputation to be wholly free from censure; it is a fine which fortune sets upon all extraordinary persons, and from which you should not wish to be delivered until you are dead.

(From Epistle Dedicatory to *The Assignation.*)

AN APOLOGY FOR *THE DUKE OF GUISE*

To the Right Honourable, LAWRENCE, EARL OF ROCHESTER, etc.

My Lord—The authors of this poem present it humbly to your lordship's patronage, if you shall think it worthy of that honour. It has already been a confessor, and was almost made a martyr for the royal cause; but having stood two trials from its enemies, one before it was acted, another in the representation, and having been in both acquitted, it is now to stand the public censure in the reading; where since of necessity it must have the same enemies, we hope it may also find the same friends; and therein we are secure, not only of the greater number, but of the more honest and loyal party. We only expected bare justice in the permission to have it acted; and that we had, after a severe and long examination from an upright and knowing judge, who, having heard both sides and examined the merits of the cause, in a strict perusal of the play, gave sentence for us, that it was neither a libel, nor a parallel of particular persons. In the representation itself, it was persecuted with so notorious malice by one side, that it procured us the partiality of the other; so that the favour more than recompensed the prejudice. And it is happier to have been saved (if so we were) by the indulgence of our good and faithful fellow-subjects, than by our own deserts; because thereby the weakness of the faction is discovered, which, in us, at that time attacked the government and stood combined, like the members of the rebellious league, against the lawful sovereign authority. To what topic will they have recourse, when they are manifestly beaten from their chief post, which has always been popularity and majority of voices? They will tell us, that the voices of a people are not to be gathered in a play-house; and yet, even there, the enemies as well as friends, have

a free admission; but while our argument was serviceable to their interests, they could boast that the theatres were true Protestant; and came insulting to the plays, when their own triumphs were represented. But let them now assure themselves that they can make the major part of no assembly, except it be of a meeting-house. Their tide of popularity is spent; and the natural current of obedience is, in spite of them, at last prevalent. In which, my Lord, after the merciful providence of God, the unshaken resolution, and prudent carriage of the King, and the inviolable duty, and manifest innocence of his Royal Highness, the prudent management of the ministers is also most conspicuous. I am not particular in this commendation, because I am unwilling to raise envy to your lordship, who are too just, not to desire that praise should be communicated to others, which was the common endeavour and co-operation of all. It is enough, my lord, that your own part was neither obscure in it nor unhazardous. And if ever this excellent government, so well established by the wisdom of our forefathers, and so much shaken by the folly of this age, shall recover its ancient splendour, posterity cannot be so ungrateful as to forget those who, in the worst of times, have stood undaunted by their king and country, and, for the safeguard of both, have exposed themselves to the malice of false patriots, and the madness of an headstrong rabble. But since this glorious work is yet unfinished, and though we have reason to hope well of the success, yet the event depends on the unsearchable providence of Almighty God; it is no time to raise trophies, while the victory is in dispute; but every man, by your example, to contribute what is in his power to maintain so just a cause, on which depends the future settlement and prosperity of three nations. The pilot's prayer to Neptune was not amiss in the middle of the storm: "Thou mayest do with me, O Neptune, what thou pleasest, but I will be sure to hold fast the rudder." We are to trust firmly in the Deity, but so as not to forget, that he commonly works by second causes, and admits of our endeavours with his concurrence. For our own parts we are sensible, as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak assistance. The most we can boast of is, that we are not so inconsiderable as to want enemies, whom we have raised to ourselves on no other account than that we are not of their number; and since that is their quarrel, they shall have daily occasion to hate us more. It is not, my lord, that any man delights to see himself

pasquined and affronted by their inveterate scribblers; but, on the other side, it ought to be our glory, that themselves believe not of us what they write. Reasonable men are well satisfied for whose sakes the venom of their party is shed on us; because they see, that at the same time our adversaries spare not those to whom they owe allegiance and veneration. Their despair has pushed them to break those bonds; and it is observable that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write; as Lucifer and his companions were only proud when angels, but grew malicious when devils. Let them rail, since it is the only solace of their miseries, and the only revenge which, we hope, they now can take. The greatest and the best of men are above their reach; and, for our meanness, though they assault us like footpads in the dark, their blows have done us little harm; we yet live to justify ourselves in open day, to vindicate our loyalty to the government, and to assure your lordship, with all submission and sincerity, that we are your lordship's most obedient, faithful servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.
NAT. LEE.

(From Dedication of *The Duke of Guise.*)

DRYDEN AND HIS CRITICS

THIS, I think, my lord, is a sufficient reproach to you; and should I carry it as far as mankind would authorise me, would be little less than satire. And indeed, a provocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced sometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of scribblers, who daily pester the world with their insufferable stuff, that they might be discouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either shot at rovers, and therefore missed, or their powder was so weak, that I might safely stand them at the nearest distance. I answered not the *Rehearsal*, because I knew the author sat to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce; because also I knew that my betters

were more concerned than I was in that satire; and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about the town. The like considerations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their prose and doggrel. I am so far from defending my poetry against them, that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof against their attacks, let me be thought by posterity, what those authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure so long as to another age. But these dull makers of lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public. Some witty men may perhaps succeed to their designs, and mixing sense with malice, blast the reputation of the most innocent amongst men, and the most virtuous amongst women.

Heaven be praised, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit as of morality; and therefore whatever mischief they have designed, they have performed but little of it. Yet these ill writers, in all justice, ought themselves to be exposed; as Persius has given us a fair example in his first satire, which is levelled particularly at them; and none is so fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but is also so just, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verse, to punish and make examples of the bad.

(From Dedication to *Juvenal.*)

DRYDEN AND COLLIER

I SHALL say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that, in many places, he has perverted my meaning

by his glosses, and interpreted my words into blasphemy and bawdry, of which they were not guilty; besides, that he is too much given to horseplay in his raillery, and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say "the zeal of God's house has eaten him up"; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility. It might also be doubted, whether it was altogether zeal which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps, it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays: a divine might have employed his pains to better purpose, than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes, whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed, that he read them not without some pleasure. They, who have written commentaries on those poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained some vices, which, without their interpretation, had been unknown in modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us.

There is more bawdry in one play of Fletcher's, called *The Custom of the Country*, then in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage, in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reformed now, than they were five-and-twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have some of them answered for themselves; and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy, that we should shun him. He has lost ground. at the latter end of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the Prince of Condé, at the battle of Senneph, from immoral plays, to no plays, *ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia.* But, being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. 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:

> *"Demetri, teque, Tigelli,*
> *Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras."*

(From Preface to the *Fables*.)

CHAUCER

HE must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different education, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity; their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different; the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed wife of Bath. But enough of this; there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not what to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of monks, and friars, and canons, and lady-abbesses, and nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though everything is altered. May I have leave to do myself the justice (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man), may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as savour nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and, above all, the wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured

me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners. I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If anything of this nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it, *totum hoc indictum volo.* Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad speaking, and Boccace makes the like: but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his characters, before the *Canterbury Tales*, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels:

"But firste, I praie you of your curtesie,
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes, and hir chere:
Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely,
For this ye knowen al so well as I,
Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse as neighe as ever he can:
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he, never so rudely and so large:
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feignen thinges, or finden wordes newe:
He may not spare, although he were his brother,
He moste as wel sayn o word as an other.
Crist spake himself full brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it,
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede."

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard, I know not what answer they could have made; for that reason, such tale shall be left untold by me.

(From Preface to the *Fables.*)

RELIGIO LAICI

A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence, both of

himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations, which belong to the profession of divinity; I could answer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but, in the due sense of my own weakness, and want of learning, I plead not this; I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a distance. In the next place, I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise, were, many of them, taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the Church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion, are already consecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errors, which yet I hope are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it; but whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authorised, or at least uncondemned, by her.

(From Preface to *Religio Laici*.)

HIS OLD AGE

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and its ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God in my endeavours, overcome all difficulties, and in some measure acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public when I undertook this work. In the

first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion of my present studies, which are more happily performed than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For what I have done, imperfect as it is for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country, whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of words and harmony of numbers, which were wanting (especially the last) in all our poets, even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother tongue with sufficient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for sixpence in a battle, merit to be restored to life if a wish could restore them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire open to me; but since the Revolution I have wholly renounced that talent; for who would give physic to the great, when he is uncalled—to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

. . . "*Cynthius aurem*
Vellit et admonuit" . . .

It is enough for me, if the government will let me pass unquestioned. In the meantime I am obliged in gratitude to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party by a particular exception of grace, but without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet, have encouraged Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and rewarded his interpreter for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage.

(From Postscript to the *Æneis*.)

ANTHONY WOOD

[Anthony Wood was born in December 1632, in a house opposite Merton College, Oxford. He matriculated in 1647, at Merton, and became B.A. in 1652. In 1648 he refused to submit to the Parliamentary "Visitation," and was expelled from the University, but restored. In 1669 he completed his *History and Antiquities*, and in 1670 translated it, on condition of its publication by the Delegates, into Latin. He next proceeded to expand the lives of writers appended to his *Colleges and Halls of Oxford* into the great *Athenæ Oxonienses* which appeared in 1691. He died in 1695, bequeathing his collections and books to the Ashmolean Museum; and was buried in Merton College ante-chapel.]

IT has been observed by a French critic that while the men of the nineteenth century have added to literature much sentiment, and while the writers of the eighteenth century are full of facile intelligence, those of the seventeenth century are chiefly remarkable for will, or, as we say for "character." Now Anthony Wood's writings are of lasting value to the practical historian, and to the student of character. They possess this enduring value because they are the product of an incredible patience and consistency of character; but they are not monuments of literature, or of literary style.

He had the bodily equipment of the true student—robust, and hardy in the extreme, a great pedestrian, sparing no pains to verify his observations in person; temperate, able to rise at four, and study fasting till he supped; able to eat, drink, and sleep alone: to buffet down sedentary melancholy, to devour muniment-rooms night and day, and die stubbornly, knee-deep in manuscript. Not that he was inhuman. The antiquarian is but a grim voluptuary: the happiest, and least dreaded of enthusiasts, for his ideals, safe in the past, change not, and threaten no change. Antiquarianism is rare, because it requires the æsthetic temperament, at leisure, united to a tough will; and great learning together with a lack of education. Wide mental grasp, or the insight of a trained

mind, would rarely be content with the faculty of hiving the petty incoordinate masses of detail upon which the ultimate value of an antiquary's work depends.

The first influences awakening his mind were the architecture and beauty of the city in which he was both citizen and student, and where his steadfast ambition kept him all his life. Wood was born, lived, and died in the same street, and had thus continuous familiarity with his subject. Heraldic studies gave the next and kindred impulse. He always concludes any memorial sketch in his diary with some such note as: "Two barres or, a cross paté fitch and a cressant in chief with a difference or." The direction of his activity was finally decided by alighting on Burton's *History of Leicestershire*, Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, Leland's *Collections*, and the friendship of Elias Ashmole, which spurred him to pursue their achievement.

His mind is somewhat slow in movement and apprehension. He is cumbered by the range of his ambition, which was no less than to recreate the past both of that University and city, whence his foot so seldom departed. In the past he found that freedom which is of the imagination. He planned to write a narrative of her history from its cloudy source to his own day; to supply *fasti*, or lists of her magistrates, minute accounts of her ancient institutions, colleges, and public buildings: to build again the levelled walls, girdle her with the dried moat, retrace the silted trenches of old sieges, set up again her thousand vanished Halls, and fill the streets with snood and cowl,—black monks, white Carmelites, and students in their gay coloured gowns. But more also: to write besides *Athenæ*—particular lives of all her famous men; and to do all this not alone for the University, but also in turn for the City, her bodily and grosser part. Less marvel is it that the mind is cumbered with much serving than that this purpose was, as regards the University wholly, as to the City in part, fulfilled. Nor does he stop here—he carries the methods of research into those of observation. The world is for him a note-book matter. He has "an esurient genie for antiquities," but is nearly as diligent to set forth the fashion of his contemporaries. He drags their manners into his web, perhaps for the aid of antiquaries to come. It is the age of the great diarists—of Pepys and Evelyn—and like them Wood satisfies himself, he knows not why, in noting the doings of himself and fellows, down to their dresses and pettiest foibles.

He collects a world of "surfaces," impressions that well portray himself. He is a newsletter also. Monstrous births, escapes, blazing stars, scandals among the venerable, hangings, suicides, and all manner of deaths: ballads and all processions royal and funereal—all pageantries and dignified masquerades—are meat and drink to him; nor ever fails he narrowly to scrutinise the hatchments on coffins and tombs, and mete sarcasm to false displays of arms. Meanwhile he is daily dredging and ravaging college archives, with fierce tenacity, for fifty years. The mind had therefore no leisure strongly to react on the vast material amassed, and this failure is reflected in his style.

He has been charged with partiality to Romanist writers in the *Athenæ;* but while his leanings would no doubt be rather to the richer older cult than toward Puritan iconoclasm, he stands, in truth, secluded as far as circumstances will permit from the great religious controversies of his age; and, despite loyalty to Oxford, is plainly determined by the pursuit of historic truth about her. Regardless of envy or fame, he applies a sound burgess common-sense to monkish legend. In examining the tradition which assigned a certain tower to the banished Roger Bacon, he points out the unlikelihood of the retirement of the necromancer to practise secret magic upon the common highway. Wood does not test his problems with brevity. Not till he has confuted at length a statement by some annalist is he content to show that no such annalist ever really existed. Nor does he test authorities with modern severity. Nevertheless, on the whole, he is very trustworthy.

His style has no pretensions to form, and presents few notable features. Throughout it is more or less disjointed by scrappy treatment, and marred by the jerkiness of the habitual note-taker, and lengthy passages of continuous prose seldom occur. He is hampered by a painful accuracy which loads the unpremeditated sentence with parentheses. In the *Athenæ* it is most continuous, and on the whole the best, becoming less full of cumbrous gravity as he approaches the writers of his own generation. In the History of the University it is disfigured by intricacy of arrangement. There is a passage about Camden's edition of *Asser Menevensis* which may be taken as a pattern of confusedness. Nevertheless, on subjects where he is, by long thinking, easily master, as for instance in settling the rival claims to antiquity of University College and his own Merton, he is clear and brief and

business-like. The History of the City in its early parts is full of youthful grandiloquence; the treatise on Colleges and Halls marred by interjected notes of controversy and the desperate local inconsequence of a guide-book; the Diaries suffer less from weight of matter, and are easy and natural in language, but their extreme interest is rather personal and picturesque than literary. Compared, however, to that of Dryden, Wood's style is clownish and uncourtly, the antiquated dress of the "meer scholar." It is thick with old legal phrases and Latinisms. The omission of pronouns is such a Latinism:—"If any dislike might be discovered to their choice [*it*] should not cross them." Another perhaps is the frequent use of absolute constructions:—"Some of the stone-work of the Temple Church blown down and the lead blown up and shrivelled they mended it." There are of course many traces of archaicism, for to him an old word had the sacred relish of a relic; and there is also the pleasant old use of verbals, thus:—"Both of whom struggling for the way, Pelham unhorsed him, so that his horse trampling on his breast, he died." Cudworth somewhere describes a school of divines as those that "boggle at the Trinity." Such quaint Jacobean incongruities of diction are plentiful and refreshing in Wood. He rails at the governors of the University as "lazy, proud, scarlatical doctors," the "scarleteers," He praises a grove as affording "much recreation to the defatigated student by continuall chirping of the winged choire." It is prose half a century behind its time—behind that of the delicate and courtly Halifax—but a robust survival, like that of ancient timbered houses. Dragons and grape-vines ramp along its face of black beams, and armorial carvings nod over its cobbled archway. Folios and parchments stifle its long, uncertain passages, and centuries have bowed the back of its stone-slatted roofs. It leans forward, curious and crabbed, into the street, and its gable is crowned by the little sooty figure of a crumbling knight.

F. H. TRENCH.

ANCIENT OXFORD

SUCH, it seems, is the envy of time and vicissitude of things who have long since worn out their memories and committed their ruins to the grave. To tell you of all the varieties of arts and sciences that have anciently been presented and delivered to us by the learnedest of all ages will perhaps now, by reason of the longinguity of time, seem incredible. To tell you also of the injunctions of our old statutes, concerning the continual reading here of the three philosophical, and seven liberal arts and sciences, from the north part of St. Mary's Church even to the north wall of the city, will also, to those that converse with the actions but of yesterday, seem riddles and chimæras; but verily they are all so full of truth and obvious to every man's capacity, that if he doth but peep in our old statutes, or in the least give glance upon our ancient scripts, he cannot but conclude this place to be like the Areopagus at Athens, and style it by no other name than *Vicus Minervalis*. Here, had we lived in those old days, we might have beheld with what great emulation our old philosophers would open their packs of literature (as I may say) to their hungry auditors. Here also, each order in our University at their first coming and plantation, would with great pride endeavour to blazon their parts, and give the world approbation of their profound knowledge and philosophy. Every corner porch, entry, hall, and school, in this street, was so wholly dedicated and sacred for the use only of the gown, that it was a great *piaculum* for an apron to approach its borders. What shall I say? all things in relation towards the soul and accomplishment of man was here (only with the price of patience and endeavour) to be obtained. And so far was it different from the street at Paris, where the philosophical professors taught, in the time of Dante the poet, and which, because of the continual noise of the disputants there was by Petrarcha termed *Vicus Fragosus*, that every cell, cavern, or cubicle of this place had a

pleasant consort and concenter of parts therein. In the grammar schools that were here (besides those in other places) you had the masters and regents in that faculty still inculcating to you the propriety of words; in the rhetoric, the several tropes and figures contained therein; in the logic, the deduction of consequences and the unravelling the mysteries therein, that thou mightest hereafter artificially open the several places of the scripture; in the mathematic and geometry those abstruse and sublime *recondita*, to increase thy reason and fortify thy judgment; and in the theological those continual expositions and readings on the sacred writ to munite thee against heresies and upstart notions that continually present themselves unto thee; and the like. Of all which, with several other exercises performed, as also of the schools here I have more at large laid down in my discourse of the schools.

(From *History of City and Suburbs.*)

THE KING'S COMING TO OXON

ABOUT one or two of the clock in the afternoon, upon notice of the King's (Charles II.) approach, went from the Cross Inn and other inns adjoining James (Bertie) Lord Norrys, Lord Lieutenant, with the loyal gentry of the county, to meet his majesty coming from Windsor (across the road) by Tetsworth to meet the queen, who came straight from London. He (the said Lord Norrys) had two or three horses of state led before him, richly adorned. After him went Sir Thomas Spencer, Bt., in the head of one of the militia troops of the county. And after him Captain Henry Bertie (the lord lieutenant's brother) in the head of another troop, with two horses of state in the like livery as those before; with trumpets sounding, having the lord's livery on, and flags to their trumpets containing the lord's arms and quarterings. Between two and three of the clock proceeded by twos on foot from the Guildshall down the High Street about eighteen constables of the city and suburbs of Oxon with their painted and gilt staves. Next to them were the four sergeants-at-mace, two on foot and two on horseback, with their silver staves erected. Then the macebearer, and town-clerk (John Paynton) with a chain of silver gilt about his neck (a Royalist this day, and when the times serve a Cromwellian). After these rode the loyal mayor, John

Bowell, Esq., in his scarlet gown, and a livery on one side walking by his horse, and on the other the recorder on horseback in his black gown. After them the aldermen, thirteen baylives, and such that had been baylives, to the number of about twenty-four, all in scarlet gowns, faced with fur, and each person with a livery servant by his side, to lead their horses in case they should strike out and disturb the formality. After these rode, by twos also, the rest of the house and common council (about sixty in number) in their black gowns, faced with fur. All which being come to the east gate made a stop. Soon after the king approaching within the gate, the mayor, recorder, and some of the scarleteers alighted, while the rest put themselves out to march before the king. The coach being by the king commanded to stand, the mayor and recorder knelt down on a mat by the coach side, the latter of which (being the city mouth), very smoothly spake an English speech. Which, being concluded, the mayor surrendered up the *gestamen* of his authority. Which being graciously returned (and thereupon a rich pair of gloves was delivered to his majesty and another to the queen) they mounted and marched bare-headed the same way they went, not in like order as they went down, but the black first, then the scarleteers next, and just before the king's coach the mayor with the mace on his shoulder, respectively put thereon by the mace-bearer. Behind their majesties' coach marched the life-guard and after them other coaches of his majesty's retinue. Then went the lord-lieutenant, high sheriff, gentry of the county, and their liveries; among whom was one of the knights of the shire called Sir Philip Harcourt, who though of most ancient and noble extract and of a generous and sweet nature, yet fame tells us that he is tinged with Presbyterian leaven, but whether he will appear so in the parliament house we cannot yet tell. And lastly went the county troops, buff-coated and well horsed. In this order they passed to Quatervoys (the market place) and thence down the South Street to Christ Church, where their majesties intend to lodge during their abode in this place. But that which is most to be noted is that all the way the king passed were such shoutings, acclamations, and ringing of bells, made by loyal hearts and smart lads of the laity of Oxon, that the air was so much pierced that the clouds seemed to divide. The general cry was "Long live King Charles," and many drawing up to the very coach window cried "Let the king live, and the devil hang up all Round-

heads," at which his majesty smiled and seemed well pleased. The throng and violence of people to express their affections was such that the coach was scarce able to pass. The youths were all on fire, and when love and joy are mixed, cannot but follow rudeness and boisterousness. Their hats did continually fly, and, seriously, had you been there, you would have thought that they would have thrown away their very heads and legs. Here was an arm for joy flung out of joint and there a leg displaced, but by what art they can find their way back let the Royal Society tell you. 'Twas observed by some of our *curiosi* that as the king passed westward up the High Street, the small rain that then fell, which was driven by the west wind, was returned back all the way in that street at least a man's length by the very strength of voices and hummings. This perhaps might be thought incredible, but I'll assure you, I, being then in a stationer's shop, did partly observe it in myself, and had I not been so much diverted by the zealous rage of young blood, I might have given it in upon mine oath. At the king's coming into the most spacious quadrangle of Christ Church, what by the shouts and the melodious ringing of the ten stately bells there, the college sounded and the buildings did learn from its scholars to echo forth his majesty's welcome. You might have heard it ring again and again: "Welcome! welcome!! thrice welcome!!! Charles the great!"

After nine at night were bonfires made in several streets, wherein were only wanting rumps and cropped ears to make the flame burn merrily; and at some were tables of refection erected by our bonny youths, who being e'en mad with joy, forced all that passed by to carouse on their knees a health to their beloved Charles.

(From *The Life and Times.*)

THE AUTHOR OF *OCEANA*

NOW let's return to our author Harrington, who, when he thought that after the death of his master monarchy would never be restored, he followed his own geny, which lay chiefly towards politics and democratical government. He made several essays on poetry, as in writing of love verses, and translating of Virgil's Eclogues, but his muse was rough, and Harry Nevill, an ingenious and well-bred gentleman, and a good (but conceited)

poet, being his familiar and confident friend, dissuaded him from tampering with poetry, and to apply himself to the improvement of his proper talent, viz. politics and political reflections. Whereupon he wrote *The Commonwealth of Oceana*, and caused it to be printed at London. At the appearance of which, it was greedily bought up, and coming into the hands of Hobbes of Malmsbury, he would often say that H. Nevill had a finger in that pie; and those that knew them both were of the same opinion, and by that book and both their smart discourses and inculcatures daily in coffee-houses, they obtained many proselytes. In 1659, in the beginning of Michaelmas term, they had every night a meeting at the then Turk's-head in the new palace yard at Westminster, (the next house to the stairs where people take water) called Miles's coffee-house, to which place their disciples and virtuosi would commonly then repair; and their discourses about government and of ordering of a commonwealth, were the most ingenious and smart that ever were heard, for the arguments in the parliament house were but flat to those. This gang had a balloting box, and balloted how things should be carried, by way of *tentamens;* which being not used or known in England before, upon this account the room every evening was very full. Besides our author and H. Nevill, who were the prime men of this club, were Cyrack Skinner, a merchant's son of London, an ingenious young gentleman, and scholar to John Milton, which Skinner sometimes held the chair; Major John Wildman, Charles Wolseley of Staffordshire, Roger Coke, Will Poultney (afterwards a knight), who sometimes held the chair; John Hoskyns, John Aubrey, Maximilian Pettie of Telsworth in Oxfordshire, a very able man in these matters, and who had more than once turned the council board of Oliver Cromwell; Michael Mallet, Ph. Carteret of the Isle of Guernsey, Francis Cradock, a merchant; Henry Ford; Major Venner, nephew to Dr. Tobias Venner the physician; Thos. Marriett of Warwickshire, Henry Croone, a physician; Edw. Bagshaw of Christ Church, and sometimes Robert Wood of Lincoln College and James Arderne, then or soon after a divine, with many others besides, antagonists or auditors of note, whom I cannot now name. Dr. Will Petty was a Rota-man, and would sometimes trouble John Harrington in his club, and one Stafford, a gent. of Northamptonshire, who used to be an auditor, did with his gang come among them one evening, very mellow from the tavern, and did much affront the junto, and

tore in pieces their orders and minutes. The soldiers who commonly were there as auditors and spectators would have kicked them downstairs, but Harrington's moderation and persuasion hindered them. The doctrine was very taking, and the more because as to human foresight there was no possibility of the king's return. The greatest of the parliament men hated this design of rotating and balloting, as against their power. Eight or ten were for it, of which number Henry Nevill was one, who proposed it to the House, and made it out to the members thereof, that except they embraced that way of government they would be ruined. The model of it was, that the third part of the senate or House should rote out by ballot every year, so that every ninth year the said senate would be wholly altered. No magistrate was to continue above three years, and all to be chosen by ballot; than which choice nothing could be invented more fair and impartial, as 'twas then thought, though opposed by many for several reasons. This club of commonwealths' men lasted till about the 21st of February 1659; at which time the secluded members being restored by General George Monk, all their models vanished. After the king's restoration, our author Harrington retired and lived in private, but being looked upon as a dangerous person, he, with Major John Wildman, and Praisegod Barbon a notorious schismatic, were committed prisoners to the Tower of London, 26th November 1661, where, continuing for some time, Harrington was transmitted to Portsea Castle, and kept there for several months. Afterwards being set at liberty, he travelled into Italy, where, talking of models, commonwealths, and government, he was reputed no better than a whimsical or crack-brained person. 'Tis true that his close restraint, which did not agree with his high spirit, and hot and rambling head, was the protarctic cause of his deliration or madness; I do not mean outrageousness, for he would discourse rationally enough, and be facetious in company, but a deep conceit and fancy that his perspiration turned into flies, and sometimes into bees. Which fancy possessed him a whole year before he died, his memory and discourse being then taken away by a disease. So that he, who had been before a brisk and lively chevalier, was then made a sad example of mortality to H. Nevill (who did not leave him to his last) and others of his intimate acquaintance, who much lamented his loss.

(From the *Life of Harrington* in the *Athenæ Oxonienses.*)

JOHN LOCKE

[John Locke, the son of a Somersetshire attorney, was born in 1632. He was educated at Westminster School, under Dr. Busby, and passed to Christ Church in 1652, where after taking his degree he became Greek Lecturer. Being relieved of the condition of taking orders, which was attached to his studentship, he devoted himself chiefly to the study of medicine, and continued this study in later life, in the intervals allowed him by public employment and by philosophical pursuits. It was in his medical capacity that he formed the close friendship with Lord Shaftesbury (the Achitophel of Dryden's Satire) which greatly influenced his life, and which subsequently involved him in a suspicion of complicity with Shaftesbury's revolutionary designs, and led to his expulsion from Christ Church. Weak health enforced, and a sufficient competence made possible, a life of considerable leisure, which he spent largely in travel and in discursive scientific and philosophical researches. In these he reflected the spirit of the Royal Society (of which he was a leading member) and of the Latitudinarian party of the day. An ardent supporter of the Revolution, he returned to England with the Prince of Orange: and published the *Essay on Human Understanding* (his most important work) in 1690. His *Two Treatises of Government*, written in opposition to Sir Robert Filmer's *Patriarcha*, appeared in the same year. His first *Letter on Toleration* had been published in 1686; and three other letters on the same subject followed—the last appearing after his death. In 1693 he published his *Thoughts on Education*. He filled some important public offices, especially in connection with the scheme for the colonisation of Carolina (in the reign of Charles II.), and the Commission on Trade (under William III.) He died in 1704.]

So far as subject is concerned, Locke's writings deal with matters of perennial interest, and his treatment of these matters is such as to secure for him the undivided support of one large section of mankind. His aim in philosophy is to establish a system which satisfies a certain sort of reasoning, which shuts the door against metaphysical speculation, and which, within certain circumscribed limits, furnishes a logical and consistent explanation of intellectual processes. It was in no sense fruitful of great results, and almost inevitably provoked, first, a materialism which Locke himself would have disowned, and next a critical

reaction, under the influence of which his system, except as a specious exposition of commonplace thought, inevitably crumbled into decay. In education his chief object was to combat existing methods, which he believed to be connected with creeds and systems to which he was opposed, and to propound a theory which was easier of acceptance, simpler in practice, and less severe in its demands upon natural instinct than these were. In politics he had to demolish theories of divine right and authority, which had been strained and exaggerated in their application, and to find a rational basis for an accident of politics—the Revolution of 1688—with which he, in common with the mass of his fellow-countrymen, happened, upon good and sufficient grounds, to find themselves in agreement. In each sphere Locke was certain to find supporters, and although a larger and more extended view may find in his theories much that is inadequate and unsatisfactory, he was certain of wide authority in his own day, and of much respect amongst a large section at least of posterity. All that we can object to his views —and the objection is a large one—is that they have the essential vice of compromise, that they represent a passing phase as a permanent solution of historical problems, that they attain to no logical completeness, and that they satisfy only those doubts which can be persuaded to forego a large and fruitful domain of speculation. In philosophy he was more popular in his own day than Berkeley, and his works have continued to be accepted as educational manuals, while Berkeley's remain unread. He never carried his theories to the logical conclusion of Hume's materialism, and never roused against himself a body of orthodox partisanship, so strong as that roused by Hume. The insufficiency of his system was proved by the reaction typified by Kant; but Kant is read by the specialist, and Locke is accepted, if not read, by the adherents of popular rationalism. In education he represented a school which has never ceased to have its votaries, and which has that speciousness that comes from basing its dictates on a natural development, which minimised difficulties, and paid a complimentary homage to the tendencies of human nature. But in his theories, and in his practical direction, Locke shows a knowledge of life and of character which has not always been vouchsafed to those who have made a business of pedagogy. In politics Locke sought to find a rational basis for what was the arbitrary result of the circumstances of his own day. He propounded a theory of society, which was admirably reasoned on an *a priori* method,

but which was, historically, altogether untrue. It was to his advantage that its rationalising was at the moment acceptable, and that its lack of historical basis was undetected in his own day, and even when detected, did not destroy its sufficiency as a defence of the Revolution, which was the greatest event of his time.

But it is not our business here to present in detail, or to criticise, the theories of Locke, whether in philosophy, education, or politics. We have only to examine his style. And here he is entitled to the praise of entirely subordinating style to subject. This is no small sign of literary art: and such literary art we cannot deny to Locke. He was a man to whom the niceties of language were of little moment; but he was of calm and equable temper, impressed with a sense of what was dignified and becoming, adequately acquainted with the masterpieces of literary genius, and always scrupulous, in his language, to observe rules and to obey the dictates of what in literature is analogous to courtesy in social intercourse. It would be absurd to say that Locke's style is nervous, or original, or instinct with any impulse of feeling, or stimulated by any current of imagination. But it is almost always correct; it flows evenly and smoothly, and has dignity and even grace, if it lacks variety and force. It is seen at its worst, perhaps, in his philosophical work, where his very limitations of thought made him prone to argue in a circle, and give to his style a character of dull and heavy monotony. It is much more easy in his *Treatise on Education*, where he is made more direct and practical by contact with the facts of life, and where he often inculcates his precepts in homely and racy English. In his political writing he endeavours, not always successfully, to be popular, and to gain the ear of a wider audience. In the opening chapters of his *Two Treatises on Government* the effort to attain this popularity in phraseology is clearly seen, and the effort is not unsuccessful. But it quickly dies away. The student and the literary recluse assert themselves over the pamphleteer: and the style presently falls into the orderly and correct prose of the literary theorist, and deserts the more lively outbursts of the partisan politician. But if Locke is never original in his style, and never shows the force and vigour of one who speaks straight to the deeper instincts of human nature, we must still accord to him the praise of regularity, of dignity, of scrupulous accuracy in diction, up to the measure of logical accuracy to which his thought attained.

H. CRAIK.

*

PERCEPTION

THIS faculty of perception seems to me to be that which puts the distinction betwixt the animal kingdom and the inferior parts of nature. For however vegetables have, many of them, some degrees of motion, and upon the different application of other bodies to them, do very briskly alter their figures and motions, and so have obtained the name of sensitive plants, from a motion which has some resemblance to that which in animals follows upon sensation: yet, I suppose, it is all bare mechanism, and no otherwise produced, than the turning of a wild oat-beard, by the insinuation of the particles of moisture; or the shortening of a rope, by the affusion of water. All which is done without any sensation in the subject, or the having or receiving any ideas.

Perception, I believe, is in some degree in all sorts of animals; though in some, possibly, the avenues provided by nature for the reception of sensations are so few, and the perception they are received with so obscure and dull, that it comes extremely short of the quickness and variety of sensation which are in other animals; but yet it is sufficient for, and wisely adapted to, the state and condition of that sort of animals who are thus made. So that the wisdom and goodness of the Maker plainly appear in all the parts of this stupendous fabric; and all the several degrees and ranks of creatures in it.

We may, I think, from the make of an oyster, or cockle, reasonably conclude that it has not so many nor so quick senses, as a man, or several other animals; nor if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity of transferring itself from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature that cannot move itself to or from the objects wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? and would not quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an

animal that must lie still where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it?

But yet I cannot but think there is some small dull perception, whereby they are distinguished from perfect insensibility. And that this may be so, we have plain instances even in mankind itself. Take one, in whom decrepid old age has blotted out the memory of his past knowledge, and clearly wiped out the ideas his mind was formerly stored with, and has, by destroying his sight, hearing, and smell quite, and his taste to a great degree, stopped up almost all the passages for new ones to enter; or, if there be some of the inlets yet half open, the impressions made are scarce perceived, or not at all retained. How far such an one (notwithstanding all that is boasted of innate principles) is in his knowledge, and intellectual faculties, above the condition of a cockle or an oyster, I leave to be considered. And if a man has passed sixty years in such a state, as it is possible he might, as well as three days; I wonder what difference there would have been, in any intellectual perfections, between him and the lowest degree of animals.

Perception then being the first step and degree towards knowledge, and the inlet of all the materials of it; the fewer senses any man, as well as any other creature, hath, and the fewer and duller the impressions are that are made by them; the more remote are they from that knowledge which is to be found in some men. But this being in great variety of degrees (as may be perceived amongst men) cannot certainly be discovered in the several species of animals, much less in their particular individuals. It suffices me only to have remarked here, that perception is the first operation of all our intellectual faculties, and the inlet of all knowledge in our minds. But I am apt too to imagine that it is perception, in the lowest degree of it, which puts the boundaries between animals and the inferior ranks of creatures. But this I mention only as my conjecture by the by, it being indifferent to the matter in hand which way the learned shall determine of it.

(From *Essay concerning Human Understanding.*)

THE GREATER GOOD DOES NOT DETERMINE THE WILL

IT seems so established and settled a maxim by the general consent of all mankind that good, the greater good, determines the will, that I do not at all wonder that when I first published my thoughts on this subject I took it for granted; and I imagine that by a great many I shall be thought more excusable for having then done so, than that now I have ventured to recede from so received an opinion. But yet upon a stricter inquiry, I am forced to conclude that good, the greater good, though apprehended and acknowledged to be so, does not determine the will, until our desire, raised proportionably to it, makes us uneasy in the want of it. Convince a man ever so much that plenty has an advantage over poverty; make him see and own that the handsome conveniences of life are better than nasty penury: yet as long as he is content with the latter, and finds no uneasiness in it, he moves not; his will never is determined to any action that shall bring him out of it. Let a man be ever so well persuaded to the advantages of virtue, that it is as necessary to a man who has any great aims in this world or hopes in the next, as food to life; yet, till he hungers or thirsts after righteousness, till he feels an uneasiness in the want of it, his will will not be determined to any action in pursuit of this confessed greater good; but any other uneasiness he feels in himself shall take place, and carry his will to other actions. On the other side, let a drunkard see that his health decays, his estate wastes; discredit and diseases and the want of all things, even of his beloved drink, attends him in the course he follows; yet the returns of uneasiness to miss his companions, the habitual thirst after his cups at the usual time, drives him to the tavern, though he has in his view the loss of health and plenty, and perhaps of the joys of another life: the least of which is no inconsiderable good, but such as he confesses is far greater than the tickling of his palate with a glass of wine or the idle chat of a soaking club. It is not want of viewing the greater good; for he sees and acknowledges it, and, in the intervals of his drinking hours, will take resolution to pursue the greater good; but when the uneasiness to miss his accustomed delight returns, the greater acknowledged good loses its hold, and the present uneasiness determines the will to the

accustomed action, which thereby gets stronger footing to prevail against the next occasion, though he at the same time makes secret promises to himself, that he will do so no more; this is the last time he will act against the attainment of those greater goods. And that he is from time to time in the state of that unhappy complainer, *video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*,[1] which sentence, allowed for true, and made good by constant experience, may this, and possibly no other way, be easily made intelligible.

If we inquire into the reason of what experience makes so evident in fact, and examine why it is uneasiness alone operates on the will, and determines it in its choice; we shall find that we, being capable but of one determination of the will to one action at once, the present uneasiness that we are under does naturally determine the will, in order to that happiness which we all aim at in all our actions; forasmuch as whilst we are under any uneasiness, we cannot apprehend ourselves happy, or in the way to it. Pain and uneasiness being, by every one, concluded and felt to be inconsistent with happiness, spoiling the relish even of those good things which we have; a little pain serving to mar all the pleasure we rejoiced in. And therefore that which of course determines the choice of our will to the next action, will always be the removing of pain, as long as we have any left, as the first and necessary step towards happiness.

(From the Same.)

ADAM'S MONARCHY

THUS we have examined our author's argument for Adam's monarchy, founded on the blessing pronounced, Gen. i. 28. Wherein I think it impossible for any sober reader to find any other but the setting of mankind above the other kinds of creatures in this habitable earth of ours. It is nothing but the giving to man, the whole species of man, as the chief inhabitant, who is the image of his Maker, the dominion over the other creatures. This lies so obvious in the plain words, that any one but our author would have thought it necessary to have shown how these words, that seemed to say the quite contrary, gave "Adam monarchical absolute power" over other men, or the sole property in all the creatures; and methinks in a business of this

[1] I see the better course, and approve it; I follow the worse.

moment, and that whereon he builds all that follows, he should have done something more than barely cite words which apparently make against him; for I confess, I cannot see anything in them tending to Adam's monarchy, or private dominion, but quite the contrary. And I the less deplore the dulness of my apprehension herein, since I find the apostle seems to have as little notion of any such "private dominion of Adam" as I, when he says, "God gives us all things richly to enjoy"; which he could not do, if it were all given away already to monarch Adam, and the monarchs his heirs and successors. To conclude, this text is so far from proving Adam sole proprietor, that, on the contrary, it is a confirmation of the original community of all things amongst the sons of men, which appearing from this donation of God, as well as other places of Scripture, the sovereignty of Adam, built upon his "private dominion," must fall, not having any foundation to support it.

But yet, if after all, any one will needs have it so, that by this donation of God, Adam was made sole proprietor of the whole earth, what will this be to his sovereignty? and how will it appear, that propriety in land gives a man power over the life of another? or how will the possession even of the whole earth give any one a sovereign arbitrary authority over the persons of men? The most specious thing to be said is, that he that is proprietor of the whole world, may deny all the rest of mankind food, and so at his pleasure starve them, if they will not acknowledge his sovereignty, and obey his will. If this were true, it would be a good argument to prove, that there never was any such property, that God never gave any such private dominion; since it is more reasonable to think, that God, who bid mankind increase and multiply, should rather himself give them all a right to make use of the food and raiment, and other conveniencies of life, the materials whereof he had so plentifully provided for them, than to make them depend upon the will of a man for their subsistence, who should have power to destroy them all when he pleased, and who, being no better than other men, was in succession likelier, by want and the dependence of a scanty fortune, to tie them to hard service, than by liberal allowance of the conveniencies of life to promote the great design of God, "increase and multiply": he that doubts this, let him look into the absolute monarchies of the world, and see what becomes of the conveniencies of life, and the multitudes of people.

But we know God hath not left one man so to the mercy of another, that he may starve him if he please; God, the Lord and Father of all, has given no one of his children such a property in his peculiar portion of the things of this world, but that he has given his needy brother a right to the surplusage of his goods; so that it cannot justly be denied him, when his pressing wants call for it; and therefore no man could ever have a just power over the life of another by right of property in land or possessions; since it would always be a sin, in any man of estate, to let his brother perish for want of affording him relief out of his plenty. As justice gives every man a title to the product of his honest industry, and the fair acquisitions of his ancestors descended to him; so charity gives every man a title to so much out of another's plenty as will keep him from extreme want, where he has no means to subsist otherwise: and a man can no more justly make use of another's necessity to force him to become his vassal, by withholding that relief God requires him to afford to the wants of his brother, than he that has more strength can seize upon the weaker, master him to his obedience, and with a dagger at his throat offer him death or slavery.

Should anyone make so perverse an use of God's blessings poured on him with a liberal hand; should anyone be cruel and uncharitable to that extremity; yet all this would not prove that propriety in land, even in this case, gave any authority over the persons of men, but only that compact might; since the authority of the rich proprietor, and the subjection of the needy beggar, began not from the possession of the lord, but the consent of the poor man, who preferred being his subject to starving. And the man he thus submits to, can pretend to no more power over him, than he has consented to, upon compact. Upon this ground a man's having his stores filled in a time of scarcity, having money in his pocket, being in a vessel at sea, being able to swim, etc. may as well be the foundation of rule and dominion, as being possessor of all the land in the world; any of these being sufficient to enable me to save a man's life, who would perish, if such assistance were denied him; and anything, by this rule, that may be an occasion of working upon another's necessity to save his life, or anything dear to him, at the rate of his freedom, may be made a foundation of sovereignty, as well as property. From all which it is clear, that though God should have given Adam private dominion, yet the private dominion could give him

no sovereignty: but we have already sufficiently proved, that God gave him no "private dominion."

(From *Two Treatises on Government.*)

FORCE WITHOUT RIGHT, A STATE OF WAR

THE state of war is a state of enmity and destruction: and therefore declaring by word or action, not a passionate and hasty, but a sedate settled design upon another man's life, puts him in a state of war with him against whom he has declared such an intention, and so has exposed his life to the other's power to be taken away by him, or any one that joins with him in his defence, and espouses his quarrel; it being reasonable and just, I should have a right to destroy that which threatens me with destruction: for, by the fundamental law of nature, man being to be preserved as much as possible, when all cannot be preserved, the safety of the innocent is to be preferred: and one may destroy a man who makes war upon him, or has discovered an enmity to his being, for the same reason that he may kill a wolf or a lion; because such men are not under the ties of the common law of reason, have no other rule, but that of force and violence, and so may be treated as beasts of prey, those dangerous and noxious creatures that will be sure to destroy him whenever he falls into their power.

And hence it is, that he who attempts to get another man into his absolute power, does thereby put himself into a state of war with him; it being to be understood as a declaration of a design upon his life: for I have reason to conclude, that he who would get me into his power without my consent, would use me as he pleased when he got me there, and destroy me too when he had a fancy to it; for nobody can desire to have me in his absolute power, unless it be to compel me by force to that which is against the right of my freedom, *i.e.* make me a slave. To be free from such force is the only security of my preservation; and reason bids me look on him, as an enemy to my preservation, who would take away that freedom which is the fence to it; so that he who makes an attempt to enslave me, thereby puts himself into a state of war with me. He that, in the state of nature, would take away the freedom that belongs to anyone in that state, must necessarily be supposed to have a design to take away everything else, that freedom being the foundation of all the rest; as he that, in the

state of society, would take away the freedom belonging to those in that society or commonwealth, must be supposed to design to take away from them everything else, and so be looked on as in a state of war.

This makes it lawful for a man to kill a thief, who has not in the least hurt him, nor declared any design upon his life, any farther than, by the use of force, so to get him in his power, as to take away his money, or what he pleases, from him; because, using force, where he has no right, to get me into his power, let his pretence be what it will, I have no reason to suppose, that he, who would take away my liberty, would not, when he had me in his power, take away everything else. And therefore it is lawful for me to treat him as one who has put himself into a state of war with me, *i.e.* kill him if I can; for to that hazard does he justly expose himself, whoever introduces a state of war, and is an aggressor in it.

And here we have the plain "difference between the state of nature and the state of war," which, however some men have confounded, are as far distant, as a state of peace, good-will, mutual assistance, and preservation, and a state of enmity, malice, violence, and mutual destruction, are one from another. Men living together according to reason, without a common superior on earth, with authority to judge between them, is properly the state of nature. But force, or a declared design of force, upon the person of another; where there is no common superior on earth to appeal to for relief, is the state of war: and it is the want of such an appeal gives a man the right of war even against an aggressor, though he be in society and a fellow subject. Thus a thief, whom I cannot harm, but by appeal to the law, for having stolen all that I am worth, I may kill, when he sets on me to rob me but of my horse or coat; because the law, which was made for my preservation, where it cannot interpose to secure my life from present force, which, if lost, is capable of no reparation, permits me my own defence, and the right of war, a liberty to kill the aggressor, because the aggressor allows not time to appeal to our common judge, nor the decision of the law, for remedy in a case where the mischief may be irreparable. Want of a common judge with authority, puts all men in a state of nature: force without right, upon a man's person, makes a state of war, both where there is, and is not, a common judge.

(From the Same.)

THE PROPER QUALITIES FOR A TUTOR

THE character of a sober man, and a scholar, is, as I have above observed, what every one expects in a tutor. This generally is thought enough, and is all that parents commonly look for. But when such an one has emptied out, into his pupil, all the Latin and logic he has brought from the university, will that furniture make him a fine gentleman? Or can it be expected that he should be better bred, better skilled in the world, better principled in the grounds and foundations of true virtue and generosity, than his young tutor is?

To form a young gentleman, as he should be, it is fit his governor himself should be well-bred, understand the ways of carriage, and measures of civility, in all the variety of persons, times, and places; and keep his pupil, as much as his age requires, constantly to the observation of them. This is an art not to be learnt nor taught by books: nothing can give it but good company and observation joined together. The tailor may make his clothes modish, and the dancing-master give fashion to his motions; yet neither of these, though they set off well, make a well-bred gentleman; no, though he have learning to boot; which, if not well managed, makes him more impertinent and intolerable in conversation. Breeding is that, which sets a gloss upon all his other good qualities, and renders them useful to him, in procuring him the esteem and good will of all that he comes near. Without good-breeding, his other accomplishments make him pass but for proud, conceited, vain, or foolish.

Courage, in an ill-bred man, has the air, and escapes not the opinion, of brutality: learning becomes pedantry; wit, buffoonery; plainness, rusticity: good-nature, fawning; and there cannot be a good quality in him, which want of breeding will not warp, and disfigure to his disadvantage. Nay, virtue and parts, though they are allowed their due commendation, yet are not enough to procure a man a good reception, and make him welcome wherever he comes. Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, and wears them so, who would appear with advantage. When they are polished and set, then they give a lustre. Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good-breeding sets them off: and he that will be

acceptable, must give beauty as well as strength to his actions. Solidity, or even usefulness, is not enough: a graceful way and fashion in everything is that which gives the ornament and liking. And, in most cases, the manner of doing is of more consequence than the thing done; and upon that depends the satisfaction or disgust, wherewith it is received. This, therefore, which lies not in the putting off the hat, nor making of compliments, but in a due and free composure of language, looks, motion, posture, place, etc., suited to persons and occasions, and can be learned only by habit and use, though it be above the capacity of children, and little ones should not be perplexed about it; yet it ought to be began, and in a good measure learned, by a young gentleman, whilst he is under a tutor, before he comes into the world upon his own legs; for then usually it is too late to hope to reform several habitual indecencies, which lie in little things. For the carriage is not as it should be, till it is become natural in every part; falling, as skilful musicians' fingers do, into harmonious order, without care, and without thought. If in conversation a man s mind be taken up with a solicitous watchfulness about any part of his behaviour, instead of being mended by it, it will be constrained, uneasy, and ungraceful.

Besides, this part is most necessary to be formed by the hands and care of a governor; because, though the errors committed in breeding are the first that are taken notice of by others, yet they are the last that anyone is told of. Not but that the malice of the world is forward enough to tattle of them; but it is always out of his hearing, who should make profit of their judgment, and reform himself by their censure. And indeed this is so nice a point to be meddled with, that even those who are friends, and wish it were mended, scarce ever dare mention it, and tell those they love that they are guilty in such or such cases of ill-breeding. Errors in other things may often with civility be shown another; and it is no breach of good manners or friendship to set him right in other mistakes: but good-breeding itself allows not a man to touch upon this; or to insinuate to another, that he is guilty of want of breeding. Such information can come only from those who have authority over them: and from them too it comes very hardly and harshly to a grown man; and, however softened, goes but ill down with any one, who has lived ever so little in

the world. Wherefore it is necessary, that this part should be the governor's principal care; that an habitual gracefulness, and politeness in all his carriage, may be settled in his charge, as much as may be, before he goes out of his hands; and that he may not need advice in this point, when he has neither time nor disposition to receive it, nor has anybody left to give it to him. The tutor therefore ought, in the first place, to be well-bred; and a young gentleman, who gets this one qualification from his governor, sets out with great advantage; and will find that this one accomplishment will more open his way to him, get him more friends, and carry him farther in the world, than all the hard words, or real knowledge, he has got from the liberal arts, or his tutor's learned encyclopædia; not that those should be neglected, but by no means preferred; or suffered to thrust out the other.

"Besides being well-bred, the tutor should know the world well; the ways, the humours, the follies, the cheats, the faults of the age he has fallen into, and particularly of the country he lives in. These he should be able to show to his pupil, as he finds him capable; teach him skill in men, and their manners; pull off the mask, which their several callings and pretences cover them with; and make his pupil discern what lies at the bottom, under such appearances; that he may not, as unexperienced young men are apt to do, if they are unwarned, take one thing for another, judge by the outside, and give himself up to show, and the insinuation of a fair carriage, or an obliging application. A governor should teach his scholar to guess at, and beware of, the designs of men he hath to do with, neither with too much suspicion, nor too much confidence; but, as the young man is by nature most inclined to either side, rectify him, and bend him the other way. He should accustom him to make, as much as is possible, a true judgment of men by those marks, which serve best to show what they are, and give a prospect into their inside; which often shows itself in little things, especially when they are not in parade, and upon their guard. He should acquaint him with the true state of the world, and dispose him to think no man better or worse, wiser or foolisher, than he really is. Thus, by safe and insensible degrees, he will pass from a boy to a man; which is the most hazardous in all the whole course of life. This therefore should be carefully watched, and a young man with great diligence

handed over it; and not, as now usually is done, be taken from a governor's conduct, and all at once thrown into the world under his own, not without manifest danger of immediate spoiling; there being nothing more frequent, than instances of the great looseness, extravagancy, and debauchery, which young men have run into, as soon as they have been let loose from a severe and strict education; which, I think, may be chiefly imputed to their wrong way of breeding, especially in this part; for, having been bred up in a great ignorance of what the world truly is, and finding it quite another thing, when they come into it, than what they were taught it should be, and so imagined it was; are easily persuaded, by other kind of tutors, which they are sure to meet with, that the discipline they were kept under, and the lectures that were read to them, were but the formalities of education, and the restraints of childhood; that the freedom belonging to men is to take their swing in a full enjoyment of what was before forbidden them. They show the young novice the world, full of fashionable and glittering examples of this everywhere, and he is presently dazzled with them. My young master, failing not to be willing to show himself a man, as much as any of the sparks of his years, lets himself loose to all the irregularities he finds in the most debauched; and thus courts credit and manliness, in the casting off the modesty and sobriety he has till then been kept in; and thinks it brave, at his first setting out, to signalise himself in running counter to all the rules of virtue, which have been preached to him by his tutor.

The showing him the world as really it is, before he comes wholly into it, is one of the best means, I think, to prevent this mischief. He should, by degrees, be informed of the vices in fashion, and warned of the applications and designs of those who will make it their business to corrupt him. He should be told the arts they use, and the trains they lay; and now and then have set before him the tragical or ridiculous examples of those who are ruining, or ruined, this way. The age is not like to want instances of this kind, which should be land-marks to him; that by the disgraces, diseases, beggary, and shame of hopeful young men, thus brought to ruin, he may be precautioned, and be made to see, how those join in the contempt and neglect of them that are undone, who, by pretences of friendship and respect, led them into it, and helped to prey

upon them whilst they were undoing; that he may see, before he buys it by a too dear experience, that those who persuade him not to follow the sober advices he has received from his governors, and the counsel of his own reason, which they call being governed by others, do it only, that they may have the government of him themselves; and make him believe, he goes like a man of himself, by his own conduct and for his own pleasure, when, in truth, he is wholly as a child, led by them into those vices which best serve their purposes. This is a knowledge, which, upon all occasions, a tutor should endeavour to instil, and by all methods try to make him comprehend and thoroughly relish.

(From *Thoughts on Education.*)

SCHOOL VERSES

IF these may be any reasons against children's making Latin themes at school, I have much more to say, and of more weight, against their making verses of any sort: for, if he has no genius to poetry, it is the most unreasonable thing in the world to torment a child, and waste his time about that which can never succeed; and if he have a poetic vein, it is to me the strangest thing in the world, that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved. Methinks the parents should labour to have it stifled and suppressed as much as may be; and I know not what reason a father can have to wish his son a poet, who does not desire to have him bid defiance to all other callings and business; which is not yet the worst of the case; for if he proves a successful rhymer, and gets once the reputation of a wit, I desire it may be considered, what company and places he is like to spend his time in, nay, and estate too; for it is very seldom seen, that any one discovers mines of gold or silver in Parnassus. It is a pleasant air, but a barren soil; and there are very few instances of those who have added to their patrimony by anything they have reaped from thence. Poetry and gaming, which usually go together, are alike in this too, that they seldom bring any advantage but to those who have nothing else to live on. Men of estates almost constantly go away losers; and it is well if they escape at a cheaper rate than their whole estates, or the greatest part of them. If therefore you would not have your

son the fiddle to every jovial company, without whom the sparks could not relish their wine, nor know how to pass an afternoon idly; if you would not have him waste his time and estate to divert others, and contemn the dirty acres left him by his ancestors, I do not think you will much care he should be a poet, or that his schoolmaster should enter him in versifying. But yet, if any one will think poetry a desirable quality in his son, and that the study of it would raise his fancy and parts, he must need yet confess, that, to that end, reading the excellent Greek and Roman poets is of more use than making bad verses of his own, in a language that is not his own. And he whose design it is to excel in English poetry, would not, I guess, think the way to it were to make his first essays in Latin verses.

(From the Same.)

PROSE STYLE

WHEN they understand how to write English with due connection, propriety, and order, and are pretty well masters of a tolerable narrative style, they may be advanced to writing of letters; wherein they should not be put upon any strains of wit or compliment, but taught to express their own plain, easy sense, without any incoherence, confusion, or roughness. And when they are perfect in this, they may, to raise their thoughts, have set before them the example of Voiture's, for the entertainment of their friends at a distance with letters of compliment, mirth, raillery, or diversion; and Tully's epistles, as the best pattern, whether for business or conversation. The writing of letters has so much to do in all the occurrences of human life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in this kind of writing: occasions will daily force him to make this use of his pen, which, besides the consequences, that, in his affairs, his well or ill managing of it often draws after it, always lays him open to a severer examination of his breeding, sense, and abilities, than oral discourses; whose transient faults, dying for the most part with the sound that gives them life, and so not subject to a strict review, more easily escape observation and censure.

Had the methods of education been directed to their right end, one would have thought this, so necessary a part, could not have

been neglected, whilst themes and verses in Latin, of no use at all, were so constantly everywhere pressed to the racking of children's inventions beyond their strength, and hindering their cheerful progress in learning the tongues, by unnatural difficulties. But custom has so ordained it, and who dares disobey? And would it not be very unreasonable to require of a learned country schoolmaster (who has all the tropes and figures in Farnaby's rhetoric at his fingers' ends) to teach his scholar to express himself handsomely in English, when it appears to be so little his business or thought, that the boy's mother (despised, it is like, as illiterate, for not having read a system of logic and rhetoric) outdoes him in it.

To write and speak correctly gives a grace, and gains a favourable attention to what one has to say; and, since it is English that an English gentleman will have constant use of, that is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style. To speak or write better Latin than English may make a man be talked of; but he would find it more to his purpose to express himself well in his own tongue, that he uses every moment, than to have the vain commendation of others for a very insignificant quality. This I find universally neglected, and no care taken anywhere to improve young men in their own language, that they may thoroughly understand and be masters of it. If any one among us have a facility or purity more than ordinary in his mother tongue, it is owing to chance, or his genius, or anything, rather than to his education, or any care of his teacher. To mind what English his pupil speaks or writes is below the dignity of one bred up amongst Greek and Latin, though he have but little of them himself. These are the learned languages, fit only for learned men to meddle with and teach; English is the language of the illiterate vulgar, though yet we see the policy of some of our neighbours hath not thought it beneath the public care to promote and reward the improvement of their own language. Polishing and enriching their tongue is no small business amongst them: it hath colleges and stipends appointed it, and there is raised amongst them a great ambition and emulation of writing correctly; and we see what they are come to by it, and how far they have spread one of the worst languages, possibly, in this part of the world; if we look upon it as it was in some few reigns backwards, whatever it be now. The great men amongst the

Romans were daily exercising themselves in their own language; and we find yet upon record the names of orators who taught some of their emperors Latin, though it were their mother tongue.

It is plain the Greeks were yet more nice in theirs; all other speech was barbarous to them but their own, and no foreign language appears to have been studied or valued amongst that learned and acute people; though it be past doubt, that they borrowed their learning and philosophy from abroad.

I am not here speaking against Greek and Latin; I think they ought to be studied, and the Latin, at least, understood well, by every gentleman. But whatever foreign languages a young man meddles with (and the more he knows the better), that which he should critically study and labour to get a facility, clearness, and elegancy to express himself in, should be his own, and to this purpose he should daily be exercised in it.

(From the Same.)

TO MR. MOLYNEUX

OATES, 23*rd August* 1693.

SIR—Yours of 12th August, which I received last night, eased me of a great deal of pain, your silence had for some time put me in; for you must allow me to be concerned for your health, as for a friend that I could not think in danger, or a disease, without a concern and trouble suitable to that great esteem and love I have for you. But you have made me amends plentifully, by the length and kindness, and let me add too, the freedom of your letter. For the approbation you so largely give to my book, is the more welcome to me, and gives me the better opinion of my method, because it has joined with it your exception to one rule of it; which I am apt to think you yourself, upon second thoughts, will have removed before I say anything to your objections. It confirms to me that you are the good-natured man I took you for; and I do not at all wonder that the affection of a kind father should startle at it at first reading, and think it very severe that children should not be suffered to express their desires; for so you seem to understand me. And such a restraint, you fear, "would be apt to mope them, and hinder their diversion." But if you please to look upon the place, and observe my drift, you will find that they should not

be indulged, or complied with, in anything, their conceits have made a want to them, as necessary to be supplied. What you say, "that children would be moped for want of diversion and recreation, or else we must have those about them study nothing all day but how to find employment for them; and how this would rack the invention of any man living, you leave me to judge," seems to intimate, as if you understood that children should do nothing but by the prescription of their parents or tutors, chalking out each action of the whole day in train to them. I hope my words express no such thing; for it is quite contrary to my sense, and I think would be useless tyranny in their governors, and certain ruin to the children. I am so much for recreation, that I would, as much as possible, have all they do be made so. I think recreation as necessary to them as their food, and that nothing can be recreation which does not delight. This, I think, I have so expressed; and when you have put that together, judge whether I would not have them have the greatest part of their time left to them, without restraint, to divert themselves any way they think best, so it be free from vicious actions, or such as may introduce vicious habits. And therefore, if they should ask to play, it could be no more interpreted a want of fancy, than if they asked for victuals when hungry; though, where the matter is well ordered, they will never need to do that. For when they have either done what their governor thinks enough, in any application to what is usually made their business, or are perceived to be tired with it, they should of course be dismissed to their innocent diversions, without ever being put to ask for it. So that I am for the full liberty of diversion as much as you can be; and, upon a second perusal of my book, I do not doubt but that you will find me so. But, being allowed that as one of their natural wants, they should not yet be permitted to let loose their desires in importunities for what they fancy. Children are very apt to covet what they see those above them in age have or do, to have or do the like; especially if it be their elder brothers and sisters. Does one go abroad? They, if you once allow it them, will be impatient for the like, and think themselves ill dealt with, if they have it not. This, being indulged when they are little, grows up with their age, and with that enlarges itself to things of greater consequence, and has ruined more families than one in the world. This should be

suppressed in its very first rise, and the desires you would not have encouraged, you should not permit to be spoken, which is the best way for them to silence them to themselves. Children should, by constant use, learn to be very modest in owning their desires; and careful not to ask anything of their parents but what they have reason to think their parents will approve of. And a reprimand upon their ill-bearing a refusal comes too late, the fault is committed and allowed, and if you allow them to ask, you can scarce think it strange they should be troubled to be denied; so that you suffer them to engage themselves in the disorder, and then think the fittest time for a cure, and I think the surest and easiest way is prevention. For we must take the same nature to be in children that is in grown men; and how often do we find men take ill to be denied what they would not have been concerned for, if they had not asked? But I shall not enlarge any further in this, believing you and I shall agree in the matter; and indeed it is very hard, and almost impossible, to give general rules of education, when there is scarce any one child which, in some cases, should not be treated differently from another. All that we can do in general is only to show what parents and tutors should aim at, and leave to them the ordering of particular circumstances as the case shall require.

One thing give me leave to be importunate with you about: you say, your son is not very strong; to make him strong you must use him hardly as I have directed, but you must be sure to do it by very insensible degrees, and begin an hardship you would bring him to only in the spring. This is all the caution needs be used. I have an example of it in the house I live in, where the only son of a very tender mother was almost destroyed by a too tender keeping. He is now, by a contrary usage, come to bear wind and weather, and wet in his feet; and the cough which threatened him, under that warm and cautious management, has left him, and is now no longer his parents' constant apprehension, as it was.

I am of your mind as to shorthand. I myself learned it since I was a man, but had forgot to put it in when I wrote, as I have, I doubt not, overseen a thousand other things which might have been said on this subject. But it was only, at first, a short scheme for a friend, and is published to excite others to treat it more fully.

I know not whether it would be useful to make a catalogue of authors to be read by a young man, or whether it could be done, unless one knew the child's temper, and what he was designed to.

My essay is now very near ready for another edition; and upon review of my alterations, concerning what determines the will, in my cool thoughts, I am apt to think them to be right, as far as my thoughts can reach in so nice a point, and in short is this. Liberty is a power to act, or not to act, accordingly as the mind directs. A power to direct the operative faculties to motion or rest in particular instances, is that which we call the will. That which in the train of our voluntary actions determines the will to any change of operation, is some present uneasiness, which is, or at least is always accompanied with that of desire. Desire is always moved by evil to fly it; because a total freedom from pain always makes a necessary part of our happiness. But every good, nay every greater good, does not constantly move desire, because it may not make, or may not be taken to make, any necessary part of our happiness, for all that we desire is only to be happy. But though this general desire of happiness operates constantly and invariably in us; yet the satisfaction of any particular desire, can be suspended from determining the will to any subservient action, till we have maturely examined, whether the particular apparent good we then desire, make a part of our real happiness, or be consistent, or inconsistent with it. The result of our judgment, upon examination, is what ultimately determines the man, who could not be free, if his will were determined by anything but his own desire, guided by his own judgment. This, in short, is what I think of this matter; I desire you to examine it in your own thoughts. I think I have so well made out the several particulars, where I treat them at large, that they have convinced some I have shown them to here who were of another mind; and therefore how much soever contrary to the received opinion, I think I may publish them, but I would first have your judicious and free thoughts, which I much rely on; for you love truth for itself, and me so well, as to tell it me without disguise.

You will herewith receive a new chapter "Of identity and diversity," which, having written only at your instance, it is fit you should see and judge of, before it goes to the press. Pray send me your opinion of every part of it. You need not send.

back the papers, but your remarks on the paragraphs you shall think fit; for I have a copy here.

You desired me to enlarge more particularly about eternal verities, which, to obey you, I set about; but, upon examination, find all general truths are eternal verities, and so there is no entering into particulars; though, by mistake, some men have selected some, as if they alone were eternal verities. I never, but with regret, reflect on the distance you are from me—and am, sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

(From *Familiar Letters.*)

TO THE SAME

OATES, *3rd September*, 1694.

SIR—I have so much advantage in the bargain, if friendship may be called one, that whatsoever satisfaction you find in yourself, on that account, you must allow in me with a large overplus. The only riches I have valued, or laboured to acquire, has been the friendship of ingenious and worthy men, and therefore you cannot blame me, if I so forwardly laid hold of the first occasion that opened me a way to yours. That I have so well succeeded in it I count one of my greatest happinesses, and a sufficient reward for writing my book, had I no other benefit by it. The opinion that you have of it gives me further hopes, for it is no small reward to one who loves truth, to be persuaded that he has made some discoveries of it, and any ways helped to propagate it to others. I depend so much upon your judgment and candour, that I think myself secure in you from peevish criticism or flattery; only give me leave to suspect, that kindness and friendship do sometimes carry your expressions a little too far on the favourable side. This, however, makes me not apprehend you will silently pass by anything you are not thoroughly satisfied of in it. The use I have made of the advertisements I have received from you of this kind, will satisfy you that I desire this office of friendship from you, not out of compliment, but for the use of truth, and that your animadversions will not be lost upon me. Any faults you shall meet with in reasoning, in perspicuity, in expression, or of the press,

I desire you to take notice of, and send me word of. Especially if you have anywhere any doubt; for I am persuaded that, upon debate, you and I cannot be of two opinions; nor, I think, any two men used to think with freedom, who really prefer truth to opiniatrety, and a little foolish vain-glory of not having made a mistake.

I shall not need to justify what I have said of you in my book, the learned world will be vouchers for me, and that in an age not very free from envy and censure. But you are very kind to me, since for my sake you allow yourself to own that part which I am more particularly concerned in, and permit me to call you my friend, whilst your modesty checks at the other part of your character. But, assure yourself, I am as well persuaded of the truth of it, as of anything else in my book; it had not else been put down in it. It only wants a great deal more I had to say, had that been a place to draw your picture at large. Herein I pretend not to any peculiar obligation above others that know you. For though perhaps I may love you better than many others; yet, I conclude, I cannot think better of you than others do.—I am, dear sir, your most affectionate, and most humble servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

(From the Same.)

BISHOP CUMBERLAND

[Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough, was born in London in 1632. He was educated at St. Paul's School and Magdalene College, Cambridge. He distinguished himself considerably at College. He left the University to become Rector of Brampton, Northamptonshire, whence he was transferred to Stamford. William and Mary rewarded his fidelity to the Protestant cause at the Revolution by appointing him, much to his own surprise, to the Bishopric of Peterborough. He died in 1718 in his eighty-seventh year.]

BISHOP CUMBERLAND is best known by his *Essay towards the recovery of the Jewish Measures and Weights, comprehending their Monies, by help of Ancient Standards, compared with ours of England.* This little treatise is not without some historic interest even at this day, and shows considerable ingenuity and reasoning ability.

He published also a translation of Sanchoniatho's Phœnician history, from Eusebius, together with Eratosthenes' continuation, "with many historical and chronological remarks," so runs the title-page, "proving them to contain a series of Phœnician and Egyptian chronology, from the first Man to the first Olympiad, agreeable to the Scripture accounts."

After his death, as a sort of sequel to the above, was published a collection of tracts by his lordship entitled *Origines Gentium Antiquissimæ ;. or, Attempts for Discovering the Times of the First Planting of Nations.*

Bishop Cumberland also wrote a work in Latin, on *The Laws of Nature; Divine, Moral, and Political,* which has been translated and edited.

The bishop wrote an excessively bad style, alike in Latin and in English. He is often quite unintelligible and always dull. Long, involved sentences, and tedious, almost irrelevant, digressions, mar his pages. That he was a man of deep learning,

careful judgment, and acute reasoning power is evident enough, but that he either could not or would not put his doubtless valuable matter into an attractive form, is also only too painfully evident.

There is neither humour, poetry, nor any embellishment in his writings. Clumsy, long-winded disquisitions on themes that have years ago lost any interest they may ever have had, constantly recur as we turn over page after page of his treatises.

To serve as a warning that, however valuable the matter, badness of manner will inevitably damn a book in the eyes of posterity is the only lasting good poor old Bishop Cumberland can claim to have accomplished.

A. I. FITZROY

PROVIDENCE IN THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

I SHALL conclude these notes with this single observation, viz. That God did by his providence weaken the family of Canaan many years before the children of Israel were to make war against them, in order to the expelling the seven nations out of that land, which he had promised to the issue of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. For,

1. The Avim, whom I have shewn to be Canaanites, were most of them destroyed by the Philistines coming from Egypt.

2. The Horites, who also were Hivites, were conquered by the Edomites.

3. The great body of the Canaanites, that invaded Egypt, was much weakened by about 250 years' war there, and with loss of many battles, were forced to capitulate for liberty to depart thence.

4. After this departure the Canaanites were weakened by being divided into two kingdoms, left in the southern parts of Canaan; and a third kingdom, which yet was subdivided, was settled in the northern parts of Canaan, between Jordan and the Mediterranean sea, on which they had all the northern ports.

5. From their ports, as Tyre, Sidon, etc. they dispersed themselves into many colonies, both in the islands and continents adjoining to the midland sea: of which see Bochart's *Canaan*. But the times of those plantations I find not sufficiently proved: only the times of two of those plantations from Phœnice or Canaan, are recorded by Eusebius, viz. (1) The colony into Greece by Cadmus. And (2) That into Bithynia by Phœnix: and it's affirmed by him that both these plantations were contemporary with each other, and therefore both of them considerably before the time when Joshua subdued those who remained in Canaan.

Hence it evidently follows, that because all these things did

lessen the force of the Canaanites remaining in the Promised Land, the conquest of them must be made the more easy, and all must conduce to the settlement of Israel, God's peculiar people; and to the fulfilling of the divine promises made to their forefathers; although the men who managed the forementioned wars and dispersions meant no such thing as any ease to the settlement of Israel.

(From the *Planting of Nations.*)

THE PRIMITIVE ARCADIANS CALLED PELASGI

PAUSANIAS expressly testifies that the people of Arcadia were all Pelasgi, and their country called Pelasgia before the time of Arcas, from whom the name of Arcadia was derived. (See the beginning of Pausanias's Arcadics, where you will find this acknowledged.) And although he do there mention a fabulous tradition that the earth brought forth Pelasgus upon the high mountains of Arcadia, out of Asius an old poet, yet he believed it not; because he adds, out of his own reason, that there were other men there at that time; otherwise Pelasgus would have had no subjects over whom he should reign: and then he proceeds to tell us that they were Pelasgi before Arcas was born.

But if we compare with him Dionysius Halicarnassensis in the latter part of his first book, we shall find that one Atlas, whose former habitation was on Caucasus, was the first king in Arcadia. And Apollodorus informs us that he was the son of Japetus, and brother to Prometheus (with whom Hesiod agrees). And since Diodorus Siculus assures us that the eldest Prometheus lived in the time of Osirus, whom we have elsewhere showed to be Mizraim, the son of Ham, Japhet's brother, we shall perceive that Arcadia is intimated by these Greek writers to be planted about the third generation after the Flood, not long after the planting of Egypt by Mizraim: but the planters of it were then called Pelasgi, not Arcades.

(From the Same.)

THE EGYPTIAN STANDARD IN THE TIME OF JOSEPH

IT appears by the same chronology, that from the death of Noah, to Joseph's promotion and authority in Egypt, there were but 283 years, in which interval no change of measures, from what Noah's family used, is read of. And several Arabian writers affirm, that Joseph, during his regency there, set up the nilometrion, or column, for measuring the increases of Nile; which column is now divided by this Egyptian cubit, and must reasonably be judged from the first to have been divided by the same; because, in all ages the same number of cubits, in the overflow, have been esteemed necessary for the judging of plenty or scarcity like to follow in that country. And there is reason to believe, that the column when divided by him into cubits, was divided according to a cubit, that had been used and known before his time, above 283 years, constancy in these things being usual in all settled dominions, is to be presumed rather than change, of which there can no proof be offered. And there are many instances of measures being preserved unaltered for a longer time than that, as we shall hereafter show.

Now I only suggest, that the numeration by decads hath been kept among all nations, that I know of, from the eldest times of history: and yet it's as alterable by human authority, or agreement, as the measure by cubits and epha's, etc. or as the size of such measures. Now, that these measures and weights were of elder use than Jacob's descent into Egypt, may be argued:—

1. From the measure whereby Noah's ark was designed, viz. round even numbers of cubits, and such cubits as were used and known in Moses his time, else it would have been in vain to have described its measures by a word whose sense was unknown. And if Noah's cubit had been a different measure from the mosaical cubit, Moses must have reduced that into the then known measure, before he wrote the history, which we have reason to believe he did not; because it cannot be expected that such different measure would, upon reduction, have fallen into such even round numbers as Moses sets down; its length just 300 cubits, breadth 50, height 20. The same reason holds in 16 cubits height of the Flood above the hills So also we read

of Sarah's preparing three seahs of meal, which are an epha (the chief measure of capacity, and the sixth part of the cube of a cubit, as hereafter I shall show) long before the Egyptian bondage.

We have also shekels, the original weight mentioned in Abraham's time, both in Abimelech's gift to Sarah, as the Septuagint and Targum Onkelos express it, Gen. xx. 16: and in his purchase from Ephron the Hittite, in the Hebrew Bible, Gen. xxiii. 15, 16. And just before Jacob's going into Egypt, his money out of Canaan passing by its weight (which therefore must be agreed on) in Egypt, Gen. xliii. 21. And there being no mark to distinguish these weights and measures before the descent into Egypt, from those of the same name mentioned by the same writer after it; it is to be presumed they signify the same quantities exactly, else the word must be equivocal, which ought not to be presumed without full proof.

(From *Essay on Jewish Measures and Weights.*)

HALIFAX

[George Savile, first Marquis and Earl of Halifax, was born 11th November 1633. He was descended from an ancient Yorkshire family, and succeeded to the paternal baronetcy in 1641. In the year of the Restoration he entered Parliament as member for Pontefract. In 1668 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Savile of Eland and Viscount Halifax, and in the following year he began, as a Commissioner of the Board of Trade, an official career of unusual diversity, including a joint ambassadorship at the Hague. In 1675 his name was struck off the Privy Council, during the ascendancy of Danby, but it was restored in 1679, when he became a member of Shaftesbury's administration and was created Earl of Halifax. He remained in office after Shaftesbury's dismissal, and in 1680 was mainly instrumental in bringing about the rejection of the Exclusion Bill by the House of Lords. In 1682 he was created Marquis of Halifax and appointed Lord Privy Seal. He was, however, out of sympathy with the Court and in favour of the recall of Monmouth; and on the accession of James II., after being removed to the Presidency of the Council, he was in December 1685 dismissed from office. He took an active part in the operations which led to the overthrow of James II., and in the Convention Parliament of 1689 acted as Speaker of the House of Lords. He held office under the new *régime* as Lord Privy Seal from March 1689 to February 1690; but after this he withdrew from public life, and spent the remainder of his days chiefly in his country-seat of Rufford in Nottinghamshire, to which he was deeply attached. He died 5th April 1695, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Halifax's first wife, Lady Dorothy Spencer, was a daughter of the first Earl of Sunderland and his Countess ("Sacharissa").]

AMONG the most celebrated productions of Halifax's pen, it is usual to assign the first place to the *Character of a Trimmer* (1688), the mere title of which would have sufficed to make its fortune as a tract. But although his sole or joint authorship has long been generally assumed, and is confidently taken for granted by Macaulay, the fact remains that the first three editions attribute the treatise to Sir William Coventry, Halifax's kinsman, —the third, however, stating it to have been revised by Halifax himself. Coventry appears to have denied his authorship, and since the inclusion of the *Character* in Halifax's *Miscellanies*, first

published nine years after his death, it has been usually regarded as his. All that can be said with certainty is that he had a good deal to do with it, and that it suits his principles as well as it matches what we know of his style.

To Macaulay modern readers of English history may be said to owe their appreciation of Halifax's rare qualities as a politician and a patriot; nor has any character in his long and brilliant gallery been drawn more generously by the great party historian than that of the *Trimmer*—who had a soul above party. A whig record of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. may indeed, without arrogance, claim some inner affinity with the spirit of one who thought so nobly of Liberty as did Halifax; and if the passage extracted below was not actually written by him, it may stand as one which he must have entirely approved. On the other hand the tract breathes a patriotism of the most conservative type, and it is, like everything that was written by Halifax or that commended itself to him, the work of one who loved England above everything. Nor need we blame him because in thinking of England he was apt to remember Rufford, his inherited part and parcel of his country.

A *Trimmer*, then, is one who trims or balances in order to preserve—whether a boat in the river, or the good ship Commonwealth in a sea of troubles. Whether the designation implies honour or dishonour, depends altogether on the *bona fides* of the individual; just as was the case with the analogous designation of the *politiques* in France in the days of the internecine struggle between the League and the monarchy. The famous *Character*—which with the exception of its section on foreign policy hardly deviates from the broad path of apparent, though often highly significant, commonplace—thoroughly vindicates its fundamental conception. "Our Trimmer" stands for a "mixt monarchy"—in other words, he is a constitutionalist of a type which during a full century remained the standard of political liberalism for all practical men, but which in Halifax's day was by no means trite. The "classes" of his generation, it must be remembered, knew something by experience of republican government; while of the evils of monarchical despotism, the Trimmer could give without passion an exposition worthy of the admiration of Montesquieu. On matters ecclesiastical his "opinion" is equally enlightened; and he represents that religious liberalism—equally far removed from fanaticism and from indifference—which in later periods of

English life has again became as rare as it was in the reigns of the last two Stuart kings. What, however, it would be futile to seek in the *Character of a Trimmer*, is political philosophy which looks far beyond a given situation. The author is only concerned to apply a few broad principles to matters as they stand; and this he does in language which, though here and there it glows with an unfeigned warmth, disdains neither trivial illustrations nor familiar figures, and rarely rises to so ambitious a height as that of the well-known passage at the close of the tract, which it seemed right not to omit below.

Another well-known tract attributed to Halifax, though the signature T. W. reversed was held by some to point to Sir William Temple, is the *Letter to a Dissenter*, published on the occasion of James II.'s first Declaration of Indulgence (1687). It was an admirably devised and most opportune attempt to convince the Protestant Nonconformists of the correctness of the *timeo Danaos* attitude which, with a combination of long-sightedness and fortitude almost unparalleled, a large proportion of their body assumed, and in spite of discouragement upon discouragement maintained. The argument of the solidarity of the Protestant interest was in itself excellent; the weakness of the position taken up by the writer of the *Letter*, which he did his best to cover with the help of a style full of liveliness and wit, lay in the paucity of the examples at his disposal of the readiness of the Church of England to acknowledge the solidarity in question. The *Letter* called forth a full score of replies; but while I perceive no reason for doubting Halifax's authorship of it, I cannot suppose him to have written the dogmatic *Second Letter to a Dissenter*, etc. (1687), which appeared in the course of the controversy. Among other political pieces that have been attributed to Halifax are the happily-named and shrewd, but rather drily written, *Anatomy of an Equivalent* (*i.e.* for oaths and tests); the very interesting *Cautions offered to the consideration of those who are to choose Members to serve in the ensuing Parliament*, which apparently belongs to the year 1689, and contains a most curious picture, drawn without narrow-mindedness, of the social composition of a House of Commons of the times; and *A Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea* (1694). In this pamphlet, which, if written by Halifax, was probably his last political piece, he seeks, not very effectively, to "trim" between the two different systems of appointment to commissions, which in the Navy and elsewhere it

long proved so difficult to blend. The brief *Maxims of State* printed among Halifax's *Miscellanies* have considerable vigour, and conclude with the following:—"That a people may let a king fall, yet still remain a people; but if a king let his people step from him, he is no longer king."

Of much the same type are the *Political and Moral Reflexions*, which were published in 1750 from Halifax's MSS. by his granddaughter, the Countess of Burlington. But aphoristic literature has no claim to survive unless when distinguished by real excellence; and these sentences, while rarely devoid of the kind of wisdom that is the fruit of experience, as rarely show what deserves to be called wit. At the same time was given to the world Halifax's *Character of Charles II.*, to which posterity has turned with more interest than to his censures on Edward II. and Richard II.; yet the latter are of some significance. They appeared in the very crisis of the Revolution settlement (January 1689), under the full (something too full) title of *Historical Observations upon the Reigns of Edward I., II., III., and Richard II.; with Remarks upon their Faithful Counsellors and False Favourites;* written by a *Person of Honour.* Yet in truth Edward I. and II. only come in towards the close in a series of *antitheta* of no particular interest; the point of the essay lies in the parallel between Edward II. and Richard II., and possibly James II. *subauditus.* The Introduction, which exhibits Lord Halifax himself in the character of a highly self-complacent latter-day Doctor Faustus, rejecting theology, giving philosophy the go-by, and in default of being able to make way with uncontentious mathematics venturing upon a bit of solid history in their stead, is quite worth perusal, but contains no passage of notable force. It should not remain unmentioned, in this connexion, that Halifax was a keen-sighted collector of original historical documents, a selection from which, published in 1703, must not be confounded with the other *Miscellanies* of his own inditing.

As a quick-sighted observer, who had every opportunity of supplementing his own observations by those of the clever men, and more especially of the gifted women, whose intimacy he enjoyed, and as a judge raised above all prejudice, whether partisan or personal, Halifax was uniquely qualified to sum up the character of a prince, usually, but not altogether correctly, supposed to have had no character at all. And in my opinion the result is the best extant summary of the subject from the

personal, or in other words the one biographically satisfactory, point of view. I have extracted parts of the concluding chapter, which has something of the gracefulness inseparable from the true generosity of disposition which distinguished Halifax.

Nor is this quality altogether missing in the last of Halifax's literary productions on which I propose to touch, *The Lady's New-Year's Gift, or, Advice to a Daughter.* This once famous little treatise might almost be described as its author's offering to the beloved young wife of whom (in 1670) he was suddenly bereft, as well as to his daughter Anne (afterwards Lady Vaughan) to whom he devoted a not less genuine affection. This Manual of Conduct ran rapidly through sixteen editions, and was translated into French and Italian; and I have met with it in curiously mixed company in a guinea gift-book, entitled *Angelica's Ladies' Library, or, Parents' and Guardians' Present,* illustrated by Angelica Kauffman and H. Bunbury, and dedicated to good Queen Charlotte (1794). It has many undeniable merits; for it is not only, as a matter of course, full of shrewdness and common-sense, but it likewise, as observed, displays on such questions as those of domestic economy the broad and liberal spirit of a true *grand seigneur.* And again, more especially in discussing the management of children, it reveals a genial and loveable side of Halifax's character, not elsewhere apparent except in his familiar letters. Yet when one reads that in the *vade mecum* composed by him for his child, our author tempered "maxims of exalted piety with a curious mixture of worldly wisdom," one can only wonder at the willingness of able writers to accommodate themselves to foregone conclusions. Halifax's standpoint in this work is dangerously near to that of another celebrated nobleman—a grandson by the way of Halifax and his second wife—in his *Letters to his Son.* In both instances the father's admonitions are inadequate, not so much because of what they contain as because of what they omit. Halifax's conception of religion, for instance, as here developed is consistent and calm; it is cheerful; it is charitable; it is what you will; but I cannot discern in it anything "exalted." He moves, not more at his ease (for he is always quite at his ease), but more to the tune of his times, in the succeeding sections under the headings, "Husband," "House, Family, and Children," "Behaviour," "Friendship," "Diversions," and so forth. We here see him to be sincerely intent upon his daughter's prosperity in the world which he knew

both *intus et in cute*, and offering her the very best of advice, quintessential indeed in the strength in which it is distilled from his unrivalled experience. If her husband has faults or vices, if he is too fond, for instance, of sitting over his bottle or of counting his money-bags, let her not so much give way to as *utilise* these defects, and she will find her reckoning. If her friends of her own sex are discussed in her presence, let her not be too eager to defend them with generous warmth. Nobody can predict what may or may not prove true; and it is never advisable to be found to have taken the wrong side. On the other hand, if you must blame, if you must strike, "do it like a *Lady*, gently; and assure yourself that where you care to do it you will wound others more, *and hurt yourself less* by soft strokes, than by being harsh or violent." Accustomed though Halifax was to the society of some of the most honourable, cultivated, and within their lights, both high-minded and high-spirited women of his times, he could not think, so far as in him lay, of training up his daughter except in one way, *the way that would pay*. Thus his social, not less than his political philosophy, had its limits.

A. W. WARD.

LIBERTY, AND THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION

OUR *Trimmer* owns a passion for liberty, yet so restrained that it does not in the least impair or taint his allegiance; he thinks it hard for a soul that does not love liberty, ever to raise itself to another world; he takes it to be the foundation of all virtue, and the only seasoning that gives a relish to life; and tho' the laziness of a slavish subjection has its charms for the more gross and earthy part of mankind, yet to men made of a better sort of clay all that the world can give without liberty has no taste. It is true, nothing is sold so cheap by unthinking men; but that does no more lessen the real value of it, than a country fellow's ignorance does that of a diamond in selling it for a pot of ale. Liberty is the mistress of mankind, she has powerful charms which so dazzle us that we find beauties in her which perhaps are not there, as we do in other mistresses; yet, if she was not a beauty, the world would not run mad for her; therefore, since the unreasonable desire of it cannot be entirely suppressed, those who would take it away from a people possessed of it are likely to fail in the attempting, or be very unquiet in the keeping of it.

Our *Trimmer* admires our blessed constitution, in which dominion and liberty are so well reconciled. It gives to the prince the glorious power of commanding freemen, and to the subject the satisfaction of seeing the power so lodged, as that their liberties are secure; it does not allow the Crown such a ruining power, as that no grass can grow where'er it treads, but a cherishing and protecting power; such a one as hath a grim aspect only to the offending subjects, but is the joy and the pride of all the good ones; their own interest being so bound up in it, as to engage them to defend and support it; and though in some instances the king is restrained, yet nothing in the government can move without him; our laws make a distinction between vassalage and obedience, between devouring prerogatives and a licentious ungovernable freedom; and as of all the orders

of building the composite is the best, so ours, by a happy mixture and a wise choice of what is best in others, is brought into a form that is our felicity who live under it, and the envy of our neighbour that cannot imitate it.

The Crown has power sufficient to protect our liberties, The people have so much liberty, it is necessary to make them useful to the Crown.

Our government is in a just proportion; no tympany, no unnatural swelling either of power or liberty; and whereas in all overgrown monarchies, reason, learning, and equity are hang'd in effigy for mutineers, here they are encouraged and cherished, as the surest friends to a government established upon the foundation of law and justice. When all is done, those who look for perfection in this world, may look as the Jews have for their Messias; and therefore our *Trimmer* is not so unreasonably partial, as to free our government from all objections. No doubt, there have been fatal instances of its sickness and, more than that, of its mortality, for some time, though by a miracle it hath been revived again. But till we have another race of mankind, in all constitutions that are bounded, there will ever be some matter of strife and contention; and, rather than want pretensions, men's passions and interests will raise them from the most inconsiderable causes.

Our government is like our climate; there are winds which are sometimes loud and unquiet, and yet with all the trouble they give us, we owe great part of our health unto them in that they clear the air, which else would be like a standing pool, and instead of refreshment would be a disease unto us.

(From *The Character of a Trimmer.*)

TRUTH AND *TRIMMERS*

OUR *Trimmer* adores the Goddess Truth, tho' in all ages she has been scurvily used, as well as those that worshipped her. 'Tis of late become such a ruining virtue, that mankind seems to be agreed to commend and avoid it; yet the want of practice, which repeals the other laws, has no influence upon the law of Truth, because it has root in heaven, and an intrinsic value in itself that can never be impaired: she shows her greatness in this, that her

enemies, even when they are successful, are ashamed to own it. Nothing but power full of truth has the prerogative of triumphing, not only after victories, but in spite of them, and to put conquest herself out of countenance. She may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remains with her, even when she is in chains. Falsehood, with all her impudence, has not enough to speak ill of her before her face; such majesty she carries about her, that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason; all the power upon the earth can never extinguish her; she has lived in all ages; and let the mistaken zeal of prevailing authority christen any opposition to it with what name they please, she makes it not only an ugly and an unmannerly, but a dangerous thing to persist. She has lived very retired indeed, nay, sometimes so buried, that only some few of the discerning parts of mankind could have a glimpse of her; with all that, she has eternity in her, she knows not how to die, and from the darkest clouds that shade and cover her, she breaks from time to time with triumph for her friends, and terror to her enemies.

Our *Trimmer*, therefore, inspired by this divine virtue, thinks fit to conclude with these assertions: that our climate is a *Trimmer*, between that part of the world where men are roasted, and the other where they are frozen; that our church is a *Trimmer*, between the phrenzy of Platonic visions, and the lethargic ignorance of popish dreams; that our laws are *Trimmers*, between the excess of unbounded power, and the extravagance of liberty not enough restrained; that true virtue has ever been thought a *Trimmer*, and to have its dwelling in the middle between the two extremes; that even God Almighty Himself is divided between His two great attributes, His mercy and His justice.

(From the Same.)

CONCLUDING CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.

AFTER all this, when some rough strokes of the pencil have made several parts of his picture look a little hard, it is a justice that would be due to every man, much more to a prince, to make some amends, and to reconcile men as much as may be to it by the last finishing.

He had as good a claim to a kind interpretation as most men. First, as a prince: living and dead, generous and well-bred men will be gentle to them; next, as an unfortunate prince in the beginning of his time, and a gentle one in the rest.

A prince neither sharpened by his misfortunes while abroad, nor of his power when restored, is such a shining character, that it is a reproach not to ... so dazzled with it, as not to be able to see a fault in its full light. It would be a scandal in this case to have an exact memory. And if all who are akin to his vices, should mourn for him, never prince would be better attended to his grave. He is under the protection of common frailty, that must engage men for their own sakes not to be too severe, where they themselves have so much to answer.

If he had sometimes less firmness than might have been wished, let the kindest reason be given, and if that should be wanting, the best excuse. I would assign the cause of it to be his loving at any rate to be easy, and his deserving the more to be indulged in it, by his desiring that everybody else should be so.

If he sometimes let a servant fall, let it be examined whether he did not weigh so much upon his master, as to give him a fair excuse. That yieldingness, whatever foundations it might lay to the disadvantage of posterity, was a specific to preserve us in peace for his time. If he loved too much to lie upon his own down-bed of ease, his subjects had the pleasure, during his reign, of lolling and stretching upon theirs. As a sword is sooner broken upon a feather-bed than upon a table, so his pliantness broke the blow of a present mischief much better than a more immediate resistance would perhaps have done.

Ruin saw this, and therefore removed him first to make way for further over-turnings.

If he dissembled, let us remember, first, that he was a king, and that dissimulation is a jewel of the crown; next, that it is very hard for a man not to do sometimes too much of that, which he concludeth necessary for him to practise. Men should consider, that as there would be no false dice, if there were no true ones, so if dissembling is grown universal, it ceaseth to be foul play, having an implied allowance by the general practice. He that was so often forced to dissemble in his own defence, might the better have the privilege sometimes to be the aggressor, and to deal with men at their own weapon.

Subjects are apt to be as arbitrary in their censure, as the most assuming kings can be in their power. If there might be matter for objections, there is not less reason for excuses; the defects laid to his charge, are such as may claim indulgence from mankind.

Should nobody throw a stone at his faults but those who are free from them, there would be but a slender shower.

(From *A Character of King Charles II.*)

ON THE TREATMENT OF CHILDREN

YOU may love your children without living in the nursery; and you may have a competent and discreet care of them, without letting it break out upon the company, or exposing yourself by turning your discourse that way, which is a kind of laying children to the parish; and it can hardly be done anywhere, that those who bear it will be so forgiving as not to think they are overcharged with them. A woman's tenderness to her children, is one of the least deceitful evidences of her virtue; but yet the way of expressing it, must be subject to the rules of good breeding. And though a woman of quality ought not to be less kind to them than mothers of the meanest rank are to theirs, yet she may distinguish herself in the manner, and avoid the coarse methods which in women of a lower size might be more excusable. You must begin early to make them love you, that they may obey you. This mixture is nowhere more necessary than in children. And I must tell you, that you are not to expect returns of kindness from yours, if you have any, without grains of allowance; and yet it is not so much a defect in their good-nature, as a shortness of thought in them. Their first insufficiency maketh them lean so entirely upon their parents for what is necessary, that the habit of it maketh them continue the same expectations for what is unreasonable; and as often as they are denied, so often they think they are injured. And whilst their desires are strong, and their reasons yet in the cradle, their anger looketh no further than the thing they long for and cannot have; and to be displeased for their own good, is a maxim they are very slow to understand. So that you may conclude, the first thoughts of your children will have no small mixture of mutiny; which being so natural, you

must not be angry, except you would increase it. You must deny them as seldom as you can; and when there is no avoiding it, you must do it gently; you must flatter away their ill-humour, and take the next opportunity of pleasing them in some other thing, before they either ask or look for it. This will strengthen your authority by making it soft to them; and confirm their obedience by making it their interest. You are to have as strict a guard upon yourself amongst your children, as if you were amongst your enemies. They are apt to make wrong inferences, to take encouragement from half words, and misapply what you may say or do, so as either to lessen their duty, or to extend their liberty further than is convenient. Let them be more in awe of your kindness, than of your power. And above all, take heed of supporting a favourite child in its impertinence, which will give right to the rest of claiming the same privilege. If you have a divided number, leave the boys to the father's more peculiar care, that you may with greater justice pretend to a more immediate jurisdiction over those of your own sex. You are to live so with them, that they may never choose to avoid you, except when they have offended; and then let them tremble, that they may distinguish. But their penance must not continue so long, as to grow too severe upon their stomachs, that it may not harden instead of correcting them. The kind and severe part must have their several turns seasonably applied; but your indulgence is to have the broader mixture, that love rather than fear may be the root of their obedience.

(From *The Lady's New-Year's-Gift, or, Advice to a Daughter.*)

SAMUEL PEPYS

[Samuel Pepys, 1633-1703, clerk of the Acts of the Navy Board (1660), and afterwards Secretary of the Admiralty till 1689, Fellow, and some time President, of the Royal Society, published in 1690 a short statement of the condition of the Navy for ten years past—*Memoires relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England.* His shorthand *Diary* (1660-1669), preserved in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, was edited by Lord Braybrooke in 1825, about half of the original being suppressed. A fuller edition was published by the Rev. Mynors Bright (1875-1879); the first volumes of another by Mr. H. B. Wheatley appeared in 1893, representing the whole of the original MS., with some small exceptions.]

IT is as impossible as it is fortunately unnecessary to attempt to sum up the series of entries in Pepys's *Diary*. Where everything is particular, and all things are treated by the chronicler as if there were no differences of value among them, there can be no description of the chronicle; it may be copied or repeated, it cannot be described; the atoms of Pepys's impressions must be taken as he gives them or not at all. No one wishes to be told about Pepys; talk about Pepys is quotation from the *Diary*, and he talks best who remembers most, and has least to say about it in the way of commentary.

There is a possible misapprehension of Pepys's character, which may be removed by argument, if it is anywhere entertained. Pepys is so little reticent about his follies, blunders, and misfortunes that he may create in some minds the impression that he was a booby and a ridiculous person. The *Diary* in truth, with all its particularity and sincerity, is unjust to its author. The reader has to remind himself that it is microscopic, and that to get a just view of Pepys one ought not to know all about him. It may be difficult to understand where there was room for all his work, in the perpetual trade of morning draughts and suppers,

plays in the afternoon, and the lute and the theorbo in the evening. But the secret of the *Diary*, if there be a secret in it, is that it was written by an industrious man of business, who did well for himself, and worked honestly for his office. The quickness with which the diarist takes hold of and notes down the waifs and the drifting vanities of hour after hour of his life, is not the cultivated or sophisticated interest of a man of letters engaged in collecting details of experience, documents to be worked up into a novel. It is something much simpler and more natural. When Pepys's spirits are brought down by his anxiety about his sight, the *Diary* stops; it went well as an accompaniment to successful activity and growing fortune; the shadow puts an end to it. Pepys does not begin as a collector of trifles or a perverse hoarder of things too small for ordinary minds to catch. That is not his work; his work is elsewhere. But his work goes so well, his life is so exhilarating a medley of serious business in the thick of great events, and of pleasure and good cheer, that he needs must make of it all he can by putting it into his note-books; it is too good to be lost. "So to sleep, every day bringing in a fresh sense of the pleasure of my present life" (Apr. 17, 1660). Without the Navy Office, however, and the acquaintance with great personages, and the growing balance in his favour at the end of each year, he would have had no spirit to keep account of the playhouses, or of his neighbours in church. Pepys's steadiness in the plague year, his speech in defence of the Board in 1668, and his *Memoires* of 1690 on the Navy, are to be remembered, if the Secretary of the Admiralty is to be judged aright.

The melancholy conclusion of the *Diary* in 1669 was followed within a few months by the death of Mrs. Pepys, and the *Diary* was never resumed. The monument of Pepys's later years is to be sought in his library, and in his letters. The letters have very little of the character of the *Diary*, except that they are an additional proof of Pepys's freedom from affectation, and of his appreciation of life. They seem to have had the power of drawing good answers. Sir Isaac Newton replies at length, to solve a problem in chances of the dice; and Lord Reay and Dr. Hickes send long letters on the second sight, Lord Reay collecting evidence of portents from the Highlands, and Dr. Hickes contributing notes from the mythology of the Elves.

It is difficult to make a selection from the *Diary*. The

opening months are as good as any—partly because of the political suspense, greater in 1659-60 than in any other period of the *Diary*, partly because the fortunes of Pepys are then just beginning to be assured. In the beginning of 1660 he was in close relations with his cousin, "My Lord," who made his fortune for him, at the same time that he helped to make the king's. He took some part in the serious political discussions of Harrington's Rota. Among all the passages in memoirs that keep for later generations something of the outward form of great occurrences, few are pleasanter than the account in this *Diary* of the rejoicings at the coming Restoration—how Pepys went to the coffee-house at Westminster, and sat "in a room next the water," listening to Mr. Lock and Mr. Purcell at their music, "brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices which Mr. Lock had lately made on these words: *Domine salvum fac Regem*, an admirable thing." "Here out of the window it was a most pleasant sight to see the City from one end to the other with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the City, and the bells rang everywhere" (Feb. 21, 1659-60). Here Pepys looked out of the window, down and across the river at the "glory," while "Captain Taylor began a discourse of something that he had lately writ about Gavelkind"—harsh, after the songs of Apollo.

The account of the beginning of the Fire, and the pastoral of Epsom Downs, are unlike most of the entries in the *Diary*, as coming nearer to the common forms of literature, with definite themes of their own. To the same extent they fail to continue the ordinary manner of the *Diary*, its confusion and inconsequence. The Fire takes up the attention too exclusively for much digression, and the Sunday on the Downs appears to have influenced the writer so happily that even the sprained ankle is not permitted to spoil his enjoyment or his story. But while the more harmonious composition of those narratives is different from Pepys's ordinary random style, it is not less natural or more premeditated than the most incongruous passages: there is hardly to be found in the *Diary* any trace of literary ambition.

W. P. KER.

SIR C. MINGS

13*th June* 1666.—Invited to Sir Christopher Mings's funeral, but find them gone to church. However, I into the Church, which is a fair, large church, and a great chapel, and there heard the service, and stayed till they buried him, and then out; and there met with Sir W. Coventry, who was there out of great generosity, and no person of quality there but he, and went with him into his coach; and, being in it with him, there happened this extraordinary case—one of the most romantic that ever I heard of in my life, and could not have believed, but that I did see it; which was this:—About a dozen able, lusty, proper men came to the coach-side with tears in their eyes, and one of them that spoke for the rest begun, and said to Sir W. Coventry, "We are here a dozen of us, that have long known and loved, and served our dead commander, Sir Christopher Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him. All we have is our lives; if you will please to get His Royal Highness to give us a fireship among us all, here are a dozen of us, out of all which, choose you one to be commander; and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him; and, if possible do that which shall show our memory of our dead commander, and our revenge." Sir W. Coventry was herewith much moved as well as I, who could hardly abstain from weeping, and took their names and so parted; telling me that he would move His Royal Highness as in a thing very extraordinary, which was done. The truth is, Sir Christopher Mings was a very stout man, and a man of great parts, and most excellent tongue amongst ordinary men, and, as Sir W. Coventry says, could have been the most useful man at such a pinch of time as this. He was come into great renown here at home, and more abroad, in the West Indies. He had brought his family into a way of being great; but dying

at this time, his memory and name, his father being always, and at this day, a shoemaker, and his mother a hoyman's daughter; of which he was used frequently to boast, will be quite forgot in a few months as if he had never been, nor any of his name be the better by it: he having not had time to will any estate, but is dead poor, rather than rich. So we left the church and crowd. Walked to Mrs. Bagwell's, and went into her house; but I was not a little fearful of what she told me but now, which is, that her servant was dead of the plague, and that she had new-whitened the house all below stairs, but that above stairs they are not so fit for me to go up to, they being not so. So I parted thence, with a very good will, but very civilly, and away to the water-side, and sent for a pint of sack, and drank what I would and gave the waterman the rest.

THE FIRE

2nd September 1666, Lord's Day.—Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest; but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and then looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and farther off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it began this morning in the King's baker's house in

Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus' Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time, it got as far as the Steel-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging them into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the water-side, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way; and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire; and having seen it get as far as the Steel-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the city; and everything after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches; and, among other things, the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire at the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to White Hall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat: and there up to the King's closet in the chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the king. So I was called for, and did tell the king and Duke of York what I saw: and that, unless His Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's: and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Fanning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the

King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord, what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers: and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his house at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already, and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be, in a little time, removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time, it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Shelden, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner, Mr. Batelier come to inquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes, who, it seems, are related to them, whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. They now removing goods out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lombard Street, and farther: and among others, I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes receiving some friends' goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's: he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got farther, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the king and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and

so below bridge at the water side: but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Botolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used: but the wind carries it into the city, so as we know not, by the waterside, what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water: and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park: and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood, and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire drops. This is very true: so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against The Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods; but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fires; so we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest

place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man! to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

EPSOM DOWNS

14th July 1667 (Lord's Day).—Up, and my wife, a little before four, and to make us ready; and by and by Mrs. Turner came to us, by agreement, and she and I stayed talking below, while my wife dressed herself, which vexed me that she was so long about it, keeping us till past five o'clock before she was ready. She ready; and, taking some bottles of wine, and beer, and some cold fowl with us into the coach, we took coach and four horses, which I had provided last night, and so away. A very fine day, and so towards Epsom, talking all the way pleasantly, and particularly of the pride and ignorance of Mrs. Lowther, in having of her train carried up. The country very fine, only the way very dusty. To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company, and I drank the water: they did not, but I did drink four pints. And to the town, to the King's Head; and we hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them: and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house. W. Hewer rode with us, and I left him and the women, and myself walked to church, where few people to what I expected, and none I knew but all the Houblons brothers, and them I did salute, and walk with towards my inn. James did tell me that I was the only happy man of the navy, of whom, he says, during all this freedom the people have taken to speaking treason, he hath not heard one bad word of me, which is a great joy to me; for I hear the same of others, but do know that I have deserved as well as most. We parted to meet anon, and I to my women into a better room, which the people of the house borrowed for us, and there to a good dinner, and were merry, and Pembleton came to us, who happened to be in the house, and there talked and were merry. After dinner,

he gone, we all lay down, the day being wonderful hot, to sleep, and each of us took a good nap, and then rose; and here Tom Wilson come to see me, and sat and talked an hour; and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr. Fuller (Tom), and Dr. Pierson, and several of the great cavalier parsons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingenuously, and very much of Dr. Fuller's art of memory, which he did tell me several instances of. By and by he parted, and we took coach and to take the air, there being a fine breeze abroad; and I carried them to the well, and there filled some bottles of water to carry home with me; and there I talked with the two women that farm the well at £12 per annum of the lord of the manor. Mr. Evelyn with his lady, and also my Lord George Berkeley's lady, and their fine daughter, that the King of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewels before the king at the ball I was at at our Court, last winter, and also their son, a Knight of the Bath, were at church this morning. Here W. Hewer's horse broke loose, and we had the sport to see him taken again. Then I carried them to see my cousin Pepys's house, and 'light, and walked round about it, and they like it, as indeed it deserves very well, and is a pretty place; and then I walked them to the wood hard by, and there got them in the thickets till they had lost themselves, and I could not find the way into any of the walks in the wood, which indeed are very pleasant, if I could have found them. At last got out of the wood again; and I, by leaping down the little bank, coming out of the wood, did sprain my right foot, which brought me great present pain, but presently, with walking, it went away for the present, and so the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downs, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children usually do read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father, and talked with him; and I find he had been a servant in my cousin Pepys's house, and told me what was become of their old servants. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the

world in my mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woollen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty: and taking notice of them, why, says the poor man, the downs, you see, are full of stones, and we are fain to shoe ourselves thus; and these, says he, will make the stones fly till they ring before me. I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful, and I tried to cast stones with his horn crook. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him, when he goes to fold them: told me there was about eighteen score sheep in his flock, and that he hath four shillings a week the year round for keeping of them: and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life. So to our coach, and through Mr. Minnes's wood, and looked upon Mr. Evelyn's house; and so over the common, and through Epsom town to our inn, in the way stopping a poor woman with her milk-pail, and in one of my gilt tumblers, did drink our bellyfuls of milk, better than any cream; and so to our inn, and there had a dish of cream, but it was sour, and so had no pleasure in it; and so paid our reckoning, and took coach, it being about seven at night, and passed and saw the people walking with their wives and children to take the air, and we set off for home, the sun by and by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, talking and pleasing ourselves with the pleasure of this day's work. Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution, which, I tell her, is never to keep a country house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit to another place; and there is more variety and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country house. Anon it grew dark, and we had the pleasure to see several glow-worms, which was mighty pretty, but my foot begins more and more to pain me, which Mrs. Turner, by keeping her warm hand upon it, did much ease; but so that when we come home, which was just at eleven at night, I was not able to walk from the lane's end to my house without being helped. So to bed, and there had a cere-cloth laid to my foot, but in great pain all night long.

ROBERT SOUTH

[Robert South (whom Robert Southey loved to call "my almost namesake") was born at Hackney in 1633, and was educated at Westminster (where he received and justified special attention from Busby) and Christ Church, of which house he became student in 1651. His enemies were fond of reminding him (as was the custom at that time) that as a young bachelor he had congratulated Cromwell on his victories over the Dutch in a copy of Latin verses. But when he took orders some time before the Restoration it was from a deprived bishop, and being appointed public orator in the year of the Restoration itself, he remained for fifty-six years a pillar of the Tory party in the English Church, though he did not think it necessary to become a non-juror. He was made chaplain to Clarendon, and received successively, though not at very brief intervals, a prebend at Westminster, a canonry of Christ Church, and the rectory of Islip. But he was never made either dean or bishop, though there are stories to the effect that this was merely because he did not choose to be either. There is a sufficient agreement as to his disinterestedness to show that if he took the oaths to William and Mary it was due to no baser reason than dislike of "Popery," and perhaps indignation at James's conduct to Christ Church. Once he went on a foreign embassy with Lawrence Hyde. His chief fame was obtained as a preacher; and it was not till after the Revolution that he became prominent as a controversialist. His chief controversy was with Sherlock, who, from having put his hand to the plough and looked back in the matter of non-juring, was extremely obnoxious even to those who had not thought it necessary to refuse the oaths themselves, and who had given a handle by some very incautious, if not intentionally heretical, remarks on the doctrine of the Trinity. In his latest years South espoused the cause of Sacheverell, and, it seems, refused a bishopric even from the Tory ministry of Anne. He did not die till 8th July 1716, having thus seen a third ruin of the Tory cause in England. He had been public orator for many years at Oxford immediately after the Restoration, but had latterly resided for the most part at Westminster, where he lies buried. His sermons, originally printed or reprinted at divers times before and after his death, have been collected in 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.]

THERE is one epithet which, as it seems to me, occurs to the reader of South more naturally, forcibly, and frequently than any other. He is especially and eminently masculine; and possesses,

in very striking measure, the merits and defects of the quality. It may be that he is a little, or more than a little, lacking in the milder virtues and graces both of temper and style. He shows no tenderness, and barely even the requisite decency in handling opponents. I am afraid he went out of his way to attack Fuller, while Fuller was still alive. It is certain that he made a direct onslaught (also going out of his way to do it) on Jeremy Taylor just after Taylor's death—both, it must be remembered, being members of his own party, though obnoxious to him in special ways. There has been pretty general agreement as to the excessive acrimony, not to say scurrility, with which he attacked Sherlock, and which is not excused even by the double provocation Sherlock had given. What is sometimes selected as South's distinguishing quality, his wit, is of a savage and sardonic kind for the most part, reminding one, as indeed do many of his characteristics, of a Swift of less royal mould. Manly as he is, he has the gifts rather than the graces of manliness; and, in so far as a man both good and great can resemble a brute, he throws some light on the selection of the term by his contemporary Wycherley for his degradation of Molière's *Alceste*.

This is, I think, an ample allowance for the less amiable features of South's moral and literary nature. The more admirable parts of it were many, and of rare temper. South is nearly the last great English divine to exhibit the full merits, with hardly any of the defects, of the old training in school divinity, which, even in his time, was growing obsolete. He has little or nothing of its pedantry and cumbrousness, but he has all the athletic and combative proficiency which, at its best, it was calculated to confer. South was a very learned man; but his learning seldom weighs heavily on him. For a fallacy, be it sophistry or merely paralogism, he has the eyes of a lynx to discover it, and the claws thereof to tear it to pieces. He has no superior, and I doubt whether even Barrow be his equal, in the art of urging home theological or ethical doctrine, with the solid, clear-cut argument which was still welcome to generations wherein most educated men had had some training in logic. We may, indeed, observe in South, in his schoolfellow Dryden, and in other contemporaries, a singular and interesting transition or compromise between the mental temper of the times before, and that of the times after them. The gorgeous conceits, and the fervid mysticism of the sixteenth and earlier seventeenth centuries are gone;

the shadow of eighteenth-century commonsense is cast before on them. But they have a stricter and a more antique fashion of reasoning than their successors, and a touch of magnificence and of metaphysical profundity which these latter have in their turn lost.

The style proper of South corresponds, as usual, to his substance and temper. It is a little, but not much more antique than that of those among his immediate contemporaries—Tillotson, Temple, Halifax, Dryden, who were the chief heralds of the eighteenth-century manner. Although in the passages above alluded to he probably girds at Fuller for being too witty, and certainly attacks Taylor as being too florid, he himself by no means disdained jocularity of the rather rough and grim kind previously indicated, and is perfectly competent, and sometimes rather prone, to adorn his sermons with the purple patch. He has been accused of being too political; but this is scarcely a fair criticism, for his whole scheme and system of thought was summed up in the phrase "Church and State,"—the unity, if not the identity, of the two was the major premiss of at least one syllogism in almost all his trains of argument. This impressed, no doubt, a certain hardness and sometimes almost a legal character on his style. At the same time it cannot be said that South is in the least degree Erastian or worldly. He is at least as much convinced of the religious aspect of the State as of the political aspect of the Church; and he rises to many of his best flights of eloquence in dealing with the purely individual aspect of religion, and the demands it makes on the personal exertions of each man, whether cleric or lay. If any one would, at little trouble, estimate South as an authority on practical religion, let him read the sermons on *Shamelessness* and *Concealment of Sin;* if any his powers as an abstract theologian and logician, those which immediately follow on the Resurrection and the Trinity. This combination in him gives his work a singular attraction for at least some readers, as it provides unusual contrasts of manner and style. South, indeed, has eminently the characteristics of "University wits." He is a little overbearing, not to say arrogant, and somewhat neglectful of the possible needs of minds less acute, less well read, and less versatile than his own, abrupt in his transitions from rhetoric to sarcasm, almost unduly allusive, erudite, and oracular. But the author of the famous hyperbole which figures in our first

extract, "An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise," cannot be denied something like the first prize, both for audacity and felicity; nor the author of hundreds of other things scattered about his work the crowns due to masterly erudition, vigorous argument, and biting wit.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

THE HAPPINESS OF ADAM

HE came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names; he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties: he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn, and in the womb of their causes: his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents, his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction; till his fall, it was ignorant of nothing but of sin; or at least it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an εὕρηκα, an εὕρηκα, the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth *in profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days, and himself, into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention: his faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess, it is difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imagination to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence; as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the under-

standing then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building, by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the reliques of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely, when old and decrepid, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

The image of God was no less resplendent in that which we call man's practical understanding; namely, that storehouse of the soul, in which are treasured up the rules of action and the seeds of morality. Where, we must observe, that many who deny all connate notions in the speculative intellect, do yet admit them in this. Now of this sort are these maxims; that God is to be worshipped; that parents are to be honoured; that a man's word is to be kept, and the like; which, being of universal influence, as to the regulation of the behaviour and converse of mankind are the ground of all virtue and civility, and the foundation of religion.

It was the privilege of Adam innocent, to have these notions also firm and untainted, to carry his monitor in his bosom, his law in his heart, and to have such a conscience as might be its own casuist: and certainly those actions must needs be regular, where there is an identity between the rule and the faculty. His own mind taught him a due dependence upon God, and chalked out to him the just proportions and measures of behaviour to his fellow creatures. He had no catechism but the creation, needed no study but reflection, read no book, but the volume of the world, and that too, not for rules to work by, but for objects to work upon. Reason was his tutor, and first principles his *magna moralia*. The decalogue of Moses was but a transcript, not an original. All the laws of nations, and wise decrees of states, the statutes of Solon, and the Twelve Tables, were but a paraphrase upon this standing rectitude of nature, this fruitful principle of justice, that was ready to run out, and enlarge itself into suitable determinations, upon all emergent objects and occasions. Justice then was neither blind to discern, nor lame to

execute. It was not subject to be imposed upon by a deluded fancy, nor yet to be bribed by a glozing appetite, for an *utile* or *jucundum* to turn the balance to a false and dishonest sentence. In all its directions of the inferior faculties, it conveyed its suggestions with clearness, and enjoined them with power; it had the passions in perfect subjection; and though its command over them was but suasive and political, yet it had the force of coaction, and despotical. It was not then, as it is now, where the conscience has only power to disapprove, and to protest against the exorbitances of the passions; and rather to wish, than make them otherwise. The voice of conscience now is low and weak, chastising the passions, as old Eli did his lustful, domineering sons; "Not so, my sons not so;" but the voice of conscience then was not, This should or This ought to be done; but, This *must*, This *shall* be done. It spoke like a legislator; the thing spoke was a law; and the manner of speaking it a new obligation. In short, there was as great a disparity between the practical dictates of the understanding then and now, as there is between empire and advice, counsel and command, between a companion and a governor.

And thus much for the image of God, as it shone in man's understanding.

(From *Sermons preached upon Several Occasions.*)

OF THE LIGHT WITHIN US

I KNOW there are many more irregular and corrupt affections belonging to the mind of man, and all of them in their degree apt to darken and obscure the light of conscience. Such as are wrath and revenge, envy and malice, fear and despair, with many such others, even too many a great deal to be crowded into one hour's discourse. But the three fore-mentioned (which we have been treating of) are, doubtless, the most predominant, the most potent in their influence, and most pernicious in their effect; as answering to those three principal objects which, of all others, do the most absolutely command and domineer over the desires of men: to wit, the pleasures of the world working upon their sensuality; the profits of the world upon their covetousness; and lastly, the honours of it upon their ambition. Which three powerful incentives, meeting with these three violent affections,

are, as it were, the great trident in the tempter's hand, by which he strikes through the very hearts and souls of men; or as a mighty threefold cord, by which he first hampers, and then draws the whole world after him, and that with such a rapid swing, such an irresistible fascination upon the understandings, as well as appetites of men, that, as God said heretofore, *Let there be light, and there was light;* so this proud rival of his Creator, and overturner of the creation, is still saying, in defiance of him, Let there be darkness, and accordingly there is darkness; darkness upon the mind and reason; darkness upon the judgment and conscience of all mankind. So that hell itself seems to be nothing else, but the devil's finishing this his great work, and the consummation of that darkness in another world, which he had so fatally begun in this.

And now, to sum up briefly the foregoing particulars; you have heard of what vast and infinite moment it is, to have a clear, impartial, and right judging conscience; such an one as a man may reckon himself safe in the directions of, as of a guide that will always tell him truth, and truth with authority: and that the eye of conscience may be always thus quick and lively, let constant use be sure to keep it constantly open; and thereby ready and prepared to admit and let in those heavenly beams, which are always streaming forth from God upon minds fitted to receive them.

And to this purpose, let a man fly from every thing which may leave either a foulness or a bias upon it; for the first will blacken, and the other will distort it, and both be sure to darken it. Particularly let him dread every gross act of sin; for one great stab may as certainly and speedily destroy life as forty lesser wounds. Let him also carry a jealous eye over every growing habit of sin; for custom is an overmatch to nature, and seldom conquered by grace; and, above all, let him keep aloof from all commerce or fellowship with any vicious and base affection; especially from all sensuality, which is not only the dirt, but the black dirt, which the devil throws upon the souls of men; accordingly let him keep himself untouched with the hellish, unhallowed heats of lust, and the noisome steams and exhalations of intemperance, which never fail to leave a brutish dulness and infatuation behind them. Likewise, let him bear himself above that sordid and low thing, that utter contradiction to all greatness of mind, covetousness; let him disenslave himself from the pelf

of the world, from that *amor scleratus habendi;* for all love has something of blindness attending it; but the love of money especially. And lastly, let him learn so to look upon the honours, the pomp, and greatness of the world, as to look through them too. Fools indeed are apt to be blown up by them, and to sacrifice all for them; sometimes venturing their very heads, only to get a feather in their caps. But wise men, instead of looking above them, choose rather to look about them and within them, and by so doing keep their eyes always in their heads; and maintain a noble clearness in one, and steadiness in the other. These, I say, are some of those ways and methods by which this great and internal light, the judging faculty of conscience, may be preserved in its native vigour and quickness. And to complete the foregoing directions by the addition of one word more; that we may the more surely prevent our affections from working too much upon our judgment, let us wisely beware of all such things as may work too strongly upon our affections.

If the light that is in thee be darkness, says our Saviour, *how great must that darkness needs be!* That is, how fatal, how destructive! And therefore I shall close up all with those other words of our Saviour, John xii. *While you have the light, walk in the light:* so that the way to have it, we see, is to walk in it; that is, by the actions of a pious, innocent, well-governed life, to cherish, heighten, and improve it; for still, so much innocence, so much light; and on the other side, to abhor and loathe whatsoever may any ways discourage and eclipse it; as every degree of vice assuredly will. And thus by continually feeding and trimming our lamps, we shall find that this blessed light within us will grow every day stronger and stronger, and flame out brighter and brighter, till at length, having led us through this vale of darkness and mortality, it shall bring us to those happy mansions where there is light and life for evermore.

(From the Same.)

THE LOSS OF SHAME

CUSTOM in sinning never fails in the issue to take away the sense and shame of sin, were a person never so virtuous before. For albeit the object of shame still carries with it something strange, new and unusual, yet the strangeness of any thing wears

off with the frequency of its practice. This makes it familiar to the mind, and being so, the mind is never startled or moved at it. By great sins (as we have shewn) the soul casts off shame all on a sudden; but by customary sinning it lays it down leisurely, and by degrees. And no man proceeding in such a course or method, arrives presently at the top of any vice; but holding on a continual steady progress in the paths of sin, passes at length into a forlorn, shameless condition by such steps as these. First, he begins to shake off the natural horror and dread which he had of breaking any of God's commands, and so not to fear sin: in the next place, finding his sinful appetites gratified by such breaches of the divine law, he comes thereupon to like his sin, and to be pleased with what he has done; and then, from ordinary complacencies, heightened and improved by custom, he comes passionately to delight in such ways. And thus, being captivated with delight, he resolves to continue and persist in them; which, since he can hardly do without incurring the censure and ill opinion of the world, he frames himself to a resolute contempt of whatsoever is either thought or said of him; and so having hereby done violence to those apprehensions of modesty, which nature had placed as guardians and overseers to his virtue, he flings off all shame, wears his sin upon his forehead, looks boldly with it, and so at length commences a fixed, thorough-paced and complete sinner.

The examples of great persons take away the shame of anything which they are observed to practise, though never so foul and shameful in itself. Every such person stamps a kind of authority upon what he does; and the examples of superiors (and much more of sovereigns) are both a rule and an encouragement to their inferiors. The action is seldom abhorred, where the agent is admired; and the filth of one is hardly taken notice of, where the lustre of the other dazzles the beholder. Nothing is or can be more contagious, than an ill action set off with a great example; for it is natural for men to imitate those above them, and to endeavour to resemble, at least, that which they cannot be. And therefore, whatsoever they see such grandees do, quickly becomes current and creditable, it passes *cum privilegio;* and no man blushes at the imitation of a scarlet or a purple sinner, though the sin be so too.

It is, in good earnest, a sad consideration to reflect upon that intolerable weight of guilt which attends the vices of great and

eminent offenders. Every one, God knows, has guilt enough from his own personal sins to consign him over to eternal misery; but when God shall charge the death of so many souls upon one man's account, and tell him at the great day, This man had his drunkenness from thee, that man owes his uncleanness to thy example; another was at first modest, bashful, and tender, till thy practice, enforced by the greatness of thy place and person, conquered all those reluctancies, and brought him in the end to be shameless and insensible, of a prostitute conscience and a reprobate mind. When God, I say, shall reckon all this to the score of a great, illustrious, and exemplary sinner, over and above his own personal guilt, how unspeakably greater a doom must needs pass upon him for other men's sins, than could have done only for his own! The sins of all about him are really his sins, as being committed in the strength of that which they had seen him do. Wherein, though his action was personal and particular, yet his influence was universal.

The observation of the general and common practice of anything, takes away the shame of that practice. Better be out of the world, than not be like the world, is the language of most hearts. The commonness of a practice turns it into a fashion, and few, we know, are ashamed to follow that. A vice *à la mode* will look virtue itself out of countenance, and it is well if it does not look it out of heart too. Men love not to be found singular, especially where the singularity lies in the rugged and severe paths of virtue. Company causes confidence, and multitude gives both credit and defence; credit to the crime, and defence to the criminal. The fearfullest and the basest creatures, got into herds and flocks, become bold and daring: and the modestest natures, hardened by the fellowship and concurrence of others in the same vicious course, grow into another frame of spirit; and in a short time lose all apprehension of the indecency and foulness of that which they have so familiarly and so long conversed with. Impudence fights with and by number, and by multitude becomes victorious. For no man is ashamed to look his fellow-thief or drunkard in the face, or to own a rebellious design in the head of a rebel army.

And we see every day what a degree of shamelessness the common practice of some sins amongst us has brought the generality of the nation to; so that persons of that sex, whose proper ornament should be bashfulness and modesty, are grown

bold and forward, offer themselves into company, and even invite those addresses, which the severity of former times would have scorned to admit: from the retirements of the closet they are come to brave it in theatres and taverns; where virtue and modesty are drunk down, and honour left behind to pay the reckoning. And now ask such persons with what face they can assume such unbecoming liberties; and they shall answer you, that it is the mode, the gallantry, and the genteel freedom of the present age, which has redeemed itself from the pitiful pedantry and absurd scrupulosity of former times, in which those bugbears of credit and conscience spoiled all the pleasure, the air, and fineness of conversation. This is all the account you shall have from them; and thus, when common practice has vouched for an ill thing, and called it by a plausible name, the credit of the word shall take away the shame of the thing: vice grows triumphant; and, knowing itself to be in its full glory, scorns to fly to corners or concealments, but loves to be seen and gazed upon, and has thrown off the mask or vizard as an useless, unfashionable thing. This, I say, is the guise of our age, our free thinking and freer practising age, in which people generally are ashamed of nothing, but to be virtuous, and to be thought old.

(From the Same.)

THE *ULTIMA RATIO* OF BELIEF

UPON the whole matter therefore, if by true and sound reasoning I stand assured that God has affirmed or declared a thing, all objections against the same, though never so strong (even reason itself, upon the strictest principles of it, being judge), must of necessity fall to the ground. Forasmuch as reason itself cannot but acknowledge, that men of the best wit, learning, and judgment, may sometimes take that for a contradiction, which really is not so; but still, on the other side, must own it utterly impossible for a being infinitely perfect, holy, and true, either to deceive or be deceived in any thing affirmed or attested by it. And moreover, to carry this point yet something further; if a proposition be once settled upon a solid bottom, and sufficiently proved, it will and must continue to be so, notwithstanding any after-arguments or objections brought against it, whether we can

answer and clear off the said objections, or no; I say, it lessens not our obligation to believe such a proposition one jot. And if the whole body of Christians, throughout all places and ages, should with one voice declare, that they could not solve the foregoing objection urged against the resurrection, and taken from the continual transmutation of bodies into one another, or any other such like arguments, it would not abate one degree of duty lying upon them, to acknowledge and embrace the said article, as an indispensable part of their Christian faith; nor would they be at all the worse Christians, for not being able to give a philosophical account or solution thereof; so long as, with a *non obstante* to all such difficulties, they stedfastly adhered to and acquiesced in the article itself. For, so far as I can see, this whole controversy depends upon, and ought to be determined by the Scriptures, as wholly turning upon these two points, viz. 1st, Whether a future general resurrection be affirmed and revealed in the Scriptures, or no? And 2ndly, Whether the said Scriptures be the Word of God? And if the matter stands thus, I am sure that none can justly pretend to the name of a Christian, who in the least doubts of the affirmative in either of these two points. And consequently, if this article stands thus proved, all arguments formed against it, upon the stock of reason or philosophy, come too late to shake it; for they find the thing already fixed and proved; and being so, it cannot, by after-allegations, be disproved. Since it being also a proposition wholly founded upon revelation, and the authority of the revelation upon the authority of the revealer, all arguments from any thing else are wholly foreign to the subject in dispute; and accordingly ought by no means to be admitted, either as necessary proofs of it, or so much as competent objections against it. For whatsoever is contrary to the word of affirmation of a being infinitely knowing and essentially infallible, let it carry with it never so much shew of truth, yet it certainly is and can be nothing else but fallacy and imposture. And upon this one ground I firmly do and ought to believe a general resurrection, though ten thousand arguments from the principles of natural philosophy could be opposed to it.

(From the Same.)

THOMAS BURNET

[Thomas Burnet, was born at Croft, in Yorkshire, about 1635. He was educated at the free school of Northallerton, and proceeded to Clare Hall, Cambridge, in June 1651. His tutor at College was the famous Tillotson, to whom Burnet owed "that free, generous, noble way of thinking" for which he was afterwards distinguished. When Dr. Cudworth was elected Master of Christ's, in 1654, Burnet accompanied him, and became Fellow of that College in 1657. Burnet became senior Proctor of the University, which he afterwards quitted to become governor to successive youthful noblemen, with whom he travelled much abroad. In 1680 he published his *Telluris Theoria Sacra*, which attracted great attention, and in 1685 he was elected Master of the Charterhouse. His *De Conflagratione Mundi* appeared in 1689, with an English version of the same, forming the second part to his *Sacred Theory of the Earth*, which had been published in English in 1684. Burnet lived on until the 27th of September 1715, and was buried in the chapel of the Charterhouse. His *De Statu Mortuorum* did not appear until 1720, and other Latin pieces of his were printed in the course of the eighteenth century. Burnet's heroic defence of the liberties of his great school against James II. and Judge Jeffreys gave him, for a moment, no small political prominence.]

IT can scarcely be denied that if we look for the quality of magnificence applied to the imagination in prose writing, the only instance of it which can be found in English literature between the Restoration and the beginning of the eighteenth century is discovered in Thomas Burnet's *Sacred Theory of the Earth*. We will not exaggerate the value of that book, which, to a modern taste, must in many respects seem dull and yet wild, a sort of pompous fairy tale. But there is, undeniably, to be detected throughout it, however marred and deadened by the prosaic temper of the age, a great splendour of conception, an uplifted vision. The pages of Burnet introduce to us dream-compositions, which remind us of the once-famous apocalyptic paintings of John Martin. They are over-charged, they are without a credible basis, but every one must acknowledge the

sweep of imagination, the grandiose and yet easy grasp of vague and vast superhuman landscape. The young Addison, yet at Magdalen in 1699, was set on fire by the congregated images which the pages of *The Sacred Theory* led before his inner eye, and he broke into verse of far more than customary Addisonian enthusiasm :—

Quæ pompa rerum non imitabilis !
Qualis calescit spiritus ingeni !
Ut tollis undas ! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum !
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas !

This is the key-note of Burnet's force. It is that of a magician, raising before us, in panoramic series, sensational pictures of a universe and its catastrophe.

The history of Burnet's one book is interesting. When it first appeared in Latin—under the patronage, it appears, of more eminent Cambridge friends, but especially of Tillotson—the obscure author found himself famous among the learned. The Archbishop recommended the book to the king, who, in 1683, desired Burnet to translate it. Next year, accordingly, appeared in folio *The Sacred Theory of the Earth*, a paraphrase of the Latin and much enlarged. This greatly widened the author's audience, even in those days, and at first the theory, to which I shall return, seems to have been accepted. Men of science must, from the very first, have been aware that "there went more to the making of the world than a finely-turned period," but they held their peace. The charm of style, moreover, at which Flamsteed might sneer, potently recommended the volume, and it was not until the popularity of *The Sacred Theory* became alarming that theology rather than science attacked it. Erasmus Warren, from the one side, and Dr. Keill, the Savilian professor, from the other, then rushed forward to arraign it, and were followed by a number of pamphleteers. Quite a little literature sprang up around the book, which continued to hold its place, as a popular contribution to scientific letters, for more than half a century. A seventh edition of a work costly to produce was issued so late as 1759.

The secret of this effect upon his readers was that Burnet was enamoured of his own pre-geological dream. He thought himself inspired with superhuman insight. He believed that it was his

divine mission to retrieve the scene of the Golden Age and to chronicle its ruin. He introduces his singular book with no mock-modesty; he confesses that what we are about to read has "more masculine beauty than any poem or romance." This mystical conviction carried away the learned alike and the unlearned, and even Burnet's fiercest opponents admitted, as Keill does, that "never was any book of philosophy written in a more lofty and plausible style." When a vision is presented to us with such gestures of rapture, in accents of such melodious solemnity, it seems almost rude to hint that it is mathematically and geologically absurd. Burnet was like the sorcerer in "Kubla Khan"; the reader had to flee from his enchantment, for "he on honey dew had fed, and drunk the milk of Paradise." He was so positive that he fell into an opposite extreme of danger, and was accused of scepticism because he would insist that things must have been as he dreamed they might have been.

The *Sacred Theory* was written to justify the doctrines of a paradisiacal state, a universal deluge and a final conflagration, but the author began with the Deluge, in which his imagination took a greater interest than in Paradise. This, Burnet says, was the greatest thing which ever befell the world, and we ought not to be satisfied with a vague idea of it, but try to realise what physical conditions preceded and accompanied it. He then attempts to show that there was no new creation of waters, but that the condition of the earth was transient and temporary, "designed for change and for destruction," its surface flat and uniform, without mountains and without a sea, and its basis a mere waste of liquid, into which in due time it easily dissolved. The cause of the Deluge, therefore, was the sinking of the old world through a crust to an abyss below. Out of the disruption and chaos, there then arose the terraqueous sphere which we now inhabit.

Having very elaborately and ardently worked out this theory of the Deluge, Burnet goes back a step, and contemplates Paradise and the circumambient primeval earth. He argues that no portion of our existing globe can be thought of as potentially paradisiacal, and that the scene of the Golden Age must of necessity have been established on a primitive earth of which no atom now remains. He holds it to have been a province of the world which sank into the abyss, when the earth, proceeding in what he calls "the airy fleet" of the planets, "'scaped so nar-

rowly from being shipwrecked in the great Deluge." So much admitted, he begins to speculate boldly on the topography and hydrography of this provisional earth, which had no hills nor seas, and which stretched like a bubble over infinite subterranean waters. That favourite Rabbinical theme, the position of Paradise, then enthralls him, but, here with unusual timidity, he refuses to express any dogmatic opinion. He now digresses, somewhat tediously, to the existence and motion of matter, and to the economy of nature.

Here the original *Sacred Theory* closed. But another earth had to be made and to be destroyed. In 1689 Burnet went on to deal with the conflagration of the world, and to explain what will happen when the cup of man's sin is full, and this earth has to be consumed by fire. He states and explains the true notion of a great Platonic year which is to make all things ripe for the burning; he shows how the world, as at present constituted, can be set on fire. Here his imagination gets the bit within its teeth, and we rush through lurid scenes of extraordinary pomp and extravagance. Volcanoes break out along the mountain heights, oily and sulphurous wells jet their liquid flame down the valleys, meteors and exhalations brood over doomed provinces, and discharge their magazines in blazing storms. All this is highly sensational, but full of literary skill and fervour, and it is pursued to surprising lengths of description.

Here Burnet should have ended, with a conclusion which is almost majestic. But he was tempted to continue, and he has a fourth part on the new heavens and the new earth, a kind of prophecy of what will happen after the conflagration is over; this is uncommonly tedious, and seems composed without conviction. What Burnet enjoys contemplating is destruction, not the process of rebuilding. He has a genuine appetite for cataclysm, and to write his best, he must be wielding his pen amid the crash of elements.

The three passages which have been selected to illustrate Thomas Burnet are taken from the three main divisions of his *Sacred Theory*, and exemplify his dreams of Deluge and of Paradise and of the final Conflagration.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE DELUGE

THUS the flood came to its height; and 'tis not easy to represent to ourselves this strange scene of things, when the Deluge was in its fury and extremity; when the earth was broken and swallowed up in the abyss, whose raging waters rose higher than the mountains, and filled the air with broken waves, with an universal mist and with thick darkness, so as nature seemed to be in a second chaos; and upon this chaos rid the distressed ark, that bore the small remains of mankind. No sea was ever so tumultuous as this, nor is there anything in present nature to be compared with the disorder of these waters: all the poetry, and all the hyperboles that are used in the description of storms and raging seas were literally true in this if not beneath it.

The ark was really carried to the tops of the highest mountains, and into the places of the clouds, and thrown down again into the deepest gulfs; and to this very state of the Deluge and of the ark, which was a type of the Church of this world, David seems to have alluded in the name of the Church (Ps. xlii. 7). Abyss calls upon abyss at the noise of thy cataracts or water-spouts; all thy waves and billows have gone over me. It was no doubt an extraordinary and miraculous providence that could make a vessel so ill manned live upon such a sea; that kept it from being dashed against the hills, or overwhelmed in the deeps. That abyss which had devoured and swallowed up whole forests of woods, cities, and provinces, nay the whole earth, when it had conquered all could not destroy this ship.

I remember, in the story of the Argonautics (Dion. *Argonaut.*, l. 1. v. 47), when Jason set out to fetch the golden fleece, the poet saith, all the gods looked down from heaven that day to view the ship; and the nymphs stood upon the mountain tops to see the noble youth of Thessaly pulling at the oars; we may with more reason suppose the good angels to have

looked down upon this ship of Noah's; and that not out of curiosity, as idle spectators, but with a passionate concern for its safety and deliverance. A ship, whose cargo was no less than a whole world; that carried the fortune and hopes of all posterity, and if this had perished, the earth for anything we know had been nothing but a desert, a great ruin, a dead heap of rubbish, from the deluge to the conflagration. But death and hell, the grave and destruction have their bounds. We may entertain ourselves with the consideration of the face of the deluge, and of the broken and drowned earth, in this scheme, with the floating ark, and the guardian angels. (From *The Sacred Theory of the Earth.*)

PARADISE

THE substance of the theory is this; that there was a primitive earth of another form from the present, and inhabited by mankind till the deluge: that it had those properties and conditions that we have ascribed to it, namely a perpetual equinox or spring, by reason of its right situation to the sun; was of an oval figure, and the exterior face of it smooth and uniform, without mountains or a sea. That in this earth stood Paradise; the doctrine whereof cannot be understood but upon supposition of this primitive earth, and its properties. Then that the disruption and fall of this earth unto the abyss which lay under it, was that which made the universal deluge, and the destruction of the old world; and that neither Noah's flood, nor the present form of the earth can be explained in any other method that is rational, nor by any other causes that are intelligible, at least, that have been hitherto proposed to the world.

These are the vitals of the theory, and the primary assertions, whereof I do freely profess my full belief; and whosoever by solid reasons will show me an error and undeceive me, I shall be very much obliged to him. There are other lesser conclusions which flow from these, and may be called secondary, as that the longevity of the Antediluvians depended upon their perpetual equinox and the perpetual equality and serenity of the air; that the torrid zone in the primitive earth was uninhabitable, and that all their rivers flowed from the extreme parts of the earth towards the equinoctial, there being neither

rain nor rainbow in the temperate and habitable regions of it; and lastly, that the place of Paradise, according to the opinion of antiquity (for I determine no place by the theory) was in the southern hemisphere. These, I think, are all truly deduced and proved in their several ways, though they be not such essential parts of the theory as the former.

There are also besides many particular explications that are to be considered with more liberty and latitude, and may perhaps upon better thoughts, or better observations, be corrected without any prejudice to the general theory. Those places of Scripture which we have cited, are, I think, all truly applied; and I have not mentioned Moses' cosmopœia, because I thought it delivered by him as a lawgiver, not as a philosopher; which I intend to show at large in another treatise, not thinking that discussion proper for the vulgar tongue. Upon the whole, we are to remember that some allowances are to be made for every hypothesis that is new proposed and untried; and that we ought not, out of levity of wit, or any private design, discountenance free and fair essays, nor from any other motive but only the love and concern of truth.

(From the Same.)

THE CONFLAGRATION

BUT it is not possible, from my station, to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth; for it is a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke, while it is consecrating, and none can enter into it. But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, and have a full view of it, in all its parts, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself. For fire and darkness are the two chief things by which that state or place, uses to be described; and they are both here mingled together, with all other ingredients that make that Tophet that is prepared of old (Isaiah xxx.). Here are lakes of fire and brimstone; rivers of melted glowing matter; ten thousand volcanoes vomiting flames all at once: thick darkness, and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes: mountains of earth thrown up into the air, and the heavens dropping down in lumps of fire.

These things will all be literally true, concerning that day,

and that state of the earth. And, if we suppose Beelzebub, and his apostate crew, in the midst of this fiery furnace (and I know not where they can be else) it will be hard to find any part of the universe, or any state of things, that answers to so many of the properties and characters of hell, as this which is now before us.

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath got an entire victory over all other bodies, and subdued everything to itself; the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor, like molten glass, or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it.

But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world; how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing: all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished: and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities! Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire?

Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous: She glorified herself, and lived deliciously; and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax before the sun; and their place is nowhere found.

Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud, into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder towards the north, stood the Riphæan Hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire (Rev. xv. 3). Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. Hallelujah.

(From the Same.)

EDWARD STILLINGFLEET

[Edward Stillingfleet (1635-1699) was born at Cranbourne, in Dorsetshire, 17th April 1635. He was educated at the Grammar-Schools of Cranbourne and Ringwood, and in 1648 was entered at St John's College, Cambridge, where he obtained a Fellowship in 1653. He then acted as tutor in the families, first, of Sir R Burgoin, in Warwickshire, and then of the Hon. F. Pierrepoint, in Notts; and, having been privately ordained by Dr. Brownrigg, the deprived Bishop of Exeter, he was presented by Sir R. Burgoin to the rectory of Sutton. A few years later he became preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and in 1665 was presented by the Earl of Southampton to the rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn. In 1668 he was nominated by King Charles II. Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and in 1670 became Dean of St Paul's. He was also Prolocutor of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury. In 1689 he was consecrated Bishop of Worcester, and on the death of Archbishop Tillotson, in 1694, was generally expected to succeed to the primacy, when Tenison was appointed. He died at Westminster 27th March 1699.]

As a writer of English prose Stillingfleet does not hold so high a place as might have been expected from the great reputation he enjoyed among his contemporaries. "The ablest young man to preach the Gospel since the Apostles," "the famous young Stillingfleet" (Pepys), "the learnedest man of the age in all respects" (Burnet), "not advanced to the primacy, his great abilities having raised some enmity against him" (White Kennet)—such are the terms in which he was, not undeservedly, spoken of in his own days. The reasons of the decline of his popularity are not far to seek. In the first place, he was too precocious; some of his best-known works (*The Irenicum, or a Weapon-Salve for Church Wounds*, and *Origines Sacræ*) were written when he was a very young man, and ought to have been reading, not writing. Then, again, his subjects were not always happily chosen. The "Irenicum" was composed with the laudable object of producing peace between the conflicting religious parties which were then engaged in fierce dispute. But a wider reading and maturer

judgment led him in later years to retract some of the positions he had there advanced. His famous controversy with Locke arose from a discussion of a second-rate Deistical book, Toland's *Christianity not Mysterious*, which was not worth the trouble taken about it by two such able men. And once more, in his *Origines Britannicæ* he contends for the theory that St. Paul introduced Christianity into Great Britain, with a confidence which the most competent modern critics will scarcely endorse. In fact he entered with a keen zest into all the theological and ecclesiastical controversies of his period. The Protestant Non-conformists, the Roman Catholics, the Socinians, the Deists, the Non-jurors, all employed his pen; the titles of his works, *The Unreasonableness of Separation*, *A Rational Account of the Grounds of the Protestant Religion*, *A Discourse concerning the Unreasonableness of the New Separation* (Non-jurors), *A Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, tell their own tales. As he confined himself closely to the particular aspect of each question as it presented itself in his own day, his controversial writings have now little more than an historical interest. They differ in this respect from those of such writers as Waterland and Butler. Waterland's writings against the Arians and Socinians, and Butler's against the Deists, have a real value at the present day; but Stillingfleet's against his various adversaries, though nearly as able, have, from the cause above-mentioned, lost much of their value. He is seen at his best in his sermons, his charges, and his *Origines Sacræ*. His style is clear and nervous, and he had a lawyer-like mind, which enabled him to marshall his arguments with great force and precision. As a writer of good English he is still well worth reading; and therefore his name cannot be omitted in any notice of English Prose writers.

His collected works fill six folio volumes, including a Life by his son, the Rev. James Stillingfleet, Canon of Worcester (1710). A volume of his "Miscellaneous Works" was published in 1735.

J. H. OVERTON.

THE JUDGMENT OF FIRE

LOOK now upon me, you who so lately admired the greatness of my trade, the riches of my merchants, the number of my people, the conveniency of my churches, the multitude of my streets, and see what revolutions sin hath made in the earth. Look upon me, and then tell me whether it be nothing to dally with heaven, to make a mock at sin, to slight the judgments of God, and abuse His mercies, and after all the attempts of heaven to reclaim a people from their sins, to remain still the same that ever they were? Was there no way to expiate your guilt but by my misery! Had the leprosy of your sins so fretted in my walls, that there was no cleansing them, but by the flames which consume them? Must I mourn in my dust and ashes for your iniquities, while you are so ready to return to the practice of them? Have I suffered so much by reason of them, and do you think to escape yourselves? Can you then look upon my ruins with hearts as hard and unconcerned as the stones which lie in them? If you have any kindness for me, or for yourselves; if you ever hope to see my breaches repaired, my beauty restored my glory advanced, look on London ruins and repent. Thus would she bid her inhabitants not to weep for her miseries, but for their own sins; for if never any sorrow was like to her sorrow, it is because never any sins were like to their sins. Not as though they were only the sins of the city, which have brought this evil upon her, no, but as far as the judgment reaches, so great hath the compass of the sins been, which have provoked God to make her an example of his justice. And I fear the effects of London's calamity will be felt all the nation over. For, considering the present languishing condition of this nation, it will be no easy matter to recover the blood and spirits which have been lost by this fire. So that whether we consider the sadness of those circumstances which accompanied the rage of the fire, or those

which respect the present miseries of the city, or the general influence those will have upon the nation, we cannot easily conceive what judgment could in so critical a time have befallen us, which had been more severe for the kind and nature of it, than this hath been.

(From *Sermon after the Great Fire of London.*)

FOOLS MAKE A MOCK AT SIN

Is the chair of scorners at last proved the only chair of infallibility? Must those be the standard of mankind, who seem to have little left of human nature but laughter and the shape of men? Do they think that we are all become such fools to take scoffs for arguments, and raillery for demonstrations? He knows nothing at all of goodness, that knows not that it is much more easy to laugh at it than to practise it; and it were worth the while to make a mock at sin, if the doing so would make nothing of it. But the nature of things does not vary with the humours of men; sin becomes not at all the less dangerous because men have so little wit to think it so; nor religion the less excellent and advantageous to the world, because the greatest enemies of that are so much to themselves too, that they have learnt to despise it. But although that scorns to be defended by such weapons whereby her enemies assault her (nothing more unbecoming the majesty of religion than to make itself cheap, by making others laugh), yet if they can but obtain so much of themselves to attend with patience to what is serious, there may be yet a possibility of persuading them, that no fools are so great as those who laugh themselves into misery, and none so certainly do so, as those who make a mock at sin.

(From *Sermon preached before the King*, 1667.)

KNOWLEDGE AND NAMES

If we take a view of man's knowledge as it respects his fellow creatures, we shall find these were so fully known to him on his first creation, that he needed not to go to school to the wide world to gather up his conceptions of them. For the right exercise of that dominion which he was instated in over the inferior

world doth imply a particular knowledge of the nature, being, and properties of those things which he was to make use of, without which he could not have improved them for their peculiar ends. And from this knowledge did proceed the giving the creatures those proper and peculiar names which were expressive of their several natures. For as Plato tells us, the imposition of names on things belongs not to every one, but only to him that hath a full prospect into their several natures. For it is most agreeable to reason, that names should carry in them a suitableness to the things they express; for words being for no other end but to express our conceptions of things, and our conceptions being but, as the same philosopher speaks, "the resemblances and representations of the things," it must needs follow, that where there was a true knowledge, the conceptions must agree with the things; and words being to express our conceptions, none are so fit to do it, as those which are expressive of the several natures of the things they are used to represent. For otherwise all the use of words is a mere vocabulary to the understanding, and an index to memory, and of no further use in the pursuit of knowledge, than to let us know what words men are agreed to call things by. But something further seems to be intended in their first imposition, whence the Jews call it, as Mercer tells us, a separation and distinction of the several kinds of things; and Kircher thus paraphraseth the words of Moses: "And whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof, *i.e.*" saith he, *Fuerunt illis vera et germana nomina et rerum naturis propria accommodata.* But however this be, we have this further evidence of that height of knowledge which must be supposed in the first man, that as he was the first in his kind, so he was to be the standard and measure of all that followed, and therefore could not want anything of the due perfections of human nature. And as the shekel of the sanctuary was, if not double to others (as men ordinarily mistake), yet of a full and exact weight, because it was to be the standard of all other weight (which was the cause of its being kept in the temple), so if the first man had not double the proportion and measure of knowledge which his posterity hath, if it was not running over in regard of abundance, yet it must be pressed down and shaken together in regard of weight; else he would be a very unfit standard for us to judge by, concerning the due and suitable perfections of human nature.

(From *Origines Sacræ.*)

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE

[George Mackenzie, nephew to the Earl of Seaforth, and grandson to Dr. Bruce, principal of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, was born at Dundee in 1636. He studied at Scottish and French Universities, and was called to the bar in 1656. He published *Aretina*, an original "heroic" romance, in 1660, and in the following year was engaged in his first famous pleading, the defence of the Marquis of Argyll. Knighted and made King's advocate in 1674, he became notorious with the Covenanters as "the bloodthirsty advocate and persecutor of the saints of God," a reputation which still clings to his name in Scotland although his conduct in his hated office was upright and even humane. He spent the leisure snatched from his legal duties in writing sundry moral essays on religion, solitude, moral gallantry, and the like; wherein, it may be said, the lawyer pleads for his clients the scholar, the gentleman, and the pedant. On the accession of James II. and the abrogation of the penal laws against the Catholics, he resigned his office, and was induced to re-accept it only to resign it for good when the Revolution, which he opposed, became an accomplished fact. He retired to the scholarly solitude that he loved at Oxford, and died on a visit to London in 1691. He was buried in the churchyard of the Greyfriars, Edinburgh, where his tomb is still noted by the populace, although De Quincey's is forgotten. Almost all his works, except *Aretina*, are included in the two vol. folio edition, Edinburgh, 1722.]

AMONG the many contemporary allusions that witness the high esteem enjoyed by Sir George Mackenzie in his own time, is one more notable than the rest. In the preface to his translation of Juvenal and Persius, Dryden describes how he was originally indebted to "that noble wit" Sir George Mackenzie for the suggestion that Denham and Waller were worthy of study as models of poetic writing. It is a kind of paradox that a man who thus indirectly fathered the poetry of the Augustan age should have shown himself so extravagant a reactionary in his own prose writings. For Mackenzie does not merely imitate the various conceits and excesses of Sir Thomas Browne, Cowley, and the French heroic romances; he zealously betters the instruction. His early romance, *Aretina*, shows this extravagance

at its height. The complex plot and tales within tales, the prevalence of gallantry and battles, the inevitable political allegory, the essays which are "laced upon" the romance, and deal with such points of dialectic as whether vanity be the parent of the virtues, or whether gaudiness of dress argue modesty, the fearless gallicism in diction, all serve to show that *Parthenissa* and her French progenitors had readers and admirers on both sides of the Tweed. Mackenzie was aware of the debt the Scottish dialect owed to France; in *Aretina* he endeavoured to increase it, by borrowing some hundreds of words more. It were vain to attempt to catalogue this museum of affectations; here are echoes of Lyly and Sidney, reminiscences of Scudery, bold Latinisms in the manner of Sir Thomas Browne; here a fair face is "the hieroglyphick of comeliness," a foul one is "the rendezvous of all those deformities that a petulant fancy could have excogitated"; ladies find it easy to dress, for "their clothes seemed most willing to hang upon them, as if they knew how much they were honoured;" knights faint with admiration of a lady, and a pond wears her picture in its bosom, "presenting it when ye approach to indicate the high value it sets upon your beauty, and concealing it when ye are gone, fearing lest any should rob it."

Mackenzie's manner strengthened and cleared, but it never radically altered. To the end he delighted most in the style which he had stamped with his approval in the preface to *Aretina*, the style "which is flourished with similes, and where are used long-winded periods." But the romance affords no fair measure of his success in that style. When he is writing on the moral topics that most engaged him, propounding his personal religion after Sir Thomas Browne, or, in the temper of Cowley, preferring solitude to public employment, when he is dealing in fact with those subjects "wherein," as himself observes, "no man can write happily, but he who writes his own thoughts," he is wonderfully felicitous, and his conceits often reach the stature of memorable and imposing figures. In a fine metaphor he advises every private Christian "rather to stay still in the barge of the Church with the other disciples, than by an ill-bridled zeal to hazard drowning alone with Peter, by offering to walk upon the unstable surface of his own fleeting and water-weak fancies, though with a pious resolution to meet our Saviour." In a witty simile he compares the various confessions of faith to sun-dials, orthodox only in one meridian; or again, he likens the conventicles

of the sects to "the removed huts of those who live apart because they are sick of the plague." In a vivid picture he presents Alexander, "running like a madman up and down the world," all "to gain as much as might make him a person worthy of being poisoned." His conceits are the offspring of a powerful poetic fancy; some of them would have pleased Donne, others, no doubt, delighted Dryden. Mackenzie stands between the two ages, belonging to the earlier by sympathy, and yet coming sometimes very close to the later when he indulges his satirical foible. The last of the old wits, belated in the North, he holds out his hand to the first of the new.

W. A. RALEIGH.

A DEFENCE OF ROMANCES

IT hath been rather the fate than merit of romances in all ages to be aspersed with these vices, whereof they were not only innocent, but to whose antidoting virtues they might justly pretend; for, whereas they are judged to be both the fire and faggots whereby love's flames are both kindled and alimented, I believe, verily, that there is nothing can so easily extinguish them; for as those who have at court seen numbers of peerless and well decked beauties can hardly become enamoured of an ordinary country maid; so those who have seen a Philoclea or Cleopatra depencilled by the curious wits of Sidney and Scuderie, will hardly be invassalled by the (to them scarce approaching) traits of these whom this age garlands for admired beauties. Others, forsooth, accuse them for robbing us of our precious time; but this reproach is ill founded, for if the romance be abject none will trifle away their time in reading it, except those who would misspend it however, and if they be excellent, then time is rather spent than misspent in leafing them over. There is also a third race of detractors who condemn them as lies; but since their authors propose them not with an intention to deceive, they cannot properly be reputed such: and albeit they seem but fables, yet who would unkernel them, would find huddled up in them real truths; and, as naturalists observe, those kernels are best where the shells are hardest, and those metals are noblest, which are mudded over with most earth. But to leave such fanatics in the bedlam of their own fancies, who should blush to trace in those paths which the famous Sydney, Scuderie, Barkley, and Broghill have beaten for them, besides thousands of ancients and moderns, ecclesiastics and laicks, Spaniards, French, and Italians, to remunerate whose endeavours fame hath wreathed garlands (to betemple their ingenious and ingenuous heads) which shall never fade while learning flourishes? I shall speak nothing of that

noble romance, written by a bishop, which the entreaty of all the Eastern churches could never prevail with him to disown; and I am confident, that where romances are written by excellent wits, and perused by intelligent readers, that the judgment may pick more sound information from them, than from history, for the one teacheth us only what was done, and the other what should be done; and whereas romances present to us virtue in its holiday robes, history presents her only to us in those ordinary, and spotted suits which she wears while she is busied in her servile and lucrative employments; and as many would be incited to virtue and generosity, by reading in romances, how much it hath been honoured, so contrarywise, many are deterred by historical experience from being virtuous, knowing that it hath been oftener punished than acknowledged. Romances are those vessels which strain the crystal streams of virtue from the puddle of interest; whereas history suffers the memory to quaff them off in their mixed impurity; by these likewise lazy ladies and luxurious gallants are allured to spend in their chambers some hours, which else the one would consecrate to the bed, and the other to the brothel: and albeit essays be the choicest pearls in the jewel house of moral philosophy, yet I ever thought that they were set off to the best advantage, and appeared with the greatest lustre, when they were laced upon a romance; so that the curiosity might be satisfied, as well as the judgment informed, especially in this age wherein the appetite of men's judgments is become so queasy, that it can relish nothing that is not either vinegared with satires, or sugared with eloquence.

(From Preface to *Aretina*.)

WHY MAN FELL

THAT brain hath too little *pia mater*, that is too curious to know why God, who evidences so great a desire to save poor man, and is so powerful as that his salvation needed never have run the hazard, if his infinite wisdom had so decreed, did yet suffer him to fall: for if we enter once the list of that debate, our reason is too weak to bear the burden of so great a difficulty. And albeit it may be answered, that God might have restrained man, but that restraint did not stand with the freedom of man's will, which God

hath bestowed upon him; yet, this answer stops not the mouth of the difficulty. For certainly, if one should detain a madman from running over a precipice, he could not be thereby said to have wronged his liberty: and seeing man is, by many divines, allowed a freedom of will, albeit he must of necessity do what is evil, and that his freedom is salved by a liberty to choose only one of more evils, it would appear strange why his liberty might not have consisted well enough with a moral impossibility of sinning, and might not have been abundantly conserved in his freedom to choose one of more goods: yet, these reasonings are the calling God to an account; and so impious. For, if God had first created man surrounded with our present infirmities, could we have complained? Why then should we now complain, seeing we are but fallen to a better estate than we deserved; seeing we stumbled not for want of light, but because we extinguished our own light; and seeing our Saviour's dying for us may yet reinstate us in a happier estate than that from which we are now fallen?

Albeit the glass of my years hath not yet turned five and twenty, yet the curiosity I have to know the different limbos of departed souls, and to view the card of the region of death, would give me abundance of courage to encounter this king of terrors, though I were a pagan; but when I consider what joys are prepared for them who fear the Almighty; and what craziness attends such as sleep in Methusalem's cradle, I pity them who make long life one of the oftest repeated petitions of their *Paternoster;* and yet those sure are the more advanced in folly, who desire to have their names enshrined, after death, in the airy monument of fame: whereas it is one of the promises made to the elect, that they shall rest from their labours, and their works shall follow them. Most men's mouths are so foul, that it is a punishment to be much in them: for my own part, I desire the same good offices from my good name that I do from my clothes; which is to screen me from the violence of exterior accidents.

As those criminals might be judged distracted, who, being condemned to die, would spend their short reprival in disputing about the situation and fabric of their gibbets: so may I justly think those *literati* mad, who spend the short time allotted them for repentance, in debating about the seat of hell, and the torments of tortured spirits. To satisfy my curiosity, I was once resolved, with the Platonic, to take the promise of some dying

friend, that he should return and satisfy me in all my private doubts, concerning hell and heaven; yet I was justly afraid that he might have returned me the same answer which Abraham returned to Dives, *Have they not Moses and the Prophets? If they hear not them; wherefore will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead?*

(From *The Religious Stoic.*)

THOMAS SPRAT

[Thomas Sprat was born at Tallaton, Devon, in 1636; he became a commoner of Wadham College, Oxford, under the famous Dr John Wilkins, in 1651, and a Fellow in 1657. On the death of Cromwell he wrote an Ode in the manner of Cowley, and, as he supposed, of Pindar, which was published along with two poems on the same theme by Waller and Dryden. After the Restoration he took orders, and became successively chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, whom he is said to have assisted in the *Rehearsal*, and to the king. He published in 1667 the *History of the Royal Society*, of which he was one of the early Fellows, and in 1668 the Latin *Life of Cowley*, afterwards translated into English and enlarged, besides the *Observations on M. de Sorbière's Voyage into England*. He became Canon of Windsor in 1680, and Bishop of Rochester in 1684. His later works, besides Sermons, are a *History of the Rye House Plot* (1685), and a *Relation of his own Examination* on a charge of treason trumped up against him by two professional impostors. He died in his Bishopric, May 1713.]

AN early biographer of Sprat remarks that his name deserves the first rank in history for "his raising the English tongue to that purity and beauty which former writers were wholly strangers to, and those who come after him can but imitate." Dr Johnson, who caught the echoes of Sprat's short-lived fame, adds that each of his books has its own distinct and characteristical excellence. Sprat is undoubtedly a versatile writer, his "relations" of matters of fact are written in a succinct and lucid style, his wit, exercised in defence of his countrymen against the strictures of the French traveller Sorbière, is easy and telling, his *Life of Cowley* is a model of dignified panegyric. Yet his chief claim to remembrance lies in his efforts both by precept and example to purge English prose of its rhetorical and decorative encumbrances, and to show that there is as much art "to have only plain conceptions on some arguments as there is in others to have extraordinary flights." It may well be urged that Sprat deserves a share in the credit, so commonly yielded to Dryden alone, of having inaugurated modern

English prose. Not only does he show himself, in the *History of the Royal Society* (published before Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*), in full possession of a "close, naked, natural way of speaking," but he clearly indicates the necessity of a reform in prose writing, and his consciousness of his own mission as a reformer. And yet the change which came over the spirit and methods of English prose in the seventeenth century must not be assigned by any easy and fallacious formula to the influence of one or two men, it was due rather to a number of complex causes of the most general nature. And among these, the cause set down by Sprat in the first extract was no doubt quite as powerful as the influence of the French. The rise of positive knowledge made the conceits of the wits, wherein "falsehoods are continued by tradition because they supply commodious allusions," distasteful, and the enthusiasm of the little group of scientific inquirers that gathered together at Oxford and London for purposes of experiment and research during the civil troubles, gave to England in the Royal Society, of which Dryden himself was an early Fellow, her only Academy of repute. The preference of the members of the Royal Society for "the language of artisans, countrymen, and merchants before that of wits and scholars" was not, like Wordsworth's later innovation, a preference exercised in the interests of the effective expression of emotion; it was determined rather by the instinct of science, and in the interests of the clear statement of fact. "Prose and sense," the ideals of the authors of the *Rehearsal*, gained the day, but the victory was not without its price. It was a victory of logic over rhetoric, in some sort even of Science and Criticism over Literature and Art, for the cadences of Sir Thomas Browne and the accumulated epithets of Robert Burton were never revived. In his clearness of manner and coolness of judgment, whether he is defending the Royal Society from the hostile armies of the wits and Aristotelians, or criticising the preaching of the Puritan divines, Sprat is an admirable representative alike of the new positive spirit which founded the Royal Society, and of the spirit of moderation, reason, and compromise which has given its chief strength to the Church of which he was a bishop.

W. A. RALEIGH.

A SIMPLE AND AN ORNATE STYLE

THERE is one thing more about which the Society has been most solicitous; and that is, the manner of their discourse: which unless they had been very watchful to keep in due temper, the whole spirit and vigour of their design had been soon eaten out by the luxury and redundance of speech. The ill effects of this superfluity of talking have already overwhelmed most other arts and professions; inasmuch, that when I consider the means of happy living, and the causes of their corruption, I can hardly forbear recanting what I said before, and concluding that eloquence ought to be banished out of all civil societies, as a thing fatal to peace and good manners. To this opinion I should wholly incline; if I did not find that it is a weapon which may be as easily procured by bad men as good: and that, if these should only cast it away, and those retain it; the naked innocence of virtue would be upon all occasions exposed to the armed malice of the wicked. This is the chief reason that should now keep up the ornaments of speaking in any request; since they are so much degenerated from their original usefulness. They were at first, no doubt, an admirable instrument in the hands of wise men; when they were only employed to describe goodness, honesty, obedience, in larger, fairer, and more moving images: to represent truth, clothed with bodies; and to bring knowledge back again to our very senses, from whence it was at first derived to our understandings. But now they are generally changed to worse uses: they make the fancy disgust the best things, if they come sound and unadorned; they are in open defiance against reason, professing not to hold much correspondence with that; but with its slaves, the passions: they give the mind a motion too changeable and bewitching to consist with right practice. Who can behold without indignation how many mists and uncertainties these specious tropes and

figures have brought on our knowledge? How many rewards, which are due to more profitable and difficult arts, have been still snatched away by the easy vanity of fine speaking? For, now I am warmed with this just anger, I cannot withhold myself from betraying the shallowness of all these seeming mysteries, upon which we writers, and speakers, look so big. And, in few words, I dare say that of all the studies of men, nothing may be sooner obtained than this vicious abundance of phrase, this trick of metaphors, this volubility of tongue, which makes so great a noise in the world. But I spend words in vain; for the evil is now so inveterate, that it is hard to know whom to blame, or where to begin to reform. We all value one another so much upon this beautiful deceit, and labour so long after it in the years of our education, that we cannot but ever after think kinder of it than it deserves. And indeed, in most other parts of learning, I look upon it as a thing almost utterly desperate in its cure: and I think it may be placed among those general mischiefs, such as the dissension of Christian princes, the want of practice in religion, and the like, which have been so long spoken against that men are become insensible about them; every one shifting off the fault from himself to others; and so they are only made bare common-places of complaint. It will suffice my present purpose to point out what has been done by the Royal Society towards the correcting of its excesses in natural philosophy; to which it is, of all others, a most professed enemy.

They have therefore been most rigorous in putting in execution the only remedy that can be found for this extravagance, and that has been, a constant resolution to reject all the amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style; to return back to the primitive purity, and shortness, when men delivered so many things, almost in an equal number of words. They have exacted from all their members a close, naked, natural way of speaking; positive expressions; clear senses; a native easiness: bringing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can; and preferring the language of artizans, countrymen, and merchants, before that of wits or scholars.

(From the *History of the Royal Society.*)

THE ERROR OF EXTEMPORE PRAYER AND PREACHING

WE have lived in an age, when the two gifts, as they were wont to be called, of extempore praying and extempore preaching, have been more pretended to and magnified than, I believe, they ever were before, or, I hope, ever will be again, in the Church and nation. Yet, for all I could ever learn or observe, the most sudden readiness and most profuse exuberancy in either of these ways has been only extempore in show and appearance, and very frequently but a cunningly dissembled change of the very same matter and words often repeated, though not in the same order.

As to that of extempore praying, which therefore too many mistake for praying by the spirit, it is manifest that the most exercised and most redundant faculty in that kind, is, in reality, only praying by the fancy or the memory, not the spirit. They do but vary and remove the Scripture style and language, or their own, into as many places and shapes and figures as they can. And though they have acquired never so plentiful a stock of them, yet still the same phrases and expressions do so often come about again, that the disguise may quickly be seen through by any attentive and intelligent hearer. So that, in plain terms, they who think themselves most skilful in that art do really, all the while, only pray in set forms disorderly set and never ranged into a certain method. For which cause, though they may not seem to be forms to their deluded auditors, yet they are so in themselves; and the very persons who use them most variously, and most artificially, cannot but know them to be so.

This, my brethren, seems to be all the great mystery of the so much boasted power of extempore praying. And why may not the like be affirmed, in great measure, of extempore preaching, which has so near an affinity with the other? Is not this also, at the bottom, only a more crafty management of the same phrases and observations, the same doctrines and applications, which they had ever before provided and composed, and reserved in their memories?

Do but hear the most voluble masters in this way once or twice, or perhaps oftener, as far as their changes shall reach,

and at first, no doubt, you will be inclined to wonder at the strange agility of their imaginations and compass of their inventions and nimbleness of their utterance. But if you shall attend them calmly and constantly the vizor will be quickly pulled off, though they manage it never so dexterously; you will at last find that they only walk forward and backward and round about: one, it may be, in a larger labyrinth than another, but in a labyrinth still; through the same turnings and windings again and again, and, for the most part, guided by the same clue.

The explanations, perhaps, of their texts, the connections and transitions of the parts, and some sudden glosses and descants and flights of fancy may seem new to you. But the material points of doctrine and the commonplaces to which upon any loss or necessity they have recourse, these they frequently repeat, and apply to several subjects with very little alteration in the substance, oftentimes not in the words. These are the constant paths which they scruple not to walk over and over again, 'till, if you follow them very close, you may perceive, amidst all their extempore pretensions, they often tread in the same rounds, till they have trodden them bare enough.

But, God be thanked, the Church of England neither requires, nor stands in need of any such raptural (if I may so call it) or enthusiastic spirit of preaching. Here the more advised and modest, the more deliberate and prepared the preacher is, the better he is furnished, by God's grace, to deliver effectually our Church's solid sense, its fixed precepts, its unalterable doctrines. Our Church pretends not to enter into men's judgments merely by the affections; much less by the passions to overthrow their judgments. The door, which that strives first to open, is of the understanding and conscience: it is content, if by them a passage shall be made into the affections.

(From a *Visitation Discourse.*)

THE DEFENCE OF ENGLISH ELOQUENCE AND LETTERS

CONCERNING the English eloquence, he bravely declares, that all their sermons in the pulpit, and pleadings at the bar, consist of nothing but mean pedantry. The censure is bold, especially

from a man that was so far from understanding our language, that he scarce knew whether we move our lips when we speak. But to show him, that we can better judge of Monsieur de Sorbière's eloquence, I must tell him that the Muses and Parnassus are almost whipped out of our very schools; that there are many hundreds of lawyers and preachers in England, who have long known how to contemn such delicacies of his style. I will give only one instance for all. I believe he could scarce have bribed any scrivener's clerk, to describe Hatfield as he has done, and so to conclude "that the fishes in the ponds did often leap out of the water into the air, to behold, and to delight themselves with, the beauties of the place."

I will not attempt to defend the ornaments, or the copiousness of our language, against one that is utterly ignorant of it. But to show how plentiful it is, I will only repeat an observation which the Earl of Clarendon has made: "that there is scarce any language in the world, which can properly signify one English expression, and that is good nature." Though Monsieur de Sorbière will not allow the noble author of this note to have any skill in grammar learning, yet he must pardon me if I still believe the observation to be true; at least, I assure you, sir, that after all my search, I cannot find any word in his book, which might incline me to think otherwise.

But I will be content to lay the whole authority of his judgment in matters of wit and elegance upon what he says concerning the English books. He affirms "that they are only impudent thefts out of others, without citing their authors, and that they contain nothing but ill rhapsodies of matter, worse put together." And here, Sir, I will for once do him a courtesy. I will suppose him not to have taken this one character of us, from the soldier, the Zealander, the Puritans, or the rabble of the streets: I will grant he might have an ill conceit of our writings, before he came over, from the usual judgment, which the southern wits of the world, are wont to pass on the wit of all northern countries. 'Tis true indeed, I think the French and the Italians would scarce be so unneighbourly as to assert that all our authors are thievish pedants. That is Monsieur de Sorbière's own addition, but yet they generally agree, that there is scarce anything of late written, that is worth looking upon, but in their own language. The Italians did at first endeavour to have it thought that all matters of elegance had never yet

passed over the Alps; but being soon overwhelmed by number, they were content to admit the French, and the Spaniards, into some share of the honour. But they all three still maintain this united opinion, that all wit is to be sought for nowhere but amongst themselves; it is their established rule that good sense has always kept near the warm sun, and scarce ever yet dared to come farther than the forty-ninth degree northward. This, sir, is a pretty imagination of theirs, to think they have confined all art to a geographical circle, and to fancy that it is there so charmed as not to be able to go out of the bounds which they have set it. It were certainly an easy and a pleasant work to confute this arrogant conception by particular examples; it might quickly be shown that England, Germany, Holland, nay, even Denmark and Scotland, have produced very many men who may justly come into competition with the best of these Southern wits, in the advancement of the true arts of life, in all the works of solid reason, nay, even in the lighter studies of ornament and humanity. And, to speak particularly of England, there might be a whole volume composed in comparing the chastity, the newness, the vigour of many of our English fancies, with the corrupt and the swelling metaphors wherewith some of our neighbours, who most admire themselves, do still adorn their books. But, this, sir, will require a larger discourse than I intend to bestow on Monsieur de Sorbière. I am able to dispatch him in fewer words. For I wonder how, of all men living, it could enter into his thoughts to condemn in gross the English writings, when the best course that he has taken to make himself considered as a writer, was the translation of an English author.

(From *Observations on Monsieur de Sorbière's Voyage into England.*)

BISHOP KEN

[Thomas Ken (1637-1711), Bishop of Bath and Wells, was born at Great or Little Berkhampstead in July 1637. His father was a lawyer of Furnival's Inn, who married twice, Thomas being the son of the second wife. He lost both his parents while he was yet a boy, but found a home with his sister Anna, many years his senior, who had married the famous Izaak Walton. On 26th September 1651 he was elected scholar of Winchester, where he remained more than four years; in 1656 he was elected to New College, Oxford, but as there was no immediate vacancy he spent a few terms at Hart Hall before proceeding to New. In 1661 he took his B A. degree, and became Tutor of New College. About the same time he received Holy Orders, and in 1663 was presented by Lord Maynard to the rectory of Little Easton in Essex. He resigned this living in 1665 in order to become domestic chaplain to Bishop Morley at Winchester, where he also undertook gratuitously the charge of the poor parish of St. John in the Soke. In 1666 he was elected Fellow of Winchester, and in 1667 accepted the living of Brightstone in the Isle of Wight, which he held until 1669, when he was made a Prebendary of Winchester and Rector of East Woodhay. In 1672 he resigned East Woodhay in favour of George Hooper, who was afterwards his successor at Bath and Wells, and returned to Winchester, resuming the charge of St. John in the Soke. In 1679 he went to reside at The Hague as chaplain to the Princess Mary of Orange. In 1680 he returned to Winchester, and soon became one of the King's chaplains. It was probably in the summer of 1683 that he refused to receive Eleanor Gwynne into his prebendal house; and in the same year he went to Tangier as chaplain to Lord Dartmouth, commander of the fleet. In 1684 he was appointed Bishop of Bath and Wells by the express wish of King Charles II., who is said to have declared that no one should have the see, but "the little black fellow that refused his lodging to poor Nelly." He was consecrated 25th January 1685, and in the same year he was summoned to the death-bed of King Charles, when he spoke "like one inspired." He ministered to the Duke of Monmouth on the night before his execution and on the scaffold, and he interceded, not without effect, with King James, who always respected him, in behalf of the prisoners after the Battle of Sedgmoor. In 1687 he was one of the seven bishops who were committed to the Tower for refusing to oblige their clergy to read in church the King's declaration of indulgence. After the Revolution he refused to take the oaths of allegiance and abjuration, and was deprived of his see in 1691. Henceforth he lived in poverty and retire-

ment, chiefly at Longleat, the seat of Lord Weymouth, who was his staunch and kind friend. In 1702, Queen Anne offered to restore him to his bishopric, but his conscience would not allow him to accept it. He did not, however, sympathise with the extreme party among the Non-jurors, among whom he incurred much obloquy by making a cession of the canonical right to his see in favour of George Hooper, whom he had long known, and in whose Church principles he had the fullest confidence. He died at Longleat, 19th March 1711, and was buried beneath the east window of the parish church of Frome.]

IF this were a hagiology there would be much to be said about the saintly character of Bishop Ken; or if it were a critique on poetry the writer of the most popular hymns in the English language might claim a high place; but as a prose writer Ken holds a very subordinate position. In the first place, he would fall under the condemnation which Dr. Johnson pronounced upon Gray: he was "a barren rascal." *A Manual of Prayers for the use of the Winchester Scholars*, an *Exposition of the Church Catechism* entitled *The Practice of Divine Love*, and three single sermons, *Prayers for the use of all Persons who come to the Baths* (that is Bath) *for cure*, with a short but interesting introduction, one or two pastoral addresses to his clergy, and a number of private letters, exhaust the list of writings in prose which are universally acknowledged to be his, though there are a few which almost certainly and a few more which possibly came from his pen. His undoubted prose works, all told, are not sufficient to fill one decently sized volume; and, such as they are, they would scarcely have attracted much attention if they had been written by any one else. It is the man who gives an interest to the writings, rather than the writings that enhance the reputation of the man. At the same time, what he *has* written makes us wish that he had written more. The sermons especially are the compositions of a good and effective preacher, who might with advantage have left many more to posterity. He had a wonderfully high reputation as a preacher among his contemporaries; this may no doubt be partly accounted for by the halo of sanctity which surrounded the man, and partly by the action and energy with which his sermons are said to have been delivered; but, even when read in cold blood, the three specimens still extant are not disappointing; they are lively, earnest, and written in an easy and pure style. One of his chief merits is that he never loses sight of his text, which, like Bishop Andrews, he pricks to the bone;

hence a mere extract can hardly convey a fair estimate of the excellence of the whole sermon; but the one given below has an adventitious interest when read in the light of the preacher's own life, which shows that he practised to the letter what he preached. His other works do not, from the nature of the case, afford scope for the writing of consecutive prose; but the short extract given will show what he might have done, and will make the reader regret that he did not do more.

J. H. OVERTON.

DANIEL, A MAN GREATLY BELOVED

YOU have seen how Daniel served his God; and you are next to see how he served his prince, I may add, the people too; for the prince and the people have but one common interest, which is the public prosperity; and none can serve the prince well, but he does serve the people too: and Daniel served his prince and not himself; the love of God had given him an utter contempt of the world. And this made him despise Belshazzar's presents, "Thy gifts be to thyself, and thy rewards give to another"; to show, that it was a cordial zeal for the king and not self-interest, that inclined him to his service. This was evident in all his ministry; insomuch, that when the Medean presidents and princes combined in his destruction, he had so industriously done the king's business, was so remarkably righteous a person, so faithful in the discharge of his duty both to king and people, so beneficent to all, so sincerely sought the good of Babylon, was so forward to rescue an injured innocence, as he did Susanna; so tender of men's lives, that he was never at rest till he saved all the wise men of Babylon, when the decree was gone out for their massacre; so careful of their peace and prosperity that he sat in the gate of the king to hear every man's cause, and with great patience and assiduity to do justice to all: he had behaved himself so irreproachably, that they could find no occasion nor fault in him concerning the kingdom; forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him.

For this reason, when no accusation, no slander could stick on him from the law of the land, the conspirators resolve to take advantage against him from the law of his God, and put Darius upon making that impious decree, That whoever should ask any petition of God or man for thirty days together, save of the king, should be cast into the den of lions. It was a decree

which was one of the greatest pieces of flattery imaginable: nothing could better please a proud infidel king, than to be deified. It was the most opportune device in the world, to try whether the Babylonians would pay an entire obedience to their new Medean emperor: it was a kind of idolatry, the most plausible that could be invented. To worship an idol, such as Bel, or such as Nebuchadnezzar's golden image was, that had been a test too gross; and a man may much more rationally worship himself than a creature of his own making. To worship an animal that had motion and strength, such as the dragon, was better than to worship a lifeless trunk; yet this had been to sink the worshipper infinitely beneath the beast he worshipped; but to worship a king, that is much more defensible; the very statues of kings have been venerated, even by Christians, and met with solemn processions and placed in their very temples; insomuch, that from the honour there paid to the images of emperors, an analogical inference was afterwards made, for the introducing of the images of saints and martyrs in churches. But to worship the king himself, seems much more allowable, especially such a king, the greatest monarch on earth, who has power of life and death, who in dominion, in rewards and punishments, was the liveliest image of God in the world; who was able to hear and grant the petitions there offered him; if any idolatry can be excusable or venial, it is certainly this. And nothing could ever be thought on, so ensnaring to Daniel, as this project of the Medean princes. Not to worship the king had been to show him a personal dishonour; and it was grievous for Daniel personally to affront Darius, who had been so gracious, and indulgent a master to him. Not to pray to God for thirty days together, and yet to pray to the king in his stead, had been all the while to renounce God, and to exalt a creature into his throne. On the one hand, the den and the lions threaten him; on the other, the bottomless pit, and the damned spirits.

In this strait in which Daniel was, could no expedient be found? What if he had worshipped the king, that worship might be interpreted allegiance, rather than idolatry; or it was only worshipping God in the king that represented him; or he might for thirty days together petition the king to repeal his ungodly decree, and to worship the true God; and all the time, secretly, and in a corner, or mentally, he might have worshipped God; any one of these expedients had reconciled

all, had gratified the king, secured Daniel, and defeated all his enemies. But Daniel knew none of these salvos, none of these reserves and evasions; he durst not deny God and scandalise all good people, by giving that divine worship to the king which was due only to God. Religion was his tenderest care, and he had hitherto kept it inviolable; and would never communicate with either the Babylonian or the Medean or the Persian idolatries. A great love made him greatly zealous for God his beloved; and the more publicly God was dishonoured, the more publicly Daniel resolved to own him; and prayed three times a day in his chamber, on his knees, more conspicuously than ever, with his windows open towards Jerusalem; not for ostentation, but example. When his duty to God, and obedience to his king stood in competition, though it was an inexpressible grief to the good man, that ever there should be such a competition, he obeyed God, and patiently suffered the king's displeasure, in being cast into the lion's den, from whence God did miraculously deliver him; and even the king himself, by congratulating his deliverance and destroying his enemies, showed afterwards that he loved Daniel the better for loving his God better than his king; for sagacious princes best measure the fidelity of their subjects, from their sincerity to God.

(From a *Sermon preached at Whitehall* 1685.)

GOD'S BLESSING ON THE BATHS

Do not think the baths can do you any good, without God's immediate blessing on them, for it is God that must first heal the waters, before they can have any virtue to heal you.

The river Jordan could never have cleansed Naaman of his leprosy, had he washed himself in it seventy times seven times, had not God blessed it to his cleansing. The pool of Siloam could never have restored sight to one born blind, had not our Lord sent him to it. And the pool of Bethesda could never have made sick persons whole, but that an angel was sent by God to trouble the waters.

I cannot then do better, than to send you to that angel, who, according to St. John, flies in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth,

saying with a loud voice, "Fear God, and give glory to him, and worship him, that made heaven and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."

This was the angel's sermon, and I beseech you to become his auditors, and to observe how after the heaven and the earth and the sea, he particularly mentions the springs and fountains of waters, as a very wonderful part of the creation: for out of the dark places of the earth, through passages, and from causes unknown to the search of the wisest of men, God makes sweet and fresh springs to rise, to water the earth, to give drink to every beast of the field, and to supply all the necessities of human life, and springs of different kinds, some to allay our thirst, some to cure our diseases.

Look therefore on the bath, as a very admirable and propitious work of Divine Providence, designed for the good of a great number of infirm persons, as well as for yourself. Praise and adore God who has signally manifested His power, and His mercy, in creating so universal a good; and the first thing you do when you come to this place, "worship God Who made the fountain."

(From *Prayers for the use of all Persons who come to the Baths for Cure.*)

THOMAS ELLWOOD

[The autobiography of Thomas Ellwood (1639-1713) goes down to the year 1683: it was published in 1714, the year after his death, with a supplement by Joseph Wyeth. A number of his works were published in his lifetime, most of them controversial, in defence of the Quakers. A *Sacred History*, in folio (two volumes), appeared in 1705: *Davideis*, a sacred poem, in five books, in 1712.]

THE *History of Thomas Ellwood*, written by himself, is the only one of his many works that is still worth reading. His controversial tracts have nothing much to distinguish them: the preface to his sacred poem may be read as an appendix to his biography.

The *History of Thomas Ellwood* is the history of a character such as most commonly has to wait for some imaginative and humorous artist to do it justice. The exceptional value of this book is that it anticipates the imagination of the novelist, and, in a natural and uncalculated way, reaches the same effects as are obtained by the novelist intentionally or ironically. The beauty of Ellwood's narrative consists in the perpetual discrepancy between the author's own simple-minded view of the circumstances, and the other views that are at once suggested by his story. Thomas Ellwood expects to be taken at his own valuation, but he is always giving grounds for a quite different estimate from his own, which often (and this makes the great charm of his book) is much higher than his own with regard to virtues of which he is unconscious. He demands credit for his verses, or for his discovery of the truth in the year 1659; for his use of *Thou*, and his refusal of "Hat-honour." The reader admires him for his stubborn downright wilfulness, for the spirit (though he repented of it) which made him so quick with his rapier when he was young, and did not leave him meek or submissive to insults even after his

conversion. "I suppose they took me for a confident young man," he says, in describing his appearance at the Old Bailey: and the reader is inclined to sympathise with "them"; while, at the same time, it is impossible to be seriously irritated by his "confidence," even in his insubordination to his father, after he had satisfied himself that "honour due to parents did not consist in uncovering the head and bowing the body to them," and therefore kept on his hat before his father, and called him "thee." It is true that "this exercise," as Thomas Ellwood called it, brought him under a good deal of discipline from his father ("a whirret on the ear" coming in as part of it), all of which seems to be required in strict justice, to counterpoise one's sentiment of lenity towards the "confident young man" who had discovered this new interpretation of the commandment. The extraordinary truthfulness and vividness of Ellwood's memory, and the simplicity of his character, make it all but impossible for him to misrepresent his antagonists. He does not understand them, but he does not try to paint them in black and red: he describes them as he saw them, and so impartially that it is generally easy to understand them even after all this interval of time. The sketches of Ellwood's father, or of the Warden of Maidenhead ("a budge old man") are not in the least distorted by reason of Ellwood's conviction that he was right and they were wrong. He gives the enemy the benefit of every point he can fairly claim to have won. A proof of this is his note of the very sufficient repartee made to him by one of the persecutors:—

"In this work none seemed so eager and active as their leader Major Rosewell; which I observing stepped boldly to him as he was passing by me, and asked him if he intended a massacre, for of that in those days there was a great apprehension and talk. The suddenness of the question, *from such a young man especially*, somewhat startled him; but, recollecting himself, he answered, 'No, but I intend to have you all hanged by the wholesome laws of the land.'"

Ellwood's manner is often very like Defoe's. He always gets the right points in his description; never better than in the first story in the book, of the dispute with the two churls at night. "Thereupon my father, turning his head to me, said, 'Tom, disarm them,'" this, with "the bright blade glittering in the dark night," and the panic of the two clowns, and, above all, the readiness of "Tom," make up a story in which nothing is blundered

by the author. The later encounter with the servants of the Duke of York is almost as well told. Ellwood says very little about his "quondam master, Milton." Possibly for once he was made unjust, but by his own poetical ambitions, not by his religious principles. These seem never to have embittered his view, though there are traces of a worldly humour in his account of the punishment and consequent dejection of "two braving Baptists," "topping blades, that looked high and spoke big," contrasted with the resistance made by a Friend, "a poor little man of a low condition and mean appearance," who would not give in.

As regards diction and rhetoric, there is nothing antique or affected in the *History of Thomas Ellwood.* He does not seem to have been influenced much by the older generation of English authors; like Bunyan he seems to have adopted naturally a practical style of composition, not overweighted in any way, good at reporting conversations. In Ellwood's case, and from the character of his mind, there was one subject only, the history of his own life, to which this style could be applied with full success. The same conditions that went to make his *History* so good were those that kept him from writing any other work that can be compared with it.

W. P. KER.

AN ADVENTURE

My father being then in the Commission of the Peace, and going to a Petty Sessions at Watlington, I waited on him thither. And when we came near the town, the coachman, seeing a nearer and easier way (than the common road) through a corn-field, and that it was wide enough for the wheels to run without damaging the corn, turned down there; which being observed by a husbandman who was at plough not far off, he ran to us, and stopping the coach, poured forth a mouthful of complaints, in none of the best language, for driving over the corn. My father mildly answered him, "That if there was an offence committed, he must rather impute it to his servant than himself, since he neither directed him to drive that way, nor knew which way he drove." Yet added, "That he was going to such an inn at the town, whither, if he came, he would make him full satisfaction for whatsoever damage he had sustained thereby." And so on we went, the man venting his discontent, as he went back, in angry accents. At the town, upon inquiry, we understood that it was a way often used, and without damage, being broad enough; but that it was not the common road, which yet lay not far from it, and was also good enough; wherefore my father bid his man drive home that way.

It was late in the evening when we returned, and very dark; and this quarrelsome man, who had troubled himself and us in the morning, having gotten another lusty fellow like himself to assist him, waylaid us in the night, expecting we would return the same way we came. But when they found we did not, but took the common way, they, angry that they were disappointed, and loth to lose their purpose (which was to put an abuse upon us), coasted over to us in the dark, and laying hold on the horses' bridles, stopped them from going on. My father, asking his man what the reason was that he went not on, was answered, "That there were two men at the horses' heads, who held them back,

and would not suffer them to go forward." Whereupon my father, opening the boot, stepped out, and I followed close at his heels. Going up to the place where the men stood, he demanded of them the meaning of this assault. They said, "We were upon the corn." We knew by the route we were not on the corn, but in the common way, and told them so; but they told us, "They were resolved they would not let us go on any farther, but would make us go back again." My father endeavoured by gentle reasoning to persuade them to forbear, and not run themselves farther into the danger of the law, which they were run too far into already; but they rather derided him for it. Seeing therefore fair means would not work upon them, he spake more roughly to them, charging them to deliver their clubs (for each of them had a great club in his hand, somewhat like those which are called quarterstaves): they thereupon, laughing, told him, "They did not bring them thither for that end." Thereupon my father, turning his head to me, said, "Tom, disarm them."

I stood ready at his elbow, waiting only for the word of command. For being naturally of a bold spirit, full then of youthful heat, and that, too, heightened by the sense I had, not only of the abuse, but insolent behaviour of those rude fellows, my blood began to boil, and my fingers itched, as the saying is, to be dealing with them. Wherefore, stepping boldly forward to lay hold on the staff of him that was nearest to me, I said, "Sirrah, deliver your weapon." He thereupon raised his club, which was big enough to have knocked down an ox, intending no doubt to have knocked me down with it, as probably he would have done, had I not, in the twinkling of an eye, whipped out my rapier, and made a pass upon him. I could not have failed running of him through up to the hilt had he stood his ground, but the sudden and unexpected sight of my bright blade glittering in the dark night, did so amaze and terrify the man, that, slipping aside, he avoided my thrust, and letting his staff sink, betook himself to his heels for safety; which his companion seeing, fled also. I followed the former as fast as I could, but *timor addidit alas* (fear gave him wings), and made him swiftly fly; so that, although I was accounted very nimble, yet the farther we ran the more ground he gained on me; so that I could not overtake him, which made me think he took shelter under some bush, which he knew where to find, though I did not. Meanwhile, the coachman, who had sufficiently the outside of a man, excused himself from

intermeddling under pretence that he durst not leave his horses, and so left me to shift for myself; and I was gone so far beyond my knowledge, that I understood not which way I was to go, till by halloing, and being halloed to again, I was directed where to find my company.

We had easy means to have found out who these men were (the principal of them having been in the daytime at the inn, and both quarrelled with the coachman, and threatened to be even with him when he went back); but since they came off no better in their attempt, my father thought it better not to know them, than to oblige himself to a prosecution of them.

At that time, and for a good while after, I had no regret upon my mind for what I had done, and designed to have done, in this case, but went on in a sort of bravery, resolving to kill, if I could, any man that should make the like attempt or put any affront on us; and for that reason seldom went afterwards upon those public services without a loaded pistol in my pocket. But when it pleased the Lord, in His infinite goodness, to call me out of the spirit and ways of the world, and give me the knowledge of His saving truth, whereby the actions of my fore-past life were set in order before me, a sort of horror seized on me, when I considered how near I had been to the staining of my hands with human blood. And whensoever afterwards I went that way, and indeed as often since as the matter has come into my remembrance, my soul has blessed the Lord for my deliverance, and thanksgivings and praises have arisen in my heart (as now at the relating of it, they do) to Him who preserved and withheld me from shedding man's blood. Which is the reason for which I have given this account of that action, that others may be warned by it.

(From *The History of Thomas Ellwood, written by himself.*)

THOMAS RYMER

[Thomas Rymer (1641-1713), "of Gray's Inn, Esquire," was appointed Historiographer in 1692, and began almost immediately afterwards to work at his great collection of State papers, the *Fœdera*, of which the first volume was published in 1704. His interest in history had been shown in his short essay (1681), *A General Draught and Prospect of Government in Europe and Civil Policy, showing the Antiquity, Power, and Decay of Parliaments.* His original writings are, however, chiefly poetical and critical, a heroic play, in couplets, *Edgar* (1677), some miscellaneous poems, and two short critical essays: *The Tragedies of the Last Age Considered and Examined by the Practice of the Ancients* (1678); and *A Short View of Tragedy: its Original Excellency and Corruption, with some Reflections on Shakespeare and other Practitioners for the Stage* (1693).]

RYMER'S essays on tragedy are uncompromising assaults on Fletcher and Shakespeare in the interests of commonsense and the rules of good poetry. The constancy and perseverance of the critic are plainly manifest in the relation of the *Short View* to the essay on the *Tragedies of the Last Age* published fifteen years earlier. The *Short View* takes up and analyses the two plays of Shakespeare—*Othello* and *Julius Cæsar*—which the earlier tract had promised to deal with, and there is no change or relenting in the mode of treatment. In the *Short View* there is a little more of modern and medieval history, drawn from the antiquarian studies in which Rymer was to make his name. But though he shows some appreciation of medieval poetry, and touches on the "Provencial poets," and gives a version from Jeffry Rudel, and praises Chaucer, he is not led away by any medieval or romantic taste to relax his hatred of extravagance or his adhesion to commonsense. A phrase in the Contents of his *Short View* explains his poetical standard with great conciseness:—"Chaucer refined our English. Which in perfection by Waller." A sentence or two in the same work, later, may exemplify the force of "which in perfection by Waller":—

"Shakespeare's genius lay for comedy and humour. In tragedy he appears quite out of his element, his brains are turned, he raves and rambles without any coherence, any spark of reason, or any rule to controul him or set bounds to his phrenzy. His imagination was still running after his masters, the coblers, and parish clerks, and Old Testament stroulers."

Yet it would be unfair to Rymer to make of him nothing but a shocking example. A little grain of imagination leavens all his criticism. His admiration for the Greeks is not pretence; he knows the difference between Euripides and Seneca, and his description of the character of Phædra, as represented by the Greek and by the Latin tragic poet, is sensible. None of his critical writing is hard to read. His plan of a tragedy of *The Invincible Armado*, on the classical model, to compete with the *Persians* of Æschylus, will hold its own, though nothing but an outline, against the more romantic tragedy of *Tilburina*. The plan of the fourth act—the old dames of the Court "alarming our gentlemen with new apprehensions"—is not less pleasant to meditate upon than the inventions of Sheridan's *Tragedy Rehearsed*. Dennis, in his remarks on Rymer, took this seriously, but Rymer is not quite free from malice in his commendation of his classical play.

W. P. KER.

A TRAGEDY CALLED THE "INVINCIBLE ARMADO"

IF we cannot rise to the perfection of intrigue in Sophocles, let us sit down with the honesty and simplicity of the first beginners in tragedy; as, for example, one of the most simple now extant is *The Persians* by Æschylus.

Some ten years after that Darius had been beaten by the Greeks, Xerxes (his father Darius being dead) brought against them such forces by sea and land the like never known in history. Xerxes went also in person, with all the *maison du roy*, satrapie, and gendarmery; all were routed. Some forty years afterwards the poet takes hence his subject for a tragedy.

The place is by Darius's tomb in the metropolis of Persia.

The time is the night, an hour or two before daybreak.

First on the stage are seen fifteen persons in robes proper for the satrapa or chief princes in Persia. Suppose they met so early at the tomb, then sacred and ordinarily resorted to by people troubled in mind, on the accounts of dreams, or any thing not boding good. They talk of the state of affairs, of Greece, and of the expedition. After some time take upon them to be the chorus.

The next on the stage comes Atossa, the queen mother of Persia. She could not lie in bed for a dream that troubled her, so in a fit of devotion comes to her husband's tomb; there luckily meets with so many wise men and counsellors to ease her mind by interpreting her dream. This, with the chorus, makes the second act.

After this, their disorder, lamentation, and wailing is such that Darius is disturbed in his tomb, so his ghost appears and belike stays with them till daybreak. Then the chorus concludes the act.

In the fourth act come the messengers with sad tidings, which, with the reflections and troubles thereupon and the chorus, fill out this act.

In the last Xerxes himself arrives, which gives occasion of

condoling, howling, and distraction enough to the end of the tragedy.

One may imagine how a Grecian audience, that loved their country, and gloried in the virtue of their ancestors, would be affected with this representation.

Never appeared on the stage a ghost of greater consequence. The grand monarch Darius, who had been so shamefully beaten by those petty provinces of the united Grecians, could not now lie quiet in his grave for them, but must be raised from the dead again to be witness of his son's disgrace, and of their triumph.

Were a tragedy after this model to be drawn for our stage Greece and Persia are too far from us. The scene must be laid nearer home, as at the Louvre; and instead of Xerxes we might take John, king of France, and the battle of Poictiers. So if the Germans or Spaniards were to compose a play on the battle of Pavia, and King Francis there taken prisoner, the scene should not be laid at Vienna, or at Madrid, but at the Louvre. For there the tragedy would principally operate, and there all the lines most naturally centre.

But perhaps the memorable adventure of the Spaniards in '88 against England, may better resemble that of Xerxes. Suppose then a tragedy called "The Invincible Armado."

The place, then, for the action may be at Madrid, by some tomb or solemn place of resort; or if we prefer a turn in it from good to bad fortune, then some drawing-room in the palace near the king's bed-chamber.

The time to begin, twelve at night.

The scene opening presents fifteen grandees of Spain, with their most solemn beards and accoutrements, met there (suppose) after some ball or other public occasion. They talk of the state of affairs, the greatness of their power, the vastness of their dominions, and prospect to be infallibly, ere long, lords of all. With this prosperity and goodly thoughts transported, they at last form themselves into the chorus, and walk such measures, with music as may become the gravity of such a chorus.

Then enter two or three of the cabinet council, who now have leave to tell the secret, that the preparations and the Invincible Armado was to conquer England. These, with part of the chorus, may communicate all the particulars, the provisions, and the strength by sea and land, the certainty of success, the advantages by that accession, and the many tun of tar-barrels for the heretics.

These topics may afford matter enough, with the chorus, for the second act.

In the third act these gentlemen of the cabinet cannot agree about sharing the preferments of England, and a mighty brawl there is amongst them. One will not be content unless he is king of Man; another will be duke of Lancaster. One, that had seen a coronation in England, will by all means be duke of Aquitayn, or else duke of Normandy. And on this occasion two competitors have a juster occasion to work up, and show the muscles of their passion, than Shakespeare's Cassius and Brutus. After, the chorus.

The fourth act may, instead of Atossa, present some old dames of the court, used to dream dreams, and to see sprites, in their night-rails and forehead-clothes, to alarm our gentlemen with new apprehensions, which make distraction and disorders sufficient to furnish out this act.

In the last act the king enters, and wisely discourses against dreams and hobgoblins to quiet their minds; and the more to satisfy them, and take off their fright, he lets them to know that St. Loyola had appeared to him, and assured him that all is well. This said, comes a messenger of the ill news; his account is lame —suspected, he is sent to prison. A second messenger, that came away long after, but had a speedier passage; his account is distinct, and all their loss credited. So, in fine, one of the chorus concludes with that of Euripides, "Thus you see the gods bring things to pass often, otherwise than was by man proposed."

In this draught we see the fable, and the characters or manners of Spaniards, and room for fine thoughts and noble expressions, as much as the poet can afford.

The first act gives a review or ostentation of their strength in battle array.

In the second, they are in motion for the attack, and we see where the action falls.

In the third, they quarrel about dividing the spoil.

In the fourth, they meet with a repulse; are beaten off by a vanguard of dreams, goblins, and terrors of the night.

In the fifth, they rally under their king in person, and make good their ground, till overpowered by fresh troops of conviction, and mighty truth prevails.

For the first act, a painter would draw Spain hovering, and ready to strike at the universe.

In the second, just taking England in her pounces.

But it must not be forgotten in the second act that there be some Spanish fryar or Jesuit, as St. Xaviere (for he may drop in by miracle anywhere) to ring in their ears "The northern heresie"; like Iago in Shakespeare, "Put money in thy purse, I say, put money in thy purse." So often may he repeat, "The northern heresie. Away with your secular advantages; I say, the northern heresie; there is roast meat for the church, *voto a Christo*, the northern heresie."

If Mr. Dryden might try his pen on this subject, doubtless, to an audience that heartily love their country and glory in the virtue of their ancestors, his imitation of Æschylus would have better success, and would "pit, box, and gallery,"[1] far beyond any thing now in possession of the stage, however wrought up by the unimitable Shakespeare.

(From *A Short View of Tragedy*, 1693.)

[1] "In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew, ay, and pit, box, and gallery, I gad, with any play in Europe."—BAYES in the *Rehearsal*.—[ED.]

WILLIAM AND THOMAS SHERLOCK

[The almost obligatory rule of treating but one author in one article may be broken with some reason in the case of the Sherlocks, who occupy a position almost unmatched in English literary history. The lives of the father and the son covered nearly a century and a quarter, during by far the greater part of which time both occupied very high places in exactly the same branch of literature,—that of oratorical and controversial divinity,—their careers overlapping considerably. They were both Eton and Cambridge men ; both held the important office of Master of the Temple, which gave them probably the most intellectual congregation out of the two universities ; both were representatives of an extreme and yet by no means uncompromising political and theological orthodoxy ; both were for the time the central figures of furious and celebrated polemical struggles ; and both had very high reputations in their day as writers and preachers. The continuity of their careers is curious ; perhaps not less curious is the contrast of their style, which marks progress more strikingly than any unrelated and casual examples taken at the same distance of time could possibly do.

William Sherlock, the father, was born at Southwark in 1641, went from Eton to Peterhouse, and became a beneficed London clergyman in 1669. He soon took a prominent part among the High Church section of the London clergy, and became even more famous as a controversialist and pamphleteer than as a preacher. He opposed Puritans and Romanists, but especially the enemies of the Duke of York's succession, for which latter service he received the Mastership of the Temple and other preferments from Charles II. But he would not lend himself to James's toleration of Papists, and fell under the royal displeasure even before the Revolution. His singular and, to say the least, unfortunate conduct at that crisis has been told by Macaulay in one of his liveliest and (for the importance of the matter) most detailed passages. Here it must be sufficient to say that Sherlock at first refused the oaths, and was suspended from his Mastership ; but after some months announced his conversion, by dint of a treatise of Bishop Overall's, enjoining submission to the government *de facto*, and took the oaths—together with the Deanery of St. Paul's. He at once became the mark for the most violent abuse, not merely from Non-jurors, but from those who, by this means or that, had reconciled themselves to the oaths at once. By extraordinary ill-luck or maladroitness, the almost simultaneous publication of a well-intentioned but clumsy "Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity," in which he was said to have fallen into Tritheism in attacking the Socinians, gave his enemies (among whom was the redoubtable South) a handle. Sherlock, how-

ever, kept his places, lived the storm down, and after loyal dedications and the like to Queen Anne, died in 1707. His most famous work, *A Practical Discourse concerning Death* (1689), was written during retirement between his refusing and his taking the oaths, and became extraordinarily popular, twenty-seven editions having been called for by the middle of the eighteenth century. He also published other Discourses of the same kind on *Judgment*, *Providence*, and *Future Punishment*, together with sermons and a great number of controversial works. But these do not appear to have ever been collected.

Thomas Sherlock, his second son (by a wealthy and masterful lady, who was said by scandal to have had not a little to do with her husband's tergiversation), was born in London in 1678. He too went to Eton, where he made many useful friends, including Walpole, and acquired much reputation as a scholar and a swimmer. He then went to Catherine Hall, Cambridge, of which he became successively Fellow and (in 1714) Master, and where he came into early contact with his future antagonist, Hoadly. In 1704, when he was only twenty-six, his father found means to resign the Mastership of the Temple in his favour. Sherlock was a strong Tory and High Churchman; but with a luckier application of the family tendency to face both ways, he contrived to be a strong Hanoverian also, and after the accession of the Georges he was successively Dean of Chichester (1715), and Bishop of Bangor (1728), Salisbury (1734), and London (1748). He had also inherited another family talent, that for controversy, and after taking no small share, as Vice-Chancellor, in the Bentleian broils at Cambridge, he became a protagonist in the great Bangorian controversy with Hoadly, his early rival and immediate predecessor at Bangor itself. He was a frequent and effective speaker in Parliament, is said to have declined Canterbury before he accepted London, and (a rather unusual thing in that age of pluralities), resigned his Mastership of the Temple, after a tenure of all but half a century, in 1753. He died on 11th July 1761, leaving no children, but a considerable fortune to his wife, who had been a Miss Judith Fountaine. Sherlock's long life, prominent position, active temper, and not small abilities, brought him under the favourable or unfavourable notice of many men of letters among both the wits and the divines of his time. Besides his controversial works and his sermons, he is best remembered by his very clever *Trial of the Witnesses* against the Deists, and by an excellent little *Letter to the Clergy and Laity* of his diocese on the earthquakes of 1750. A collected edition of his works appeared in 1830, in 5 vols. 8vo, edited by the Rev. T. C. Hughes.]

WILLIAM SHERLOCK'S *Discourse on Death* must certainly be pronounced a book of no ordinary good fortune. As has been said above, the public bought it without stint; and the critics praised as freely as the public bought. Addison, in prose, set it in the first rank as a persuasive to a religious life: Prior, in verse, devoted to it a long string of very bad and very un-Prior-like lines, in which Sherlock is apostrophised as "wondrous good man," is compared to St. John the Baptist, is told that "his words are easy and his sense sublime," receives the doubtfully orthodox assurance that at the Last Judgment he will "glad all

Heaven with millions *he* has saved," and, in short, serves as a text to show that the keen satirist of Boileau, the charming humourist whose sense delights us as much as his wit elsewhere, could at need write fulsome rubbish to which Boileau would have been ashamed to set his hand. Now to the student of literature it is, though a by no means uncommon, always an interesting thing to turn to books which have been the subject of hyperbolical praise in their own day, and have been nearly forgotten since. Turning thus to the *Practical Discourse concerning Death*, we shall find it to be very much what might be expected. In another case, the *Discourse on Future Judgment*, which is also drawn upon here, Sherlock informs us that part of it had been actually preached, and the tone of all these discourses suggests, as well as their form, the pulpit rather than the study as a scene, the hearer rather than the reader as a public. Not that they are extremely rhetorical; but they are eminently exoteric. They are addressed to presumably educated readers, but in their manner there is something of an anticipation of that tone of the modern newspaper article which is reflected in the well-known advice to a commencing journalist, "You must not be too clever." Sherlock, in fact, was not too clever or too learned; he had escaped some inconveniences, though he might have reaped fewer solid benefices, if his share of both these gifts had been greater. But he is competent in learning and in ability, well-bred, persuasive, not too enthusiastic, as the age was already beginning to say, and deeply imbued with that not unkindly but somewhat unheroic and intensely commonsense morality which dominated the religion and the literature of the next century. He has not the polish of the younger generation of those who admired him; but, on the other hand, he has still a touch of the older directness and simplicity. Above all, he is completely free from the somewhat arrogant and insulting preponderance of intellect which made his elder contemporary and enemy, South, not exactly loved, and which made his younger contemporary, Bentley, feared and hated. He was too hardened a controversialist to show traces of the almost too abundant milk of human kindness which flowed in Tillotson; but there is nothing savage or overweening about him. Indeed, it is fair to say that it is greatly to Addison's credit, when rightly considered, that, though the form of that great writer's famous reflections on tombs is his own, the substance is practically Sherlock's. In short, the Master of the

Temple had seized, and to some extent anticipated, the temper and thoughts of the average best men of his age, and had expressed them in competent, if not consummate, manner. This is almost a definition of the secret of popularity.

Thomas Sherlock was superior to his father, both in general intellectual ability and in special literary faculty; and he had the advantages of an almost finished style put ready into his hands. But he paid for this by being the contemporary of more distinguished writers in his own fields, and by the fact that the pulpit, though still powerful, was less powerful than it had been, and that the gradual "taming" process, of which Tillotson had set the example, had brought its exercises close to the uninteresting. As a mere writer he could not vie with Addison or Swift; as a writer in controversial divinity he could not vie with Law on one side or Berkeley on another. Nevertheless, he exhibited the earlier form of eighteenth-century prose in a very good measure, and showed its capacities in the various uses to which he applied it. As has been said above, he marks progress particularly well when he is contrasted with his father. The half century of difference (though indeed there was not that between their births) is perceivable at once. The style of Sherlock the younger is not extraordinarily remarkable; but it is good of its kind. It has not seemed necessary to draw on his Sermons, but the *Trial of the Witnesses* and the *Letter on the Earthquakes* have each furnished a characteristic specimen. Those persons who retain the old English delight in a theological argument, conducted on sound logical principles, may be invited to turn from the extract here given from the *Trial* to the severer and more daring championship of orthodoxy on the same subject by the great antagonist of Sherlock's father, South.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

WILLIAM SHERLOCK

PREPARATION FOR DEATH A CURE FOR FEAR OF DEATH

It betimes delivers us from the fears of death: and indeed it is then only a man begins to live, when he is got above the fears of death. Were men thoughtful and considerate, death would hang over them in all their mirth and jollity, like a fatal sword by a single hair; it would sour all their enjoyments, and strike terror into their hearts and looks. But the security of most men is, that they put off the thoughts of death, as they do their preparation for it: they live secure and free from danger, only because they will not open their eyes to see it. But these are such examples as no wise man will propose to himself, because they are not safe. And there are so many occasions to put these men in mind of death, that it is a very hard thing not to think of it; and whenever they do, it chills their blood and spirits, and draws a black melancholy veil over all the glories in the world. How are such men surprised when any danger approaches? When death comes within view, and shows his scythe, and only some few sands at the bottom of the glass? This is a very frightful sight to men who are not prepared to die: and yet should they give themselves liberty to think in what danger they live every minute, how many thousand accidents may cut them off, which they can neither foresee nor prevent; fear, and horror, and consternation, would be their constant entertainment, 'till they could think of death without fear; 'till they were reconciled to the thoughts of dying, by great and certain hopes of a better life after death.

So that no man can live happily, if he lives like a man with his thoughts and reason and consideration about him, but he who

takes care betimes to prepare for death and another world. 'Till this be done, a wise man will see himself always in danger, and then he must always fear. But he is a happy man, who knows and considers himself to be mortal, and is not afraid to die. His pleasures and enjoyments are sincere and unmix'd, never disturb'd with a handwriting upon the wall, nor with some secret qualms and misgivings of mind, he is not terrified with present dangers, at least not amazed and distracted with them. A man who is deliver'd from the fears of death, fears nothing else in excess but God. And fear is so troublesome a passion, that nothing is more for the happiness of our lives, than to be deliver'd from it. (From *A practical Discourse concerning Death.*)

CONSCIENCE POWERFUL AND IMPOTENT

A MAN'S own conscience cannot deceive him in this. Every man must know, whether he carefully avoid all known and wilful sins; whether he discharge all essential parts of his duty to God and men; especially, when he does any eminent services for God, and becomes an example of piety and virtue. A man, whose conscience gives this testimony to him, may securely hope and rejoice in God; for whatever other defects the pure eyes of God may see in him, they are all within the Grace and Mercy of the Gospel, and therefore cannot hinder his pardon, or his reward.

Thus we see, that when conscience absolutely condemns, or when without any doubt and hesitancy it commends, acquits, and absolves, its sentence is a Divine oracle, and assures us what our judgment shall be at the last day, if we be then found in such a state. But there is a middle state between these two, which deserves to be consider'd; when men are neither so wicked, as to be absolutely condemn'd by their own consciences, nor so good, as to be acquitted and absolved; which is an uncertain state between hope and fear. This is the case of those men who have been guilty of very great sins, which they had lived in many years; and tho' they are very sensible of their past wickedness, and heartily sorry for their sins, and seriously resolved by the grace of God to forsake them; yet they are not satisfied of the sincerity of their repentance, because they have not (with all their sorrow and resolutions) conquered their inclinations to

sin, nor broken the habits of it; but are guilty of frequent relapses, and fall into the commission of the same sins again; and then repent and resolve again; and as time wears off their sorrow for their last offence, their old inclinations revive, and a new temptation conquers again. Now such men's consciences neither absolutely condemn, nor absolutely acquit them, for the event is doubtful: they are not conquerors yet, and it is uncertain whether ever they will conquer; and therefore their consciences cannot yet speak peace to them: And yet they are not perfect slaves and captives to sin, but contend for their liberty, and therefore their consciences do not absolutely condemn them; but as they prevail or yield, so their hopes or fears increase.

And this also is the case of those men, who if they commit no notorious wickedness, yet do very little good, nothing that their consciences can commend them for: who worship God rather in compliance with the custom of the place they live in, than from a vital sense and reverence of God, and therefore are not for any works of supererogation. And little will content them; and they are glad of any excuse to lessen that little; and all men, who pretend to greater devotion, they suspect of hypocrisy, and some secular interests.

(From *A practical Discourse concerning a Future Judgment.*)

THOMAS SHERLOCK

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS

NEXT to those in public offices of power and trust, the happiness of the public depends on those who have the government in private families. Here it is that the youth of the nation must be formed, and if they are suffered to be corrupted in their religion or morals before they come into the world, there is little hope that the world will reform them. All wise men, legislators, and princes have acknowledged not only the use, but the necessity of an early education to form the mind, whilst tender, to the principles of honour and virtue; and what is more, the wisest of all, the writers inspired by the Holy Spirit, have required it as a duty from parents, and as part of the obedience they owe to God. Even our unbelievers have seen how far religion depended on this care; and under a pretence of maintaining the liberty of the human mind, and guarding it against early prejudices, they have endeavoured to persuade the world that children should be taught nothing of religion, but be left to form notions for themselves. They have had but too great success, and we begin to see the fruits of it. The children of this age grow soon to be men and women, and are admitted to be partners and witnesses to the follies and vices of their parents. Thus trained and educated, when they come to be masters and mistresses of families, they answer fully what was to be expected from them; they are often a torment to each other and to themselves, and have reason to bemoan themselves for the indulgence shown them in their early days.

Would you see the effects of this education in all orders among us, look into the many public assemblies; sometimes you may see old age affecting the follies of youth, and counterfeiting the airs of gaiety; sometimes men lying in wait to seduce women,

and women, to seduce men, and even children seriously employed at the gaming table, as if their parents were concerned to form them early to the taste of the age, and were afraid that they should not soon enough of themselves find the way to their ruin.

Look near home: see the temptations of this sort which surround these cities, and are indeed so many snares to catch your sons and daughters and apprentices. Can you look on and be unconcerned? For God's sake, and for the sake of your children and your country, take the courage to act like parents and masters of families; reformation must begin in private families; the law and the magistrate can punish your children when they become wicked; but it is you who must make them good by proper instruction and proper government. If you suffer them to meet temptation where temptation is sure to meet them, never complain of him who corrupts your child; you are the corrupter yourself; to you he owes it that he is undone. And perhaps there is not a more provoking circumstance, nor a greater call for divine vengeance on a wicked nation than this; that the youth are prepared and brought up to inherit all the vices of their fathers, which cuts off all prospect of reformation, and stands as a bar between us and mercy.

On you therefore, fathers and mothers, your country and the church of God call for assistance; your endeavours may go a great way towards saving us, and this wicked generation may be spared, for the hope of seeing the next better.

In a word, let every man, whatever his station is, do his part towards averting the judgments of God: let every man reform himself, and others as far as his influence goes; this is our only proper remedy; for the dissolute wickedness of the age is a more dreadful sign and prognostication of divine anger than even the trembling of the earth under us.

(From *Miscellaneous Tracts.*)

THE RESURRECTION AND EVIDENCE

THE gentleman allows it to be reasonable in many cases to act on the testimony and credit of others; but he thinks this should be confined to such cases, where the thing testified is probable, possible, and according to the usual course of nature. The

gentleman does not, I suppose, pretend to know the extent of all natural possibilities, much less will he suppose them to be generally known; and therefore his meaning must be, that the testimony of witnesses is to be received only in cases which appear to us to be possible. In any other sense we can have no dispute; for mere impossibilities which can never exist, can never be proved. Taking the observation therefore in this sense, the proposition is this: that the testimony of others ought not to be admitted, but in such matters as appear probable, or at least possible to our conceptions. For instance: a man who lives in a warm climate, and never saw ice, ought on no evidence to believe that rivers freeze and grow hard in cold countries; for this is improbable, contrary to the usual course of nature, and impossible according to his notion of things. And yet we all know that this is a plain manifest case, discernible by the senses of men, of which therefore they are qualified to be good witnesses. A hundred such instances might be named, but it is needless; for surely nothing is more apparently absurd than to make one man's ability in discerning, and his veracity in reporting plain facts, depend on the skill or ignorance of the hearer. And what has the gentleman said, on this occasion, against the resurrection, more than any man who never saw ice might say against a hundred honest witnesses, who assert that water turns to ice in cold climates?

It is very true that men do not so easily believe on testimony of others things which to them seem improbable or impossible; but the reason is not because the thing itself admits no evidence, but because the hearer's preconceived opinion outweighs the credit of the reporter, and makes his veracity to be called in question. For instance, it is natural for a stone to roll down hill; it is unnatural for it to roll up hill; but a stone moving up hill is as much the object of sense as a stone moving down hill; and all men in their senses are as capable of seeing and judging, and reporting the fact in one case as in the other. Should a man then tell you that he saw a stone go up hill of its own accord, you might question his veracity, but you could not say the thing admitted no evidence, because it was contrary to the law and usual course of nature; for the law of nature formed to yourself from your own experience and reasoning, is quite independent of the matter of fact which the man testifies; and whenever you see facts yourself, which contradict your notions of the law of nature,

you admit the facts, because you believe yourself; when you do not admit like facts on the evidence of others, it is because you do not believe them, and not because the facts in their own nature exclude all evidence.

Suppose a man should tell you that he was come from the dead; you would be apt to suspect his evidence. But what would you suspect? That he was not alive, when you heard him, saw him, felt him, and conversed with him? You could not suspect this without giving up all your senses, and acting in this case as you act in no other. Here then you would question whether the man had ever been dead. But would you say that it is incapable of being made plain by human testimony that this or that man died a year ago? It cannot be said. Evidence in this case is admitted in all courts perpetually.

Consider it the other way. Suppose you saw a man publicly executed, his body afterwards wounded by the executioner, and carried and laid in the grave; that after this you should be told that the man was come to life again; what would you suspect in this case? Not that the man had never been dead, for that you saw yourself; but you would suspect whether he was now alive. But would you say, this case excluded all human testimony, and that men could not possibly discern whether one with whom they conversed familiarly was alive or no? On what ground could you say this? A man rising from the grave is an object of sense, and can give the same evidence of his being alive as any other man in the world can give. So that a resurrection considered only as a fact to be proved by evidence, is a plain case; it requires no greater ability in the witnesses than that they be able to distinguish between a man dead and a man alive; a point in which I believe every man living thinks himself a judge.

I do allow that this case and others of like nature require more evidence to give them credit than ordinary cases do. You may therefore require more evidence in these than in other cases; but it is absurd to say that such cases admit no evidence, when the things in question are manifestly objects of sense.

I allow farther that the gentleman has rightly stated the difficulty on the foot of common prejudice; and that it arises from hence, that such cases appear to be contrary to the course of nature. But I desire him to consider what this course of nature is. Every man, from the lowest countryman to the highest

philosopher, frames to himself from his experience and observation a notion of a course of nature, and is ready to say of everything reported to him that contradicts his experience, that it is contrary to nature. But will the gentleman say that everything is impossible, or even improbable, that contradicts the notion which men frame to themselves of the course of nature? I think he will not say it; and if he will, he must say that water can never freeze, for it is absolutely inconsistent with the notion which men have of the course of nature who live in the warm climates. And hence it appears that when men talk of the course of nature, they really talk of their own prejudices and imaginations, and that sense and reason are not so much concerned in the case as the gentleman imagines. For I ask, is it from the evidence of sense or the evidence of reason that people in warm climates think it contrary to nature that water should grow solid and become ice? As for sense, they see indeed that water with them is always liquid, but none of their senses tell them that it can never grow solid; as for reason, it can never so inform them, for right reason can never contradict the truth of things. Our senses then inform us rightly what the usual course of things is; but when we conclude that things cannot be otherwise, we outrun the information of our senses, and the conclusion stands on prejudice, and not on reason. And yet such conclusions form what is generally called the course of nature. And when men on proper evidence and information admit things contrary to this presupposed course of nature, they do not, as the gentleman expresses it, quit their own sense and reason, but in truth they quit their own mistakes and prejudices.

In the case before us, the case of the resurrection, the great difficulty arises from the like prejudice. We all know by experience that all men die and rise no more; therefore we conclude that for a dead man to rise to life again is contrary to the course of nature; and certainly it is contrary to the uniform and settled course of things. But if we argue from hence that it is contrary and repugnant to the real laws of nature, and absolutely impossible on that account, we argue without any foundation to support us either from our senses or our reason. We cannot learn from our eyes, or feeling, or any other sense, that it is impossible for a dead body to live again; if we learn it at all, it must be from our reason; and yet what one maxim of reason is contradicted by the supposition of a resurrection? For my own part, when I

consider how I live; that all the animal motions necessary to my life are independent of my will; that my heart beats without my consent and without my direction; that digestion and nutrition are performed by methods to which I am not conscious; that my blood moves in a perpetual round, which is contrary to all known laws of motion; I cannot but think that the preservation of my life, in every moment of it, is as great an act of power as is necessary to raise a dead man to life. And whoever so far reflects on his own being as to acknowledge that he owes it to a superior power, must needs think that the same power which gave life to senseless matter at first, and set all the springs and movements a-going at the beginning, can restore life to a dead body. For surely it is not a greater thing to give life to a body once dead, than to a body that never was alive.

(From the Same.)

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

[Isaac Newton was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, on 25th December 1642. He was educated at Grantham and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1665. He had already begun to make discoveries in mathematics, and it was in 1666 that the fall of the famous apple suggested to him a rudimentary theory of gravitation. This was not however finally worked out until the *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica* of 1687, and in the meantime he occupied himself largely with the phenomena of Light and Optics. He became a Fellow of Trinity in 1667, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in 1669, a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1691, and its President in 1703. He always held his public duties higher than his scientific, championed his University against James II., sat in Parliament in 1689, and again for the University in 1701, and served as Master of the Mint from 1699. In 1703 he was knighted; died in 1727, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The best edition of the *Principia* is that by Sir W. Thomson and Professor Blackburn (1871). His *Optics* were published in a Latin translation in 1706, his *Optical Lectures* in 1728, and his *Treatise on Fluxions* in 1736. He also wrote several pamphlets on theological subjects. His collected *Works* were edited by Horsley in 1779-1785. The student may consult Sir David Brewster's *Life of Newton* (1855), and Prof. Augustus de Morgan's *Newton, his Friend, and his Niece* (1885).]

IN the history of science, especially in its mathematical branches, the activity of Isaac Newton is one of the greatest epochs. A profundity of physical research, combined with a positive genius for the invention of new and fertile mathematical methods, enabled him to accomplish once for all the determination of that vast system of cosmic laws at which generations of explorers — Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler — had been vaguely labouring. Subsequent investigation in the same field has been but the elaboration of principles which he laid down. With Aristotle and Darwin he stands in the front rank of the torch-bearers of luminous theory.

Newton has indeed but little direct claim to rank among

the masters of English prose. With the exception of a few letters and theological pamphlets, his writings are all in Latin, academic instincts teaching him the inestimable value of that language as an instrument of definite and precise statement. Nor are the subjects such as to leave much room for beauty of form in their exposition. Order, lucidity, and a reverence for the syllogism—you can expect no more from a mathematician. And those same virtues of clear and cogent reasoning, are the chief qualities which Newton carries with him when he ventures into his mother tongue, and beyond the sphere of physics. Indirectly, however, he must have had a considerable influence upon the subsequent course of literature. The impulse of the scientific spirit is among the principal factors to be taken account of in examining the problem of the eighteenth-century mind; and no one had a greater share in the propagation of this impulse than Newton. Science came, as it were, to be a tonic to the exhausted energies of English literature: it strengthened the nerve, purged the brain of fantastic cobwebs, forced the eye to look at things in the broad commonplace light of day, refreshed and revitalised the whole organism, as the giant of old was refreshed and revitalised, by a healthy touch of earth. There followed a period of infertility, it is true; the manuring season is rarely rich in crops; but the harvest came in time, more swelling and more golden for the long delay. And but for the eighteenth century, with its want of poetic imagination, with its dominant scientific spirit, this rejuvenescence, this regeneration would have been impossible.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

ON THE BELIEF IN A GOD

SIR,—When I wrote my treatise about our system, I had an eye upon such principles as might work with considering men, for the belief of a Deity, and nothing can rejoice me more than to find it useful for that purpose. But if I have done the public any service this way, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought.

As to your first query, it seems to me that if the matter of our sun and planets, and all the matter of the universe, were evenly scattered throughout all the heavens, and every particle had an innate gravity towards all the rest, and the whole space, throughout which this matter was scattered, was but finite; the matter on the outside of this space would by its gravity tend towards all the matter on the inside, and by consequence fall down into the middle of the whole space, and there compose one great spherical mass. But if the matter was evenly disposed throughout an infinite space, it could never convene into one mass, but some of it would convene into one mass, and some into another, so as to make an infinite number of great masses, scattered at great distances from one another throughout all that infinite space. And thus might the sun and fixed stars be formed, supposing the matter were of a lucid nature. But how the matter should divide itself into two sorts, and that part of it, which is fit to compose a shining body, should fall down into one mass and make a sun, and the rest, which is fit to compose an opaque body, should coalesce, not into one great body, like the shining matter, but into many little ones; or if the sun at first were an opaque body like the planets, or the planets lucid bodies like the sun, how he alone should be changed into a shining body, whilst all they continue opaque, or all they be changed into opaque ones, whilst he remains unchanged, I do not think explicable by mere natural causes,

but am forced to ascribe it to the counsel and contrivance of a voluntary Agent.

The same power, whether natural or supernatural, which placed the sun in the centre of the six primary planets, placed Saturn in the centre of the orbs of his five secondary planets, and Jupiter in the centre of his four secondary planets, and the earth in the centre of the moon's orb; and therefore had this cause been a blind one, without contrivance or design, the sun would have been a body of the same kind with Saturn, Jupiter, and the earth, that is, without light and heat. Why there is one body in our system qualified to give light and heat to all the rest, I know no reason, but because the Author of the system thought it convenient; and why there is but one body of this kind I know no reason, but because one was sufficient to warm and enlighten all the rest. For the Cartesian hypothesis of suns losing their light, and then turning into comets, and comets into planets, can have no place in my system, and is plainly erroneous; because it is certain that as often as they appear to us, they descend into the system of our planets, lower than the orb of Jupiter, and sometimes lower than the orbs of Venus and Mercury, and yet never stay here, but always return from the sun with the same degrees of motion by which they approached him.

To your second query, I answer, that the motions which the planets now have could not spring from any natural cause alone, but were impressed by an intelligent Agent. For since comets descend into the region of our planets, and here move all manner of ways, going sometimes the same way with the planets, sometimes the contrary way, and sometimes in cross ways, in planes inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, and at all kinds of angles, it is plain that there is no natural cause which could determine all the planets, both primary and secondary, to move the same way and in the same plane, without any considerable variation: this must have been the effect of counsel. Nor is there any natural cause which could give the planets those just degrees of velocity, in proportion to their distances from the sun, and other central bodies, which were requisite to make them move in such concentric orbs about those bodies. Had the planets been swift as comets, in proportion to their distances from the sun (as they would have been, had their motion been caused by their gravity, whereby the matter, at

the first formation of the planets, might fall from the remotest regions towards the sun) they would not move in concentric orbs, but in such eccentric ones as the comets move in. Were all the planets as swift as Mercury, or as slow as Saturn or his satellites; or were their several velocities otherwise much greater or less than they are, as they might have been had they arose from any other cause than their gravities, or had the distances from the centres about which they move been greater or less than they are with the same velocities; or had the quantity of matter in the sun, or in Saturn, Jupiter, and the earth, and by consequence their gravitating power been greater or less than it is, the primary planets could not have revolved about the sun, nor the secondary ones about Saturn, Jupiter, and the earth, in concentric circles as they do, but would have moved in hyperbolas, or parabolas, or in eclipses very eccentric. To make this system therefore, with all its motions, required a Cause which understood and compared together the quantites of matter in the several bodies of the sun and planets, and the gravitating powers resulting from thence; the several distances of the primary planets from the sun, and of the secondary ones from Saturn, Jupiter, and the earth; and the velocities with which these planets could revolve about those quantities of matter in the central bodies; and to compare and adjust all these things together in so great a variety of bodies, argues that Cause to be not blind and fortuitous but very well skilled in mechanics and geometry.

To your third query, I answer, that it may be represented that the sun may, by heating those planets most which are nearest to him, cause them to be better concocted, and more condensed by that concoction. But when I consider that our earth is much more heated in its bowels below the upper crust by subterraneous fermentations of mineral bodies than by the sun, I see not why the interior parts of Jupiter and Saturn might not be as much heated, concocted, and coagulated by those fermentations as our earth is; and therefore this various density should have some other cause than the various distances of the planets from the sun. And I am confirmed in this opinion by considering, that the planets of Jupiter and Saturn, as they are rarer than the rest, so they are vastly greater, and contain a far greater quantity of matter, and have many satellites about them; which qualifications surely arose not

from their being placed at so great a distance from the sun, but were rather the cause why the Creator placed them at great distance. For by their gravitating powers they disturb one another's motions very sensibly, as I find by some late observations of Mr. Flamsteed, and had they been placed much nearer to the sun and to one another, they would by the same powers have caused a considerable disturbance in the whole system.

To your fourth query, I answer that in the hypothesis of vortices, the inclination of the axis of the earth might, in my opinion, be ascribed to the situation of the earth's vortex before it was absorbed by the neighbouring vortices, and the earth turned from a sun to a comet; but this inclination ought to decrease constantly in compliance with the motion of the earth's vortex, whose axis is much less inclined to the ecliptic, as appears by the motion of the moon carried about therein. If the sun by his rays could carry about the planets, yet I do not see how he could thereby effect their diurnal motions.

Lastly, I see nothing extraordinary in the inclination of the earth's axis for proving a Deity, unless you will urge it as a contrivance for winter and summer, and for making the earth habitable towards the poles; and that the diurnal rotations of the sun and planets, as they could hardly arise from any cause purely mechanical, so by being determined all the same way with the annual and menstrual motions, they seem to make up that harmony in the system, which, as I explained above, was the effect of choice rather than chance.

There is yet another argument for a Deity, which I take to be a very strong one, but, till the principles on which it is grounded are better received, I think it more advisable to let it sleep.—I am, your most humble servant to command,

ISAAC NEWTON.

CAMBRIDGE, 10*th December* 1692.

(From the *Letters to Dr. Bentley.*)

BISHOP BURNET

[Gilbert Burnet was born in Edinburgh on the 18th of September 1643. He was educated, first at home, and subsequently at the Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1661 he became a clergyman of the Scotch Church. He was always interested in general literature, and still more in politics, which attracted him to London. He became intimate with King Charles II., who made him a royal chaplain, and with James, Duke of York But Burnet was a zealous Protestant, and a personal friend of Lord William Russell and the Earl of Essex, so that he lost favour with Charles, and on the accession of James thought fit to go abroad. He became intimate with the Prince and Princess of Orange, accompanied the expedition of 1688, and after the Revolution was rewarded with the Bishopric of Salisbury. He proved an excellent bishop, without ceasing to be an active politician. In 1698 he became Preceptor to the Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess Anne. He suggested to Anne, when Queen, the provision for augmenting poor livings, known as Queen Anne's bounty. He died in London on the 7th of March 1715. For more than fifty years he had been a most prolific writer. He composed histories, biographies, theological treatises, sermons, and political pamphlets. A complete list of his writings will be found (vol. vi. pp. 331-352) in the Clarendon Press edition of his principal work *The History of my Own Times.*]

BURNET took so keen a part in the political and religious controversies of a troubled time that the worth of his writings has been very differently judged by Whigs and by Tories, by Low Churchmen and by High Churchmen. But after the lapse of nearly two centuries it is no longer difficult to determine his real position in literature. He was a man of quick feelings, extraordinary energy, varied experience, and very wide reading. He was not an original thinker or a master of literary expression. Most of his works were written for an immediate purpose. The many sermons and pamphlets which came from his pen are creditable productions of their kind, but possess none of those transcendent qualities which alone can raise a fugitive piece to the dignity of a classic. His works of divinity would hardly by themselves suffice to preserve his memory. That he still holds a place in English literature is due to his biographical and historical writings.

Some Passages of the Life and Death of John, Earl of Rochester, should not perhaps be termed a biography, since it passes very rapidly over Rochester's career to dwell upon the close of his life and his conversion by the author. One of the cleverest and most dissolute among the many men of wit and pleasure who gathered round Charles II., Rochester had exhausted a vigorous constitution and fine talents whilst yet little more than thirty years of age. His conversations with Burnet give a lively idea of the religious and moral scepticism which was then fashionable, and of the arguments with which it was assailed. The *Life of Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England*, portrays a very different character, a great judge, and a man of antique virtue. In this work, also, the sermon encroaches on the biography. Yet, it is agreeable reading. The deficiencies of Burnet's thought and style are less remarkable in brief occasional performances of this class, than in longer and more elaborate compositions. Burnet's reputation as a historian rests chiefly on the *History of the Reformation* and the *History of My Own Time*. The first volume of the *History of the Reformation* appeared in 1679, the second in 1681, and the third in 1714. Published at a time when the pretended discovery of the Popish plot had given a new edge to Protestant enthusiasm, the first volume received the formal thanks of the House of Commons. The whole work attracted considerable attention on the Continent as well as in England. Nor was this attention undeserved. For Burnet had shown considerable industry in research, and had as much regard for truth as is ever found in a zealous party man. But in writing the *History of the Reformation* he laboured under two grave disadvantages. He had no access to many sources of information which have been laid open since his time. He wrote at a time when the conflict between Protestant and Catholic was still raging, and could not be expected to discuss the first phase of that conflict in the philosophical spirit, possible to those who write after the conflict has been decided. For these reasons the *History of the Reformation* has already become more or less obsolete. A more enduring importance belongs to the *History of My Own Time*, which was not published in the life of the author. Beginning with a sketch of the period of the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth, it traces the course of events in England and Scotland from the Restoration of Charles II. down to the close of the reign of Anne. For writing such a history Burnet possessed unusual

advantages. Engaged in politics for nearly fifty years, personally intimate with five English sovereigns, and the centre of a wide circle of acquaintance which comprised most of the men prominent, whether in Church or in State, both in England and in Scotland, he had every opportunity of collecting those precious facts which are not recorded in state papers but which illustrate the very soul of the time. As a contemporary narrative the *History of My Own Time* has the same indestructible value which belongs to the *History of the Great Rebellion*. As a work of literary art, however, Burnet's history cannot be compared with Clarendon's history. Clarendon's lofty rhythm, restrained pathos, and fine discrimination of language are all wanting to Burnet. Whatever the subject in hand, a battle or a revolution, the character of a great statesman or the untimely death of a dear friend, Burnet's narrative jogs along at the same slow apathetic pace. The lack of eloquence is not compensated by clearness or method, for the arrangement is careless and the impression left on the reader is one of confusion. Still less is the uncouthness of the form compensated by the profundity of the thought. That Burnet was a champion of the party which saved civil and religious freedom does not make him less a partisan. How much his perception of facts was impaired by his Whig zeal, may be gathered from the remonstrance against peace with France which he addressed to Anne after the Tories had come into power. "I said," he writes, "any treaty by which Spain and the West Indies were left to King Philip must in a little while deliver all Europe into the hands of France; and, if any such peace should be made, she was betrayed and we were all ruined; in less than three years time she would be murdered, and the fires would be again raised in Smithfield" (vol. vi. p. 71).

Defects of method, of historical insight, and of impartiality are, however, equally conspicuous in Clarendon's history, and are perhaps inevitable in a contemporary record of political events. Burnet has been further charged with grave inaccuracy in his statement of facts, but this accusation is not well founded. The conclusion has evidently been elaborated with much care, and in point of style rises as far above Burnet's usual level as the rest of the history sinks below.

Burnet was not a great author, but his writings must be studied by all who would acquaint themselves with a memorable period in the history of England. F. C. MONTAGUE.

THE NATIONAL BLESSING OF RELIGION

THUS religion, if truly received and sincerely adhered to, would prove the greatest of all blessings to a nation; but by religion I understand somewhat more than the receiving some doctrines, though ever so true, or the professing them, and engaging to support them, not without zeal and eagerness. What signify the best doctrines, if men do not live suitably to them; if they have not a due influence upon their thoughts, their principles, and their lives? Men of bad lives, with sound opinions, are self-condemned, and lie under a highly aggravated guilt; nor will the heat of a party, arising out of interest, and managed with fury and violence, compensate for the ill lives of such false pretenders to zeal; while they are a disgrace to that which they profess, and seem hot for. By religion, I do not mean an outward compliance with form and customs, in going to church, to prayers, to sermons, and to sacraments, with an external show of devotion, or, which is more, with some inward forced good thoughts, in which many may satisfy themselves, while this has no visible effect upon their lives, nor any inward force to subdue and rectify their appetites, passions, and secret designs. Those customary performances, how good and useful soever, when well understood and rightly directed, are of little value when men rest on them, and think that, because they do them, they have therefore acquitted themselves of their duty, though they continue still proud, covetous, full of deceit, envy, and malice; even secret prayer, the most effectual of all other means, is designed for a higher end, which is, to possess our minds with such a constant and present sense of divine truths, as may make these live in us, and govern us, and may draw down such assistances as may exalt and sanctify our natures.

So that by religion, I mean such a sense of divine truth as enters into a man, and becomes a spring of a new nature within him; reforming his thoughts and designs, purifying his heart,

and sanctifying him, and governing his whole deportment, his words as well as his actions: convincing him, that it is not enough not to be scandalously vicious, or to be innocent in his conversation, but that he must be entirely, uniformly, and constantly pure and virtuous, animating him with a zeal to be still better and better, more eminently good and exemplary, using prayers and all outward devotions, as solemn acts testifying what he is inwardly and at heart, and as methods instituted by God, to be still advancing in the use of them further and further into a more refined and spiritual sense of divine matters. This is true religion, which is the perfection of human nature, and the joy and delight of every one that feels it active and strong within him: it is true, this is not arrived at all at once; and it will have an unhappy allay, hanging long even about a good man; but, as those ill mixtures are the perpetual grief of his soul, so it is his chief care to watch over and to mortify them; he will be in a continual progress, still gaining ground upon himself; and, as he attains to a good degree of purity, he will find a noble flame of life and joy growing upon him. Of this I write with the more concern and emotion, because I have felt this the true, and, indeed, the only joy which runs through a man's heart and life; it is that which has been for many years my greatest support; I rejoice daily in it; I feel from it the earnest of that supreme joy which I pant and long for; I am sure there is nothing else that can afford any true or complete happiness. I have, considering my sphere, seen a great deal of all that is most shining and tempting in this world: the pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate; intrigues of state, and the conduct of affairs, have something in them that is more specious; and I was for some years deeply immersed in these, but still with hopes of reforming the world, and of making mankind wiser and better; but I have found that which is crooked cannot be made straight. I acquainted myself with knowledge and learning, and that in a great variety and with more compass than depth; but though wisdom excelleth folly as much as light does darkness, yet as it is a sore travail, so it is so very defective, that what is wanting to complete it cannot be numbered. I have seen that two were better than one, and that a three-fold cord is not easily loosed; and have therefore cultivated friendship with much zeal, and a disinterested tenderness; but I have found this was also vanity and vexation of spirit, though it be of the best and noblest sort.

So that, upon great and long experience, I could enlarge on the preacher's text, Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity; but I must also conclude with him—Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the all of man, the whole both of his duty and his happiness. I do therefore end all in the words of David, of the truth of which, upon great experience and a long observation, I am so fully assured, that I leave these as my last words to posterity:—Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry. The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

(From *History of my own Time.*)

THE CHARACTER OF WILLIAM III.

THUS lived and died William the Third, King of Great Britain, and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution: he had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority; all his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical, and the dregs of the smallpox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few: he spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion; he was then everywhere and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education; De Wit's discourses were of great use to him, and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution that he could never shake off, though in another scene it proved as hurtful, as it was then necessary to his

affairs: he spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian, so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him: he was an exact observer of men and things: his strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgment, than in imagination or invention: his designs were always great and good; but it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people, to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them: this, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe; his reservedness grew on him, so that it disgusted most of those who served him; but he had observed the errors of too much talking, rather than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of compliance, yet he did not love flatterers; his genius lay chiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct; great errors were often committed by him, but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him; he was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favourites, but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence; he was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges: he gave too much way to his own humour, almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health: he knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly: he instructed his own ministers himself, but he did not apply enough to affairs at home: he tried how he could govern us by balancing the two parties one against another, but he came at last to be persuaded, that the Tories were irreconcileable to him, and he resolved to try and trust them no more. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blasphemy: and though there was much of both at his court, yet it was always denied to him, and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God, only on week days he came too seldom to them; he was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers, and in reading the Scriptures;

and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity: he was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees: he said to me, he adhered to these, because he did not see how the belief of providence could be maintained upon any other supposition: his indifference as to the forms of church government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him; in his deportment towards all about him he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served him well, or those who served him ill: he loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them, which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this had upon his business. He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs; till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe. For a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life: few men had the art of concealing and governing passion more than he had; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompenses for any sudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them; he was too easy to the faults of those about him, when they did not lie in his own way, or cross any of his designs: and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent, if they should find that they had too much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them feel how little power they had, even in small matters: his favourites had a more entire power, but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice, except when it was asked: it was not easy to account for the reasons of the favour that he showed, in the highest instances, to two persons beyond all others, the Earls of Portland and Albemarle, they being in all respects men, not only of different, but of opposite characters; secrecy and fidelity were the only qualities in which it could be said that they did in any sort agree.

(From the Same.)

THE CHARACTER OF SIR MATTHEW HALE

HE had a soul enlarged and raised above that mean appetite of loving money, which is generally the root of all evil. He did not take the profits that he might have had by his practice; for in common cases, when those who came to ask his counsel gave him a piece, he used to give back the half, and so made ten shillings his fee in ordinary matters that did not require much time or study. If he saw a cause was unjust, he, for a great while, would not meddle further in it, but to give his advice that it was so. If the parties after that would go on, they were to seek another counsellor, for he would assist none in acts of injustice. If he found the cause doubtful or weak in point of law, he always advised his clients to agree their business. Yet afterwards he abated much of the scrupulosity he had about causes, that appeared at first view unjust, upon this occasion. There were two causes brought to him, which, by the ignorance of the party or their attorney, were so ill represented to him, that they seemed to be very bad; but he inquiring more narrowly into them, found they were really very good and just; so that after this, he slackened much of his former strictness of refusing to meddle in causes upon the ill circumstances that appeared in them at first.

In his pleading he abhorred those two common faults of misreciting evidences, quoting precedents or books falsely, or asserting things confidently, by which ignorant juries or weak judges are too often wrought on. He pleaded with the same sincerity that he used in the other parts of his life, and used to say:—It was as great a dishonour as a man was capable of, that for a little money he was to be hired to say or do otherwise than as he thought. All this he ascribed to the immeasurable desire of heaping up wealth, which corrupted the souls of some, that seemed to be otherwise born and made for great things.

When he was a practitioner, differences were often referred to him, which he settled; but would accept of no reward for his pains, though offered by both parties together, after the agreement was made; for he said "in those cases he was made a judge, and a judge ought to take no money. If they told him he lost much of his time in considering their business, and so ought to be acknowledged for it, his answer was (as one that heard it told me), "Can

I spend my time better than to make people friends? Must I have no time allowed me to do good in?"

He was naturally a quick man; yet, by much practice on himself, he subdued that to such a degree, that he would never run suddenly into any conclusion concerning any matter of importance. *Festina lente* was his beloved motto, which he ordered to be engraved on the head of his staff; and he was often heard say, That he had observed many witty men run into great errors, because they did not give themselves time to think; but the heat of imagination making some notions appear in good colours to them, they, without staying till that cooled, were violently led by the impulses it made on them; whereas calm and slow men, who pass for dull in the common estimation, could search after truth, and find it out, as with more deliberation, so with greater certainty.

He laid aside the tenth penny of all he got for the poor; and took great care to be well informed of proper objects for his charities. And after he was a judge, many of the perquisites of his place, as his dividend of the Rule and Box money, were sent by him to the jails, to discharge poor prisoners, who never knew from whose hands their relief came. It is also a custom for the Marshal of the King's Bench to present the judges of that Court with a piece of plate for a new year's gift, that for the chief justice being larger than the rest. This he intended to have refused; but the other judges told him it belonged to his office, and the refusing of it would be a prejudice to his successors, so he was persuaded to take it; but he sent word to the Marshal, That, instead of plate, he should bring him the value of it in money; and when he received it, he immediately sent it to the prisons, for the relief and discharge of the poor there. He usually invited his poor neighbours to dine with him, and made them sit at table with himself; and if any of them were sick, so that they could not come, he would send meat warm to them from his table. And he did not only relieve the poor in his own parish, but sent supplies to the neighbouring parishes, as there was occasion for it; and he treated them all with the same tenderness and familiarity that became one who considered they were of the same nature as himself, and were reduced to no other necessities, but such as he himself might be brought to. But for common beggars, if any of these came to him as he was in his walks when he lived in the country, he would ask such as were capable of working why they went about so idly? If they answered, It

was because they could find no work, he often sent them to some field, to gather all the stones in it and lay them on a heap; and then would pay them liberally for their pains. This being done, he used to send his carts, and caused them to be carried to such places of the highway as needed mending.

But when he was in town, he dealt his charities very liberally, even among the street beggars; and when some told him, That he thereby encouraged idleness, and that most of these were notorious cheats; he used to answer, That he believed most of them were such; but among them there were some that were great objects of charity, and pressed with grievous necessities; and that he had rather give his alms to twenty who might be perhaps rogues, than that one of the other sort should perish for want of that small relief which he gave them.

He loved building much, which he affected chiefly because it employed many poor people; but one thing was observed in all his buildings, that the changes he made in his houses were always from magnificence to usefulness; for he avoided everything that looked like pomp or vanity, even in the walls of his houses. He had good judgment in architecture, and an excellent faculty in contriving well.

He was a gentle landlord to all his tenants, and was ever ready, upon any reasonable complaints, to make abatements; for he was merciful as well as righteous. One instance of this was of a widow that lived in London, and had a small estate near his house in the country; from which her rents were ill returned to her, and at a cost, which she could not well bear; so she bemoaned herself to him; and he, according to his readiness to assist all poor people, told her, He would order his steward to take up her rents, and the returning them should cost her nothing. But after that, when there was a great falling of rents in that country so that it was necessary to make abatements to the tenant, yet he would have it lie on himself, and made the widow be paid her rent as formerly.

Another remarkable instance of his justice and goodness was, that when he found ill money had been paid into his hands, he would never suffer it to be vented again; for he thought it was no excuse for him to put false money into other people's hands, because some had put it into his. A great heap of this he had gathered together; for many had so far abused his goodness, as to mix base money among the fees that were given him.

It is like he had intended to have destroyed it; but some thieves who had observed it, broke into his chamber and stole it, thinking they had got a prize; which he used to tell with some pleasure, imagining how they found themselves deceived, when they perceived what sort of booty they had fallen on.

After he was made a judge, he would needs pay more for every purchase he made than it was worth. If it had been but a horse he had to buy, he would have out-bid the price; and when some represented to him that he made ill bargains, he said; It became judges to pay more for what they bought, than the true value, that so those with whom they dealt might not think they had any right to their favour, by having sold such things to them at an easy rate, and said it was suitable to the reputation which a judge ought to preserve, to make such bargains that the world might see they were not too well used upon some secret account.

In sum, his estate did show how little he had minded the raising a great fortune; for from a hundred pound a year he raised it not quite to nine hundred; and of this a very considerable part came in by his share of Mr. Selden's estate: yet this, considering his great practice while a counsellor, and his constant, frugal, and modest way of living, was but a small fortune. His library was valued at some thousands of pounds, and was believed to be one of the curiousest collections in Europe; so they resolved to keep this entire, for the honour of Selden's memory, and gave it to the University of Oxford; where a noble room was added to the former library for its reception, and all due respects have since been shown by that great and learned body, to those their worthy benefactors, who not only parted so generously with this great treasure, but were a little put to it how to oblige them, without crossing the will of their dead friend. Mr. Selden had once intended to give his library to that University, and had left it so by his will; but having occasion for a manuscript which belonged to their library, they asked of him a bond of a thousand pounds for its restitution: this he took so ill at their hands, that he struck out that part of his will, by which he had given them his library, and with some passion declared, they should never have it. The executors stuck at this a little; but having considered better of it, came to this conclusion; that they were to be the executors of Mr. Selden's will, and not of his passion; so they made good what he had intended in cold

blood, and passed over what his passion had suggested to him.

The parting with so many excellent books would have been as uneasy to our judge as anything of that nature could be, if a pious regard to his friend's memory had not prevailed over him; for he valued books and manuscripts above all things in the world. He himself had made a great and rare collection of manuscripts belonging to the law of England; he was forty years in gathering it; he himself said, it cost him about fifteen hundred pounds, and calls it in his will, a treasure worth having and keeping, and not fit for every man's view. These all he left to Lincoln's Inn; and for the information of those who are curious to search into such things, there shall be a catalogue of them added at the end of this book.

By all these instances it does appear how much he was raised above the world, or the love of it. But having thus mastered things without him, his next study was to overcome his own inclinations. He was, as he said himself, naturally passionate; I add, as he said himself, for that appeared by no other evidence, save that sometimes his colour would rise a little; but he so governed himself, that those who lived long about him have told me, they never saw him disordered with anger, though he met with some trials that the nature of man is as little able to bear, as any whatsoever. There was one who did him a great injury, which it is not necessary to mention, who coming afterwards to him for his advice in the settlement of his estate, he gave it very frankly to him, but would accept of no fee for it, and thereby showed both that he could forgive as a Christian, and that he had the soul of a gentleman in him, not to take money of one that had wronged him so heinously. And when he was asked by one, How he could use a man so kindly that had wronged him so much? his answer was, He thanked God he had learned to forgive injuries. And besides the great temper he expressed in all his public employments, in his family he was a very gentle master; he was tender of all his servants, he never turned any away, except they were so faulty, that there was no hope of reclaiming them. When any of them had been long out of the way, or had neglected any part of their duty, he would not see them at their first coming home, and sometimes not till the next day; lest, when his displeasure was quick upon him, he might have chid them indecently, and when he did reprove

them, he did it with that sweetness and gravity, that it appeared he was more concerned for their having done a fault, than for the offence given by it to himself. But if they became immoral or unruly, then he turned them away: for he said, He, that by his place ought to punish disorders in other people, must by no means suffer them in his own house. He advanced his servants according to the time they had been about him, and would never give occasion to envy amongst them, by raising the younger clerks above those who had been longer with him. He treated them all with great affection, rather as a friend than a master, giving them often good advice and instruction. He made those who had good places under him give some of their profits to the other servants who had nothing but their wages. When he made his will, he left legacies to every one of them; but he expressed a more particular kindness for one of them, Robert Gibbon, of the Middle Temple, Esq., in whom he had that confidence, that he left him one of his executors. I the rather mention him because of his noble gratitude to his worthy benefactor and master, for he has been so careful to preserve his memory that, as he set those on me at whose desire I undertook to write his life, so he has procured for me a great part of those memorials and informations, out of which I have composed it.

The judge was of a most tender and compassionate nature; this did eminently appear in his trying and giving sentence upon criminals, in which he was strictly careful, that not a circumstance should be neglected, which might any way clear the fact. He behaved himself with that regard to the prisoners, which became both the gravity of a judge, and the pity that was due to men, whose lives lay at stake, so that nothing of jeering or unreasonable severity ever fell from him. He also examined the witnesses in the softest manner, taking care that they should be put under no confusion, which might disorder their memory; and he summed all the evidence so equally, when he charged the jury, that the criminals themselves never complained of him. When it came to him to give sentence, he did it with that composedness and decency, and his speeches to the prisoners, directing them to prepare for death, were so weighty, so free of all affectation, and so serious and devout, that many loved to go to the trials, when he sat judge, to be edified by his speeches and behaviour in them; and used to say, they heard very few such sermons.

But though the pronouncing the sentence of death was the

piece of his employment that went most against the grain with him; yet in that he could never be mollified to any tenderness which hindered justice. When he was once pressed to recommend some, whom he had condemned, to his Majesty's mercy and pardon; he answered, he could not think they deserved a pardon, whom he himself had adjudged to die; so that all he would do in that kind was to give the king a true account of the circumstances of the fact; after which his Majesty was to consider whether he would interpose his mercy, or let justice take place.

His mercifulness extended even to his beasts, for when the horses that he had kept long grew old, he would not suffer them to be sold, or much wrought; but ordered his men to turn them loose on his grounds, and put them only to easy work, such as going to market, and the like: he used old dogs also with the same care; his shepherd having one that was become blind with age, he intended to have killed or lost him; but the judge coming to hear of it, made one of his servants bring him home, and fed him till he died. And he was scarce ever seen more angry than with one of his servants, for neglecting a bird that he kept, so that it died for want of food.

(From *The Life of Sir Matthew Hale.*)

WILLIAM PENN

[William Penn was born in London 14th October 1644. His father was in the Royal Navy, rising to the rank of Admiral under the Commonwealth and receiving Knighthood from Charles II. He was wealthy and influential. William went to Christ Church, Oxford, at the early age of fourteen. Here he is said to have first met with Quakers. After he left college he travelled in France and Ireland. His first imprisonment for conscience' sake took place at Cork in the year 1667. He was again imprisoned in the Tower during the following year, and incurred the displeasure of his father on account of his religious views. Father and son became reconciled, however, before the former's death. In 1681, in recognition of Sir William's distinguished services and of moneys due to him on the part of the Crown, the tract of land in America, since known as Pennsylvania, was granted to William Penn the younger. Thither, in 1682, he went, accompanied by friends. His first official act was to grant to all liberty of conscience in things spiritual and freedom in things temporal.

Court jealousy got him into trouble. He was accused of certain malpractices and deprived of the government of Pennsylvania by William III. But this was restored to him in 1699. His last years were full of trouble. He was burdened with debt and harassed by his enemies. He suffered from melancholia, and died in 1718.

He was twice married, firstly to Gulielma Springett, secondly to Hannah Callowhill of Bristol.]

WILLIAM PENN is better known as the founder of Pennsylvania and the chief of the Quakers of his day than as a writer. His most important work is *No Cross, No Crown; A discourse showing the nature and discipline of the Holy Cross of Christ.* It is an earnest, sometimes eloquent, exposition of the duty of self-denial as the chief requisite for salvation, denouncing all lip service and ceremonialism.

The style is grave and uniform. It is perhaps somewhat ponderously earnest, and lacks the refreshing humour and imagery of some of his contemporary theologians. It is always clear, though the effect is sometimes spoilt by too much amplification. A fair amount of learning and culture is shown without pedantry.

In attack Penn is self-controlled but courageous. In defence temperate, though pride seems now and then to peep from out of the rags of his humility. His *Plea for Liberty of Conscience*, and *The Proposed Comprehension soberly and not unseasonably considered*, are calm, logical, and earnest.

In addition to the theological works above mentioned he wrote an account of his *Travels in Holland and Germany*, and a *General Description of Pennsylvania*, in which he shows considerable observation, shrewd common sense and appreciation of the good points of the people and governments which he describes. His judgments on men and manners are sharp and unsparing, but never exaggerated nor unnaturally prejudiced.

He was engaged in various controversies on behalf of the Quakers, into which we need not enter here. He eloquently denounced all intolerance, holding it to be both foolish and inconsistent with Christianity in general and with the Protestant religion in particular. "If this," he said speaking of religious persecutions, "be godly, what is devilish! If this be Christian, what is Paganish!"

A man of action more than of letters, he did not aim at being a stylist nor write for posterity or literary fame. Such charm as his writings have consists in the earnestness, moderation, and piety of the individual, rather than in beauty of diction or elegance of composition.

A. I. FITZROY.

AN EXHORTATION

O CHRISTENDOM! my soul most fervently prays that, after all thy lofty professions of Christ and His meek and holy religion, thy unsuitable and un-Christlike life may not cast thee at that great assize of the world, and lose thee so great salvation at last. Hear me once, I beseech thee. Can Christ be thy Lord, and thou not obey Him? Or, can thou be His servant and never serve Him? Be not deceived, such as thou sowest thou shalt reap: He is none of thy Saviour, whilst thou rejectest His grace in thy heart, by which He should save thee. Come, what has He saved thee from! Has He saved thee from thy sinful lusts, thy worldly affections and vain conversations? If not, then He is none of thy Saviour. For though He be offered a Saviour to all, yet He is actually a Saviour to those only that are saved by Him; and none are saved by Him that live in those evils by which they are lost from God, and which He came to save them from.

It is sin that Christ is come to save man from, and death and wrath, as the wages of it: but those that are not saved, that is, delivered, by the power of Christ in their souls, from the power that sin has over them, can never be saved from the death and wrath that are the assured wages of the sin they live in.

So that look, how far people obtain victory over those evil dispositions and fleshly lusts they have been addicted to, so far they are truly saved, and are witnesses of the redemption that comes by Jesus Christ. His name shows this work. And lo! (said John of Christ) the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world! that is, behold Him whom God hath given to enlighten people, and for salvation to as many as receive Him, and His light and grace in their hearts, and take up their daily cross and follow him; such as rather deny themselves the pleasure of fulfilling their lusts, than sin against the knowledge He has given them of His will, or do that they know they ought not to do.

(From *No Cross, No Crown.*)

A PLEA FOR TOLERATION

ALTHOUGH the benefits wherewith Almighty God has universally blessed the whole creation are a sufficient check to the narrowness of their spirits, who would unreasonably confine all comforts of life within the strait compass of their own party (as if to recede from their apprehensions, whereof themselves deny any infallible assurance, were reason good enough to deprive other dissenters of nature's inheritance, and, which is more peculiar, England's freedoms); yet since it fares so meanly with those excellent examples, that many vainly think themselves then best to answer the end of their being born into the world when, by a severity which least of all resembles the God of Love, they rigorously prosecute the extirpation of their brethren; let it not seem unreasonable, or ill-timed, that we offer to your more serious thoughts the great partiality and injustice that seem to be the companions of a comprehension, since you only can be concerned at this time to prevent it by a more large and generous freedom.

First, then, liberty of conscience (by which we commonly understand the free exercise of any dissenting persuasion) is but what has been generally pleaded for, even by the warmest sticklers for a comprehension, and without which it would be utterly impossible they should be comprehended. The question then will be this, What ground can there be why some, and not all, should be tolerated? It must either respect conscience or government: if it be upon matter of mere religion, what reason is there that one party should be tolerated and another restrained; since all those reasons that may be urged by that party which is comprehended are every whit as proper to the party excluded? For if the former say they are orthodox, so say the latter too. If the one urge, it is impossible they should believe without a conviction; that the understanding cannot be forced; that mildness gains most; that the true religion never persecuted; that severity is most unworthy of her; that sound reason is the only weapon which can disarm the understanding; that coercion doth rather obdurate than soften; and that they therefore choose to be sincere dissenters, rather than hypocritical conformists; the other party says the same. In fine, there can be nothing said for

liberty of conscience upon pure conscientious grounds by any one party in England, that every one may not be interested in; unless any will undertake to judge that of five sorts of dissenters two are really such on conviction, and three upon mere design. But if such sentence would be looked upon as most arrogant and unjust, how can it be reasonable that those whom some endeavour to exclude should be thus prejudged; and such as are comprehended be therefore so only from a strong opinion of their reality? We may conclude then, that since liberty of conscience is what in itself comprehenders plead, and that it is evident to affirm this, or that, or the other party orthodox is but a mere begging of the question, what may be urged for one is forceable for any other; conscience (not moveable but upon conviction) being what all pretend themselves alike concerned in.

But they say, That such as are like to be comprehended are persons not essentially differing; that it were pity to exclude them whose difference is rather in minute matters than anything substantial; whereas you err in fundamentals. But how paradoxical soever such may please to think it, that we should therefore plead the justice of taking those in, some unkindly would have left out we know not; however, we believe it most reasonable to do so, for certainly the reason for liberty or toleration should hold proportion with the weighty cause of dissent, and the stress conscience puts upon it. When matters are trivial they are more blameable that make them a ground for dissent, than those who perhaps (were that all the difference) would never esteem them worth contending for; much less that they should rend from that church they otherwise confess to be a true one. So that whoever are condemnable, certainly those who have been authors and promoters of separation upon mere toys and niceties, are not most of all others to be justified. Had they conscientiously offered some fundamental discontent, and pleaded the impossibility of reconciling some doctrines with their reason or conscience, yet promising quiet living, and all due subjection to government, they might have been thus far more excusable, that people would have had reason to have said, Certainly small matters could not have induced these men to this disgraceful separation, nor anything of this life have tempted them to this so great and troublesome alteration. But to take pet at a ceremony, then run from the church, set up a new name and model, gather people, raise animosity, and only make fit for blows, by a furious

zeal kindled in their heads against a few ineptiæ, mere trifles; and, being utterly vanquished from these proceedings, to become most earnest solicitors for a comprehension, though at the same time of hot pursuit after this privilege, to seek nothing more than to prevent others of enjoying the same favour, under the pretence of more fundamental difference; certainly this shows, that had such persons power, they would as well disallow of a comprehension to those who are the assertors of those ceremonies they recede from, as that for mere ceremonies they did at first zealously dissent, and ever since remain more unjustifiably fierce for such separation. And truly, if there were no more in it than this, it would be enough for us to say, that some in England never rent themselves from the Church at all, much less for little matters; that they never endeavoured her exile, but she found them upon her return, which they opposed not; nor yet since have any ways sought to install themselves in her dignities, or enrich themselves by her preferments. We appeal then to all sober men, if what is generally called the Episcopal party in England can, with good conscience and true honour, disinherit those of their native rights, peace and protection, and leave them as orphans to the wide world, indeed a naked prey to the devourer, who from first to last have never been concerned, either to endeavour their ruin or any ways withstand their return; whilst it may be some of those who have been the most vigorous in both, and that for circumstantial and not essential differences, may be reputed more deserving of a comprehension than we are of a toleration.

But it will yet be said, you are inconsistent with government; they are not: therefore you are excluded, not of partiality, but necessity. What government besides their own they are consistent with we leave on the side of story to tell, which can better speak their mind than we are either able or willing to do. But this give us leave to say in general, if any apprehend us to be such as merit not the care of our superiors, because supposed to be destructive of the government, let us be called forth by name and hear our charge; and if we are not able to answer the unbiassed reason of mankind, in reference to our consistency with the peace, quiet, trade, and tribute of these kingdoms, then, and not before, deny us all protection. But that men should be concluded before heard, and so sentenced for what they really are not, is like beheading them before they are born. We do aver and can make it appear, that there is no one party more quiet,

subject, industrious, and in the bottom of their very souls greater lovers of the good old English government and prosperity of these kingdoms among the comprehended than, for aught we yet see, may be found among those who are like to be unkindly excluded. However, if such we were in any one point, cure rather than kill us, and seek the public good some cheaper way than by our destruction. Is there no expedient to prevent ruin? Let reason qualify zeal, and conscience opinion.

(From Tract on *The Proposed Comprehension.*)

DR. EDWARD BROWNE

[Dr. Edward Browne, eldest son of Sir Thomas Browne, was born in Norwich in 1644. He was educated at the Norwich Grammar School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.B. in 1633. He afterwards travelled on the Continent, staying for some time at Vienna, and making an expedition to Larissa in Thessaly, the scene of the medical practice of Hippocrates He lived in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, on his return from his travels, became physician to Charles II. and to St. Bartholomew's Hospital (1682), as well as President of the College of Physicians (1704-8) He died in 1708.]

DR. EDWARD BROWNE translated (1672) a *History of the Cossacks*, and the lives of Themistocles and of Sertorius in Dryden's *Plutarch* (1700), but his most interesting work is the account of his own travels, *A Brief Account of Some Travels in Hungary, Styria, Bulgaria, Thessaly, Austria, Servia, Carynthia, Carniola, and Friuli.* It was published in 1673, a further part in 1677, and both in one volume in 1685. He admired his father, and had learnt much both of literature and of science from him. He had read the Greek and Latin fathers as well as the classics, and admired his father's writings; but his strain of thought is never as deep as that of Sir Thomas Browne, and he seldom rises above a simple narrative style, but tells many interesting things without enlarging upon them too much.

NORMAN MOORE.

UNICORNS' HORNS

THERE is an old library belonging to this church, which contains divers old books and manuscripts. A large bible in six volumes, painted and gilded after a very ancient manner; two idols, taken (in time of war) long since in Germany, and given to this place by the Emperor Henry the Fourth, are worth the seeing, not so much for their neatness, as their antiquity and odd shape: as also a horn made out of a tooth, said to be given at the same time. There are also three unicorns' horns, little differing in length; the longest being five foot and an half: I drank out of one of them, the end being tipped with silver, and made hollow to serve for a cup. These were of the sea-unicorn, or the horn or long wreathed tooth of some sea-animal much like it, taken in the Northern Sea: of which I have seen many, both in public repositories, and in private hands. Two such as these, the one ten foot long, were presented not many years since to the King of Denmark, being taken near to Nova Zembla; and I have seen some full fifteen foot long; some wreathed very thick, some not so much, and others almost plain: some largest and thickest at the end near the head; others are largest at some distance from the head: some very sharp at the end or point, and others blunt. My honoured father, Sir Thomas Browne, had a very fair piece of one which was formerly among the Duke of Curland's rarities, but after that he was taken prisoner by Douglas in the wars between Sweden and Poland, it came into the hands of my uncle Colonel Hatcher, of whom my father had it; he had also a piece of this sort of unicorn's horn burnt black, out of the Emperor of Russia's repository, given him by Dr. Arthur Dee, who was son to Dr. John Dee, and also physician to the Emperor of Russia, when his chambers were burned in which he preserved his curiosities. I have seen a walking-staff, a sceptre, a scabbard for a sword, boxes, and other curiosities made out of this horn, but was never so fortunate as

from experience to confirm its medical efficacy against poisons, contagious diseases, or any other evident effect of it, although I have known it given several times, and in great quantity. Mr. Charlton hath a good unicorn's horn. Sir Joseph Williamson gave one of them to the Royal Society. The Duke of Florence hath a fair one. The Duke of Saxony a strange one, and besides many others, I saw eight of them together upon one table in the Emperor's treasure, and I have one at present that for the neat wreathing and elegant shape gives place to none. But of these unicorns' horns no man sure hath so great a collection as the King of Denmark; and his father had so many, that he was able to spare a great number of them, to build a magnificent throne out of unicorns' horns.

(From *A Brief Account of Some Travels in Divers Parts of Europe.*)

THE EMPEROR LEOPOLDUS

HIS person is grave and graceful; he hath the Austrian lip remarkably, his chin long, which is taken for a good physiognomical mark, and a sign of a constant, placid, and little troubled mind. He is conceived to carry in his face the lineaments of four of his predecessors, that is, of Rudolphus the First, of Maximilian the First, of Charles the Fifth, and Ferdinand the First. He was very affectionate unto his empress, who, though but young, was a modest, grave princess, had a good aspect, was zealous in her religion, and an enemy unto the Jews. He showed also great respect and observance unto the Empress-Dowager Eleonora, who was a sober and prudent princess, well skilled in all kind of curious works, and delighted sometimes to shoot at deer from a stand, or at other game, out of her coach. He was also very loving unto his sisters, beautiful and good princesses; whereof one, the eldest, was since married unto that noble prince, Michael Wisnowitzki, King of Poland, and afterwards to Charles, Duke of Lorraine.

He speaks four languages, German, Italian, Spanish, and Latin. He is a great countenancer of learned men, and delights to read, and, when occasion permits, will pass some hours at it. The worthy Petrius Lambecius, his library keeper, and who is in

great esteem with him, will usually find out some books for him which he conceives may be acceptable. While I was there, he recommended a translation of *Religio Medici* unto him, wherewith the Emperor was exceedingly pleased, and spake very much of it unto Lambecius, insomuch that Lambecius asked me whether I knew the author, he being of my own name, and whether he were living. And when he understood my near relation to him, he became more kind and courteous than ever, and desired me to send him that book in the original English, which he would put into the Emperor's library: and presented me with a neat little Latin book, called *Princeps in Compendio*, written by the emperor's father, Ferdinandus the Third.

(From the Same.)

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN

[Andrew Fletcher, commonly styled "Scottish patriot," was born at Saltoun, in East Lothian, in 1653. Partially educated by Gilbert (afterwards Bishop) Burnet, he had made the tour of the Continent before, at the age of twenty-three, he took his seat in the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1678. He at once became noted for his opposition to the Government of Lauderdale, resolutely maintained the same attitude towards Lauderdale's successor, the Duke of York, and left the country on the condemnation of Argyll. Fletcher spent the six years between 1682 and the Revolution in exile, being heard of in Brussels, Paris, and Holland. Although he disapproved of Monmouth's mad expedition against James, he thought it his duty to attach himself to it. But having killed a man at Lyme, soon after landing in England, he had to flee at once, and betook himself to Spain. In 1686 he was, in absence, sentenced to death for treason, nor did he take advantage of the amnesty which was proclaimed in the same year. He did not return to Scotland till 1688, when he accompanied William of Orange from the Hague. Two years later he again entered the Scottish Parliament, and spent the remainder of his public life in the vehement assertion of his country's rights against English ascendancy. He struggled hard to prevent the legislative Union with England, and when it was accomplished he retired to his estate, and devoted himself to the improvement of agriculture. He died in London in 1716.]

FLETCHER is memorable rather as a man of affairs, than as a writer. He published nothing till he had lived an exceptionally full and active life of forty-seven years, and then only a few practical disquisitions on politics. He was indeed a politician from first to last, and wrote only for the express purpose of furthering his own numerous schemes. Among his contemporaries, Fletcher stands out as the pre-eminently honest man. Tinged as their estimates are by their several prejudices, all the historians of his period unite in assigning to him what Hume terms "signal probity." Wodrow eulogises the "sobriety, temperance, and good management" of his private life. His whole career was, beyond question, a testimony to his singleness of purpose. His chief end was what he believed to be for the

good of Scotland,—free government by her own parliament unfettered by a royal prerogative, which meant the veto of English ministers,—and his reward was exile, forfeiture, and conspiracy against his life. Burnet, his old tutor, gives the popular English estimate of Fletcher when he describes him as "a Scotch gentleman of great parts and many virtues, but a most violent Republican and extremely passionate." A hot temper he must be allowed, but his "violent Republicanism," would probably be termed moderate constitutionalism at the present time. He was in truth a Scottish patriot of the old school, almost the last of the race, fighting vainly and, it must be confessed, blindly against the fusion of his country with its larger and richer neighbour. "A gentleman of good estate in Scotland, attended with the improvements of a good education" (Rawlinson MS.), he entered public life at a time when Scotland was beyond all question suffering severely from the union of the Crowns. Of the alternative cures for these evils, he at once gave his voice for that which, by restoring the power of the Scottish Parliament, would, at the same time, induce the nobles to spend their wealth at home and place Scotch trade once more on the footing from which it had been driven by English restrictions. And in the advocacy of a free, as opposed to an incorporating union, Fletcher spent his life. Altogether an interesting personality this "low thin man of a brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look," with his quick irascibility, his "large thoughts as to religion," his repute for learning, his noted distrust of princes, and his great faith in the wisdom of parliaments. Fletcher wrote as he must have spoken, clearly and simply. Always full of his subjects, he strung his arguments in a plain sequence, using little or no rhetoric, and seeking no illustration except in history, from which he had extracted a marvellously sound philosophy. Comparison with his pedantic Scottish contemporaries lifts him high above them all in style, his distinguishing qualities being a just choice of words, neatness of construction, and a certain elegance, which is in itself evidence of the breadth of his culture. He has recourse to no passion as an aid to persuasion, except that of patriotism, and though he continually works upon the self-interest of his audience, the largeness and dignity of that interest at once save his theme from debasement and elevate the tone of his eloquence. He may be classed as a strenuous debater, rather than as an orator. His first published writing was *A Discourse*

of Government with relation to Militias, which appeared in Edinburgh in 1698. It was a contribution to a controversy of the day, and a brief for a militia as against a standing army. It appeals to the Roman practice, and its contents may be gathered from one sentence "The subjects formerly had a real security for their liberty by having the sword in their own hands." *Two Discourses concerning the Affairs of Scotland* were written in the same year (1698). The first protests against the over-taxation of Scotland, which was called upon to pay a land tax of £84,000 instead of its just assessment of £12,000. Fletcher opposes more particularly the grant of the land tax to the king for life and the expenditure of it in a standing army, both securities for liberty and property, the sword and the power of the purse, being thus at one stroke taken from the people. In the second *Discourse*, Fletcher broaches a project of enslaving the multitude of beggars and vagabonds who then infested Scotland—an idea, by the way, borrowed from him by Thomas Carlyle. Every man of a certain estate would take a certain number for domestic slaves, feed, clothe, and educate them, and be responsible for their lives; three or four hundred of the most notorious he coolly proposes to hand over to the State of Venice for service in the galleys "against the common enemy of Christendom." The same *Discourse* ventilates an ingenious scheme, based on the prohibition of interest, for distributing the land among a greater number of possessors. To the year 1698 we owe also *Discorso delle Cose de Spagna, scritto nel mese di Juglio* 1698, first translated into English in the Glasgow edition of Fletcher, 1749. *A Speech on the State of the Nation* exhorts to resistance of the grasping power of France. *Speeches by a Member of Parliament* are a collection of the orations delivered by Fletcher in the parliament which began on the 6th of May 1703. Their general theme is the necessity for an Act of Security, and for farther limitation of the royal prerogative. He comes at last to the pitch of preferring separation to the continuance of the unlimited prerogative. Fletcher's last authenticated composition is *An account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Governments for the Common Good of Mankind.* It is the record of a talk between the author and the Earl of Cromarty and two Englishmen, Sir Edward Seymour and Sir Christopher Musgrave, for the most about Fletcher's favourite topic, Scotland's grievances and England's tyranny. It contains the stock quotation from Fletcher,

"I said I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiments (the knight having denounced the infamous ballads sung in London streets), that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he should not care who should make the laws of a nation."

W. WALLACE.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

No inclination is so honourable, nor has anything been so much esteemed in all nations and ages, as the love of that country and society in which every man is born. And those who have placed their greatest satisfaction in doing good, have accounted themselves happy, or unfortunate, according to the success of their endeavours to serve the interest of their country. For nothing can be more powerful in the minds of men, than a natural inclination and duty concurring in the same disposition.

Nature in most men prevails over reason; reason in some prevails over nature: but when these two are joined, and a violent natural inclination finds itself owned by reason, required by duty, encouraged by the highest praises, and excited by the most illustrious examples, sure that force must be irresistible. Constrained by so great a force, and the circumstances of my affairs not allowing me to be otherwise serviceable to my country, I have in the following discourse given my opinion concerning divers matters of importance, which probably may be debated in the approaching session of parliament. I shall be very well satisfied if anything I say do afford a hint that may be improved by men of better judgment to the public good. I hope I shall not be blamed for giving my opinion in matters of public concernment, since 'tis the right and duty of every man to write or speak his mind freely in all things that may come before the parliament, to the end that they who represent the nation in that assembly may be truly informed of the sentiments of those they represent. Besides, we are now no more under those tyrannical reigns in which it was a crime to speak of public affairs, or to say that the king had received bad counsel in any thing.

(From *First Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland.*)

ENSLAVEMENT OF VAGABONDS

THERE are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, with others who, by living upon bad food, fall into various diseases) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of these vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature; fathers incestuously accompanying their own daughters, the son with the mother, and the brother with the sister. No magistrate could ever discover, or be informed which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants (who if they give not bread, or some kind of provision to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, they are to be seen both men and women perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together. * * * *

Now what I would propose upon the whole matter is, that for some present remedy of so great a mischief, every man of a certain estate in this nation should be obliged to take a proportionable number of those vagabonds, and either employ them in hedging and ditching his grounds, or any other sort of work in town and country; or if they happen to be children and young, that he should educate them in the knowledge of some mechanical art, so that every man of estate might have a little manufacture at home which might maintain those servants, and bring great profit to the master, as they did to the ancients, whose revenue by the manufactures of such servants was much more considerable than that of their lands. Hospitals and almshouses ought to be provided for the sick, lame, and decrepit, either by rectifying old

foundations or instituting new. And for example and terror three or four hundred of those villains which we call jockeys, might be presented by the government to the state of Venice, to serve in their galleys against the common enemy of Christendom.

(From *Second Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland.*)

THE ORIGIN OF BEGGARY

AT length I found the original of that multitude of beggars which now oppress the world to have proceeded from churchmen who (never failing to confound things spiritual with temporal, and consequently all good order and good government, either through mistake or design) upon the first public establishment of the Christian religion, recommended nothing more to masters, in order to the salvation of their souls, than the setting such of their slaves at liberty as would embrace the Christian faith, though our Saviour and his apostles had been so far from making use of any temporal advantages to persuade eternal truths, and so far from invading any man's property, by promising him heaven for it, that the Apostle Paul says expressely:—"In whatever condition of life every one is called to the Christian faith, in that let him remain. Art thou called, being a slave, be not concerned for thy condition; but even though thou mightest be free, choose to continue in it. For he who is called whilst a slave, becomes the freeman of the Lord; and likewise he that is called whilst a freeman, becomes the slave of Christ, who has paid a price for you, that ye might not be the slaves of men. Let everyone therefore, brethren, in whatever condition he is called, in that remain, in the fear of God." That the interpretation I put upon this passage, different from our translation, is the true meaning of the Apostle, not only the authority of the Greek fathers, and genuine signification of the Greek particles, but the whole context, chiefly the first and last words (which seem to be repeated to enforce and determine such a meaning) clearly demonstrate. And the reason why he recommends them rather to continue slaves (if they have embraced the Christian faith in that condition) seems to be that it might appear they did not embrace it for any worldly advantage, as well as to destroy a doctrine which even in his days began to be preached, that slavery was inconsistent with the

Christian religion; since such a doctrine would have been a great stop to the progress of it. What the Apostle means by saying, we ought not to be the slaves of men, I shall show hereafter.

This disorder of giving liberty to great numbers of slaves upon their profession of Christianity grew to such a height, even in the time of Constantine the Great, that the cities of the Empire found themselves burdened with an infinite number of men, who had no other estate but their liberty, of whom the greatest part would not work, and the rest had been bred to no profession. This obliged Constantine to make edicts in favour of beggars; and from that time, at the request of the bishops, hospitals and alms-houses, not formerly known in the world, began to be established. But upon the rise of the Mahometan religion, which was chiefly advanced by giving liberty to all their slaves, the Christians were so molested by the continual rebellion of theirs, that they were at length forced to give liberty to them all; which it seems the churchmen then looked upon as a thing necessary to preserve the Christian religion, since in many of the writings by which masters gave freedom to their slaves, 'tis expressly said, they did so to save their own souls.

This is the rise of that great mischief, under which, to the undoing of the poor, all the nations of Europe have ever since groaned. Because in ancient times, so long as a man was the riches and part of the possession of another, every man was provided for in meat, clothes, and lodging; and not only he, but (in order to increase that riches) his wife and children also: whereas provisions by hospitals, almshouses, and the contributions of churches and parishes have by experience been found to increase the numbers of those that live by them. And the liberty every idle and lazy person has of burdening the society in which he lives, with his maintenance, has increased their numbers to the weakening and impoverishing of it: for he needs only to say that he cannot get work, and then he must be maintained by charity. And as I have shown before, no nation except one only (which is in extraordinary circumstances) does provide by public workhouses for their poor: the reason of which seems to be, that public workhouses for such vast numbers of people are impracticable, except in those places where (besides a vast trade to vend the manufactured goods) there is an extraordinary police: and that though the Hollanders by reason of the steadiness of their temper, as well as of their government (being a commonwealth),

may be constant to their methods of providing for the poor; yet in a nation, and under a government like that of France, though vast public workhouses may be for a while kept in order, 'twill not be long before they fall into confusion and ruin. And indeed (next to Plato's republic, which chiefly consists in making the whole society live in common) there is nothing more impracticable than to provide for so great a part of every nation by public workhouses. Whereas when such an economy comes under the inspection of every master of a family, and that he himself is to reap the profit of the right management; the thing not only turns to a far better account, but by reason of his power to sell those workmen to others who may have use for them, when he himself has a mind to alter his course of life, the profit is permanent to the society; nor can such an economy, or any such management, ever fall into confusion.

(From the Same.)

DEFOE

[Daniel Foe—so his father wrote his name, and so Daniel himself in his earlier life, whatever the reason for which he subsequently prefixed the "De"—was born in 1661, the son of a butcher living in St. Giles's Parish, Cripplegate, London, a rigid dissenter. He was educated for the Presbyterian ministry, though he never became a minister. "It was my disaster," he writes, "first to be set apart for, and then to be set apart from, that sacred employ." From the beginning he was an eager politician. In 1685 he joined the rising of the Duke of Monmouth, but managed to escape the bitter consequences by a sojourn on the Continent. Returning he was for some years in business in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, as a hose-factor; but was not successful in that line, failing in 1692, though he eventually paid all his creditors in full. Then he established tile-kiln and brick-kiln works at Tilbury on the Thames; but his prosperity there, whatever its degree,—he himself states it to have been considerable,—was destroyed by his imprisonment in 1703 for "libelling" the Tory party in his famous pamphlet *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. In fact politics, and what we should call journalism, irresistibly attracted and exactly suited him; and to them he presently devoted all his time and energy Even in Newgate his literary enterprise was active, and he started his serial *The Review*. With his release in 1704, through Harley's intervention, the history of Defoe's life becomes obscure, and his conduct, to say the least, highly dubious, and, after the accession of George I., worse than dubious, for then, though really as always a Whig, he connected himself with certain Tory journals, having a clandestine arrangement with the Whig Government, that while seeming to be under its frown, and nominally serving the Tories, he should actually be a sort of spy in the Tory camp, and should so use his position as to make their counsels of none effect. Defoe appears to have thought that his end was so good that he was justified in employing any means for its attainment. His was an age of low morality in many respects; and, if not worse, he was certainly no better than his age. No wonder if Mist, one of the editors whom for some eight years he had thus deluded and disabled, fiercely assaulted him on discovering the trick of which he had been the victim. What is curious is Defoe's surprise at Mist's very natural fury. It was in the midst of those intrigues—and the fact that it was so is an admirable instance of Defoe's marvellous facility—that he wrote *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) and his other pieces of fiction, as *The Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton* (1720), *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders* (1721),

The Life of Colonel Jacque, who was born a Gentleman but bred a Pickpocket (also 1721), *A Journal of the Plague* (1723), etc. Mist's assault on Defoe took place in 1726, and probably from that time, Defoe's Jesuitical practices having been discovered, he was severely discredited as a political writer. But he continued as industrious as ever in other literary ways; and, for whatever reason, he got into fresh trouble. What is probably the last writing of his extant is a letter to his son-in-law (Henry Baker, the naturalist), in which he represents himself as in hiding "under a very heavy weight of illness," his family ruined and his heart broken, through "the injustice, unkindness, and I must say inhuman dealing of my own son." On the 24th April 1731 his strange wonderful activity came to an end; he died of apoplexy in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields, in the parish of his birth, and was buried in "Tindall's," now known as Bunhill Fields.]

DEFOE is one of the most voluminous of English writers. During a long life his pen was scarcely ever out of his hand. A complete edition of his works has never yet been, and, the ephemeral interest of many of them considered, is scarcely ever likely to be published; nor probably, for all the industry of Mr. William Lee and others, has a complete list of them yet been made out, so much that he wrote being anonymous. Some years ago some 210 books and pamphlets could be plausibly assigned to his authorship. Such immense practice gave him a wonderful facility of style. Probably from the beginning he wrote with little effort. Certainly—later in life he wrote as readily as he thought. He expressed whatever ideas came into his mind—and his mind was never idle—with the utmost ease and fluency. He formed the habit of thinking aloud, so to speak, of thinking in a printable way; that is, it became as natural to him to write as to think. His thoughts took at once a literary, at least a journalistic shape.

Of matter there was never any lack. He was a man of endless curiosities and interests. He might truly say that for him *nihil humanum*, or even *nihil mundanum*, was *alienum*. He lived in a time of innumerable and pauseless controversies. And there were few of these in which he did not take part. His brain was singularly active and fecund. He had his own views upon all the current questions, and he was eager and resolute to say his say about them. And many questions he himself started, and urged upon his age with characteristic pertinacity and vigour. He was an indefatigable journalist, and struck out new lines in journalism, so that he has left a permanent impression upon our periodical press. The leading article may be said to be one of his creations, or a development of one of them. He was a

trenchant pamphleteer, and twice received from the government the painful compliment of imprisonment for his brilliant success in that department. In the fierce clamours of his time one may incessantly—one might almost say always—detect his voice, clear, irrepressible, effective.

Such incessant occupation with burning questions, and such amazing productiveness might well have prepared us to expect little or nothing of permanent literary value from Defoe. The shrewd remark that easy writing makes hard reading at once recurs to us. The man whose tongue is never quiet seldom utters anything worth hearing. The thoughts of him who perpetually thinks aloud are apt to be wanting in finish and in weight. The *calamus* that is always *currens* must surely run away with him who holds it, or tries to hold it. But all such criticisms must be applied with caution to the case of Defoe. He had in an eminent degree the gift of ready writing, and this gift he assiduously cultivated, so that to write, and what is more to write with success, was as easy to him as to speak. He never let his gift of ready writing prove his ruin. For usually men are betrayed and ruined by such facility. They cease to be the masters but become the mere slaves of it. They are confounded and confused by their own abundance. Defoe kept his gift well in hand. He never permitted himself to be merely self-confident and careless. Nor, after all, incessantly as he wrote, did he ever yield idly to the impulse to say something when in fact he had nothing to say.

But he never aimed at being a stylist in the ordinary sense of the term—at writing elaborately and with the idea of producing what was exquisite in form and expression for its own sake or partly for its own sake. He had no æsthetic purpose; but was always eminently earnest and practical and didactic, a man of affairs and of business. His great object was to speak clearly and forcibly, not to turn out sentences of fine rhythm and choice phrasing. What he specially studied was directness and cogency. For the most part, till the last dozen years of his life, he dealt merely with the questions of the day; he addressed an audience that was excited and inflamed, on which any elegancies of style would have been wholly wasted. Thus for any ornamenting of his weapon, to speak metaphorically, he cared little or nothing; his one supreme care was that it should be trenchant—that it should do its work and go home.

And few men have more completely succeeded in their aim than Defoe. He became a potent master of language, and made it do exactly his bidding, such as it was. To play with words—to group them in new and surprising and charming combinations (Horace's *callidæ junctureæ*), to place them in novel situations and bring out unrecognised graces—this was not at all his way, not at all his end. Language was with him a mere instrument of expression, not in itself a thing of beauty with claims of its own for consideration. It was his slave rather than his mistress.

But it would be a great misuse of terms to say that Defoe was no artist. Rather within his limits he was an admirable and a most successful artist. He produced precisely the effects he wished to produce; and used always his material with singular judgment and skill. We may feel his world of thought somewhat narrow, and, as we enter it, may be keenly aware that there are more things in heaven and earth—so many more!—than are dreamt of in his philosophy; but in that world he is supreme. Thus no one has ever equalled Defoe in the art of literary deception, that is, in the art of making his own inventions pass for realities, in the art of "lying like truth": no one has ever so frequently and completely taken in his readers. Again and again his fictions have been cited as genuine and original records: from time to time even now is heard a doubt whether *The Memoirs of a Cavalier*, for instance, is not really a transcript of some seventeenth-century MS. It was once said that Defoe had in fact Alexander Selkirk's papers before him when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe;* but there is not the least shadow of support for that statement. It is undoubtedly baseless. This art of deception he evidently studied with infinite zest and care. *Populus vult decipi*, he might have said to himself, and perhaps did say, *et decipiatur*. In his actual life there was much dissembling and much simulation, however he reconciled his conduct with his conscience. In his novels he carried this art, such as it is, to the highest possible perfection. On internal evidence only it is often not possible to distinguish his fiction from fact. The imposition is absolute. Defoe is the arch deceiver of literature.

In his *Robinson Crusoe* this sovereign lord of illusion has given us one of the most popular books of the world. And here happily we have not only to admire the incomparable realism of the rendering, but to be grateful for a quite inestimable embodiment of a resolute and indomitable spirit, not to be crushed by

any adversities, but making good out of bad—making the best out of the worst. Rousseau might well except it from the ban he pronounced on the literature commonly put into the hands of children. This is certainly Defoe's most important claim on our remembrance; it is in it that he still lives and moves and has his being amongst us. The author of such a book must for ever be held in high esteem as a friend of the human race.

JOHN W. HALES.

AN ACADEMY FOR WOMEN

I HAVE often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilised and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence, while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves.

One would wonder, indeed, how it should happen that women are conversible at all, since they are only beholden to natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew and make baubles. They are taught to read indeed, and perhaps to write their names or so, and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their understanding, what is a man (a gentleman, I mean) good for that is taught no more?

I need not give instances, or examine the character of a gentleman with a good estate and of a good family and with tolerable parts, and examine what figure he makes for want of education.

The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the lustre of it will never appear: and it is manifest that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction and makes some less brutish than others. This is too evident to need any demonstration. But why then should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities, for He made nothing needless. Besides, I would ask such what they can see in ignorance that they should think it a necessary ornament to a woman? or how much worse is a wise woman than a fool? or what has the woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why did we not let her learn that she might

have had more wit? Shall we upbraid women with folly, when it is only the error of this inhuman custom that hindered them being made wiser?

The capacities of women are supposed to be greater and their senses quicker than those of the men; and what they might be capable of being bred to is plain from some instances of female wit, which this age is not without; which upbraids us with injustice, and looks as if we denied women the advantages of education for fear they should vie with the men in their improvements.

To remove this objection, and that women might have at least a needful opportunity of education in all sorts of useful learning, I propose the draught of an academy for that purpose.

I know it is dangerous to make public appearances of the sex. They are not either to be confined or exposed; the first will disagree with their inclinations and the last with their reputations, and therefore it is somewhat difficult; and I doubt a method proposed by an ingenious lady in a little book called "Advice to the Ladies" would be found impracticable, for, saving my respect to the sex, the levity, which perhaps is a little peculiar to them, at least in their youth, will not bear the restraint; and I am satisfied nothing but the height of bigotry can keep up a nunnery. Women are extravagantly desirous of going to heaven, and will punish their pretty bodies to get thither; but nothing else will do it, and even in that case sometimes it falls out that nature will prevail.

When I talk, therefore, of an academy for women, I mean both the model, the teaching, and the government different from what is proposed by that ingenious lady, for whose proposal I have a very great esteem, and also great opinion of her wit; different, too, from all sorts of religious confinement, and, above all, from vows of celibacy.

Wherefore the academy I propose should differ but little from public schools, wherein such ladies as were willing to study should have all the advantages of learning suitable to their genius.

But since some severities of discipline more than ordinary would be absolutely necessary to preserve the reputation of the house, that persons of quality and fortune might not be afraid to venture their children thither, I shall venture to make a small scheme by way of essay.

The house I would have built in a form by itself, as well as in a place by itself. The building should be of three plain fronts, without any jettings or bearing-work, that the eye might at a

glance see from one coin to the other; the gardens walled in the same triangular figure, with a large moat, and but one entrance.

When thus every part of the situation was contrived as well as might be for discovery, and to render intriguing dangerous, I would have no guards, no eyes, no spies set over the ladies, but shall expect them to be tried by the principles of honour and strict virtue.

And if I am asked why, I must ask pardon of my own sex for giving this reason for it:—

I am so much in charity with women, and so well acquainted with men, that it is my opinion there needs no other care to prevent intriguing than to keep the men effectually away; for though inclination, which we prettily call love, does sometimes move a little too visibly in the sex, and frailty often follows, yet I think, verily, custom, which we miscall modesty, has so far the ascendant over the sex, that solicitation always goes before it.

Custom with women 'stead of virtue rules;
It leads the wisest and commands the fools;
For this alone, when inclinations reign,
Though virtue's fled, will acts of vice restrain.
Only by custom 'tis that virtue lives,
And love requires to be asked before it gives;
For that which we call modesty is pride;
They scorn to ask, and hate to be denied.
'Tis custom thus prevails upon their want;
They'll never beg what asked they easily grant;
And when the needless ceremony is over,
Themselves the weakness of the sex discover.
If then desires are strong and nature free,
Keep from her men and opportunity;
Else 'twill be vain to curb her by restraint,
But keep the question off, you keep the saint.

In short, let a woman have never such a coming principle, she will let you ask before she complies, at least if she be a woman of any honour.

Upon this ground I am persuaded such measures might be taken that the ladies might have all the freedom in the world within their own walls, and yet no intriguing, no indecencies, nor scandalous affairs happen; and in order to this the following customs and laws should be observed in the colleges, of which I would propose one at least in every county in England, and about ten for the City of London.

After the regulation of the form of the building as before:—

1. All the ladies who enter into the house should set their hands to the orders of the house, to signify their consent to submit to them.

2. As no woman should be received but who declared herself willing, and that it was the act of her choice to enter herself, so no person should be confined to continue there a moment longer than the same voluntary choice inclined her.

3. The charges of the house being to be paid by the ladies, every one that entered should have only this encumbrance, that she should pay for the whole year, though her mind should change as to her continuance.

4. An Act of Parliament should make it felony without clergy for any man to enter by force or fraud into the house, or to solicit any woman, though it were to marry, while she was in the house. And this law would by no means be severe, because any woman who was willing to receive the addresses of a man might discharge herself of the house when she pleased; and, on the contrary, any woman who had occasion, might discharge herself of the impertinent addresses of any person she had an aversion to by entering into the house.

In this house, the persons who enter should be taught all sorts of breeding suitable to both their genius and their quality, and in particular music and dancing, which it would be cruelty to bar the sex of, because they are their darlings; but besides this, they should be taught languages, as particularly French and Italian; and I would venture the injury of giving a woman more tongues than one.

They should, as a particular study, be taught all the graces of speech and all the necessary air of conversation, which our common education is so defective in that I need not expose it. They should be brought to read books, and especially history, and so to read as to make them understand the world, and be able to know and judge of things when they hear of them.

To such whose genius would lead them to it I would deny no sort of learning; but the chief thing in general is to cultivate the understandings of the sex, that they may be capable of all sorts of conversation; that their parts and judgments being improved, they may be as profitable in their conversation as they are pleasant.

Women, in my observation, have little or no difference in them, but as they are or are not distinguished by education. Tempers

indeed may in some degree influence them, but the main distinguishing part is their breeding.

The whole sex are generally quick and sharp. I believe I may be allowed to say generally so, for you rarely see them lumpish and heavy when they are children, as boys will often be. If a woman be well bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible and retentive; and without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation; the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of His singular regard to man, His darling creature, to whom He gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive. And it is the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude in the world to withhold from the sex the due lustre which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds.

A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison; her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; her person is angelic and her conversation heavenly; she is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight. She is every way suitable to the sublimest wish, and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but to rejoice in her and be thankful.

On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows thus:—

If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy. Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative. Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical. If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse, and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud. If she be passionate, want of manners makes her termagant and a scold, which is much at one with lunatic. If she be proud, want of discretion (which still is breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic and ridiculous. And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, and the devil.

Methinks mankind for their own sakes, since, say what we will of the women, we all think fit one time or other to be concerned with them, should take some care to breed them up to be suitable and serviceable, if they expected no such thing as delight from them. Bless us! what care do we take to breed up a good horse and to break him well, and what a value do we put upon him

when it is done, and all because he should be fit for our use ; and why not a woman ? Since all her ornaments and beauty without suitable behaviour is a cheat in nature, like the false tradesman, who puts the best of his goods uppermost, that the buyer may think the rest are of the same goodness.

Beauty of the body, which is the woman's glory, seems to be now unequally bestowed, and nature, or rather Providence, to lie under some scandal about it, as if it was given a woman for a snare to men, and so make a kind of a she-devil of her ; because, they say, exquisite beauty is rarely given with wit, more rarely with goodness of temper, and never at all with modesty. And some, pretending to justify the equity of such a distribution, will tell us it is the effect of the justice of Providence in dividing particular excellences among all His creatures, share and share alike, as it were, that all might for something or other be acceptable to one another, else some would be despised.

I think both these notions false, and yet the last, which has the show of respect to Providence, is the worst, for it supposes Providence to be indigent and empty, as if it had not wherewith to furnish all the creatures it had made, but was fain to be parsimonious in its gifts, and distribute them by piecemeal for fear of being exhausted.

If I might venture my opinion against an almost universal notion, I would say most men mistake the proceedings of Providence in this case, and all the world at this day are mistaken in their practice about it. And because the assertion is very bold, I desire to explain myself.

That Almighty First Cause which made us all is certainly the fountain of excellence, as it is of being, and by an invisible influence could have diffused equal qualities and perfections to all the creatures it has made, as the sun does its light, without the least ebb or diminution to Himself, and has given indeed to every individual sufficient to the figure His Providence had designed him in the world.

I believe it might be defended if I should say that I do suppose God has given to all mankind equal gifts and capacities in that He has given them all souls equally capable, and that the whole difference in mankind proceeds either from accidental difference in the make of their bodies or from the foolish difference of education.

1. From accidental difference in bodies. I would avoid dis-

coursing here of the philosophical position of the soul in the body. But if it be true, as philosophers do affirm, that the understanding and memory is dilated or contracted according to the accidental dimensions of the organ through which it is conveyed, then, though God has given a soul as capable to me as another, yet if I have any natural defect in those parts of the body by which the soul should act, I may have the same soul infused as another man, and yet he be a wise man and I a very fool. For example, if a child naturally have a defect in the organ of hearing, so that he could never distinguish any sound, that child shall never be able to speak or read, though it have a soul capable of all the accomplishments in the world. The brain is the centre of the soul's actings, where all the distinguishing faculties of it reside; and it is observable a man who has a narrow contracted head, in which there is not room for the due and necessary operations of nature by the brain, is never a man of very great judgment; and that proverb, "A great head and little wit," is not meant by nature, but is a reproof upon sloth, as if one should, by way of wonder, say, "Fie, fie! you that have a great head have but little wit; that's strange! that must certainly be your own fault." From this notion I do believe there is a great matter in the breed of men and women—not that wise men shall always get wise children, but I believe strong and healthy bodies have the wisest children, and sickly, weakly bodies affect the wits as well as the bodies of their children. We are easily persuaded to believe this in the breeds of horses, cocks, dogs, and other creatures, and I believe it is as visible in men.

But to come closer to the business, the great distinguishing difference which is seen in the world between men and women is in their education, and this is manifested by comparing it with the difference between one man or woman and another.

And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women; for I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least; but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it. A woman of sense and breeding

will scorn as much to encroach upon the prerogative of the man as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman. But if the women's souls were refined and improved by teaching, that word would be lost; to say, the weakness of the sex as to judgment, would be nonsense, for ignorance and folly would be no more to be found among women than men. I remember a passage which I heard from a very fine woman; she had wit and capacity enough, an extraordinary shape and face, and a great fortune, but had been cloistered up all her time, and for fear of being stolen, had not had the liberty of being taught the common necessary knowledge of women's affairs; and when she came to converse in the world, her natural wit made her so sensible of the want of education, that she gave this short reflection on herself:—"I am ashamed to talk with my very maids," says she, "for I don't know when they do right or wrong. I had more need go to school than be married."

I need not enlarge on the loss the defect of education is to the sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice; it is a thing will be more easily granted than remedied. This chapter is but an essay at the thing, and I refer the practice to those happy days, if ever they shall be, when men shall be wise enough to mend it.

(From *An Essay on Projects.*)

SELFISH PREACHERS OF TOLERATION

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE tells us a story in this collection of fables, of the cock and the horses. The cock was gotten to roost in the stable among the horses, and there being no racks or other conveniences for him, it seems he was forced to roost upon the ground. The horses jostling about for room, and putting the cock in danger of his life, he gives them this grave advice, "Pray, gentlefolks, let us stand still, for fear we should tread upon one another."

There are some people in the world, who now they are unperched, and reduced to an equality with other people, and under strong and very just apprehensions of being further treated as they deserve, begin, with Æsop's cock, to preach up peace and union, and the Christian duties of moderation, forgetting that, when they had the power in their hands, these graces were strangers in their gates.

It is now near fourteen years that the glory and peace of the purest and most flourishing Church in the world has been eclipsed, buffeted, and disturbed by a sort of men whom God in His providence has suffered to insult over her and bring her down. These have been the days of her humiliation and tribulation. She has borne with invincible patience the reproach of the wicked, and God has at last heard her prayers, and delivered her from the oppression of the stranger.

And now they find their day is over, their power gone, and the throne of this nation possessed by a royal, English, true, and ever-constant member of, and friend to, the Church of England. Now they find that they are in danger of the Church of England's just resentments; now they cry out peace, union, forbearance, and charity, as if the Church had not too long harboured her enemies under her wing, and nourished the viperous brood till they hiss and fly in the face of the mother that cherished them.

No, gentlemen, the time of mercy is past, your day of grace is over; you should have practised peace, and moderation, and charity, if you expected any yourselves.

We have heard none of this lesson for fourteen years past. We have been huffed and bullied with your Act of Toleration; you have told us that you are the Church established by law, as well as others; have set up your canting synagogues at our church doors, and the Church and members have been loaded with reproaches, with oaths, associations, adjurations, and what not. Where has been the mercy, the forbearance, the charity, you have shown to tender consciences of the Church of England, that could not take oaths as fast as you made them; that having sworn allegiance to their lawful and rightful king, could not dispense with that oath, their king being still alive, and swear to your new hodge-podge of a Dutch Government? These have been turned out of their livings, and they and their families left to starve? their estates double taxed to carry on a war they had no hand in, and you got nothing by. What account can you give of the multitudes you have forced to comply, against their consciences, with your new sophistical politics, who, like new converts in France, sin because they cannot starve? And now the tables are turned upon you; you must not be persecuted: it is not a Christian spirit.

You have butchered one king, deposed another king, and made a mock king of a third, and yet you could have the face to expect

to be employed and trusted by the fourth. Anybody that did not know the temper of your party would stand amazed at the impudence, as well as folly, to think of it.

Your management of your Dutch monarch, whom you reduced to a mere king of clouts, is enough to give any future princes such an idea of your principles as to warn them sufficiently from coming into your clutches; and God be thanked the queen is out of your hands, knows you, and will have a care of you.

There is no doubt but the supreme authority of a nation has in itself a power, and a right to that power, to execute the laws upon any part of that nation it governs. The execution of the known laws of the land, and that with a weak and gentle hand neither, was all this fanatical party of this land have ever called persecution; this they have magnified to a height that the sufferings of the Huguenots in France were not to be compared with. Now, to execute the known laws of a nation upon those who transgress them, after voluntarily consenting to the making those laws, can never be called persecution, but justice. But justice is always violence to the party offending, for every man is innocent in his own eyes. The first execution of the laws against Dissenters in England was in the days of King James the First; and what did it amount to truly? The worst they suffered was at their own request: to let them go to New England and erect a new colony, and give them great privileges, grants, and suitable powers, keep them under protection, and defend them against all invaders, and receive no taxes or revenue from them. This was the cruelty of the Church of England. Fatal leniency! It was the ruin of that excellent prince, King Charles the First. Had King James sent all the Puritans in England away to the West Indies, we had been a national, unmixed Church; the Church of England had been kept undivided and entire.

To requite the lenity of the father they take up arms against the son; conquer, pursue, take, imprison, and at last put to death the anointed of God, and destroy the very being and nature of government, setting up a sordid impostor, who had neither title to govern nor understanding to manage, but supplied that want with power, bloody and desperate counsels, and craft without conscience.

Had not King James the First withheld the full execution of the laws, had he given them strict justice, he had cleared the nation of them, and the consequences had been plain; his son

had never been murdered by them nor the monarchy overwhelmed. It was too much mercy shown them was the ruin of his posterity and the ruin of the nation's peace. One would think the Dissenters should not have the face to believe that we are to be wheedled and canted into peace and toleration when they know that they have once requited us with a civil war, and once with an intolerable and unrighteous persecution for our former civility.

Nay, to encourage us to be easy with them, it is apparent that they never had the upper hand of the Church, but they treated her with all the severity, with all the reproach and contempt that was possible. What peace and what mercy did they show the loyal gentry of the Church of England in the time of their triumphant Commonwealth! How did they put all the gentry of England to ransom, whether they were actually in arms for the King or not, making people compound for their estates and starve their families! How did they treat the clergy of the Church of England, sequestered the ministers, devoured the patrimony of the Church, and divided the spoil by sharing the Church lands among their soldiers, and turning her clergy out to starve! Just such measure as they have meted should be measured them again.

Charity and love is the known doctrine of the Church of England, and it is plain she has put it in practice towards the Dissenters, even beyond what they ought, till she has been wanting to herself, and in effect unkind to her sons, particularly in the too much lenity of King James the First, mentioned before. Had he so rooted the Puritans from the face of the land, which he had an opportunity early to have done, they had not had the power to vex the Church as since they have done.

In the days of King Charles the Second, how did the Church reward their bloody doings with lenity and mercy, except the barbarous regicides of the pretended court of justice? Not a soul suffered for all the blood in an unnatural war. King Charles came in all mercy and love, cherished them, preferred them, employed them, withheld the rigour of the law, and oftentimes, even against the advice of his parliament, gave them liberty of conscience; and how did they requite him with the villainous contrivance to depose and murder him and his successor at the Rye Plot?

King James, as if mercy was the inherent quality of the family, began his reign with unusual favour to them. Nor could their joining with the Duke of Monmouth against him move him to do

himself justice upon them; but that mistaken prince thought to win them by gentleness and love, proclaimed an universal liberty to them, and rather discountenanced the Church of England than them. How they requited him all the world knows.

The late reign is too fresh in the memory of all the world to need a comment; how, under pretence of joining with the Church in redressing some grievances, they pushed things to that extremity, in conjunction with some mistaken gentlemen, as to depose the late king, as if the grievance of the nation could not have been redressed but by the absolute ruin of the prince. Here is an instance of their temper, their peace, and charity. To what height they carried themselves during the reign of a king of their own; how they crept into all places of trust and profit; how they insinuated into the favour of the king, and were at first preferred to the highest places in the nation; how they engrossed the ministry, and above all, how pitifully they managed, is too plain to need any remarks.

But particularly their mercy and charity, the spirit of union they tell us so much of, has been remarkable in Scotland. If any man would see the spirit of a Dissenter, let him look into Scotland. There they made entire conquest of the Church, trampled down the sacred orders, and suppressed the Episcopal government with an absolute, and, as they suppose, irretrievable victory, though it is possible they may find themselves mistaken. Now it would be a very proper question to ask their impudent advocate, the Observator, Pray how much mercy and favour did the members of the Episcopal Church find in Scotland from the Scotch Presbyterian Government? and I shall undertake for the Church of England that the Dissenters shall still receive as much here, though they deserve but little.

In a small treatise of the sufferings of the Episcopal clergy in Scotland, it will appear what usage they met with; how they not only lost their livings, but in several places were plundered and abused in their persons; the ministers that could not conform turned out with numerous families and no maintenance, and hardly charity enough left to relieve them with a bit of bread. And the cruelties of the parties are innumerable, and not to be attempted in this short piece.

And now to prevent the distant cloud which they perceived to hang over their heads from England, with a true Presbyterian policy, they put in for a union of nations, that England might

unite their Church with a Kirk of Scotland, and their Presbyterian members sit in our House of Commons, and their Assembly of Scotch canting long-cloaks in our Convocation. What might have been if our fanatic Whiggish statesman continued, God only knows; but we hope we are out of fear of that now.

It is alleged by some of the faction—and they began to bully us with it—that if we won't unite with them, they will not settle the crown with us again, but when Her Majesty dies, will choose a king for themselves.

If they won't, we must make them, and it is not the first time we have let them know that we are able. The crowns of these kingdoms have not so far disowned the right of succession, but they may retrieve it again; and if Scotland thinks to come off from a successive to an elective state of government, England has not promised not to assist the right heir and put him into possession without any regard to their ridiculous settlements.

These are the gentlemen, these their ways of treating the Church, both at home and abroad.

(From *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.*)

A FOOTPRINT

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand: I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see any thing; I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one, I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot; how it came thither, I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of my self, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it

possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning; for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to my self, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil; and reason joined in with me upon this supposition, for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an amusement the other way; I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot. That as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtilty of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil. And I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, viz. That it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had made the

island; and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loth, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers and devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope; all that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness, now vanished, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto, could not preserve by His power the provision which He had made for me by His goodness: I reproached myself with my easiness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground; and this I thought so just a reproof, that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn beforehand, so that whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

How strange a chequer-work of Providence is the life of man! and by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about, as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear; nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of. This was exemplified in me at this time in the most lively manner imaginable; for I whose only affliction was, that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I called silent life; that I was as one whom heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say,

that I should now tremble at the very apprehensions of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot in the island.

Such is the uneven state of human life: and it afforded me a great many curious speculations afterwards when I had a little recovered my first surprise; I considered that this was the station of life the infinitely wise and good Providence of God had determined for me; that as I could not foresee what the ends of Divine Wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute His Sovereignty, who, as I was His creature, had an undoubted right by creation to govern and dispose of me absolutely as He thought fit; and who, as I was a creature who had offended Him, had likewise a judicial right to condemn me to what punishment He thought fit; and that it was my part to submit to bear His indignation, because I had sinned against him.

I then reflected that God, who was not only righteous but omnipotent, as He had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so He was able to deliver me; that if He did not think fit to do it, 'twas my unquestioned duty to resign myself absolutely and entirely to His will; and on the other hand, it was my duty also to hope in Him, pray to Him, and quietly to attend the dictates and directions of His daily Providence.

These thoughts took me up many hours, days, nay, I may say, weeks and months; and one particular effect of my cogitations on this occasion, I cannot omit, viz. One morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thought about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which those words of the Scripture came into my thoughts, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver, and thou shalt glorify me."

Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance. When I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first words that presented to me, were, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and he shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say on the Lord." It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me. In answer, I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad, at least, not on that occasion.

(From *Robinson Crusoe.*)

BENTLEY

[Richard Bentley was born in 1662: educated at Wakefield Grammar School, whence he proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge, at the age of fourteen: and after taking his degree became tutor in the family of Stillingfleet, then Dean of St. Paul's. He took orders in 1690, and in 1691 wrote his Latin letter to Dr. Mill, on the Chronicle of Malelas, which marked him out as the first scholar of his day. In this and the following year he delivered the first course of the Boyle lectures in defence of Christianity, and in its preparation, mastered, with singular power, the leading points in Newton's system. He was appointed keeper of the Royal Libraries in 1694, and after being concerned in the controversy between Temple and Boyle on the one side and Wotton on the other, in regard to the so-called Letters of Phalaris, he was appointed Master of Trinity, Cambridge, in 1699. His career there was one long struggle between himself and the Fellows. In 1711 he published his *Horace:* in 1726 his *Terence:* and in 1732 a critical edition of *Paradise Lost*. He died in 1742.]

BENTLEY'S title to fame is based on his work as a grammarian, a commentator, and a critic: but notwithstanding singular aberrations of taste (which are seen chiefly in his emendations on Horace and Milton), his work in that field is so consummate, and it so completely out-distanced that of all his contemporaries, that it has gained for him an indisputable place in our literary annals. As a scholar, his chief work was a critical emendation of the classical texts. His aim was not so much to catch the beauties of form as to attain to rigid and logical accuracy. To this end he furnished himself, by enormous industry, with an apparatus of knowledge to which none of his contemporaries could pretend; and he was able to apply this with all the vigour of a mind singularly alert and elastic, and a most incisive logical faculty. For the slovenly scholarship which thought it was enough to catch something of the spirit and motive underlying the masterpieces of classical antiquity, he had no tolerance and no patience: and his controversial methods are often rough and merciless, but always

lively, vigorous, and masterful. They are seen at their best in the *Dissertation upon Phalaris*, which was his contribution to the controversy on the merits of ancients and moderns: and in his *Remarks on the Discourse of Free-thinking* (by Collins—the luckless sceptic who found himself the butt at once of Swift's sarcasm and of Bentley's argument).

Bentley, like some of the scholars of an earlier age, prompted perhaps by the desire to avoid any classical pedantry, affected a style which was homely and colloquial even to the verge of vulgarity. He was accused by his opponents of "descending to low and mean ways of speech," and the accusation is not entirely unjust. But as Professor Jebb says, "his style is thoroughly individual: it is, in fact, the man . . . (His English) has the tone of a strong mind which goes straight to the truth: it is pointed with the sarcasm of one whose own knowledge is thorough and exact, but who is accustomed to find imposture wrapped up in fine or vague words, and takes an ironical delight in using the very homeliest images and phrases, which accurately fit the matter in hand."

H. CRAIK.

AN APOLOGY FOR RESENTMENT

I WILL here crave the reader's leave to make one general apology for anything, either in my *Dissertation* or my *Defence* of it, that may seem too severe. I desire but this favour, or justice rather, that he would suppose my case to be his own: and then, if he will say sincerely, that he should have answered so many calumnies with fewer marks of resentment, I am content to lie under his censure. But it is a very difficult thing for a person unconcerned and out of the reach of harm, to be a fair arbitrator here. He will be apt to think the injured party too angry; because he cannot have as great a passion in seeing the ill-usage, as the other has in feeling it. Even Job himself, with all his patience, was accused of losing his temper by his companions that had no share in his sufferings. Besides, there is a common fault in human nature, which I crave leave to express in Greek, ἐπιχαιρεκακία. There is a secret pleasure, they say, in seeing another man under the risk of a shipwreck, while one's self is safe on the shore; and so we find the world is delighted to see one worried and run down, while themselves are made the spectators, and entertained with the diversion. 'Twas an excellent saying of Solon's, and worthy of the wisest of the famous seven; who, when he was asked, Πῶς ἥκιστα ἀδικοῖεν οἱ ἄνθρωποι; What would rid the world of injuries? If the bystanders, says he, would have the same resentment with those that suffer the wrong; Εἰ ὁμοίως ἄχθοιντο τοῖς ἀδικουμένοις οἱ μὴ ἀδικούμενοι. If the reader will but follow that great man's advice, and have an equal sense of ill-usage as if it had fallen upon himself; I dare then challenge him to think, if he can, that I have used too much severity.

I do not love the unmanly work of making long complaints of injuries; which, I think, is the next fault to deserving them. Much less will I imitate Mr. B.,[1] who has raked together those few words of my *Dissertation* that had the least air of resentment,

[1] Mr. Boyle.

and repeated them six times over. For, if I was to enter into the particulars of his abuses, I must transcribe his whole book, which from beginning to end, is nothing else but a rhapsody of errors and calumnies.

But there is one rudeness that I ought not to omit; because it falls upon others as much as myself. I am satisfied, says he, how unnatural a step it is for an amanuensis to start up professor of divinity. I am persuaded every ingenuous reader must be offended at his insolence who could suffer such stuff as this to come out of his mouth; which is a double affront, both to the whole order of bishops, and to a whole University. As if a person, who in his youth had been an amanuensis to a bishop, was upon that account made unfit to be Doctor of Divinity; as if a whole University, which was pleased to confer that degree upon him, were neither fit judges of his merit, nor knew their own duty.

I should never account it any disgrace to have served the Right Reverend the Bishop of Worcester in any capacity of a scholar. But I was never amanuensis to his lordship nor to anybody else; neither did his lordship ever make use of any amanuensis: so little regard has this examiner either to decency or truth. I was tutor to his lordship's son, and afterwards chaplain to himself; and I shall always esteem it both my honour and my happiness to have spent fourteen years of my life in his family and acquaintance, whom even envy itself will allow to be the glory of our church and nation; who, by his vast and comprehensive genius, is as great in all parts of learning as the greatest next himself are in any. And I have the satisfaction to believe, that this excellent person has not the worse opinion of my probity or my learning, for all the calumnies that the examiner has cast upon me.

As for the general character that Mr. B. endeavours to fix upon me, that I have no learning, no judgment, no reasoning, no knowledge in books, except indexes and vocabularies, with many other expressions of the utmost contempt, that make up the greatest part of his book; I do not think myself concerned to answer them. These things shall never make a dispute between us; he shall be as great as he thinks himself, and I as little as he thinks me. But then it will lie upon him to dispute with some other persons, who have been pleased to declare publicly such an esteem of me and my writings, as does not altogether agree with Mr. B.'s.

(From the Preface to the *Dissertation on Phalaris.*)

THE COMMONPLACES OF SCEPTICISM

AND now we come to a new argument, from the conduct of the priests; which by a tedious induction is branched out into ten instances, and takes up half a hundred pages. And what will be the grand result?

Nae iste hercle magno jam conatu magnas nugas dixerit.

The sum of it is no more than this: the priests cannot agree among themselves about several points of doctrine, the attributes of God, the canon of Scripture, etc.; and therefore I will be of no religion at all. This threadbare obsolete stuff, the most obvious surmise that any wavering fool catches at when he first warps towards atheism, is dressed up here as if it was some new and formidable business.

What great feats can our author now promise himself from this; which, after it has been tried age after age, never had influence on mankind either in religious concerns or common life? Till all agree, I'll stand neuter. Very well; and till all the world speaks one language, pray be you mute and say nothing. It were much the wiser way, than to talk as you have done. By this rule, the Roman gentry were to learn no philosophy at all, till the Greeks could unite into one sect; nor make use of any physician, till the empirics and methodists concurred in their way of practice. How came Christianity to begin, since the objection now brought to pull it down was as visible and potent then as now? or how has it subsisted so long, since all the present discord in opinions does not near amount to the sum of what Epiphanius alone collected above a thousand years ago? Nay, how came our author's new sect to be rising and growing, since the atheists are as much at variance among themselves, and can settle and centre in nothing? Or, if they should resolve to conspire in one certain system, they would be atheists indeed still, but they would lose the title of free-thinkers.

This is the total of his long induction; but let us see his conduct in the parts of it. Some fathers thought God to be material; this he has said, and I have answered before in remark the 10th. Several ancient Christian priests of Egypt were so gross as to conceive God to be in the shape of a man.

If they did so, they were no more gross than his master Epicurus, who was of the very same opinion. But it is fatal to our author ever to blunder when he talks of Egypt. These priests of Egypt were all illiterate laymen; the monks or hermits of those days, that retired into the desert, the fittest place for their stupidity. But several of your English divines tax each other with atheism, either positively or consequently. Wonderful! and so because three or four divines in your island are too fierce in their disputes, all we on the great continent must abandon religion. Yes; but the Brahmins, the Mahometans, etc., pretend to Scriptures as well as we. This, too, has come once already, and is considered in remark the 22nd; but, being so great a piece of news, deserved to be told twice. And who, without his telling, would have known that the Romish church received the Apocrypha as canonical? Be that as it will, I am sure it is unheard-of news, that your church receives them as half-canonical. I find no such word in your articles, nor ever saw a such-like prodigy before. Half-canonical? what idea, what sense has it? 'tis exactly the same as half-divine, half-infinite, half-omnipotent. But away with his Apocrypha; he'll like it the worse while he lives, for the sake of Bel and the Dragon.

(From *Remarks on Collins's Discourse of Freethinking.*)

CAPTIOUS ARGUMENTS ANSWERED

To show his good taste and his virtuous turn of mind, he praises two abuses upon James I.; that he was a doctor more than a king, and was priest-ridden by his archbishop; as the most valuable passages in Father Paul's Letters; and yet, as I have been told, those passages are spurious and forged. Well, but were they genuine and true, are those the things he most values? Oh, the vast love and honour he bears to the crown and the mitre! But his palate is truly constant and uniform to itself: he drudges in all his other authors, ancient and modern, not to find their beauties, but their spots; not to gather the roses, but the thorns; not to suck good nutriment, but poison. A thousand bright pages in Plutarch and Tully pass heavy with him, and without relish; but if he chances to meet with

a suspicious or sore place, then he is feasted and regaled, like a fly upon an ulcer, or a beetle in dung, and with those delicious scraps put together, he has dressed out this book of free-thinking.

But have a care of provoking him too much, for he has still in reserve more instances of your conduct; your declamations against reason; such false reason, I suppose, as he and his tribe would put off for good sterling: your arts and method of discouraging examination into the truths of religion; such truths, forsooth, of religion as this, that religion itself is all false: and again, your encouraging examination when either authority is against you (the authority, he means, of your late King James, when one of his free-thinking doctors thought himself into popery), or when you think that truth is certainly on your side: he will not say that truth is certainly on your side, but only that you think so: however, he allows here you are sometimes sincere; a favour he would not grant you in some of his former instances.

But the last and most cutting instance is, your instilling principles into youth: no doubt he means those pernicious principles of fearing God, honouring the king, loving your neighbour as yourselves; living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. Oh, the glorious nation you would be, if your stiff parsons were once displaced, and free-thinkers appointed tutors to your young nobility and gentry! How would arts, learning, manners, and all humanity flourish in an academy under such preceptors! who, instead of your Bible, should read Hobbes's *Leviathan;* should instil early the sound doctrines of the mortality of the soul, and the sole good of a voluptuous life. No doubt such an establishment would make you a happy people, and even a rich; for our youth would all desert us in Germany, and presently pass the sea for such noble education.

The beginning of his third section, where (as I remarked before) free-thinking stands for no more than thinking, may pass in general for truth, though wholly an impertinence. For who in England forbids thinking? or who ever made such objections as he first raises, and then refutes? He dare not, sure, insinuate as if none of your clergy thought, nor examined any points of doctrine, but took a system of opinions by force and constraint, under the terror of an inquisition, or the dread of fire and faggot. So that we have twenty pages of mere

amusement, under the ambiguity of a word. Let your clergy once profess that they are the true free-thinkers, and you will soon see the unbelieving tribe renounce their new name.

However, in these sapless pages he has scattered a mark of his great learning. He says, the infinite variety of opinions, religions, and worships among the ancient heathens, never produced any disorder or confusion. What! was it no disorder when Socrates suffered death for his opinions; when Aristotle was impeached, and fled; when Stilpo was banished; and when Diagoras was proscribed? Were not the Epicureans driven out from several cities, for the debaucheries and tumults they caused there? Did not Antiochus banish all philosophers out of his whole kingdom; and for any one to learn of them, made it death to the youth himself, and loss of goods to his parents? Did not Domitian expel all the philosophers out of Rome and whole Italy? Did the Galli, the vagabond priests of Cybele, make no disturbances in town and country? Did not the Romans frequently forbid strange religions and external rites that had crept into the city, and banish the authors of them? Did the Bacchanals create no disorders in Rome, when they endangered the whole state, and thousands were put to death for having been initiated in them? In a word, was that no disturbance in Egypt, which Juvenal tells of his own knowledge (and which frequently used to happen), when in two neighbouring cities their religious feuds ran so high, that, at the annual festival of one, the other, out of zeal, went to disturb the solemnity; and after thousands were fighting on both sides, and many eyes and noses lost, the scene ended in slaughter, and the body slain was cut into bits, and eaten up raw by the enemies? And all this barbarity committed, because the one side worshipped crocodiles, and the other killed and ate them.

(From the Same.)

FLATTERY OF EPICURUS

BUT he's now come to Epicurus, a man distinguished in all ages as a great free-thinker, and I do not design to rob our growing sect of the honour of so great a founder. He's allowed to stand firm in the list, in the right modern acceptation of the word.

But when our writer commends his virtues towards his parents, brethren, servants, humanity to all, love to his country, chastity, temperance, and frugality; he ought to reflect that he takes the character from Laërtius, a domestic witness, and one of the sect; and consequently of little credit where he speaks for his master. I could draw a picture of Epicurus in features and colours quite contrary; and bring many old witnesses, who knew and saw him, to vouch for its likeness. But these things are trite and common among men of true letters; and our author and his pamphlet are too contemptible to require commonplaces in answer.

But the noble quality of all, the most divine of his and all virtues was his friendship; so cultivated in perfection by him and his followers, that the succession of his school lasted many hundred years after all the others had failed. This last part is true in the author from whom it is taken; but our gleaner here misunderstands it. The succession indeed continued at Athens, in the garden dedicated to it, longer than the other sects possessed their first stations. But it's utterly false that professors of it lasted longer in general than those of the others. Quite contrary: 'tis well known that the Platonists, Peripatetics, and Stoics, or rather a jumble and compound of them all, subsisted long after the empire was Christian; when there was no school, no footstep of the Epicureans left in the world.

But how does our writer prove that this noble quality, friendship, was so eminently cultivated by Epicurus? Why, Cicero, says he, though otherwise a great adversary to his philosophical opinions, gives him this noble testimony. I confess it raises my scorn and indignation at this mushroom scribbler, to see him by and by, with an air of superiority, prescribing to the whole body of your clergy the true method of quoting Cicero. "They consider not," says he, "he writes in dialogue, but quote anything that fits their purpose, as Cicero's opinion, without attending to the person that speaks it; any false argument, which he makes the Stoic or Epicurean use, and which they have thought fit to sanctify, they urge it as Cicero's own." Out of his own mouth this pert teacher of his betters: Ἄλλων ἰατρὸς, αὐτὸς ἕλκεσι βρύων.[1]

For this very noble testimony, which he urges here as Cicero's own, comes from the mouth of Torquatus, an Epicurean; and is afterwards refuted by Cicero in his own name and person. Nay

[1] Physician of others, himself teeming with sores.

so purblind and stupid was our writer, as not to attend to the beginning of his own passage, which he ushers in thus docked and curtailed: *Epicurus ita dicit*, etc. "Epicurus declares it to be his opinion, that friendship is the noblest, most extensive, and most delicious pleasure." Whereas in Torquatus it lies thus: "The remaining head to be spoken to is friendship; which, if pleasure be declared to be the chief good, *you* affirm will be all gone and extinct:" *de qua Epicurus quidem ita dicit*, "concerning which Epicurus declares his opinion," etc. Where it's manifest that *affirmatis*, "you affirm," is spoken of and to Cicero. So that here's an Epicurean testimony, of small credit in their own case (though our writer has thought fit to sanctify it), slurred upon us for Cicero's; and where the very Epicurean declares that Cicero was of a contrary opinion.

(From the Same.)

JONATHAN SWIFT

[Jonathan Swift was born in Ireland, of English parents, on the 30th of November 1667. He received his education chiefly in Ireland; and after more than one period of prolonged residence in the house of Sir William Temple, he took orders in the Church of Ireland, and became Vicar of Laracor. His first literary attempts were poems in the involved style which had become usual from the current imitation of the Pindaric Ode; and after an essay in political pamphleteering, he published (anonymously) the *Tale of a Tub* and the *Battle of the Books* in 1704. Soon after he became immersed in politics; for a short time an ally of the Whigs, but eventually as the close ally of the Tory ministry, and the defender of the Church. Before the fall of Queen Anne's last ministry he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and his influence was before long felt as Irish patriot, and as defender of the rights of Ireland against the ministry of Walpole (in the *Drapier Letters* and other pamphlets). In 1726 he published (also anonymously) *Gulliver's Travels;* and the remainder of his many works consists of occasional pieces of sarcastic humour and of political invective. After his first poetical attempts in the Pindaric kind, his verses also were inspired only by sarcasm, humour, and invective. He died, after a long period of apathy and mental decay, in 1745.]

"PROPER words, in proper places, make the true definition of a style." This is Swift's own maxim in his *Letter to a Young Clergyman*, dated 1719. It has the common defect of such apophthegms, that we are left to interpret it each in his own way. But Swift has developed his views upon style with some fulness in several passages; and from these we can gather what his ideal was, although it is only natural that a genius such as his refused in practice to be bound very strictly by his own theories. In the *Tatler* for 28th September 1710 he commented severely upon the defects of contemporary prose—the mutilation of words and syllables, the introduction of what we should now call slang, and the sacrifice of dignity, taste, and orderly arrangement to caprice, affectation, and ever-changing fashion. He elaborated this more fully in his *Letter to the Lord Treasurer* (Lord Oxford) of the following year,

in which he urged the minister to use his influence to check the vulgarising of our language, by founding an academy which should be empowered to regulate and fix the language, and preserve it against the changing whims of fashion. The project was a strange one, and it may be doubted whether there is not something of irony in Swift's advocacy of it; but his hatred of the absurd straining after originality, which succeeded only in attaining to an affected oddity and eccentricity, was not only serious and earnest, but was of a piece with the whole body of Swift's thought and taste. In both these pieces he points to the prose of the Elizabethan age as the most perfect type. Its distinctive mark he asserts to have been its simplicity—"The best and truest ornament of most things in human life," or, as he repeats in the *Letter to the Young Clergyman*, "That simplicity without which no human performance can arrive to any great perfection." As instances of this perfection he adduces Parsons the Jesuit and Hooker, and he contrasts them with the over-elaboration which was distinctive of the following age. Repeatedly he urges this as the first and most essential quality in good prose, and he found the excellence of the prose writers of the reign of Charles I. to be due to their having recovered for a few years some of the simplicity which marked the Elizabethan age. Clarendon was warmly admired by Swift, and was in great measure his model in his chief historical work, the *Memoirs of the Last Four Years of the Queen*, and he tells with approval of Lord Falkland's practice of testing the intelligibility of a word by consulting a servant, and being guided "by her judgment whether to receive or reject it." There is another passage—this time from Mrs. Pilkington's *Memoirs*—which helps us to understand Swift's conception of good prose. "I would have every man write his own English," said the Dean to Mrs. Pilkington; and when she assented, he followed up his dictum by asking her to explain it. "Not to confine one's self to a set of phrases, as some of our ancient English historians, Camden in particular, seems to have done, but to make use of such words as naturally occur on the subject." It was thus that Mrs. Pilkington represents herself to have replied. Swift seems to have approved the interpretation, and we may reasonably guess that he had given Mrs. Pilkington some help towards it.

These indications of the Dean's opinions are not without interest; but he was the last man to be bound by rules, even of his own making. He inveighs against grammatical errors and

looseness of construction, but there is scarcely a page of his own writings in which some trifling infringement of grammatical accuracy is not to be found. Of all prose styles his is perhaps the least subject to parody or to imitation, because it is so admirably adapted to each variety in subject, in tone, in treatment. He wields it with the elastic power of the consummate master, so that, once expressed, each thought seems to be fitted with its natural dress, and no variation in the expression is conceivable without the obscuring and even the destruction of the thought. To the genuine lover of Swift the *Tale of a Tub* will probably always be the chief treasure in his works; and it is there that his style is seen at its perfection. The mere story in the book is of the flimsiest description, and the fact that the story is an allegory rather weakens than increases its interest. Its genius lies in the range of thought, in the light play of fancy, in the absolute ease with which he passes, in one undeviating mood of contemptuous sarcasm, through every varying phase of human interest—metaphysical and social, literary and historical, ecclesiastical and political, with no sign of effort, and yet without relaxing for one moment the restrained irony which dominates the reader with a sense of reserved power.

This is the quality of Swift's prose in which his genius shows its mastery. That genius had, of course, other elements; but merely as a writer of prose, Swift's highest excellence is his consummate ease, his absolute concealment of the art and the artist, and the perfect subordination of his instruments to his subject. It is a necessary consequence of this that his style should have variety; but although it is easy to trace the deliberate effort to assume a certain dialect with a view to dramatic effect, yet Swift never allows his reader to be impressed with the fact that the dialect is purposely assumed. Thus in the *Drapier Letters* there is a distinct homeliness of tone, but he is always careful to avoid any exaggeration; and he never openly imitates a jargon or reproduces peculiarities throughout a prose piece as he frequently does in his verse. Master of prose as he was, he yet denied himself any but what he deemed legitimate methods, and even in *Gulliver's Travels*, his imitations of nautical jargon are never carried on for more than a few lines, and even then they are introduced not so much for the purpose of caricature as to heighten the effect of reality in the narrative.

Of all English prose Swift's has the most of flexibility, the most

of nervous and of sinewy force; it is the most perfect as an instrument, and the most deadly in its unerring accuracy of aim. It often disdains grammatical correctness, and violates not infrequently the rules of construction and arrangement. But it is significant that Swift attained the perfection of his art, not by deliberately setting aside the proprieties of diction, but by setting before himself consistently the first and highest ideal of simplicity, by disdaining eccentricity and paradox and the caprice of fashion, and that although he wrote "his own English," as no other did before or since, he was inspired from first to last by a deep reverence for the language, and an ardent desire to maintain its dignity and its purity unchanged and unimpaired.

H. CRAIK.

DEDICATION

To the Right Honourable John Lord Somers

My Lord—Although the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under to the caprice of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship know their faults and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though everybody else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition; neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and, at the same time, be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident, for, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employed understood Latin (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language), I was therefore compelled to have a recourse to the curate of our

parish, who Englished it thus, Let it be given to the worthiest: and his comment was, that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, showed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and, at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance gratis towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess: Why, then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Somers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your lordship and themselves. Now, your lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard it is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid to furnish me with hints and materials, towards a panegyric upon your lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and everybody else knew as well as themselves; therefore I grievously suspect a cheat, and that these authors of mine stole and subscribed every word from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If, by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another dedication (as my betters have done), it would help to make up my loss; but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and before they read three lines, they

have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your lordship.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or, to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of *Austria;* or, of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or, your profound knowledge in *algebra*, *metaphysics*, and the *oriental* tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics; I confess, I have neither conscience nor countenance to do it. Because there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few, which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen, or unobserved, by your friends, your enemies have at length brought to light.

It is true, I should be very loth, the bright example of your lordship's virtues should be lost to after ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late reign; and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that, as dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons' liberality, to spend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present.—Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues, and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially, when it is offered by one, who is, with all respect and veneration,—my lord, your lordship's most obedient, and most faithful servant,

THE BOOKSELLER.

(From *The Tale of a Tub.*)

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY, TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE POSTERITY

SIR,—I here present your highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this the poor production of that refuse of time, which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather: for which, and other reasons, it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes; for although your highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates, with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge, of a genius less unlimited than yours: but, in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your highness is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost a universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birthright to inspect.

It is amazing to me, that this person should have the assurance in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your highness, that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious, to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you: and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom I know by long experience he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that, when your highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with

your governor, upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to show you some of our productions. To which he will answer (for I am well informed of his designs), by asking your highness, where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! who has mislaid them? are they sunk in the abyss of things? it is certain, that in their own nature, they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? But, that it may no longer be a doubt with your highness, who is to be the author of this universal ruin, I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness, of his nails and teeth: consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter infectious and corrupting: and then reflect, whether it be possible, for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. Oh! that your highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maître du palais* of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page*.

It were needless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction, which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun, there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learnt their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die; some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart is for our corporation of poets; from whom I am preparing a petition to your highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred and thirty-six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes

ready to show, for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess Immortality to be a great and powerful goddess; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must, by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been some time thinking, the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true, indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I inquired after them among readers and booksellers; but I inquired in vain; the memorial of them was lost among men; their place was no more to be found; and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your highness, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your highness that there is a large cloud near the horizon, in the form of a bear; another in the zenith, with the head of an ass; a third to the westward, with claws like a dragon; and your highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain they would all be changed in figure and position: new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography of them.

But your governor perhaps may still insist, and put the question,—What is then become of those immense bales of paper,

which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? Can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your highness, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound and, if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required), can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vast comprehension, a universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr. Rymer, and one Mr. Dennis, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr. Bentley, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble, of wonderful importance, between himself and a bookseller: he is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Further, I avow to your highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of William Wotton, B.D., who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little favour), in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit, so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon further particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work, wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation:

their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature.

In the meantime, I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract, drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction: nor do I doubt in the least, but your highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements as other young princes have already done, by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of, sir, your highness's most devoted, &c.

(From the Same.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES

ABOUT this time it happened a sect arose, whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot: he was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign: whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, hell seemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was held a subaltern divinity or *deus minorum gentium*. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and needle; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, has not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything: that the earth is invested by the air; the air is

invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land, but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature has been, to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? as to his body, there can be no dispute: but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more; is not religion a cloak; honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt; self-love a surtout; vanity a shirt; and conscience a pair of breeches.

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable proprieties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up parliament-, coffee-, play-houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a lord-mayor: if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul: that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce;* but the former of daily creation and circumfusion; this last they proved by Scripture, because in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part.

Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcase. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion, were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner; embroidery was sheer wit; gold fringe was agreeable conversation; gold lace was repartee; a huge long periwig was humour; and a coat full of powder was very good raillery: all which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

(From the Same.)

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS

ALTHOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold, to present them with a short account of themselves, and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us; and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word critic, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term was understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which, a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter, or of style, from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and

defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the ordure; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit; and that a critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic have been meant, the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now the races of these two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any further of them, would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort, is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line, from a celestial stem, by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the elder; who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis; who begat Etcætera the younger.

And these are the critics, from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself has not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it has been objected, that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should, in conscience, have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. As Hercules most generously did, and has upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries, than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose it is, why some have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that

every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from some convenient altitude; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a true ancient genuine critic; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge, like those Stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic: that he is discoverer and collector of writers' faults; which may be further put beyond dispute by the following demonstration; that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up, with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers: and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad, does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the criticisms themselves have made. (From the Same.)

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

THINGS were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After

you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out, upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person, by swallows from above, or to his palace, by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom this enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms and ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), A plague split you, said he; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d—d? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after you?—Good words, friend, said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to be droll, I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born.—Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners.—I pray have patience, said the bee, or you will spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all towards the repair of your house.—Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, yet methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the

world allows to be so much your betters.—By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute. At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is an universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of mine own person.

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and the garden; but whatever I collect from thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture, and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, 'tis too plain, the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel, by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt you are

somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into venom, producing nothing at all, but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply; and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

(From *The Battle of the Books.*)

POLITICAL LYING

I AM prevailed on, through the importunity of friends, to interrupt the scheme I had begun in my last paper, by an Essay upon the Art of Political Lying. We are told the devil is the father of lies, and was a liar from the beginning; so that, beyond contradiction, the invention is old: and, which is more, his first Essay of it was purely political, employed in undermining the authority of his prince, and seducing a third part of the subjects from their obedience: for which he was driven down from Heaven, where (as Milton expresses it) he had been viceroy of a great western province; and forced to exercise his talent in inferior regions among other fallen spirits, poor or deluded men, whom he still daily tempts to his own sin, and will ever do so, till he be chained in the bottomless pit.

But although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation, by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.

Who first reduced lying into an art, and adapted it to politics,

is not so clear from history, although I have made some diligent inquiries. I shall therefore consider it only according to the modern system, as it has been cultivated these twenty years past in the southern part of our own island.

The poets tell us, that after the giants were overthrown by the gods, the earth in revenge produced her last offspring which was Fame. And the fable is thus interpreted: that when tumults and seditions are quieted, rumours and false reports are plentifully spread through a nation. So that, by this account, lying is the last relief of a routed, earth-born, rebellious party in a state. But here the moderns have made great additions, applying this art to the gaining of power and preserving it, as well as revenging themselves after they have lost it; as the same instruments are made use of by animals to feed themselves when they are hungry, and to bite those that tread upon them.

But the same genealogy cannot always be admitted for political lying; I shall therefore desire to refine upon it, by adding some circumstances of its birth and parents. A political lie is sometimes born out of a discarded statesman's head, and thence delivered to be nursed and dandled by the rabble. Sometimes it is produced a monster, and licked into shape: at other times it comes into the world completely formed, and is spoiled in the licking. It is often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it; and often it sees the light in its full growth, but dwindles away by degrees. Sometimes it is of noble birth; and sometimes the spawn of a stock-jobber. Here it screams aloud at the opening of the womb; and there it is delivered with a whisper. I know a lie that now disturbs half the kingdom with its noise, which, although too proud and great at present to own its parents, I can remember its whisperhood. To conclude the nativity of this monster; when it comes into the world without a sting, it is still-born; and whenever it loses its sting, it dies.

No wonder if an infant so miraculous in its birth should be destined for great adventures: and accordingly we see it hath been the guardian spirit of a prevailing party for almost twenty years. It can conquer kingdoms without fighting, and sometimes with the loss of a battle. It gives and resumes employments; can sink a mountain to a mole-hill, and raise a mole-hill to a mountain: hath presided for many years at committees of elections; can wash a blackmoor white; make a saint of an

atheist, and a patriot of a profligate; can furnish foreign ministers with intelligence, and raise or let fall the credit of the nation. This goddess flies with a huge looking-glass in her hands, to dazzle the crowd, and make them see, according as she turns it, their ruin in their interest, and their interest in their ruin. In this glass you will behold your best friends, clad in coats powdered with *fleurs de lis*, and triple crowns; their girdles hung round with chains, and beads, and wooden shoes; and your worst enemies adorned with the ensigns of liberty, property, indulgence, moderation, and a cornucopia in their hands. Her large wings, like those of a flying-fish, are of no use but while they are moist; she therefore dips them in mud, and soaring aloft scatters it in the eyes of the multitude, flying with great swiftness; but at every turn is forced to stoop in dirty ways for new supplies.

I have been sometimes thinking, if a man had the art of the second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town, by observing the different shapes, sizes, and colours of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer; or those legions hovering every afternoon in Exchange-alley, enough to darken the air; or over a club of discontented grandees, and thence sent down in cargoes to be scattered at elections.

There is one essential point wherein a political liar differs from others of the faculty, that he ought to have but a short memory, which is necessary, according to the various occasions he meets with every hour of differing from himself, and swearing to both sides of a contradiction, as he finds the persons disposed with whom he hath to deal. In describing the virtues and vices of mankind, it is convenient, upon every article, to have some eminent person in our eye, from whom we copy our description. I have strictly observed this rule, and my imagination this minute represents before me a certain great man famous for this talent, to the constant practice of which he owes his twenty years' reputation of the most skilful head in England, for the management of nice affairs. The superiority of his genius consists in nothing else but an inexhaustible fund of political lies, which he plentifully distributes every minute he speaks, and by an unparalleled generosity forgets, and consequently contradicts, the next half hour. He never yet considered whether any proposition were true or false, but whether it were convenient for the present

minute or company to affirm or deny it; so that if you think fit to refine upon him, by interpreting everything he says, as we do dreams, by the contrary, you are still to seek, and will find yourself equally deceived whether you believe or not: the only remedy is to suppose, that you have heard some inarticulate sounds, without any meaning at all; and besides, that will take off the horror you might be apt to conceive at the oaths, wherewith he perpetually tags both ends of every proposition; although, at the same time, I think he cannot with any justice be taxed with perjury, when he invokes God and Christ, because he hath often fairly given public notice to the world that he believes in neither.

Some people may think, that such an accomplishment as this can be of no great use to the owner, or his party, after it has been often practised, and is become notorious; but they are widely mistaken. Few lies carry the inventor's mark, and the most prostitute enemy to truth may spread a thousand, without being known for the author: besides, as the vilest writer hath his readers, so the greatest liar hath his believers: and it often happens, that if a lie be believed only for an hour, it hath done its work, and there is no further occasion for it. Falsehood flies, and truth comes limping after it, so that when men come to be undeceived, it is too late; the jest is over, and the tale hath had its effect: like a man, who hath thought of a good repartee when the discourse is changed, or the company parted; or like a physician, who hath found out an infallible medicine, after the patient is dead.

(From *The Examiner.*)

ARGUMENTS OF WEIGHT

FIRST, one great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, that it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the Protestant religion; which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature, as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported, that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who, upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without

the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it has been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive knows how far it may reach, or where it will end.

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shows the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a God to revile or renounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry; which I am sure few will deny to be of much more pernicious consequence, according to the saying of Tiberius, *deorum offensa diis curæ*. As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one instance, perhaps another cannot be produced: yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy, we know, is freely spoken a million of times in every coffeehouse and tavern, or wherever else good company meet. It must be allowed, indeed, that to break an English free-born officer, only for blasphemy, was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the general; perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle, that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy, may some time or other proceed so far as to raise a mutiny, the consequence is by no means to be admitted; for surely the commander of an English army is likely to be but ill obeyed, whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

It is further objected against the Gospel system, that it obliges men to the belief of things too difficult for free-thinkers, and such who have shaken off the prejudices that usually cling to a confined education. To which I answer, that men should be cautious how they raise objections, which reflect upon the wisdom of the nation. Is not everybody freely allowed to believe whatever he pleases, and to publish his belief to the world whenever he thinks fit, especially if it serves to strengthen the party which is in the right? Would any indifferent foreigner, who should read the trumpery lately written by Asgil, Tindal, Toland, Coward, and

forty more, imagine the Gospel to be our rule of faith, and confirmed by parliaments? Does any man either believe, or say he believes, or desire to have it thought that he says he believes, one syllable of the matter? And is any man worse received upon that score, or does he find his want of nominal faith a disadvantage to him, in the pursuit of any civil or military employment? What if there be an old dormant statute or two against him, are they not now obsolete to a degree that Empson and Dudley themselves, if they were now alive, would find it impossible to put them in execution?

It is likewise urged, that there are, by computation, in this kingdom, above ten thousand parsons, whose revenues, added to those of my lords the bishops, would suffice to maintain at least two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and freethinking, enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices; who might be an ornament to the court and town: and then again, so great a number of able (-bodied) divines, might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This indeed appears to be a consideration of some weight: but then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: as first, whether it may not be thought necessary, that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there shall be one man at least of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation, that the revenues of the Church throughout this island, would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living; that is, to allow each of them such a rent, as, in the modern form of speech, would make them easy. But still there is in this project a greater mischief behind; and we ought to beware of the woman's folly, who killed the hen, that every morning laid her a golden egg. For, pray what would become of the race of men in the next age, if we had nothing to trust to beside the scrofulous, consumptive productions, furnished by our men of wit and pleasure, when, having squandered away their vigour, health, and estates, they are forced, by some disagreeable marriage, to piece up their broken fortunes, and entail rottenness and politeness on their posterity? Now, here are ten thousand persons reduced, by the wise regulations of Henry the Eighth, to the necessity of a low diet, and moderate exercise, who are the only great restorers of our breed, without which the nation would, in an age or two, become one great hospital.

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; beside the loss to the public of so many stately structures, now in the hands of the clergy, which might be converted into play-houses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect *cavil.* I readily own there has been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice; but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure, is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolatehouses? are not the taverns and coffeehouses open? can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied? where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? where more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business? where more bargains driven of all sorts? and where so many conveniences or enticements to sleep?

There is one advantage, greater than any of the foregoing, proposed by the abolishing of Christianity; that it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of high and low church, of Whig and Tory, Presbyterian and Church of England, which are now so many grievous clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to dispose men to prefer the gratifying of themselves, or depressing of their adversaries, before the most important interest of the state.

I confess, if it were certain, that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit and be silent; but will any man say that, if the words *whoring*, *drinking*, *cheating*, *lying*, *stealing* were, by act of parliament, ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or, if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words *gout*, *rheumatism*, and

stone, would that expedient serve, like so many talismans, to destroy the diseases themselves? Are party and faction rooted in men's hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upon no firmer principles? And is our language so poor, that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are *envy*, *pride*, *avarice*, and *ambition* such ill nomenclators, that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not *heydukes* and *mamalukes*, *mandarins*, and *patshaws*, or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those who are in the ministry, from others, who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech, and instead of the word church, make it a question in politics, whether the Monument be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren, we can find no other? Suppose, for argument sake, that the Tories favoured Margarita, the Whigs Mrs. Tofts, and the trimmers Valentini; would not *Margaritians*, *Toftians*, and *Valentinians* be very tolerable marks of distinction? The *Prasini* and *Veniti*, two most virulent factions in Italy, began (if I remember right) by a distinction of colours in ribbons; and we might contend with as good a grace about the dignity of the blue and the green, which would serve as properly to divide the court, the parliament, and the kingdom, between them, as any terms of art whatsoever, borrowed from religion. And therefore, I think, there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage, as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

It is again objected, as a very absurd, ridiculous custom, that a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use, toward the pursuit of greatness riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six. But this objection is, I think, a little unworthy of so refined an age as ours. Let us argue this matter calmly: I appeal to the breast of any polite freethinker, whether, in the pursuit of gratifying a predominant passion, he has not always felt a wonderful incitement, by reflecting it was a thing forbidden: and, therefore, we see, in order to cultivate this taste, the wisdom of the nation has taken special care, that the ladies should be furnished with prohibited silks, and the men with prohibited wine. And, indeed, it were to be wished, that some other prohibitions

were promoted, in order to improve the pleasures of the town; which, for want of such expedients, begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the spleen.

It is likewise proposed as a great advantage to the public, that if we once discard the system of the Gospel, all religion will of course be banished for ever; and consequently, along with it, those grievous prejudices of education, which, under the names of *virtue*, *conscience*, *honour*, *justice*, and the like, are so apt to disturb the peace of human minds, and the notions whereof are so hard to be eradicated, by right reason, or free-thinking, sometimes during the whole course of our lives.

Here first I observe, how difficult it is to get rid of a phrase, which the world is once grown fond of, though the occasion that first produced it, be entirely taken away. For several years past, if a man had but an ill-favoured nose, the deep-thinkers of the age would, some way or other, contrive to impute the cause to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain were said to be derived all our foolish notions of justice, piety, love of our country; all our opinions of God, or a future state, heaven, hell, and the like: and there might formerly perhaps have been some pretence for this charge. But so effectual care has been taken to remove those prejudices, by an entire change in the methods of education, that (with honour I mention it to our polite innovators) the young gentlemen, who are now on the scene, seem to have not the least tincture left of those infusions, or string of those weeds: and, by consequence, the reason for abolishing nominal Christianity upon that pretext, is wholly ceased.

For the rest, it may perhaps admit a controversy, whether the banishing of all notions of religion whatsoever, would be convenient for the vulgar. Not that I am in the least of opinion with those, who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians, to keep the lower part of the world in awe, by the fear of invisible powers; unless mankind were then very different to what it is now: for I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England, to be as freethinkers, that is to say, as staunch unbelievers, as any of the highest rank. But I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power, to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent

materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement, in a tedious winter-night.

(From the *Argument against abolishing Christianity.*)

IRELAND AN INDEPENDENT KINGDOM

ANOTHER slander spread by Wood and his emissaries is, "that by opposing him, we discover an inclination to throw off our dependence upon the crown of England." Pray observe how important a person is this same William Wood, and how the public weal of two kingdoms is involved in his private interest. First, all those who refuse to take his coin are Papists; for he tells us, "that none but Papists are associated against him." Secondly, "they dispute the King's prerogative." Thirdly, "they are ripe for rebellion." And, fourthly, "they are going to shake off their dependence upon the crown of England;" that is to say, they are going to choose another king; for there can be no other meaning in this expression, however some may pretend to strain it.

And this gives me an opportunity of explaining to those who are ignorant, another point, which has often swelled in my breast. Those who come over hither to us from England, and some weak people among ourselves, whenever in discourse we make mention of liberty and property, shake their heads, and tell us, that "Ireland is a depending kingdom"; as if they would seem by this phrase to intend, that the people of Ireland are in some state of slavery or dependence different from those of England: whereas a depending kingdom is a modern term of art, unknown as I have heard to all ancient civilians, and writers upon government; and Ireland is, on the contrary, called in some statutes "an imperial crown," as held only from God: which is as high a style as any kingdom is capable of receiving. Therefore, by this expression, "a depending kingdom," there is no more to be understood, than that, by a statute made here in the thirty-third year of Henry VIII., the king, and his successors, are to be kings imperial of this realm, as united and knit to the imperial crown of England. I have looked over all the English and Irish statutes, without finding any law that makes Ireland depend upon England, any more than England does upon Ireland. We

have indeed obliged ourselves to have the same king with them; and consequently they are obliged to have the same king with us. For the law was made by our own Parliament; and our ancestors then were not such fools (whatever they were in the preceding reign) to bring themselves under I know not what dependence, which is now talked of, without any ground of law, reason, or common sense.

Let whoever thinks otherwise I, M. B., drapier, desire to be excepted; for I declare, next under God, I depend only on the king my sovereign, and on the laws of my own country. And I am so far from depending upon the people of England, that if they should ever rebel against my sovereign (which God forbid!) I would be ready, at the first command from his majesty, to take arms against them, as some of my countrymen did against theirs at Preston. And if such a rebellion should prove so successful as to fix the Pretender on the throne of England, I would venture to transgress that statute so far, as to lose every drop of my blood to hinder him from being King of Ireland.

It is true, indeed, that within the memory of man, the Parliaments of England have sometimes assumed the power of binding this kingdom by laws enacted there; wherein they were at first openly opposed (as far as truth, reason, and justice, are capable of opposing) by the famous Mr. Molineux, an English gentleman born here, as well as by several of the greatest patriots and best Whigs in England; but the love and torrent of power prevailed. Indeed the arguments on both sides were invincible. For, in reason, all government without the consent of the governed, is the very definition of slavery; but, in fact, eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt. But I have done; for those who have used to cramp liberty, have gone so far as to resent even the liberty of complaining; although a man upon the rack was never known to be refused the liberty of roaring as loud as he thought fit.

(From *The Drapier's Letters.*)

IRISH MISERY

Now, if all this be true (upon which I could easily enlarge), I should be glad to know, by what secret method it is that we grow a rich and flourishing people, without liberty, trade, manufactures,

inhabitants, money, or the privilege of coining; without industry, labour, or improvement of land; and with more than half the rent and profits of the whole kingdom annually exported, for which we receive not a single farthing: and to make up all this, nothing worth mentioning, except the linen of the North, a trade, casual, corrupted, and at mercy; and some butter from Cork. If we do flourish, it must be against every law of nature and reason; like the thorn at Glastonbury, that blossoms in the midst of winter.

Let the worthy commissioners who come from England ride round the kingdom, and observe the face of nature, or the fare of the natives; the improvement of the land; the thriving numerous plantations; the noble woods; the abundance and vicinity of country seats; the commodious farms, houses, and barns; the towns and villages, where everybody is busy, and thriving with all kind of manufactures; the shops full of goods wrought to perfection, and filled with customers; the comfortable diet, and dress, and dwellings of the people; the vast number of ships in our harbours and docks, and shipwrights in our sea-port towns; the roads crowded with carriers laden with rich manufactures; the perpetual concourse to and fro of pompous equipages.

With what envy and admiration would those gentlemen return from so delightful a progress! what glorious reports would they make, when they went back to England!

But my heart is too heavy to continue this irony longer; for it is manifest, that whatever stranger took such a journey, would be apt to think himself travelling in Lapland or Ysland, rather than in a country so favoured by nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil and temperature of climate. The miserable dress, and diet, and dwelling of the people; the general desolation in most parts of the kingdom; the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins, and no new ones in their stead; the families of farmers, who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness upon butter-milk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hog-sty to receive them. These indeed may be comfortable sights to an English spectator, who comes for a short time, only to learn the language, and returns back to his own country, whither he finds all his wealth transmitted.

Nostra miseria magna est.

There is not one argument used to prove the riches of Ireland, which is not a logical demonstration of its poverty. The rise of our rents is squeezed out of the very blood, and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants, who live worse than English beggars. The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is in us a proof of misery; there being no trade to employ any borrower. Hence alone comes the dearness of land; since the savers have no other way to lay out their money: hence the dearness of necessaries of life; because the tenants cannot afford to pay such extravagant rates for land (which they must take, or go a-begging), without raising the price of cattle and of corn, although themselves should live upon chaff. Hence our increase of building in this city; because workmen have nothing to do but to employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone. Hence the daily increase of bankers, who may be a necessary evil in a trading country, but so ruinous in ours; who, for their private advantage, have sent away all our silver, and one third of our gold; so that within three years past the running cash of the nation, which was about five hundred thousand pounds, is now less than two, and must daily diminish, unless we have liberty to coin, as well as that important kingdom the Isle of Man, and the meanest principality in the German empire, as I before observed.

(From *A Short View of the State of Ireland.*)

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT

THE emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept without the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took those vehicles, and soon

emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sate at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca, but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and

probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sate on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ring-leaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper, as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the but-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my pen-knife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly obliged at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court. (From *Gulliver's Travels.*)

THE KING OF BROBDINGNAG INQUIRES INTO THE STATE OF EUROPE

THE king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet. He would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards' distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of the mind he was master of. That reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it. That among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry,

art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds. And that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praises of my own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which comprised three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of Peers; persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors born to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops; whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly,

called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And these two bodies make up the most august assembly in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which, the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces, by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party, among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about an hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of several questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked, What methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort. Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the

sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know, What arts were practised in electing those whom I called Commoners: whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters, to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood. How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension. Because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere. And he desired to know, Whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry. He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat. . . .

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then, taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved, that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied, by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which, in its orginal might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear, from all you have said, how any one virtue is required, towards the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue; that priests are advanced for their piety or learning; soldiers for their conduct or valour; judges for their integrity; senators for the love of their country; or

counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself, continued the king, who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But, by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

(From the Same.)

TRUE AND FALSE RAILLERY

RAILLERY is the finest part of conversation; but, as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart; just as when an expensive fashion comes up, those who are not able to reach it, content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passes for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous; sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on all which occasions, he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whence we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation, which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blameable; I mean an impatience to interrupt others; and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation

are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of these two errors; because, when any man speaks in company, it is to be supposed he does it for his hearers' sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention if they are not willing to lend it; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people, whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you, but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts, which they long to be delivered of. Meantime, they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people, by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour; which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have, are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raillery of slaves, of which we have many instances in Plautus. It seems to have been introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars; and, considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious: although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

(From *An Essay on Conversation.*)

ARBUTHNOT

[John Arbuthnot, born in 1667, was connected with the family of Lord Arbuthnot, and was the son of the minister of Arbuthnot in Kincardineshire, who was deprived in 1689 on account of adhering to the Episcopalian order. He was educated at the University of Aberdeen, and at University College, Oxford, and took the degree of M.D. at St. Andrews University. He published early in life some scientific treatises, and, settling in London, he first employed himself in teaching mathematics, and afterwards in his profession. In 1705, he was appointed Physician to the Queen, and soon after became one of the brilliant galaxy of wits who were connected with the Court and the Tory Party—Swift, Pope, Gay, and Prior being amongst the number. On the death of the Queen and the fall of the Tories he lost his appointment at Court, and became suspected of Jacobite leanings—his family having always adhered to that cause, and one of his brothers having fought at Killiecrankie. The later part of his life was spent in the quiet pursuit of his profession, and in the indulgence of a literary taste, with little thought of literary profit or fame. He died in 1735.]

IN the little circle of wits who made the age of Anne so memorable, Arbuthnot occupied a position absolutely unique. He possessed a scientific knowledge to which none of the others could make any pretence. Whatever disagreements and jealousies might affect the rest, Arbuthnot stood at all times aloof from quarrels, with no thought of himself, able to share their designs and rival their wit, but yet advancing no claim to fame, and content rather to be the helper in the plans of others, to soothe their jealousies, appease their discontent, and compose their anger by the placid influence of his own unfailing humour. It is no small niche that he has attained in the temple of Fame as the friend and adviser of Swift and Pope—addressed by Pope as "Friend to my life," and named by Swift as the one man, of whom, had the world contained a dozen, *Gulliver's Travels* would have been burnt. But this is not Arbuthnot's only title to a high place in English literature. Swift recognised him as his rival:—

"Arbuthnot is no more my friend
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use."

It was indeed for his personal qualities—the strength, as well as the weakness, that endeared him to them—that his friends prized him most. "There is a passage in Bede," says Swift, "highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all by lamenting that, alas, they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor hath every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful: but alas, he hath a sort of slouch in his walk." But strong as was the affection he inspired, Arbuthnot commanded respect by his own genius. Utterly careless as to the fate of his work—allowing much of it to be lost, and suffering many vagrant pages that were unworthy of him to be attributed to his hand, Arbuthnot has yet left enough that is indubitably his, to give him a high place in the literature of humour. His scientific work was sound so far as it went. As a mathematician, Berkeley places him in the first rank. He valued too highly the scientific achievements of his age to overwhelm it all in the indiscriminate satire which Swift poured out upon the Royal Society. The short extract given below from his early work *On the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning* (1700) shows that he could rightly estimate the place of Sir Isaac Newton. But to this he adds a power of irony and homely wit, and also—what is a less entertaining, but perhaps also a rarer gift—that of travestying the arguments of superficial and pedantic philosophy.

The most important humorous works of Arbuthnot are two. The first is *Law in a Bottomless Pit: or the History of John Bull*, in which he portrays the outbreak and the fortunes of the war with France in the story of John Bull, and his embroilments with his family and his neighbours. It was first published in four separate parts, each with its own title, and afterwards issued as a whole under its better known name. The form of the story often reminds us of the manner in which Swift, in the *Tale of a Tub*, recounts the adventures of Peter, Martin, and Jack; but while the real value of Swift's satire lies in the digressions, Arbuthnot's never goes beyond the beaten track of the story. There is therefore no comparison between the vast range of

Swift's satire and the definite and narrow aim which Arbuthnot pursues: but it may be doubted whether, within this smaller range, the episodes are not more dramatic and the individuality of the characters better sustained by Arbuthnot. The next of his achievements in humour is the fragment (for it is little more) entitled *The Memoirs of Scriblerus.* This was part of a scheme in which Swift, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot were to have shared, "to have ridiculed all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity enough, that had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each" (Pope). The others, however, failed to do their part. Swift says that Arbuthnot alone was capable of carrying out the plan: and the others felt, perhaps, that they were without the necessary equipment of scientific knowledge. What Arbuthnot has left us is not only by far the best of his work, but shows how high was the range of his humour, which could unite the grave irony of Swift, in the travesty of an elaborate argument, with the dramatic characterisation of Sterne, who in Tristram Shandy has drawn not a little inspiration from the early chapters of Arbuthnot's fragment. The book was not published until 1741, six years after Arbuthnot's death.

We have also many specimens of Arbuthnot's letters. Unlike those of his friend Pope, these were written with no thought of being published, but they remain as admirable models of an epistolary style—familiar, playful, and easy, but always with the added interest of a background of warm affection and half humorous melancholy.

H. CRAIK.

NEWTON'S DISCOVERY

BUT though the industry of former ages had discovered the periods of the great bodies of the universe, and the true system and order of them, and their orbits pretty near; yet was there one thing still reserved for the glory of this age and the honour of the English nation, the grand secret of the whole machine; which, now it is discovered, proves to be (like the other contrivances of infinite wisdom) simple and natural, depending upon the most known and most common property of matter, viz.: gravity. From this the incomparable Mr. Newton, has demonstrated the theories of all the bodies of the solar system, of all the primary planets and their secondaries, and among others, the moon, which seemed most averse to numbers; and not only of the planets, the slowest of which completes its period in less than half the age of a man, but likewise of the comets, some of which it is probable spend more than 2000 years in one revolution about the sun; for whose theory he has laid such a foundation, that after ages, assisted with more observations, may be able to calculate their returns. In a word, the precession of the equinoctial points, the tides, the unequal vibration of pendulous bodies in different latitudes, etc., are no more a question to those that have geometry enough to understand what he has delivered on those subjects: a perfection in philosophy that the boldest thinker durst hardly have hoped for; and, unless mankind turn barbarous, will continue the reputation of this nation as long as the fabric of nature shall endure. After this, what is it we may not expect from geometry joined to observations and experiments?

(From *An Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning.*)

MOTHER CHURCH

JOHN had a mother whom he loved and honoured extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcileable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff forehead-cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimped ribbons in her head-dress, furbelow-scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting faced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross; she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket glasses, and essence bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holy-days.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied with a *bon-goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she has laid aside your carving, gilding, and Japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in every thing; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she would never lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curtseying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no

regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations: "we must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years: let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birthday"; she looked upon all this as grimace; yet she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors, to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex; our rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave gentlewomen, would bear her's; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved. She was a zealous preacher up of chastity, and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, "this is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a rogue can deny it." It has been observed, that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity towards her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

(From *The History of John Bull.*)

SISTER PEG

JOHN had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed Miss to have been bred up under

the influence of a cruel step-dame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; Miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor Miss a crab-apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bedchamber towards the south sun. Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance; however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill-used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but Miss would not yield in the least point, but, even when Master had got her down, would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-post, for which affront Miss aimed a penknife at his heart! In short, these quarrels grew to rooted aversions; they gave one another nick-names: she called him gundy-guts, and he called her lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours and comical antipathies, for which John would jeer her. "What think you of my sister Peg," says he, "that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?" "What's that to you, gundy-guts," quoth Peg, "everybody's to choose their own music." Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her Paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, Jack had of late been her inclinations: Lord Peter she detested; nor did

Martin stand much better in her graces, but Jack had found the way to her heart. I have often admired what charms she discovered in that awkward booby, till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue. (From the Same.)

PHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY

IN this design of Martin to investigate the diseases of the mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an inquiry after the seat of the soul; in which, at first, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the brain, sometimes in the stomach, and sometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign lady to one apartment, which made him infer that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: the brain was her study, the heart her state-room, and the stomach her kitchen. But as he saw several offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the soul to perform several operations by her little ministers, the animal spirits, from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts, according to different inclinations, sexes, ages, and professions. Thus, in epicures, he seated her in the mouth of the stomach, philosophers have her in the brain, soldiers in the heart, women in their tongues, fiddlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula pinealis*, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different tempers in mankind. He supposed that in factious and restless-spirited people, he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the soul, as it were, an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing that calves and philosophers, tigers, and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-sparrows and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and spaniels, moles and misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: in order to satisfy himself in which it was that he purchased the

body of one of the first species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too under his anatomical knife.

We must not omit taking notice here, that these inquiries into the seat of the soul gave occasion to his first correspondence with the Society of Free-thinkers, who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they ordered their secretary to write him the following letter:—

TO THE LEARNED INQUISITOR INTO NATURE, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS; THE SOCIETY OF FREETHINKERS, GREETING

GRECIAN COFFEE HOUSE, *7th May.*

IT is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your inquisitive genius, and we think it great pity that it should not be better employed than in looking after that theological nonentity commonly called the soul; since after all your inquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the residence of such a chimera, that never had being but in the brains of some dreaming philosophers. Is it not demonstration to a person of your sense, that since you cannot find it, there is no such thing? In order to set so hopeful a genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded sophisms of those crack-brained fellows, and likewise an easy mechanical explication of perception or thinking.

One of their chief arguments is, that self-consciousness cannot inhere in any system of matter, because all matter is made up of several distinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every jack there is a meat-roasting quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the jack, but is the result of the whole composition; so in an animal the self-consciousness is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roasting in a jack), but the result of several modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, etc., make one jack, so the several parts of the body make one animal. As the perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this animal, so is the meat-roasting said to be inherent in the jack. As the sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, etc., are the several modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, etc., are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, etc., does not inhere in any one part of the jack; so neither does consciousness with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, etc., inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole animal.

Just so, the quality or disposition in a fiddle to play tunes, with the

several modifications of this tune-playing quality in playing preludes, sarabands, jigs, and gavots, are as much real qualities in the instrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the person that composes them.

The parts (they say) of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which seem to be the subject of consciousness are in a perpetual circulation; so that the same individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English law, that the king never dies. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which still preserves the unity of the whole system.

They make a great noise about this individuality; how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings; and yet, after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that, as in a House of Commons all things are determined by a majority, so it is in every animal system. As that which determines the House is said to be the reason of the whole Assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking beings, who are determined by the greater force of several particles; which, like so many unthinking members, compose one thinking system.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance; we reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their predecessors.

We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the brain, the several modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomists that the brain is a congeries of glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called animal spirits; that a gland is nothing, a canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the arietation and motion of the

spirits in those canals, proceed all the different sorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the spirits in one simple canal; when two of these canals disembogue themselves into one they make what we call a proposition; and when two of these propositional channels empty themselves into a third, they form a syllogism, or a ratiocination. Memory is performed in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other modes of thinking; as also why some people think so wrong and perversely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of those glands. Some, for example, are born without the proportional or syllogistical canals; in others, that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded; in trifling geniuses, weak and small; in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding; and so of the rest.

We are so much persuaded of the truth of this our hypothesis, that we have employed one of our members, a great virtuoso at Nuremburg, to make a sort of an hydraulic engine, in which a chemical liquor resembling blood is driven through elastic channels resembling arteries and veins, by the force of an *embolus* like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatic machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muscles; and we are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week), will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons.

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a member of our society, and beg leave to assure you that we are, etc.

(From *Memoirs of Scriblerus.*)

A FAREWELL LETTER

HAMPSTEAD, *4th October* 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,—You have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago by Mr. De la Mar. I can assure you with great truth that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart toward you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world and you among the rest of my friends shall have my last prayers and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by

a dropsy and an asthma that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat nor move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborne for some years), I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man at my age ever recovered of such a disease further than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life but ease. For I am at present in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort, in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeases me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are likely to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frighted from a journey to England. The reasons you assign are not sufficient; the journey I am sure would do you good. In general I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them gave me my first shock: and the trouble I have with the rest to bring them to a right temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction for me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend and humble servant. JO. ARBUTHNOT.

(*A Letter to Swift.*)

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE

[Very little is known in detail of the life of Bernard Mandeville or de Mandeville, one of the most notorious and best abused writers of the earlier 18th century. He appears to have been born at Dort, in Holland, about 1670, and to have died in London in January 1733. His father was a physician, and Mandeville was well educated at Rotterdam and Leyden. It does not seem to be known when or why he came to London; but he must have done so pretty early. He practised physic, it would seem, to the end of his life; but never appears to have attained a sufficient position to have a house of his own. One of the very rare personal traditions about him says that he was pensioned by the distillers to write in favour of their wares—a statement not quite reconcilable with divers passages in his works, unless we are to take these as an attempt at blackmailing. Another is his picturesque and pregnant description of Addison as "a parson in a tie-wig." By his own account he wrote, before the end of the seventeenth century, a short poem in very rough but rather vigorous octosyllabics, entitled *The Grumbling Hive*. This is a fable wherein the corrupt practices which made a hive of bees populous and prosperous, and the reformation which improved their morals and put an end to their prosperity, are successively recounted. Bibliography however does not seem to know any edition before 1705. The piece, according to Mandeville, was both bought and pirated; but it was not till he reprinted it in 1714 with divers prose additions that it attracted much attention. This increased till, after yet another enlarged reprint in 1723 as *The Fable of the Bees*, or *Private Vices Public Benefits*, it was presented by the Grand Jury and drew many replies, the fiercest and most severe of which was Law's *Remarks*, while later Berkeley also attacked it very bitterly in *Alciphron*. Mandeville, who was not afflicted with bashfulness, continued to enlarge his work till in the so-called ninth edition (Edinburgh, 1755) it fills two small but closely printed volumes of nearly four hundred pages each, the first containing the *Fable* and its original prose appendices ("Remarks," a "Vindication," a "Tract of Charity Schools," which excited Law's special wrath, and other things), while the second is filled with *Dialogues* on what the author probably regarded as a tolerably complete system of ethics, including what we now barbarously call sociology. Mandeville's entire works have never been collected; and the very titles of some of them sufficiently indicate a moral purpose of very dubious sincerity. Even the others, except the *Fable* itself, are not easy to obtain, and in some cases are almost certainly spurious. Of these last is *The World Unmasked*, a considerable book giving itself out as translated from the French and published in 1736. Of the remainder *An Enquiry into the Origin of Honour*, and *The Use-*

fulness of Christianity in War, continue the dialogues of the second part of the *Fable* with the same personages and in the same spirit. *Free Thoughts on Religion, the Church, and National Happiness*, 1720, is also evidently genuine: the others need not be mentioned.]

The Fable of the Bees which, with its more immediate appendices, contains almost everything of Mandeville's that is of importance to any but the curious, is one of those unlucky books which have become known to posterity chiefly by the polemical efforts of others to suppress them. And as Law and Berkeley, to name these only, were infinitely greater as well as infinitely better men than Mandeville, the state of the latter under this dispensation is not gracious. Curiously enough the justest as well as the acutest estimate of him in his own century comes from Johnson, who was not wont to be very kind either to writers of doubtful morality or to those of scarcely doubtful unorthodoxy. In a conversation not many years before his death, he hit the real blot in Mandeville's ingenious sophism by pointing out that "he defines neither vices nor benefits." He also declared that Mandeville, whom he must have read not long after the hubbub of 1723 itself, "did not puzzle him, but opened his views into real life very much." And indeed the natural indignation which men like Law and Berkeley must have felt at the extreme coarseness of tone which characterises Mandeville, at the excessively low views of human nature which he habitually takes, at his utter lack of reverence, of sense of beauty, of feeling for whatsoever dignifies and ennobles life, must be admitted to have made them somewhat unfair to him. His protestations of orthodox intention, or at least of freedom from all intentional unorthodoxy, are indeed, like most such protests in the 18th century, to be taken with something more than grave suspicion. His doctrine that private vices are public benefits—in other words that avarice, luxury, unjust wars, and so forth conduce to the welfare of the body politic—may have been partly due, as Johnson points out, to a neglect to define his terms, and was partly also no doubt wilful paradox. His ethical and political philosophy, so far as he has any, is Hobbism degraded. And the coarseness before referred to—a coarseness which does not consist so much in the use of offensive language as in an almost incredible vulgarity and foulness of tone, in the dragging in of offensive illustrations at every opportunity, in studious belittling and defiling of motive and sentiment and feeling—is disgusting enough. But there seems little doubt that his original object was to ridicule

and decry the sentimental and genteel finicalness of Shaftesbury's notion of virtue; and there is no doubt at all that with all his drawbacks he possesses a certain hard rough common sense and acuteness which are very uncommon. He has among other Mephistophelean characteristics that of being detestable, but not despicable; and, though utterly blind to high things, he sees low things with a clearness that is frequently astonishing and almost admirable.

It is his form, however, that concerns us here, and in this also he is not despicable. His verse is very uncouth, and his prose is frequently incorrect and never in any way polished; but he makes up for this by many of the merits of Defoe, to whom in character as in period he is very close. Many of his characters —the special knack of the time—possess great felicity and truth of touch; his argument, sophistical as it commonly is, is put with a good deal of surface clearness and cogency; and his illustrations and digressive passages have singular liveliness and force. They are indeed frequently unpleasant (there is a passage describing a swine devouring a child which any French naturalist of the younger school might be proud of); but the sketches of the crowd before the gallows at Newgate, that on gin-selling and gin-drinking given below, and others in no small numbers scattered about his works show a vividness of narrative and almost dramatic presentation worthy of writers of far higher traditional repute. Nor is he less considerable as a satirist, and the "Parable of Small Beer" in his *Remarks* is worthy of Arbuthnot, if not even of Swift. The proverb about the commoner words of our language being "good Yorkshire and good Friese," is certainly confirmed by the vigour and ease with which this Dutchman uses the English vernacular. And though his sudden and not very savoury notoriety tempted him to indulge in long and dull dissertations where the merit of his style is spun too thin to cover the nakedness of his sophistry, he must still at his best remain a striking exemplar of one of the most nervous if not the most elegant periods of English writing, and deserve a place in the division of English prose history which includes Latimer and Bunyan, Defoe and Cobbett.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE GENESIS OF VANITY

WHEN the incomparable Sir Richard Steele, in the usual elegance of his easy style, dwells on the praises of his sublime species, and with all the embellishments of rhetoric sets forth the excellency of human nature, it is impossible not to be charmed with his happy turns of thought, and the politeness of his expressions. But though I have been often moved by the force of his eloquence, and ready to swallow the ingenious sophistry with pleasure, yet I could never be so serious but, reflecting on his artful encomiums, I thought on the tricks made use of by the women that would teach children to be mannerly. When an awkward girl, before she can either speak or go, begins, after many entreaties, to make the first rude essays of courtseying, the nurse falls into an ecstasy of praise; "There's a delicate curtsey! O fine Miss! There's a pretty lady! Mamma! Miss can make a better curtsey than her sister Molly!" The same is echoed over by the maids, whilst mamma almost hugs the child to pieces: only Miss Molly, who being four years older, knows how to make a very handsome curtsey, wonders at the perverseness of their judgment, and, swelling with indignation, is ready to cry at the injustice that is done her, till, being whispered in the ear that it is only to please the baby, and that she is a woman, she grows proud at being let into the secret; and rejoicing at the superiority of her understanding, repeats what has been said with large additions, and insults over the weakness of her sister, whom all this while she fancies to be the only bubble among them. These extravagant praises would, by any one above the capacity of an infant, be called fulsome flatteries, and, if you will, abominable lies; yet experience teaches us, that by the help of such gross encomiums, young misses will be brought to make pretty curtsies, and behave themselves womanly much sooner, and with less trouble, than they would without them. 'Tis the same with boys, whom they'll

strive to persuade, that all fine gentlemen do as they are bid, and that none but beggar boys are rude, or dirty their clothes; nay as soon as the wild brat with his untaught fist begins to fumble for his hat, the mother, to make him pull it off, tells him, before he is two years old, that he is a man, and if he repeats that action when she desires him, he's presently a captain, a lord mayor, a king, or something higher, if she can think of it; till, egged on by the force of praise, the little urchin endeavours to imitate man as well as he can, and strains all his faculties to appear what his shallow noddle imagines he is believed to be.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

DECIO, a man of great figure, that had large commissions for sugar from several parts beyond sea, treats about a considerable parcel of that commodity with Alcander, an eminent West India merchant; both understood the market very well, but could not agree: Decio was a man of substance, and thought nobody ought to buy cheaper than himself; Alcander was the same, and not wanting money, stood for his price. Whilst they were driving their bargain at a tavern near the exchange, Alcander's man brought his master a letter from the West Indies, that informed him of a much greater quantity of sugars coming for England than was expected. Alcander now wished for nothing more than to sell at Decio's price, before the news was public; but being a cunning fox, that he might not seem too precipitant, nor yet lose his customer, he drops the discourse they were upon, and, putting on a jovial humour, commends the agreeableness of the weather, from whence falling upon the delight he took in his gardens, invites Decio to go along with him to his country house, that was not above twelve miles from London. It was in the month of May, and as it happened upon a Saturday in the afternoon, Decio who was a single man, and would have no business in town before Tuesday, accepts of the other's civility, and away they go in Alcander's coach. Decio was splendidly entertained that night, and the day following; the Monday morning, to get himself an appetite, he goes to take the air upon a pad of Alcander's, and coming back meets with a gentleman of his acquaintance,

who tells him news was come the night before, that the Barbadoes fleet was destroyed by a storm, and adds that before he came out, it had been confirmed at Lloyd's coffee-house, where it was thought sugars would rise twenty-five per cent by 'change time. Decio returns to his friend, and immediately resumes the discourse they had broke off at the tavern: Alcander, who thinking himself sure of his chap, did not design to have moved it till after dinner, was very glad to see himself so happily prevented; but how desirous so ever he was to sell, the other was yet more eager to buy; yet both of them, afraid of one another for a considerable time, counterfeited all the indifference imaginable; till at last Decio, fired with what he had heard, thought delays might prove dangerous, and, throwing a guinea upon the table, struck the bargain at Alcander's price. The next day they went to London; the news proved true, and Decio got five hundred pounds by his sugars. Alcander, whilst he had strove to over-reach the other, was paid in his own coin; yet all this is called fair dealing; but I am sure neither of them would have desired to be done by, as they did to each other.

GIN

NOTHING is more destructive, either in regard to the health, or the vigilance and industry of the poor, than the infamous liquor, the name of which, derived from Juniper in Dutch, is now by frequent use and the laconic spirit of the nation, from a word of middling length shrunk into a monosyllable, intoxicating gin, that charms the inactive, the desperate and crazy of either sex, and makes the starving sot behold his rags and nakedness with stupid indolence, or banter both in senseless laughter, and more insipid jests; it is a fiery lake that sets the brain in flame, burns up the entrails, and scorches every part within; and at the same time a Lethe of oblivion, in which the wretch immersed drowns his most pinching cares, and, with his reason, all anxious reflection on brats that cry for food, hard winter's frosts, and horrid empty home.

In hot and adust tempers it makes men quarrelsome, renders them brutes and savages, sets them on to fight for nothing, and has often been the cause of murder. It has broke and destroyed the strongest constitutions, thrown them into consumptions, and

been the fatal and immediate occasion of apoplexies, phrensies, and sudden death. But as these latter mischiefs happen but seldom, they might be overlooked and connived at, but this cannot be said of the many diseases that are familiar to the liquor, and which are daily and hourly produced by it; such as loss of appetite, fevers, black and yellow jaundice, convulsions, stone and gravel, dropsies and leucophlegmacies.

Among the doting admirers of this liquid poison, many of the meanest rank, from a sincere affection to the commodity itself, become dealers in it, and take delight to help others to what they love themselves, as whores commence bawds to make the profits of one trade subservient to the pleasures of the other. But as these starvelings commonly drink more than their gains, they seldom by selling mend the wretchedness of condition they laboured under whilst they were only buyers. In the fag-end and out-skirts of the town, and all places of the vilest resort, it is sold in some part or other of almost every house, frequently in cellars, and sometimes in the garret. The petty traders in this Stygian comfort are supplied by others in somewhat higher station, that keep professed brandy shops, and are as little to be envied as the former; and among the middling people, I know not a more miserable shift for a livelihood than their calling; whoever would thrive in it, must in the first place be of a watchful and suspicious, as well as a bold and resolute temper, that he may not be imposed upon by cheats and sharpers, nor out-bullied by the oaths and imprecations of hackney coachmen and foot soldiers; in the second, he ought to be a dabster at gross jokes and loud laughter, and have all the winning ways to allure customers and draw out their money, and be well versed in the low jest and railleries the mob make use of to banter prudence and frugality. He must be affable and obsequious to the most despicable; always ready and officious to help a porter down with his load, shake hands with a basket-woman, pull off his hat to an oyster wench, and be familiar with a beggar; with patience and good humour he must be able to endure the filthy actions and viler language of nasty drabs, and the loudest rake-hells, and without a frown or the least aversion bear with all the stench and squalor, noise and impertinence that the utmost indigence, laziness, and ebriety can produce in the most shameless and abandoned vulgar.

The vast number of the shops I speak of throughout the city and suburbs are an astonishing evidence of the many seducers

that, in a lawful occupation, are accessory to the introduction and increase of all the sloth, sottishness, want, and misery which the abuse of strong waters is the immediate cause of, to lift above mediocrity perhaps half a dozen men that deal in the same commodity by wholesale; whilst among the retailers, though qualified as I required, a much greater number are broke and ruined, for not abstaining from the Circean cup they hold out to others; and the more fortunate are their whole lifetime obliged to take the uncommon pains, endure the hardships, and swallow all the ungrateful and shocking things I named, for little or nothing beyond a bare sustenance, and their daily bread.

A PARABLE OF SMALL BEER

In old heathen times there was, they say, a whimsical country, where the people talked much of religion, and the greatest part as to outward appearance seemed really devout: the chief moral evil among them was thirst, and to quench it a damnable sin; yet they unanimously agreed that every one was born thirsty more or less: small beer in moderation was allowed to all, and he was counted an hypocrite, a cynic, or a madman, who pretended that one could live altogether without it; yet, those who owned they loved it, and drank it to excess, were counted wicked. All this while the beer itself was reckoned a blessing from heaven, and there was no harm in the use of it: all the enormity lay in the abuse, the motive of the heart, that made them drink it. He that took the least drop of it to quench his thirst, committed a heinous crime, whilst others drank large quantities without any guilt, so they did it indifferently, and for no other reason than to mend their complexion.

They brewed for other countries as well as their own, and for the small beer they sent abroad, received large returns of Westphalia hams, neats' tongues, hung beef, and Bolonia sausages, red herrings, pickled sturgeon, caviare, anchovies, and everything that was proper to make their liquor go down with pleasure. Those who kept great stores of small beer by them without making use of it were generally envied, and at the same time very odious to the public, and nobody was easy that had not enough of it come to his own share. The greatest calamity they thought could

befall them, was to keep their hops and barley upon their hands, and the more they yearly consumed of them, the more they reckoned the country to flourish.

The government had made very wise regulations concerning the returns that were made for their exports, encouraged very much the importation of salt and pepper, and laid heavy duties on everything that was not well seasoned, and might any wise obstruct the sale of their own hops and barley. Those at the helm, when they acted in public, showed themselves on all accounts exempt and wholly divested from thirst, made several laws to prevent the growth of it, and punish the wicked who openly dared to quench it. If you examined them in their private persons, and pry'd narrowly into their lives and conversations, they seemed to be more fond, or at least drank larger draughts of small beer than others, but always under pretence that the mending of complexions required greater quantities of liquor in them, than it did in those they ruled over; and that what they had chiefly at heart, without any regard to themselves, was to procure great plenty of small beer among the subjects in general, and a great demand for their hops and barley.

As nobody was debarred from small beer, the clergy made use of it as well as the laity, and some of them very plentifully, yet all of them desired to be thought less thirsty by their functions than others, and never would own that they drank any but to mend their complexions. In their religious assemblies they were more sincere; for as soon as they came there, they all openly confessed, the clergy as well as the laity, from the highest to the lowest, that they were thirsty, that mending their complexions was what they minded the least, and that all their hearts were set upon small beer and quenching their thirst, whatever they might pretend to the contrary. What was remarkable is, that to have laid hold of those truths to anyone's prejudice, and made use of those confessions out of their temples, would have been counted very impertinent, and everybody thought it a heinous affront to be called thirsty, though you had seen him drink small beer by whole gallons. The chief topic of their preachers was the great evil of thirst, and the folly there was in quenching it. They exhorted their hearers to resist the temptations of it, inveighed against small beer, and often told them it was poison, if they drank it with pleasure, or with any other design than to mend their complexions.

In their acknowledgments to the gods, they thanked them for the plenty of comfortable small beer they had received from them, notwithstanding they had so little deserved it, and continually quenched their thirst with it; whereas they were so thoroughly satisfied that it was given them for a better use. Having begged pardon for these offences, they desired the gods to lessen their thirst, and give them strength to resist the importunities of it; yet in the midst of their sorest repentance, and most humble supplications, they never forgot small beer, and prayed that they might continue to have it in great plenty, with a solemn promise, that however neglectful soever they might hitherto have been in this point, they would for the future not drink a drop of it with any other design than to mend their complexions.

These were standing petitions put together to last; and having continued to be made use of without any alterations for several hundred years together, it was thought by some, that the gods, who understood futurity, and knew that the same promise they heard in June would be made to them the January following, did not rely much more on these vows, than we do on those waggish inscriptions by which men offer us their goods, "To-day for money, and to-morrow for nothing." They often began their prayers very mystically, and spoke many things in a spiritual sense; yet, they never were so abstract from the world in them, as to end one without beseeching the gods to bless and prosper the brewing trade in all its branches, and for the good of the whole, more and more to increase the consumption of hops and barley.

LORD SHAFTESBURY

[Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in 1671. His education was superintended by Locke, which probably accounts for his reaction from the Lockian philosophy. He was at Winchester from 1683 to 1686. He sat for a time in Parliament, but for the most part he lived the life of a student in ill-health. He was a traveller; he visited Holland, and made the acquaintance of Bayle, and in 1708 he began to publish pamphlets, mainly on ethical subjects. The most important of these is the *Enquiry concerning Virtue or Merit*. They are reprinted in a collection entitled *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times* (1711) In 1709 he married, and in 1712 he died. A fine edition of the *Characteristics* was printed by Baskerville in 1773, and the first volume has been more recently edited by Mr. Hatch. Two or three specimens of his correspondence have also been printed; the most interesting is the *Letters written by a Noble Lord to a Young Man at the University* (1716). The student may consult Professor Fowler's *Shaftesbury and Hutcheson*, Professor Sidgwick's *History of Ethics*, and Mr. Leslie Stephen's *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*.]

IN the essentials of their philosophical position, Shaftesbury and Henry More are at one. Both represent the refusal, the characteristically English refusal, to accept the formulas of Hobbes and Locke as the last word on things human and divine. Both point to the unexplored fields, the unexplained residuum of the spiritual life, which those formulas fail to touch. Yet in all else they are each other's antipodes. More is eminently of the seventeenth century—poet, dreamer, Platonist, abhorrent of system, and ever hunting the shy, elusive fringes of truth, he presents a world full of mystery and colour, rich with gracious half-lights and reverent shadows. Not so Shaftesbury: sceptical where More is credulous, clear where More is vague, he wields for imagination the dry light of analysis, and champions the spiritual in a tone that robs it of its spirituality. He is one of the first embodiments of the eighteenth century spirit in speculation, and has all the merits and most of the defects which we habitually associate with that spirit.

He writes in a style which is consummately easy and lucid. There are none of those obscurities and experimental reaches of thought which in other thinkers one sometimes finds so puzzling and so suggestive; his meaning may not be very profound, but it is at least expressed for the better understanding of the plain man. He brings into English prose an order and a clearness of which it was beginning to stand in some need. The worst that can be said of him is that he is terribly affected—"genteel" was Charles Lamb's epithet. He is not always in buckram; he will unbend to you; but all the same his treatises invariably smack of the superior person, the man of birth, debarred by circumstances from his natural pursuit of politics, and condescending to while away a part of his too abundant leisure in unravelling some niceties of the intellect. Unwilling to appear a pedant, he falls into the opposite vices of desultoriness and superficiality.

As a thinker Shaftesbury made definite and prominent an important principle of morals—that man is not a solitary unit, to be treated *in vacuo* as a self-contained whole; but rather a centre of forces in a complex society, dependent on others at every turn, with desires and modes of conduct inextricably entangled with theirs. Or, to use a phraseology nearer his own, Shaftesbury taught that man's benevolent impulses are as fundamental and natural, as much a part of man himself, as those which are self-regarding: and that an ethical scheme which takes into account the one and neglects the other must needs be one-sided and incomplete. He struck a real blot in the reasoning of his predecessors, and laid down the lines on which English psychological ethics were to proceed for some time to come.

Shaftesbury's moral doctrine is positive enough, but he had his negative side also. The element of analysis, of criticism, in him led him into the camp of the unorthodox, and he ranks among the able, if transient, school of English Deists. Hence his influence over French thought, as French thought culminated in the worship of the Supreme Reason; while he is at one with Voltaire, as well as with certain brilliant writers, both French and English, of our own day, in finding the true solvent of superstition and fanaticism, not in persecution, but in humour.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

ON ENTHUSIASM

THUS, my Lord, there are many panics in mankind, besides merely that of fear. And thus is religion also panic, when enthusiasm of any kind gets up, as oft, on melancholy occasions it will; for vapours naturally rise, and in bad times especially, when the spirits of men are low, as either in public calamities, or during the unwholesomeness of air or diet, or when convulsions happen in nature, storms, earthquakes, or other amazing prodigies: at this season the panic must needs run high, and the magistrate of necessity give way to it. For, to apply a serious remedy, and bring the sword, or *fasces*, as a cure, must make the case more melancholy, and increase the very cause of the distemper. To forbid men's natural fears, and to endeavour the overpowering them by other fears, must needs be a most unnatural method. The magistrate, if he be any artist, should have a gentler hand, and instead of caustics, incisions, and amputations, should be using the softest balms, and, with a kind sympathy, entering into the concern of the people, and taking, as it were, their passion upon him, should, when he has soothed and satisfied it, endeavour, by cheerful ways, to divert and heal it.

This was ancient policy: and hence, as a notable author of our nation expresses it, it is necessary a people should have a public leading in Religion. For to deny the magistrate a worship, or take away a National Church, is as mere enthusiasm as the notion which sets up persecution. For why should there not be public walks as well as private gardens? Why not public libraries as well as private education and home-tutors? But to prescribe bounds to fancy and speculation, to regulate men's apprehensions, and religious beliefs or fears, to suppress by violence the natural passion of enthusiasm, or to endeavour to ascertain it, or reduce it to one species, or bring it under

any one modification, is in truth no better sense, nor derives a better character, than what the comedian declares of the like project in the affair of love.

"Nihilo plus agas
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias."

Not only the visionaries and enthusiasts of all kinds were tolerated, your lordship knows, by the ancients, but, on the other side, philosophy had as free a course, and was permitted as a balance against superstition; and whilst some sects, such as the Pythagorean and latter Platonic, joined in with the superstition and enthusiasm of the times, the Epicurean, the Academic, and others, were allowed to use all the force of wit and raillery against it. And thus matters were happily balanced. Reason had fair play; learning and science flourished. Wonderful was the harmony and temper which arose from all these contrarieties. Thus superstition and enthusiasm were mildly treated, and being left alone, they never rose to that degree as to occasion bloodshed, wars, persecutions, and devastations in the world. But a new sort of policy, which extends itself to another world, and considers the future lives and happiness of men rather than the present, has made us leap the bounds of natural humanity, and out of a supernatural charity, has taught us the way of plaguing one another most devoutly. It has raised an antipathy which no temporal interest could ever do, and entailed upon us a mutual hatred to all eternity; and now *uniformity in opinion* (a hopeful project!) is looked upon as the only expedient against this evil. The *saving of souls* is now the heroic passion of exalted spirits, and is become in a manner the chief care of the magistrate, and the very end of government itself.

If magistracy should vouchsafe to interpose thus much in other sciences I am afraid we should have as bad logic, as bad mathematics, and in every kind as bad philosophy, as we often have divinity in countries where a precise orthodoxy is settled by law. It is a hard matter for a government to settle wit. If it does but keep us sober and honest, it is likely we shall have as much ability in our spiritual as in our temporal affairs; and if we can but be trusted, we shall have wit enough to save ourselves, when no prejudice lies in the way. But if honesty and wit be insufficient for this saving work, it is in vain for

the magistrate to meddle with it, since, if he be ever so virtuous or wise, he may be as soon mistaken as another man. I am sure the only way to save men's sense or preserve wit at all in the world, is to give liberty to wit. Now wit can never have its liberty, where the freedom of raillery is taken away; for against serious extravagancies and splenetic humours, there is no other remedy than this.

We have indeed full power over all other modifications of spleen. We may treat other enthusiasms as we please. We may ridicule love or gallantry, or knight-errantry, to the utmost: and we find that, in the latter days of wit, the humour of this kind, which was once so prevalent, is pretty well declined. The Crusades, the rescuing of Holy Lands, and such devout gallantries, are in less request than formerly. But if something of this militant religion, something of this soul-rescuing spirit and saint-errantry prevails still, we need not wonder, when we consider in how solemn a manner we treat this distemper, and how preposterously we go about to cure enthusiasm.

I can hardly forbear fancying, that if we had a sort of inquisition, or formal court of judicature, with grave officers and judges, erected to restrain poetical license, and in general to suppress that fancy and humour of versification, but in particular that most extravagant passion of love, as it is set out by poets, in its heathenish dress of Venuses and Cupids; if the poets, as ringleaders and teachers of this heresy, were, under grievous penalties, forbid to enchant the people by the vein of rhyming; and if the people, on the other side, were, under proportionable penalties, forbid to hearken to any such charm, or lend their attention to any love tale, so much as in a play, a novel, or a ballad, we might perhaps see a new Arcadia rising out of this heavy persecution: old people and young would be seized with a versifying spirit: we should have field-conventicles of lovers and poets: forests would be filled with romantic shepherds and shepherdesses, and rocks resound with echoes of hymns and praises offered to the powers of love. We might indeed have a fair chance, by this managment, to bring back the whole train of heathen gods, and set our cold northern island burning with as many altars to Venus and Apollo as were formerly in Cyprus, Delos, or any of those warmer Grecian climates.

(From *A Letter concerning Enthusiasm.*)

THE PLEASURE OF THE NATURAL AFFECTIONS

THERE is no one of ever so little understanding in what belongs to a human constitution, who knows not that without action, motion, and employment, the body languishes and is oppressed; its nourishment turns to disease; the spirits, unemployed abroad, help to consume the parts within; and nature, as it were, preys upon herself. In the same manner, the sensible and living part, the soul or mind, wanting its proper and natural exercise, is burdened and diseased. Its thoughts and passions being unnaturally withheld from their due objects, turn against itself, and create the highest impatience and ill-humour.

In brutes and other creatures, who have not the use of reason and reflection (at least not after the manner of mankind) it is so ordered in nature, that by their daily search after food, and their application either towards the business of their livelihood, or the affairs of their species or kind, almost their whole time is taken up, and they fail not to find full employment for their passion, according to that degree of agitation to which they are fitted, and which their constitution requires. If any one of these creatures be taken out of his natural laborious state, and placed amidst such a plenty as can profusely administer to all his appetites and wants; it may be observed that as his circumstances grow thus luxuriant, his temper and passions have the same growth. When he comes, at any time, to have the accommodations of life at a cheaper and easier rate than was at first intended him by nature, he is made to pay dear for them in another way, by losing his natural good disposition, and the orderliness of his kind or species.

This needs not to be demonstrated by particular instances. Whoever has the least knowledge of natural history, or has been an observer of the several breeds of creatures, and their ways of life, and propagation, will easily understand this difference of orderliness between the wild and tame of the same species. The latter acquire new habits, and deviate from their original nature. They lose even the common instinct and ordinary ingenuity of their kind; nor can they ever regain it, whilst they continue in this pampered state; but being turned to shift abroad, they resume the natural affection and sagacity of their species. They learn to unite in stricter fellowship; and

grow more concerned for their offspring. They provide against the seasons, and make the most of every advantage given by nature for the support and maintenance of their particular species, against such as are foreign and hostile. And thus as they grow busy and employed, they grow regular and good. Their petulancy and vice forsakes them with their idleness and ease.

It happens with mankind that whilst some are by necessity confined to labour, others are provided with abundance of all things by the pains and labour of inferiors. Now, if amongst the superior and easy sort, there be not something of fit and proper employment raised in the room of what is wanting in common labour and toil; if instead of an application to any sort of work, such as has a good and honest end in society (as letters, sciences, arts, husbandry, public affairs, economy or the like) there be a thorough neglect of all duty or employment, a settled idleness, supineness, and inactivity; this of necessity must occasion a most relaxed and dissolute state: it must produce a total disorder of the passions, and break out in the strangest irregularities imaginable.

We see the enormous growth of luxury in capital cities, such as have been long the seat of empire. We see what improvements are made in vice of every kind, where numbers of men are maintained in lazy opulence, and wanton plenty. It is otherwise with those who are taken up in honest and due employment and have been well inured to it from their youth. This we may observe in the hardy remote provincials, the inhabitants of smaller towns, and the industrious sort of common people; where it is rare to meet with any instances of those irregularities, which are known in courts and palaces, and in the rich foundations of easy and pampered priests.

Now if what we have advanced concerning an inward constitution be real and just; if it be true that Nature works by a just order and regulation as well in the passions and affections as in the limbs and organs which she forms; if it appears withal, that she has so constituted this inward part, that nothing is so essential to it as exercise; and no exercise is so essential as that of social or natural affection: it follows that where this is removed or weakened, the inward part must necessarily suffer and be impaired. Let indolence, indifference, and insensibility be studied as an art, or cultivated with the utmost care; the passions thus restrained will force their prison, and in one way

or other procure their liberty, and find full employment. They will be sure to create to themselves unusual and unnatural exercise, where they are cut off from such as is natural and good. And thus in the room of orderly and natural affection, new and unnatural must be raised, and all inward order and economy destroyed.

One must have a very imperfect idea of the order of Nature in the formation and structure of animals, to imagine that so great a principle, so fundamental a part as that of natural affection should possibly be lost or impaired, without any inward ruin or subversion of the temper and frame of mind.

Whoever is the least versed in this moral kind of architecture, will find the inward fabric so adjusted and the whole so nicely built, that the barely extending of a single passion a little too far, or the continuance of it too long, is able to bring irrecoverable ruin and misery. He will find this experienced in the ordinary case of frenzy, and distraction; when the mind, dwelling too long upon one subject (whether prosperous or calamitous), sinks under the weight of it, and proves what the necessity is, of a due balance and counterpoise in the affections. He will find, that in every different creature, and distinct sex, there is a different and distinct order, set, or suit of passions; proportionable to the different order of life, the different functions and capacities assigned to each. As the operations and effects are different, so are the springs and causes in each system. The inside work is fitted to the outward action and performance. So that where habits or affections are dislodged, misplaced, or changed; where those belonging to one species are intermixed with those belonging to another, there must of necessity be confusion and disturbance within.

All this we may observe easily, by comparing the more perfect with the imperfect natures, such as are imperfect from their birth, by having suffered violence within, in their earliest form and inmost matrix. We know how it is with monsters, such as are compounded of different kinds, or different sexes. Nor are they less monsters, who are misshapen or distorted in an inward part. The ordinary animals appear unnatural and monstrous, when they lose their proper instincts, forsake their kind, neglect their offspring, and pervert those functions or capacities bestowed by nature. How wretched must it be, therefore, for MAN, of all other creatures, to lose that sense

and feeling, which is proper to him as a man, and suitable to his character and genius? How unfortunate must it be for a creature, whose dependence on society is greater than any other's, to lose that natural affection by which he is prompted to the good and interest of his species, and community? Such indeed is man's natural share of this affection, that he, of all other creatures, is plainly the least able to bear solitude. Nor is anything more apparent, than that there is naturally in every man such a degree of social affection as inclines him to seek the familiarity and friendship of his fellows. It is here that he lets loose a passion, and gives reins to a desire, which can hardly by any struggle or inward violence be withheld; or if it be, is sure to create a sadness, dejection, and melancholy in the mind. For whoever is unsociable, and voluntarily shuns society, or commerce with the world, must of necessity be morose and ill-natured. He, on the other side, who is withheld by force or accident, finds in his temper the ill effects of this restraint. The inclination, when suppressed, breeds discontent; and on the contrary affords a healing and enlivening joy, when acting at its liberty, and with full scope: as we may see particularly, when, after a time of solitude and long absence, the heart is opened, the mind disburdened, and the secrets of the breast unfolded to a bosom-friend.

This we see yet more remarkably instanced in persons of the most elevated stations; even in princes, monarchs, and those who seem by their condition to be above ordinary human commerce, and who affect a sort of distant strangeness from the rest of mankind. But their carriage is not the same towards all men. The wiser and better sort, it is true, are often held at a distance; as unfit for their intimacy or secret trust. But, to compensate this, there are others substituted in their room who, though they have the least merit, and are perhaps the most vile and contemptible of men, are sufficient, however, to serve the purpose of an imaginary friendship, and can become favourites in form. These are the subjects of humanity in the Great. For these, we see them often in concern and pain; in these, they easily confide; to these, they can with pleasure communicate their power and greatness, be open, free, generous, confiding, bountiful; as rejoicing in the action itself: having no intention or aim beyond it; and their interest, in respect of policy, often standing a quite contrary way. But where neither

the love of mankind, nor the passion for favourites prevails, the tyrannical temper fails not to shew itself in its proper colours, and to the life, with all the bitterness, cruelty, and mistrust, which belong to that solitary and gloomy state of uncommunicative and unfriendly greatness. Nor needs there any particular proof from history, or present time, to second this remark.

Thus it may appear, how much natural affection is predominant; how it is inwardly joined to us, and implanted in our natures; how interwoven with our other passions; and how essential to that regular motion and course of our affections, on which our happiness and self-enjoyment so immediately depend.

And thus we have demonstrated, that as, on one side, to have the natural and good affections is to have the chief means and power of self-enjoyment: so, on the other side, to want them is certain misery and ill.

(From *An Enquiry concerning Virtue.*)

ATTERBURY

[Francis Atterbury was born at Milton, in Bucks (where his father was rector), in 1672, and was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. He made his first appearance in controversy as the defender of Luther against Obadiah Walker, the Roman Catholic whom James II. had made Master of the University; and a few years later intervened in the Phalaris controversy, as the supporter of Boyle against Bentley. Although the controversy was fierce, and although the whole weight of scholarship was on Bentley's side, it did not prevent a subsequent friendship between Atterbury and Bentley. After taking orders Atterbury became preacher at Bridewell, and attained to great reputation as a pulpit orator. During the next few years he was a vigorous exponent of High Church doctrine, and fought for the rights of Convocation. He was appointed successively Archdeacon of Totnes, Dean of Carlisle, Dean of Christ Church, and eventually, in 1713, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. Becoming involved in a charge of Jacobite conspiracy, he was committed to the Tower, and by a bill of attainder was deprived of all his appointments, and banished from the kingdom in 1723. He died in France in 1732.]

THE character of Atterbury is one which presents seeming inconsistencies, but is nevertheless transparent enough. A warm and affectionate nature, keen sensibility, much gentleness and tenderness, were united to a passionate and often turbulent temper, to a readiness for disputation, to ambition, and, it must be added, to some vanity. It was a nature neither very rare nor very complicated; which might make enemies, but which was also eminently fitted to attract friends. Mrs. Pilkington, whose gossippy reminiscences of Swift contain a few passages of real value, tells us of "the character I have heard Bishop Berkeley give to Bishop Atterbury, namely, a most learned fine gentleman, who, under the softest and politest appearance, concealed the most turbulent ambition." The picture is in outline the same as that drawn by all his contemporaries, who vary only in the amount of light and shade which they impart to it; even Pope's well-known line—

"How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour,"

implies that there were hours which were less soft; hours when disappointed ambition, love of intrigue, and the thirst of combat turned the gentle homilist, the loving father, the acute literary critic, into the fiery ecclesiastical controversialist, the bitter combatant, and the political conspirator, who was not a stranger even to prevarication.

Atterbury's personality is attractive and interesting far beyond his literary importance: and even in the domain of literature the impression upon contemporaries was greater than that which he has left upon posterity, from the fact that his literary gifts were greatly enhanced by a fine voice, a dignified personal appearance, and consummate oratorical art. As a preacher he was reckoned the most eloquent of his day, and *The Tatler* has described the effect of his pulpit delivery when his popularity was at its height. But as contributions to theological literature, his sermons cannot be placed on the same level with those of Tillotson, Barrow, South, or others of the day even inferior to these. Their chief attraction for us is in the delicate and graceful simplicity of their diction; not in the strength, but rather in the quaint turn of the argument—so quaint indeed as sometimes to lead their author into positions which he did not himself anticipate: and in the total absence of all the cumbrous apparatus of learned allusion to which his contemporaries were prone. Atterbury was not indeed without copiousness of theological reading, and was supplied with abundant store of weapons for ecclesiastical controversy. But he seems of set purpose to have refrained from resorting to such an armoury in his pulpit oratory.

In many respects, indeed, his tastes and studies led him rather into the field of polite literature than into that of divinity. "One of the truest friends I ever had," Pope writes of him, "and one of the greatest men in all polite learning, as well as the most agreeable companion, this nation ever had." Nursed in the traditions of Westminster and Christ Church, his earliest training was in the more graceful part of scholarship, and the readiness and ease of his Latin composition, of which many specimens remain, greatly influenced, not only his own phraseology, but the critical maxims which he applied with more care than almost any of his contemporaries to the niceties of style. In an age when Milton was neglected, Atterbury found in Milton the highest type of poetic utterance, ranking him higher even than Homer and Virgil. Almost alone amongst his friends, he adhered to Milton's preference

of blank verse to rhyme: and this was all the more remarkable as his love for Pope as a man was not greater than his intense admiration for him as a poet.

Atterbury's life was one too much engaged in ecclesiastical controversy, in political intrigue, and in schemes of personal ambition, to allow him much time for literature; and what he has left (beyond his correspondence) is small in bulk. But it may always be read with pleasure as the composition of one who studied minutely, and with an eye careful of effect, all the details of style, and the fundamental sincerity of whose nature, with its vivid contrasts of light and shadow, serves to give a certain picturesqueness and variety to his diction. But above all his letters are models of epistolary style. In the advice which he gives to his son at Oxford we have a picture of his own literary methods. "Let nothing, though of a trifling nature, pass through your pen negligently: get but the way of writing correctly and justly, time and use will teach you to write readily." Speaking of the writing of letters, he remarks, "The turn of them should always be natural and easy, for they are an image of private and familiar conversation;" and the specimen which is given below, serves to show how fully he carried out his own precept.

H. CRAIK.

WALLER'S INFLUENCE ON STYLE

THE [English] tongue came into Waller's hands like a rough diamond: he polished it first; and to that degree, that all artists since him have admired the workmanship without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough; but as all they did in this kind was not very considerable, so it was a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners; and, for aught I know, last too: for I question whether in Charles the Second's reign English did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Augustean age, as well as the Latin. It seems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear, and, as chemists say of their menstruums, to be quite sated with the infusion. But posterity will best judge of this. In the meantime, it is a surprising reflection that between what Spencer wrote last, and Waller first, there should not be much above twenty years' distance: and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilst the other's words are like old coins, one must go to an antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great genius make, when it undertakes anything in earnest!

Some painters will hit the chief lines and master-strokes of a face so truly that through all the differences of age the picture shall still bear a resemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's: he sought out, in this flowing tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use and ornament; and this he did so successfully, that his language is now as fresh as it was at first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that comes in upon the English poet, and overflows whatever he builds; but this was

less his case than any man's that ever wrote, and the mischief of it is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute itself; for, though English be mouldering stone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the best out of a bad quarry.

We are no less beholden to him for the new turn of verse which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our numbers. Before his time, men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words which good ears are so much pleased with, they knew nothing of it. Their poetry then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables; which, when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untunable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Besides, their verses ran all into one another; and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked atoms that compose a body in Descartes. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon; but, as soon as the copy began, down it went, like a larum, incessantly, and the reader was sure to be out of breath before he got to the end of it. So that really verse in those days was but downright prose tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all these faults, brought in more polysyllables and smoother measures, bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the verse he wrote in; so that wherever the natural stops of that were, he contrived the little breakings of his sense so as to fall in with them. And for that reason, since the stress of our verse lies commonly upon the last syllable, you will hardly ever find him using a word of no force there. I would say, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that he commonly closes with verbs, in which we know the life of language consists.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of his rhymes, which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear and knew how quickly that sense was cloyed by the same round of chiming words still returning upon it. It is a decided case by the great master of writing, *Quæ sunt ampla et pulchra, diu placere possunt; quæ lepida, et concinna* (amongst which rhyme must, whether it will or no, take its place), *cito satietate afficiunt aurium sensum fastidiosissimum.* This he understood very well; and therefore, to take off the danger of a surfeit that way, strove to please by variety

and new sounds. Had he carried this observation, among others, as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of poetry; and have led his later judgment to blank verse. But he continued an obstinate lover of rhyme to the very last; it was a mistress that never appeared unhandsome in his eyes, and was courted by him long after Sacharissa was forsaken. He had raised it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in; and the poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer him ever to slight a thing he had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord Roscommon was more impartial; no man ever rhymed truer and evener than he, yet he is so just as to confess that it is but a trifle, and to wish the tyrant dethroned and blank verse set up in its room. There is a third person,[1] the living glory of our English poetry, who has disclaimed the use of it upon the stage, though no man ever employed it there so happily as he. It was the strength of his genius that first brought it into credit in plays, and it is the force of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing it continues still, and will do so till some excellent spirit arises that has leisure enough and resolution to break the charm and free us from the troublesome bondage of rhyming, as Mr. Milton very well calls it, and has proved it as well by what he has wrote in another way. But this is a thought for times at some distance, the present age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furnish out matter for a good poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now: without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

(From *Preface to Waller's Poems.*)

TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS

My Lords, as the matter of my charge was highly criminal, so the form and manner of it ran in such general and uncertain terms, that it was impossible to know the grounds of my accusation; or how to defend myself, when I knew not where I should be attacked. So that, after I had provided as particular an answer as such a general accusation would admit of, the Commons were pleased in their replication to say, that "there were several things

[1] Mr. Dryden.

in it foreign to the charge." To the great misfortune of falling under the displeasure of that honourable house, I might add that of a long and close confinement, and of an expense no way proportioned to my circumstances. These, my lords, are afflictions which can be conceived by nobody so well as by him who has been so unhappy as to feel the weight of them. And among these I reckon it not the least of my sufferings, that I have been for so long a time debarred "from taking heed to that flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made me an overseer." For even since I have had my liberty, by the favour of your lordships admitting me to bail, I have purposely avoided doing any part of the duty of my function, or even appearing in public, lest it should occasion any tumult or disturbance; as my necessary attendance on your lordships from time to time has since been thought unhappily to have done, without any fault of mine, or the least degree of encouragement given by me, which I profess, in the presence of God, to abhor.

All these circumstances, my lords, being considered, together with the public manner, the length and solemnity of my trial, before so august a court of judicature, by which means "I am made a gazing-stock, both by reproaches and afflictions, and a spectacle to the whole world"; I have stood in this place day after day, to hear myself accused of the blackest crimes, and openly reviled; I have been represented as a Papist in disguise, as a rebel, as an enemy to her Majesty's person and government, and a favourer of the Pretender, though I have abjured him (but not forgot him, as a learned person was pleased to say); that is, as the worst of perjured villains: I have been called "an insignificant tool of a party" on the one hand, and "a most dangerous incendiary" on the other hand, nay "an angel," that is, a devil, "detached from the infernal regions"; all these things, I say, being considered (and your lordships, I am sure, in tender compassion to me, will consider them), it is most certain, that, whatever be your lordships' determination concerning me, I cannot escape without being a very great sufferer; and I shall have been abundantly punished, though I should have the happiness to be by your lordships at last acquitted.

Yet I cannot reflect without comfort (the greatest of comforts next to that of a good cause and a good conscience) that I answer for myself this day before the most illustrious assembly in the world, the whole body of the nobility of Great Britain; whose

princely extraction and high quality, whose magnificent titles and splendid fortunes, whose hereditary candour and generosity, inherent in noble blood, inseparable from the birth and education of peers; in a word, whose solid judgment, and exact skill in the laws of this realm, so eminently qualify them for the final determination of justice; who are neither to be swayed by hopes, overruled by fears, nor misled by any false prejudice or passion. If it must be a man's misfortune to labour under such hard circumstances as mine, it is no small mitigation of them, that he pleads his cause before such judges, who, he knows, will decide it with the strictest impartiality, equity, and honour.

(From *Sacheverell's Defence*, composed by Atterbury.)

THE USES OF HARMONY

SUCH is our nature, that even the best things, and most worthy of our esteem, do not always employ and detain our thoughts, in proportion to their real value, unless they be set off and greatened by some outward circumstances, which are fitted to raise admiration and surprise in the breasts of those who hear, or behold them. And this good effect is wrought in us by the power of sacred music. To it we, in good measure, owe the dignity and solemnity of our public worship; which else, I fear, in its natural simplicity and plainness, would not so strongly strike, or so deeply affect, the minds, as it ought to do, of the sluggish and inattentive, that is, of the far greater part of mankind. But when voices and instruments are skilfully adapted to it, it appears to us in a majestic air and shape, and gives us very awful and reverent impressions; which, while they are upon us, it is impossible for us not to be fixed and composed to the utmost. We are then in the same state of mind that the devout patriarch was, when he awoke from his holy dream, and ready with him to say to ourselves: Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.

Further, the availableness of harmony to promote a pious disposition of mind will appear, from the great influence it naturally has on the passions, which, when well directed and

rightly applied, are the wings and sails of the mind, that speed its passage to perfection, and are of particular and remarkable use in the offices of devotion. For devotion consists in an ascent of the mind towards God, attended with holy breathings of soul, and a divine exercise of all the passions and powers of the mind. These passions the melody of sounds serves only to guide and elevate towards their proper object: these it first calls forth and encourages, and then gradually raises and inflames. This it does to all of them, as the matter of the hymns sung gives an occasion for the employing them; but the power of it is chiefly seen in advancing that most heavenly passion of love, which reigns always in pious breasts, and is the surest and most inseparable mark of true devotion; which recommends what we do in virtue of it to God, and makes it relishing to ourselves; and without which, all our spiritual offerings, our prayers and our praises, are both insipid and unacceptable. At this our religion begins, and at this it ends; it is the sweetest companion and improvement of it here upon earth, and the very earnest and foretaste of heaven; of the pleasure of which nothing further is revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of holy music, and holy love; the joint enjoyment of which (we are told) is to be the happy lot of all pious souls to endless ages. And observable therefore it is, that that apostle, in whose breast this divine quality seems most to have abounded, has also spoken the most advantageously of vocal and instrumental harmony, and afforded us the best argument for the lawful use of it: for such I account the description, which he has given us of the devotions of angels and blessed spirits performed by harps and hymns in the Apocalypse. A description which, whether real or metaphorical, yet, belonging to the evangelical state, certainly implies thus much, that whatever is there said to be made use of, may now, under the Gospel, be warrantably and laudably employed.

And in his steps trod the holy martyr Ignatius, who probably saw Saint John in the flesh, and learnt that lesson of Divine love from him, which, after his example, he inculcated everywhere in his epistles; and together with it instils into the churches he writes to a love of holy harmony, by frequent allusions and comparisons drawn from that science, which recur oftener in his writings than in those of any other ancient whatever, and seem to intimate to us that the devotions of

the church were set off with some kind of melody, even in those early times, notwithstanding we usually place the rise of the institution much lower.

Would we then have love at these assemblies? Would we have our spirit softened and enlarged, and made fit for the illapses of the Divine Spirit? Let us, as often as we can, call into our aid the assistances of music, to work us up into this heavenly temper. All selfishness and narrowness of mind, all rancour and peevishness, vanish from the heart, where the love of divine harmony dwells; as the evil spirit of Saul retired before the harp of David. The devotional, as well as the active part of religion is (we know) founded in good nature; and one of the best signs and causes of good nature is, I am sure, to delight in such pious entertainments.

(From *Sermon on the Usefulness of Church Music.*)

TO HIS DAUGHTER, THEN IN A DYING STATE, AND ABOUT TO JOURNEY TO SEE HIM

MONTPELIER, *3rd September* 1729.

MY DEAR HEART,—I have so much to say to you, that I can hardly say anything to you till I see you. My heart is full; but it is in vain to begin upon paper what I can never end. I have a thousand desires to see you, which are checked by a thousand fears lest any ill accident should happen to you in the journey. God preserve you in every step of it, and send you safe hither! And I will endeavour, by his blessing and assistance, to send you well back again, and to accompany you in the journey, as far as the law of England will suffer me. I stay here only to receive and take care of you (for no other view should have hindered my coming into the North of France this autumn); and I live only to help towards lengthening your life, and rendering it, if I can, more agreeable unto you: for I see not of what use I am, or can be, in other respects. I shall be impatient till I hear you are safely landed, and as impatient after that till you are safely arrived in your winter quarters. God, I hope, will favour you with good weather, and all manner of good accidents on the way; and I will take care, my dear love, to make you as easy and happy as I can at the end of your journey.

I have written to Mr. Morice about everything I can think of relating to your accommodation on the road, and shall not therefore repeat any part of it in this letter, which is intended only to acknowledge a mistake under which I find myself. I thought I loved you before as much as I could possibly. But I feel such new degrees of tenderness arising in me upon this terrible long journey, as I was never before acquainted with. God will reward you, I hope, for your piety to me, which had, I doubt not, its share in producing this resolution, and will in rewarding you, reward me also; that being the chief thing I have to beg of Him.

Adieu, my dear heart, till I see you! and till then satisfy yourself, that, whatever uneasiness your journey may give you, my expectation of you, and concern for you, will give me more. I am got to another page, and must do violence to myself to stop here—But I will—and abruptly bid you, my dear heart, adieu, till I bid you welcome to Montpelier.

A line, under your own hand, pray, by the post that first sets out after you land at Bourdeaux.

FR. ROFFEN.

RICHARD STEELE

[Richard Steele, the son of an Irish attorney of the same name, was born in Dublin in March 1672, N S He was educated at the Charterhouse, and at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1691 he was made a postmaster of Merton In 1694 he suddenly quitted the university to enter the army as a cadet in the second troop of Life Guards. The dedication of a poem on the death of Queen Mary to John, Lord Cutts, Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, procured him a standard in that regiment, and he subsequently became a captain in Lucas's regiment of Foot. While still a soldier, he wrote a devotional manual called *The Christian Hero*, 1701 This he followed up, rather inconsequently, by a series of three comedies, beginning with *The Funeral, or, Grief a-la-Mode*, which was produced at Drury Lane at the close of 1701. In 1707 he was appointed Gazetteer, a post which he held for some years, and in 1709 he began the tri-weekly paper entitled *The Tatler* This was succeeded by several similar efforts, of which *The Spectator* and *The Guardian* are the chief. In all of those named he had the assistance of his friend and schoolfellow Addison While engaged on *The Guardian* he became involved in politics. He began to publish pamphlets in the Whig interest, entered Parliament, was expelled from it under Anne for alleged sedition, re-entered it at the accession of George I., was knighted; became patentee of Drury Lane Theatre; wrote another comedy (*The Conscious Lovers*, 1722), busied himself in various ways, and finally died at Carmarthen, 1st September 1729, and was buried in St. Peter's Church.]

FOR purposes of classification, the prose writings of Steele may be roughly divided into two groups, his pamphlets and his essays. Under the former head come the series of political tracts, beginning with *The Englishman's Thanks to the Duke of Marlborough* (written when, in December 1711, the Duke was deprived of all his offices), and ending with *The Crisis of Property* which with its sequel, *A Nation a Family*, was issued about ten years before his death. To the latter division belong the essays or occasional papers which he contributed to the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and their more or less abortive successors, the last of which, the *Theatre*, was

published in the same year as the *Crisis of Property*. Outside these two classes he did nothing, save prefaces and introductions, which can fairly be regarded as serious prose, since, despite their titles, the *Account of the state of the Roman-Catholick Religion*, 1715, and the *Romish Ecclesiastical History of late Years* 1714, are little more than pamphlets overgrown. From a passage in the *Reader*, it seems that he did at one time contemplate the task which, rejected by Glover and Mallet, ultimately fell to Archdeacon Coxe,—the history of the War in Flanders; but the project, like many others which emanated from his restless Irish brain, never got beyond the proposal stage. This is perhaps to be regretted. Although he at no time showed any special aptitude for labours *de longue haleine*, and although he never served abroad, he was not without qualifications as a military historian. He had a genuine enthusiasm for military exploits; and—as is proved by the well-known story of "*Valentine and Unnion*," and by the episode of Sergeant Hall of the Foot Guards in *Tatler*, No. 87, —a practical sympathy with the rank and file which augured well for his success as a military annalist. Had he done no more for the campaigns of Marlborough, than Carleton's *Memoirs* did for those of Peterborough, the result had still been welcome.

In the meantime, the strongest believer in Steele's personal loyalty and political integrity can scarcely, at this date, speak with approval of his excursions into faction. Even if one allows to them the fullest measure of sincerity, of common sense, and of that stubborn form of gallantry which never knows when it is worsted, it is equally clear that they were lamentably deficient in logical power, in sustained argument, and in controversial tenacity. Moreover, he had the ill-fortune to enter the lists against an adversary who was conspicuously strong in these very respects—the terrible author of the *Battle of the Books*. Upon Steele's *Importance of Dunkirk consider'd*, followed Swift's remorselessly contemptuous *Importance of the "Guardian" consider'd*; and after the hasty patchwork of his *Crisis*, came Swift's second best political pamphlet, the famous *Publick Spirit of the Whigs*. Before Swift's withering irony, Steele's straggling patriotism fared no better than an old-fashioned bell-mouthed blunderbuss might be supposed to fare when opposed to a close-throwing modern *mitrailleuse*. If any one of his efforts in this direction be worth the serious consideration

of the student, it is his *Apology for Himself and his Writings*, in which—when the death of Anne had once more restored the reins to the hands of the Whigs—he reviewed and defended his past course of action. But even this is more interesting for its disclosure of his personality than for its political import, and it includes besides several autobiographical particulars which have been of no small service to his biographers. In sum, however, Swift's sneer in the *Examiner* that he (Steele) had "oblig'd his party with a very awkward pamphleteer in the room of an excellent droll," must be held to express with practical truth, though with needless directness, his position as a political writer.

But if the phrase "awkward pamphleteer" be a not inexact definition of the writer of the *Crisis*, the expression "excellent droll" is certainly a wholly inadequate description of the founder of the *Tatler*, and the father of the English essay. The fashion which so long prevailed of making him the mere *umbra* or shadow of the distinguished colleague whose inestimable aid he so loyally and generously acknowledged has, it is true, now passed away. But if the collaboration of Addison was useful to him in one respect, it was, and still is, disastrous to him in another. He suffered the fate—not uncommon with forerunning and inventive minds—of seeing his crude and half-considered ideas become, in other hands, the stepping stones to higher things. When out of his labours as Gazetteer in Lord Sunderland's office, suddenly upsprang that larger idea of a "Letter of Intelligence," or "Journal of News," which so rapidly developed into the *Tatler*, he probably had no more serious purpose than to criticise life in such a way "as (he tells us) might gratify the curiosity of persons of all conditions, and of each sex." Literature he scarcely intended; he claimed, and he took, the right to be "incorrect" if he liked, and to use "common speech," if he preferred to do so. "The elegance, purity, and correctness," which Addison imported into the enterprise, were not part of his design; nor, though they undoubtedly stimulated and elevated his own efforts, were they quite within his range. Hence, though he profited immensely by Addison's inimitable art, he lost, by comparison, something of the credit he might have enjoyed, had he worked alone. It would be idle to contend that, at any moment, he really rivalled Addison in any of his more individual qualities,—his delicate irony,

his keen observation, his finished and leisurely expression. Moreover Steele had certain disadvantages of circumstance which intensified his other shortcomings. He had started, and —if we except the hints and occasional contributions of Swift— had maintained for some time without assistance, the periodical to which his old friend eventually became a regular contributor. These relations were continued to the end of the chapter. Upon Steele fell the labour of keeping the paper going, while Addison remained an assistant only, indispensable, as it turned out, to the success of the enterprise, but still an assistant and no more.

Yet when everything is allowed to Addison that can reasonably be conceded to him, and when everything has been said, that can be said, of Steele's slap-dash method, impulsive judgment, and careless style, it must be admitted that Steele brought some gifts to his work for which one may seek in vain in the work of his coadjutor. If he was less literary, he was more earnest; if he was more hasty, he was sometimes more happy. The very energy of his indignation, pity, or enthusiasm frequently taught him those short cuts to his reader's sympathy, which neither art nor artifice can teach; and he often becomes eloquent by the sheer force and sincerity of his emotion. Like Addison, he is occasionally hortatory and didactic; but his sermons, though at times excellent, are not his best work. His true school is human nature. As a genial and kindly commentator upon the men and women about him; as a humane and an indulgent interpreter of their frailties; as a generous and an ungrudging sympathiser with their feeblest better impulse—he belongs to the great race of English humourists.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

MR. BICKERSTAFF VISITS A FRIEND

THERE are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor; and pine away their days by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my schoolfellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters. Upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, "Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference; there is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will

not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her." With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time, during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand. "Well, my good friend," says he, "I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse, to find out who she was, for me?" I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But, to turn the discourse, said I, "She is not indeed quite that creature she was, when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me, she hoped as I was a gentleman I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in. You may remember I thought her in earnest; and you were compelled to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her, for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen." "Fifteen!" replied my good friend: "Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare

and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy."

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us she had been searching her closet for something very good to treat such an old friend as I was. Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady, observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said with a smile, "Mr. Bickerstaff, don't believe a word of what he tells you; I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintance and schoolfellows are here young fellows with fair full-bottomed periwigs. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out open-breasted." My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. "Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you

followed me one night from the playhouse; supposing you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front box." This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties, who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, "I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a toast."

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in Æsop's fables; but he frankly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Don Belianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he. "Betty," said she, "deals chiefly in fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed."

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and

I must confess it struck me with a secret concern to reflect that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

(From *The Tatler.*)

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

THERE are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think everything lost that passes unobserved: but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation, as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or goodwill, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the names of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart, I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends, are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow, which I felt at that time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I had had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet, with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into

that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock, that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling "Papa"; for, I knew not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities;

and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely or unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make it no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel. O death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler! I still behold the

smiling earth—A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at the closet door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicksome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

(From the Same.)

THE STORY OF BRUNETTA AND PHILLIS

In the year 1688, and on the same day of that year, were born in Cheapside, London, two females of exquisite feature and shape; the one we shall call Brunetta, the other Phillis. A close intimacy between their parents made each of them the first acquaintance the other knew in the world. They played, dressed babies, acted visitings, learned to dance and make curtsies, together. They were inseparable companions in all the little entertainments their tender years were capable of; which innocent happiness continued until the beginning of their fifteenth year, when it happened that Mrs. Phillis had a headdress on, which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with pleasure for their amity to each other, the eyes of the neighbourhood were turned to remark them with comparison of their beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the ease of mind and pleasing indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their words and actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every excellence in their speech and behaviour was looked upon as an act of emulation to surpass the other. These beginnings of disinclination soon improved into a formality of behaviour, a general coldness, and by natural steps into an irreconcileable hatred. These two rivals for the reputation of beauty were in their stature, countenance, and mien

so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their absence, the words in which you described the one must give you an idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their sex was, that in detraction from each other, neither could fall upon terms which did not hit herself as much as her adversary. Their nights grew restless with meditation of new dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new devices to recall admirers who observed the charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last meeting. Their colours failed at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their countenances withered upon instances of applause. The decencies to which women are obliged made these virgins stifle their resentment so far as not to break into open violences, while they equally suffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the quarrel, and supported the several pretensions of the daughters with all that ill-chosen sort of expense which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taste. The girls preceded their parents like queens of May, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every Sunday to church, and were exposed to the examination of the audience for superiority of beauty.

During this constant struggle it happened that Phillis one day at public prayers smote the heart of a gay West Indian, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This American, in a Summer-island suit, was too shining and too gay to be resisted by Phillis, and too intent upon her charms to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of Brunetta. Soon after Brunetta had the mortification to see her rival disposed of in a wealthy marriage, while she was only addressed to in a manner that showed she was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. Phillis was carried to the habitation of her spouse in Barbadoes. Brunetta had the ill-nature to inquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous slaves, fanned into slumbers by successive bands of them, and carried from place to place in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. Brunetta could not endure these repeated advices, but employed all her arts and charms in laying baits for any of condition of the same island, out of a mere

ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her design, and was taken to wife by a gentleman whose estate was contiguous to that of her enemy's husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many occasions on which these irreconcileable beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of time it happened that a ship put into the island, consigned to a friend of Phillis, who had directions to give her the refusal of all goods for apparel, before Brunetta could be alarmed of their arrival. He did so, and Phillis was dressed in a few days in a brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that latitude. Brunetta languished at the sight, and could by no means come up to the bravery of her antagonist. She communicated her anguish of mind to a faithful friend, who, by an interest in the wife of Phillis's merchant, procured a remnant of the same silk for Brunetta. Phillis took pains to appear in all public places where she was sure to meet Brunetta; Brunetta was now prepared for the insult, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua, attended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phillis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company, upon which the unhappy Phillis swooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her house. As soon as she came to herself, she fled from her husband's house, went on board a ship in the road, and is now landed in inconsolable despair at Plymouth. . . .

(From *The Spectator.*)

THE COVERLEY PORTRAIT GALLERY

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations, the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination,

without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another merely by that only. One may observe, also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader—besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the tilt-yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists, than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals), and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the tilt-yard, you may be sure, won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife; she brought ten children; and when I show you

the library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language) the best receipt now in England both for a hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She, on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution; for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp, and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above all the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonnetteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed, that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honour I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: "This man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the honour of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley;

he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of the shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life, and great ability, were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which were superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbours."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; "for," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message, the day before the battle of Worcester." The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

(From the Same.)

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

UNDER the title of this paper I do not think it foreign to my design, to speak of a man born in Her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any of human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived

four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company for the space of but one evening is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life, in fellowship and company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had had an irreconcileable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion were a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, an hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible and other books of devotion, together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life, as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment, his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals, the island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief, by finding shell-fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtles, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflection on his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from

doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant, cheerful, serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now, taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes, and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures. I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears; but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing and breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them: but at that time his spirits and life were so high, and he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable: for observing, that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, he dispatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precautions which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and when he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend him against them he fed and tamed numbers of young kitlings, who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together

the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him, that running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which under him, he fell down a precipice, and lay helpless for the space of three days, the length of which time he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled, and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gesture; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ships which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few month's absence, he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him; familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities; and he that goes further in his desires, increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or to use his own expression, "I am now worth £800, but shall never be so happy, as when I was not worth a farthing.

(From *The Englishman.*)

JOSEPH ADDISON

[Joseph Addison was born 1672, died 1719. His first published composition in prose was his *Remarks on Italy*, which appeared after his return from his travels in 1701. In the same year he wrote, but did not publish, his *Dialogue on Medals*. From 1709-1711 he co-operated with Steele in the *Tatler*; and in the latter year, with the aid of his friend, founded the *Spectator*, the last papers in which appeared in 1714. He wrote in the *Guardian*, which was started in 1713, in which year he also published *The late Trial of Count Tariff*—a *jeu d' esprit* directed against the financial clauses of the Treaty of Utrecht—and began a work, never completed, on the *Evidences of Christianity*, which was not published till after his death. *The Freeholder*, a series of papers written entirely by himself, appeared in 1715-16. His last work was the *Old Whig*, a controversial pamphlet, published in 1719, in opposition to Steele's *Plebeian*.]

IT is easy to perceive that the prose style of Addison is an extension of that of Dryden, in so far as it embodies the thought of an author directly addressing an audience. But we see also, from the mode and method of Addison's writing, how vast a change in the composition of the audience has taken place since the closing years of the seventeenth century. Those turns of traditional courtliness, which so constantly, in Dryden's writings, indicate the personal influence of the sovereign, have disappeared from the style of his successor. A very large proportion of Dryden's prose consists of epistles dedicatory, addressed to great noblemen and courtiers, and full of adulation, but in the few dedications written by Addison the old exuberance of flattery is much subdued. On the other hand, the appeal to that great middle class, to which Dryden discoursed in his *Prefaces*, is in Addison, so conscious and direct, that even if all records of the Revolution had perished, we should be able to infer, from the *Spectator* alone, that the English nation, in the early years of the eighteenth century, was beginning to exercise a public opinion in matters relating to religion, politics, manners, and taste.

The spirit of this Revolution, as far as relates to taste and

manners, may best be divined by contrasting the English society of the period with the contemporary society of France. In France, authority had prevailed over liberty, and a well-defined standard of order had been for some time established in all the forms and ceremonies of life. French manners and conversation had been formed by the joint operation of two social forces, the court and the drawing-room. I have spoken in another preface of the uniformity of taste produced by monarchical centralisation, in the various departments of public culture over which the king's authority naturally extended. An influence more subtle, but still intimately connected with the progress of absolutism, moulded the art of conversation. The French nobility, though they had been deprived by the Crown of so many of the powers and privileges of feudalism, had strictly preserved the social customs of their order. Nor had they forgotten the literary tradition, embracing the whole casuistry of love and the deification of women, in which the troubadours had embodied the poetical elements of the feudal system. Condemned to idleness during their attendance at court, the nobility now converted this tradition into a code of manners, and, in numerous societies modelled on that of the Hotel Rambouillet, under the presidency of the most accomplished women in the capital, a constant war of raillery was carried on between the two sexes, almost as scientific in its extravagance as the old love poetry of Provence. The art of conversation, developed by feminine genius, was thus carried in France to the height of perfection, and French prose became a matchless instrument for the purposes of criticism, analysis of character, and letter-writing. On the other hand, as the masculine spirit nourished by political liberty decayed, the refinement of the French language and manners served as a veil to disguise the progress of social corruption. That exquisite irony of style, which could convey at one time thoughts full of feminine sentiment and delicacy, was used at another to recommend the morals of Petronius and Aretino. External order, however, was preserved in both spheres of art. The course of French conversational prose, flowing on in a broadening stream from Voiture to La Bruyère and Madame de Sévigné, descended to the amazing performances of M. de Crébillon *fils*, and never was its surface more smooth and limpid than on the brink of the cataract of Revolution.

In England this condition of things was exactly reversed.

Nearly two centuries of religious and political dissension, while they had taught Englishmen how to live in obedience to law, had proved a rough school for manners, and every centre of social authority, qualified to exercise a refining influence, had been weakened in the long struggle. The court, which had hitherto given a direction to all movements of taste, after being first demoralised by its rapid changes of fortune, was at the close of the seventeenth century in almost complete eclipse. The energies of the nobility, now the real rulers of the country, were absorbed in politics and warped by party: they had no longer a common rallying-place at court; so that, though many of them had a genuine love of art and literature, they could not make their corporate influence on them felt, as in the brilliant days that followed the Restoration. Whatever religious and moral control over the manners of society would naturally have been exercised by the Established Church was weakened by sectarian feeling. As regards the influence of women, the tragic history of England since the Reformation had developed what was heroic in female character: but such spirits as Lady Fairfax, Lady Russell, and Lady Clancarty were not formed in the drawing-room; and a comparison of the average English lady of the period, as her portrait is painted in the tenth number of the *Spectator*, with her French contemporary, as seen in the letters of Madame de Sévigné, gives us an accurate measure of the respective degrees of refinement in the two nations after the Revolution of 1688. If Englishmen were a hundred years in advance of their neighbours in the art of self-government, they were nearly as far behind them in the art of conversation.

It is the supreme distinction of Addison, as the chief founder of English essay-writing, to have created in England a school of literary taste which, without sacrificing any of the advantages derived from liberty, has raised our language almost to a level with the French in elegance and precision. The rule of order in the department of manners, imposed on French society at court by kingly authority, grew up, thanks to Addison and his fellow-workers, in the coffee-houses of England, by means of reason and free discussion. All that delicacy of thought and expression, which, in France, was inspired by women, and was so much the freemasonry of a few select drawing-rooms that it became a literary dialect, was circulated by Addison, wherever the English language was spoken in edu-

cated society, through the channel of the press. He had lived for more than a year in France, and must have felt the full charm of the French style of conversation. A weaker man would have endeavoured to imitate it. But Addison knew that such a frail exotic must perish in the open air, and that it would be an almost hopeless task to graft any branch of culture springing out of absolutism on the wild stock of English freedom. Whatever influence the example of French elegance may insensibly have exercised on his mind, the standard of expression he adopted was as entirely the reflection of his own nature, as the *Tatlers* and *Spectators* were the product of the peculiar conditions of English life. And it was just because the essay in his hands held up so clear a mirror to the different opposing elements in the life of the nation; because, without identifying itself with any party, it reflected whatever was vital in the spirit of chivalry and the spirit of Puritanism, in the interests of town and country, of art and literature, in a word, of men and women; that it became in England so powerful an instrument for the improvement of taste and manners. The *Spectator* did not attempt to lecture his audience, but rather to bring them over to his ideas by reason, raillery, and gentle insinuation; and his hearers, on their side, insensibly won by the charm of his familiar discourse, began to detach themselves from the particular sects in which they had been educated, and gradually to form round him a solid body of public opinion.

In estimating the merits of Addison as a writer of English prose, it is necessary to make allowance for the moral purpose of his essays, and the social conditions under which they were produced. We cannot analyse our tastes; but if any reader is inclined to undervalue the speculative portions of Addison's writings, as superficial and commonplace, he should remember that many imaginative truths, which we now accept instinctively, were not established without painful efforts of thought in earlier generations. Those short sermons, for example, like the essays on cheerfulness, in the *Spectator*, which in this day seem little more than collections of elegant platitudes, had a different meaning for readers who had been nourished from youth on the prison fare of Puritanism. Homilies on the various duties of life are not now very enlivening literature, but they exercised a powerful influence on an age which, educated in the school of manners formed by the Restoration, was in some doubt whether either religious principle or

conjugal fidelity was quite in keeping with the character of a gentleman. As to the critical papers in the *Spectator* there were some, even in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, who held them cheap; but Johnson thought otherwise of them; and we who recollect that they were written when the minds of men were as yet scarcely weaned from admiration of rhymed tragedies and metaphysical "wit," and who observe in our own time a certain revival of similar tastes, may even now be of Johnson's opinion.

It is, however, no doubt, as a humourist, and a painter of manners, rather than as a critic; as a master of that familiar conversational style, midway between the personal discourse of Dryden's prefaces and the anonymous expression of opinion in a modern newspaper, that Addison has secured imperishable fame. This side of his genius is marked, in respect of thought, by three prevailing characteristics. One is irony; in other words, an inimitable air of gravity which sets before the reader some folly or absurdity, as if it were entirely consistent with nature and reason. Good examples of this kind of writing may be found in *Spectators*, Nos. 13, 28, 34, 44, 72. A not less remarkable feature in Addison's style is the richness and delicacy of his fancy. This sometimes clothes itself in allegory, one of the few literary traditions of the Middle Ages which he appears to have been anxious to preserve. But a far finer and more subtle expression of his fancy is found in those essays, where he surrounds with the rainbow hues of language and the brilliancy of literary allusion the manners of the men, and, more particularly the women of his time. The follies of the fan, the patch, the hoop, the headdress, and all those mysteries of the toilet, which Pope at the same period immortalised in the *Rape of the Lock*, are embalmed in Addison's essays with unrivalled sweetness and delicacy. Finally, the fullest scope was given to the exercise of these qualities by the dramatic fiction of the Club, which furnished a framework for the *Spectator*, and enabled Addison, in an assumed character, to describe, without any appearance of egotism, the various scenes of life as they came under his observation.

These characteristics of Addison's thought are reproduced in his style, which reflects in the most refined and beautiful form the conversational idiom of his period. He is, indeed, far from attaining that faultless accuracy which has been sometimes ascribed to him. It was his aim to make philosophy popular, and always to discourse with his readers in familiar language; but it is

observable that, when writing on abstract subjects, he frequently becomes involved and obscure. "Since the circulation of the blood," he says in one essay, "has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts, which uses the ancients knew nothing of."[1] Here, in the first place, he must intend the words "those parts" to refer to "the human frame," which he has just spoken of in the singular number, and as a whole; in the next place he leads us to expect that the relative pronoun, "which," refers to "those parts"; and lastly, as this is not his meaning, he is reduced to the awkward shift of repeating after this relative the antecedent word which actually belongs to it. The difficulty he found in expressing abstract thought is illustrated by his frequent but faulty use of the conjunction "as"; for example: "We should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose in their fruition;"[2] where it is plain that he ought either to have written "such, that," or "such as may give us reason to expect from them, etc." The following sentence is even more awkward and incorrect: "But there will be such a mixture of delight in the very disgust it gives us, as any of these qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing:"[3] where he means to say: "There will be a mixture of delight in the very disgust it gives us, in proportion as any of these qualifications are conspicuous and prevailing."

Many similar inaccuracies of expression may be detected by the careful reader even in those compositions of Addison in which he has been most happily inspired. They may be classed under various heads:

(1) Elliptical sentences, especially in the use of relative pronouns as: "This was a reflection upon the pope's sister, who before the promotion of her brother was in those mean circumstances that Pasquin represented her" [to be in].[4]

"But in the temper of mind he was then" [in which he then was] "he termed them mercies."[5]

(2) Occasionally we meet with one of those false concords, caused by attraction, into which the most careful of writers is always liable to fall; *e.g.* "And it is plain that each of those poems have lost this great advantage."[6]

[1] *Spectator*, No. 534. [2] *Spectator*, No. 535. [3] *Spectator*, No. 412.
[4] *Spectator*, No 23. [5] *Spectator*, No. 549. [6] *Spectator*, No. 272.

(3) The following is of course a mere vulgarism: "The last are indeed more preferable." [1]

(4) One word or phrase is sometimes wrongly substituted for another, as: "He was *dictated* [prompted] by his natural affection as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio."[2]

"The survey of the whole creation, and of everything that is transacted in it, is a *prospect* [state] worthy of omniscience, and as much above that in which Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, etc." [3]

"The best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and *by that means* [on that account] was locked up." [4]

(5) He sometimes falls into "pleonasm" by mixing his constructions; *e.g.* "I have heard one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced . . . assure me."

It is instructive to take note of these small blemishes, not only because they show how far the most finished writers come short of complete accuracy, but also because many of them seem to spring naturally out of Addison's conversational manner of writing. They are but specks in the midst of the ease, beauty, and simplicity of his familiar style. The prose of Addison marks the disappearance of that long tradition of Euphuism, which had left distinct traces of its influence even on so idiomatic a writer as Dryden, in whose style, as I have already shown, two prominent features are metaphor,—used for the expression of ideas not associated with each other by nature,—and verbal antithesis. Addison's style on the other hand is mainly distinguished by a crystal clearness of expression, a beautiful propriety in the choice of words, and such a balance in the distribution of them as, without the aid of antithesis, leaves the ear at the close of each period with a sense of satisfaction. Instead of those unnatural or far-fetched resemblances, in the discovery of which the Euphuist showed his "wit," Addison sought to bring out by fancy paradoxes really hidden in nature. Here for example is a series of thoughts on the manufacture of paper: "It is pleasant enough to consider the change that a linen fragment undergoes by passing through the several hands above mentioned. The finest pieces of Holland, when torn to pieces, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than

[1] *Spectator*, No. 411. [2] *Spectator*, No. 123.

[3] *Spectator*, No. 315. This fault seems to spring out of a confusion of two images.

[4] *Spectator*, No. 110. [5] *Spectator*, No. 447.

their first, and often return in the shape of letters to their native country. A lady's shift may be metamorphosed into billet-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or a napkin, may by this means be raised from a dunghill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet."[1]

Again, in place of the tricks of verbal antithesis practised by the Euphuists, Addison sought rather to charm mind and ear simultaneously by displaying the varied aspects of a single thought in a rising climax of rhythmical sentences. A good example of this style is furnished in the conclusion of his essay on the tombs in Westminster Abbey: "When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out: when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion: when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind."[2]

In a word, it may be said that the essay in the hands of Addison acquired that perfection of well-bred ease which arises from a complete understanding between an author and his audience. Writing in an age when opinion on all questions of art and manners was greatly divided, while at the same time there was a general desire for intellectual agreement, he treated of a variety of matters, which he was able, through the happiness of his genius, to present in a form pleasing to the imagination of the people. In later essayists we observe that, as their materials are less abundant, and their own personality becomes in consequence more prominent, their style begins to show less of the genius of conversation. When Johnson, for instance, moralises in the *Rambler* he discourses with the reader, as he himself allows, in the spirit of a dictator. On the other hand, in the *Essays* of Charles Lamb, everything depends on the writer's own point of view; his fancy has to be

[1] *Spectator*, No. 367. [2] *Spectator*, No. 27.

followed, like the rays of the sun from the face of a mirror, into whatever odd nooks and crannies its whimsical caprice may happen to flash at the moment. In Addison the moral has not yet been pushed into the lecture, nor has humour yet departed from the work-a-day world: thought in him instinctively clothes itself in the common language of refined society, and fancy, grace, and beauty seem to spring out of the nature of things.

W. J. COURTHOPE.

THE SPECTATOR AND ITS PURPOSE

(*Spectator* No. 10.)

IT is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: so that, if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about three score thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short transient intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly, into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to

be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Ægyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the *Spectator* appears, the other publick prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my readers' consideration, whether, is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's-self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcileable.

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of spectators who live in the world without having anything to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the royal society, templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business. In short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnish'd with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve a-clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and

wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex, than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments of the sex. In the meanwhile I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day; but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot

forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

(*Spectator*, No. 34.)

THE club of which I am a member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind; by this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers too have the satisfaction to find, that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always some body present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will. Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will., they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show: that some of them were likewise very much surprized, that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him, that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them: and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. In short, says Sir Andrew, if you avoid that

foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use.

Upon this my friend the templar told Sir Andrew, that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then shewed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. But after all, says he, I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can shew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a pish! and told us, that he wondered to see so many men of sense, so very serious upon fooleries. Let our good friend, says he, attack every one that deserves it: I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator, applying himself to me, to take care how you meddle with country squires: they are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect.

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus amusing with my self, my worthy friend the clergy-man, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: that it was not quality, but innocence which exempted men from reproof: that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high

and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper, would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the publick, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with chearfulness; and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says as much by the candid and ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will. Honeycomb immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The templar would not stand out: and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain: who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription. And at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If *Punch* grow extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: if the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must however intreat every particular person, who does me the honour to be a reader of this

paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper, that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind.

THE SPECTATOR'S ANTICIPATION OF THE VERDICT OF POSTERITY

(*Spectator*, No. 101.)

CENSURE, says a late ingenious author, is the tax a man pays to the publick for being eminent. It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach, but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.

If men of eminence are exposed to censure on one hand, they are as much liable to flattery on the other. If they receive reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the man in a high post is never regarded with an indifferent eye, but always considered a friend or an enemy. For this reason persons in great stations have seldom their true characters drawn till several years after their deaths. Their personal friendships and enmities must cease, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their faults or their virtues can have justice done them. When writers have the least opportunities of knowing the truth they are in the best disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons, and to set matters right between those antagonists, who by their rivalry for greatness divided a whole age into factions. We can now allow Cæsar to be a great man, without derogating from Pompey; and celebrate the virtues of Cato, without detracting from those of Cæsar. Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praise allotted him,

in which whilst he lived his friends were too profuse and his enemies too sparing.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, the last comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approaches to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling, before it recovered its natural temper. In the like manner, if an Englishman considers the great ferment into which our political world is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred years. In such a tract of time it is possible that the heats of the present age may be extinguished, and our several classes of great men represented under their proper characters. Some eminent historian may then probably arise that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as Tacitus expresses it) with the passions and prejudices of a contemporary author, but make an impartial distribution of fame among the great men of the present age.

I cannot forbear entertaining myself very often with the idea of such an imaginary historian describing the reign of Anne the First, and introducing it with a preface to his reader, that he is now entering upon the most shining part of the English story. The great rivals in fame will then be distinguished according to their respective merits, and shine in their proper points of light. Such an one (says the historian) though variously represented by the writers of his own age, appears to have been a man of more than ordinary abilities, great application and uncommon integrity: nor was such an one (though of an opposite party and interest) inferior to him in any of these respects. The several antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different parties, will then have the same body of admirers, and appear illustrious in the opinion of the whole British nation. The deserving man, who can now recommend himself to the esteem of but half his countrymen, will then receive the approbations and applauses of a whole age.

Among the several persons that flourish in this glorious reign, there is no question but such a future historian as the person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the men of genius and learning, who have now any figure in the British nation. For my own part, I often flatter myself with the honourable

mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a paragraph in my own imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in some page or other of this imaginary historian.

It was under this reign, says he, that the *Spectator* published those little diurnal essays which are still extant. We know very little of the name or person of this author, except only that he was a man of a very short face, extremely addicted to silence, and so great a lover of knowledge, that he made a voyage to Grand Cairo for no other reason, but to take the measure of a pyramid. His chief friend was one Sir Roger de Coverley, a whimsical country knight, and a templar whose name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as a lodger at the house of a widow woman, and was a great humourist in all parts of his life. This is all we can affirm with any certainty of his person and character. As for his speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete words and obscure phrases of the age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the diversions and characters of the English nation in his time: not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the author, who has doubtless strained many representations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we must suppose that women of the first quality used to pass away whole mornings at a puppet-show: that they attested their principles by their patches: that an audience would sit out an evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not understand: that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the British stage: that a promiscuous assembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in masques within the verge of the court; with many improbabilities of the like nature. We must therefore, in these and the like cases, suppose that these remote hints and allusions aimed at some certain follies which were then in vogue, and which at present we have not any notion of. We may guess by several passages in the *Speculations*, that there were writers who endeavoured to detract from the works of this author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot guess at any objections that could be made to his paper. If we consider his style with that indulgence which we must show to old English writers, or if we look into the variety of his subjects, with those severe critical dissertations, moral reflections, * * * *

The following part of the paragraph is so much to my advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my reader will excuse me for not inserting it.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

(*Spectator*, No. 69.)

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politick world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages: sometimes I am justled among a body of Armenians: sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philospher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend, Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to

Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptick, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertaiments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure, at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many publick solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the publick stock; or in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffick among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes: the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippick Islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade Petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips, and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicates of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistances of art, can make no further advances towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalised in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly

neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffick more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate ; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines : our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan : our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth : we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens : the spice-islands our hot-beds ; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffick gives us greater variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth ; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropicks.

For these reasons there are no more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the 'change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprized to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of mony than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury ! Trade without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire : it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

HEAD-DRESSES

(*Spectator*, No. 98.)

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress: within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that we appeared as grasshoppers before them: at present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five: how they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself; I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantick figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shews the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there has been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble; sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and some-

times like a steeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humourously described it.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput: Andromachen à fronte videbis;
Post minor est: Aliam credas.—JUV.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a pigmie without her head-dress, appeared like a colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin says: "That these old-fashioned Fontanges rose an ell above the head; that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed and hung down their backs like streamers."

The women might possibly have carried this Gothick building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and whenever it appeared in publick was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished, while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, "The women that, like snails, in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over." This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentré in the history of Bretagne, and by other historians as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper

time for making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the master-piece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light: in short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbands, and bone-lace.

HOODS

(*Spectator*, No. 265.)

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be ζῶον φιλοκόσμον, an animal that delights in finery. I have already treated of the sex in two or three papers, conformably to this definition, and have in particular observed, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head, which we generally call the outside.

This observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding; whereas when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long or a good head, we speak only in relation to her commode.

It is observed among birds, that nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress: Whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of

feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As nature on the contrary has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest garnitures of art. The peacock in all his pride, does not display half the colours that appear in the garments of a British lady, when she is dressed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for some time in a kind of moulting season, with regard to that part of their dress, having cast great quantities of ribbon, lace, and cambrick, and in some measure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated commodes. But our female projectors were all the last summer so taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend to anything else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembring the old kitchen proverb, that if you light your fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself.

I am engaged in this speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was standing in the hinder part of the box, I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest coloured hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this little party-coloured assembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an embassy of Indian queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much beauty in every face, that I found them all to be English. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads, could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindered me from observing any farther the colour of their hoods, though I could easily perceive by that unspeakable satisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am informed that this fashion spreads daily, insomuch that the Whig and Tory ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to shew their principles in their head-dress. Nay if

I may believe my friend Will. Honeycomb, there is a certain old coquet of his acquaintance who intends to appear very suddenly in a rainbow hood, like the Iris in Dryden's *Virgil*, not questioning but that among such a variety of colours she shall have a charm for every heart.

My friend Will., who very much values himself upon his great insights into gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the humour a lady is in by her hood, as the courtiers of Morocco know the disposition of their present emperor by the colour of the dress which he puts on. When Melesinda wraps her head in flame colour, her heart is set upon execution. When she covers it with purple, I would not, says he, advise her lover to approach her; but if she appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of her box with safety.

Will, informs me likewise, that these hoods may be used as signals. Why else, says he, does Cornelia always put on a black hood when her husband is gone into the country?

Such are my friend Honeycomb's dreams of gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diversity of colours in the hoods to the diversity of complexion in the faces of my pretty country-women. Ovid in his *Art of Love* has given some precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red striped silk to the pale complexion; white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary my friend Will., who pretends to be a greater master in this art than Ovid, tells me, that the palest features look the most agreeable in white sarsenet; that a face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet, and that the darkest complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In short, he is for losing the colour of the face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the sun. This, says he, your Ovid himself has hinted, where he treats of these matters, when he tells us that the blue water-nymphs are dressed in sky-coloured garments; and that Aurora, who always appears in the light of the rising sun, is robed in saffron.

Whether these his observations are justly grounded I cannot tell: but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the ladies, praise or dispraise the complexion of a face which he never saw, from observing the colour of her hood, and has been very seldom out in these his guesses.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the fair sex, I cannot conclude this paper without an exhortation to the British ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good sense, as they do in beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their minds, as they are to adorn their bodies: in the mean while I shall recommend to their most serious consideration the saying of an old Greek poet,

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τρόπος, κ' οὐ χρυσία.

WILL. WIMBLE

(*Spectator*, No. 108.)

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country-fellow brought him a huge fish, which he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

SIR ROGER—I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half-a-dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eaton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.—I am, sir, your humble servant, WILL. WIMBLE.

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will. Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely

well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natur'd officious fellow, and very much esteem'd upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will. is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself: he now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them how they wear? These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours, make Will. the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discover'd at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will. desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promis'd such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will. began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack, he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars

that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild-fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the publick esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful tho' ordinary qualifications?

Will. Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, tho' uncapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will. was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physick; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT THE PLAY

(*Spectator*, No. 335.)

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me, that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy

with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir Roger, was the *Committee* which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church-of-England comedy. He then proceeded to enquire of me who this distrest mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the knight with a smile, I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before. Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it: for I threw them out, says he, at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the knight, if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four a-clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left-hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoy'd him in safety to the play-house, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in

with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in its self, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragick audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me, that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione: and he was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Adromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added with a more than ordinary vehemence, you can't imagine, sir, what 'tis to have to do with a widow. Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, ay, do if you can. This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, these widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray, says he, you that are a critick, is this play according to your dramatick rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: Well, says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost. He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering, he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon

Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, On my word, a notable young baggage!

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time; and let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them. Captain Sentry seeing two or three wags who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

THE NEWS AT THE CLUB OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S DEATH

(*Spectator*, No. 517.)

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers

themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspence, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the Chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"Honoured Sir — Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightening before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the

chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frize-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shews great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,—Honoured Sir, your most sorrowful servant,

"EDWARD BISCUIT.

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

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

THE VISIONS OF MIRZAH

(*Spectator*, No. 159.)

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the publick when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows.

'On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed my self and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing my self on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good

men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with musick who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life, consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a

black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping thro' the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell thro' them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that the throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They drew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them: but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scymetars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge my self in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpyes, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feather'd creatures several little winged boys, that perched in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh, alas, said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect: look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the side of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so beautiful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myraids of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend it self. These are the mansions of good men after death who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee

to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

The end of the first Vision of Mirzah.

THE VARIOUS KINDS OF WIT

(*Spectator*, No. 62.)

MR. LOCK has an admirable reflexion upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he endeavours to show the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follows: "And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, that men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment, or deepest reason. For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion; wherein, for the most part lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people."

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation,

that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader: these two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless besides this obvious resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two ideas that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us, the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroick poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom anything in them that can be called wit. Mr. Lock's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, ænigmas, mottos, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatick writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion: as there are many other pieces of wit (how remote soever they may appear at first sight, from the foregoing description) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true wit generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrosticks: sometimes of syllables, as in echoes and doggerel rhymes; sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars; nay, some carry the notion of wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external mimickry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, according to the foregoing instances; there is another kind of wit which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words; which

for distinction sake I shall called mixt wit. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley, more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spencer is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the ancient poets, has everywhere rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixt wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it no where but in the epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musæus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixt wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Horace, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and scarce anything else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixt wit, I shall choose one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this class. The passion of love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words fire and flame are made use of to signify love. The witty poets therefore have taken an advantage from the doubtful meaning of the word fire, to make an infinite number of witticisms. Cowley observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as burning-glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbeck. When she is absent he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love, is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoak; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burned up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an Ætna, that instead of Vulcan's

shop incloses Cupid's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, that the fire of love, like that of the sun (which produces so many living creatures) should not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a passion and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixt wit therefore is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words: its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth: reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit, is epigram, or those little occasional poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of mixt wit, without owning that the admirable poet out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon the subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject." If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper: it is certain that never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his elements. I shall only appeal to my reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit: if it be a true one I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit than Mr. Cowley; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French criticks, has taken pains to show, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has

not its foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notions in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which no body deviates from, but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestick simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who, like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagances of an irregular fancy. Mr. Dryden makes a very handsome observation, on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to Æneas, in the following words: "Ovid," says he (speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and Æneas), "takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the *Art of Love* has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds; nature fails him, and being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem.

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr. Dryden, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our English poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothick. He quotes Monsieur Segrais for a threefold distinction of the readers of poetry: in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow: "Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes. [He might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.]

In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits*, such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-house; who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit, prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression: these are mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for Parliament men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is they are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden: yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense, (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them."

I must not dismiss this subject without observing that as Mr. Lock in the passage above mentioned has discovered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch it self out into several kinds. For not only the resemblance, but the opposition of ideas, does very often produce wit: as I could shew in several little points, turns, and antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future speculation.

IMAGINATION AND SCIENCE

(*Spectator*, No. 420.)

As the writers in poetry and fiction borrow their several materials from outward objects, and join them together at their own pleasure, there are others who are obliged to follow nature more closely, and to take entire scenes out of her. Such are historians, natural philosophers, travellers, geographers, and, in a word, all who describe visible objects of a real existence.

It is the most agreeable talent of an historian, to be able to draw up his armies and fight his battles in proper expressions, to set before our eyes the divisions, cabals, and jealousies of great men, and to lead us step by step into the several actions and events

of his history. We love to see the subject unfolding it self by just degrees, and breaking upon us insensibly, that so we may be kept in a pleasing suspense, and have time given us to raise our expectations, and to side with one of the parties concerned in the relation. I confess this shews more the art than the veracity of the historian, but I am only to speak of him as he is qualified to please the imagination. And in this respect Livy has, perhaps, excelled all who went before him, or have written since his time. He describes every thing in so lively a manner, that his whole history is an admirable picture, and touches on such proper circumstances in every story, that his reader becomes a kind of Spectator, and feels in himself all the variety of passions which are correspondent to the several parts of the relation.

But among this set of writers there are none who more gratify and enlarge the imagination, than the authors of the new philosophy, whether we consider their theories of the earth or heavens, the discoveries they have made by glasses, or any other of their contemplations on nature. We are not a little pleased to find every green leaf swarm with millions of animals, that at their largest growth are not visible to the naked eye. There is something very engaging to the fancy, as well as to our reason, in the treatises of metals, minerals, plants, and meteors. But when we survey the whole earth at once, and the several planets that lie within its neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleasing astonishment, to see so many worlds hanging one above another and sliding round their axles in such an amazing pomp and solemnity. If, after this, we contemplate those wild fields of ether, that reach in height as far as from Saturn to the fixt stars, and run abroad almost to an infinitude, our imagination finds its capacity filled with so immense a prospect, and puts it self upon the stretch to comprehend it. But if we yet rise higher, and consider the fixt stars as so many vast oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different set of planets, and still discover new firmaments and new lights that are sunk farther in those unfathomable depths of ether, so as not to be seen by the strongest of our telescopes, we are lost in such a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the immensity and magnificence of nature.

Nothing is more pleasant to the fancy, than to enlarge it self by degrees in its contemplation of the various proportions which its several objects bear to each other, when it compares the body

of man to the bulk of the whole earth, the earth to the circle it describes round the sun, that circle to the sphere of the fixt stars, the sphere of the fixt stars to the circuit of the whole creation, the whole creation it self to the infinite space that is every where diffused about it; or when the imagination works downward, and considers the bulk of a human body in respect of an animal, a hundred times less than a mite, the particular limbs of such an animal, the different springs which actuate the limbs, the spirits which set these springs a going, and the proportionable minuteness of these several parts, before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection. But if, after all this, we take the least particle of these animal spirits, and consider its capacity of being wrought into a world, that shall contain within those narrow dimensions a heaven and earth, stars and planets, and every different species of living creatures, in the same analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our own universe; such a speculation, by reason of its nicety, appears ridiculous to those who have not turned their thoughts that way, though at the same time it is founded on no less than the evidence of a demonstration. Nay, we may yet carry it farther, and discover in the smallest particle of this little world a new and inexhausted fund of matter, capable of being spun out into another universe.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because I think it may shew us the proper limits, as well as the defectiveness of our imagination; how it is confined to a very small quantity of space, and immediately stopt in its operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great, or very little. Let a man try to conceive the different bulk of an animal, which is twenty, from another which is a hundred times less than a mite, or to compare, in his thoughts, a length of a thousand diameters of the earth, with that of a million, and he will quickly find that he has no different measures in his mind, adjusted to such extraordinary degrees of grandeur or minuteness. The understanding, indeed, opens an infinite space on every side of us, but the imagination, after a few faint efforts, is immediately at a stand, and finds her self swallowed up in the immensity of the void that surrounds it; our reason can pursue a particle of matter through an infinite variety of divisions, but the fancy soon loses sight of it, and feels in it self a kind of chasm, that wants to be filled with matter of a more sensible bulk. We can neither widen, nor contract the faculty to the dimensions of either extreme. The object is too

big for our capacity, when we would comprehend the circumference of a world, and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the idea of an atome.

It is possible this defect of imagination may not be in the soul it self, but as it acts in conjunction with the body. Perhaps there may not be room in the brain for such a variety of impressions, or the animal spirits may be incapable of figuring them in such a manner, as is necessary to excite so very large or very minute ideas. However it be, we may well suppose that beings of a higher nature very much excel us in this respect, as it is probable the soul of man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this faculty, as well as in all the rest ; insomuch that, perhaps, the imagination will be able to keep pace with the understanding, and to form in itself distinct ideas of all the different modes and quantities of space.

SAMUEL CLARKE

[Samuel Clarke was born at Norwich in 1675. His father was an Alderman of that city and represented it in Parliament. Samuel was educated at the Free School of his native town. In 1691 he went to Caius College, Cambridge. Here he became an ardent student of the Newtonian philosophy, and at the early age of twenty, immediately after taking his degree, brought out an improved translation of Rohault's *Physics*, a work based on the principles of Descartes, intending thereby to guide the feet of University students into safer philosophic paths. This he further amplified in 1697, in an edition with copious notes, in which the doctrines of Descartes were corrected by those of Newton. Soon after 1701 he was presented to the living of Drayton, Norfolk. Thence he was transferred to London, being Boyle lecturer in the years 1704 and 1705. He was appointed chaplain to Queen Anne, and Rector of St. James', Westminster, in 1706 or 1707. He died in 1729.]

SAMUEL CLARKE turned out a large amount of work in his comparatively short life. Besides his two more important contributions to philosophy, *The Discourse concerning the Being and Attributes of God*, and *The Obligations of Natural Religion, and the Truth and Certainty of the Christian Revelation*, he carried on a lengthy and learned correspondence with Leibnitz upon the Principles of Natural Philosophy; another correspondence upon Liberty and Necessity; wrote a letter to a Mr. Dodwell on the Immortality of the Soul; another to Bishop Hoadly upon the Proportion of Velocity and Force in Bodies in Motion; corresponded with young Joseph Butler, afterwards the famous author of the *Analogy of Religion;* produced essays on Baptism, Confirmation, etc.; treatises on *The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*, and on *The Primitive Fathers and the Canon of the New Testament;* also Paraphrases of the Gospels, and some sermons.

Clarke's style is not particularly attractive. It is usually intelligible and fairly clear, but it inclines to be ponderous, and is marred by too plentiful sprinklings of Scripture texts. He

has no humour, no imagination, and no great depth or originality of thought. In his philosophical writings he sought to introduce the truths of other men in plain and simple language, and succeeded fairly well.

His sermons are clear, forcible and well sustained. They exhibit great common-sense and moderation, and though far from beautiful, are dignified and in good taste.

His Paraphrases of the Gospels are very able. The language is vigorous and fairly natural. They are colloquial, without irreverence or undue familiarity. We doubtless lose in them some of the simplicity of the authorised version, their diction being a trifle pedantic at times. They are, however, distinctly effective. The free rendering of passages so familiar as to be in danger of being slighted, often brings out their meaning, or possible meaning, with distinct and quickening effect. These homely paraphrases are perhaps the most lasting and valuable legacy to English literature that has been made by Samuel Clarke.

A. I. FITZROY.

ARGUMENTS TO THE BEING OF GOD

First.—That 'tis evident, both we ourselves, and all the other beings we know in the world, are weak and dependent creatures; which neither gave ourselves being, nor can preserve it by any power of our own: and that therefore we entirely owe our being to some superior and more powerful cause; which superior cause either must be itself the first cause, which is the notion of God; or else, by the same argument as before, must derive from him, and so lead us to the knowledge of him. If it be said that we received our being from our forefathers by a continual natural succession (which, however, would not in any step have been possible without a perpetual providence); yet still the argument holds no less strong concerning the first of the whole race; that he could not but be made by a superior intelligent cause. If an atheist, contrary to the truth of all history, shall contend that there may have been, without any beginning at all, an eternal succession of men; yet still it will be no less evident that such a perpetual succession could not have been without an eternal superior cause; because in the nature of things themselves there is manifestly no necessity, that any such succession of transient beings, either temporary or perpetual, should have existed at all.

Secondly.—The other argument, to which the greatest part of the proofs of the being of God may briefly be reduced, is the order and beauty of the world; that exquisite harmony of nature, by which (as St. Paul expresses it, Rom. i. 20) the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. And this argument, as it is infinitely strong to the most accurate philosophers, so it is also sufficiently obvious even to the meanest capacities. Whose power was it that framed this beautiful and stately fabric, this immense and spacious world? that stretched out the North over the empty place, and hanged the earth upon nothing? (Job. xxvi. 7.)

That formed those vast and numberless orbs of heaven, and disposed them into such regular and uniform motions? that appointed the sun to rule the day, and the moon and the stars to govern the night? that so adjusted their several distances, as that they should neither be scorched by heat, nor destroyed by cold? that encompasseth the earth with air so wonderfully contrived, as at one and the same time to support clouds for rain, to afford winds for health and traffic, to be proper for the breath of animals by its spring, for causing sound by its motion, for transmitting light by its transparency? that fitted the water to afford vapours for rain, speed for traffic, and fish for nourishment and delicacy? that weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance, and adjusted them in their most proper places for fruitfulness and health? that diversified the climates of the earth into such an agreeable variety, that in that great difference, each one has its proper seasons, day and night, winter and summer? that clothed the face of the earth with plants and flowers, so exquisitely adorned with various and inimitable beauties, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them? that replenished the world with animals, so different from each other in particular, and yet all in the whole so much alike? that framed with exquisite workmanship the eye for seeing, and other parts of the body, necessarily in proportion; without which, no creature could long have subsisted? that beyond all these things, endued the soul of man with far superior faculties, with understanding, judgment, reason, and will; with faculties whereby in a most exalted manner God teaches us more than the beasts of the field, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven? (Job. xxxv. 11.)

(From *Sermon on Faith in God.*)

ON HUMAN FALLIBILITY

THE cause of erroneous opinions, in this and most other questions about which there have at any time been raised any controversies, is generally this; that men attending to one point only, and being solicitous to oppose strongly some particular error, have been apt to do it in such a manner, as has carried them out beyond the truth of the argument, and prevented them from

guarding against being exposed to error in some contrary extreme. Thus in disputing against the errors of the Church of Rome, incautious persons have frequently been betrayed by an unwise zeal to make use of such arguments, as they were not aware might at the same time be alleged by others of an opposite persuasion with the same force against themselves. And nothing is more common, than for others on the contrary, in the heat of controversy with some of their brethren who differ from them, to draw such arguments from church-authority, and general councils, and the like; as they are not enough sensible may on any other occasion be used against themselves by those of the Church of Rome, with at least as great and perhaps greater force.

(From *Sermon on the Grace of God.*)

ON THE NECESSITY OF MORALITY IN RELIGION

NO man can become a true disciple of Christ, who is not affected with a sincere love of God and virtue; nor can any one who already professes the name of Christ behave himself as becomes that holy profession by any other methods or forms of religion whatever, than by the practice of righteousness and true virtue, in obedience to the moral commands of God. When our Saviour had worked the miracle of the loaves, recorded in the beginning of this chapter (John vi.); many of the Jews believed on him; that is, they professed themselves his disciples, not out of any regard to the excellency and holiness of his doctrine, but in hopes of being supported by him in the world. To these persons he says (verse 26): "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled. Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." This doctrine, when they relished not, but began to murmur, he reproves them with somewhat more earnestness in the words of the text; "No man can come to me, except the Father which has sent me draw him:" It is vain to profess to be my disciples upon any other foot, than that of regard to God, and to the world to come. Upon which they murmured still more (verse 61); he replied again (verse 64), "There are some of you that believe not . . . therefore said I unto you, that no man can come to me, except it were given unto him of

my father:" given unto him of my Father, that is, in the same sense, as he elsewhere tells the apostles that it was given to them to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, because they were unprejudiced, willing to hear and to understand; and came to him, not upon any temporal design, but being persuaded, as St. Peter expresses himself (verse 68 of this chapter), that he had the words of eternal life.

Upon account of the necessary and inseparable connexion of these two things; of a steady regard to the eternal obligations of the moral law of God in every one who professes to embrace the Revelation of Christ; upon this account (I say) it is, that our Lord declares (John vii. 16, 17), "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." And again (viii. 42), "If God," says he, "were your father, ye would love me: for I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but he sent me." Like to which, is that of the apostle St. John (1 John ii. 13), "I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the father;" (verse 24), "If that which ye have heard from the beginning shall remain in you, ye also shall continue in the son, and in the father;" (2 John 9), "He that abideth in the doctrine" (that is, he that obeys the laws) "of Christ, he hath both the father and the son." On the contrary, to the immoral and hypocritical Pharisees, who hated the doctrine of virtue and righteousness, "Ye neither know me," says our Lord, "nor my father" (John viii. 19). And, speaking of the persecutions which the vicious and debauched world would bring upon his disciples; "These things," says he, "will they do unto you, because they know not him that sent me" (John xv. 21). "They have both seen and hated both me and my father" (verse 24). "And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the father, nor me" (xvi. 3); that is, they have no true sense, either of natural religion, nor revealed.

The sum therefore and application of the whole is this: the great end and design of the gospel of Christ is to restore sinners to the favour of God, by bringing them back to the practice of true virtue. Vicious and corrupt minds therefore, who are enemies to the moral laws of God, must always naturally be averse to the doctrine of the gospel. Consequently such persons are very apt, either to oppose and persecute the true disciples of Christ; or else, if in times of prosperity they themselves embrace

the profession of Christianity, they always place their religion in outward forms and ceremonies, or in certain systems of opinion, consistent with unrighteous practice. For to a true sense of Christ's religion no man can come, except the Father draw him, that is, except the love of God and virtue be his motive.

(From *Sermon on the Practice of Morality leading to the Practice of the Gospel.*)

ON HYPOCRITES

BUT the Scripture frequently uses the same word (hypocrites) in several lower senses, which deserve carefully to be taken notice of; when it describes men, not indeed profligate as the foregoing, but yet, in their several degrees, justly charged with being guilty of hypocrisy.

Secondly, therefore those who do not absolutely mean to cast off all religion, nor dare in their own hearts totally to despise it, but yet willingly content themselves with the formal part of it, and, by zealously observing certain outward rites and ceremonies, think to atone for great defects of sobriety, righteousness, and truth; these also the Scripture always includes under the character and denomination of hypocrites.

Of the same species of hypocrisy are they guilty in all ages, who make the advancement of religion, and the increase of the kingdom of Christ to consist chiefly in the external, temporal, or worldly prosperity of those who are called by his name; in pomp and splendour, in riches and dignities, in authority, power, and dominion. Not perhaps that they go upon the principles of atheism and infidelity (which is the case of the first and highest degree of hypocrites, mentioned under the foregoing head); but, by a secret deceitfulness of sin, and a love of this present world, their judgment is perverted to be more concerned for the authority of men than for the commands of God; and they judge of the state of religion by the measure of such worldly advantages as have perhaps no relation to true piety: whereas indeed the true prosperity of the church of God, or the increase of the kingdom of Christ on earth, can consist in nothing else but in the things which will increase the number of His subjects in

heaven; and that can only be done, by the prevalency of truth, by simplicity of doctrine, and by righteousness of practice.

(From *Sermon on Hypocrites.*)

PARAPHRASE OF MATTHEW XXVI. 18 TO 30

18. JESUS, to convince them at this time by an evident proof, that all the things he was to do and suffer were according to divine foreknowledge and appointment, bids them go into the city, and tells them where and with what tokens they should find a man, who at first asking should conduct them to a house fit for Jesus and his disciples to keep the passover in.

19. Accordingly the disciples went into the city, and finding all tokens answer exactly as Jesus had foretold, they made all things ready for keeping the passover.

20. Things being thus prepared, Jesus came at evening, and sat down to supper with his twelve apostles.

21. And as they were eating, Jesus knowing what things were ready to befal him, said to them, verily one of you twelve shall betray me into the hands of them that seek my life.

22. At this they were greatly amazed and troubled, knowing all, except Judas, their own innocence; and desiring to clear themselves from suspicion, they every one said, Lord, I hope it is not I, that shall be guilty of so horrid a crime.

23. Jesus answered: One that sits very near me, and now eats out of the same dish with me, is the person that will betray me.

24. And I, indeed, must suffer according to the will of God, and according to the prophecies that went before concerning me. But though the divine wisdom thinks fit to make use of the wickedness of my betrayer, as an instrument to effect great and excellent designs; yet the wickedness of him that wilfully and maliciously betrays me is not the less for being thus over-ruled by the wisdom of God to serve just, and good, and wise purposes: and, therefore, the punishment of that man shall be very great; so that happy had it been for him, if he had never been born.

25. Hereupon Judas, not at all terrified at these severe words of Christ, but hardened now in his wickedness, and as if he thought

he could conceal his design, said, Lord, is it I? Jesus answered, yea, you know it is so.

26. At the end of this supper, Jesus took bread in his hands, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and distributed it to his disciples, saying, Take and eat this. For as the eating of the passover was a perpetual commemoration of the deliverance of the children of Israel out of Egypt; so from henceforward your eating this sacramental bread shall be a commemoration or remembrance of my death, and of my body being broken for you.

27 and 28. In like manner, taking a cup of wine in his hand, he gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying, Drink ye all of this. For from henceforth your drinking this sacramental wine shall be a commemoration of my blood being shed for the remission of their sins who believe and obey the gospel, and a perpetual confirmation of this new covenant.

29. And I will have the Jewish passover commemoration no longer continued: but the things of which these were figures, shall now be fulfilled and accomplished in the kingdom of the Messiah.

30. Then, having sung an hymn, they departed, and went into the Mount of Olives.

BENJAMIN HOADLY

[Benjamin Hoadly, D.D., was born at Westerham, Kent, in the year 1676. His father, a schoolmaster, prepared him for College. In 1691 he went to Catherine Hall, Cambridge. In 1697 he was elected a Fellow of his College, and in 1698 took orders. His first step in the Church was the lectureship of St. Mildred in the Poultry, which he held for ten years. He does not appear to have been a popular preacher, for he speaks of preaching it *down* to £30 a year. From 1704 to 1710 he was Rector of St. Peter's Poor in Broad Street The sermons he here delivered "tending to the advancement of Natural and Revealed Religion, and to the justification of the noblest principles of civil liberty," his son and biographer tells us, "produced a vote of the House of Commons in his favour, too honourable to be omitted." To this was added in 1710 the Rectory of Streatham in Surrey. In 1715 he was appointed king's chaplain, and in the same year was designated to the bishopric of Bangor, retaining his rectories. In 1717 he preached before the king his celebrated sermon on the "Nature of Christ's kingdom," which caused great offence, and ultimately gave rise to the celebrated Bangorian controversy. The Lower House of Convocation drew up a representation about it. In this he was accused of impugning the authority of the Church, or in other words, denying Apostolic succession. But before it could be brought into the Upper House "the whole assembly was prorogued by special order from the king, nor were they permitted to sit till the resentment entirely subsided." In 1720 Hoadly resigned his London living, and was translated to the See of Hereford. He is said never to have gone near his Welsh Bishopric during the six years he held it. Three years later he became Bishop of Salisbury, resigning Streatham, "his most beloved retirement." Finally, in 1734, he was given the See of Winchester, which he held until his death in 1761, at the age of 85.

He was a singularly modest man, writing his own epitaph to prevent over-praise from too zealous friends. His liberal views and conciliatory policy brought "the non-conformists to a very low ebb, for want of the opposition and persecution they were too used to experience, many of their dissenting ministers desiring to receive their reordination from his own hands."]

BISHOP HOADLY'S writings may be divided under the two headings political and theological. There was, however, no hard and fast line in his mind between things temporal and things spiritual. The general principles of religion were ever before him, whether in his pulpit utterances or in his letters to the papers.

In politics he was a strong anti-Jacobite, believing that freedom in religion was alone secure under a Protestant sovereign. His sermon, preached before the Lord Mayor in 1705, against the doctrine of non-resistance, gave rise to some excitement and controversy.

Besides his sermons, charges, and letters to the papers, he carried on a lengthy but, on his part, temperate controversy with Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, and others. He wrote also a defence of Hooker's *Judgment concerning the institution and nature of civil government*, in which he argued the rights of subjects to defend themselves against evil princes and governors. His writings, however solid and lengthy, come more under the description of occasional papers than of permanent works. And yet they deserve to be remembered not only for the tone and matter of their contents, but also for the purity of their style.

His works are indeed models of discretion, moderation and good taste. He has none of the broad humour of his contemporaries and predecessors, but often a tinge of delicate irony and satire, notably in his dedication to Pope Clement XI., relieves the solidity of the discourses.

His sermons are well-constructed and lucid. There is in them no tedious splitting of texts nor minute casuistry. He expounds the general principles of religion forcibly and earnestly, without dwelling on doctrinal minutiæ. They are clear, vigorous, and brief. Without being rhetorical or brilliant they are pleasant reading; calm, well-sustained and logical. He attacks the Church of Rome with severity, but without asperity, recognising her as the acme of the ecclesiasticism against which he was constantly at war.

In controversy he is temperate, controlled, and dignified. He never stoops to petty personalities, but holds to the point at issue without flinching. Bishop Hoadly is not a star of the first magnitude. His writings are not among the classics of English literature. He does not rank with Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, and Baxter. Nevertheless he deserves an honourable place among English men of letters. Possibly, had he been a high churchman like Warburton he would have enjoyed his literary deserts and more. As it is, he suffers, like others of his school of theological thought, and finds himself passed over for inferior writers who better adapted themselves to the dominant views.

A. I. FITZROY.

THE SIMPLICITY OF CHRISTIANITY SPOILT BY ADDITIONS

MUCH of this unhappiness hath proceeded from men's not being contented with the simplicity of Christianity, as it is to be found in the Gospels: from their making new creeds; their adding new Articles of Faith to those laid down in the New Testament; and laying new impositions upon the rest of Christians, unknown to Christ and his Apostles. This I may safely affirm, that had Christians been always content with a mutual agreement in the fundamental doctrines of their religion, as they lie in the gospel itself; and the indispensable obligation of the practice of all the duties commanded in it; much of this fatal consequence of it might have been hindered; and very much of the scandal redounding from it, have been prevented. But there hath ever been an itch, in some or other of power and authority, to alter the terms of love and concord settled by Christ; by framing some new character, and some fresh note of distinction, among Christians: and this hath ever begot opposition; and controversies managed (on all sides) with aggravations and provocations; and this hath brought forth variances, and passion, and hatred, in the breasts of those who are sure to be condemned by their own law, for want of love and charity. And it ever so happens, (as it hath been manifested by constant experience,) that more violence, which hath now for many ages passed for zeal; that more violence, I say, is shewn for these additions, and for these lesser, and undetermined matters in which the difference lies, than for the most fundamental points of faith, or the most necessary points of practice. In the practical duties, especially, men seem easy enough: and would fain have it thought, that the vilest and most enormous crimes are more tolerable in themselves; and more inoffensive and harmless to public society; than a difference in the least of their additions.

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Another consideration near akin to this, is, that this unhappiness amongst Christians hath chiefly proceeded from men's mistaking the nature, and main design, of Christianity. Did men but understand and consider that it was not the great design of the Christian religion to make all the world of one opinion, in things of little moment; but that it was revealed from heaven, chiefly to restore the worship of the *one supreme God, in spirit and in truth; and to teach men to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this world;* they could not act the part they so often do. Did men but consider, that the great branch of Christian duty is love, and good-nature, and humanity; and the distinguishing mark of a Christian, an universal charity; they could not but own that Jesus Christ came to plant and propagate these in the world. And then, they would abhor the thoughts of making any thing in His institution an engine of strife, and malice, and inhumanity. Then, they would not think all things lawful against those that differ from them; nor themselves obliged to crush, and ruin them. Then, the contentions between men of various minds would not be, who should have the power of oppressing their brethren: but the contest would be, who should love most; and who should give the most expressive demonstrations of an unconfined good-nature, and an unbounded charity. But these are but dreams, and wishes!

It would sound something strange to say that the chief design of Christianity is too plain to be understood, and too evident to be seen: and yet it is true, that the very plainness of this makes it the less attended to. Such a love there is in men to something not so easy to be understood; nor of such importance: and such a readiness to find out other designs of Christianity more agreeable to their own worldly projects!

Can any of all the fiery zealots in the world shew us any design more worthy of the Son of God's desending from heaven, than the planting of love in the world? more beneficial to the whole race of mankind; more for the ease and internal quiet of our own breasts; or a better preparative for the calm and serene joys of heaven: for the fruition of that God Who is love, and of the company of those blessed spirits, who are the witnesses, and ministers, of His love? Can they shew us any design more plainly revealed in the gospel; or any one duty there laid upon us, to which this must at any time give place? If they cannot, then nothing can ever release us from our obligation to love, and

charity; or ever excuse the least degree of hatred, and malice, and violence; much less, of barbarity and cruelty. Nay, how can it possibly be thought by any Christians, that a religion which lays such stress upon peace, and love; which dwells so eternally upon them; which was founded in love, and so manifestly designed for the propagating and establishing good-nature in the world: how then can it be imagined, that there is anything in this religion, that can give them occasion to hate, or disturb, or persecute, any of their brethren? unless they can think, that itself is so framed as to destroy its own design; to oppose its own main end and purpose; and to dissolve the obligation of its own precepts. These things are inconsistent, and too absurd to be fastened upon Jesus Christ, by any who believe Him sent of God. And would men seriously attend to the design of the gospel, they could not fix such absurdities upon it: religion would be free from the scandal of being the occasion of hatred, and disturbance and persecution, amongst men; and the world would be free from the trouble and plague of them; society would be happy; and God would be glorified in the universal practice of love and peace.

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Since the guilt of those who have an hand in making anything in religion subservient to the purposes of dissension, hatred, and persecution, is so great: Let us take care not to be of the number of those who do this, in the least degree imaginable. There hath been enough already done to verify this prediction of our Lord's, that He came not to send peace, but a sword. He will thank us, if we will at length leave off to prove the truth of it by our example. Enough of persecution, and violence, and hatred, hath been founded on religion. Designing men have cheated the world long enough: and long enough hath the gospel lain under the scandal of the vices of others; and of encouraging those passions which it came to tame. It is time now for Christians to consider that their business is peace; and their religion love: and that Christianity is sufficiently qualified to make them taste of happiness even here below, if they do not themselves hinder it. Let us remember this: and think, if we can be too careful to do our parts towards the retrieving the good name of religion; and the restoring it to its primitive and original design.

(From *A Sermon on the Divisions and Cruelties of which the Christian Religion has been made the Occasion.*)

ON THE ECCLESIASTICISM OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

YOUR Holiness (Pope Clement) is not perhaps aware, how near the churches of us Protestants have at length come to those privileges and perfections, which you boast of, as peculiar to your own. So near, that many of the most quicksighted and sagacious persons, have not been able to discover any other difference between us, as to the main principle of all doctrine, government, worship, and discipline, but this one; viz., that you *cannot* err in any thing you determine, and we never *do*: that is, in other words, that you are infallible, and we always in the right. We cannot but esteem the advantage to be exceedingly on our side in this case, because we have all the benefits of infallibility, without the absurdity of pretending to it; and without the uneasy task of maintaining a point so shocking to the understanding of mankind. And you must pardon us, if we cannot help thinking it to be as great and as glorious a privilege in us, to be always in the right, without the pretence to infallibility, as it can be in you, to be always in the wrong, with it.

. . . . .

The reason therefore, why we do not openly set up an infallibility, is because we can do without it. Authority results as well from power as from right; and a majority of votes is as strong a foundation for it, as infallibility itself. Councils that *may* err, never *do*: and besides, being composed of men, whose peculiar business it is to be in the right, it is very immodest for any private person to think them not so; because this is to set up a private corrupted understanding, above a public uncorrupted judgment.

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We have all sufficiently felt the load of the two topics of heresy and schism. We have been persecuted, hanged, burnt, massacred (as your Holiness well knows), for heretics and schismatics. But all this has not made us sick of those two words. We can still throw them about us, and play them off upon others, as plentifully and as fiercely, as they are dispensed to us from your quarter. It often puts me in mind (your Holiness must allow me to be a little ludicrous, if you admit me to your

conversation ;) it often, I say, puts me in mind of a play which I have seen amongst some merry people: A man strikes his next neighbour with all his force, and he instead of returning it to the man who gave it, communicates it, with equal zeal and strength, to another; and this to another; and so it circulates, till it returns perhaps to him who set the sport agoing. Thus your Holiness begins the attack. You call us heretics and schismatics; and burn and destroy us, as such: though God knows, there is no more right any where to use heretics or schismatics barbarously, than those who think and speak as their superiors bid them. But so it is. You thunder out the sentence against us. We think it ill manners to give it you back again; but we throw it out upon the next brethren that come in our way; and they upon others: and so it goes round, till some perhaps have sense and courage enough, to throw it back upon those who first began the disturbance, by pretending to authority where there can be none.

We have not indeed now the power of burning heretics, as our forefathers of the Reformation had. The civil power hath taken away the Act, which continued that glorious privilege to them, upon the remonstrance of several persons, that they could not sleep, whilst that Act was awake. But then everything on this side death, still remains untouched, to us: We can molest, harass, imprison, and ruin, any man who pretends to be wiser than his betters. And the more unspotted the man's character is, the more necessary we think it to take such crushing methods.

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One thing more I must here mention; that the church (I mean that part of the churchmen, I am speaking of,) is now in full possession of the privilege of applying God's judgments to their neighbours: which our forefathers so justly condemned, and took such pains to ridicule, in the worst of our separatists.

Thus, the death of our late Queen is a judgment upon a nation, unworthy of so much goodness; though some weak fanatics, on the other side, have showed them, how easy it is for any to interpret judgments in their own favour, by observing that she died the very day, upon which the late Schism-act, (designed as they think) to rob them of a natural right, took place.

After King Charles II.'s restoration, the fire, which destroyed the whole city, immediately following the plague which consumed vast numbers of its inhabitants, furnished matter for this humour. How easy was it found, to make these to be great judgments,

upon account of that very restoration? Now, the same impious humour, (which is the very essence of fanaticism, let it be in what church it will,) can do with a thousand times smaller matters. A fire, not to be named with that; a mortality amongst our cattle, which all Europe hath felt much more grievously: these are not only declared to be God's judgments; (as without doubt they are;) but it is sufficiently and plainly insinuated, that they are judgments, (not for their own sins, their own private enormities, or public ingratitude to heaven for their security; for they never think of themselves in this view; but) for *something at court, which should not* be there: which all the world knows how to interpret.

Thus hath fanaticism its vicissitudes, like the other things of this world: sometimes reigning *in* the Church, and sometimes *out* of it; sometimes against it, and sometimes for it. And thus is it come to pass amongst us, that preaching their own passions, and indignation, and resentment, under their disappointed expectations, is called, by too many, preaching the Gospel, and delivering messages from heaven.

(From *Dedication to Pope Clement XI.*)

UPON POLITICAL JEALOUSIES

THE misery of it is, that men, in their reproaches upon others, are very apt to forget the condition they themselves are in. It is not only he that is a tool, who blindly does what he is directed to do, either by a courtier or an anti-courtier: but every man is a tool likewise, who is a slave to his own passion, ill-nature, discontent, personal resentment, ambition, pride, or to any distemper of mind, which is his master, and leads and governs him in all he does. There may be tools to these dispositions within men, as well as to courts, or leaders of parties, without them: and these are as dangerous tools to the public, as well as infamous in themselves, as any of the other sort can possibly be. For these, and the like distempers of mind, are of that force, that they can absolutely hinder men from at all regarding, or even seeing, what is the interest of the public; nay, can make them take those good words in their mouths, to carry on those purposes of their hearts, in which the love of their country, the very essence of patriotism,

has but little part. Yet, how common as well as pleasant is it, to see the tool of passion insulting over the tool (as he calls him) of a court; and the man whose public spirit bears date from some known points of disappointment and anger, exalting himself above the other; appropriating to himself the name of patriot, and setting himself out as the very pattern of all patriotism: whilst he either does not feel the bias which his own resentment struck upon his soul; or hopes that it may be hid from all other eyes, and the view or remembrance of it lost in that cloud of smoke and dust which he raises all around him. But if many of the strongest oppositions have been manifestly begun upon these principles, and are always, in part, carried on upon them; there is but little reason for those to be casting the infamous name of *tools* in the teeth of others, who may find so much place for it amongst themselves. All this is no argument (nor is it so designed) to any one, against being always upon his guard, or for a blind compliance with any ministry: but it may, and ought to show us effectually, that virtue and public-spiritedness are not necessarily there, where the noise of them is most heard; and that true patriotism does not depend upon names and sounds; but often is not where it is most pretended to be; and as often is, where the prejudices of men, and their mistaken notions of things, will not allow us to suppose it so much as possible to be.

(From Letters signed "*Britannicus*.")

BOLINGBROKE

[Henry St. John was born in 1678, and belonged to a family which had for the most part adhered to the Parliamentary side in the Civil War. After a childhood passed under the stern supervision of a Puritan grandmother, he went to Eton and then to Christ Church : and after some foreign travel, and an experience of scandalous debauchery, he entered Parliament in 1700. He joined the Tories, and was in office as Secretary of War from 1704 to 1708, when he was dismissed with Harley. In 1710 he became Secretary of State, with Harley as Lord Treasurer. He was created Viscount Bolingbroke in 1711, and for four years he and Harley maintained their power. Ultimately they quarrelled, and the death of Queen Anne brought about Bolingbroke's fall. Under suspicion of Jacobite intrigues he fled to France, and for a short time took office with the Pretender. In 1723 he was enabled to return to England, and in 1725 was restored to his estates, but never recovered his rights as a peer. He became the heart and soul of the opposition to Walpole, whose fall he survived. He died in 1751.

Few of Bolingbroke's works were published until after his death, when his dependent, David Malet, in accordance with his instructions issued them. In 1716 he wrote the *Letter to Sir W. Windham*, which is an *Apologia* for his political conduct. In 1735 he wrote *Letters on the Study of History* (addressed to Lord Cornbury) which were published in 1753. The letters *On the Spirit of Patriotism*, *The Idea of a Patriot King*, and *The State of Parties*, were printed in 1749. In the later years of his life he contributed largely to the *Craftsman*, the journal started to oppose Walpole ; and these contributions were afterwards brought together and published. His views on religion, which amounted to a very superficial scepticism, which attacked at once metaphysical speculation and revealed religion, were given forth chiefly in certain letters to Pouilly, written in 1720, and in others written to Pope, late in his life.]

BOLINGBROKE is one of the few men whose literary reputation has probably been enhanced by the fact that he is rarely read. The saying is not so absurd as, at first sight, it looks. Few figures in history have come down to us with more of a halo—detractors might say of a glamour—of romance than his. His pre-eminence in many gifts is familiar to us. He was one of a small and brilliant galaxy, whose combined gifts threw lustre on

each member of the group. The tradition of his social fascination, of the charm of his conversation, of his eminently handsome person, of his prowess as a Lothario, of his stately eloquence, of his rare versatility, of the marvellous rapidity of his genius; his attainment of great office while as yet little more than a boy; his masterly conduct of difficult negotiations; his grasp of a commercial policy which later ages brought to full ripeness only after slow stages and tedious struggles; the striking vicissitudes of his fortunes; the great place he occupies at once on the stage of politics and on that of literature—all these have given him an entrancing interest for us even in an age of distinguished personalities. Swift's description is, by itself, enough to immortalise him, "His mind, . . . adorned with the choicest gifts that God has yet thought fit to bestow upon the children of men: a strong memory, a clear judgment, a vast range of wit and fancy, a thorough comprehension, an invincible eloquence, with a most agreeable elocution" (*Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry*). But Swift was not blind to the weaker points in his character. "He was fond of mixing business and pleasure, and of being esteemed excellent at both. . . . His detractors charged him with some degree of affectation, and perhaps not altogether without grounds." The defects are here hinted at rather than clearly stated, as was proper in a treatise written in defence of the ministry of which Bolingbroke was a leading member; and it is rather in scattered expressions that we have to look for Swift's distrust of Bolingbroke's moral and intellectual sincerity. To most of his contemporaries St. John's genius was the subject of even more unqualified adulation; but the exaggeration is often so absurd as to force us to be sceptical. When Orrery—the type of fribbles—writes that "his conversation united the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace," we see the exaggeration to which glamour could prompt flattery. The more degrading traits in St. John's character were partly the result of his training and experience. Brought up under the chilling influence of a home in which a rigid Puritanism was the prevailing atmosphere, St. John threw himself in early manhood with the abandonment of a thoroughly vain and selfish nature into a profligacy bred of arrogance and affectation as much as of passion. When he first touched politics he found himself in a hotbed of selfish struggle, and possessed

of faculties that gave him the opportunity of an easy and ostentatious triumph. He rose with surprising rapidity to posts of great importance. His fall was even more sudden; from being the leader of a powerful party in England he became the titular minister of the exiled claimant of the throne. Thrust even from that employment, his skilful apology made an ignominious dismissal from a fictitious court appear to be the effect of jealousy bred by his own wider and more patriotic aims. After humiliating efforts to procure his own restoration, when his baffled ambition found every gate closed against its intrigues, he gratified his resentment by siding with a faction which assumed to itself the merit of withstanding corruption, and setting up an ideal standard of civil duty. When it became clear that all his skill in the arts of fomenting faction could result in no personal gain, he made a merit of renouncing politics in order to be free for the pursuit of what he called philosophy. His versatility, his memory, his fertility of device, and his perseverance were sufficient to preserve him from conspicuous failure in any of the varied parts he chose to play. But in no sphere does his genius conquer a place in the first rank: and the impression he has left is due rather to the dramatic contrasts and variety of his career, than to its permanent influence; to the specious gaudiness of his talents, rather than to commanding genius.

When from this career we turn to the literary achievement, the glamour is stript off. We cannot deny to him many high literary gifts. His prose style has the easy flow, the rotund and grandiloquent sound, which the habit of the orator gives. His arguments are always specious and often at first presentation persuasive. He sets forth his case with a wonderful harmony of illusion, even when that case is most palpably a perversion of the truth. He maintains without faltering or hesitation an attitude of proud and dignified patriotism, founded upon the fundamental principles of a consistent political creed: and we have only to think of his actual career to estimate the consummate skill of the actor in so doing. His display of reading—much of it necessarily superficial—has all the manner of one careless how he draws upon an inexhaustible store: and yet without a doubt, Bolingbroke relied upon his tact alone in skimming over the thinnest of ice in his copious allusions, and in affecting profound learning. But if his style is easy and flowing it is also tiresome in its tautology. His flowing sentences weary us by their lack

of variety, and by the entire absence of the illustration which fancy or imagination might have brought to them. Above all he wants entirely that saving gift of humour which brightens literary controversies and keeps their savour fresh when the subjects have passed into oblivion. Against the approach of such humour Bolingbroke's egotism and affectation set an impenetrable bar. He has not even that literary instinct which enabled such a man as Temple to refresh his reader by digressing into devious ways, and lingering on his road to give his imagination play.

His literary work is at its best when it comes nearest to the active part of his own life, and reflects most strongly the habit of the orator. The *Letter to Sir William Windham* was one of his earliest writings, and was composed soon after his breach with the Pretender in 1716, although not published until nearly forty years later. In this Bolingbroke had to face the hard task of defending himself against an overwhelming suspicion of political treachery and tergiversation. He accomplishes his task with consummate skill. He is by turns dignified, jocose, sarcastic, indignant, and yet apologetic. He contrives to convey the impression of a man mistaken perhaps, baffled sometimes by circumstances, but always with high aims, and never acting except at the prompting of high-minded, even if erroneous, principle. In some respects this *Letter* rises to a higher level than any of his writings; and if he fails to procure his own acquittal, it is because the evidence against him is invincibly strong. The *Spirit of Patriotism*, and the *Idea of a Patriot King* rise at times to a very high eloquence. But their style is monotonous and heavy. Undoubtedly the notions which Bolingbroke set forth, and the ideal which he preached—of a strong and effective monarchical force, resting upon popular support, and by this means able to frustrate the factiousness of parliamentary parties—had great influence, and have not ceased to operate in our own day. But the ideal was not created by Bolingbroke, and was not materially extended by his writings. It was the inevitable result of a reaction against Walpole's rule; it was admirably fitted for eloquent declamation, became the watchword of a vigorous party, was the theme of countless speeches, and Bolingbroke's dissertations were rather eloquent essays on a current topic than the first manifestoes of a new propaganda. The letters to the *Crafts-*

man, which were brought together afterwards, with a dedication to Sir R. Walpole, in the form of *A Dissertation upon Parties*, were really a variation upon the same scheme; and the same may be said as to the *Remarks upon the History of England*. Bolingbroke's political writings, indeed, have something of the effect which might be produced by the republication of scraps of the work of a political journalist of our own day. Each tract was an episode in the party fight. Bolingbroke kept the tools of the controversy sharp enough, and knew how to lead the dispute into specious generalities; but permanent literature cannot be gathered out of the pages of the political journal, however skilfully these may be framed for their immediate aim. The journalist necessarily repeats himself. It would be easy to find many instances of this in Bolingbroke; as one, it may be enough to refer to a long passage in the *Letter to Sir W. Windham*, comparing the recantation of Henry IV. of France, with the obstinate refusal of the later Stuarts to conform to the Anglican Church, and the conduct of the French and English in each case. The passage is almost verbally repeated, at full length, in the *Dissertation upon Parties* (Letter IV.)

The *Letters on History* stand half-way between Bolingbroke's political and his so-called philosophical writings. The question of the origin and authority of history is made the basis of an attack upon Christianity, and upon the clergy, which in its dishonesty of tactics goes beyond even those bounds which Bolingbroke usually observes. Here is a specimen:—

> The notion of inspirations that come occasionally, that illuminated the minds and guided the hands of the sacred penmen while they were writing one page, and restrained their influence while the same authors were writing another, may be cavilled against; and what is there that may not? But surely it deserves to be treated with respect since it tends to establish a distinction between the legal, doctrinal, and prophetical parts of the Bible, and the historical; without which it is impossible to establish the first, as evidently and as solidly as the interests of religion require.

It is typical of Bolingbroke to set forth a proposition which he so states as to make it manifestly absurd: with a mock air to defend it; and to give as an excuse for the defence, the interests of revealed religion, for which he cared nothing. It is discreditable argument, and it is very poor wit.

But the literary work which Bolingbroke evidently thought

was to be his chief monument to posterity, and which posterity has most neglected, consists of his essays on philosophy. He dealt with this subject partly in letters to Pouilly, written when he was in France in 1720; partly in letters to Pope, left for publication after his death. According to a story circumstantially told, Bolingbroke drew up for Pope the scheme of the *Essay on Man*. Johnson's common sense perceived that this was an exaggeration; that all the fancy, the illustration, the poetic form, were necessarily due to Pope alone; and when we subtract these, the frame of philosophy on which the *Essay* is based is so attenuated, that the honour of its conception is scarcely worth dispute.

The world has indeed condemned and feared the attacks of Bolingbroke, and has occasionally admired his speculative boldness, entirely upon trust. Be truth what it may, no more pretentious and superficial travesty of speculation was ever palmed off upon the world as serious philosophy. At times he reminds us almost of Pangloss, for whom everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds; but he is a very sour and dull Pangloss compared with Voltaire's. Of the humour and perception to be found in these letters, we may form an estimate when we find that the most suitable epithet he can invent for Swift *in a letter to Pope* is "the *jocose* Dean of St. Patrick's." He who wrote that word had something of the dullard beneath all his brilliancy. His sense of proportion may be gathered from the fact that he thinks the philosophy of Locke to be the most valuable product of his time, that Leibnitz and Descartes are only named for ridicule, and that, though Berkeley is treated with courtesy, his speculative greatness is ignored. Plato and Aristotle he discusses and condemns with all the arrogance of an acquaintance which is entirely second-hand. Metaphysical philosophy he mentions only with a sneer. Swift abandoned metaphysics in despair; Bolingbroke despises it with the easy conceit of a man of fashion, the cynicism of a *roué*, and the scepticism of one who mistook the transparence of superficiality for the clearness of reason. He wrote against it with about as much power of expression, range of intellect, and display of erudition, as we might expect in an expert journalist.

H. CRAIK.

THE USES OF HISTORY

BESIDES the advantage of beginning our acquaintance with mankind sooner, and of bringing with us into the world, and the business of it, such a cast of thought and such a temper of mind, as will enable us to make a better use of our experience, there is this further advantage in the study of history that the improvement we make by it extends to more objects, and is made at the expense of other men: whereas that improvement which is the effect of our own experience, is confined to fewer objects, and is made at our own expense. To state the account fairly, therefore, between these two improvements; though the latter be the more valuable, yet allowance being made on one side for the much greater number of examples that history presents to us, and deduction being made on the other of the price we often pay for our experience, the value of the former will rise in proportion. I have recorded these things, says Polybius after giving an account of the defeat of Regulus, "that they who read these commentaries may be rendered better by them; for all men have two ways of improvement, one arising from their own experience, and one from the experience of others. *Evidentior quidem illa est quæ per propria ducit infortunia; at tutior illa, quæ per aliena.*" I use Casaubon's translation. Polybius goes on and concludes, "that since the first of these ways exposes us to great labour and peril, whilst the second works the same good effect, and is attended by no evil circumstance, every one ought to take for granted that the study of history is the best school where he can learn how to conduct himself in all the situations of life." Regulus had seen at Rome many examples of magnanimity, of frugality, of the contempt of riches, and of other virtues, and these virtues he practised. But he had not learned, nor had opportunity of learning another lesson, which the examples recorded in history inculcate frequently, the lesson of moderation. An insatiable thirst of

military fame, an unconfined ambition of extending their empire, an extravagant confidence in their own courage and force, an insolent contempt of their enemies, and an impetuous overbearing spirit with which they pursued all their enterprises, composed in his days the distinguishing character of a Roman. Whatever the senate and people resolved, to the members of that commonwealth appeared both practicable and just. Neither difficulties nor dangers could check them, and their sages had not yet discovered that virtues in excess degenerate into vices. Notwithstanding the beautiful rant which Horace puts into his mouth, I make no doubt that Regulus learned at Carthage those lessons of moderation which he had not learned at Rome; but he learned them by experience, and the fruits of this experience came too late, and cost too dear; for they cost the total defeat of the Roman army, the prolongation of a calamitous war which might have been finished by a glorious peace, the loss of liberty to thousands of Roman citizens, and to Regulus himself the loss of life in the midst of torments, if we are entirely to credit what is perhaps exaggeration in the Roman authors.

There is another advantage, worthy our observation, that belongs to the study of history, and that I shall mention here, not only because of the importance of it, but because it leads me immediately to speak of the nature of the improvement we ought to have in our view, and of the method in which it seems to me that this improvement ought to be pursued; two particulars from which your lordship may think perhaps that I digress too long. The advantage I mean consists in this, that the examples which history presents to us, both of men and of events, are generally complete: the whole example is before us, and consequently the whole lesson, or sometimes the various lessons, which philosophy proposes to teach us by this example. For first, as to men: we see them at their whole length in history, and we see them generally there through a medium less partial at least than that of experience: for I imagine, that a Whig or a Tory, whilst those parties subsisted, would have condemned in Saturninus the spirit of faction which he applauded in his own tribunes, and would have applauded in Drusus the spirit of moderation which he despised in those of the contrary party, and which he suspected and hated in those of his own party. The villain who has imposed on mankind by his power or cunning, and whom experience could not unmask for a time, is unmasked at length; and the honest

man, who has been misunderstood or defamed, is justified before his story ends. Or if this does not happen, if the villain dies with his mask on, in the midst of applause, and honour, and wealth, and power, and if the honest man dies under the same load of calumny and disgrace under which he lived, driven perhaps into exile, and exposed to want; yet we see historical justice executed, the name of one branded with infamy, and that of the other celebrated with panegyric to succeeding ages.

(From *Letters on History.*)

ELOQUENCE

ELOQUENCE, that leads mankind by the ears, gives a nobler superiority than power that every dunce may use, or fraud that every knave may employ to lead them by the nose. But eloquence must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not sprout forth a little frothy water on some gaudy day, and remain dry the rest of the year. The famous orators of Greece and Rome were the statesmen and ministers of those commonwealths. The nature of their governments and the humour of those ages made elaborate orations necessary. They harangued oftener than they debated; and the *ars dicendi* required more study and more exercise of mind, and of body too, among them, than are necessary among us. But as much pains as they took in learning how to conduct the stream of eloquence, they took more to enlarge the fountain from which it flowed. Hear Demosthenes, hear Cicero thunder against Philip, Catiline, and Anthony. I choose the example of the first rather than that of Pericles whom he imitated, or of Phocion whom he opposed, or of any other considerable personage in Greece; and the example of Cicero rather than that of Crassus, or of Hortensius, or of any other of the great men of Rome; because the eloquence of these two has been so celebrated that we are accustomed to look upon them almost as mere orators. They were orators indeed, and no man who has a soul can read their orations, after the revolution of so many ages, after the extinction of the governments, and of the people for whom they were composed, without feeling at this hour the passions they were designed to move, and the spirit they were

designed to raise. But if we look into the history of these two men, and consider the parts they acted, we shall see them in another light, and admire them in an higher sphere of action. Demosthenes had been neglected, in his education, by the same tutors who cheated him of his inheritance. Cicero was bred with greater advantage: and Plutarch, I think, says that when he first appeared the people used to call him, by way of derision, the Greek, and the scholar. But whatever advantage of this kind the latter might have over the former, and to which of them soever you ascribe the superior genius, the progress which both of them made in every part of political knowledge, by their industry and application, was marvellous. Cicero might be a better philosopher, but Demosthenes was no less a statesman: and both of them performed actions and acquired fame, above the reach of eloquence alone. Demosthenes used to compare eloquence to a weapon, aptly enough; for eloquence, like every other weapon, is of little use to the owner, unless he have the force and the skill to use it. This force and this skill Demosthenes had in an eminent degree. Observe them in one instance among many. It was of mighty importance to Philip to prevent the accession of Thebes to the grand alliance that Demosthenes, at the head of the Athenian commonwealth, formed against the growing power of the Macedonians. Philip had emissaries and his ambassadors on the spot to oppose to those of Athens, and we may be assured that he neglected none of those arts upon this occasion that he employed so successfully on others. The struggle was great, but Demosthenes prevailed, and the Thebans engaged in the war against Philip. Was it by his eloquence alone that he prevailed in a divided state, over the subtilty of intrigue, all the dexterity of negotiation, all the seduction, all the corruption, and all the terror that the ablest and most powerful prince could employ? Was Demosthenes wholly taken up with composing orations, and haranguing the people, in this remarkable crisis? He harangued them no doubt at Thebes, as well as at Athens, and in the rest of Greece, where all the great resolutions of making alliances, waging war, or concluding peace, were determined in democratical assemblies. But yet haranguing was no doubt the least part of his business, and eloquence was neither the sole, nor the principal talent, as the style of writers would induce us to believe, on which his success depended. He must have been master of other arts,

subserviently to which his eloquence was employed, and must have had a thorough knowledge of his own state, and of the other states of Greece, of their dispositions, and of their interests relatively to one another, and relatively to their neighbours, to the Persians particularly, with whom he held a correspondence, not much to his honour: I say, he must have been master of many other arts, and have possessed an immense fund of knowledge, to make his eloquence in every case successful, and even pertinent or seasonable in some, as well as to direct it and to furnish it with matter whenever he thought proper to employ this weapon.

Let us consider Tully on the greatest theatre of the known world; and in the most difficult circumstances. We are better acquainted with him than we are with Demosthenes; for we see him nearer, as it were, and in more different lights. How perfect a knowledge had he acquired of the Roman constitution of government, ecclesiastical and civil; of the original and progress, of the general reasons and particular occasions of the laws and customs of his country; of the great rules of equity, and the low practice of courts; of the duty of every magistracy and office in the state, from the dictator down to the lictor; and of all the steps by which Rome had risen from her infancy to liberty, to power and grandeur and dominion, as well as of all those by which she began to decline, a little before his age, to that servitude which he died for opposing, but lived to see established, and in which not her liberty alone, but her power and grandeur and dominion were lost? How well was he acquainted with the Roman colonies and provinces, with the allies and enemies of the empire, with the rights and privileges of the former, the dispositions and conditions of the latter, with the interests of them all relatively to Rome, and with the interests of Rome relatively to them? How present to his mind were the anecdotes of former times concerning the Roman and other states, and how curious was he to observe the minutest circumstances that passed in his own? His works will answer sufficiently the questions I ask, and establish in the mind of every man who reads them the idea I would give of his capacity and knowledge, as well as that which is so universally taken of his eloquence. To a man fraught with all this stock of knowledge, and industrious to improve it daily, nothing could happen that was entirely new, nothing for which he was quite unprepared,

scarce any effect whereof he had not considered the cause, scarce any cause wherein his sagacity could not discern the latent effect. His eloquence in private causes gave him first credit at Rome, but it was this knowledge, this experience, and the continued habits of business, that supported his reputation, enabled him to do so much service to his country, and gave force and authority to his eloquence. To little purpose would he have attacked Catiline with all the vehemence that indignation and even fear added to eloquence, if he had trusted to this weapon alone. This weapon alone would have secured neither him nor the senate from the poniard of that assassin. He would have had no occasion to boast, that he had driven this infamous citizen out of the walls of Rome, *abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*, if he had not made it before-hand impossible for him to continue any longer in them. As little occasion would he have had to assume the honour of defeating without any tumult, or any disorder, the designs of those who conspired to murder the Roman people, to destroy the Roman empire, and to extinguish the Roman name; if he had not united by skill and management, in the common cause of their country, orders of men the most averse to each other; if he had not watched all the machinations of the conspirators in silence, and prepared a strength sufficient to resist them at Rome, and in the provinces, before he opened this scene of villany to the senate and the people; in a word, if he had not made much more use of political prudence, that is, of the knowledge of mankind, and of the arts of government, which study and experience give, than of all the powers of his eloquence.

(From the *Spirit of Patriotism.*)

DISCARDED SERVICE

THE Thursday following the Duke of Ormond came to see me, and after the compliment of telling me, that he believed that I should be surprised at the message he brought, he put into my hands a note to himself, and a little scrip of paper directed to me, and drawn in the style of justice of peace's warrant. They were both in the Chevalier's handwriting, and they were dated on the Tuesday, in order to make me believe that they had been writ on the road, and sent back to the Duke: his grace dropped

in our conversation, with great dexterity, all the insinuations proper to confirm me in this opinion. I knew at this time his master was not gone; so that he gave me two very risible scenes, which are frequently to be met with when some people meddle in business; I mean that of seeing a man labor with a great deal of awkward artifice to make a secret of a nothing, and that of seeing yourself taken for a bubble when you know as much of the matter, as he who thinks that he imposes on you.

I cannot recollect precisely the terms of the two papers. I remember that the kingly laconic style of one of them, and the expression of having no further occasion for my service, made me smile. The other was an order to give up the papers in my office; all which might have been contained in a letter-case of a moderate size. I gave the Duke the seals, and some papers which I could readily come at. Some others, and indeed all such as I had not destroyed, I sent afterwards to the Chevalier: and I took care to convey to him, by a safe hand, several of his letters, which it would have been very improper the Duke should have seen. I am surprised that he did not reflect on the consequence of my obeying his order literally. It depended on me to have shown his general what an opinion the Chevalier had of his capacity. I scorned the trick; and would not appear piqued, when I was far from being angry. As I gave up, without scruple, all the papers which remained in my hands, because I was determined never to make use of them; so I confess to you, that I took a sort of pride in never asking for those of mine which were in the Pretender's hands: I contented myself with making the Duke understand how little need there was to get rid of a man in this manner, who had made the bargain which I had done at my engagement; and with taking this first opportunity to declare, that I would never more have to do with the Pretender, or his cause.

That I might avoid being questioned and quoted in the most curious and the most babbling town in the world, I related what had passed to three or four of my friends, and hardly stirred abroad, during a fortnight, out of a little lodging which very few people knew of. At the end of this term the Marshal of Berwick came to see me, and asked me what I meant, to confine myself to my chamber, when my name was trumpeted about in all the companies of Paris, and the most infamous stories were spread concerning me. This was the first notice I had, and it was soon

followed by others. I appeared immediately in the world, and found there was hardly a scurrilous tongue which had not been let loose on my subject; and that those persons, whom the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Mar must influence, or might influence, were the loudest in defaming me.

Particular instances wherein I had failed were cited; and, as it was the fashion for every Jacobite to affect being in the secret, you might have found a multitude of vouchers to facts, which, if they had been true, could in the nature of them be known to very few persons.

This method, of beating down the reputation of a man by noise and impudence, imposed on the world at first, convinced people who were not acquainted with me, and staggered even my friends. But it ceased in a few days to have any effect against me. The malice was too gross to pass upon reflection. These stories died away almost as fast as they were published, for this very reason, because they were particular.

(From *Letter to Sir W. Windham.*)

A RELIGION OF HYPOCRISY

EVERY one has an undoubted right to think freely: nay, it is the duty of every one to do so, as far as he has the necessary means and opportunities. This duty too is in no case so incumbent on him as in those that regard what I call the first philosophy. They who have neither means nor opportunities of this sort, must submit their opinions to authority; and to what authority can they resign themselves so properly, and so safely, as to that of the laws, and constitution of their country? In general, nothing can be more absurd than to take opinions of the greatest moment, and such as concern us the most intimately, on trust. But there is no help against it in many particular cases. Things the most absurd in speculation become necessary in practice. Such is the human constitution, and reason excuses them on the account of this necessity. Reason does even a little more; and it is all she can do. She gives the best direction possible to the absurdity. Thus she directs those, who must believe because they cannot know, to believe in the laws of their country, and conform their opinions and practice to those of their ancestors, to those of

Coruncanius, of Scipio, of Scaevola, not to those of Zeno, of Cleanthes, of Chrysippus.

But now the same reason that gives this discretion to such men as these, will give a very contrary direction to those who have the means and opportunities the others want. Far from advising them to submit to this mental bondage, she will advise them to employ their whole industry, to exert the utmost freedom of thought, and to rest on no authority but her's, that is, their own. She will speak to them in the language of the Soufys, a sect of philosophers in Persia, that travellers have mentioned. "Doubt," say these wise and honest freethinkers, "is the key of knowledge. He who never doubts, never examines. He who never examines, discovers nothing. He who discovers nothing, is blind, and will remain so. If you find no reason to doubt concerning the opinions of your fathers, keep to them, they will be sufficient for you. If you find any reason to doubt concerning them, seek the truth quietly, but take care not to disturb the minds of other men."

Let us proceed agreeably to these maxims. Let us seek truth, but seek it quietly as well as freely. Let us not imagine, like some who are called freethinkers, that every man, who can think and judge for himself, as he has a right to do, has therefore a right of speaking, any more than of acting according to the full freedom of his thoughts. The freedom belongs to him as a rational creature. He lies under the restraint as a member of society.

If the religion we profess contained nothing more than articles of faith, and points of doctrine clearly revealed to us in the Gospel, we might be obliged to renounce our natural freedom of thought in favour of this supernatural authority. But since it is notorious that a certain order of men, who call themselves the Church, have been employed to make and propagate a theological system of theirs, which they call Christianity, from the days of the Apostles, and even from these days inclusively; it is our duty to examine, and analyse the whole, that we may distinguish what is Divine from what is human; adhere to the first implicitly, and ascribe to the last no more authority than the word of man deserves.

Such an examination is the more necessary to be undertaken by every one who is concerned for the truth of his religion, and for the honour of Christianity, because the first preachers of it were

not, and they who preach it still are not agreed about many of the most important points of their system; because the controversies raised by these men have banished union, peace, and charity out of the Christian world; and because some parts of the system savour so much of superstition and enthusiasm, that all the prejudices of education, and the whole weight of civil and ecclesiastical power can hardly keep them in credit. These considerations deserve the more attention, because nothing can be more true, than what Plutarch said of old, and my Lord Bacon has said since; one, that superstition, and the other, that vain controversies are principal causes of atheism.

I neither expect nor desire to see any public revision made of the present system of Christianity. I should fear an attempt to alter the established religion as much as they who have the most bigot attachment to it, and for reasons as good as theirs, though not entirely the same. I speak only of the duty of every private man to examine for himself, which would have an immediate good effect relatively to himself, and might have in time a good effect relatively to the public, since it would dispose the minds of men to a greater indifference about theological disputes, which are the disgrace of Christianity, and have been the plagues of the world.

(From *Letter to Mr. Pope.*)

ALEXANDER POPE

[Alexander Pope was born in 1688 and died in 1744. He published essays in the *Guardian* in 1713, a *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry* in 1717; a *Preface* to the edition of Shakespeare which appeared in 1725; besides various satirical papers which were collected in the *Miscellanies* of himself and Swift, published in 1728. The so-called spurious *Correspondence* was published in 1735; the author's version appeared in 1737; to which a sequel was added in 1741. In 1742 he printed the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, the greater part of which, however, was the work of Arbuthnot, though the *Introduction* was written by Pope.]

POPE'S prose writings may be classified as essays, satirical miscellanies, and letters. In this arrangement his letters make much the largest part. He was the first Englishman who treated letter-writing as an art, and so far did he carry his practice, that those of his compositions, which might be expected to be most like conversation, are the very ones which show the clearest marks of study and reflection. The series of frauds which accompanied the publication of his correspondence in 1735 is now perfectly understood; but it is plain, both from the judgment of his friends and from his own confession, that, long before he thought of taking the public into his confidence, his letters were written for literary effect. "This letter," he writes to Swift, 28th November 1729, "like all mine, will be a rhapsody. It is many years ago since I wrote as a wit. How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determined to say nothing that one could not say prettily." "I find," says Swift, in answer to him, 26th February 1729-30, "you have been a writer of letters almost from your infancy; and by your own confession had schemes even then of epistolary fame." In fact to call anything that he ever wrote "a rhapsody," was a mere figure of speech. Whatever he produced, whether prose or verse, from the time when he began to "lisp in numbers" to the very last day of his life, was weighed, meditated, and corrected before it was submitted to the public,

or indeed even to his friends. A vein of fiction ran through his thoughts on all subjects. He was always on the watch for materials of composition within his daily experience. On one occasion he made the trivial domestic troubles of one of his female friends the basis of a romantic "elegy." On other occasions he treated actual scenes, persons, and incidents which came under his notice as subjects for epistolary romances. Of this kind are his letters to the Duke of Buckingham and Lady M. W. Montagu describing Stanton Harcourt; the letter about the hay-makers struck by lightning, copies of which were sent to Martha Blount, Fortescue, and Lord Bathurst; and the letter to the Earl of Burlington, describing a ride with Lintot to Oxford. Viewed as ideal compositions, the style of these letters, descriptive, humorous, or pathetic, is often admirable. But the charm of a letter is strongest when it may be supposed to afford a real image of the writer's mind, a real record of external things. "When I sit down to write a letter," says Swift, "I never lean upon my elbow until I finish it." Pope, on the contrary, never seems in his letters to be off his guard for a moment: we feel sure that he is always adding to the objects he professes to be painting from nature, the touches required to complete a literary effect.

It is noticeable also that he varies his style according to the ideal which he imagines to be present in the mind of his correspondent. To Cromwell he writes in a vein welcome, as he supposes, to one who had lived with the "wits" of the Restoration; corresponding with Lady M. W. Montagu, a woman of the highest fashion, he uses the style of gallantry invented by Voiture; but when he is discoursing with a simple country squire like Caryll, who, he knows, will not judge him severely, he reflects and moralises just as the humour takes him. His best letters are those in which the habit of composition is softened by natural affection, or checked by intellectual respect for his correspondent. What he wrote to Martha Blount, for example, as it was often dictated by his heart, is much better than the string of frigid conceits which he thought would be an acceptable offering to Lady M. W. Montagu; while his letters to Swift who, he was aware, could measure his genius as well as admire it, have much of the friendly confidence shown in his correspondence with Caryll, with less of cheap philosophy. Where circumstances favoured him he could write with admirable effect, as we see in his answer to Atterbury, who, after his father's death, had used persuasion with him to

join the Church of England. Occasionally too a letter wrung from him by personal suffering—like the one written, though not published, as a reply to the attack made on him by Lord Hervey —rises to such a height of grief or anger, as to open a view of his real nature. But, as a rule, the revelation of himself in his correspondence is rather a portrait of what he wished himself to be, and others to think him, than of what he actually was.

His essays and critical writings, in which he deals with matters external to himself, are perhaps more simple and natural in manner than his letters, but, as they for the most part follow in other men's footsteps, are less characteristic of his genius. His *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry* is in the style of the French critics: the *Preface to Shakespeare* shows traces of the study of Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy:* the papers in the *Guardian* are written in the manner of Addison. He is perhaps most successful in light *jeux d'esprit* such as the ironical paper in the *Guardian* in ridicule of Ambrose Phillips; the *Key to the Lock;* and the *Treatise on the Bathos;* but from this praise must be excepted the satires on Curll and Dennis, in which the poverty of the wit is no less conspicuous than the grossness of the personality.

On the whole it appears that the qualities which made Pope, in his own department, a great master of English verse, prevented him from reaching the first rank as a writer of English prose. He endeavoured to make the sentence, like the heroic couplet, the vehicle for a succession of points and epigrams. But this method is scarcely suitable to a form of literary expression, which, as it approaches the ordinary modes of unwritten speech, necessarily suffers if the artifice of its construction is allowed to appear. The best styles, like the best manners, are those which have most beauty *in* themselves, but attract least attention *to* themselves. Pope, when writing in prose, seldom succeeds in suppressing his self-consciousness so completely as to reach this standard. In his poems like the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, where he is, so to speak, dancing in chains, he moves with the perfection of artful ease; but in his essays, and still more in his letters, where he ought above all things to appear natural, familiar, and unaffected, he is unable to disguise the labour of the composer.

W. J. COURTHOPE.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

18th August 1716.

MADAM—I can say little to recommend the letters I am beginning to write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little less hideous, but you shall find it in all respects most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon anything I shall say from this instant, as a compliment either to you or to myself: whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour, and I know you will no more expect it of me to persevere till death, in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change after his picture was once drawn.

The freedom I shall use in this manner of thinking aloud (as somebody calls it), or talking upon paper, may indeed prove me a fool, but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in spite of all our art to keep it down, it is almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almost knavish to do it from those that are our friends. If Monius's project had taken, of having windows in our breasts, I should be for carrying it further, and making those windows casements: that while a man showed his heart to all the world, he might do something more for his friends, e'en take it out, and trust to their handling. I think I love you as well as King Herod could Herodias (though I never had so much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a dish as he did another's head.

But a particular reason to engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you

better. For I find, when others express their opinion of you, it falls very short of mine, and I am sure, at the same time, theirs is such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of correspondence with a person who had taught me so long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first sight, as to love: and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants everything else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a solitaire too! Books have lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy, and, since I heard you, that there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! It makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own. What is very strange, Virtue herself, when you have the dressing her, is too amiable for one's repose. What a world of good might you have done in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you to have but conversed with you! They would have been strangely caught, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair face, and you had bewitched them with reason and virtue; two beauties that the very fops pretend to have an acquaintance with.

The unhappy distance at which we correspond, removes a great many of those punctilious restrictions and decorums that oftentimes in nearer conversation prejudice truth to save good breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a blush on either side. We converse upon such unfortunate generous terms as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design in either of us. And methinks it would be as ungenerous a part to impose even in a single thought upon each other, in this state of separation, as for spirits of a different sphere, who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little (as some would make us think they do), in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin, then, madam, by asking you a question, which may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my life. In what manner did I behave the last hour

I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune, which I hope you never will feel; that of parting from what one most esteems? For if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never since pass by the house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, your behaviour in what I may call your last moments, and I indulge a gloomy kind of satisfaction in thinking you gave some of those last moments to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have in finding out the truth of people's sentiments, and that you were not unwilling the last man that would have parted with you should be the last that did. I really looked upon you then as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero in the instant he was devoting himself to glory, and running to be lost out of generosity, I was obliged to admire your resolution in as great a degree as I deplored it; and could only wish that heaven would reward so much merit as was to be taken from us, with all the felicity it could enjoy elsewhere. May that person for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world! I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future. May you continue to think him worthy of whatever you have done; may you ever look upon him with the eyes of a just lover, nay, if possible, with all the unreasonable happy fondness of an unexperienced one, surrounded with all the enchantments and ideas of romance and poetry! In a word, may you receive from him as many pleasures and gratifications as even I think you can give! I wish this from my heart, and while I examine what passes there in regard to you, I cannot but glory in my own heart, that it is capable of so much generosity. I am, with unalterable esteem and sincerity, madam, your most faithful obedient, humble servant.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT

7th September 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me. Every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I passed once a great deal of pleasant time in it, and another friend, who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twickenham, whenever I pass near my mother's room.

I have not yet writ to Mrs. ——. I think I should, but have nothing to say that will answer the character they consider me in, as a wit; besides, my eyes grow very bad (whatever is the cause of it), I will put them out for nobody but a friend; and, I protest, it brings tears into them almost to write to you, when I think of your state and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greatest pain I know, is to say things so very short of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life just enough to have little appetite left to make compliments, at best useless, and for the most part unfelt speeches. It is but in a very narrow circle that friendship walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than needs must; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite so many), that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of consequence: the rest, I believe, I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not beforehand with me.

Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all down hill; and one almost wishes the journey's end, provided we were sure but to lie down easy whenever the night should overtake us.

I dreamed all last night of ——. She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my spirits. I saw a very deserving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the same misfortune: and (with all his good breeding and sense) still bears a cloud and melancholy cast, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and conversation. I know another who, I believe, could promise, and easily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one must do one's best, not to be used by the world as that poor lady was by her sister; and not seem too good, for fear of being thought affected or whimsical.

It is a real truth, that to the last of my moments the thought

of you, and the best of my wishes for you, will attend you, told or untold.

I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself; whether before or after I leave you (the only way I ever shall leave you), you must determine; but reflect, that the first would make me, as well as yourself, happier; the latter could make you only so. Adieu.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER

20th November 1717.

MY LORD—I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie; I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature. *Genetrix est mihi*, and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis,

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one. At least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness than I am of any speculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For she, my lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other, and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure; for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity. Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows; this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such

an one the part of joining with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to renounce the other.

Your lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, for I loved reading, and my father had no other books; there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the réign of King James the Second. I wormed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And, after all, I verily believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day, and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the temporal side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, be on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I began my life where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition. I do not know why it is called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather stooping than climbing. I will tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered; and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever He does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest

sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England; which God of his mercy grant his present majesty may be, and all future majesties. You see, my lord, I end like a preacher; that is, *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever your, etc.

TO SWIFT

25th March, 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, viz.—1. Of the extent and limit of human reason and science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the un-useful and therefore unattainable arts. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and use of different capacities. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world and of wit. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished; I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry; the flowers are gone when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate, under our heaven of a court, is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by

them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead; for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you were eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had despatched yours, for mine must have reached you there. I wondered a little at your *quære* who Cheselden was? It shows that the truest merit does not travel any way as on the wings of poetry. He is the most noted and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery, and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone. I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord Bolingbroke's, since he went to France. Nothing can depress his genius. Whatever befals him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. Here are a race sprung up of young patriots who would animate you. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home. The kind and hearty housewife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! Yet my house is enlarged and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have good melons and pine apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener as I am a worse poet, than when you saw me; but gardening is near akin to philosophy, for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*. For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have too much grace and wit to be a bishop) e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done everything else), so quit the place, and live and die with me! And let *Tales animæ concordes* be our motto and our epitaph.

TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON

1716.

MY LORD—If your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprising Mr Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to your lordship's mare, overtook me in Windsor forest. He said he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered that he got it of his publisher: "For that rogue my printer (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in a good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassee of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cocksure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. Bentley, and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.

"So in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me: he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very fair in his catechise: if you have any more bags, he shall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner: "Now damn them! what if they should put into the newspapers, how you and I went together to Oxford? What would I care? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob."

Thereupon I inquired of his son. "The lad (says he) has fine

parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are. I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? most of the late ministry came out of it, so did many of this ministry. I hope the boy will make his fortune."

Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? "To what purpose? (said he) the universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude; "Nothing (says he), I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods." When we were alighted: "See here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at leisure hours?" Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a sound trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, "Well, sir, how far have you gone?" I answered, Seven miles. "Z—ds, sir," said Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbledon-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth (though I lost by his Timothy's), he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak: and there is Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's pound, shall make you half a job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (said I), now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir (replied he), they are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe. I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, Oh, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure of these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings a sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their writings corrected by whom I please; so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my

judgment giving the negative to all my translators." But how are you secure those correctors may not all impose upon you? "Why, I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

"I'll tell you what happened to me last month. I bargained with S. for a new version of Lucretius to publish against Tonson's, agreeing to pay the author so many shillings on his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation and found it the same word for word, all but the first page. Now, what do you think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay too, upon this proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you dealt with the critics? "Sir," said he, "nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones for a sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which costs me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the town. As for the poorer critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess the rest: a lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and pished at every line of it: One would wonder (says he) at the strange presumption of some men: Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier—— He was going on, when my wife called to dinner. Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot, said he, I am sorry you should be at the expense of this great book, I am really concerned on your account—— Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding—— Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning—— Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in. My critic complies; he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath that the book is commendable and the pudding excellent."

"Now, sir (continued Mr. Lintot), in return to the frankness I have shown, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at Court that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my lord being one I had particular obligations to. "That may be," replied Mr. Lintot, "but by G—d, if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial."

These, my lord, are a few traits by which you discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropped him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton, at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equalled when I meet your lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from my horse at your feet.—I am, etc.

SHAKESPEARE

IT is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author, though to do it effectually and not superficially would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets Shakespeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not; a design which, though it can be no guide to future critics to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot, however, but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramatic writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an original, it was Shakespeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed; he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her as that she speaks through him.

His characters are so much Nature herself, that 'tis a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual as those in life itself; it is impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character we must add the wonderful preservation of it, which is such throughout his plays, that, had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The power over our passions was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so many different instances. Yet all along there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it; but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places. We are surprised the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing it is, again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the great, than of the ridiculous in human nature; of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions; in the coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His sentiments are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on

which the bent of every argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be born, as well as the poet.

It must be owned that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlightened a mind should ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that stage poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to please the populace, and its success more immediately depending on the common suffrage. One cannot therefore wonder if Shakespeare, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies, have their scene amongst tradesmen and mechanics; and even their historical plays strictly follow the common old stories or vulgar traditions of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was so sure to surprise and cause admiration as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural events and incidents: the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In comedy, nothing was so sure to please as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject; his genius in these low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; 'till Ben Jonson, getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue. And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and, indeed, almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the Grex, Chorus, etc., to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakespeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the people, and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the best models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect that he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our author being a player, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration

which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is right, as tailors are of what is graceful. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespeare that he scarce ever blotted a line. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences—as to the comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ, the *History of Henry VI.*, which was first published under the title of the *Contention of York and Lancaster;* and that of *Henry V.*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet*, enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This, too, might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For, 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly defects, but superfœtations; and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, etc., if these are not to be ascribed to the aforesaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company), if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

(From *Preface to Shakespeare.*)

DEDICATIONS

It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst
It goes for nothing when 't is said,
Only the arrow's drawn to the head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at ; so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep.—HUDIBRAS.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word Custom ; yet there are some which, as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of dedications, which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned ; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving. Nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise, or vizor-mask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason that because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. 'Tis just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services : as they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a sign-post ; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this

point, but the patron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dauber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking must of necessity, at once, think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few dedications but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons? I have known a hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me, but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were being worked off. It is observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that here (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her kneeling adorations, I am far from censuring the expression, as some critics would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours; so it is certain none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are nowhere else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those Gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows:—

". . . Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your grace with so poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first fruits was to heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were honoured with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a divine command, . . . upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate . . . It is impossible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. . . . The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And we adore and bless the glorious work!"

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious dedication, could not but convince the duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the critics, which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial; that is, when the most

sacred phrases appropriated to the honour of the Deity are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a new kind of dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either prose or verse, that has been, is, or shall be published, and might run in this manner:—

THE AUTHOR TO HIMSELF

Most honoured Sir,

These labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you: first, as it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public: Then, as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shown to all that is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there is none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts which it is possible few beside yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric. But since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing so much I desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but till then can only assure you that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive, dearest Sir, your affectionate Friend, and the greatest of your Admirers.

(From *The Guardian*, 16th March 1713.)

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

[Mary Pierrepont was born in Covent Garden, London, in the spring of the year 1689. Her parents were the Hon. Evelyn Pierrepont, who in 1690 succeeded as Earl of Kingston, and afterwards became Marquis of Dorchester and Duke of Kingston, and his first wife, Lady Mary, a daughter of William, third Earl of Denbigh. Though practically self-educated, she was at an early age celebrated for her acquirements and love of learning. When fourteen years old she attracted the attention of Mr. Edward Wortley, the eldest son of a gentleman of fortune, Mr. Sidney Wortley Montagu. A correspondence long carried on between them led to an offer of marriage and, differences as to settlements having arisen, to a clandestine marriage (in the latter part of August 1712), followed shortly afterwards by an elopement. Early in 1716 Mr. Wortley was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and started for Constantinople from Vienna in January 1717 accompanied by his wife and infant son. They returned to England in August of the following year.

In 1739 Lady Mary left England for the Continent, and never returned to England during her husband's lifetime; nor did he visit her on either of the two occasions of his going abroad. As they continued to correspond in terms of mutual confidence and regard, her reasons for going and remaining abroad are matter of conjecture only. She resided chiefly at Lovere, but also stayed much at Venice, where, in 1761, she received the news of her husband's death. She at once left for England, where she arrived in January 1762, and where she died on the 21st August following, at her house in George Street, Hanover Square.]

"I NEVER studied anything in my life, and have always (at least from fifteen) thought the reputation of learning a misfortune to a woman." Thus wrote, when seventy years of age and beyond a temptation against which even the cleverest women are not always proof,—the temptation of saying a thing for the sake of saying it,—the "Lady Mary" whom now as then it is impossible to designate by any longer assortment of names. The remark was true in the main, but at the same time (if it is permissible to use one of those French phrases, to which she so much objected in the style of Lord Bolingbroke) *tant soit peu* rash. As for the depth of her studies, that is of course a relative affair; in her young days

blue stockings proper had not yet been invented; and, with all her effervescence, she was far too much of a lady (indeed, of a grand lady) to give herself airs. But she certainly was at the pains of corroborating the report that as a child she had laboriously taught herself Latin during a long succession of solitary days spent in her father's library, where she was supposed to have merely gratified an early love for novels and romances which grew into a lifelong passion. To be sure, she never attained to a real command over any language but her own; although that is something, and a something not always achieved by a strictly vernacular discipline. But she at all events entered into the spirit of more than one foreign tongue; she understood Italian, and wrote it as well as Horace Walpole; she composed very passably in French, although she may have been perhaps a trifle bold in essaying a commentary in his own idiom on one of the maxims of La Rochefoucauld; she showed something more than the mere traveller's enthusiasm when gazing upon the Troad and the ruins of Carthage; and who, except Sir William Jones, ever attempted to control her translations from Turkish erotic poetry? These literary excursions in point of fact gave a sort of catholicity to her taste in verse, which was facile in itself and flexible to the liberal notions of an age less rigorous in its canons than we are sometimes given to understand in literary handbooks. If she could imitate, as well as parody Pope, she was even more successful in the vein of Gay, and had, I fear, some inclination towards the style of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. In prose, which she mostly wrote with the object of pleasing others and always with that of amusing herself, she is hardly ever anything but original and delightful.

It is, I fear, matter of fact that Lady Mary suffered through life from her reputation for learning and letters; however much she might protest against the impeachment. It was not her fault that as a young girl she attracted by her talents as well as by her charms the admiration of Mr. Edward Wortley, whose methods of conduct whether as a lover or as a husband need not here be discussed. After her marriage she might possibly have acquiesced in the inevitable, and have contented herself with the rather trying lot of remaining the sympathetic wife of a very superior man. Her excellent sketch entitled an *Account of the Court of George the First at his Accession* is thought to have been put together at a later date than her husband's companion

notes *On the State of affairs when the King entered;* if so, there was obviously a time when she could refrain from the use of her standish even when her powers of observation were as keen as ever. But to persons born for prose composition self-restraint is one thing, and a heaven-sent opportunity is another. Such an opportunity was to Lady Mary her husband's mission to Constantinople, which enabled him to render himself useful, and her to make herself famous.

It is true that the *Travels of an English Lady in Europe, Asia, and Africa*, were not published till after Lady Mary's death (in 1763), under circumstances in some measure mysterious, and that an additional volume published four years later was in all probability spurious. It has, moreover, been demonstrated with tolerable certainty that the letters comprised in the *Travels* were not those originally written by Lady Mary from the East, but portions of her *Diary* afterwards distributed by her among her former actual or probable correspondents. Yet there cannot be any doubt but that during the embassy she wrote many letters in a vein entirely her own to divers private friends, and that these were, like Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, handed about among them with a curiosity of which it is difficult to conceive in days when social as well as political celebrities convey their first impressions of distant countries through the medium of the daily press. Lady Mary's Turkish letters (for we may fairly designate the whole series by the most novel and most characteristic portion of it) unmistakeably possess the irresistible charm of first impressions; nor are their merits exhausted by this particular kind of directness. She compared manners, and that which lies at the root of manners, with a pointed simplicity such as philosophers and historians frequently neglect to their cost, and after which mere masters of style, including Prosper Mérimée himself, sometimes toil in vain. She furthermore possessed the power of telling a short story, introduced in the way of illustration with a terse distinctness worthy of the highest praise; while, within the limits of the range of her imagination, her descriptions were invariably both lively and lucid. I have attempted, in the extracts given below from this famous series of *Letters*, to furnish an example of the use which she made of her gifts in both directions.

What has more recently been published of her correspondence during her later years, comprises a large variety of letters written by her at home or abroad, chiefly addressed to her daughter Lady

Bute, and referring partly to the fashionable gossip of her day (which she liked *high* in more senses than one); partly to the foreign scenes in town and country amidst which she spent the last twenty years of her life, and partly to literature—in the main no doubt, to the literature of contemporary prose fiction, for which she could not be expected to have a more than half-deprecatory sympathy. But with whatever subjects her letters deal, they must be allowed to be equal to the reputation which the most famous series of them had achieved for her as a traveller, a woman of the world and a woman of letters, and a writer of most pungent and exhilarating prose. It is not difficult to understand why she should have been so successful as a diarist and letter-writer, for her few set essays are of small account. She was, to begin with, a woman of genuine wit, in any of the two-score or so of senses in which that term has been defined or understood. How this wit was capable of taking a personal turn, hardly requires exemplification, even if it be a mere tradition that has credited her with dividing mankind, in a moment of candour towards the most faithful of her friends, into "men, women, and Herveys." The suggestion which she threw out to Spence of a septennial bill for married couples was a signally felicitous application of a topic of the times. Her casual apophthegm, in one of her juvenile letters to her philosophical suitor, that "general notions are generally wrong," is to my mind not less apposite and equally irresistible. But her wit (when she was not writing fashionable ballads) was under the restraint of good breeding, and even, though this may not seem proved by an admirable passage in which she stigmatises the smartness of irreverence, under the influence of good feeling. Her critical powers were excellent, although in her youth they may have been affected by her (Whig) political bias, and in her later days by her personal resentment of the "horrible malice," with which she had been stung by the "wicked wasp of Twickenham," and of the persistence with which she had been assaulted by other assailants only less cruel than her *ci-devant* pretended adorer. She saw through literary shams, such as Bolingbroke; she was wide awake to the weaknesses of Richardson, though as ready as any of his own female friends to cry over his *Clarissa;* and she appreciated the genius of such unfashionable candidates for literary fame as her kinsman Fielding and his rival Smollett. No doubt, she would have been more perfect as a critic, had her natural sympathies been less restricted; had she understood

the force of emotion, as represented by poor Madame de Guyon, and the strength of absolute naturalness, as exhibited by her own counterpart, Madame de Sévigné. Yet the last, and crowning element in her own genius, and therefore in her own style, was her truthfulness to herself, to her foibles and to her convictions. She was one of those born to talk, with tongue or with pen; and never did her self-knowledge boil over so uncontrollably as when accident led her to study, and of course to comment on, the system of *La Trappe*. She had seen too much, and knew too much, to be *naive;* but though she could philosophise very reasonably and very effectively on the training and disciplining of the mind, she was not afraid of betraying the contradictions in her own nature. This frankness of feeling, to which her gay but not dishevelled spontaneity of utterance corresponded, makes her always good company; it is only in her earliest letters that there linger traces of the affectation rarely absent altogether from the writings of the young. The humour of her Turkish and later letters has a true ring. And, although few women (whether literary or other) have suffered more than she suffered, in part, may be, through the vivacity of her own temper and the freedom of her own pen,—she had a brave heart; and her high spirit, like all qualities which are of rarer growth, faithfully reflects itself in the current of her style.

Unlucky as she was in many things, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is at least to be deemed fortunate in the editor of her literary remains, her great-grandson Lord Wharncliffe, whose original edition of her letters and works appeared in 1837. The introductory anecdotes contributed by her granddaughter Lady Louisa Stuart are excellent reading; and nothing could be more discriminating or fair than the memoir by W. May Thomas, added to the third edition in 1861, together with many fresh notes.

A. W. WARD.

IDEALS

'Tis no affectation to say I despise the pleasure of pleasing people that I despise: all the fine equipages that shine in the ring never gave me another thought, than either pity or contempt for the owners, that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers. Nothing touches me with satisfaction but what touches my heart; and I should find more pleasure in the secret joy I should feel at a kind expression from a friend I esteemed, than at the admiration of a whole playhouse, or the envy of those of my own sex, who could not attain to the same number of jewels, fine clothes, etc., supposing I was at the very top of this sort of happiness.

You may be this friend if you please: did you really esteem me, had you any tender regard for me, I could, I think, pass my life in any station happier with you than in all the grandeur of life with any other. You have some humours that would be disagreeable to any woman that married with an intention of finding her happiness abroad. That is not my resolution. If I marry, I propose to myself a retirement; there is few of my acquaintance I should ever wish to see again; and the pleasing one, and only one, is the way I design to please myself. Happiness is the natural design of all the world; and everything we see done, is meant in order to attain it. My imagination places it in friendship, by friendship I mean an entire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasures, being undivided; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one or another happy, without being forced to run into visits, noise and hurry, which serve rather to trouble than compose the thoughts of any reasonable creature. There are few capable of a friendship such as I have described, and 'tis necessary for the generality of the world to be taken up with trifles. Carry a fine

lady and a fine gentleman out of town, and they know no more what to say. To take from them plays, operas, and fashions, is taking away all their topics of discourse; and they know not how to form their thoughts on any other subjects. They know very well what it is to be admired, but are perfectly ignorant of what it is to be loved. I take you to have sense enough not to think this scheme romantic; I rather choose to use the word friendship than love; because in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason; and when I say friendship, I mean a mixture of tenderness and esteem, and which a long acquaintance increases, not decays: how far I deserve such a friendship, I can be no judge of myself. I may want the good sense that is necessary to be agreeable to a man of merit, but I know I want the vanity to believe I have; and can promise you shall never like me less upon knowing me better; and that I shall never forget you have a better understanding than myself.

And now let me entreat you to think (if possible) tolerably of my modesty, after so bold a declaration. I am resolved to throw off reserve, and use me ill if you please. I am sensible, to own an inclination for a man is putting one's self wholly in his power: but sure you have generosity enough not to abuse it. After all I have said, I pretend no tie but on your heart. If you do not love me, I shall not be happy with you; if you do, I need add no further. I am not mercenary, and would not receive an obligation that comes not from one that loves me.

I do not desire my letter back again: you have honour, and I dare trust you.

(*Letter to Mr. Wortley Montagu.*)

THE FAIR FATIMA

ALL things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devote and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I

next entered a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. Jessamines and honeysuckles twisted round their trunks, shedding a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water on the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sort of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls, the eldest about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything. I have seen all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany, and I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand upon her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given to me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new charm.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face perfectly regular would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face, and to that, a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am per-

suaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a caftán of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to advantage the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, green and silver, her slippers white, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, but I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For me, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, whilst the others danced by turns. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of the English music from the bladder and string, and marrow-bones and cleavers. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is

very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other rich scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest Japan china, with soucoupes of silver gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this time in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél Sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and give the others to my woman and interpreters. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help fancying I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much I was charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you.

(*Letter to the Countess of Mar.*)

THE ARNAÖUT RELIGION

BUT of all the religions I have seen, the Arnaöut seem to me the most particular. They are natives of Arnaoutlich, the ancient Macedonia, and still retain something of the courage and hardiness, though they have lost the name, of Macedonians, being the best militia in the Turkish empire, and the only check upon the janissaries. They are foot soldiers; we had a guard of them, relieved in every considerable town we passed; they are all clothed and armed at their own expense, generally lusty young fellows dressed in clean white coarse cloth, carrying guns of a prodigious length, which they run with on their shoulders as if they did not feel the weight of them, the leader singing a sort of rude tune, not unpleasant, and the rest making up the chorus. These people living between Christians and Mahometans, and not being skilled in controversy, declare that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is best; but to be certain of not entirely rejecting the truth, they very prudently follow both, and go to the mosques on Fridays and the church on Sundays, saying

for their excuse, that at the day of judgment they are sure of protection from the true prophet, but which that is, they are not able to determine in this world. I believe there is no other race of mankind have so modest an opinion of their own capacity.

(*Letter to the Abbé Conti.*)

SELF-RESTRAINT

PEOPLE commonly educate their children as they build their houses, according to some plan they think beautiful, without considering whether it is suited to the purposes for which they are designed. Almost all girls of quality are educated as if they were to be great ladies, which is often as little to be expected, as an immoderate heat of the sun in the north of Scotland. You should teach yours to confine their desires to probabilities, to be as useful as is possible to themselves, and to think privacy (as it is) the happiest state of life. I do not doubt your giving them all the instructions necessary to form them to a virtuous life; but 'tis a fatal mistake to do this without proper restrictions. Vices are often hid under the name of virtues, and the practice of them followed by the worst of consequences. Sincerity, friendship, piety, disinterestedness, and generosity are all great virtues; but, pursued without discretion become criminal. I have seen ladies indulge their own ill humour by being very rude and impertinent, and think they deserved approbation by saying I love to speak truth. One of your acquaintance made a ball the day after her mother died, to show she was sincere. I believe your own reflection will furnish you with but too many examples of the ill effects of the rest of the sentiments I have mentioned, when too warmly embraced. They are generally recommended to young people without limits or distinction, and this prejudice hurries them into great misfortunes, while they are applauding themselves in the noble practice (as they fancy) of very eminent virtues.

(*Letter to the Countess of Bute.*)

AMONG THE ITALIAN LAKES

I HAVE been persuaded to go to a palace near Salo, situate on the vast lake of Gardia, and do not repent my pains since my arrival, though I have passed a very bad road to it. It is indeed, take it altogether, the finest place I ever saw; the king of France has nothing so fine, nor can have in his situation. It is large enough to entertain all his court, and much larger than the royal palace of Naples, or any of those of Germany or England. It was built by the great Cosmo, Duke of Florence, where he passed many months, for several years, on the account of his health, the air being esteemed one of the best in Italy. All the offices and conveniences are suitably magnificent; but that is nothing to the beauties without doors. It is seated in that part of the lake which forms an amphitheatre, at the foot of a mountain three miles high, covered with a wood of orange, lemon, citron, and pomegranate trees, which is all cut into walks, and divided into terraces, that you may go into a several garden from every floor in the house, diversified with fountains, cascades, and statues, and joined by easy marble staircases, which lead from one to another. There are many covered walks, where you are secure from the sun in the hottest part of the day, by the shade of the orange trees, which are so loaded with fruit you can hardly have any notion of their beauty without seeing them; they are as large as lime trees in England. You will think I say a great deal; turn to the fairy tales to give you any idea of the real charms of this enchanting palace, for so it may justly be called. The variety of the prospects, the natural beauties, and the improvements by art, where no cost has been spared to perfect it, render it the most complete habitation I know in Europe. While the poor present master of it (to whose ancestor the Grand Duke presented it, having built it on his land), having spent a noble estate by gaming and other extravagance, would be glad to let it for a trifle, and is not rich enough to live in it. Most of the fine furniture is sold; there remains only a few of the many good pictures that adorned it, and such goods as were not easily to be transported, or for which he found no chapman. I have said nothing to you of the magnificent bath, embellished with statues, or the fish ponds, the chief of which is in the midst of the garden to which I go from my apartment on the first floor. It is circled by a marble baluster, and supplied by

water from a cascade that proceeds from the mouth of a whale on which Neptune is mounted, surrounded with reeds; on each side of him are Tritons, which, from their shells, pour out streams that augment the pond. Higher on the hill are three colossal statues of Venus, Hercules, and Apollo. The water is so clear, you see the numerous fish that inhabit it, and it is a great pleasure to me to throw them bread, which they come to the surface to eat with great greediness. I pass by many other fountains, not to make my description too tedious. You will wonder, perhaps, never to have heard any mention of this paradise either from our English travellers, or in any of the printed accounts of Italy; it is as much unknown to them as if it was guarded by a flaming cherubin.

(From *Letter to the Countess of Bute.*)

AS PROUD AS THE MARCHIONESS LYSCINNIA

A LATE adventure here makes a great noise from the rank of the people concerned; the Marchioness Lyscinnia Bentivoglio, who was heiress of one branch of the Mortinenghi, and brought forty thousand gold sequins to her husband, and the expectation of her father's estate, three thousand pounds per annum, the most magnificent palace in Brescia (finer than any in London), another in the country, and many other advantages of woods, plate, jewels, etc. The Cardinal Bentivoglio, his uncle, thought he could not choose better, though his nephew might certainly have chosen from among all the Italian ladies, being descended from the sovereigns of Bologna, actually a grandee of Spain, a noble Venetian, and in possession of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling per annum, with immense wealth in palaces, furniture, and absolute dominion in some of his lands. The girl was pretty, and the match was with the satisfaction of both families: but she brought with her such a diabolical temper, and such Luciferan pride, that neither husband, relations, or servants, had ever a moment's peace with her. After about eight years' warfare she eloped one fair morning and took refuge in Venice, leaving her two daughters, the eldest scarce six years old, to the care of the exasperated marquis. Her father was so angry at her extravagant conduct, he would not, for some time, receive her into his house, but after some months, and much solicitation, parental

fondness prevailed, and she remained with him ever since, notwithstanding all the efforts of her husband, who tried kindness, submission, and threats, to no purpose. The cardinal came twice to Brescia, her own father joined his entreaties, nay, His Holiness wrote a letter with his own hand, and made use of the Church authority, but he found it harder to reduce one woman than ten heretics. She was inflexible, and lived ten years in this state of reprobation. Her father died last winter, and left her his whole estate for her life, and afterwards to her children. Her eldest was now marriageable, and disposed of to the nephew of Cardinal Valentino Gonzagua, first minister at Rome. She would neither appear at the wedding, nor take the least notice of a dutiful letter sent by the bride. The old cardinal (who was passionately fond of his illustrious name) was so much touched with the apparent extinction of it, that it was thought to have hastened his death. She continued in the enjoyment of her ill-humour, living in great splendour, though almost solitary, having, by some impertinence or other, disgusted all her acquaintance, till about a month ago, when her woman brought her a basin of broth, which she usually drank in her bed. She took a few spoonfuls of it, and then cried out it was so bad it was impossible to endure it. Her chambermaids were so used to hear her exclamations they had not the worse opinion of it, and eat it up very comfortably; they were both seized with the same pangs, and died the next day. She sent for physicians, who judged her poisoned; but as she had taken a small quantity, by the help of antidotes she recovered, yet is still in a languishing condition. Her cook was examined, and racked, always protesting entire innocence, and swearing he had made the soup in the same manner he was accustomed. You may imagine the noise of this affair. She loudly accused her husband, it being the interest of no other person to wish her out of the world. He resides at Ferrara (about which the greater part of his lands lie), and was soon informed of this accident. He sent doctors to her, whom she would not see, sent vast alms to all the convents to pray for her health, and ordered a number of masses to be said in every church of Brescia and Ferrara. He sent letters to the senate at Venice, and published manifestoes in all the capital cities in which he professes his affection to her, and abhorrence of any attempt against her, and has a cloud of witnesses that he never gave her the least reason of complaint, and even since her leaving

him has always spoke of her with kindness, and courted her return. He is said to be remarkably sweet tempered, and has the best character of any man of quality in this country. If the death of her women did not seem to confirm it, her accusation would gain credit with nobody. She is certainly very sincere in it herself, being so persuaded he has resolved her death, that she dare not take the air, apprehending to be assassinated, and has imprisoned herself in her chamber, where she will neither eat nor drink anything that she does not see tasted by all her servants. The physicians now say that perhaps the poison might fall into the broth accidentally; I confess I do not perceive the possibility of it. As to the cook suffering the rack, that is a mere jest where people have money enough to bribe the executioner. I decide nothing; but such is the present destiny of a lady, who would have been one of Richardson's heroines, having never been suspected of the least gallantry; of a most noble spirit, it being proverbial, "As proud as the Marchioness Lyscinnia."

(From *Letter to the Countess of Bute.*)

JOHN, LORD HERVEY

[John Hervey was the eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol (of this family) and his second wife, Elizabeth Felton, and was born on the 15th of October, 1696. By the death of his half-brother Carr, he succeeded to the courtesy title of Baron Hervey of Ickworth in 1723. He was educated at Westminster and Clare Hall, Cambridge, taking his M.A. degree in 1715. He was returned to the House of Commons in 1725, and in 1733 was called to the House of Lords by the Barony of Ickworth. He was a partizan and a prominent member of the Court of George II., when the latter was Prince of Wales, and was of course in opposition to Walpole; on the death of George I., and the reconciliation of that minister to George II. he became the adherent of Walpole, and was given the office of Vice-Chamberlain. From this time to the death of Queen Caroline he occupied the position of continual adviser and friend of the Queen, and of intermediary between her and the minister, and attained to an indirect influence in the government of the country of very considerable extent, enforcing his views in Parliament with cogency and effect. She died in 1737, and his influence, combated by his old enemy the Duke of Newcastle, rapidly waned, shone for a while in opposition, when Walpole had resigned, and was extinguished on the 5th of August 1743, when his thoroughly undermined constitution gave way, and he died in the forty-seventh year of his age. He was the author of a number of political pamphlets, and of verses chiefly political and satirical, and his *Memoirs* are amongst the principal authorities for the early years of George II. Three incidents of his career may be added to a summary, his marriage with "the beautiful Molly Lepell," famous in ballad, his duel with Pulteney, and his quarrel with Pope. His *Memoirs* have no pretence to impartiality; they are minutely scandalous and the only edition of them (that of John Wilson Croker, published in 1848 and republished in 1884), is an expurgated one.]

LORD HERVEY'S prose is the prose of an intellectual man of affairs, whose first concern was to make his points effectively, whose second was to express himself as an educated man and a scholar. He had good living models of recent date to his hand. But though an extremely careful, and a tolerably pure writer (in a linguistic sense), he is mostly ineffective, for he lacked a sense of rhythm and he lacked restraint. Lady Mary Wortley, his constant and intimate friend, divided the human race into "men,

women, and Herveys," and no worthy critic could deny him individuality, wit, a mordant sort of humour, and a delicate intuition into character. His matter is therefore attractive and interesting, and to elaborate a foregoing remark to perfect accuracy, one must say he is intellectually effective, æsthetically not so. His sentences are nearly always long, and not seldom cumbrous; he is diffuse and tautologous. In Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, which contains a venomous attack on Hervey, under the infamous name of Sporus, amid much abominable exaggeration, there is a sentence—"His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*"—which, if we modify the "all," is excellent criticism. Antitheses in Hervey are innumerable and tedious. He likes to contrast two characters and to say "while A. was this B. was that," *ad infinitum*, or to say of such an one that he "was this without that, so-and-so without such and such a quality," and so forth. One may fancy he took the trick from Tacitus, whom he evidently knew well and frequently quotes. He is at his best as a writer when he has to describe some dramatic scene; he can then be terse and vivid, but only to lapse after a few good sentences into his customary mode. His place in a descriptive history of English prose is due to the fact that his writing represents what the English of his time was in the hands of a cultivated man, undistinguished as a master of writing.

G. S. STREET.

THE CHARACTER OF BOLINGBROKE

As to Lord Bolingbroke's general character, it was so mixed that he had certainly some qualifications that the greatest men might be proud of, and many which the worst would be ashamed of: he had fine talents, a natural eloquence, great quickness, a happy memory, and very extensive knowledge; but he was vain, much beyond the general run of mankind, timid, false, injudicious, and ungrateful; elate and insolent in power, dejected and servile in disgrace: few people ever believed him without being deceived, or trusted him without being betrayed: he was one to whom prosperity was no advantage, and adversity no instruction: he had brought his affairs to that pass that he was almost as much distressed in his private fortune as desperate in his political views, and was upon such a foot in the world that no king would employ him, no party support him, and few particulars defend him; his enmity was the contempt of those he attacked, and his friendship a weight and reproach to those he adhered to. Those who were most partial to him could not but allow that he was ambitious without fortitude, and enterprising without resolution; that he was fawning without insinuation, and insincere without art; that he had admirers without friendship, and followers without attachment; parts without probity, knowledge without conduct, and experience without judgment. This was certainly his character and situation; but since it is the opinion of the wise, the speculative, and the learned, that most men are born with the same propensities, actuated by the same passions, and conducted by the same original principles, and differing only in the manner of pursuing the same ends, I shall not so far chime in with the bulk of Lord Bolingbroke's contemporaries as to pronounce he had more failings than any man ever had; but it is impossible to see all that is written, and hear all that is said of him, and not

allow that if he had not a worse heart than the rest of mankind, at least he must have had much worse luck.

(From *Memoirs of Reign of George II.*)

THE DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE

ABOUT ten o'clock on Sunday night—the king being in bed and asleep on the floor at the foot of the Queen's bed, and the Princess Emily in a couch-bed in a corner of the room—the Queen began to rattle in the throat; and, Mrs. Purcel giving the alarm that she was expiring, all in the room started up. Princess Caroline was sent for, and Lord Harvey, but before the last arrived the Queen was just dead. All she said before she died was "I have now got an asthma. Open the window." Then she said "Pray." Upon which the Princess Emily began to read some prayers, of which she scarce repeated ten words before the Queen expired. The Princess Caroline held a looking-glass to her lips, and finding there was not the least damp upon it, cried, "'Tis over!" and said not one word more, nor shed as yet one tear, on the arrival of a misfortune the dread of which had cost her so many.

(From the Same.)

NOTES

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15. *ut suscipiatur propter*, etc That it be undertaken on account of some one end.

17. *Celador.* The name used by Evelyn for his opponent, Sir George Mackenzie.

21. *Aspectable* = open to the view.

22. *hydro-and hygro-statics.* The sciences that deal with the comparative weights of water and of moisture.

23. *Erisichthon*, who, having cut down the grove of Ceres, was done to death by frenzied hunger in the midst of plenty (Ovid, *Metam* Bk. viii.)

Dodonean oracle. The sacred oracle of Zeus, where the responses were uttered from groves of oak.

Illa procul radicibus, etc Far spreading, it falls prone, torn up by the roots, breaking on all sides all it meets with in its fall.

24. *Nepotibus umbram.* A shade to generations yet to be.

the graff = the moat.

25. *voragos* = yawning chasms.

surbated = bruised and blistered.

37. *omne et omnimodum suum ingenium*, etc. The virtue that appertains to himself, in all its completeness and variety, temporal as well as spiritual,

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106. *Servare modum, finemque tueri*, etc To preserve due measure, and keep in view the end, and follow nature.

151. *Vos exemplaria Græca*, etc. Do you turn ever in your hands by day, and in your hands by night, the models of the Greeks.

152. *Clenches* = catches, plays on words.

quantum lenta solent, etc As the cypresses are wont to do amongst the pliant brushwood.

160 *pasquined* = turned to ridicule.

162 *ab abusu ad usum*, etc. From the abuse to the use—that is no fair argument.

Demetri, teque, Tegelli, etc. Demetrius, and you, Tigellius, I bid go howl amongst your pupil's benches (Horace).

166. *Cynthius aurem*, etc. Apollo has plucked me by the ear, and given me a word of warning.

172. *munite* = guard (from *munire*).

174. *his own geny. Geny* is *ingenium*, nature or bent.

200. *opiniatrety* = obstinacy.

214. *tympany* = a drum or bladder filled with air.

223. *hoyman* = a sailor on a *hoy*, or trading sloop.

235. εὕρηκα = "I have found it"—a casual lighting on the truth.

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251. *cosmopœia* = creation of the world.

259. *Fuerunt illis vera et germana*, etc. They had names true and fitting, justly suited to the natures of the things.

264. *leafing* = turning over their leaves.

265. *queasy* = dainty, fastidious.

271. *disgust* = lose the taste for.

369. *a king of clouts* = a king of rags and patchwork.

398. *hell* was the space below him, into which the tailor flung the discarded fragments of cloth.

402. *Cacus*—dragged from his den by Hercules, whose cattle he had stolen.
Stymphalian birds. Destructive birds of Arcadia, destroyed by Hercules.

412. *Margarita, Mrs. Tofts, Valentini*, operatic singers of the day.

413. *string of those weeds* = a fibre or sucker of these weeds.

414 *Wood* was the ironware man, who had obtained a patent for copper coinage in Ireland

450. *Nihilo plus agas*, etc. You would do no more than if you were to spend your labour, with the object of being mad on rational principles.

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461. *Quæ sunt ampla et pulchra*, etc. Things that are majestic and beautiful can long please; but things that are spruce and neat quickly pall upon the dainty sense of hearing

466. *illapses* = downward glidings

511. *Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus*, etc . . . *Aliam credas.* With so many rows she weighs down her head, with so many twists she builds it up on high You will see her in front a very Andromache; but behind she is but a dwarf, you would believe her another woman.

515. Γυναικὶ κόσμος, etc. The ornament of a woman is manner, not golden jewels.

563 *Evidentior quidem illa est*, etc That experience is the most convincing which guides us by our own misfortunes; but that is safer which guides us by the misfortunes of others.

580. *nequeam lacrymas*, etc. I might not endure a parent's tears.
Ignaram hujus quodcunque periculi, etc Am I now to leave her in her ignorance of this danger, be it what it may?

584 *old Jacob, i.e.* Mr. Tonson.

END OF VOL. III

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