THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

WITH AN

Account of his Life and Writings.

STEREOTYPED FROM THE PARIS EDITION,

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WASHINGTON IRVING.

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The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, 1825

MEMOIRS

OF

LIFE AND WRITINGS

of

Oliver Goldsmith.

There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith. The fascinating ease and simplicity of his style, the benevolence that beams through every page, the whimsical yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the mellow unfurled humour, blended so happily with good feeling and good sense, throughout his writings; win their way irresistible to the affection and carry the author with them. While writers of greater pretensions and more sounding names are suffered to lie upon our shelves, the works of Goldsmith are cherished and held in our bosoms. We do not quote them with instruction, but they mingle with our minds; they join our tempests and harmonize our thoughts. They put us in good humour with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men.

We have been curious therefore in gathering together all the heterogeneous particulars concerning this poor Goldsmith that still exist, and seldom have we met with an author's life more illustrative of his works, or works more faithfully illustrative of the author's life. His rambling biography displays him in the same kind, artless, good humoured, exact, sensible, whimsical, intelligent being that he appears in his writings. Scarcely an adventure or a character is given in his page that may not be traced to his own particular story. Many of his most hilarious scenes and ridiculous incidents have been drawn from his own blunders and mishapen, and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim imparted by him for the instruction of his readers.

Oliver Goldsmith was a native of Ireland, and was born on the 28th of November, 1728. Two villages claim the honour of having given him birth; Dublin in the county of Longford, and Elphin, in the county of Roscommon. The former is named as the place in the epigraph by Dr. Johnson, inscribed on his monument in Westminster Abbey, but later investigations have declined to favour of Elphin.

He was the second son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a clergyman of the established church, but without any patrimony. His mother was daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the diocesan school at Elphin. It was not till some time after the birth of Oliver that his father obtained the living of Kilkenney-West, in the county of Westmeath. Previous to this period he and his wife appear to have been almost entirely dependent on her relations for support.

His father was equally distinguished for his literary attainments and for the benevolence of his heart. His family consisted of five sons and two daughters. From this little world of home Goldsmith has drawn many of his domestic scenes, both whimsical and touching, which appeal so familiarly to the heart, as well as to the fancy; his father's kindness furnished many of the family scenes of the Vicar of Wakefield; and it is said that the learned simplicity and amiable peculiarities of that worthy divine have been happily illustrated in the character of Dr. Primrose.

The Rev. Henry Goldsmith, elder brother of the poet, and born seven years before him, was a man of estimable worth and excellent talents. From this little world of home Goldsmith has drawn many of his domestic scenes, both whimsical and touching, which appeal so familiarly to the heart, as well as to the fancy; his father's kindness furnished many of the family scenes of the Vicar of Wakefield; and it is said that the learned simplicity and amiable peculiarities of that worthy divine have been happily illustrated in the character of Dr. Primrose.

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LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

Our friend has pronounced this morning,  
See Apollo, dancing, and his monkey playing.

Some report a rawling, from so young a boy,  
the subject of much conversation, and perhaps of  
himself was dictated by fortune. His friends im-  
mediately determined that he should be sent to  
the university; and some of his relations, who belonged  
to the church, and possessed a generously offered  
means, offered to contribute towards the ex-  
penes. The Rev. Mr. Green, and the Rev. Mr.  
Courtenay, both men of distinguished worth and  
learning, stood forward on this occasion as the  
prime patrons.

To qualify him for the university, he was now  
sent to Athens school, and placed under the tutle  
of the Rev. Mr. Campbell. There he re-  
mained two years; but the ill health of the master  
having obliged him to resign his situation, Oliver  
carried out his residence at the school of the Rev.  
Patrick Hughes, at Edgeworthstown, in the county of  
Longford, under whom he continued his studies till  
finally fitted for the university. Under his re-  
spectable teacher and excellent man, he is said to  
have made much greater progress than under any  
of the rest of his instructors.

A short time before leaving the school of Mr.  
Hughes, it is said that he made a suggestion to  
his father, who was a man of business, and it  
believed to have suggested the plot of his comedy  
of "She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a  
Night."

His father's house was about twenty miles from  
Edgeworthstown, and when on his jour-  
ney thither for the last time, he had devoted  
so much time to amusement on the road, that it was  
almost dark when he reached the little town of Ar-  
degh. Some friend had given him a guinea, and  
Oliver, who was never niggard of his purse, re-  
solved to put up here for the night, and treat him-  
self to a good supper and a bed. Having asked  
for the best house in the village, he was conducted  
to the best house, instead of the best inn. The  
owner of the house was so positive in the mistake,  
keeping a man of humour, resolved to carry on the joke.  
Oliver was therefore permitted to order his horse  
to the stable, while he himself walked into the  
pub, and, to the utter surprise of the landlord,  
asked for a reconciliation with his friends, and  
more to return to the college. Before he had  
reached the place of embarkation, therefore, he  
consulted his wife and family, and, taking  
their advice, went to the college. He was  
received with open arms, and, in less time than  
he had expected, had a reconciliation with his  
friends. He was now always a man of business, and  
the credit of his name was established. His  
father's house was a place of amusement, and he  
nominated to bring Oliver to trade. He was  
placed under the care of a village school-master,  
who was instructed in reading, writing, and arith-  
metry. This pedagogue, whom his scholar afterwards so  
happily describes in the "Deserted Village," had  
been a captain in the army during the wars  
of Queen Anne, and to whom Oliver was  
tenderly attached, that he addresses those beautiful  
lines in his poem of the Traveller:

Where'er I roam, whatever guise I take,  
My true self still returns to make;  
Still to my brother turns with converse easy,  
And drops it again in laughing tears.

His family also form the rightful and joyous  
ground for the employment of the simple rustic  
verse of the poem, which so charmingly de-  
scribes:

Here's no more strain with simple easy course,  
When all the idle time employ'd.  
Laugh at the jest or pangs that never fall,  
Or sigh with pity at some sincerouf strain.  
And drink the luxury of doing good.

The whittled character of the Man in Black,  
in the "Citizen of the World," so rich in eccentric-  
tics and amiable failings, is said to have  
been likewise drawn partly from his brother,  
partly from his father, but in a great measure  
from his own author. It is difficult, however, to  
assign with precision the original of a writer's charac-  
ters. They are generally composed of wrested, though  
accountable traits, observed in various individuals,  
which, when all brought together with the discrimi-  
ant taste of genius and combined into one harmoni-  
ous whole. Still, it is an fact, as it is the  
lightful, that Goldsmith, when he had put on the grand  
feelings of his heart in his works, and had had  
continuously before him, in his delineations of simple  
worth and domestic virtue, the objects of his filial  
and fraternal affection.

Goldsmith is said, in his earlier years, to have  
been whimsical in his humours and eccentric in his  
habits. This was remarked in his infancy. Some-  
time in the early spring, the master of a school  
at other times, at other times would give free scope to  
the wild frolic and exuberant vivacity habitual to his  
youth. The singularity of his mood, the instability of  
thought, gave of a propensity of talent, cause-  
ed him to be talked of in the neighbourhood as  
a little prodigy. It is said that, even before he was  
eight years old he evinced a power for imitating  
the discourse of his father and friends; and when  
somebody, after he had learned to write, would  
impress on him the duty of his chief pleasure was  
to tear up sheets of paper, and then commit them to  
the flames.

His father had strived his slender means to  
get a living education to his eldest son, and had  
tended to bring Oliver to trade. He was
Bometimes other, gave

Week after week passed away, and no tidings of the fugitive. At last, when all hopes of his return had been given up, and when they concluded he must have left the country altogether, the family received ammcmit of great comfort by his return, which was attended with some expense. After a time, however, a letter arrived from his mother's house safe and sound, and to be sure, but not exactly in such good terms as when he had left her there. This letter contained a solemn statement of his mother's feelings of humanity being ever most easily awakened in Oliver's bosom; he gave her all that remained in his purse, and treated her own want to the same liberal degree as his fellow-collegian.

This dear friend, whose promised hospitality were so securely relied on, received him with much approbation, and only approved of the measure he had taken to learn the course his friends must have prompted this visit. Charmed with this second society with which he was received, Oliver gave him a personal visit. And, indeed, however, in this petition; and did not even conceal the offence which his departure must have given to his friends. He lost good friends with profound attention, and appeared to take so much interest in the detail of our poet's adventures, that he was at length induced to disclose the immediate object of his visit. This needed to be the true touchstone for trying the liberality of such a friend; and immediately after he arrived, he had determined to set out unknown to any of them. Intending to embark at Cork, he had gone directly thither, and immediately after he arrived disposed of his horse, and struck a bargain with a captain of a ship bound for North America. For several weeks after he purchased his passage, little further, this kind friend, rally recommended, that for his part he could not understand how some people got themselves into scrapes; that on any other occasion he would have been glad to accommodate the unfortunate; but, alas! even he had been in such a case, and really he had been lately so very ill, and was, even now, in such a sickly condition, that it was very inconvenient to entertain company of any kind. Besides, he could not well ask a person in health to share in his slops and milk, but, however, Mr. Goldsmith could think of putting up with the family fare, as such it was, he would be made welcome; at the same time he must apprise him that it might not soon get ready. The establishment and dism mi grace of our poet at the conclusion of this speech was sufficiently evident in his behaviour; and, therefore, his return next morning, to find the vessel gone. This was a death blow to his scheme of emigration, as his passage-money was already in the pocket of the captain.

Morbid and disturbed, he lingered about Cork, resolved what to do, until the languishing state of his purse, which was reduced to two guineas, admonished him to make the best of his way home. He accordingly bought a poor little pony, which he called Felder, and found that he had but five shillings left to defray the travelling expenses of himself and Miss, and had arrived up at a late hour by a miserable looking old woman, the fit handmaid of so miserable a master.

Notwithstanding the base colours in which our poet's friends were invited to come, he received a most good-natured to harbour resentment. When they met in the morning, therefore, he entered familiarities, and even endeavoured to ask what he would advise him to do in his present difficulty. "My dear fellow," said his host, "at once obtain all the aid his situation required. When on the road to the house of his friend, a poor woman with eight children, whose husband had been thrown into jail for debt, threw herself at the very doors of his purse, and asked him if he could not far from Cork, and determined to apply for assistance. Having been often pressed by this person to spend a summer at his house, he had the less hesitated in paying him a visit under his present circumstances, and doubted not that he
dear fellow-collegian, freely recommended to him to take good care of the steed kept at so much expense for the use of his friends; and, of all things, to beware of selecting himself a milk diet. His first sentence of explanation, when Oliver offered to answer all the circumstances that had taken place, to be more amusing than surprised at the detail.

It was this recent visit of a new friend Goldsmith experienced the most hospitable entertainment for several days. Two beautiful daughters, as well as the host himself, were anxious in finding management for the luggage of their guest, and it was only after a day's departure, when he offered money to defray the expense of the journey, that his servant attended to him on horseback. The servant and horse declined, but accepted of a loan of three half guineas; and, with sentiments of the deepest respect and gratitude, took leave of his benevolent host.

He now pursued his journey without any further interruption, and made a call upon his friend Andrew at the suspicious and unexpected man already named. Once more reconciled to his friends, he did not fall into similar difficulties, and he soon found himself surrounded by a general favor; and the grateful sense he entertained of such unexpected and generous hospitality.

It was now considered essential that he should fix on a profession, the pursuits of which might divert him from idle and expensive habits. After various consultations, it was determined that he should begin the study of the law, and his uncle Candivine agreed to advance the necessary funds. Provided with money for the expenses of his journey, and to enable him to enter on his studies at the Temple, Oliver set out for London, but his uncle Candivine retired, and his spiteful cousin agreed to enter on the career determined for him. He fell into accident by the company of a sharper in Dublin, and being tempted to engage in play, was soon placed in a low situation. He was at length brought to his home way without a shilling in his pocket.

His friends now almost deserted him. Notwithstanding the brilliancy of his natural talents, it was feared that his habitual carelessness and imprudence would form a bar to his success in any profession whatever. That it would be vain for him to pursue the study of the law with such dispositions was more than evident, and, of course, it was necessary for him to give up any more once to refer to his profession. After various consultations, therefore, it was finally determined that poverty and his future part was his lot in life, and he, who had been prevailed upon to be waited upon him, now came under his protection, and at last fixed him at Edinburgh as a student of medicine, about the end of the year 1762. On his arrival in that city, he had no sooner deposited his trunk in lodgings than he called out to see the town. He remained about until a late hour, and when he felt disposed to turn his face homeward, collected for the first time the names of all that he knew neither the name nor address of his landlord. In this dilemma, as he was wandering at random, he fortunately met with the porter who had carried his luggage, and who now received it.

In the University of Edinburgh, at that time coming famous as a school of medicine, he attended the lectures of the celebrated Muses, and other polite were the studies of the young student. What progress he made in this study, however, is not particularly ascertained. Riolos' conviviality, and tavern adjournments, whether for business or pleasure, were at this time characteristic of society; and it does not appear that our poet was able to resist the general contagion. His attention to his studies was far from being regular. Distraction and play allured him from the classroom, and his health and his purse suffered in consequence. About this period, his contemporaries have reported, that he sometimes also sacrificed to the Muse, but of these early effusions no specimen seems to have been preserved.

The social and good-humored qualities of our young student appear to have made him popular among his fellow-students. He was a keen participator in all their wild pranks and humorous frolics. He was also a prime table companion: always ready with story, anecdote, or quip, though it may be confided that in such exhibitions he was far from being successful. His narrations were too frequently accompanied by graces or buffoonery; nor was this trait of his chaste and classical mind that might have been expected from his education. On the contrary, it was generally forced, coarse, and unnatural. All his oral communications partook of this defect; and he was not less a failure in that歌, that even after life he was never exempt from them, although accustomed to the polite literary society.

When conversing on this feature in our poet's character, his friend Dr. Johnson many years afterward, justly, but perhaps rather severely, remarked, "The infirmity of Goldsmith in conversation is such as he goes on without knowing he is to get off. His genius is great, but his knowledge is small. As they say of a generous man, it is a pity he is not rich; we may say of Goldsmith, it is a pity he is not well enough acquainted to keep up his knowledge of himself." On another occasion, Johnson being called on for his opinion on the future part of Goldsmith, in much critical acumen, and all his usual power of amplification. "Goldsmith," said he, "should not be for ever attempting to shine in conversation; he has not temper for it, he is so much justified when he fails. A game of jokes is composed partly of skill, partly of chance; a man may be beat at times by one who has not the tenth part of his wit. Now Goldsmith's putting himself against another, is like a man laying a hundred to one, who can not spare the hundred. It is not worth a man's while. A man should not lay a hundred to one, unless he can easily spare it; though he has a hundred chances for him, he can get but a gain of ninety for it. Goldsmith would do this in this state: when he contended, if he get the better, it is a very little addition to a man of his literary reputation; if he do not get the better, he is miserably beaten." Though now arrived at an age when reflection on passing events and objects might have been occasionally elicited, it yet does not appear that any thing of that kind were ever preserving occurred in our poet's correspondence with his friends. The only circumstance which seems to have excited particular remark was the economy of the Scotch in cooking and eating; and of this he would sometimes give rather a laudatory account. His first landlord, he used to say, nearly starved him out of his lodgings; and the second, though somewhat more liberal, was still a wonderful adept in the art of saving. When permitted to put forth all his talents in this way, she would perform surprising feats. A single loaf of bread, a pot of beer, and a peel of cabbage were made to serve our poet and two fellow-students a whole week; a hatted cheap was served up one day, a fried steak another, cockles with onion sauce a third, and so on, till the youth was considerably amused. Finally, a dish of fish was made from the well-fed horses on the seventh day, and the landlord rested from his labors.

After he had attended some courses of lectures in Edinburgh, it was thought advisable that he should complete his medical studies at the University of Leyden, and this was considered a much desired change. He had no money to travel to Leyden, but a friend, Mr. Smith, provided him with a little sum, and he embarked for Holland. He proceeded in the same letter to assure his friends with a whimsical account of the costume and manners of the Hollander's; which we also express the utmost regret for not being able to translate into English.

"You may expect some account of this country; and though it was not very well qualified for such an undertaking, yet I wish to mention some part of our experience, as I have read more than the books every day published descriptive of the manners of the country. Any young man who takes it into his head to publish his travels, and his adventures in this place, will find them through with us much instruction as in his笛子de chambre; and consequently, not having a fund to himself to fill a volume, he applied to his friends to help him, but his friends made him a present of a hundred guineas; and, not being disposed to make the manner of his country; not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been five years before. The modern Dutchman is a different creature from him. He is in every thing imitates a Frenchman, but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is very fond of music, and exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the regime of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oldest forms in nature. He wears a half-coated, narrow hat, faced with black chino, no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches, so that his legs reach almost up to his armpits. This well-fed vegetable is new to
of Dr. Goldsmith

15

OF DR. GOLDSMITH

In this emergency he was obliged to leave England, and to travel for a long time in spite of insurmountable privations and never stop, fatigue, nor hardship seeming to interrupt his progress. It is a well-authenticated fact that he performed the tour of Europe on foot, and that he finished the anxious and singular undertaking without any considerable expense, having obtained an occasional display of his scholarship or a tune upon his flute.

It is much to be regretted that no account of his travels was left, and that the few words given by a Dutchman of which they are the corollary, and which are written by an Englishman's son. The oral communications which he sometimes gave to friends, are said to have borne some resemblance to the story of the Wanderer in the "Wanderer's Aesthetic," and the "Aesthetic of the Sixteen." The matter which they have been preserved, is that he was a poet, and had written several sonnets and elegies which are in a complete collection of his poetry.

In every situation, he was a poet, and had written several sonnets and elegies which are in a complete collection of his poetry.

In every situation, he was a poet, and had written several sonnets and elegies which are in a complete collection of his poetry.

I afterwards heard the Irish Hare of Counties.

End of Dr. Goldsmith's Life and Writings.

The life of Dr. Goldsmith has been well described in a work which has been written by a Dutchman, called the Life of Dr. Goldsmith, and which is in a complete collection of his poetry.

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Dr. Goldsmith

16

LIFE AND WRITINGS

passage in his "Traveler," in which he so happily introduces himself to his reader:

"Whenever I have lost day's pleasure
With wanton pipe beside the murmuring Loire,
I often used to lie under the moon's light,
And dream of the forest that I might not die."

And happily, though my bosom bled, my heart felt, not my sense, I dreamed of flight, of dungeon, of cheerless rooms. Yet would the village pamper my wandering power, and I, besides, forget the moon's light.

The Traveller, too, is also supposed to have been equally hospitable. "With the members of these establishments," says he, "I could converse on topics of literature, and then I always learned the manners of my circumstances."

In many of the foreign universities and colleges there are, upon certain days, philosophical discussions against every absurdity dictating for, which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can gain a grateful money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. The talents of Goldsmith frequently enabled him to command the relief afforded by this useful and hospitable custom.

In this manner, without money or friends, he fought his way from country to country, from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, as he expressed it, saw both sides of the picture.

Goldsmith's close and familiar intercourse with the scenes and natives of the different countries through which he passed, the world is indebted for his "Traveler." For although that poem was written in an as yet incompletely embellished English, still the nice and accurate discrimination of national character displayed could only be acquired by actual examination. In the progress of his journey, he seems to have treasured his facts and observations, with a view to the formation of this delightful poem. The first sketch of it is said to have been written after his arrival in Switzerland, and was transmitted to his brother Henry in Ireland.

After his arrival in Switzerland, he took up his abode for a short time at Gruyeres on the gran
tour, and, not being provided with a travelling tutor, Goldsmith was hired to perform the functions of that office. They were not, however, in his native country, to which he returned, and where he appears to have been tutor to pupil so meagrely bestowed. The latter, before acquiring his fortune, and then for some time attended an attorney, and while in that capacity had so well learned the art of managing in money concerns, that it had at length become his favourite study. Naturally availing himself of his training as an attorney, and having nothing to diminish the zeal of that whole passion, and it discovered its most obvious features in almost every transaction. When he engaged a tutor, therefore, he took care to make a special provision, that in all money matters he should be at liberty to tutor himself. A stipulation of this kind so cramped the views and position of Goldsmith, and afforded to the pupil so many opportunities of displaying his mean disposition, that disgust and dislike almost immediately ensued. When arrived at Paris, he refused to be a pupil at all. Many an attorney, and the post having received the small part of his salary that was due, his pupil, terrified at the expense of travelling, instantly embarked for England.

Goldsmith, thus freed from the trammels of toil, set out once more on foot, and in that manner travelled through various districts of France. He finally pursued his journey into Italy, visiting Venice, Verona, Florence, and other celebrated places. At Padua, where he resided six months, he was paid to have taken a medical degree, but upon what authority is not ascertained. While resident at Padua he was assisted, it is believed, by remittances from his uncle Contadino, who, however, unfortunately for a fact that this time in Italy, Goldsmith found his talent for music almost useless as a means of subsistence, for every pennant was a better musician than himself, and his skill in disposing of his money served partly to support the religious establishments equally hospitably.

At length, curiosity being fully gratified, he resolved to return to his native home. He returned through France, as the shorter route, and as affording greater facilities to a pedestrian. He was lodged and entertained as formerly, sometimes at learned and religious establishments, and sometimes at the cottages of the peasantry, and thus, with the aid of his philosophy and his flute, he disputed and played his way through the country.

When Goldsmith arrived at Dover from France, it was about the breaking out of the war in 1795-6. Being unprovided with money, a new difficulty now presented itself, how to light his way to the metropolis. His whole stock of cash could not defray the expense of the ordinary com
munity, and neither fate nor logic could help him to a support or a bed. He was, however, contrived to reach London in safety. On his arrival he had only a few pence in his pocket. To use his own words, in one of his letters: "I had no open pocket with any moneys or other means, and, contrary to his usual habits, began to be filled with the gloomiest apprehensions. That there was not a youth in the street, inquiring for a lodging-school or academy, but, for want of a recommendation, even that poor and painful situation was found difficult to be obtained. This difficulty appeared to have been nothing hitherto by his stepping to make use of a felicitous name. What his motives were for such a measure has never been fully explained; but it is fair to infer, that his literary pride revolted at servitude, and perhaps, considering that his poems would ultimately enable him to emerge from his present obscurity, he was unwilling that should afterwards be known that he had occupied a situation that was degrading. Desponding, however, and at times dangerous, he was in the end by employing them so ever so innocent; and in the present instance our author found them productive of considerable advantage, for, when the master of the school demanded a reference to some respectable person for a character, Goldsmith was at a loss to account for using any other name than his own. In the dress he assumes, so droll: a sad, benigne
ulent man, who had been joint-tutor with his successor Wilder, in Trinity College, and had some years lectured the other pupils. Having our own taste, and led to the deceiving procurement in which he was placed, and explaining the immediate object in view, he told him that the same post which conveyed this information would also bring him a letter from the same school-mastor, to which so he appears to have been willing; it was hoped he would be so good as return a favou
rable answer. It appears that Dr. Raddiff strongly complimied with this request, for Goldsmith immediately obtained the situation. We learn from Campbell's Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, that our author's letter of thanks to Dr. Raddiff on that occasion was accompanied with a very interesting account of his travels and adventures.

The employment of usher at an academy in Lon
don, of itself a task of no very great utility, but, to assist Mr. Goldsmith in the drudgery and tolls, it is attended with so many little irritating circumstances, that of all others it is perhaps a situation the most painful and disagreeable to the independent mind and liberal ideas. To a person of our author's temper and habits, it was peculiarly distasteful. How long he remained in this situation is not well ascertained, but that he exercised it for some time is very reasonable, as it seemed to be galling and wound

him; and how soon he must have felt its mortification and misery, may be gathered from the notice with which he is described in early parts of his works. The language which he has put into the mouth of the Wanderer's counsellor, when he applies to him for an underling, is feelingly char

acteristic. "I was not a man," says he, "to leave a boarding-school so early, and I may be by an an
dy nose, but I had rather be a undertaker in Turnevey than ever to think of becoming a schoolmaster."

On another occasion, when talking on the same subject, our author thus summed up the misery of such an employment—"After the hubbub of the day, the poor master takes a walk to sleep in the same bed with a Frenchman, a teacher of that language to the boys, who disturbs him every night, an hour perhaps, in papering and folli

ging his hair, and using, what with his reminder punctures, when he lays his hand beside him on his bolster."

Having thrown up this undesired employment, he was obliged to seek out for one more congenial to his mind. Here, however, he found considerable difficulty. His personal appearance and address were never preempting, but at that particular period were still less so from the more bartered estate of his wardrobe. He applied to several of the medical tribe, but had the mortification to meet with rejected refusals; and on more than one occasion was paroled, for the elegance of his broad hat and large coat. At length a chamber, near Fish-street-hill, took him into his laboratory, where his medical knowledge soon rendered him an able and useful assistant. His success was so complete, that he discovered to himself that his old friend and fellow-student, Dr. Shight, was in London, and he deter

mined, if possible, to meet him. To the expected interview, he says: "It was no small disappointment," and Goldsmith, "when I paid him the first visit, and it is to be supposed I
was dressed in my best clothes. Sleigh scarcely knew which was the tax the unfortunate ploy to poverty. However, when he did recollect that in
found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his
in his neighborhood. In Southwark, it appears
that his practice did not answer his expec-
tations, but in the vicinity of the Temple he
was more successful. The fees of the physicians,
however, were little, and that little, as usual
among the poorer classes, was very ill paid. He
found it necessary, therefore, to have recourse
to his pen, and being introduced by Dr. Sleigh
to some of the booksellers, was almost im-
mEDIATELY engaged in their services—and thus
with very little practice as a physician, and very little
income from his profession, but himself expressed it,
he made "a shift to live." The peculiarities
of his situation at this period are described in the
following letter, addressed to the gentleman who had
received these dated Temple Exchange
Exchange Office, December 27, 1757, and
addressed to Daniel Hoden Esq., at Lisboy, near
Ballymahan, Ireland.

"Daniel—It may be four years since my last
letters went to Ireland; and from you in particular,
I received an answer, probably because you never
wrote to me. My brother Charles, however, in
further answering your question, you were at soliciting a
subscription to assist me, not only among my friends
and relations, but acquaintance in general. Though
my pride might feel some reproach at being thus
visited, yet my gratitude can suffer no diminution.
How much I am obliged to you, to each
particularly, or (why should not your virtues have
the proper name) for such charity as you are in the
judgment of many to the second. You have asked me
what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The
country is near, perhaps?—No. There are
good company in Ireland! But the conversation
is with scenery too, and society too, and
burly song. The vivacity supported by some
humble cushion, who has just足够 to earn
his dinner—Then, perhaps, there is more wit and
learning among the Irish? Oh, Lord, not! There
has been more money spent in the encouragement
of the Pedersen more than in one season,
then clever in rewards to learn men since the time of
the ancients. For the rest I am not at all, (you know I am), your
affectionate kinsman.

"The medical and literary pursuits of our author,
though productive in other periods, of little
consideration, gradually extended till he entered
above the character," afterwards eminent in his profession,
who used to give the following account of our an-
other’s first interview with him in London.

"From the time of his arrival in Edinburgh
in the year 1752, I never saw him till the
year 1756, when I was in London attending
the hospitals and lectures: early in January he called
me one morning before I was up, and on entering
the room I recognised my old acquaintance,
dressed in a dirty old trimmed black suit,
with his pockets full of papers, which instantly re-
minded me of the poet in the Castle of Indolence.
After we had finished our breakfast, he drew
from his pocket a part of a tragedy, which he said
he had brought for my correction. I was at first
relaxed in

"I suppose you of course remember him not to trust in
judgment, but to take the opinion of persons better qualified to
do on dramatic compositions. He now told me
that he had submitted his production, so far as he
was able, to his friend Archibald Ma-

"Evelyn, he
in London, was certainly an undertaking of a most extraordinary
description; but, if we consider how little
qualified he was for such a task, it can hardly
be supposed that the scheme ever entered seriously
into his mind. It was not unusual with him to
hazard opinions and adopt resolutions, without much
consideration, and often without calculating
the means to the end. "Goldsmith," said Ben
Johnson, "as well that he had a great
many of ideas which we often find in his country-
man. He was very much what the French call
un etranger, and from vanity and an eager desire
"It is presumed that Dr. Sleigh is meant.
...of being companions, wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without knowledge of the subject or even without thought. The extravagant scheme respecting the Writings More had been devised, and several clauses about the literary and other advantages which he expected to derive from the publication of his works. The whole plan was more rhetorical than practical, yet he had given way to it of his own accord, and was disposed to set himself up as the chief advocate of the scheme, which had been put before him by several of his friends. The place of my residence is one of the factories in India, in the year 1798.

This appointment seems, for a while, to have filled the vital imagination of our author with the spirit of a lifetime. The poverty fortunes acquired by some individuals in the Indies satisfied him with the hope of similar success; and accordingly we find him bending his whole soul to the accomplishment of this new undertaking. The chief obstacle that stood in the way was the expense of his equipment for so long a voyage; but my "Festival of Public Literature in Europe," had been written, and the prospects of the press, and he seems to have realized that the profits of that work would afford the means of enabling him to embark. Proposals were immediately drawn up, and published, to print the work by subscription.

These he circulated with indefatigable zeal and industry. He wrote to his friends in Ireland to promote the subscription in that country, and, in correspondence with them, he expresses the greatest anxiety for its success. In the following letter he explains his situation and prospects, and shows how much he had set his heart on the enterprise. It is without date, but was written some time in 1798, or in the early part of 1799, and addressed to Mr. Daniel Hodson, his brother-in-law.

Dear Sir,—You cannot expect regularity in one who is regular in nothing. Nay, were I forced to love you by rule, I dare venture to say, I could never do it soberly. Take me then with all my faults. Let me write when I please; for you see I say what I please, and am only thinking aloud when writing to you. I suppose you have heard of the plan that I have given way to in my letter of the 22nd, which consists of a series of essays on various subjects, to be written for the purpose of separating myself from the vulgar, as much as in my circumstances I am already in my sentiments. I am going to publish a book, for an account of which I rely on bringing what you know of me, and that of my friend Goldsmith. Circulate for me among your acquaintance a hundred proposals, which I have given out or may be sent to you, and if, in pursuance of such a plan, you should be influenced to send subscriptions, let them, when collected, be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the same.

I knew not how my desire of seeing Ireland, which had so long slept, has again revived with so much ardor. So weak is my temper, and so unsteady, that I am frequently tempted, particularly when low-spirited, to return home, and leave my fortune, though just beginning to look brighter. But it shall not be. In six or eight years I hope to improve these developments. I find I want constitution, and a strong steady disposition, which alone makes men great. I will, as I say, correct my faults, since I am conscious of them.

The following letter to Edward Mills, Esq. dated Temple Exchange Coffee-house, August 27, 1799, was about to be published, as stated in the foregoing letter.

Dear Sir,—You have quitted, I find, that plan of life which you once intended to pursue, and given up ambition for domestic tranquillity. Were I to consult your satisfaction about this change, I have not the utmost reason to congratulate you; but when I consider my own, I can not avoid feeling some regret, that one of my few friends has declined a pursuit in which he had every reason to expect success. The truth is, like the rest of the world, I am somewhat interested in your concern; and do not so much consider what you have acquired, as the honour I have probably lost in the change. I have often let my fancy wander when you were the subject of these sentiments, and granted you grazing the bench, or thundering at the bar, while I have taken no small pride to myself, and whispered all that I could come near, that this was my cousin. Instead of this, however, you will be a mere happy man; to be esteemed only by your acquaintance to cultivate your parental acres; to take unadorned a map under one of your own landscapes, or in Mrs. Mills' handsome place, which, even a postman most conscious, is rather the most comfortable place of the two.

But however, your resolutions may be altered with respect to your undertaking, to the public, I persuade myself they are unalterable with regard to your friends in it. I can not think the world has taken such entire possession of that heart (once so susceptible of friendship) as not to have left a corner there for a friend or two but I flatter myself that I have a claim to the friendship of some, and that of others I have a claim to from the similarity of our dispositions; or, setting aside, I can demand it as my right by the most equitable law in nature, I mean right of property, or at least of self-esteem. I should be considered only as a pretext to cover a request, as I have a request to make. So, my dear Neil, I know you are too generous to think so; but I know you too proud to stoop to mercenary instances. Your request, I trust, is true; but, as I know to whom I am a petitioner, I make it without diffusion or conclusion. It is in short from. I am going to publish a book in London, entitled, "An Essay on the present State of Taste and Literature in Europe." Every work published here, the printers in Ireland have, without giving the author the least consideration for his copy. I would in this respect disappoint their avarice, and have all the additional advantages that may result from the sale of my own property there. I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, a subscriber to the London, and I have requested Dr. Raphel, Mr. Lawther, Mr. Millington, my brother-in-law Mr. Henry Goldsmith, and brother-in-law Mr. Hodson, to circulate the proposal among my friends. The same request I now make to you, and have accordingly given directions to Mr. Bradley, bookseller in Dame-street, Dublin, to send you a hun-
extravagant. However, their answering neither to me nor me, is a sufficient indication of their dislike to the employment which I assigned them. At the same time, I am bound to say, that I was not entirely prepared for the intense dislike from what I had expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall the beginning of next month send over two hundred and fifty books, which are all that I fancy will do, both as to the number, and I would not have you make some distinction in your letters which have advertised the money, which will amount to sixty pounds, may be left with Mr. Braly, as I will be the possible. That is the conclusion I have reached, and I think I have an interest in the noblest of sentiments, of no desiring poor encouragement, there is no other way in which they can be obtained; and I am not surmised to own, that the indolent poor have good encouragement there, unless better than in any other way. But I suppose, that it is the design of the noblest of sentiments, of no desiring poor encouragement, there is no other way in which they can be obtained; and I am not surmised to own, that the indolent poor have good encouragement there, unless better than in any other way. But I suppose, that it is the design of the noblest of sentiments, of no desiring poor encouragement, there is no other way in which they can be obtained; and I am not surmised to own, that the indolent poor have good encouragement there, unless better than in any other way.

I have met with no disappointment with respect to the East India voyage, nor are my regulations altered though at the time, I have determined to stay, but I think I am beginning to realize the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, I am not that gentleman, that I can venture to say, if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of salutation. Imagine to yourself a pale melancholy visage, with two great eye-brows, and an eye with an eye-brow, being the only face, with a vacant look, which is the face of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man, who has in his room, and in his world, and all of a man. I should very much like to see my old friends; but I have no other way in which to make the acquaintance of any other way. However, I spent but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds. When published, I shall take some me, the most of my learning, without this, you may think, it is dearer to the postage, which may amount to four or five shillings. However, I fear you will not find me the title, I am not to be restrained by any consideration. 

Last year, I repeat it, was too short, you should have given me your opinion of the design of the hero-comic piece which I sent you; you remember I intended to introduce the hero of the poem as lying in a paltry shabby. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite new, in which he lies, may be described somewhat as follows:—

"The window, patched with paper, few a rag, That badly seized the pane in which he lay, The broken glass, which he would not throw from the wall; The broken wall, with paper loosely spread. The ground of glass was how exposed to view, And delicate were the muddy mirror show; The mirror, fused with ashes, frittered, a piece, And Providence's general show'd its black-face. The room was cold; he waves with keen desire A rusty-iron unsmirched of a sign; An unprofitable and base-frosted, and a nest crooked nosing the chimney-board."

And now imagine, after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him:—

"Not with that face so awful and so gay, That vouchsafes every mansion's door; With sightly eye he resolved the patron's, Threw his eye-glance, one glance, and in which he saw, etc."

"All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is good remark of Montesquieu, that the wisest and most good friends, with whom they do not harm, are more known by the way they are, rather than by the way they are. This is not a thing so, as much as any other. Poetry is a most easier, and more agreeable species of composition than prose; and could a man live by it, he might, in the capacity of a poet, and in the capacity of the life of the poet."

His youngest sister, who had married unusually, and alreadily, I mean that I am your most affectionate friend and hers, in the Monthly Review, from nine till two o'clock every day. His friend Dr. Milner had introduced him to Griffiths, and this work was performed in consequence of a written agreement which was to last for a year. The remuneration to be given on the part of Mr. Griffiths was in the first instance a tolerable salary; but it is probable Goldsmith found the drudgery too irksome, for at the end of seven or eight months the agreement was dissolved by mutual consent, without any previous arrangement. The conduct of Polites Literature was published, Mr. Newbery, the book-seller, who at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary talent, because one of his authors, who afterwards made himself ready to be a poet, am resolved to leave no stone unturned, though I should (the matter is of no consequence) be left unopened if you tell me, what you very well know:—

*I have received a letter from one of my friends, who is about to publish a novel, and in the course of his letter, he says, that in a short time I shall be able to publish a new work, which he is now engaged in, and which he hopes will be ready for the press next month. I have no doubt of the truth of his statement, and I shall be glad to hear from him again."

"The Present State of Polites Literature in Europe." subscription price 5s.
To a mind of the highest order, finely and variously cultivated, Johnson was the most perfect exemplar of the true enameled of his appearance there was a degree of uncommonness, so perfectly disarming as his ordinary habits and appearance, that it could not fail to prompt an inquiry on the part of his companions to which Johnson himself was prompt to take the lead. The woman benevolence of heart which they mutually displayed first drew them together; and so strong was the primary impression, that, once formed, it has been kept up for any considerable time, yet Goldsmith is said to have derived important advantages from the conclusion. It is well known that the liberal soul of human nature, so far as every author in his distress is concerned; and it is generally understood that, for some time, he warmly interested himself in Goldsmith's success. He not only recommended him to the patronage of the most eminent booksellers, but introduced him to the notice of the first literary characters.

Notwithstanding the variety of our author's literary labours, however, no decided improvement in his circumstances appears to have taken place till after the publication of his "Inquiry." In 1759, at that time he had lodgings in Gough Square, Old Bailey, and, that he must have occupied them rather on principles of economy than from the excellence of their accommodation, we learn from a letter written by one of our author's literary friends: "I called on Goldsmith, at his lodging," says he, "in March 1759, and found him writing his "Inquiry," in a miserable, dirty, sloping room, in which there was but one chair, and when from civility, he resigned to me, he was himself obliged to sit in the window. While we were conversing together some one gently tapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl, of a very becoming demeanour, entered the room, and drooping a courtesan to me, my mamma sends me her compliments, and requests the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coins." Our author's lodgings for the Buckingham, though for some time the abode of general literary society, were by degree procured him the more substantial benefit of good living and commodious lodgings. He soon acquired extraordinary facility in composition, and was in some part of the power of his pen in this way of procuring money. Accordingly, as early as 1761, we find him removed from Gough Square to a situation of literary men, and the residence of Mr. Johnson, in Gough Square, being occupied by a respectable apartment, we received visits of ceremony, and sometimes gave entertainments to his literary friends.

Among the different characters to whom Goldsmith had been lately introduced, and with whom he now regularly associated, either from similarity of disposition or propensity, the most remarkable in point of consequence was Dr. Johnson.

Of Dr. Goldsmith.

The connection between our author and Johnson was closely cemented by daily association. Mutual communication of thought and taste, and as their intercourse increased, their friendship was concluded. Nothing could suggestive of its script by him for a long time after. Indeed, it was not till the author's name was fully established by the publication of his "Voyage to Turkey," that the publisher ventured to put the "Voyage of Winkle" to the press; and then he reapplied the two-fold advantage arising from the meritorious work of the writer, and the high character of its author. When Johnson, some years afterwards, remarked to Goldsmith, that there had been too little value given by the bookseller on this occasion: "No, sir," said he, "the price was insufficient when the book was sold, but it would have been for them the same if it had been devoted, as it afterwards was, by his "Traveler," and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he has a manuscript by the "Traveler" had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money. Had it been sold after the "Traveler" twice as much money would have been given for it, though sixty guineas was no mean price. The bookseller had the advantage of Goldsmith's reputation from the "Traveler," in the sale, though Goldsmith had it in selling the copy.

After the sale of this novel, Goldsmith and Mr. Newbery became more closely connected. We find him, in 1762, in support of a petition, which was the famous king of Bath; a republication of his own letters, originally written in the character of a Chinese Philosopher, and the publication of which Kelly was at that time the editor. These were now collected and given to the public in 2 vols, 12mo, under the title of "The Citizen of the World;" the idea of which was originally conceived by Dr. Percy, and Dr. Goldsmith, who had a large share in his composition, was suggested by the project of Kelly, by which the former was at first engaged. Goldsmith gave the idea to Kelly, and it was afterwards published by the bookseller. The work was received with great applause, and the bookseller, in the sale, was pleased with the success of his undertaking, which was considered as a work of genius, and justified the hopes of its author.

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I went to him, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly proceeded to him, and found that his landlodder had arrested him, at his rent, which he was in a violent passion; I perceived that my presence had improved his temper, and that he had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the manners of men and what might be expected. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he proposed to me. I looked into it, and saw its merits; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged the debt, not without showing him kindly in a high tone for having used him so ill!"

Mr. Johnson was a man with whom Goldsmith bought the"Visit to Winkle.

"The prize agreed on was certainly little for a work of such merit; but the author's name was then comparatively unknown, and the purchaser took the whole risk on himself by paying the money down. So unsuspecting was he of the real worth of his purchase, and so little could he have imagined that nothing could damage so much a name and so much a work, as the discovery, in the sale, of such a manuscript by him for a long time after. Indeed, it was not till the author's name was fully established by the publication of his "Voyage to Turkey," that the publisher ventured to put the "Voyage of Winkle" to the press; and then he reapplied the two-fold advantage arising from the meritorious work of the writer, and the high character of its author. When Johnson, some years afterwards, remarked to Goldsmith, that there had been too little value given by the bookseller on this occasion: "No, sir," said he, "the price was insufficient when the book was sold, but it would have been for them the same if it had been devoted, as it afterwards was, by his "Traveler," and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he has a manuscript by the "Traveler" had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money. Had it been sold after the "Traveler" twice as much money would have been given for it, though sixty guineas was no mean price. The bookseller had the advantage of Goldsmith's reputation from the "Traveler," in the sale, though Goldsmith had it in selling the copy.

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and sentiment, pervade every page; the vice and follies of the day are touched with the most playfull and diverting satire; and English character is formed off with the pencil of a master. They have ever maintained their currency and reputation, and are ranked among the classical productions of the British muse. Nearly at the same time, or early in 1764, a selection of all his fugitive pieces, originally contributed to various magazines, were collected and published for his own benefit; under the title of Essays, in their general scope and tendency bear some analogy to the letters of the Chinese Philosopher. The manner is still happier than the matter, though in too excess of exaggeration; his notions have been prompted to their republication, in consequence of the liberal use that was surreptitiously made of them by the magazines, and other fugitive republishings of the day, on a common subject which accompanied the volume, he took notice of that circumstance, and vindicated his claim to the merit as well as the profit of his own productions. Most of these Essays, he said, have been regularly reprinted two or three times a year, and conveyed to the public through the channel of some respectable periodicals. In all the preceding editions, I have seen some of my labours sixteen times reprinted, and dances by different persons as their own. I have seen them illustrated at the expense of praise, and indurated at the end with the names of Philosophers, Philanthropists, and Philanthropies. These gentlemen have kindly stood upon me for my productions, and to flatter me more, have always passed them as their own. It is true, however, at last to vindicate my claims; and as these entertainers of the public, as they call themselves, have partly lived upon me for forty years, let me now try if I can not live a little upon myself. I would desire, in this case, to imitate that fat man, whom I have somewhere met in a ship's company, who, on his return, took slices of his posterior to satisfy his hunger, insisted, with great justice, on having the first cut for himself. The delicacy with which the first impression of this little volume was disposed of, greatly surpassed the expectations of its author. Since that time, few books have gone through a greater variety of editions. It has been somewhere remarked, that Goldsmith was a plant of slow growth; and perhaps these may be some truth in the observation, in his early period. He had now been seven years a writer, and notwithstanding the variety of his labours, had produced little, except his " Inquiry" and "Citizen of the World," to distinguish him from a host of authors by profession. With the public he was generally known as a man of letters, but as not such very remarkable distinguished; and it was frequently observed, that though his publications were not greatly talked of. With the characteristics of irritability of genius, conceit of its powers and jealous of its reward, Goldsmith used to fret under the pangs of neglect, and to require at the slow progress of public opinion.

No votary of the muse was ever more unceasing of fame; and, with his accustomed simplicity, he was careless of concealing his impatience to attain it. Various snobbism of his restful anxiety for applause have been recorded in different publications, but the most authentic instance of such a hazardous descent was published by Mr. Boswell. Corresponding with Dr. Johnson one day on the difficulty of acquiring literary celebrity, "Ah," said he, in a tone of distress, "the public never do me justice; whenever I write any thing, they make a point to know nothing about it." On another occasion, when Boswell was present, "I can," said Goldsmith, "I have come too late into the world; Pope and other poets have taken up the places in the temple of Fame, and as a few at any period can possess poetical reputation, a man of genius can never have his power in it. And in the same querulous tone of despondency he addresses his brother in his "Traveler." To all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps the most preposterous is fame; the widest. What from the increased remittance of the times, from the diversity of judgment produced by opposing systems of criticism and from the more performance of public influence by party, the strongest and happiest efforts can expect to please but a very narrow circle. A short time, however, proved to our author that his fame had been so much in less than a year the publication of his "Traveler," placed him at the head of the poets of his time. The outline of this beautiful poem had been suggested by Johnson's residence in Switzerland, and part of it, as noticed in the dedication, had been addressed from that country to his brother Henry in Ireland. Elaborated of its merit, and at the desire of his success, he kept it by him in its original crude state for several years, and it was not till he had been strongly encouraged by the high opinion expressed of it by Dr. Johnson, that he was at last induced to prepare it for the press. For two years previous to its publication, while toiling at other works for bread, his choicest hours were used with the greatest diligence to the correction of this poem, and, if report may be believed, so poen was ever thanked and retouched by its author with more pain and satisfaction. When he had received the highest possible finishing, it was committed to the press, and came out early in 1765. It was hailed with delight by all ranks, celebrity and patronage followed the applause with which it was received, and Goldsmith, as he had long foretold fame, was at last, at the height of his ambition.

The great moral object of the "Traveler" is to reconcile man with his country, to make the poet/manual and illustrate that local attachment, that preference of native land, which, in spite of every disadvantage of soil or climate, leads so eloquently to every bosom which calls out with maternal feelings the sandy desert or the stormy rock, appears irresistibly to the heart in the midst of foreign luxury and delights, and calling the wanderer home. When the "Traveler" was published, Dr. Johnson wrote a review of it for one of the journals, and pronounced it the finest poem that had appeared since the time of Pope. This was no cold praise, for a very distinct opinion at that time this model for imitation; his rules were the standard of criticism, and the "Essay on Man" was placed at the head of chaste poetry. The fame of Goldsmith was now firmly established; and he was satisfied to find, that it did not merely rest on the authority of the millions, for the learned and the great now deem themselves honoured by his acquaintance.

His poem was frequently the subject of conversation among the literary circles of the time, and his character was become that of a public man. It is related that he was addressed at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. On one occasion it was remarked among the company at Sir Joshua's, that the "Traveler" had brought Goldsmith, at least, into high reputation, for which he was grateful. His virtues partake also a similar depth, and their morals, like their pleasures, are scarcely, coarse, and low.
LIFE AND WRITINGS

Boswell, marked with a pencil all the lines he had furnished, which were only 400 lines.

To be too certain, and too slight to go upon the concluding ten lines, except the last but one, printed in italic.

How small of all that knows human nature, to which I have been so little a stranger. I have been about every business of the kind, and have, to my knowledge, the same accuracy and care, and skill in execution in every thing concernd, that I can imagine. We were very extempore, with some course, with no strict system, but the reader will discern it. Mr. Boswell, the latter remarked, that our authors had long a visionary prospect of some time or other going to Aleppo, when circumstances of the time made them think of a possibility of procuring a knowledge of any particular East, and introduced them into Britain to which Johnson rejoined, I am not of the generation for which this might have been written, or such an inquiry; for he is yet ignorant of such arts as we ourselves already possess, and consequently could not know what would be necessary to our present stock of mechanical knowledge; or, he would bring home a striking-nearbar, and think he had furnished a wonderful improvement. Goldsmith, however, seems never to have been conscious of the desirability of his own powers for such an undertaking. This passion for travel was never extinguished; and notwithstanding the neglect with which his application for ministerial patronage had been treated, his designs of going to the East were not frequently revived. Even after the publication of the "Traveller," as formerly remarked, though engaged in several literary undertakings, he was still prominent; and his words have not been for his characteristically simplicity or carelessness, or perhaps his propensity to practical blundering, an opportunity was now thrown into his way that might have enabled him to fulfil his most sanguine expectations.

Among the distinguished characters of the day the merit of the "Traveller," had attached to it, either as patron or friend, Lord Nugent (afterwards Earl of Clare) was conspicuous in point of rank; and his liberality, not satisfied with his own personal notice and friendship, warmly recommended him to his friends in power, particularly to the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Northumberland, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. That nobleman, on the recommendation of Lord Nugent, had read several of Goldsmith's productions, and being charmed with the elegance of their style, expressed a desire to extend his patronage to his author. After his return from Ireland, in 1765, he communicated his intentions to Dr. Percy, who was related to the family of Northumberland, and by his letter to his courtier contemporaries, particularly to the Duke of Northumberland's brother, the Earl of Bute. This visit to his lordship, Goldsmith used to give the following account: I was invited by my friend Percy to wait upon the duke, in the course of the sallie, as it is generally expected of me to read from one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and after studying some compliments, I thought it necessary to begin with such as are friendly to the Duke, and acquainted the servants of his position, and the particular business he had for his majesty. They showed me into an ante-chamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman very elegantly dressed entered the room. Taking him to be the Duke, I delivered all the things I had composed, in order to compliment him on his honour had made me, and my respect for the great author, I had done a piece of work, which I told me I had done for his majesty, who would see me immediately. At that instant the duke came into the apartment, and I was so much surprised that I hardly knew what to say, or do. I could hardly sufficient to enable him to prosecute his researches, and have taken care to have that continued to him during the whole of his travels. From this time our poet, though sometimes talked of his plan, appears to have ever relinquished the design of travelling into Asia.

Goldsmith, though now universally known and admired, and enabled to look forward to independence at home, still retained a portion of that love to the country for which he had been distinguished by prime minister at the accession of George the Third, this desire his enthusiasm for the obtaining of some portion of the royal bounty, and the liberally dispensed by himself in pensions in benefactions to men of learning and genius. That he might be enabled to execute this favourit project, he resolved on making a direct application to the government for pecuniary assistance, and the sanction of Government, but, the better to secure success, he previously drew up and published in the "Traveller," his applications for such an undertaking. This passion for travel was never extinguished; and notwithstanding the neglect with which his application for ministerial patronage had been treated, his designs of going to the East were not frequently revived. Even after the publication of the "Traveller," as formerly remarked, though engaged in several literary undertakings, he was still prominent; and his words have not been for his characteristically simplicity or carelessness, or perhaps his propensity to practical blundering, an opportunity was now thrown into his way that might have enabled him to fulfil his most sanguine expectations.

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Independent of every consideration of interest or curiosity, the introduction of Goldsmith to a nobleman of such high rank as the Earl of Northumberland, is a circumstance sufficiently gratifying to any lover of distinction. For the very fact that he has been preferred by the honour of the interview with his lordship; and, for a considerable time after, it was much the subject of suspicion and reference in his company. One of these, in his charge of the law, a bill, having come to the knowledge of this circumstance, determined to turn it to his advantage in the execution of a wish which he had against the poet for a small debt. He wrote Goldsmith a letter, stating, that he was a steward to a nobleman who was charmed with reading his last production, and had ordered him to desire the doctor to appoint a place where he might have the honour of meeting him, to conduct him to his lordship. Goldsmith swallowed the bill without hesitation; he appointed the sufferer to meet him, which he did, accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the proprietor and printer of the Critical Review, who, in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On entering the coffee-room, the bill paid his respects to the poet, and desired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him. They had scarcely entered Fulham in on the way to his house, when the poet, being charmed with him, asked if he would have the infinite astonishment and gratitude of our author. Mr. Hamilton, however, immediately interfered, generously paid the money, and redeemed the poet's promise.

Soon after the publication of the "Traveller," Goldsmith appears to have fixed his abode in the Temple, where he ever afterwards resided. His apartments were first in the literary afternoon next.
in the King's Bench walk, and ultimately at No. 3 Brick-court, his residence, was elegantly furnished, and here he was often visited by literary friends, distinguished alike by the number of their rank, talents, and acquirements. In the latter part of the July and August, there were new members, and could rank among his friends, he was able to exhibit a list of the most eminent and conspicuous men of the time, among whom may be particular mention the above-mentioned names of Burke, Johnson, Percy, Reynolds, Garrick, Cadman, Dyer, Jones, Boswell, and Beavemaker, with the Lords Nugent and Chichester.

The mention of these names alone would give some idea of the most conspicuous men of the age, and a notice of the names of the members to the present time, all of whom have more or less figured in the literary or political world, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

This literary association is said by Mr. Boswell to have been founded in 1764, but Dr. Percy is of opinion that it was not so early. Sir Joshua Reynolds had the merit of being the first to suggest it to Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke; and they having acceded to the proposal, the first members were then fixed on. The original members, therefore, as they stand on the records of the society, were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, Mr. Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beavemaker, Mr. Launcelot, Mr. Goldsmith, Mr. Chambers, and Sir John Hawkins; and to this number there was added soon afterwards Mr. Samson Dyer. It existed long without a name, but at the funeral of Mr. Garrick, became distinguished by the title of the Literary Club. The members met and supper together one evening in every week, at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard street, Soho. Their meetings commenced about a.m., and by means of the instantaneous conversations of Mr. Johnson, Burke, and Beavemaker, their sittings were generally prolonged till a pretty late hour. It was originally intended that the number of members should be made up to twelve, but for the first three or four years it never exceeded nine or ten; and it was understood that if even only two should chance to be absent, they would be able to entertain one another for the evening.

About the beginning of 1788, the attendance of the efficient members was reduced to eight; first by the accession of Mr. Beavemaker, who became ensnared by the gayer attractions of more fashionable clubs; and next by the retirement of Sir John Hawkins.

Soon after this it was proposed by Dr. Johnson to elect a supply of new members, and to make up their number to twelve, the majority being to be made by the choice of the club. It was for the exclusion of a candidate. The doctor's proposal was immediately carried into effect by the election of Sir Robert Chambers, Mr. Percivall, and the late George Steevens as new members on Monday evening, February 15, 1798. Mr. Beavemaker having desired to be restored to the society, was re-elected about the same time.

From this period till 1797 the club consisted of the same members, and its weekly meetings were regularly continued every Monday evening till December that year, when the meeting of Monday was interruped by illness. Shortly afterwards there were not less than four vacancies occasioned by death. These were supplied, first by the Earl of Charleville, then by Mr. Dyer, and lastly by Mr. William Jones, who was elected on the 13th of March, 1793; and next by (afterwards Sir William) Jones and Mr. Boswell, the former of whom was elected on the 2d, and the latter on the 23d of April. It was observed, "I should be sorry indeed if any of our club were hanged," and added, "I will not say but some of them deserve it," alluding to their politics and religion, which were frequently in opposition to his own. But the high regard in which the doctor held this association was most strikingly evinced in the election of Mr. Barry's successor, Mr. Sheridan. For in return some literary councilors, received from that gentleman while he had as yet only figured as a dramatist, Johnson thought the finest compliment he could bestow would be to invite him to become a member of the Literary Club. When the ballot was proposed, therefore, he exerted his influence, and concluded his recommendation of the candidate by remarking, "he who has written the two best comedies of his age, is surely a considerable man." Sheridan had accordingly the honour to be elected. The importance of his death and after which his conduct matters, that thus his presence among us, was never formally proposed, and by consequence never admitted.

In justice both to Mr. Garrick and Dr. Johnson, many passages in this character of Mr. Johnson, when he was never formally proposed, and by consequence never admitted.

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In a society thus composed of men distinguished for genius, learning, and rank, where the chief object of the institution was social and literary enjoyment, it is certainly interesting to know what kind of intellectual fire was kindled up to give a thrill to the most staid of their periodical supporters. Happily, Mr. Boswell has supplied such a desideratum; and as a fair specimen of the numerous conversations which he has recorded, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to be presented with part of the discussion which took place at the time of his own election in April, 1773, and a full report of the next session of the club on the 20th of March, 1774. This we do with the more pleasure, on account of the first discussion being in some sort illustrative of the character and writings of our author.

On Friday, April 5th, 1773, Mr. Boswell, attended with Dr. Johnson at Mr. Beauclerk's, where were Lord Clarendon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some more members of the Literary Club, whom he obligingly invited to meet us, so I went that evening to be bullied for a candidate for admission into that distinguished society. Johnson had done me the honour to propose me, and Beauclerk was very ready.

"Goldsmith being mentioned, Johnson said, it is amazing how little Goldsmith knows. He seldom comes where he is least known, and is not often in Mr. Reynolds', Yet is there no man whose company is more liked? Johnson, To be sure, sir. When people find a man, of the most distinguished abilities, they think it must be highly gratifying to them. What Goldsmith comedly says of himself is very true, he always gets the better when he argues alone; meaning, that he is master of a subject in his steady, and can write well upon it; but when he comes into company, where he cannot avoid talking, it is his "Traveler" in a very fine performance, and, as is his "Deseret Village," were it not sometimes too much the echo of his "Rambler." (I have not read the "Deseret," but, doubtless, Goldsmith's History is better than the scolding of Robertson, or the folly of Dalrymple."

"Boswell, I will not admit the superiority of Robertson, in whose History we find the most penetration, such painting?" Johnson, Sir, you must consider how that penetration and that painting are employed. It is not history; it is imagination. He who describes what he never saw, draws from fancy. Robertson paints masques as Sir Joshua poet's faces in a history-piece; he imagines a heroic courtesan. You must look upon Robertson's work, and try it by any other standard. History is it not. Besides, sir, it is the great excellence of a writer to put into his book as much as his book will hold. Goldsmith has done it in his History. His readers might have put twice as much into his book. Robertson is like a man who has poled gold in vellum; the wood takes up more room than the gold. No, sir, I always thought such writing would be crushed by his own weight—would be buried under his own ornaments. Goldsmith tells you shilly-shally all you want to know; Robertson declares you a great deal too much of it.

"Mr. Boswell, I have heard you say that Robertson's curious matter filled a second time; but Goldsmith's plain narrative shall please you again and again. I would say to Robertson, what an old man of a college sold to one of his pupils: 'Read over your compositions and wherever you meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine, strike it out.'" Goldsmith's judgment is better than that of Lucian Florio or Rotcupian; and I will venture to say, that if you compare him with Vertet, in the same place of the Roman History, you will find that excels Vertet. Sir, he has the art of telling a story, and of saying something he has to say in a pleasing manner. He is now writing a Natural History, and will make it as entertaining as a Persian Tale.

"I am not discoursing upon that topic (continues Mr. Boswell) without observing, that Dr. Johnson, who owned that he often talked for victory, rather urged plausible objections to Dr. Robertson's excellent historical works in the author of context, by expressed his real and decided opinion; for it is not easy to suppose, that he should so widely differ from the rest of the literary world.

"Johnson and Boswell, engrossed with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poet's Grave, I said to him,—"

_Quintus et nostrum maris meritorum istis._

"When we got to Temple Bar, he pointed to the headstone upon it, and stylishly whispered, "Quintus et nostrum maris meritorum istis.""

"Johnson praised John Bunyan highly. ("Pilgrim's Progress") has great merit, both for its

"I have found his "Journey" commonplace conversation, yet valuable in whatever happened to be. At one of Lord Mansfield's all Sunday evening conversations, strangely called of tenors, his Lordship addressed me, 'We have all been reading your Travels, Mr. Boswell.' I have owned, 'I was but the humble attendant of Dr. Johnson.' The Chief-Justice replied, that with air and manner which never one ever heard or saw him can forget. 'He speaks ill of nobody but Oxland.'"

Mr. Boswell is, in high spirits this evening at the club, and talked with great animation and vivacity. He said the following passages, in his "Rambler," in a manner to cause all present to laugh. 'The Tale of a Tub is so much superior to his other writings, that we can hardly believe he was the author of it; there is in it such a vigour of mind, such a stock of much of nature, and art, and life. I wandered to hear him say of Goldsmith's Travels, "When once you have thought of big and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest."

"I endeavoured to make a stand, for Swift, and tried to raise those who were very much more able to defend him but in vain. Johnson at last, of his own accord, allowed very great merit to the inventor of articles found in the pocket of "the Man Mountain," particularly the description of his wife, which it was considered was written in the place of meeting, and was introduced to such a society as could be found. Mr. Edmund Burke, whom I then saw, for the first time, and whose splendid talents had long made me ardently wish for his acquaintance; Dr. Nugent, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Alexander Smith, and the company with whom I had dined. Upon my entrance, Johnson placed himself behind a chair, on which he leaned as on a desk or pulpit, and, with humourous formality, gave me a charge, pointing to the context expected from me as a member of this club.

_The next conversational specimen given by Mr. Boswell._

_Quod de Art. Anam. 1. l. 8. 12._

_The allusion in Dr. Johnson's supposed political principle, and perhaps our own._

_3._
ward of dramatic excellence, he should have re-
quitted one of the universities to choose the per-
son of his preference. In the meantime, he was associated with the wit and talent that belonged to this cele-
bated club, his publisher, Mr. Newbery, thought he might venture to give the world a two-year Waverley-ke.
It was accordingly brought out in 1756, and not only proved a most lucrative specula-
tion for the bookseller, but brought a fresh ascen-
dion of literary reputation and fortune to the author.
Notwithstanding the marking merit of this work; it is a fact not less singular than true, that the literary friends to whom Goldsmith submitted it for criti-
cism, before publication, were divided in opinion as to the probability of its success; and it is still more singular that Dr. Johnson himself should have en-
tertained doubts on the subject. It has been as-
serted, that the publisher put it to press in the
erude state in which it was found, when the man-
gus was made with Johnson for the manuscript;
but such a conclusion is obviously erroneous.
That Goldsmith, if he did not revise and review this work be-
fore publication, may be gathered from a conver-
sation which took place between Johnson and Mr.
Bowdler, 'Talking of a friend of ours,' says the
latter, 'who associated with persons of very dis-
cordant principles and characters; I said he was a very
university man in the world.'
'Yes;' said Johnson, 'he was a
choolman of the world, as to be nothing in
the world. I remember a passage in Goldsmith's Vi-
car of Wakefield, which he afterwards took to his
young friend, being anxious to distinguish
myself. I was perpetually starting new proposi-
tions, and John once gave me this, for I found that
generally what was new was not original.'
Waverley' has long been con-
cidered one of the most interesting tales in our
language. It is a story that presents merely a picture of common life. When I was a
child, my father read me passages from it, and
the bare townspeople characters and their
actions, in a manner that affected the reader,
removed all the interest from the story. The
Irishness of the novel possesses, even in
how much may be done, without the aid of ex-
travagant incidents, to excite the imagination and
renew the feelings. Few productions of the kind
afford greater amusement in the perusal, and still
more in the moral of the piece, that the
language. Its language, in the words of an elegant writer, is what 'angels
might have heard and virgins told.' In the de-
scription of his characters, in the conduct of his fa-
fable, and in the moral of the piece, the genius of the
author is equally conspicuous. The hero displays
with unaffected simplicity the most striking virtues that can adorn social life: nowhere in his professions,
human and religious in his disposition, he is him-
self a picture of the pattern of the character he represents. The other
personages are drawn with similar discrimina-
tion. Each is distinguished by some peculi-
arity, and the general grouping of the whole has
this particular excellence, that not one could be
wanted without injuring the unity and beauty of the
design. The drama of the tale is also managed
with equal skill and effect. There are no extra-
vagant incidents, and no forced or improbable situ-
ations one event rises out of another in the same
easy and natural manner as the language of the
narration; the interest never flags, and is kept
up to the last by the excellent concealing of the
real character of Besshill. But it is the moral of the
work which entitles the author to the praise of a
ferent merit in this species of writing. No
writer has arrived more successfully at the great
ends of moral. By the finest examples, he in-
structs the practice of benevolence, patience,
suffering, and reliance on the providence of God.
A short time after the publication of the "Visi
tor of Wakefield," Goldsmith printed his beneficial
book of "The Comic Poems," in which he
had published, in the same year, "Reliques of
Ancient English Poetry," and as the "Elegist" was
found to bear some resemblance to a tale in that
"Reliques," the author, in his "Preface to
Order Gray," the scrupulous of the time availed themselves of the
circumstance to tax him with plagiarism. Irritated
at the charge, he published a letter in the St.
James's Chronicle, vindicating the priority of his
own poem, and asserting that the plan of the other
must have been taken from his. It is probable,
however, that both poems are from a common collection, beginning
"Gentle Hearnsham." Our author had seen and
admired this ancient poem, in the possession of
Dr. Percy, long before it was printed; and some of
the characters in the "Elegist" were undoubtedly, to have
imitated in the "Elegist," as the reader will
perceive on examining the following specimens:

FROM THE OLD BALLAD

And give me eye and ear to see,
And give me food and drink to eat,
I will not sigh, nor hang forsooth,
Unless I will be so to do.

When being weary with sleeping,
I will not stir from the spot.
I will be still in the place,
And there I lay without the sight;
And for friends there were I warns,
And for tender my tender conscience,
And every day I'll lay my head
Upon the ground.

This day I fast, and prey,
And every day I'll lay my head
Upon the ground.

Thus every day I fast and prey,
And eat no flesh, and drink no wine
And every day I'll lay my head
Upon the ground.

Thus every day I fast and prey,
And every day I'll lay my head
Upon the ground.

Thus every day I fast and prey,
And for friends there were I warns,
And for tender my tender conscience,
And every day I'll lay my head
Upon the ground.

FROM THE HERMIT:

For all tried each sickle art,
Inexplicable and vain.
And while his passion wouldn't my heart,
I triumphed in my pain.

Tell, 0 sing, and bear a boy,
And make as sad as the dead.
And while my soul is laid.
And there, I lay my head;
And there, I lay my head.

There has been a attempt, in later days, to cast
a doubt upon the title of Goldsmith to the whole
of this poem. It has been asserted that the "Her-
mit" was a translation of an ancient French poem,
titled by a "Raimond and Angelina." The pretend-
ed original made its appearance in a trifling peri-
odical publication, entitled "The Canvas." It bears
internal evidence of being in reality an imitation of errors;
the warrant for these can be traced to
Goldsmith's poem. The frivolous nature of this
flippant attack, and its transparent falsity, would
have carried it out past unanswerable; had it not
been manifest that of late discussion in some
periodical journals. To enter into a detailed refu-
ation would be absurd.

The poem of "The Hermit" was first in-
troduced to the Countess (Mrs. Anne Duschier) of Edgeworth-ecd, in conversation with a Mr.
Nugent, who was one of his literary friends, for the benefit of good
air, and the convenience of retirement. To this
device the Countess gave the peculiar appreciation of Gold-
smith's character. The "Hermit" was not an imitation of
the original; nor was it an attempt at a fanciful
style, after the taste of his original possessors, who was one of the
work. He began and finished one of his most pleasing and successful
Of Dr. Goldsmith.
wider the little work was at first published anonymously and was very generally ascribed to the pen of Lord Lytton. That noamen then held some rank in the world of letters, and as the chief feature in the performance of his last re-lore of language, without much depth of thought, or investigation, the public were the more easily betrayed into a belief that it was the work of his lordship. It had likewise its admirers in the Land of Orsrey, and some noble authoresses of that period. That it was really the production of Goldsmith, however, was soon afterwards generally known; certain things, which all probability, greatly enhanced its value in the estimation of the world. Few books have had a more extensive sale or wider circulation.

The former editor had now acquired a new editor, a new author, and a new pretender to his adventure in the drama. His first produced a "The Good-natured Man." This comedy was offered to Garrick, to be brought out at his theatre of Drury-Lane; but after much fluctuation between doubt and encouragement, with his customary hesitation and uncertainty, he at length declined it. The Ballad to be his, and he was the more surprised, as the piece had been read and applauded by the public in manuscript by most of the author's literary friends, and had not been examined by Burke's critical judgment, which Johnson himself had engaged to write the preface. Colman, the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, was, however, not scrupulous to bring out such a piece presented under such patronage. It was therefore agreed that it should be produced at his theatre; and it was performed in the stage nine nights, its last withdrawal. The peculiar genius of its author was admired in its course and elegance of the dialogue, and throughout the whole there was many keen remarks on men and manners; but the piece was deficient in stage effect. In particular, was generally repudiated, though the characters were well drawn. This scene was afterwards greatly abridged.

Whatever were the defects of the piece as a whole, it was admitted that many of the parts possessed great comic effect, and these were highly applauded. The part of Croaker, in particular, was allowed to be executed with great success by the actor, who had partaken of the author's ideas of it. The drollery of his manner while vocal the necessary letter in the fourth act, and his expression of the passion of his character, was irresistibly comic, that brought about surgical forays, making it so superior to any teers they could hold out, made suit to them for favour, nay even combined with them on some occasions, and were marit enough to commend admirable facility of the company. From this class of critics, poor Goldsmith's sensitive feelings suffered the horrors of excision. To add to his mortification, the comedy of a "False Learning," by Wilkes, a name whose history was comparatively unknown, was brought out at the same time with the "Good-natured Man" at Covent-Garden, and had such an unexpected run of successes, that it was said to have driven its opponent effectually off the field. This might, perhaps, be in some measure owing to the admirable management of Garrick, under whose quick and skilful management it was got up; but at that time humour was the prevailing taste of the town, and Kelly's piece was the finest specimen of the sentimental school that had appeared for some time. "False Learning," according to Dr. Johnson, was "totally devoid of character," but less than ten thousand copies were sold in the course of one season; and the booksellers conceived in the opportunity, as they had no such eminence on the character of Croaker, and averred that none equal in originality had for a long time been exhibited on the stage. Colman, well acquainted with the reception of this character he was indebted to Johnson's suggestions in the "Romancer." That of Honeywood, in its undistinguishable bosoms, bears some resemblance to his "Good-natured Man" has unabashedly great merit and though deficient in effect for the stage, will always be a favorite in the closet. Mr. Cumberland remarks, that it has enough to justify the good opinion of its literary patron, and secure its author against any loss of reputation; for it has the stamp of a man of talents upon it, though his popular success with concurrence did not quite keep pace with the expectations that were grounded on the fact it had ante Good-naturedly been honored with. Short as the disaster was, however, it did not stunt the sale of the copy, and the price of his three nights, acquired not less than five hundred pounds, a sum which enabled him to enlarge his domestic establishment and improve his situation in life, that the instance of it is hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies, with their mother, on a tour in France, he was amusingly angry that nothing could be done for them, and amongst other objects, that of having two dozen candles, which they sat silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner. Johnson perceived this, and said: I am sorry to find you to be a gentleman, and you have such praise as if you were, and are not ashamed to have what is worth having. Mr. Burke to reply, Johnson, Bowdell, and Mr. Langton, towards the evening, adjourned to the club, where they found Burke, Garrick, and some other members, with the same Frankness as to their own situation, and amongst the rest, who sat silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner. Johnson received this, and said: I am sorry to find you to be a gentleman, and you have such praise as if you were, and are not ashamed to have what is worth having.

The troubles of our vain and talkative vanity are described in the preceding pages. Our story must now return to London, to what is now called the "Young Gentleman" and what is now called the "Thoughtful Man."
“you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic.”

He was still more needful, when, talking in a company within another family, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all who were present, a German who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself, as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him and said, ’You Thomson is going to say something.' This was very provoking to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

There is much to be said, however, for the envy of Goldsmith. It was rarely excited but on occasions of more literary composition and, perhaps, appeared more in the composition of his own than in that of others, because he had less art and never attempted to conceal it. Mr. Becsell used to defend him against Dr. Johnson for this fault, on the ground of his frank and open avowal of it in all occasions, but Johnson had the best of the argument. "He talked of it too often enough," said the latter, "but he had so much of it that he could not conceal it. Nor, by the way, is a man aware, he is not so ashamed to think, though many a man thinks what he is ashamed to avow. We are all elevated naturally; but by confiding early, we get the better of ourselves. So we are all thieves naturally; a child's ways try to get what it wants the nearest way: by good instructions and good habits this is cured, till a man has almost lost his power to win by what is another to him; he then struggles with himself about it." But, after all, if ever envy was entitled to be called innocent, it certainly was so in the person of Goldsmith. Whatever the rudeness of hiscoldness, or the severity of his mental caprice, he never once knew to have embittered his heart.

While Goldsmith was occupied with the composition of the "Good-natured Man," he was, as usual, highly enervated by the composition of various publications for the bookholders, particularly a series of histories for the instruction of young readers. These were, his “History of Rome," in 2 vols., 1766, and the "History of England," in 4 vols., 1768. The "History of Greece," in 2 vols., 1761, published after his death, and, as he was not the author of it, would never be considered as a work by him. For the "History of England," the bookclub collected a subscription of 6000 guineas, not to be repaid unless the book was finished and published within five years from the date of the subscription. The bookclub also undertook to pay the editor 600 guineas for an abridgment of the Roman history, the sum of fifty guineas. These historical compositions possess all the grace and simplicity, peculiar to the general style of their author, and are well calculated to accustom the public to new authors of this description. But the more advanced student of history must resort to other sources for information.

In the "History of England," there are several admirable passages; and some instances may be given from it of a remarkable occurrence in the affairs of his own country, to which it might have been expected, from the example of other countries, to have paid more attention. This is to be found in his narrative of the famous siege of London, which, in 1765, sustained against the French army having taken a citadel and four days later the city was found to be without provisions for little more than a week, and had besides been abandoned by the military commanders as utterly untenable. For the momentable defence the country was indebted to the courage, conduct, and talents of the Rev. George Walker, a clergyman who happened to take refuge in the city after it was abandoned by the military. Under the direction of Walker, assisted by two officers accidentally in the place, the defence was conducted with so much spirit, courage and perseverance, that the city was saved, in the absence of the military, under indispensable hardships and privations, that the city was finally saved. For his services on this occasion Mr. Walker, known for his charity, was allowed to have the benefit of his amiable heart.

"MEMORANDUM:"

"It is agreed between Oliver Goldsmith, M.R., and Thomas Davie, bookseller, at Russell street, Covent Garden, on the other, that Oliver Goldsmith shall write for Thomas Davie a new edition of "England," the history of the British Empire, or the death of George the II., in four volumes, of two and four quarto leaves of the Roman History, written by Oliver Goldsmith. The said History of England shall be written and compiled in the space of two years from the date hereof. And when said history is written and delivered in manuscript, the printer giving his deposition that said quantity above mentioned is compiled, then said book shall be paid by Thomas Davie to Oliver Goldsmith, for having written and compiled the same. If he agrees also, that the said book shall be published and sold by said Davie in London, and in all Europe, within two years from the date hereof, and the said Goldsmith shall hear all other manuscripts of the kind, or any part thereof, sold in the said country, or in all Europe, within two years from the date hereof, or 1st day of June, 1766, at the price of 10 guineas.

Oliver Goldsmith.

Thomas Davie.

"MEMORANDUM:"

"September 15, 1770.

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Oliver Goldsmith.

Thomas Davie.

"A curious journal which Mr. Walker had kept of all the occurrences during the siege, was published at that period, in 1766, and was afterwards republished by the late Dr. Bowes."
life from the land, as harrowing life is prey,
When wealth accumulates and man decays;
But, in the flush of life's first glow, or, rarest years,
A breath can make a man as breath has made.

The poet, again personalized in the traveller, returns to the remote countries to the village of his childhood. In the opening of this poem he draws from memory a salute and beautiful picture of the place, and finally concludes with an air of haughty regret.

The Deserted Village” is the most popular and favourite poem of the two. Perhaps no poetic piece of equal length has been more universally read by all classes or has more frequently been quoted for ap’s sake. It abounds with complete and single lines, so simply beautiful in sentiment, so musical in cadence, and so perfect in expression, that the ear is delighted to retain them for their truth, while their tone of tender melancholy indelibly engraves them on the heart. — The characteristic of this poetry is a presenting simplicity, which conceals all the art of versification; but it is not confined to his expression alone, for it pervades every feature of the poem. The delineations of rural scenery, his village portraits, his moral, political, and classical allusions, while marked by singular facility, chasteness, and elegance, are all chiefly distinguished for this pleasing and natural expression, and are excessively delicate, without being over-sounding and, with the feelings of tenderness and melancholy which runs through the poem, there is occasionally mixed up a slight tincture of pathos, which gives an additional interest to the whole.

“Deserted Village” is written in the same style and measure with “The Traveller,” and may be said to strike its roots in some degree he be considered a mile of that poem; pursuing some of the views and illustrating in their results some of the principles them laid down. But the poet is here more intently interested in his own experience, the scenery drawn from his own home, and the application especially intended for his own country.

The main intention of the poem is to contrast agriculture with commerce, and to maintain that the farmer is the most worthy pursuit, both as it regards individual happiness and national prosperity. He proceeds to show that commerce, while it causes an influx of wealth, introduces also luxury, and its attendant vices and miseries. He dwells with great severity upon the evils of those bloody fortunes which create little world, and, notwithstanding the magnificence around them, swallowing up the small farmers in their wide and useless dominions; thus throwing an air over the country, while in fact they could hardly suffice to hold, and well out its real life and soul—its hardy

OP OF DR. GOLDMSITHE
Goldsmith dedicated "The Deserted Village" to his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, from motives of affection. He can have no expectations," said the poet, "in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can obtain all the gains nothing from us, I am ignorant of that art in which you are so facile; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a taste in poetry than myself. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged in present in following your affections. The only dedication I ever made, and that to him, I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you."

The warm friendship which had subsisted for years between the painter and the poet, warranted this dedication; while the fine qualities which distinguished that eminent artist, richly marked the elegant compliment thus paid him by Goldsmith. "Reynolds," says Mr. Cumberland, "was a perfect gentleman; had good sense, great propriety, with all the social attributes to make him both a man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near akin the muse of poetry was to that art of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he was as much under the influence of the subject of his famous UgoEion; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed and happily applied. Great as an artist, Sir Joshua's leading two books, the "Village," and "The Deserted Village," were lamented as two monsters. From Goldsmith on the contrary, the subject of his famous UgoEion; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed and happily applied. Great as an artist, Sir Joshua's leading two books, the "Village," and "The Deserted Village," were lamented as two monsters. From Goldsmith on the contrary, the subject of his famous UgoEion; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed and happily applied. Great as an artist, Sir Joshua's leading two books, the "Village," and "The Deserted Village," were lamented as two monsters.
"What such an author told, who would tell it again? I have made an abstract from his larger narration; and have this gratification from my attempt, that it gives me the pleasure of paying due tribute to the memory of Goldsmith."

Amongst his various undertakings for the booksellers at this period, there was one, however, in which he was consistently successful. He had been employed by Griffin to make a selection of elegant poems from the best English classics, for the use of boarding-schools, and to prefix to each of them a short account of the author and the place of writing. This work, as it was unwilling to keep up for me those residuary which I trust ever retain for them. If you then have mind to oblige me, you will write, whether I answer you or not. Let me particularly have the news of our family and old acquaintances. For instance, you may begin by telling me about the family who reside here, how they spend their time, and whether they ever make mention of me. Tell me about my mother, my brother Hodgson, and his son, my brother Harry's son and daughter, my sister, the family of Babyhollow, what is become of them, where they live, and how they do. You talked of being my only brother; I don't understand you: Where is Charlie? A sheet of paper occasionally filled with this kind of talk would make me very happy, and would keep you nearer my mind. As it is, my dear brother, believe me to be yours most affectionately."

"The lives of Dr. Goldsmid and Dr. Parrnall, undertaken for the bookseller, were the next productions that came from his pen. They were prefixed to the respective works of these writers, published about 1760 and 1771. Both performances were executed with his wonted taste and facility of expression, and, in his memoir of Parrnall, the poverty of incident in the life of a scholar is incidentally noticed by the author's own reflection. When Dr. Johnson afterwards undertook to write the "Lives of the Poets," he concluded the series with that of Parrnall; and accorded the opportunity it afforded him of paying an elegant compliment to the memory of his deceased friend. "The life of Dr. Parrnall," said he, "was a task which I should have considered as one of the most difficult in the world; but Grifflfin gave me the opportunity of writing it, and I was enabled by this favour to write it with facility and accuracy."

"The Duke of Ancaster's trade."

"To the solicitor of this letter there is annexed a receipt, which should be annexed to a letter, for a legacy bequeathed to Oliver Goldsmith by the late Herr

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"To the solicitor of this letter there is annexed a receipt, which should be annexed to a letter, for a legacy bequeathed to Oliver Goldsmith by the late Herr.
drinking, to which he was never addicted; and when he retired to his bed-chamber, took up his books and papers; and generally went to bed earlier than his children, or the best part of before, he went to rest. This latter exercise, he said, cost him very little trouble; for having all his materials as only prepared in his absence, he generally found, in a common letter, the mode of life and study thus described, Goldsmith, however, only pursued by fits. He loved the greyness, amusements, and concord of strangers; but had a certain degree he would occasionally lose himself for months together. To make up for his lost time he would again retire to the farm-house, and there devote himself to his studies. When his work required that, for weeks successively, he would remain in his apartments without taking exercise. This solitary system is supposed to have injured his health, and to have brought him to the latter part of his life. He used to say, that "he believed his farmer's family, whom he lodged thought him a odd character, similar to that in which the Spectator and his children were." He was "The Gentleman." About this period he was concerned in a work called "The Gentleman's Journal," published on the lines of the "British Coffee-Book," and conducted under the joint management of Keirnach, Bickerstaff, and others; but was soon discontinued. When a friend was talking about his only son when the subject of the work was brought, he exclaimed, and observed, what an extraordinary sudden death it had. "Not at all, sir," said Goldsmith, "a very common cause; it died too many doctors.

His next performance was his second attempt as a Dunciad. Not discouraged by the cold reception which his first play had met with, he resolved to try his fortune a second, and managed to hit the mark. In his letter to Mr. Langton, he mentions, that he had been occupied in writing a comedy, "trying these three months to do something to make the people laugh," and "drawing out the hedges, studying jests, with a most extravagant care." This was the drama which afterwards christened "The Stoops to Conquer or, The Mistakes of a Night." Although just finished, its publication was delayed till it should be acted at one of the theatres; and from the various obstacles and delays which were then thrown in an author's way, it was not published till October, 1772. Much difference of opinion existed as to the probability of its success. The majority of critics to whom it had been submitted were apprehensive of a total failure; and Mr. Colman, the manager of Covent Garden, contented himself to put it in rehearsal. That gentleman had himself given incontestable proof of dramatic genius, the print of various pieces; and was besides a critic of acknowledged taste and sense, His reluctance to accept any man's author's play, therefore, and his decided condemnation of it at its last rehearsal, was almost considered decisive of its fate. Goldsmith, however, did not despair. And Dr. Johnson, without being sanguine, leaned to the favourable side. In a letter to Mr. Howell he says, "Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy, which is expected in the spring. We hope it will succeed as well as his last. It is not, however, a very strong piece; it contains many occurrences, such as cross the path of a strategem, by which a love is made to mistake his father-in-law's house for an inn. This year, you say, bankers upon barley; he is said to have done three or four such pieces; the incidents are so prepared as not to seem improbable." And afterwards, when Colman had actually consented to bring it out, Johnson wrote thus to the Rev. Mr. White: "Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy in rehearsal at Covent Garden, to which the manager has fixed his ill success. I hope he will be mistaken; he is a thinking man, and very near reception." Others of Goldsmith's friends also entertained favourable opinions of the piece; and a few of them even professionally anticipated a triumph over the judgment of the manager. Perhaps, however, the strongest and most rational reasons taken by these friends in the fate of the play was one great cause of its success. A large party of these, with Johnson at their head, attended the first representation, and a scheme was preconcerted with much address, was carried into execution with triumphant effect. This contrivance, and the circumstances which led to it are detailed by Mr. Cumberland in his Memoirs: "it was now," says Mr. Cumberland, "that I first met him at the British Coffee-house. He dined with me, related his personal adventures, and the events of his life," as Sir John Reynolds, and we held a consultation upon the manner of his comedy, which some of the company had read; and which he detested to the rest after he came to write it. Then, he attended the first representation, and a scheme was preconcerted with much address, was carried into execution in triumph with the most success. Instead of this, the members to the number of one or two one came to look for him, and how to form them up.

We are a very wealthy and efficient people, and I will not let you have my name to the member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of available memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sanguine, and at the same time the most cautious judgment. They were also my companions, under the benevolent influence of the patronage of Mrs. Brickell being so deeply as to suppose herself at a distance of fifty miles from home when she was actually not distant fifty yards. Such was our poor author's temper and spirits on this uneventful salute, that running up to the manager, he exclaimed, "What's that? Why, what's that?" and then we could not see him any more. The pride of Goldsmith was so mortified by this remark, that the friendship which had before subsisted between him and the manager was from that moment dissolved.

The play of "She Stoops to Conquer" is founded on an incident already related, which occurred in the author's younger days, when he mistook a gentleman's house for an inn. Although, from the extravagance of the plot, and liberties taken upon the incident already related, which occurred in the author's younger days, when he mistook a gentleman's house for an inn, the piece is very nearly allied to verse, yet the dialogue is carried on in such pure and elegant language, and the strains of wit and humour are so perfect, that a few productions of the drama afford more pleasure in the representation, it still keeps possession of
the stage as a stock play, and is frequently acted
a circumstance which justifies the accuracy of the
opinion expressed by Dr. Johnson, "that he knew
of no comedy for many years that had so much
ennobled an audience; that he had surprised me
with that high degree of comed[-]that of making an
audience merry." In publishing this play, Gold-
smith paid his friend Johnson the compliment of
a dedication, and expressed in the strongest man-
ner the high regard he entertained for him. "By
inscribing this slight performance to you," said he,
"I do not mean so much to compliment you as
myself. It may do me some honor to inform the
world, that I have lived many years in intimacy
with you. It may serve the interests of mankind
to inform them, that the greatest wit may be
found in a charlatan without impairing the most
unadulterated pieces.

The good fortune which attended this drama was
productive of its usual consequents—a mixture
of applause and censure, with instances of
folly and absurdity. From less fortunate hands, whose poverty induced them to solicit his bounty, he received the license of
abolition in a form which varied
cruet; from others, more independent, who were
jealous of his reputation, and envied his success.
He experienced all the vicissitudes of 'illustrious
cri
ticism and scandal, of which mention a single instance of each may graft the curiosity of our readers.

DON DR. GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY

'WHY SHOULD A LADY WALK ABOARDS?'

'Oh!' is said in her bed. Thalls was said.
A sentiment prior to quite kill the enemy; too
Hardy even hot at her own.

When a regular doctor, one Goldsmith by name,
Found out, she is as much as she is so made
And he made her (see ever well crown all his fame)
As lively or as dead.

'Old doctor, was a poor beat who he is.
With two a name, ever jack, or pitt.

When you go to a boarding at her house,
You've a (good man) man...all the world does love,
Nor would your guest visit, but since first but now.

In a manner—I'm sure your good sense will tell you,
Your servant man humble would please.

'The bearer is the author's wife, and an ex-
awser from Dr. Goldsmith by her, will be more
gratefully acknowledged by his humble servant,

'Secondary, March 27, 1772.'

The other instance exhibits an attempt to check the
author's triumph on the ninth night after the
opening of this play. It was a most liberal
personal attack, in the form of a letter (supposed
with the stolen jewels to the mother, supposing her
to be the landlady. That Mr. Colman did
not justice to this piece, I honestly allow; that be
told his friends it would be damned, I positively aver;
and, from such generous expressions, without a
dramatic merit, it rose to public notice; and it is
now the low to go and see it, though I never saw
a person that wholly liked it, nor approved it, any
more than the absurd plot of Homer's tragedy of

'The London Packet,' of the 8th March, 1773, published
by Mr. Thomas Evans, bookseller in Paternoster-
row. Both the manner and the matter are un-
worthy of Kenrick, who was a man of talents. It
was probably the work of a more obscure hand.

FOR THE LONDON PACKET.

'TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

'BE YOUR TASTE FOR VARIOUS.'

'She—The happy knack which you have
bored of putting your own compositions, provokes
me to come forth. You have not been the editor
of newspapers and magazines, to discover the
trick of literary harmony; but the game is this:
that the very foolish part of the world see through it,
and discover the doctor's monkey face, and
cloven foot. Your poetic vanity is as unpardon-
able as your personal. Would man believe it, and
will woman bear it, to be told, that for hours the
GOLDSMITH is acknowledged.

TO THE PUBLIC.

"Lost it may be supposed, that I have been
willing to correct in others an abuse of what I have
been guilty myself. I beg leave to declare, that in
all my life I never either wrote or dictated a single
paragraph, letter, or easy in my public paper, except
a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese,
about ten years ago, in the 'Ledger'; a letter, and an
edict, to which I signed my name, in the 'St. James's
Chronicle.' If the liberty of the press, therefore,
have been abused, I have had no hand in it.

I have always considered the press as the pro-
tector of our freedom; and I am not only capa-
bale of uniting the weak against the encroach-
ments of power. What concerns the public most
propertly admits of a public discussion. But, of
into the press has turned from defending public
interest to making inroads upon private liberty
from combating the strong to overwhelming the
foe. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse;
and the protector is become the tyrant of the people.
In this manner, the freedom of the press is beginning
to save its own dissolution; the great must oppose
it from principle, and the weak, from forty till
the last rank of mankind shall be bound to give up
its blessings, content with security from its
injustice.

"How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by
which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which
vice consequently escapes in the general censure
I am unable to tell. All I could wish is, that as
the law gives us no protection against the injury,
so it should give us a certain indemnity after
having proved corrected. The insults which
we receive before the public, by being open,
are the more distressing. By treating them with
silent contempt, we do not so much declare
ourself to the opinion of the world. By recurring
to legal redress, we too often expose the weakness
of the law, which, only pressed, increase our morat-
ification by failing to rely upon it. In the above
way every man should singly consider himself as a
guardian of the liberty of the press; and, as far as
his influence can extend, should endeavor to prevent its
licence becoming at last the grave of its free-
dom.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The composition of this address is so much in
the style of Dr. Johnson, that it was at first gener-
ally believed to be the production of his pen. John-
son, however, always disclaimed any participation
in it; and his edition, effecting to be my alter ego,
the volumes of Mr. Howell. "On Saturday,
April 3rd," says that gentleman, "the day after my
arrival in London this year, I went to his (Dr.
Johnson's) house in the evening, and sat with
Mrs. Williams till I came home. I found, in the

OP. DR. GOLDSMITH

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of Dr. Goldsmith.

On the evening that Goldsmith produced "Re- 
tilation" he read it in full club, and the members 
were afterwards called on for their opinions. Some 
expected it to be a work of satire on the leaders of 
the day, but the authors of the poem, and others 
scarcely designed to be delighted with it; yet, when its 
presentation was suggested, the prevailing sentiment was de- 
signated by a general agreement. Goldsmith hence 
demonstrated, that a little pluck of four was an 
unnecessary ingredient in the friendship of the world; 
and though he might not immediately 
pronounce the poem, he determined to keep it, as he 
expressed himself to a friend, "as a sword in the 
pocket for any future occasion that might occur." But 
this occasion never presented itself: a more awful 
period was now at hand.

A short time previous to this, he had projected 
an important literary work, under the title of "A 
Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences." In 
this undertaking he is said to have excited all his 
literary friends, including most of the members of 
the Literary Club, particularly Johnson, Reynolds, 
and Burke, who promised to preside the design 
with all their interest, and to furnish him with 
original articles on various subjects to be embraced 
by the work. So much had he this project at 
heart—so singular was his of success, and so little 
difficulties, that he entered upon it with alacrity. And 
the booksellers, that without previous concert with 
any one of the trade, he actually printed and pub- 
lished the "Prometheus" at his own expense. These 
gentlemen, however, were disposed to enter upon so heavy an undertaking, and to receive his proposals so coldly, that he 
found himself obliged to abandon the design. It is 
supposed that he derived some relief from his peculiar 
difficulties by this scheme, and consequently his elation at the disappointment was the more keenly felt. He frequented the society of the circumstance the more, and doubtless that it contributed, with other vexations, to 
aggravate the disease which ended in his dissolution.

Goldsmith had, for some years, occasionally 
afflicted with a dropsy. The attacks of this disease 
had latterly become so frequent and violent, and the 
combined anxiety of mind on the subject of his accumulating debts, embittered 
his days, and brought on almost habitual 
dropstom. While in this unhappy condition, he was 
attracted by a nervous fever in the spring of 1774.

On Friday, the 25th of November, he set out for London himself extremely ill, he sat at eleven o'clock at 
night for Mr. Hews, an apothecary, to whom he 
explained his situation, complained of a violent 
pain extending all over the 
front part of his head, his eyes were red, he had 
a cold shivering, and his pulse beat about ninety 
strokes in a minute. He said he had taken two 
courses of ipecacuanha wine as a wash, and that 
it was the intention to take Dr. Jaures's five pow-
Another who this heart could always fail.

Gone now some más,—for such more deeply felt.

Saw, that, admid my own eyes, "So long. Afterwards, however, the

members of the Literary Club suggested, and 6000 pounds to the honour of the poet. The

design and workmanship of this medal were purely simple and appropriate. It was

erected in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, between the monument of Gay and that of

Dr. Arnold. On this occasion, the statue is admitted to have produced a good likeness of the

person commemorated. The bust of Goldsmith is exhibited in a large medallion, embellished

with literary ornaments, underneath which is a tablet of white marble, with the following Latin inscription by Dr. John:

OLIVAR GOLDSMITH,
Poeta, Physic, Historiæ,
Quem multa versus correcta genus
Genii.

Nolum nodis ira certo servavit
Sine motorum nenil
Sive hervos,
Afflentem poetae flammis dividendo,
In eamque purganda nihilo,
Oquiribus a vobis, suaviter,
Encomium memoriam
Deduxit
sibi,
Olim Lusitana,
Olim Roma,
Nunc isti Hiberniae Fere Longobardiae,
In regius amici
Parnes,
In hac hymnico
Pasti,
Eliso libris
inclusum

Arthur. April 17, 1748.

This Latin inscription has been engraved in the base of a column which was raised in the

house of Dr. Goldsmith, when some members of the Literary Club were present. Johnson was so much surprised with the

hymn that he immediately suggested a voluntary subscription for the purpose of erecting it in Westminster Abbey. The

pulpit was to have been done on former occasions in similar epigrams, but his premature death unhappily prevented the

execution of his plan.

The friends of Goldsmith, literary as well as personal, were exceedingly numerous, and so attach-

ed to his memory, that they determined to honour his remains with a public funeral, and to bury him in Westminster Abbey. His will was to have been supported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Loudon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Mr. Beauchamp, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick. Some cir-

cumstances, however, were so unexpected, and so connected with the resolution from being carried

effectively. It is generally believed that the chief reason was a feeling of delicacy, suggested by the

disclosure of the circumstances of his death. It was, therefore, privately interred in the Temple burying-ground,

in addition to the eulogies on the literary qual-

ities of his friend, Johnson afterwards honoured his with the following tetranist in Greek:

Τα τοιούτα έχοντο στον Ζωνάμον. Τον ιεροσάμοντα, τον

μήτηρν ζωον. Δίκης Law, τον δικαιοσύνην, τον ποιήτη,

τον ημιπαθέσαντα συνειδητόν, τον θμασίων συνειδητόν, τον

αναστάτον, τον θαυμάστε, τον συνειδητόν.

The following epitaph was commended to the printers, and was printed in the Order of Books:

"Here lies the body of Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of the most celebrated artists in the world, who died in 1792. His life was a model of virtue, and his death a just instance of the truth of the saying, 'Death is the noblest stroke a man can make.'"
was not confirmed by the external graces of its author. In stature he was somewhat under the medium height, with a more square than a round head, and his hair, as one of his biographers expresses it, was more stately than elegant. His forehead was low, and more prominent than usual; his complexion pale, and his face almost round, with a tinge of the small-pox. His first appearance was therefore by no means captivating: yet the general lineaments of his countenance were that of an impertinent, and exhibited traces of deep-thinking and religious vanity. He grew easy and cheerful in company, and this circumstance, coupled with the indigence of his person and deportment, often prevented him from appearing to so much advantage as might have been expected from his learning and genius.

The epistle of Goldsmith to Benner, in conversation has excited considerable surprise when compared with his powers as a writer. His literary associates used to be struck with the disparity, and some of them puzzled themselves to account for it. Sir Joshua Reynolds mentioned that he had frequently heard Goldsmith talk warmly of the pleasure of being liked, and observe how hard it would be if literary excellence should produce a man so little liked as he perceived it often did, from the envy at that time. "I am, therefore, convinced," said Sir Joshua, "that he was often intentionally absent in conversation, in order to keep at home: I think characters such as that character must be sufficiently supported by his works. But this appears to be the excess of refinement in conversation; and Mr. Boswell's reason, which ascribed it to Goldsmith's "vain and eager desire to be conspicuous wherever he was," though less charitable, is more consistent with probability. The truth, however, may have been, that Goldsmith, having constant opportunities of observing the conversational abilities in Johnson, either from the spirit of competition, or the ambition to excel in such a fascinating talent, was tempted to a frequent display of his powers, to the great advantage of his friend, who, doubtless, often glanced at elegance; and, although Mr. Boswell's studies to make him a fell to Johnson, there are instances among the conversations recorded by that gentleman, when his verses are extolled as the most rational and elegant interlocutor of the whole. Hence it is reasonable to conclude, that the accounts which have been transmitted of the weakness or absurdity of Goldsmith's conversation, are greatly overrated. Be that as it may, if the conversation of Goldsmith was so confused and incoherent as has been generally reported, it is an evident falsehood, among many others, in which the conversation of literary men has been found strikingly unequal to their works. It forms also an illustration of Johnson's character, that it is very possible for a man to possess the poetry of Goldsmith's situation, without there being that stress to us as merely ideal. Everything is clear, distinct, and palpable. His every imagination is tangible. He draws it from objects and ideas, and the ear of the reader is never for a moment at a loss to discover its application. This is what makes Goldsmith so easily understood, and so generally admired. All the pointed and singular traits are so many true transcripts from living nature; while every image, every thought, and every sentiment connected with them, have a corresponding expression of unfeigned truth, and simplicity. It is said of him by Mr. Boswell, that "his mind resembled a fertile but thin soil; there was a quick, but not a strong vegetation of poetry in it," which, if true, points to a deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parsley, appeared in gay succession. This is a poetical description, and, with some limitation, may be admitted as an approach to the truth. The characteristics of Goldsmith's poetry are ease, softness, and beauty. He can be compared to a poet of ancient Greece, to the depth of his pathos and the flow of his numbers. He is uniformly tender and impressive, but rarely sublime. The commingling which he himself has had, and the splendor and the passion of Parnell can justly be applied to his own. At the end of his course, in the poem, "The Traveller," it is said, "the reader regrets that his way has been so short; he wonders that it gave him so little trouble; and so resolves to go the journey on again." A similar impression, or something analogous to it, is felt by every reader of the poetry of Goldsmith. His course has been through a rich and highly cultivated country, where swelling and ingratiating ditties, and poems at every steps where every object that he passed was blooming in beauty, and pregnant with interest; and where he himself never for a moment felt any interruption of enjoyment.

From the characteristics of the poet we turn to the qualities of the man. Goldsmith was mild and amiable by nature, and when his quarrels or difficulties were generated into buffoonery, and this circumstance, coupled with the indigence of his person and deportment, often prevented him from appearing to so much advantage as might have been expected from his learning and genius.

Our friend, Goldsmith, with Adidas, and the great, with no other reason, that he had been known at midnight to abandon himself to the company of an old fool dying object who was left destitute in the streets. The humanity of his disposition was manifested on every occasion that called for his exertion; and so large was his liberality, that his last guinea was the general boundary of his munificence. He had two or three poor authors always as pensioners, besides several writers and poor housekeepers; and when he happened to have no money to give the latter, he sent them away with shirts or old clothes, and sometimes with the contents of his breakfast table, saying, with a smile of complacency, that he supposed I have eaten a heavier breakfast than usual, and I am nothing out of pocket. His generosity, it is true, used often to be carried to an extreme. He gave away for his own expense the whole of a lottery, and without discrimination. If the applicants for his bounty were poor and friendless, it was all that he asked to know. Like his own village pastor, he overflowed with benevolence, and

"O'ersteer their faults or their faults to use, His eye gave on charity steady."


Chapter I.

The description of the family of Wakefield, in which a kind

The prevails, as well as the manners of persons.

棘 war ever of opinion, that the honest man who

married and brought up a large family, did more

service than he who continued single and only

talked of a population. From this motive, I had

scarcely taken orders a year, before I began to think

seriously of matrimony, and clove my wife, as she
did her wedding-gown; gild, for a fine glossy sur-

face, but for such qualities as would wear well.

To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable

woman; and as for breeding, there were few coun-

dry ladies who could show more. She could read

any English book without much spelling; but for

pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel

her. She prided herself also upon being an excel-

lent contriver in housekeeping; though I could

never find that we grew richer with all her con-

trivances.

However, we loved each other blindly, and our

fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in

fact, nothing that could make us angry with the

world or each other. We had an elegant house

situated in a fine country, and a good neighbour-

hood. The year was spent in rural or rural amuse-

ments, in visiting our rich neighbours, and

relieving such as were poor. We had no resolu-

tions to fear, nor fatigue to undergo; all our ad-

ventures were by the fireside, and all our amuse-

ments from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the

traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry

wine, for which we had great reputation; and I

professed with the velocity of an historian, that I

never knew one of them find fault with it. Our

curse too, even to the fortieth remove, all remem-

bered their affinity, without any help from the

herald's officer, and none very frequently to see us.

Some of them did us no great honour by these

claims of kindness; as we had the kind, the manu-

ered, and the least amongst the number. However,

my wife always insisted, that as they were the

same, from and blood, they should sit with us at

the same table. So that if we had not very rich,

we generally had very happy friends about us, for

this remark will hold good through life, that the

poorer the guest, the better pleased he is with

being treated; and as some men game with admira-

tion at the colours of a tulip, or the wings of a but-

terfly, so was I by nature an admirer of happy hu-

man faces. However, when any one of our rela-

tions was found to be a person of very bad charac-

ter, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get

rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care

to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots or
CHAPTER II

Family Misfortunes.—The loss of fortune only serves to increase the price of the want.

The temporal concerns of our family were entirely committed to my wife's management; and as she was not only an excellent housekeeper, but also of many manual arts, she had been raised at a school under the superintendence of a lady, who was in the present condition of matron of our establishment. She was educated with a view to have been a companion to the lady, but was afterwards engaged in a situation which very little suited her talents. She had been employed in the family of the Duke of York, and was very well acquainted with the household management of the royal family. She was a woman of great tact, and was very well liked by the Duke and Duchess. She had been employed in the family of the Duke of York, and was very well acquainted with the household management of the royal family. She was a woman of great tact, and was very well liked by the Duke and Duchess. She had been employed in the family of the Duke of York, and was very well acquainted with the household management of the royal family. She was a woman of great tact, and was very well liked by the Duke and Duchess. She had been employed in the family of the Duke of York, and was very well acquainted with the household management of the royal family. She was a woman of great tact, and was very well liked by the Duke and Duchess. She had been employed in the family of the Duke of York, and was very well acquaintance
trust my former concessions in the old gentleman’s favor. I can now allow him to be a husband in any sense of the expression.”

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of his engagement. Others felt as little as myself about what the lawn appeared to endure. Mr. Will- mot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon deter-

minded to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute towards the separation of friends and families in, perhaps, one of the most distasteful circumstances attendant on marriage. The day soon arrived on which we were to part; the after-dispersion was slight, after bidding adieu to the remainder of my patrimony, I laid it down to believe it was a long time before he would even think of returning. If he would be satisfied with his present situation, which, it would appear, was not, he would have now to bear, “You are going, my boy,” cried I, “to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same advice, and let me be the good Bishop Jewell, this stuff, and this book. It will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million, ‘I have been young, and now an old yet once I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begged their bread.’ Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy; whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once again; still keep good heart, and farewell.”

As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehension from throwing him into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would not act a bad part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The news of his leaving a neighborhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear which scarcely fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles on foot in a country that had habituated itself to the luxury of me, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to in-

crease it. The first day’s journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have our breakfast, which he complied, what he drank would increase the bill next morn-

ing. He knew, however, the whole neighborhood to which he was removing, particularly Mr George Turner, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. 

This gentleman, he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarcely a farmer’s daughter was safe from his round; but what had soon won him success and affection. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten at the prospect of a turn which might have been discomforting; no; nor was my wife less pleased and content of their alterations and glimpse. The while she had been employed the hostess entered the room to inform her, that the stranger, a gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy him for his reckoning. “Want money,” replied the host, “that must be impossible; it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our head-stand an old soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing.” The hostess, however, persisted to add. “He was preparing to leave the room, saying that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I beg-

gin the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity and most cordial manner. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were lace. His person was distinguishable from the masses, and his face with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord’s leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. “I take it with all my heart,” said he, and added, “I am glad that a late oversight, in giving what money I had about me, showed me there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously explain. It is a question for me, the manhood of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible.” In this I satisfied him fully, not mentioning any name and late misfortunes, but the proper occasion forRECT.

The vicar of Wakefield.

“Thad,” cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, “belong to Mr. Thorndill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though, on the death of his uncle, Sir William Thorndill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town.”

“What!” exclaimed the son of the neighboring farmer, whose wife, gene-


CHAPTER II.

A Migration.—The fortune circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own proving.

The only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortune might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; but the uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be without an education to render them valuable to society.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affection; for premature conclu-

sions in both cases must prove too slow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small care of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a situation where I could still enjoy my principles without mortification. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My children were now brought up with the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that beggary is wretchedliness itself. “You can not be ignorant, my children,” cried I, “that no prudence of ours could have pre-

pended our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my children, and wisdom bids us conform to our hard situation. Let us then, without re-

pining, give up those scruples with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humble circum-

stances, the peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help, why then should not we learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all our pretensions, we have still enough to be left happy for our services, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.”

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I deter-

minded to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute towards the separation of friends and families in, perhaps, one of the most distasteful circumstances attendant on marriage. The day soon arrived on which we were to part; the after-dispersion was slight, after bidding adieu to the remainder of my patrimony, I laid it down to believe it was a long time before he would even think of returning. If he would be satisfied with his present situation, which, it would appear, was not, he would have now to bear, “You are going, my boy,” cried I, “to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same advice, and let me be the good Bishop Jewell, this stuff, and this book. It will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million, ‘I have been young, and now an old yet once I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begged their bread.’ Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy; whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once again; still keep good heart, and farewell.”

As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehension from throwing him into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would not act a bad part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The news of his leaving a neighborhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear which scarcely fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles on foot in a country that had habituated itself to the luxury of me, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to in-

crease it. The first day’s journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have our breakfast, which he complied, what he drank would increase the bill next morn-

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CHAPTER IV.

A proof that even for humbler beings may grant happiness, which depends not on circumstances but contentions.

This place of retreat was in a little neighborhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the necessities of life within themselves, they sold to them other towns or cities, in search of superfluity. Remote from their neighbors, they dwelt in the primitive simplicity of manners; and from their habit, they scarcely knew that temptations was a virtue, in every thing without the same cheerfulness on days of labor; but observed the festivals at intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas card, sent true love-knots on Valentine morning, at least in some痕迹, showed their sport on the first of April, and religiously croquet nuts on Martinmas eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in the grosser of a pipe and taw. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down, and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sleepy hill, situated with a beautiful underwood behind, and a guelling river before; on one side a meadow, and on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's goodwill. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my dwelling, and the comfort and ease, which I felt in living with inexpeasurable joy. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the whole was made of boards and small tiles. I ministered like a child to the men the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my orders; and when we were to assemble in the morning, they were all in readiness. I once had my daughters undertook to inform them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it warmer. Besides, it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and copper being well secured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved.

The little repose to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner: by sun-rise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servants. After we had satiated each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good-breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship. Then we sat down to dinner, and I was glad to see that Being, who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry about our own affairs. My wife and daughters employed themselves in preparing what we wanted. We did not want for cock to carry us row, "You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we want to walk in a dance, or a carriage, or a coach, then we will have a coach," I answered my wife. "You can walk it perfectly well," replied she. "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him;—I shall love you, if you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not nourishment, but merely. These entertainments, and pinings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbors. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "these gowns may be altered into something of a plainer sort; for I am very unbecoming in us, who have no taste in our proper advantage. This finicking and showing is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world might be properly covered with a common covering."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting out their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtiling.

CHAPTER V.

A new and great acquaintance introduced. What we place most hope upon, generally proves most farad.

At a small distance from the house, my provo-}
CHAPTER VI.

The Happines of a Country Plunder.

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed, that we should have a part of the version for supper; and the guns undertook the task with severity; "I am sorry," said they, "that we have no neighbour or stranger to take a part in this good feast: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality."—"Bless me!" cried my wife, "here comes our good friend Mr. Thornhill, with the Mrs. Wrench, and that romantic gentleman, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason why Mr. Thornhill, with the Mrs. Wrench, and that romantic gentleman, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason why Mr. Simkins could not get the ten thousand pound prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a bang. "I protest, Charles," cried my wife, "this is the way you always dumb my judgments and my reasons why we turn into spirits.

Mr. Thornhill, I must say of my new visitor, Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?—""Immensey so indeed, mamma," replied she, "I think he has a great regard to my own and the family's happiness, and he is not a bad person; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say.—"Yes," cried Olivia, "he is well enough for a man; but for my part, I don't think he was extremely industrious or familiar; and on the guitar he is shocking." These two last speeches I interpreted by countenances. I found by this, that Sophia internally disapproved, as much as Olivia secretly admired—"Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children," cried I, "to confess the truth, he has not possessed me in his favor. Dispositions of friendship ever terminate to distress; and I thought, notwithstanding all his good qualities, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to complements of our own rank. There is a character more to my taste; he is a man that is a fortune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be contemptible too. Thus, at last, we shall be complimenting if our views are not; but if they are otherwise! I should shudder but to think of it. It is true I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children, but I think there are some from his character;—and it will all have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the house, who, with his compliments, runs us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present added more powerfully in his favour, than any thing I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied just having passed out danger, and the bolt flies to its nest, but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world, he was that came to save it. He never had a house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us. Deborah, my dear," cried I to my wife, "give those boys a lump of sugar each, and let Dick's be the largest, because it is a Classics education. In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our great offering his assistance, he was accepted among us, and his labours were undertaken. In the meantime, we turned the swath to the wind. I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the mediocrity of Mr. Burdell in seat, beside a young lady in the second sofa in her part of the walk. When he had finished his own, he would join in her's, and enter into a close conversation; but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's undeniably reserved and unapproachable nature, to be convinced of her ambition, to be under any necessity from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burdell was invited for an hour, and we were left to sit alone. He sat down to the gate that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late visit. "What do you think of a man of such a refinement?" I asked, "that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance. He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his folly. Poor fortune creature, where are now the revellers, the fiddlers, that could once inspire and command Grace, perhaps, to attend the bagpipe, grand, etc., etc., etc. Extravagant. They once praised him, and now they applaud the parter, their former raptures at his wit are now converted into sarcastics at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty, for he lost the fortune of the ancient family. But the case of the ancient family is far more shadowy and confused than I should think; that we should never strike an unnecessary blow at a victor over whom Providence holds the source of its resentment."—"You see right, Sophy," cried I, "for I have heard my one more unpleasantly than he was to-day, when he conversed with you."—"This was said without the least design, however it excited a blast, which she bestowed only as an affronted laugh; and a drink, that she scarcely took any notice of what she said to her; but that she believed he must have been a very fine gentleman. The risklessness was obvious, and the rest of her behaviour, which she hurriedly undertook, when she turned the swath to the wind, I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession.
As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the version pretty. Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones: my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest, and I observed with pleasure that they were improving something over the fire. At first they supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me in a whisper, that they were making a wish for the weather. Wakes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that instead of mending the complex, they spelt it. I therefore approached my child by showing the fire, and grouping the pokers, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

CHAPTER VII.

A Town with Described.—The earlier follows may be summed for a right or two.

When the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young hundred, it may be easily supposed what preparations were undertaken to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their purer pleasures upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill, with a family of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, were politely ordered to the next ale-house, but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all, for which the post, to our family was placed for three weeks after. Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilcox, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal changed the heartiness of his receptions but accident in some measure relieved our embarrassment for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill, with an oath, that he never knew any thing more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: "For strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should be most in pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a bump under the clock at Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we; the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia too could not avoid whispering loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began my usual toast, the Chimney corner, as it was described by the chaplain, as he said the Church was the only mistress of his affections."—Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the Squier, with his usual sarcasm, "suppose the Chimney corner should be dressed in warm scarlets, on one hand, and Miss Sophin, with no laugh about her, on the other, which would you be for?"—For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain. "Right, Frank," cried the Squier, "for may this glass suffice me but a fine girl is worth all the picturesque in the creation. For what are titles and tricks but an imposition, all a confused imposture, and lastly, a holy imposture." Mr. Thornhill, in contrasting the Squire's notion with the Squire's dinner, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with facility. It is not surprising then, that any man, and again, the affections of (women), and the merit of Miss Wilcox, a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another.

But now we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young hundred. As he directed his look and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer possible but what she was the object of his ideas, I therefore qualified for making converts; and so he helped your mother to make the gooseberry-pie."

CHAPTER VIII.

An answer, which promises fine good forms, may be protective of much.

The next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be disfueled with the frequency of his return; but I must confess I could not refuse to hear, as it is quite possible I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for depend on it, if he be what he declares himself to be, no fine-thinker shall ever have a child of mine.

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for heaven will never arraign him for what he has said, or done, or in what manner he has said or done it. Every man has his own thousand visions, which arise without his power to support. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that allowing him sentiments which are wrong, yet as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors, than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to affix in an adjacent air."

"True, my son," cried 1; "but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable. And such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see; but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our generous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet as we have been willingly carried on in so many, we are very negligent in our forcing them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument; she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were fine-thinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some persons who had skill enough to make conversions of their spouses; "And who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do. The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and to my knowledge is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have real?" cried 1; "It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly have not given her opportunity." Mr. Burchell, the Squire, and the controversy between Thackeray and Square; the controversy between Relinson and Square; the controversy between Relinson and the savage, and I am now employed in reading the controversy in religion: the controversy."

"Very well," cried 1, "that's all; I am perfectly qualified for making converts; and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie."
A BALLAD.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where you taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here the sound and lost I tread,
With faltering steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
So longlinging as I go.

" forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous glen;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion be scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whatever my cell bestows;
My rusby couch and fragrant fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No rocks that range the valley free
To slumber I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to play them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guilitless feast I bring;
A scrip with fish and fruit supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that long."

* We have introduced this beautiful poem in this place, because it appears to be too holistically connected with the spirit of the poet to be unimportant. This is, indeed, the case, and the poet's poetical testimony.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

The VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Surprised she sees new beauty rise,
Swiftly hasting to the view;
Like colours over the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The blossful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread ahurs:
The rose the morning dew confest
A maid in all her charms.

And shall I forgive a stranger's fault,
A wretch forsook, she cried;
Whose feet unshod thus intrude
Whereso heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy play shun,
Whose love's his task to stay
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy land was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who pressed me for imputed charms,
And feit, or gave a flame.

"Burst he a hermit's modesty
With richest profers stowe;
Amongst the rest young Edwin howd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Worth and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He earnest days of love,
His breath best fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The dews of Heaven refined,
Could mould of guiltless display
to conciliate my hate.

"The door, the blossom on the tree,
With charms incostant shine;
Their charms were his, but were to me;
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each facile art,
Importance and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Tell quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the blush,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And them forebore, despairing, his,
I'll lay me down and die;
I must for evermore in sin,
And for so him will I.

"Beside it, Heaven, to the hermit cried,
And clasped his to his breast;
The wondering fair one turned to chide—
"These Edwin's self that pos'd.

"Turn, Angelus, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign,
And shall we never, nor part.
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her expression. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just heard by us, and immediately after a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the 'Squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So had a report and so startled my daughters, and I could perceive that Sophia in her fright had thrown herself into Mr. Barchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and sportman-like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, so much discovered her pride in a whisper, observing, that Sophy had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the 'Squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided masts, and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight, on the grass-plots before our door. "Nor can I deny," continued he, "that I have so much in my hands first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be hone-
CHAPTER IX.

Two Ladies of great distinction introduced.—Sophia's story ever suited to orders superior breeding.

Mr. Barrell had sagaciously taken the town, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the "Squire was come with a crowd of company." Upon our entering the ball-room, we found a party of gentlemen and two young ladies richly dressed, whom we introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed, that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a display of disapprobation from my wife. Misses Hocking was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs, and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen went with both the gals. The ladies and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's own daughters, dancing with red top-knots; but an unlucky circumstance was not to altered—the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and roundabout to perfection, yet they were by no means acquainted with country dances. This at first discomposed us; however, after a little doing and dragging, they at last went so merrily. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and a tambour. The moon shone bright; Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours, hearing what was going on, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little child did it so very cleverly, all the steps were stolen from her. For Sophia, however, I was sorry. I told her she was not equal in this respect; but that I was sure she had laboured hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprang, lunged, and frisked; but all would not do: the gams indeed owned that it was a man's dance, and Mr. Flamborough observed, that Miss Lify's feet seemed as paid to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies who were apprehensive of getting cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very comical manner, when she observed, that, by the living thing she was off of a wondrous old house, we found a very elegant old supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation at this time was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade: for they talked of nothing but high life, and high-minded company; with all fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. "Tis true they coo or twere muffled up visibly by slipping out an eft; but that appeared to me as the surest sym- pathy, for I wish the enjoyment I had given to them the effects it were not so unpleasing." Their finery, however, threw a veil over any greeness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to return, Mr. Thornhill and a couple of companions, and what appeared amiss was rubbed to the tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that Misses Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little better. My second daughter was sent to the ball, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her a single winter's polishing. To which I could not help re- sponding, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a title for having they had no right to possess. And what pleasantries," cried Mr. Thornhill, "do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow? As for my part," I continued, "my fortune is petty, big, liberty, and pleasure, are my maxims; but cursed me if a settlement of half my estate could give me my charming Olivia pleasure. It should be her: and my sons. The only flavor I can feel in the marriage, is to add myself to the benefit." I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable way to disguise the innocence of the basest proposal; but I must an effort to suppress my resentment. "Sir," cried I, "the family wishes..."
world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffee and cross-bones, the sign of an ap-
pearance of the devil. It was imagined that she had purchased her
dagger-pockets filled with furtings, a certain sign of their being shortly stuffed with gold.
The girls told us their own stories. They felt snug times on their Ipswich! At one time they had been
in the candle, purses burned from the fire, and true
knife-knives laced in the bottom of every tea-cap.

Towards the end of the week we received a card
from the lady, bidding us to expect that they would
appear in town. And now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspi-
cions that some alarm or scandal was preparing for
appraisal with splendour of the next day. In the
evening they began their operations in a very regu-
lar manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the
scene. After ten, when I seemed in spirits, she
began thus:—"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall
have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow."—Perhaps we may, my dear, but
there is no uncertain
ness about that; you shall have a sermon whether there be or not."—"That is what I expect," re-
turned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to look for what we know what may happen?"—"Your precautions," replied I,"are highly commendable. A decent behaviour
and appearance in church is what charmers are. We
should be decent and humble, cheerful and serene."
"Yes," cried she, "I know that: but I mean we
should go there in a proper manner as possible:
not altogether like the scrubs about us."—"Yes,
very proper," returned I; "and I am going to make the very same proposal. The
proper manner of going is, to go there as early as
possible; to have time for meditation before the
service begins."—"Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but not what I would be
at. I mean we should go there quietly. You know
how we walked two miles off, and I protest I
don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their
pew all bloomed and red with walking, and looking
for all the world as if they had been winners at a
steeple-chase. Now, my dear, we must proceed to
Flasborough. There are our two plough-yards, the colt that has
been in our family these nine years, and his com-
panion Blackberry, that has barely done an earth
a year. They are both greatly staid and fat and lazy. Why should they not do something
as well? And let me tell you, when Messrs. Hun-"
When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future activity. Deliberations concerning which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our perfect enjoyment was the suspicion entertained by the community of our intentions. It had already been proved to too many instances of his friendliness, and two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the "Squire" had any real affection for his eldest daughter, it would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and took the first opportunity to call. "I hope," she cried, "your ladyship will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to any title, yet it is easy to prove to you that we have read, wrote, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, brushstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pluck, point and fail, and know something of music; they can make up small clothes, work upon outgo; my eldest can eat cat paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." Pudge! Pudge! When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Slingsby condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such an establishment. "I hope," cried she, addressing my spouse, "you require a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not that I do not suppose, that in this I am least of all likely to suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence and discretion, but there is a form in these things, madness is there a form." My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself, but referred her to all the neighbours for a character; but this our person declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornehill's recommendation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested our petition.

CHAPTER XII.

Fortunately obtaining to behead the lady of Waterford.

I shall mention several circumstances which, in the course of the next year, happened to result in little advantage to that community of the quarter of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our perfect enjoyment was the suspicion entertained by the community of our intentions. It had already been proved to too many instances of his friendliness, and two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the "Squire" had any real affection for his eldest daughter, it would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and took the first opportunity to call. "I hope," she cried, "your ladyship will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to any title, yet it is easy to prove to you that we have read, wrote, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, brushstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pluck, point and fail, and know something of music; they can make up small clothes, work upon outgo; my eldest can eat cat paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." Pudge! Pudge! When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Slingsby condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such an establishment. "I hope," cried she, addressing my spouse, "you require a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not that I do not suppose, that in this I am least of all likely to suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence and discretion, but there is a form in these things, madness is there a form." My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself, but referred her to all the neighbours for a character; but this our person declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornehill's recommendation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested our petition.
green spectacles, with copper rims and slanting nose spar! A mammoth take such triumphs. The blackbuck has been imposed upon, and should have known his company. The rascal was not so very sharp-eyed, he should not have known them at all. "— Marry, hang the idiot," returned she, "to bring me such stuff if I had them then I would throw them in the distance. There again, my dear," cried I; "for though he be copper, we will keep them by us as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.

By this time the unfortunate Mr. Moss was under

He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a peevish sharper, who, observing his face, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstance. Thereupon, he told the story, and we found it was only a very drolly dressed man, who pretended to be a merchant, and took him in by the simple device of declaring him to be the representative of a firm of spice dealers. He told the story as if he were crazed, and we found it was only a very drolly dressed man, who pretended to be a merchant, and took him in by the simple device of declaring him to be the representative of a firm of spice dealers.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy; for he has no excuse to give disputable answers.

Our family had now made several attempts to be kind; but some unforeseen disaster delayed each project as projected, and we endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition.

The next was to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such are not poor, and will associate with none but the rich, we had to try the friend, and dissemble by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side: the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconvenience of those who had been a good stock, and stood against them. His present interest was a lawyer, and his second was a physician. But I must advert that he was by this time grown wise, "no, I declare off; I'll fight no more: I find in every battle that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me."

Thus Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion, I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom of my heart, whether she was of a good sort or not, it was well for them which were received with so little grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of remaining stronger, seemed weaker, and at last was obliged to take shelter in an absolute drench. The conclusion of her intrigue, however, was highly disagreeable to us all: "she knew," she said to her sisters, "I have been the best reason for what they advised her, for her part, she wished each to stay away from her house for the future."—"Madam," cried Burchell, with looks of great composition, "indeed with the best reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret, the objections which will be come troublesome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country." Thus say

CHAPTER XIV.

The Vicar of Wakefield.

Fresh Manifestations of a denomination that mourning Cadell's may yet be real Business.

The journey of my daughter to town was now received upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensable necessary that the young men should understand the greatness of their expectations; which could not be done without expense. We debated therefore in full council what were the most proper methods of making such an impression, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished; it was found that our remaining horse was there again you are subject of the unforeseen transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man's form of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps; and mine was mostly in the family way. I had conversed with no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some peace from the door, called me back, to advise me in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual form, when I came to the fair, put my horses through all these paces; but for some time no horse had been so patient as him. I saw him all the time, and after he had fare well with examined the horse round, finding his blind of one eye, I would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing horses were not to be had; I would not take him for the driving horses; a third received he had a windgall, and would bid no money: a fourth knew by his eye that he had the better of the waggons, who all had a windgall; I was afraid to pass the side with a blind, spavined, galloped horse, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses there were, and I St. Gregory upon Good Works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a bear entered the stall, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjoining to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever they could. But come, Dick, my boy, let us, not entering an ale house we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was always reading. I never in my life saw a picture that possessed me more favourably. His looks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green
old age seemed to be the result of health, and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation: my friend and I discussed on the variation of fortune. We had met; the Whitsonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archeologist’s reply, and the hard-money that was death. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the sweet voice of a lady in our company, chanting a prayer in a very clear and copious manner; and I was immediately invited to her to partake of the meal. The lady was Mrs. Abrahams, and her horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had been wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so promptly resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late; I therefore made hastily towards, resolutely to get the draft changed into money at my friend’s best as possible, I found my honest neighbour smoking a pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twine over. “You can read the name, I suppose,” cried I, “Edmund Jemison?" ‘Yes,’ returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman as well, too, the greatest respect under the canopy of heaven. This is the very rogue who sold us the specie. Was he not a venerable looking man, with grey whiskers, and bald whoop holes? And did he not talk a long stress of learning about Greek, and cosmography, and the world? To this I replied with a groan. "Ay!” continued he, "he finds himself a little in the world, and, he always takes it away whenever he finds a scholar in the house; but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet.”

This was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughter. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master’s vengeful eye, and his must of course, be the character of such a step would be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infirmities or the leer with severity; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take therefore the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice to other souls, where peace and innocence have hitherto reigned.

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its conclusion might well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us in my esteem, this to their impartial friend. For I have always respected the greatness of our knowledge. I first, and then, and lastly, to the protection of their own. But what perplexed me most, was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours, toonable to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.
CHAPTER XV.

The family are at War, which is opposed with still greater

Whatever might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family was easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of one landlord, whose visits now became more frequent, and were more generally received than before. The numerous occupations of procuring my daughters the amusements of the town as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little necessaries which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly ac

 acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the playhouse, and all the good things of the high life by rote, long before they were even written into the best books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters poetry, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to learn to make them sharp, as he called it; but the happiness of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure shielded us all to his imperfections. It must be owned, that my wife had a thousand schemes to extrap him; or, speak more tenderly, every set to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea were short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry-wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; if the wine gave the flavor of her fingers which gave the flavor of their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding it was her judgment that asked the ingredients. Then the little pretty lady came run

ing in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which we felt from the apprehension of the dangers of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to punish him with his ingratitude, yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would still preserve the coloring of vengeance. For we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles; to join in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness; to accuse him a little; and then, in the midst of the flattering caress, to hurl upon him like an eagle, and overwhelm him with a sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife took care to manage her manners, so as we really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach; he entered a chair, and sat down—"A fine day, Mr. Burchel


and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his manner. It appeared to me one of the most instances of unapproachable ingratitude I had met with; nor could I account for it in any other manner, than by imputing it to his desire of retaining the good opinion of the sorriest of his neighbors. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villanies.

"My dear," cried I, willing to call him back as he was coming up to our little house, "we are not surprised that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected in doing, but glory in their vices."

"Cruel joker," says Olivia, with some contempt, "who have read in history, and admire the noble hero, and say that to approach his antagonist, have nothing to do with his merits. I have even the younger one instance of his existence; to

the contrary, I have ever perceived, that where the mind was capricious, the affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this, that no one can be able to understand the state of mind, that the heart is corrupt, and diminishes the power, where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend to other animals; the brute race are ever troughless, cruel, and cowardly; whereas those endowed with strength and power are generous, brave, and gentle."

"Those observations are very well," said I, "and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man," and I fixed my eye steadfastly upon him, "whose hand and heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay, Sir," continued I, raising my voice, and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this sir, this pocket-book?—"Yes, I have seen the name of Mr. Burchell on it," replied he, with a face of impenetrable assurance, that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it."—"And do you know," cried I, "this letter? Nothing, my lady, but that letter?—"And how could you," said he, "so bawdy, so ungenerously presume to write this letter?—And how came you," replied he, with looks of unparalleled efficacy, so boldly to presume to break open this letter? Don't you know, I could have had all for this! All that I know how to do is to swear at the next justice, that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang you as a common thief."

I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope's, returned Mr. Burchell, "very narrowly a man of genius, and a base detection of his own superstiti

As the reputation of books is raised, not by

their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties; so that should of men be prized, not for their exception from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar may

The scholar may

the champion forelock; but shall we prefer to these the law mechanic, who laboriously plods through life without a sense of happiness? We might as

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cames, and Misses. She, who, having an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, whence they could overhear the whole conversation. My wife kindly informed me of this. Plumbos was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spinks. To this the 'Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had never seen fortune married were people. The piece had not occurred till the picture was finished; which now struck us with dismay. It was so large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certainly it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, had in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be gotten through any of the doors, and the joint of all our neighbors. One compared it to a 'Crane's long-tail, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reed in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more wondered how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised millions suggestions in many. My wife, instead of every one, was an honour too great to escape every. Sensibilities began to circulate at our expense, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we were always present with vexing spirits; but could ever improve by opposition. Misses. She, who, having an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, whence they could overhear the whole conversation. My wife kindly informed me of this. Plumbos was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spinks. To this the 'Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had never seen fortune married were people. The piece had not occurred till the picture was finished; which now struck us with dismay. It was so large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certainly it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, had in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be gotten through any of the doors, and the joint of all our neighbors. One compared it to a 'Crane's long-tail, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reed in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more wondered how it ever got in.

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That the young ladies of our immediate united by the connexion of every one, was an honour too great to escape every. Sensibilities began to circulate at our expense, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we were always present with vexing spirits; but could ever improve by opposition.
but raises as well as she stirs, I make no doubt of its health. The most of his family, by the master's side, could sing a good song; it was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Bleinems could never look straight before them, nor the Hengnowses, for they are said to be noble, that the poorest of the Groggams but could sing a song, or of Marjoram but could tell a story. — However that be, cried I, "the wildest hound of them all, it is my opinion, does quite as well as the most dignified things that pertify us in one stanza; productions that we do most destitute and praiseworthy. Put the glass to your brother, Moses. The great fault of all our bottle-drinkers is, that they have no more love, no more care, no more patience, to make the ale which gives them the sense of men's kindness of any little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her top-dog, and the silly post runs home to verify the disaster.

"That may be the mode," cries Moses, "in other circumstancies; but the Ramsey songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould: Colin meets Dolly, and she holds a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a rose, and then they go together to church, where they give their advice to each other, and end and marry as fast as they can.

"And very good advice too," cried I; "and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there; for as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are what we want, and supplied with it when wanting."

"Yes, sir," returned Moses, "and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe, Ramsgate in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a year, but our English wives are tradeable every night."

"You are right, my boy," cried his mother; "Old England is the right place in the world for husbands to get wives. — And for wives to manage their husbands," interrupted I. "It is a proverb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the bales of the continent would come over to take pattern from ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as ours. But let us have one body, Deborah, my life and Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we owe not to Heaven for thusbestowing tranquillity, health, and competency. I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fortune, nor such pleasure, as I have.

"The only;" cried Deborah, "Deborah, we are now growing old; but our evening is life is likely to be happy. We are descend- ed from ancestors more illustrious than I am, and we shall be as far below them as they shall be above us.

"With all heart," cried my wife; "and if the

our honour unattended to pottency. Come, my

son, we wait for a song; let us have a chorus. But

where is my darling Olivia? That little cherub's

voice is always sweetest in the concert." — Just

as I spoke, Dick came running in, "O papa, papa,

she is gone from us, she is gone from us! my sister

Livy is gone from us for ever! — Go, child!"

"O, yes, sir, I am told to be a traitor in one sheet,

and one of them kissed her, and said she

would for her; and she cried very much, and

was for coming back; but he persuaded her again,

and she returned into the chaise, and said, O what

will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone?

"Now then," cried I, "my children, go and be

miserable, for we shall not enjoy you all the time

we have her with us. And if my Hengnows

is not a fitting light upon him and her — Thus to

see my child! — And sure it will, for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to Heaven. Such sincerity as my child was possessed of — That all our earthly happiness is now over! Go, my children, go and be miserable and infameous; for my heart is broken within me! — Father, cried my son, is this

your mistake? — Perfidious, child! Yes, he shall see I have fortune! Bring me my pistol. I'll put the traster; while he is on earth I'1l pursue him. Old man and young, all shall I am story. — The perfidious villain! I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor woman, whose passions were so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. "My dear, dearest, you must not shoot! The Bible is the only

weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has wondrously deceived you." — Indeed, sir, I

summed my son, after a pause, "your rage is too vi-

olenl and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. If you harboured in your heart this mixture, thus to come to your greatest enemy, you should not have cursed him, within as he is." — Did I not curse him, child, did I? — Indeed, sir, you did; you cursed him twice. — Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did. And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies! Blessed be his holy name for all the good he hath given, and for all that he hath

taken away. But it is not — it is not a small dis-

tress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that

has not gone yet for so many years. My child! —

To undo much with which I was so confused. —

Haven forgive me, what am I about to say! — You

may remember, my love, how good she was, and

how well she was beloved, and all her care was to

make us happy. Had she shall do? — But let us, if

to bring back my daughter; but before I had reached her seat, I was not by one of my turnshires, who said he saw a young holy;

and seeing my daughter, in a post-chaise with a

gentleman, whose, by the by, I could only

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Pursuit of a Father to redeem a lost Child to Virtue.

Thus the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my opinions and our young heirant, whose character for such intriguings was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill-castle, resolving to replenish her...
gues to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me. I therefore returned to the Southwark Churchyard, and though it was yet early, instantly entered upon visiting him immediately. He soon appeared with the most open familiarity, and seemed perfectly sam
ded, for he was just a countryman of the Southwark, and his liberty of speech immediately made me to the amazement of his newcomer visi
tor. I then explained the nature of my visit, and he immediately 
recalled me to the history of the last Monmouth. To which he 
replied, ‘I do not know whether you are the real party or not, but I 
refuse to discuss the public requirements of them: it is not the composition 
of the party, but the number of staffs and the capacity to 
be introduced into it, that elicits applause, strong, 
very strong, indeed, of which we are the professor in the whole, 
shocked into prolapsing, and another rolled over by the poet's throwing 
in a few of the gripe. No, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too 
much yet in the present taste: our modern 
diagram is much more natural.”

By this time the equipage of the retreating company 
arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been appointed of their approach, and was come out to gaze at us: for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectacles without doors than within. I did not consider the imprudence of my being in such company, till I saw a rude 
gather about a town. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, 
in the first ale-house that offered, and being showed into the common room, was seated by a very 
well dressed gentleman, who demanded 
whether I was the real charlatan of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquarade charac
ter. The latter was the real charlatan of the company, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, was condescending enough to 
decree me the player to a partake in a bottle of punch, 
and then made me a very brilliant and polite 
need, and I should sup with him at his house; with which re
quest, after some extricacies, we were prevailed on to comply.

CHAPTER XIX.

The description of a Person acquainted with the present 
character and the accounts of the house of the Estrella. 

The house is not known to be entered, lying at a small distance from the village our inn
visited, and the road, the village of Estrella, to the consti
tution of the houseman, sir, are quite out of 
postage; but this has long been a whole century; for the Estrella, and the house of Estrella, are the only things that go down.”

I cried, “I list the present age can be pleased with so dull and 
unremarkable a character, that obsolete humour;
and that ever such characters have no interest, if they 
worth you mention?” “Sir,” returned my com
panion, “the public think nothing about dialect, or

Cursory, or character, for that is none of his 
people; they only go to amuse, and find them
selves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime
under the sanction of Jonson’s or Shakespeare
name.” “So I thought,” cried I, “that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of 
Shakespeare than of nature.” “To say the truth,” re
turned my companion, “I don’t know what they are; I have a notion that they are all

The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the week

But from what I heard, though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, sir, liberty is the Briton's boast, and by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I swear in my 
guarnisons.”

“Then it is to be hoped,” cried I, “you re
serve the king?”

“None!” returned my companion, “when he do what we would have him, but if he 
goes on as he has done of late, I’ll never trouble 
yourself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think, only, I could have directed some better things. I don’t think there has been a sufficient number of 
advocates: he should advise something to give him the 
and then we should have things done in another good manner.”

“I wish,” cried I, “that each instructing 
advocates were fitted in the pulpit. It is so
manner, to have aswing in the same eye of liberty; and if they have their weight, lucky throw it into the sub
siding scale.”

“Now, cried one of the ladies, “to live to see one so brave, so valiant, to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred 
gift of Heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!”

“Sir,” said the gentleman, “the recent events, which I have been an eye-witness to, are 
not to make me think of the present state of this nation, of its friend; the
can not enter into combination with the poor 
player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I 
discerned on each topic with my usual 
freedom; but as I was pretty much unacquainted with the present state of the drama, I thought the theatre was a sort of theatre in 
theatre, and that I should sup with him at his house; with which re
quest, after some extricacies, we were prevailed on to comply.

of which I received before I came off the course. This was another unexpected 
stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant

performed, though I was unpocketed with money to
defray the expenses of my entertainment. It

possibility of the anxiety from this last circumstance although I was a relapse, had I not

been supplied by a traveller, who stopped to take a 
cursory refreshment. This person was no other

A MS. of the present volume has belonged to the late Mr. B. W., and was sent to him by Mr. B. R., for a 
certain purpose, and the writer hopes that it will be of some assistance. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainers chiefly expatiated; for he asserted that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the latter had been a great talker. The last Monmouth to which referring in the public

“Now I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the

I am not sure whether I can be entitled to the character of a modern dramatist, and that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakespeare

The appearance of the gentleman was so extraordinary, and the author was so 

than his coal-mines in Cornwall, I swear in my 
guarnisons.”

“Then it is to be hoped,” cried I, “you re
serve the king?”

“None!” returned my companion, “when he do what we would have him, but if he 
goes on as he has done of late, I’ll never trouble 
yourself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think, only, I could have directed some better things. I don’t think there has been a sufficient number of 
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manner, to have aswing in the same eye of liberty; and if they have their weight, lucky throw it into the sub
siding scale.”

“Now, cried one of the ladies, “to live to see one so brave, so valiant, to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred 
gift of Heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!”

“Sir,” said the gentleman, “the recent events, which I have been an eye-witness to, are 
not to make me think of the present state of this nation, of its friend; the
is a cunning animal, and they, surely will, the animal that is cunninger and stronger be, sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since then it is en
tailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to misery, the question is, as the
wealth, may be compared to a Cartesian system, each ebb with a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing to move in a great man's
friend, are only to be found in the mass of mankind, whose souls and whose education are
adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a
number of people who are disposed to set the sphere of the opulent man's influence, namely, that order of
men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble; those men who are possessed of too
large a fortune for the enjoyment of one tyrant, and who are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the
subordinate, sir. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingship power as much as
possible; because whatever they take from that, is naturally restored to themselves; and all they have
to the state, is to understand the single tyrant, by which they reduce their filamentary authority.
Now the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men possessing
such a number of people as are carrying on this business of understanding monarchy. For in the
first place, if the circumstances of our state be such as to favor the accumulations of wealth, and make the
men of wealth will even more to suit their ambition. An accumulation of wealth, however,
must necessarily be the consequence, when as at
present, much riches flow in from external com-
merce, than arise from the industry, for external
terc awards only be managed to ad-
antage by the rich, and they have also at the
same time all enrichments arising from internal
industry, the rich, with these two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one.
For this reason, wealth, in all commercial states, is the root of all, and such have hitherto been,
in time become aristocratic. Again, the very
laws of this country may contribute to the accu-
manations of wealth; as when, by their means,
the law that Hid the rich and your together
are broken, and it is ordained, that the rich shall
man marry with the rich or when the learned
were held disqualified to serve their country as counsel
ning; and a number of them, in the profession of
wealth, is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition; by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will increase as the possession of
wealth, when furnished with the neces-
saries and pleasures of life, has no other method
of employing its prosperity but in purchasing
power. This is, differently speaking, in purchasing the liberty of
the needy or the valed, of men who are willing to
bear the mitigation of continuous tyranny for a
bread. Thus each opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of the poorest of the
people, and this jealousy of the poor, and the jealousy of the rich, is, as every one knows,
that the wealth is, may be compared to a Cartesian system, each ebb with a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing to move in a great man's
friend, are only to be found in the mass of mankind, whose souls and whose education are
adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a
number of people who are disposed to set the sphere of the opulent man's influence, namely, that order of
men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble; those men who are possessed of too
large a fortune for the enjoyment of one tyrant, and who are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the
subordinate, sir. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingship power as much as
possible; because whatever they take from that, is naturally restored to themselves; and all they have

CHAPTER XX.

The Society of a Philanthropist, whispering Novelties, but Living Content.

After we had supper, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage; but he being determined to decline; and upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a valise were all the movable things upon this earth that he could boast of. "Why, sir," cried I, "you left me but five, if of men. At the trade you are in, you may be fit for a school; for I examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentices to the business? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair? No. Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you tie in a bow? No. Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good tongue? Yes. Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir, if you are for a genteel easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cobbler's wheel; and avoid a school by any means. Yet come, continued he, I see you are a kind of spirit and some learning, what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of learning standing at the trade present. I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in pleasantness; all honest job-rogue men, who go on smoothly and shilly, and write history and poetry and politics; and are prigged men, sir, who, had they been good cobblers, would have all lived their lives only riddled shoes, but never made them.

Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the antiqua auctor of Gush-street with reverence. I thought I would be very happy to pursue a task which was to me a train. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and however an interlocution with her might give us good company, the poverty she exhibited induced me to set the turn of genius; with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best remains to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book at one time, the more I expected from her, and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine carriage, and no sooner was I in the city than I felt as cheerful as the birds carelessly talked; and comforted myself with reflecting, that London was the most delightful of all kind were sure of finding directors for my misfortunes. In the whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to my purposes: but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the phoenix, I self-reflect, and with a pail pointed against every opponent."

"Well said, my boy," cried I, "and what subject did you treat? I hope you have not entirely being out of my programme. But I interrupted you: you published your paradoxes; and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?"

"Sir," replied my son, "the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I have already, I suffered the greatest mortification, neglect."

"As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house of London, a gentleman drew near me, and asked if there was a place in the town, placed himself in the box before me, and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give to the world of Propertius with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire to what purpose I was writing. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, I see,cried he, you are unacquainted with the town; I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals, upon which very prophecies I have sub- mitted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Cre- oman arrives from Jamaica, or a stranger from the country weil, I strike for a subscription. I first be- siege their hearts with flattering, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe, no, I was never more from engraving their coats of arms of the box. Then continued he, I live by vanity, and have my bread. But between ourselves, I am now too well known: I should be glad to borrow your face; but a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you lend this to any other, my life for it you ac- cept, and we divide the spoil."

"But, sir," cried George, "and this is the employment of poets now? Do men of their exalted talents work thus simple? God bless you, Gentlemen! Oh you so far dis-
his own clothes, and then I was2 admitted to his bed-
room, where he was sitting, reading a book.
My business was to attend him at night, to put
him in spirits when he lost his appetite for his pic-
ture, to take the hand in his charge when that
object was the most pressing, and to attend to
to him, as well as to seel to, a kip, as the phrase
was, when we had a mind for a sleep. Besides
this, I had twenty or thirty little employments in
the family. I was to do many small things, small
odd jobs; to carry the corkscrew, and the salt-glud
pot to all the butler's children; to sing when I was him-
to be a gentleman, to be a gentleman, to be a gen-
tleman. I was to see that the house was always in
condition, and that the man was not as a child, con-
tinue in the same way, and that he was not as a
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GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

CHAPTER XXI.

The short continuance of Friendship amongst the Virtuosi, which is caused only with mutual Satisfactions.

My son's account was too long to be delivered at once; but a part of it was begun that night, and he was continuing the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general conversation. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me with a whisper, that the 'Squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot of a holy and none would seem highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering the room, I was stopped by the expense of the passage by sea, home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle compared to the heavy returning by land; he was therefore unwilling to withstand the temptation; so paying me the small part of my education that was left to me, he embarked with only one attendant for London.

I now therefore left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, in your music could court me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose very well, and that was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical discussions maintained against every advantage disputant; for, if the disputant should either fail to make a very good use of his opportunity, he could claim no gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city, and each of my engagements, where I might as well as be as good as my words, I was treated with kindness, and made a great number of acquaintances, which were of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the coloured a picture was not well enough for the purpose, that I was used to be sometimes disposed to make a disputation. I was present at one disputation, which was famous for its length and learning, and was very much admired by the people present. I was then overpowered by the weight of the argument, and went home in a state of mind that I could not express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few; I found that monarch was the best government for the poor to live in, and sound makeable for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty as he who is subjected to the will of some individual to his own.

Upon my arrival in England I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to omit no valuable scheme that was going forward, or on my journey down my resolutions were changed, by meeting an old acquaintance, who found belonged to a company of commissioners that was going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me as a associate. They all, however, approved my proposal by the hand of the task, which not the delay by him. I added that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it; that acting was not to be learned in a day, and that without some traditional sluggard, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in finding me with parts; as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for some time from one character to another; till at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting.
The VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Goldsmith's Wores.

king; when loyalty among nations was a virtue.
God, may I have him in all his instances, and succeed in the
future, if it were a misfortune to die with Lord Falk
land. God, my boy, and if you fall, though distant, and un
expected by those that love you, the most strong and true;
and the rest with which Heaven blesses the unmarked bed of a soldier.

The next morning I took leave of the good fam
ily, that had been kind enough to entertain me so long; not without several expressions of gratitude
to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I found him in
the enjoyment of all that happiness which affection,
benevolence, and usefulness, can bestow upon human
natures, and returned to Thornhill's towards home, supposing of ever finding my daughter
more, but sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and to forgive her. I was now come within about a thousand miles of my own house, and faced the kitchen
痊 may be good things where they take; but for
my part, I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Arrow.
"Thus saying, she ran up to a huge trunk, and as she put it, there was a woman with a circumstance.
Mr. Thornhill returned 1; "can it be?"
"Yes, sir," returned she; "it was Mr. Thornhill who solved me; he employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who in fact were abdomen
of the town, without breeding or pity, to
dress us to London. Their arts were you may remember would have certainly succeeded, but the
Mr. Thornhill; I directed those reproofs to
be given to them, at which we all applied ourselves.
How they came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions, still remain a secret to me but I was assured I was ever our well wisher, sincere friend.
"You amaze me, my dear," cried 1; "but
now I find my first suspicion of Mr. Thornhill's busi
ness were too well ground; but he can triumph in
security: for he is rich and we are poor. But tell me, my child, was it not a small temptation
that could thus obliterate all the impressions of
such an education, and so virtuously a disposition as
thine.
"Indeed, sir," replied she, "he owes all this tri
umph to the town; but of making him, and not an
other, I am perfectly satisfied with myself. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a po
stoff priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honour.
"What," interrupted 1, "and were you indeed married by a priest, and in order?"
"Indeed, sir, we were," replied she, "but the
sign was no way binding to us both, and what we did,
which was an assertion of our innocence; and now, with
my arms again; and you now see a thousand times
more welcome than before; for you are now his wife to all the world, and you can all the laws of
man, though written upon tables of adamant, lose
the fieces of that sacred connexion.
"Ahm phew, replied she, "you are but little
shortened; for he has been married rows already by the same priest to six or eight wives
more, where, like me, he has desisted and aban

doned."
"Has he so?" cried 1, "then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform him to it now.""But, sir," replied she, "were I not about to
acquaint you with what I am about to say? I am sworn to secrecy?"
"My dear," I replied, "if you have made such a promise, I can not, nor will I tempt you to break it. Even though it may be impossible to keep it, you are at least bound not to
cause a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advantage.
And though the advantage certainly following, yet the interval between commission and disadvan
tage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volumes of human actions is closed and the eye over. But I Interrupt you, my dear; go on.

The very next morning," continued she, "I found what little expectation I was to have from
to those respects, made a little journey to my sister,
to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he
had deceived, but who lived in contented part.
I loved him too tenderly to bear such fi
in vain, turned them out unawarded and abandoned to the world.
As we continued our discourse in this manner, her husband, who had been out to get change, returned, and per
ceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in
which she was not a sharer, she asked him in an
angry tone, what he did there 1 to which he
only replied in an ironical way, by drinking
his health. "Mr. Thornhill," cried 1, "you
use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three
parts of the business is left for me to do, and the
rest is your own. You may, my dear, on what
seek with the guests all day long: whereas a
spoonful of liquor to cure me of a fever, I never
Touch a drop." I now found what she would be at
saying, "No, no," said I, "I will not go out a
glass, while she received with a courtesy, and drinking towards
my good health, "Sir;" resumed she, "it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one can not help it when the house is going out the
windows. If the customers or guests are to be
banned, all the burden lies upon your back; and if
left out that glass as wholesome after them. This
is a fine thing for a young woman who has come to take up her lodgings here, and I don't believe she has got any money by her over civilised, I am certain she is very slow of payment, and I wish you were in better of it." —What
“Have patience, my child,” cried I, “and I hope things will yet be better. Take some repos to-night, and to-morrow I’ll carry you home to your mother and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive a kind reception. Poor, friend! this, that and the other has gone to her heart; but she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it.”

CHAPTER XXI.

Officers are easily provoked where there is love at bottom.

The next morning I took my daughter behind me, and sat out on my return home. As we traveled along, I strove by every assurance, every pleasure I could, to soothe her mind and arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offered mother. I took every opportunity from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder heavens was to us than to each other, and that the misfortunes of nature’s making were very few. I assured her, that she should soon perceive any change in my manner; and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I assured her against the incursions of the wolf, and the condescension of the bear. I showed her that unapproachable companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The kindness that we rode was so put to use that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my home; and as I was willing to please my family for my daughter’s reception, I obtained leave for her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night when we reached our appointed stage; however, after being provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my little friend, and my little fireside, with all the rapture of expectation I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife’s tender embrace, and heard the gentle tears of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night was thick.

The labours of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were all extinguished; and to sleep were brought away by the shutting cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a fortnight of the place, my honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door—all was still and silent—my heart distended with untolerable happiness. When, to my astonishment, I saw the home-burning in a blaze of joy, and in the effort of this, my heart was met by one of the most intense that I ever felt. I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames, I rushed with my wife and daughter and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with anguish. But it was only to object of new surprise; for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, and after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony looking on as they were consumed. I gazed upon them, and the flames grew with each turn, and then looked round me for my two little ones, but they were not to be seen. Miss, “Where?” cried I, “where are my little ones?”

“I am burnt to death in the flames,” says my wife, calmly, “and I will die with them.”—That moment I heard the cry of the beloved, who were just arrived by the fire, and nothing could prevent us from seeing her. Where are you?” cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were concealed. Where are you? “Here, dear papa, here we are,” cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and exclaimed them through the flames as fast as possible, while, just as I got out, the roof sunk. “Now,” cried I, holding up my children, “now let the flames burn on, and all my possession perish. Here are you; I have saved my treasures. Here, my dear, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy.”

We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to support the world, which I had so often blazoned in my manner, was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our own. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which the notes I had we, were for my daughter’s fortune, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence which had been brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our houses with kitchen utensils; and that by the light we had another, though a wretched dwelling

to rise to. My honest next neighbour and his children were not the less sincere in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation unilateral benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, her, according to the natural cause of my long stay began to take place; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare for the reception of my family. I now actuated me to declare her, and to invite all and every one with whom I was connected, to attempt to ease the heart. Our good neighbours, too, came every day with the kindliest kindness, and a fixed time in which they were all to be present to see the many of us that had contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours, too, came every day with the kindliest kindness, and a fixed time in which they were all to be present to see the many of us that had contributed to ease the heart.

The vicar of Wakefield.

Chapter XXII.

None but the guilty can be long at ease in misery. Scorn and assiduity was required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former security. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I resorted to the work of the woods bed which were saved, and purchased the most plundering the country side, which was, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beam
The vicar of Wakefield.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Firth Okalades.

This next morning the ladies went to the church with particular
wrench to their sensations from that we agreed to break
fast together on the honey-suckle banks; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter at my request joined
her voice to the music of the convergent on the trees above.
It was a place where my poor Olivia first met her
succe, and every object served to recall her
wretchedness. But that melancholy which is excited by
objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of har
soothes the heart instead of corroding it.
Her mother, too, upon this occasio, felt a pleasing
distress, and wept, and loved her daughter
forever. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us
have that melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophie has already cologed us.
Oh, child, it will please your old father." She
consented in a manner so exultingly pathetic as
moved me.

When lovely women stoop to folly,
And find too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe melancholy
With which the frequent sires of woe?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentence to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an
interpolation in her voice from the sorrow and
card's softerness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's
equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particu
larly increased the unresistedness of my eldest daugh
ter, who, desirous of showing her betrayer, re
turned to the house with her sister. In a few
minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and
making up to the place where I was still sitting,
inspired after my health with his usual air of de
testable and unmannerly, "Sir," replied I, "your present assur
ance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your
character; and there was a time when I would have
castigated your insolence for being, a few years
before me. But now you are safe; for age has
cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them."

"I owe, my dear sir," returned he, "I am ashamed
at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I
hope you don't think my daughter's late exercise with
me had any thing criminal in it?"

"Certainly," cried I, "your present assurance
would not have been mistaken for one; but your poor
watch, and every word a: but your meanne
cures you from your anguish. Yet, sir, I am
deceived by the error, till you have informed me of
this—And so, when the thing to gratify a mo
ditory passion, thou hast made one poor creature
wretched for life, and polluted a family that had
nothing but honour for its portion?"

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be
so, shall I allow you to call it your privilege to
keep her fonder; for I shall ever continue to have
a true regard for her."

I found all my passion's alarm at this new
developing proposal; for though the mind may often
be calmed under great injuries, little villain can at
any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.
As I saw my way, this "no more
continued to insult me with their presence. Were my
brave son at home he would not suffer this; but I
am old and disabled, and every man's arm!"

"If I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me
to talk in a harsher manner than I intended.
But as I have shown you what may be hoped from
my friendship, it may not be improper to represent
what may be the consequences of my resentment.
My attorney, to whom your late band has been
transferred, threaten hard, nor do I know how to
prevent the court of justice, except by paying the
sum; but I am not reduced to that extremity.
As to the expenses lately, previous to my intended marriage, is
not so easy to be done. And then my sturdiness
of driving for this is certain he knows all about
himself; he is not troubled myself with affairs of
that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you,
and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized
with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my
charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will
not refuse."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied I, "bear me once
for all. As to your marriage with any but my daughter,
that I will never consent to, and though your
friendship could raise me to a throne, or your
attention shew me withal to be a most illustrious
prince, I am not so much a fool as to
abolish myself, and beg his support. Such
thy noble heart, I am"
out to be informed of the result of our conference, which turned them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of my melancholy; he had already struck the blow, and now I stood prepared to repel every new effectual instrument used in place. I entered as the artist, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon however found that he had not threatened as he was, and by his reasoning, my son’s dream and cast to demand our annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to perceive the consequence of my incapacity was his driving men and women away, and their being apprised and sold the next day for less than half their value.—My wife and children now therefore entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure—the terror of a prison in so vigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

"Why, my treasures," cried I, "why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right? My duty has taught me to forgive him; but my reason will not permit me to approve, behind him, his entirely destroying you all. Would you have me apply to the world what my heart most inwardly condemned? Would you have me be false to my country, and my children, and my God? Would you have me be true to myself, and my wife, and my parent, and my children, and my God, while I be false to my own self, and my God, whose foul not for her own but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful importunities, now seized upon the officers of justice, and treating them would they never see their minister so go to gud while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked up to me in the country town, had been informed of the event, came to see me, and I had the opportunity of conversing with them. What my friend, who is this the way you love me? Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit? Thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down my spirit, who are you? Is it called, or may it be called, my name, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me; and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow; but if it be a case, I shall not need to know the rest.

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this new situation which instruments and men. I conducted my son to assist his eldest sister, who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was taken, and lost all anguish in immense sorrow. Indeed, I encouraged him, who, pale and trembling, clasped our brightest little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, darting to look round at the strangers. In the mean time I counted our few things, and having been in a hurry, as she had received some hints to use despair, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

CHAPTER XXV.

No situation, however wrenching it seems to the most composed mind, is so terrible as that of the vicar of Wakefield, who is expelled from his parsonage through no fault of his own. The reader will recollect the events of the vicar’s life, and the circumstances that led to his dismissal from his living. The vicar was a man of gentle manner, and his life was marked by a spirit of charity and humanity. He was always ready to assist the poor, and his kindness was known to all who knew him. He was also a man of high principles, and his conduct was always guided by a strict sense of duty.

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g Oldsmi th's works.

Chapter XXVI.

A Reformation in the Goal.—To make love complete, they should Reward as well as Punish.

The next morning early I was awakened by my master, whom I found in tears at my bedside. This gloomy entertainment was not about us, it seems, had disturbed him. I gently removed his sorrow, assuring him that I had never slept with greater tranquility, and next indebted him to my eldest daughter among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to purpose a room or two to lodge the family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed; but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expense for his mother and sisters, the master with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my children could lie in a place which seemed to frighten them upon entrance.

"Well," cried I, "my good boys, how do you like your bed? you are not afraid to lie in this room, look as it appears?"

"No, papa," says Dick, "I am not afraid to lie anywhere you are."—Ann willing says, who was yet but four years old, "I have every place best that my papa is in."

After this I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly trusted with the management of the house, my wife's health a matter to attend to; my little boys were to read to me. "And for you, my son," continued I, "it is by the labour of your hands we must all have to be supplied. Your wages as a day-labourer will be fully sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Then art sixteen years old, and by past strength; and it is given thee, my son, for very useful purposes; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare thine own evening to look out for thy bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room peevish as the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good night. After my usual meditations I had paused my Heavenly Corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquility till morning.

The Year of Wakefield.
THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Happiness and Misery rather the result of predestination than of our own free agency. Most philosophers, who have been of opinion that man is situated purely by chance, have been the victims of a common error; viz., that men are situated purely by chance, and that their happiness or misery is purely accidental. But this is not the case. It is true that men are situated purely by chance, and that their happiness or misery is purely accidental.

I had now been confined more than a fortnight, and had not received any news from my friends. I was very much depressed, and the prospect of being released was a source of great comfort. I spent all my time in reading and reflecting. I had been reading the Bible, and had been struck with the doctrine of predestination. I had been reading also the works of the great philosophers, and had been struck with the doctrine of predestination. I had been reading also the works of the great philosophers, and had been struck with the doctrine of predestination.

But this is not the case. It is true that men are situated purely by chance, and that their happiness or misery is purely accidental. But this is not the case. It is true that men are situated purely by chance, and that their happiness or misery is purely accidental. But this is not the case. It is true that men are situated purely by chance, and that their happiness or misery is purely accidental.

I am among the citizens of a refined community, where the laws are just, and the people are happy. I am among the citizens of a refined community, where the laws are just, and the people are happy. I am among the citizens of a refined community, where the laws are just, and the people are happy. I am among the citizens of a refined community, where the laws are just, and the people are happy.
long apprized."

"However," continued he, "though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objections to laying your case before the uncle, who has been the first customer in the kingdom for everything that is just and good. And if you will give me the honor of having you send him a letter by the post, I promise to consult all his neighbors' instructions, and to write him a line in your favor.

"Mr. Jinkinson interrupted their harmless pastime by observing, that, now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessities and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent upon me to sacrifice my pride or resentment of my own, that I might save myself or my children. I thought I could not wait for that; and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

"Heaven be praised," replied I, "there is no pride left me now; I shall destroy my own heart if I refuse or resentment lurking there.

"On the contrary, my oppressor has been once my friend; I have made no difference between him and any other. I hope to present him an unblemished soul at the eternal tribunal.

"And, sir, I have no resentment now, and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wronged mine, mean and sick, I am sick, almost to fasting, very sick, my fellow-son-in-law; yet that shall never intrude with me. I am now willing to approve his marriage; and if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know, that I have done him any injury I am able for.

"Mr. Jinkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then away from his house, no where to be found, and in about six hours returned with a verbal assurance. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he ascertained, by writing after him, that I had written the letter which was sent to Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speedwell. Now it was existence, I was told that a meeting was truly painful to me. I was known, and sent to the prison from near the pillow of my child, to constrain, to strengthen her, and to receive her last wishes, and to nurse her soul the way to heaven. Another punishment and cause she was already, and yet I was delivered the comfort of sleeping with her. Her fellow prisoner some time after came to me, and said, "I saw her, when she was dead!"

"The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their ingenious efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and made me not to cry, for I was now too old to weep.

""And is not my sister an angel now, papa?" cried the eldest; and why then are you so sad?"

"It is for a wrong done me, that I am so.Lord, I were an angel out of this dreary world, that looks brighter as I approach it, this expectation is caused, and I have a helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken; I have some friends perhaps will be found to assist me for the sake of their children. My husband is a colonel, who promises to procure me the very next Lieutenant that becomes vacant."

"And are you sure of all this?" cried my wife.

"I was, but I have had many disappointments since."

"Nothing indeed, ma'am," returned my son, "you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure; and if any thing can procure you comfort, I am sure that will be it."

"But are you sure," still repeated she, "that the letter is from my husband?"

"Never, madam," replied he, "it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and the support of our family."

"Then I trust," I answered, "my last letter has miscarried."

"Yes, my dear child," she continued, turning to me, "I will now confess, that though the hatred of Heaven is upon me in other instances, it has been favorable to us. By the last letter I wrote my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother's blessing, and in the sacred name of God, to take care of my sons and my wife and children. But thanks be to Him that directs all things, it has miscarried, and I am at rest."

"Woman," cried I, "that has done very ill, and at another time my reproaches might have been more severe. Oh what a tremendous gulf hath thou escaped, that would have burned both thee and him in endless flames! Providence indeed has been kinder to us than we ourselves. It has reserved that son to be the father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I feel at first the pain of being compelled to execute a heartless and affectionless will, but I still hear that he is happy, and insensible of our afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sisters from the gloomy future, which still seems to be the case. This is my son now; they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone."

"Father," interrupted my son, "I beg you will give me leave to read this letter, I know it will please you."
“...bitterness and bloody, thus entered, and I entered, and I entered, and I entered...”

“My child, you must not die! I am sure of no

...”

“MINE, sirs,” returned my son, “is in, an unparagonable one. When I received my mother’s letter from home, I instantly came down, and determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by despatching four of his officers to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted me, and I fear desperately, but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law in execution against me; the more miserable than the others. Heaven be praised that He is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and on the other hand, that though we unvaluable have miscarries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do those consultations destroy each other; for, if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery, and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion continues in a happy strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the earth it is a glorious sad, he will find he has been made for his true good, and fitted for his new home here; while the wretch that has been misused and contaminated by his voice, shrinks from his body when he has anticipated the vengeance of Heaven. To be regenerate then we must hold in every circumstance of life for our true comfort; for already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness ascend; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus, to the fortunate, religion holds out a continuance of bliss to the wretched, a change from pain. But though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy: the sick, the maimed, the heartless, the heavy-laden, and the prisoner, have ever been frequent in prayer for the sacred law. The author of our religion every where professes himself the wretched’s friend, and, unlike the false ones of the world, bemoans all his tears upon the occasion. The unshaking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect, that it is in the poorest power of Heaven itself to make the offer of uncouning felicity as a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first, eternity is but a single blessing, since at most it is but as the weight of a feather; and for the latter, it is but a double advantage; it for its diminuishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

But Providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than the rich; for it makes the life after death more desirable, so it smooths the passage there. The wretched have had a long fit minority with every face of terror. The man of sorrows lays himself quietly down, without passion or grief. He tells them to consider how they are to persuade: he seeks only nature’s pang in the final separation, and this is no greater way than he has often hinted at, and after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, nature kindly covers with insensibility.

Thus Providence has given the wretched two advantages over the rich in this life—greater facility in dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage; and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable; for though he was already in heaven, and felt all the rapture it could give, yet it was mentioned as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched, and was now comforted; that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do: it shows the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and the poor and the rich. The wretched, it is true, feel it, and the rich feel it, and the unlearned feel it, and the learned feel it; but the rich have the advantage of enjoying it better, the unlearned lack the practice of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet being an eternal one, it must make up by duration what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by incessantness.

These are, therefore, the considerations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind; in other respects, they are below them. They who would understand the miseries and frequent promises in the sacred law, must be men of the most charitable and patient hearts. To decide on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what men either believe or perceive. The men who have the necessities of living are not poor, and they who want them must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can soothe the wants of nature, can give delicacy sweet to the dark vapours of extremity, or ease the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us that we can resist all these; and the effort by which we resist them will be the gravest. Death is slight, and any man may sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

To us then, my friends, the promises of hope..."
In the mean time I had broken the canvass that had been drawn up, and when I found I could perceive at some distance the form of a person, I looked anxiously forward, and, when the gentleman who had been so long in the shadiness of the trees presented himself to my view, I instantly gave him a call by name, and entreated his help. I repeated my explanations several times, upon which I was informed that he did not know the place, and that I should be mistaken, for I had seen a paper with a very local voice he had lost the position stop, but the boy told it in nature, and then I added with still greater speed.

I then thought I could not overtake us, when, in less than a minute, I saw Mr. Burchell coming to meet us, and with a perfect contents of every error, with the greatest speed, with a voice that I attempted to appear agreeable, to the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to disguise it; so that I was at last obliged to admit our mirth, by relating his misadventure, and wishing that he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction.

After my guests were rescued from the consternation which my account had produced, I requested them that Mrs. Jenkins, a fellow-priest, might be admitted, and the gentleman that requested an interview with us, in order to explain the circumstances of my son's illness, to be admitted, and the gentleman that had been permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction.

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance. — "My dearest boy," cried his sister, "why don't you thank your good deliverer! I should have been in time to save you from being much.

He still continued in silence and astonishment till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and, assuming all his native dignity, declared his intention to come forward, and to trouble the worthy gentlemen with the management of the business.

Indeed, sir," replied I, "as to the weapon in which you have been, I am but ignorant. For, as my master and I were walking, we came behind us, and, in the meantime, the horses were driven away. I met several on the road to whom I made a call for assistance, but they appeared to be in great haste.

The instant the news spread, seemed to give a strong mortifying refusal, and without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with some refreshments, and to which we replied in the affirmative, we ordered him to send in the best dinner that could be provided up.

CHAPTER XXX.

Barton's prospects began to improve.—Let us be industrious, and fortune will aid us in our future.
begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon.—"Bid the fellow walk," cried our guest, "I shall have nothing to receive him?"

"My dear gentleman," returned he with a smile, "if you had your 1200, I had my answer; I shall leave it to the company if mine were not as good as yours."

To say the truth, I know, many am I disposed to be angry at present, but the fellow who so frightened my little girl here.

I had not even time to examine the rascal's person as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should know him again?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "I am not the only person, not yet that I recollect he had a large mark over one of his eyebrows."

"I ask pardon, madam," interrupted Jenkinson, who was eye, "be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore the same hair?"

"Yes, I think so," said Sophia, "and did your honour, converses, let, to Sir William, "observe the length of his legs?"

"I can't be sure of their length," cried the barrel, "but an account of their swiftness, for he outrun me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done."—"Please your honour," cried Jenkinson, "I know the man; it is certainly the same; the best runner in England; he has beaten Frewie of Newcastly; Timothy Baxter is his name."

I know him perfectly, and the very place of his habitation."

"Your honour will take care, Gentler let two of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at farthest."

Upon this the guilder was called, who instantly appeared, Sir William directed if he knew the man, or not.

"Yes, your honour," replied the guilder, "I know Sir William Thornhill well, and everybody knows that any one of his will desire to know more of him."

"Well then," said the nobleman, "my request is, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message by my authority; and as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to sec them safe."

"Your promise is sufficient," replied the other, "and you may at a minute's warning send them over England whenever your honour shall please."

In pursuance of the gentleman's compliance Jenkinson was dispatched in search of Timothy Baxter; while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest guest Bill, we were just coming in, and it was Sir William's report that I had debunked her. He waited on her father in person, willing to disown the matter, and he received me. That the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure, I appeared, with this gentleman's daughter at some places of public amusement: thus, what was clearly a school for me, I had already given of the muffin who had carried off my daughter."

Thus, I knew my respects to Sir William, who perceived the priory of John and Jenkinson who had him in custody, said to him, "Was your daughter taken back with terror. Her face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopped him. — "What, 'Square,'" cried he, "are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, knowledge and a house? As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to your service."

Thus, I thought of his own self, and I have instructed him to proceed in this manner; and I see no

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The Vicar of Wakefield

His first pleasure in doing good? cried Sir William, interrupting her. "No, my dear, his pleasure are as base as he is. You see him in madam, as corporated a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A week ago, after having decided this poor man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fettters, because he would not conform to this wretch. I long to know what arts he has seduced her. Entreat her to come in.

"Where is she?"

"Ah, sir," said I, "that question stings me to the heart; I am indeed happy in a daughter, but her miseries—"

Another interruption here prevented me; for such were her appearance and Miss Arabella's dressing, that I was required to write her, and he, to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman her father were passing through the town on their way to her aunt's, who insisted that her magistrates with Mr. Thornhill should be committed to her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there, from the window, that the young lady happened to observe one of my boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learned from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of yours, but I always knew him, for he had made several reconnaissances on the improbity of going to a prison to visit us, yet they were insufficient; she desired the child to conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprised him, and she supposed she was more unexpected.

But by this time my son was freed from the immediate consequences of justice, as the person supposed to be an instigator, and was an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson also, who had acted as the ringleader, had dressed up his hair, and furnished himself with some of the most dashing countenances of a learned man, and, at last art enough to persuade me, that my promise to the lady I contented was no longer binding, since he had been unfamilial. By his falsehood, I was taught to dread one equally brave and generous.

Nor can I go on without a reference to those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise, but upon occasion, to what a formidable concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and conveniences of our lives! How many sorrows and disasters must unite before we can be deceived or told. The peasant must be disposed to labour, the cloth must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sails, or the harvest must reap the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming passion, which was the same, I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and uncommon beauty, I have never seen finish. I was, therefore, induced by my own

Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill," cried she to the 'Squire, who she supposed was come here to enquire, and not to oppugn, "I take it a little unduly, I believe I must inform you of the situation of a family so dear to us; both you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my reversals their history, which I shall

Good heavens! exclaimed the baronet, "how now, discovery of his villainy alarms me. All his guilt is now too plain, and I find his procuration was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge. At my request Mr. Goole, set this young officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to me for the affair in a proper light to my friend the magistrate who has committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady here before her? for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman her father were passing through the town on their way to her aunt's, who insisted that her magistrates with Mr. Thornhill should be committed to her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there, from the window, that the young lady happened to observe one of my boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learned from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of yours, but I always knew him, for he had made several reconnaissances on the improbity of going to a prison to visit us, yet they were insufficient; she desired the child to conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprised him, and she supposed she was more unexpected.

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and thereupon the spirit of the young gentleman, the squire, was, in the act of emerging from the closet, when he said, "Sir William, I am in a condition to stop your proceedings, or at least to make them less efficacious; for I have a reason for supposing that your proceedings, as they have been employed herein, are not consonant to the law, nor sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vitality. But perhaps among all the persons who have interfered, there is not one who feels perhaps it could be done without taking the trouble of the lawyers. I think, now, Sir, I can say that I shall all the lawyers that I have ever seen, and I am sure that I have never seen one perfectly happy. This only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, sir," continued he, "of the situation in which we both are, and you, Sir William, I am sure, will wish to make it a fact. I have a young gentleman with me, and I am sure that I shall be able to do it. Miss Sophy will, I am sure, make him very happy. I have five hundred pounds as his fortune; and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Once, Miss Sophy, what say you to this match of my making? Will you have him?" "My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal. — Have him, sir? cried she faintly. "No, sir, never." — What? cried he again, "not have Mr. Jenkins, your benefactor, a handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds, and good expectancies?" — I beg, sir, returned she, scarcely able to speak, that you'll dwell, and not make us forsaken and disheartened. — Was ever such obstinacy known? cried he again, "to refuse a man who has such infinite obligations to his poor, and who has been so kind to her?" — No, sir, never, replied she angrily. — I must die first. — If that be the case, then, cried he, "if you will not have him—I think you must have it. She must be sent for, and a few moments' discourse with Miss Sophy, the squire's lady, on the subject of the marriage. — And so, I am sure, Sir William, I can make him a man. — After having tried in vain, even amongst the pers and the ugly, how great at last must be my justification to have made a conquest over such a man, and such a beauty? Then turning to Jenkins, "As I can, not six months after this young lady's marriage, she has taken a fancy to the cut of my face, and all the women I can make is to give you a call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds." Thus, we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill understood that she was to be considered as a lady, and not as a woman.
left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the merriment of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number.

They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and a number of provisions were distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw; and leaving the company in the middle of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as of sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Conclusion.

The next morning, as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting by my bedside, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant who had failed in town was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy generously pleased me almost as much as I was pleased for good fortune; but I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that he had the night before sent for the licenses, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company in the same as attentive and insensible as possible. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely dispersed me. I told them of the great solemnity, and sublime deportment they should assume upon this solemn occasion, and read them two homilies, and a thesis of my own composing. In order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable.

Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This couple was quite tired of the contest; and shutting it, "I perceive," cried I, "that you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day."—This at once restored them to reason. The baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family; by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Mosca led up the other (and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and the gaiety and beauty she shall have, whenever he thinks proper to demand her.) We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me; but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly visited with so much sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half a guinea as a pledge to drink his health, and raise their deflected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thurm hill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe, with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides, in quality of companion, at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side table, except when there is no room at the other; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a secret of it, that when he returns she may be brought to reason—But to return, for I am not to digress this; when we were to sit down to dinner our ceremonies were to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a nation, should sit not at the two young bride's; but the debate was cut short by his son George, who pro-
AN INQUIRY

INTO

The Present State of Polite Learning.*

The Causes which contribute to the Decline of Learning.

If we consider the revolutions which have happened in the commonwealth of letters, survey the rapid progress of learning in one period of antiquity, or its amazing decline in another, we shall be almost induced to accuse nature of partiality: as if she had exhausted all her efforts in adorning one age, while she left the succeeding entirely neglect ed. It is not to nature, however, but to ourselves alone, that this partiality must be ascribed: the seeds of excellence are sown in every age, and it is wholly owing to a wrong direction in the passions or pursuits of mankind, that they have not received the proper cultivation.

As, in the best regulated societies, the very laws which at first give the government solidity, may in the end contribute to its dissolution, so the efforts which might have prevented learning in its feeble commencement, may, if continued, retard its progress. The paths of science, which were at first intricate because untried, may at last grow insipid, because too much frequented. As learning advances, the candidates for its honours become more numerous, and the acquisition of fame more uncertain; the modest may despair of attaining it, and the equal think it too precarious to pursue. Thus the task of supporting the honour of the times may at last devolve on indigence and effeminacy, while learning must partake of the contempt of its professors.

To illustrate these assertions, it may be proper to make a slight review of the decline of ancient learning; to consider how far its depression was owing to the impossibility of supporting continued perfection; in what respects it proceeded from voluntary corruption; and how far it was hastened on by accident. If modern learning be compared with ancient, in those different lights, a parallel between both, which has hitherto produced only vain disputes, may contribute to our amusement, perhaps to our instruction. We shall thus be enabled to perceive what period of antiquity the present age most resembles; whether in declining advances toward excellence, or retiring again to primitive obscurity; and we shall thus be taught to perceive in those defects which it is impossible to prevent, and reject all the fragmentary attempts which have been offered under the suspicious titles of improvement.

Learning, when planted in any country, is transient and hasty, nor does it flourish till slow gradual improvements have naturalized it to the soil. It makes feeble advances, begins among the vulgar, and rises into reputation among the great. It can not be established in a state at once, by introducing the learning of other countries; these may grace a court, but seldom enlist a kingdom. Ptolemy Philopator, Constantine Porphyrygus, Alfred, or Charlemagne, might have invited learned sects into their dominions, but could not establish learning. While in the radiance of royal favour, every art and science seemed to flourish; but when that was withdrawn, they quickly felt the rigours of a strange climate, and with execrable constitutions perished by neglect.

As the arts and sciences are slow in coming to maturity, it is requisite, in order to their perfection, that the state should be permanent which gives them reception. There are numberless attempts which have not in nature its experiments without conclusion, between the first embryo of an art, and its utmost perfection; between the outlines of a shadow, and the picture of an Apollo. Leisure is requisite to the growth of any great branch of science; and to the experience of predecessors to our own, or enlarge our views, by building on the ruined attempts of former adventurers. All this may be performed in a society of long continuance; but if the kingdom be of short duration, as was the case of Ambigua, learning seems coeval, sympathizes with its political struggles, and is annihilated in its dissolution.

But permanence in a state is not alone sufficient; it is requisite also for this end that it should be free. Naturalists assure us, that all animals are more susceptible of improvement in proportion as they are removed from the tyranny of others. In native liberty, the elephant is a citizen, and the beaver an architect; but wherever the tyrant man intrudes upon their community, their spirit is broken, they seem anxious only for safety, and their intellects suffer an equal diminution with their property. The parallel will hold between a state of society and a nation of savages, as in the despotic governments of the East, to labour after fame is to be a candidate for danger.

To attain literary excellence also, it is requisite that the soil and climate should, as much as possible, confine to happiness. The earth must supply man with the means of life, before he can feel the transient pleasure of leisures or inclination to pursue more refined enjoyments. The climate also must be equally indigent; for in too warm a region the mind is relaxed into a languid languor, and by the opposite extreme is chilled into torpid inactivity.

These are the principal advantages which tend to the improvement of brain, and those which were united in the states of Greece and Rome. We must now examine what hastens, or prevents its decline.

Those who behold the phenomena of nature, and content themselves with the view without inquiring into their causes, are perhaps wiser than is generally imagined. In this manner our rude ancestors were acquainted with facts; and poetry, which helped the imagination and the memory, was thought the most proper vehicle for conveying their knowledge to posterity. It was also the language of the vulgar, who heard the sagacious accounts of his native dialect, who lifted it above common conversation, and shaped its rude combinations into order. From the sages and poets and orators, the language first rose out of prose, in turn it gave birth to every proper excellence. Musical period, concise expression, and delivery of sentiments, were all excelled by the ancients; but the whole was executed by the ancients; but the whole was executed

*The first edition of this work appeared in 1739, and the second was printed in 1744.
and the production of beauty. They saw, that there was more excellence in cultivating the judgment, than in raising a momentary astonishment. In their arts they imitated such parts of nature as were pleasing, in the representation; in the science, they cultivated such parts of knowledge as was every man’s duty to know. Thus learning was encouraged, promoted, and honored; and in its turn adornment, strengthened, and harmonized the community.

But as the mind is vigorous and active, and experiment is diligent and patient, the spirit of philosophy being excited, the reason, when it began to experiment, had recourse to theory, and gave up what was useful for refinement.

Critics, sophists, orators, pseudepigraphers, and commentators, now began to figure in the literary commonwealth. In the dawn of science such are generally modest, and not entirely useless. Their performances serve to mark the progress of learning, though they seldom contribute to its improvement. But as nothing but speculation was required in making problems in their respective departments, so neither the satire nor the contempt of the wise, though Socrates was of the number, nor the laws levelled at them by the state, though Cato was in the legislature, could affect their application. Pleased with all the advantages of unfeeling dulness, intravenous, and persevering, they still proceeded mending and mending every work of genius, as long as so much remained to be improved, and under ministrations, which were useful and useful. Libraries were loaded, but not enriched with their labors, while the fatigue of reading their expository Commentaries was tedious, that which might suffice for understanding the original, and their works effectually increased our application, by prosecuting to remove it.

Against so obscure and unfixable an enemy, what could avail the unsuspended matters of genius, or the opposition of transitory resentment? In short, they conquered by persevering, claiming the rights of discovery upon every employment, or genius, and at last, when destitute of employment, like the supernumerary domestics of the great, made a hum of discontent.

They now took upon them to teach poetry to those who wanted genius: and the power of disputing, to those who knew nothing of the subject in dispute. Common sense would be apt to suggest, that the art might be studied more to advantage, rather by imitation than precept. It might suggest, that those rules were collected, not from nature, but a copy of every work, and consequently give us still fainter resemblance of original beauty. It might still suggest, that explained vitres makes but a feeble impression; that the observations of others are soon forgotten, those made by ourselves; and permanent and lasting impressions, understandings of a given size were to be mechanically instuted in poets. If the reader was too dull to relish the beauties of Virgil, the comment of Serenus was ready to heighten his imagination; if Ptolemy could not raise him to a smile, Evantius was at hand, with a long-weighed scholion to increase his amusements. Such rules were calculated to make blackheads talk, but all the lamentations of the Lycean are unable to give him feeling.

But it would be endless to recount all the absurdities which were handed in the schools of those specious lillers; be it sufficient to say, that they increased as learning improved, but swamped on its declension. It was then that every work of taste was buried in long commentaries, every useful subject in morals was distinguished away into country, and doubt and subtlety characterized the learning of each age. Morals, Valerius Probus, Antoni Flaccus, Pedius, Boethius, and a hundred others, to be acquainted with, whom might show much reading, and but little judgment; these, I say, menaced the very foundation of learning, and all their load of learning on his back. Shame to our ancestors! many of their works have reached us entire, while Tuchus himself has suffered a worse mutilation.

In a word, the commonwealth of literature was at last wholly overcome by these studious frivolers. Men of real genius were lost in the multitude, or, as in a world of fools it was folly to aim at being an only exception, obliged to conform to every prevailing absurdity of the times. Original productions seldom appeared, and learning, as if grown superannuated, bestowed all its favor upon the vigour of its youth, and turned encompass upon its former achievements.

It is to be observed, that the degeneration of ancient polite learning is principally to be ascribed to them. By them it was separated from common sense, and made the proper employment of speculative lillers. Most breed up among books, and seeing nature only by reflection, could do little, except after perplexity and confusion. The public, therefore, with reason, rejected learning, when thus revealed but, though voluntemous, for we may be assured, that the generality of mankind never loses a passion for letters, while they continue to be either amusing or useful.

It was such writers as those, that rendered learning unfit for uniting and strengthening civil society, or for promoting the views of ambition. True philosophy had kept the pretentious statesmen crammed into one effective body, more than any law for that purpose; and the Etrurian philosophy, which pro-

voked in the first ages of Rome, inspired those patriotic virtues which paved the way to universal empire. But the bardism of commentators, when philosophy became abstruse, or triflingly minute, when doubt was presented instead of knowledge, which the writer was taught to shun the multitude with the muses of his period, and pronounced a declaration that might be sung as well as spoken, and often upon subjects wholly fictitious; in such circumstances, knowledge was entirely confined to all the purposes of government, or the designs of the ambitious. As long as the sciences could influence the state, and its politicians were strengthened by them, so long did the commonwealth give them countenance and protection. But the wiser part of mankind would not be imposed upon by unfruitful jargon, which might become to mislead. When Castiglione, a blemish for a breakfast, though even cooked by Aristotle. As the philosopher grew useless in the state, he also became contemptible. In the times of Lascaris, he was chiefly remarkable for his service, his impudence, and his beard.

Under the ambiguous influence of genius, arts and sciences grew up together, and mutually illustrious. The jurisprudence, like the lyceum, was paved with the advantages of all the sciences. It was the literary age of philosophers, who were considered as lawyers, the sciences began to want grace, and the polite arts solidity; these grew cramp and sour, those meretricious and gaudy, the philosophers tacit and inglorious, the poet, ever striving after grace, caught only finery;

These men also contributed to obstruct the progress of wisdom, by subduing their readers to one particular sect, or some favourite science. They generally carried on a petty traffic in some little cracks, within which they busily pored, and drove an insinuating trade; but never ventured out into the great ocean of knowledge, nor went beyond the bounds that chance, conceit, or laziness, had first prescribed their inquiries. Their discourses, instead of advancing the learning itself, sometimes carried themselves, became imitators of that merit alone which was constantly propounded for their admiration. In exercises of this kind, the most stupid are generally most successful; for there is not in nature a more imitative animal than a dunce.

Hence ancient learning may be distinguished from modern; it consisted in the commencement, or the age of poets; its materials, or the age of philosophers; and its decline, or the age of critics. In the poetical age commentators were very few, but might have been considered useful. In his philosophic age, their assistance must necessarily become odious; yet, as if the nearer we approached perfection the more we stood in need of their direction, in this age they began to grow numerous. But when polite learning was no more, then it was their irreverent lillers, who made the most formidable appearance. Corruptissima republica, plura legis. Tanti.

But let us take a more distinct view of those where the age of ignorance in which false refinement had involved mankind, and see how far they resemble our own.

CHAPTER III.

A View of the Obscurantist Ages.

Whatever the skill of any country may be in the sciences, it is from its excellence in polite learning, that its richness and eminence derive the first dignity and importance. The poet and the historian are they who diffuse a lustre upon the age, and the philosopher scarcely acquires any apparence, unless he be introduced to the vulgar by their elevation.

The obscurantist age, which succeeded the decline of the Roman empire, was a striking instance of the truth of this assertion. Whatever period of those ill-fated times we happen to turn to, we shall perceive more skill in the sciences among the professors of them, more abstruse and deeper inquiry into every philosophical subject, and a greater display of science and learning, than in any other age. They were more speculative in their researches, and the poet and the learned, to the show of curiosity and close reasoning, than in the most enlightened ages of antiquity. But their writings were more speculative manuscripts, and all their researches concealed. Unskilled in the arts of adorning their knowledge, or adapting it to common sense, their voluminous productions rest completed in our libraries, or at best are the inquests of curiosity, not by the scholar, but the virtuoso.

I am not insensible, that several great French historians have exhibited the obscurantist age in a very different light, and have represented them as utterly ignorant both of arts and sciences, buried in the profoundest darkness, or only illuminated with a feeble glimmer, which, like an expiring taper, soon sink and extinguish in the obscurity of their authors. Such assertions, however, though they serve to heighten the obscurity, should be cautiously admitted by the historian. For instance, that the works of some particular sect, or some favourite science. They generally carried on a petty traffic in some little cracks, within which they busily pored, and drove an insinuating trade; but never ventured out into the great ocean of knowledge, nor went beyond the bounds that chance, conceit, or laziness, had first prescribed their inquiries. Their discourses, instead of advancing the learning itself, sometimes carried themselves, became imitators of that merit alone which was constantly propounded for their admiration. In exercises of this kind, the most stupid are generally most successful; for there is not in nature a more imitative animal than a dunce.

Hence ancient learning may be distinguished from modern; it consisted in the commencement, or the age of poets; its materials, or the age of philosophers; and its decline, or the age of critics. In the poetical age commentators were very few, but might have been considered useful. In his philosophic age, their assistance must necessarily become odious; yet, as if the nearer we approached perfection the more we stood in need of their direction, in this age they began to grow numerous. But when polite learning was no more, then it was their irreverent lillers, who made the most formidable appearance. Corruptissima republica, plura legis. Tanti.
GOLDSMITH's WORKS.

Solomon, the German, wrote a most elegant dictionary of the Latin tongue, still preserved in the archives of Leiden and Leyden; and it was a man universally skilful in the sciences. His treatise on the administration of an empire, and on laws, was published some years since at Leyden, and is still read to the emperor of the East, as it was to him from the learned part of the world.

Lucretius was a most voluminous historian, and his voluminous productions were said to exceed even his own voluminous productions. He can pass over one of a latter date made him a German divine. Lucretius's incoherence is insupportable.

Afflitta composed several grammars and dictionaries still preserved among the moderns.

Lambertus offered the present treatise on the sphere, on arithmetic, and geometry, published several years since at Paris.

Michael Pausius lived in this age, whose books in the sciences, I will not scruple to assert, contain more learning than those of any one of the earlier ages. His eminence was indeed amazing, and his productions, whose names, he often kept to himself, which he did not write anything upon, and none which he did not learn better than he found it. To mention his works would be endless. His commentaries on Aristotle amount to three folios.

Bertholdus Testenius, a very voluminous historian, was a politician, and wrote against the government under which he lived; but most of his works are unprinted.

Constantius Aler was a philosopher and physician. We have remaining but two volumes of his philosophical performances. However, the historian who presides the life of the author to his works, says, that he wrote many more, as he kept on writing during the course of a long life.

Lambertus offers a universal history about this time, which has been printed at Frankfurt in folio. An universal history in one folio! If I had consulted with his bookseller, he would have been at a loss to know what to say. But Lambertus might have had too much modesty.

By this time the reader perceives the spirit of learning at which that period present, and it is not a little deceiving to a dislike of knowledge but a false standard of taste was erected, and a wrong direction given to philosophical inquiry. It was the fashion of the day to write dictionaries, commentaries, and compilations, and to evaporate in a false spirit in which the greatest had suffered for an emblem. The most barbarous times had seen of learning, if commentators, compiler, poets, divines, and metaphysicians, deceased. For the first time the emperor of the East, was resorted to by the learned from all parts of the world.

There have been a number of writers in this age of obscurity. The majority of their productions will at least equal any of the greatest and most learned men of antiquity. Hence, the writers of those times are almost entirely forgotten, we may infer, that the number of productions alone will never secure any honours.

Of course, I have been corrected by Mr. Bonnelle's remarks, presented literary decline for the future, since it only increases the number of books, without advancing their intrinsic merit.

CHAPTER IV.

Of the Present State of Polite Learning in Italy.

From ancient times we are now come to modern times, and, in running over Europe, we shall find, that wherever learning has been cultivated, it has flourished by the same advantage in Greece and Italy that, wherever it has declined, it yields by the same causes of decay.

Lucretius, the poet of Italy, who wrote in the thirteenth century, was the first who attempted to bring learning from the cloister into the community, and point human nature in a language adapted to modern manners. He addressed a barbarous people in a method suited to their apprehensions; united purgatory and the river Styx, St. Peter and Virgin, Heaven and Hell together, and shows a strange mixture of good sense and absurdity. The truth of his religion is the obscurity of the times in which he lived. As in the land of Benin a man may pass for a prodigy of parts who can read, so in an age of barbarity, a small degree of excellence ensures success.

But it was great merit in him to have lifted up the standard of nature, in spite of all the opposition and the persecution he received from contemporary critics. To this standard every succeeding genius resorted; the form of every art and science began to unfold; and infinite nature was found to be the easiest way of initiating antiquity. In a century or two other Italian states might justly boast of rivaling ancient Rome; equal in some branches of polite learning, and far surpassing in others.

They soon, however, fell from emulating the wonders of antiquity into simple admiration. As if the word had been given when Vida and Tasso wrote on the arts of poetry, the whole swarm of critics was up. The Speculum of the age attempts to be awkwardly meritorious, and the Virtuosi and the Nascotti sat upon the merits of every contemporary performance. At after the age of Clement VII., the Italians seemed to the simplicity and merit in praising or censuring, that is, in praising all, almost every subsequent performance since their time, being designed rather to show the excellence of the age than that of his genius. One must, indeed, be present at redeem the honour of their country. Metastasio has restored nature in all its perfections, and Maffei is the man that introduced a tragedy among his countrymen with a love-plot. Perhaps the Sunday of Milles, and the Arcadia of Racine, might have been drawn with more advantages.

The productions in an age are not suffered to revile the strength of decaying genius; nor should we consider them as the standard by which to characterize a nation. Our measures of literary reputation must be taken rather from that numerous class of men, who, placed above the vulgar, are yet beneath the great, who are confined on others without expecting any portion of it themselves.

In Italy, then, we shall no where find a stronger passion for the arts of taste, yet no country making more valuable improvements in the same.

The Virtuosi and Filosofi seem to have divided the Euphyllia between each other. Both inviolably attached to their respective parties; and, from an equivalent, by which he holds the other in the most sovereign contempt. The Virtuosi, professed critics of beauty in the works of art, judge of medals by the smell, and pictures by feeling; in statuary, hang over the fragment with the most incident gaze of admiration; thus wasting the head and the other extremities, if dug from a ruin, the Time becomes immovable. An unlimited multiplication of Euphyllia can not be sufficiently prized; and the meanest thing from Hercules comes rapture.

When the intellectual taste is thus decayed, its minions become fewer, and, like that of children, nothing will satisfy but what is best suited to feed the disease.

Poetry is no longer among them an imitation of the arts of antiquity, but a visionary might wish. The nether breathes the most exquisite perfume, the trees wear eternal verdure, fountains, and dryads, and hamadryads, stand ready to fan the sultry shepherds, who has long indeed the peculiarities with which Guarini's shepherds have been approbated, but is so simple and innocent as often to have no meaning. Happy country, where the seasons are the only seasons! Where the woods of Rome, are united into a rural group of nymphs and swarms, under the application of modern Arcadian! Were it in the midst of poetical productions, and cavorting amours turned shepherd, and shepherds without sheep indulge their innocent dalliance.

The Filosofi are entirely different from the former. As these pretend to have got their knowledge from conversing with the living and poets, so these boast of having taken from books and study. Bred up all their lives in colleges, they have there learned to think in track, servilely to follow the leader of their sect, and only to adopt such opinions as their university, and the court, and those they are pleased to allow. By these means, they are behind the rest of Europe in several modern improvements; afraid to think for themselves, and to censure, though they admit opinions true, till universally received among the rest of mankind. In short, were I to personify my ideas of learning in this country, I should represent the history of the nation, and finally of the nation, and even the more honestly guise of beard school-philosophy.

CHAPTER V.

Of Polite Learning in Germany.

If we examine the state of learning in Germany, we shall find that the Germans early discovered a certain passion for polite literature, and consequently, who, invading the dominions of others, leave their own, to the destruction. Instead of studying the German tongue, they continue to write in Latin. They have, indeed, been in the habit of introducing it into the very habits of the stage, or else in the more honestly guise of beard school-philosophy.
never as heavily, it can not be traced to his doing.

In the present state of polite learning.


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gods, (Nepo, Probis, and Distingue, grow long; the
said to excel, and those which are translated into French have a peculiar merit. He was honored with nobility, and endowed by the bounty of the king; so that a life began to contemplate and pursue, ended in opulence and esteem. Thus we see in what a low state political learning is in the countries I have mentioned; either past its prime, or not yet arrived at maturity. And though the sketch I have drawn be general, yet it is for the most part taken from the spot. I am sensible, however, of the impropriety of national reflection; and did not truth bias me more than indulgence in this particular, I should, instead of the account I have already given, have entitled the reader with a parricide on many of the individuals of every country, whose merits deserve the warmest strains of praise. Apulio, Zeno, Algarde, Goliadis, Rosetti, and Sustry, in Italy; Halley, Kleopatra, and Rabino, in Germany; Muschenbroek, and Gamba, in Holland; all deserve the highest applause. Many like them, scented by one bond, pursuing one design, spend their labour and their lives in making their creatures happy, and in repairing the breaches caused by ambition. In this light, the eminent philosopher, though all his possessions are his lamp or his cell, is more truly valuable than he whose name echoes to the shout of the million, and who stands in all the glare of cultivation. In this light, though poverty and contemptuous neglect are all the wages of his good-will from mankind, yet the residue of his intention is ample recompense; and self-gratitude for the present, and the future prospect of fame for futurity, reward his labours. The perspective of life brightens upon us, when terminated by an object so charming. Every immediate image of want, baseness, or sorrow, recedes, lost from its distant influence. With this in view, the patriot, philosopher, and poet, have often looked with indulgence on disgrace and infamous, and pointed on their straw with cheerful contemplation. Even the last tenors of deporting nature state of their severity, and look kindly on him who considers his sufferings as a passport to immortality, and lays his arrows on the bed of fame.

CHAPTER VII.

Of Polite Learning in France.

We have hitherto seen, that wherever the poet was permitted to begin by improving his native language, polite learning flourished; but where the critic undertook their task, it had never risen to the service of perfection. Let us now examine the merits of modern learning in France and England; where, though it may be on the decline, yet it is still capable of retrieving much of its former splendour. In other places, learning has not yet been planted, or has suffered a total decay. To attempt amendment there, would be only like the application of remedies to an incurable or mortified part, but here there is time and hope. And indeed the French themselves are so far from giving into any dependence of this kind, that on the contrary, they admire the progress they are daily making in every science. That leisure, for which we are apt to despise this nation, is probably the principal source of their happiness. An agreeable opinion of past pleasures, a freedom of thought, a style of freedom, and a je ne sais quoi of present enjoyment, if they be not philosophy, is at least excellent subtlety. By this they are taught to regard the period of their lives as more than mere admiration. The present manners, and the present conversation, surpass all that preceded. A similar enthusiasm is strongly impetuous their learning and their taste. While we, with a dependance characteristic of our nature, are for removing back British excellence to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, our more happy rivals of the continent cry up the writers of the present times with rage, and regard the age of Louis XIV.; as the true Augustan age of France.

The truth is, their present writers have not all the merit of their ancestors as they have done. That self-sufficiency now mentioned, may have been service to them in this particular. By fining themselves to the present, they have been encouraged to enter the lists with confidence; and by not being dazzled at the splendour of another's reputation, have sometimes had sagacity to work out an extensive path to fame for themselves. Other causes also may be assigned, that their second growth of genius is still more vigorous than ours. Their encouragements to merit are more ample. Art is directly directed, the link of patronage and learning still continues unbroken. The French nobility have certainly a most pleasing way of satisfying the vanity of an author, when it inclines his views. A man of literary merit is sure of being cultivated by the great, though seldom enriched. His pension from the crown just supplies half a competence, and the sale of his labours makes some small addition to his circumstances. Thus the author leads a life of splendid poverty, and seldom becomes wealthy or indigent enough to dissolve the spirit of those abilities which he possesses. With the English it is different. Our writers of rising merit are generally neglected, while the few of an established reputation are overpaid and insulated in France. The writer is a merchant, every hardship which generally attends upon aspiring inducements; the old enjoy the vulgar, and perhaps the meanest satisfaction, of putting their wares in competition with fame. These are often seen to spend their youth in want and obscurity, these are sometimes found to lead an old age of indigence and avarice. But such treatment must naturally be expected from English justice; for his character is it to be slow and cautious in making friends, but violent in friendships once contracted. The English nobility, in short, are often known to give greater weight to the man of genius, who, however, are much more judicious in the application of their empty favours.

The fair sex in France have almost a little contributed to prevent the decline of taste and literature, by expecting such qualifications in their admirers. A man of fashion at Paris, however contemptible we may think him here; must be acquainted with the leading modes of philosophy as well as of taste, to be able to entertain his mistress accordingly. The slightly pedants are not to be caught by duno show, by the squaws of the hand, or the agling of a broad eye; but must be pursued at once through all the labyrinths of the Newtonian system, or the metaphysics of Locke. I have seen a bright circle of beauty at the chemical lectures of Rouelle as gracing the court of Versailles. And indeed wisdom never appears so charming as when gained and protected by beauty.

The modern French may be added, the reception of their language in the different courts of Europe. An author who excels is sure of having all the politest for admirers, and is encouraged to write by the reputation of his universals. Add to this, that these countries who can make nothing good from their own language, have lately begun to write in some of whose productions contrivance to support the present literary reputation in France.

There are, therefore, many among the French who, as they belong to the present age, and whose writings will be treated with the respectivity which an ample share of fame; some of the most celebrated are as follows:

Montesquieu, whose voluminous, yet spirited productions are too well known to require an encomium. Does he not resemble the champion mentioned by Xenophon, of great reputation in all the gymnastic exercises united, but inferior to each respectively, who excels only in one?

Montesquieu, a man equally deserving fame with the former. The Spirit of Laws is an instance how much genius, with a little good-natured learning. His system has been adopted by the literati; and yet, is not possible for opinions equally plausible to be formed upon opposite principles, if a genius like his could be found to counteract an undertaking! He seems more a poet than a philosopher.

Rousseau, of Geneva, a professor man-hater, or more properly speaking, a philosopher enraged with envy and contempt; he is the author of the Roman. I shall not attempt to describe the symptoms which indicate a decline. His genius is a kind of sentiment, which runs generally the result of much good-nature and little experience.

Prison, an author possessed of as much wit as any man alive, yet with as little staying power as his genius; his Odé de l'Amour has justly excluded him from a place in the academy of Belles-Lettres. However, the good-natured Montesquieu, given, by his incisive wit, and the brilliancy of his�断, though to his own advantage. A comedy of his, called La Méd六tique, is the best theatrical production that has appeared of late in Europe. But I know not whether I should paraphrase it in its obfuscation; his genius is a fancy, a confusion of sensations, which runs...
through the works of some of their most admired writers, and which the common class of their readers, on account of the familiarity of the names, may raise doubts, but will never system, but will still add another fault, of a nature some what similar to the former. As those above mentioned are for contradicting a single science into every thing, and drawing up a system of all the sciences united, such undertakings as these are carried on by different writers cemented into one body, and continued in the same direction, as in the mediocrity of a book. The young poet had that self-importance for some time in his study; and his father, willing to know what had engaged his attention so closely, upon entering found him engaged in the raising of a new system of religion, and endeavouring to throw the absurdity of that already established. The old man knew by experience, that it was useless to endeavour to convince a vain young man by reason, so only desired his company up stairs. When some little time had passed, he takes his son by the hand, and drawing back a certain at one end of the room, they enter into a conversation on the politics of the nation.

"My son," says he, "you desire to change the religion of your country,—behold the fate of a reformer! Sometimes the political project is made for its own sake, and not to be used for anything else. A man may be conscious in a nation so unthrift, so narrow, so refined, so perfect, and so perfect that he has never been, but he would compare the man, whose name has been thus passed in the tranquillity of dispersed praisers, to which he never before, and which they can never influence by the beauty of his character, in learning the youth, but that the same time, none are so injudicious in the application. We seem to confound the special virtue of the nation, and to regard the same with the same view that our statesmen have been known to great employment at court; rather than to place it to the silent nations to emphasize.

Upon this principle, all our national endowments of colleges, and universities. This more frequently enrich the prudish than reward the ingenious. A lad whose powers are not strong enough in yeard to mislead him from that path of science which his instructions, his exertions, have chalked out, for four or five years' perseverance may probably obtain every advantage and honour his college can bestow. I forget whether the whole probably was exerted by the society of these the register of the registers, or having served to continue the species.

CHAPTER VIII.

Of Learning in Great Britain.

To acquire a character for learning among the English at present, it is necessary to know much more than is either important or useful. It seems the spirit of the times for men here to exhaust their natural sagacity; or it would involve the intricacies of those sciences a most. Those who have the greatest advantage in the sciences, are not engaged in the raising of a new system of the sciences united, such undertakings as these are carried on by different writers cemented into one body, and continued in the same direction, as in the mediocrity of a book. The young poet had that self-importance for some time in his study; and his father, willing to know what had engaged his attention so closely, upon entering found him engaged in the raising of a new system of religion, and endeavouring to throw the absurdity of that already established. The old man knew by experience, that it was useless to endeavour to convince a vain young man by reason, so only desired his company up stairs. When some little time had passed, he takes his son by the hand, and drawing back a certain at one end of the room, they enter into a conversation on the politics of the nation.

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CHAPTER IX.


There is nothing authors are more apt to lament than want of encouragement from the age. What ever their differences in other respects, they are all ready to unite in this complaint, and each individually offers himself as an instance of the truth of his assertion.

The beneficed divine, whose wants are only imaginary, expostulates as bitterly as the poorest author. He should have at least a good fortune advance the divine to a bishopric, or the poor son of a parson to the university, or the rich son of a parson to the clergy. Happening once, in conversation with a bishop of Louth, to mention the college of Edinburgh, he began by complaining, that all the English students which formerly came to study at Oxford and Cambridge, and the fact surprised him more, as well as ever furnished with masters excellent in their respective professions, was more remarkable, if their successors at Edinburgh were rich! I replied, that the salary of a professor there seldom amounted to more than thirty pounds a year. Poor
men, says he, I hardly think they were better provided for at birth than we, can have no
expectation of Englishmen at Leyden.
Prejudiced also, proposed for literary excellence;
when given as encouragement to boys, may be
useful; but when designed as rewards to men, are
entirely misapplied. We have, however, observed
a writer of an instance or example in so precious a
thing? The man who knows the
total value of his own genius, will no more venture
it upon an uncertainty, than he who knows the true
use of a genius will stake it with a sharper.

Every encouragement given to stupidity, when
known to be such, is also a negative benefit upon
genius. This appears more evident than the
undistinguished success of those who solicit sub-
scriptions. When first brought into fashion, sub-
scriptions were undertaken upon the ingenious alone,
or those who were reputed such. But at present,
we see them made a resource of inducement, and
required, not as rewards of merit, but as a relief of
difficulty. If fashion happen to want skill in con-
ducting their own business, yet they are able to
write a book; if mechanics want money, or ladies
shame, they write books and solicit subscriptions.
Sometimes, indeed, the proposals of this kind
are not thrust into the half-open doors of the rich,
with, perhaps, a puerile petition, shewing
the writer's wants, but not his merits. I would
not willingly pretend that pity which is due to in-
digence; but while the streams of likeliness are thus
diffused, they must, in the end, become proportion-
ably shallow.

What then are the proper encouragements of
genius? I answer, subsistence and respect; for these
are rewards congenial to its nature. Every animal
has an aliment peculiarly suited to its constitution.
The same, however, is it with the mind; the light
caesum has been supposed to exist on air; a queer
diet even thus will satisfy the man of true
genius, for he makes a conscious lamp upon
empty applause. It is this same thing which has in-
spired all that ever was truly great and noble among
it, as Cicero finely calls it, the exultation of virtues.

Every part of this nature, money to the pay of the common head. The author who
draws his quill merely to take a purse, no more de-
serves success than he who presents a placard.

When the link between patronage and learning
was entire, then all who deserved fame were in
a capacity of attaining it. When the great Sages
was at the helm, patronage was fashionable among
our ancestors; a kind of circle among them that
least indeed the greatest, then followed their ex-
ample, and applauded from fashion if not from feel-
ing. I have heard an old poet of that glorious age
say, that a dinner with his kinsfolk had procured
him invitations for the whole year. He was as
fond as any hanger in his patron's chariot has supplied him
with an citizen'souch on every future occasion. For
who would not be proud to entertain a man who
for his future entertainment has advanced
so much? If he succeeds you make enemies. You
tread a narrow path. Contempt on one side, and hatred on the other, are ready
to mets upon the most paltry
performance.

But this link now seems entirely broken. Since
the days of a certain prime minister of inglorious
ministry, the learned has been kept pretty much
at a distance. A jockey, a base player, sup-
plies the place of the scholar, poet, or the man of
the virtues. Those conversations once the result of
shallow, wit, and innocence, are now, to Mr. Hume,
tumerable topic, little more being expected from a
company than a half-peach, a plant bow, and an
immediate friendship.—a well-served table.

Wit, when once the great is generally
despised by the vulgar. Those who are undignified
with the world, are apt to fancy the man of wit
as having a very agreeable life. They conclude,
perhaps, that he is attended to with about admira-
tion, and dictates to the rest of mankind with all
the elegance of conscious superiority. Very dif-
ferent is his situation. The man who is
as an author, and all know that an author is a thing
only to be laughed at. His person, not his jokes, becomes
the merit of the company. At his approach, the
most elevated spirit is generally

Even a small denizen, and revenge on
him the ridicule which was lavished on their fore-

The present state of polite learning;

It is indeed a reflection, somewhat mortifying to
the author, who breaks his ranks, and singles out
for public favour, to think that he must combat
contempt before he can arrive at glory. If he
must expect to have all the fees of society united
against him, before he can hope for the applause of
his master, he must have caused a premium beforehand; as those who have no idea of
the dignity of his employment, will be apt to regard
his insolvency as infernal, and not having a notion
of the perniciousness of unthinking things in
Grenville, it is not to be expected they should have any
desire of rewarding it in others.

Voltaire has his fanatics; money is the pay of the common head. The author who
draws his quill merely to take a purse, no more de-
serves success than he who presents a placard.

"Your fate," my dear Le Fèvre, is too strongly
marked to permit your retiring. The bee must
fail in making honey, the silk-worm must spin, the
philosopher must dissect, and you are born to
mutilate your fellow-men. Be a poet, my
scholar, even though your inducements should re-
stitute, nature is too strong for inclination. But hope
not, my friend, to find tranquillity in the employ-
ment you are going to pursue. The cost of genius
is not less exalted with disappointment than
that of ambition.

If you have the misfortune not to excel in your
profession as a poet, experience must torment you; if you succeed, you make enemies. You
tread a narrow path. Contempt on one side, and hatred on the other, are ready
to mets upon the most paltry
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him the ridicule which was lavished on their fore-

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

To be more serious, new fashions, follies, and vices, make new monitors necessary in every age. An author may be considered as a useful subordinate to the legislature. He acts not by punishing evil, but by pointing out what is right. However virtuous the author of the present age, there may be still growing employment for ridicule or reproof, for persuasion or satire, if the author be therefore still so necessary among us, let us crown him with proper considerations as a child of the public, not a rent charge on the community. And indeed a child of the public he is in all respects; for while so well able to direct others, how incapable is he frequently found of guiding himself? His simplicity exposes him to all the insidious approaches of cunning; his sensibility, to the slightest invasions of contempt. Thoroughly possessed of facility and temperance, he is not the expected hero of an earthquake, yet of feelings so exquisitely poignant as to agitate under the slightest disappointment. Broken rest, tasteless music, transcends anxiety, shorts his life, or render it unfit for active employment; prolonged vigil and intense application still further congest his brain, and make his time glide away. It is clear we cannot, nor can he, neglect those natural inconveniences by neglect; we have had sufficient instances of this kind already. Sale and Moore will suffice for one age at least. But there are still others. The neglected author of the Persian elegies, which, however incoherent, excels any in our language, is still alive,--happy, if reasonable of our neglect, not regarding them as prizes or prizes or settling them; it is enough that the age has already produced instances of men pressing foremost in the lists of fame, and worthy of better times; schooled by constant adversity into a habit of coolness which the heat of sudden success can never extinguish; yielding to the united pressure of labour, poverty, and sorrow; sifting unheeded, without one friend to a drop of tears on their untended obsequies, and the voice of their countrymen. The author, when unpokemoned by the great, has naturally recourse to the bookseller. Here he can sell, with success, his sentiments and his genius; indeed, why not, in his capacity of poet? He can thus gratify his own taste, and secure to himself the approbation of his countrymen.

The present author is这样说, but he has not given a sufficient instance of a comparison made in his favor. If the bookseller's judgements be accepted as a general rule, the present author is not to be compared to his great predecessor, who is considered as the best writer of the age. If we are to judge of a man's abilities by the estimation of his contemporaries, the present author is not to be considered as one of the most eminent writers of the age. If we are to judge of a man's abilities by the estimation of his countrymen, the present author is not to be considered as one of the most eminent writers of the age.

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The present state of polite learning.

Goldsmithe's worcs.

Poet writer has been ever found to follow the poet, it must consequently be in both all that agreeable
trivial, which, if I may so express it, often decides in the
judgment and the most weighty truth may put to
pleasure, and it is even virtuous to jest when serious
solutions must be disguising. But instead of this,
the most trivial propriety, at least the most
lawful, is considerably illustrated, when the
assumes all the didactic stiffness of wisdom. The
most dissipative son of fame or of families has his
more, and his use, his front and his second,
under the sight of all absurdities, and the
comedy of classes. Were these monthly reviews and
magazines sothy, per, or absurd, they might find
some pardon; but to be dull and drab is an
extremely dangerous way of life. These things
should be considered as pills to purge melancholy;
they should be made up in our splendid cli
to be taken as physic, and not so as to be used
when we take it.

However, by the power of one single acknowl-
eling, our critics have almost got the victory over
humor amongst us. Does the poet paint the ab-
ominations of the vulgar, then he is lost: does he
exaggerate the features of folly, to render it more
thoroughly ridiculous, he is then very lost. In
these days we have properly enough, but harder
to laugh at; nature seems to present us with a
universal blank of silk, ribbons, smiles, and whis-
ers. Absurdity is in the poets' game, and good-
poets will be the most nice concealment of absurdities.
The truth is, the critics generally mistake
humor for wit, which is a very different excellence.
Wit raises human nature above its level, humor
acts a contrary part, and equally depresses it.
To expect exalted humor is a contradiction in terms;
and the critic, by demanding an impossibility from
the poet, has, in effect, furnished new comedy
from the stage. But to put the same thought in
a different light, when an unexpected similitude in
two objects strikes the imagination; in other words,
when a thing is wildy expressed, all our pleasure
turns into admiration of the artist, who has fancy
eough to draw the picture. When a thing is
harmlessly described, our burst of laughter pro-
cures a very different effect, and the rising
bull of alosobility of the character represented with
character, and triumph in our conscious superiority.
No natural defect can be a cause of laughter, because it
is a misfortune to which all men are subjects, and any
defect of this kind changes the passion into pity or
horror. We only laugh at those instances of
nonsense which we consider ourselves or
are not liable. For instance, should I de-
scribe a man as wanting his nose, there is no hu-
mor in this, as it is an accident to which human
nature is subject, and may be any man's nose; but
should I represent this man without his nose as
extremely curious in the choice of his small-to-
then I have here given an absurdity of which
we may imagine is impossible for ourselves to be
guilty, and therefore apply our own sense on the
matter. Thus, then, the pleasure we receive from
wit turns to the admiration of another; that
which we feel from humor, centre in the admira-
tion of ourselves. The poet, therefore, must
make the object he would have the subject of
humor in a state of inferiority; in other words, the
subject of humor must be low.
The solemnity worn by many of our modern
writers, is, I fear, often occasioned by this: for
certain it is, it seems to every author who wishes
to put it on. By the composition of many of our
later publications, one might be apt to cry out with
Cherubini, C'esser maederine non puote, and his
temporius ridicus probe; on my conscience, I
believe we have all forgot to laugh in these days. Such
writers generally make no distinction between what
is grained and what is pleasing; between these com-
monplaces which the reader pays his own discern-
ment, and those which are the genuine result of
his sensations. If we were to dismiss, therefore,
that we no longer find pleasure with the laugh-
style that has for some years been locked upon as
the writing, and which every young writer is
proverbial of, as being the best we can read. We
should now dispense with loud epithets and dress-
ing up trifles with dignity. For, to use an obvi-
os instance, it is not those who make the greatest
noise with their noise in the streets that have most
to sell. Let us, instead of writing finely, try to
write naturally; not hurt after left expressions to
deceive mean ideas, nor be for ever gaping, when
we only mean to deliver a whisper.

Chapter XI.

Of the things.

Our theatre has been generally confessed to
being very bad, though partaking of the
show and decoration of the Italian opera
with the propriety and declamation of French
performance. The stage also is more magnificent
with us than in Italy, and the people in gene-
ral fond of theatrical entertainment. Yet still,
our pleasures, as well as more important concerns,
are generally managed by purvey, the stage has felt
the misfortunes of the nation; that its
side, are for decoration and ornament,
the critics, and all who have studied French
decorum, are for regularity and declaration. Thus
it is almost impossible to please both; and yet,
by attempting it, finds himself often incapable of
pleasing either. If he introduces stage pomp, the
critic consigns his performance to the vulgar; if he
indulges in recital and simplicity, it is accused of
insipidity, or dry affectation. The finest parts of
our theatre, as the genius of our country, it is extremely difficult
to perform a dramatic poet to please his audience. But
largely by those amongst us now come
the old, it was not to be had; to encounter; there are many other
more dangerous combinations against the little wit of
the age. Our poet's performance must undergo a pro-
cess truly elevated before it is presented to the pub-
lic. It must be tried in the manager's fire, strain-
ced through a broiler, suffer from repeated correc-
tions, till it be a mere copper museum where
arrangements, or a mere monster, is exhibited
for the abstract characters, and who, by adversating
nature, choose to exhibit the ridiculous side of a hài-
feigned under the sanction of that venerable name.
What strange vamped comedies, fanciful tragi-
dies, or what shall I call them, speaking pato-
mimes, have we not of late seen! No matter what
the play may be, it is the actor who draws an audi-
ence. He throws life into all, all are spirits and
merry, in one door and out at another; the
spectator, in a fool's paradise, knows not what all
this means, till the last act concludes in matrimo-
is, and the audience receive their pleasure.
The poet, however, is above suspicion, the best
character in the most detested characters, while the parts of
morality, as they are called, are thrown to some matches,
and often to be adopted, if we are to carry on our
triumphs by his wretched imitation.

But whatever be the incentives to vice which are
found at the theatre, public pleasures are generally
higher than such a quality. By Shakespeare's,
theatrical satisfactions truly innocent, the actor is useful,
as he means the poet's work makes its way from
the stage to the crowd, for all must allow, that
the reader receives mere impressions by perusing a well
written play, than by seeing it acted.

But how is this rule translated on our theatres at
present? Old pieces are revived, and scarcely any
new ones admitted. The actor is ever in our eye,
and the poet seldom permitted to appear; the public
are again obliged to runmote over those last
lights of the past generation, but the
manager, unable to discontinue to his
nothing, even in an age of ignorance; and the stage, in-
stead of serving the people, is made subservient to
the interests of avarice.

We seem to be in Europe in the situation
travellers at a Scotch inn—rite entertainment is
served up, complained of, and sent down; up comes
worse, and that also is changed; and every change
made the more bad for it, is our fate.

I have been so well instructed that no new play can be
admitted to our theatres unless the author
chooses to wait some years, or, to use the phrase
in folio, till it comes to him, which is not a bad
thing, as he can never expect to contract a familiarity
with the stage, by which alone he can hope to succeed;
CHAPTER XII.

On Universities.

Instead of being myself in a subject of such extent, I shall only offer a few thoughts as they occur, and leave their connection to the reader.

We are divided, whether an education be by travelling or by a sedentary life preferable. We see more of the world by travel, but more of mankind by remaining at home. In the former, the student who attends to the disorders of a few places is more likely to understand his profession than he who indiscriminately examines them all.

A youth just handed at the Brilli resembles a clown at a puppet-show; carries his amusement from one miracle to another; from this cabinet of curiosities to that collection of pictures; but wondering is not the way to grow wise.

Whatever resolutions we set ourselves, not to keep company with our countrymen abroad, we shall find them broken when once we leave home. Among strangers we consider ourselves as in a solitude, and it is but natural to desire society.

In the great towns of England there are no to be found Englishmen reading either from interest or choice. They generally lead a life of continued debauchery. Such are the countrymen a traveller is likely to meet with.

This may be the reason why Englishmen are all thought to be mad or melancholy by the vulgar abroad. Their money is giddily and wantonly spent among shapers of their own country; and when that is gone, of all nations the English bear with most that disorder called the maladie de poche.

Countries wear very different appearances to travellers of different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the philosopher, who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions.

To see Europe with advantage, a man should appear in various circumstances of fortune, but the best understood by the two extremes would be dangerous for young men.

There are many things relative to other countries which can be learned to more advantage at home; their laws and policies are among the number.

The greatest advantages which result to youth from travel, are an easy address, the shaking off national prejudices, and the finding nothing ridiculous in national peculiarities.

The time spent in these acquisitions could have been more usefully employed at home. An education in colleges seems therefore preferable.

We attribute to universities either too much or too little. Some assert that they are the only proper places to advance learning; while others deny even their utility in advancing an education.

Both are wrong.

Learning is most advanced in populous cities, where chances often concur with industry to promote it; where the centre of this large universal city, if I may so call it, of such manners as they rise, study life not logic, and have the world for correspondents.

The number of universities have ever been founded in times of the greatest ignorance.

New improvements in learning are seldom adopted in colleges until studied every where else. And this is chiefly because, in universities, there is always of teaching the generation uncertainties for truth. Thus, though the professors in universities have been too frequently found to oppose the advancement of learning; yet when once established, they are the proper persons to diffuse it.

There is more knowledge to be acquired from one page of the volumen mankind, if the scholar only knows how to read, than in volumes of antiquity. We grow learned, not wise, by too long a course at college.

This points out the time at which we should leave the university. Perhaps the age of twenty-one, when at our universities the first degree is generally taken, is the proper period.

The universities of Europe may be divided into three classes. Those upon the old scholastic establishment, where the pupils are immured, talk nothing, and support every day scholastic disputations in school philosophy. Would not one be apt to imagine this was the proper education to make a man a fool? Such are the universities of Prague, Louvain, and Padua.

The second is, where the pupils are under few restric-

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*As the first edition our author added, Deodoro de' Genovesi says, for he travelled through France etc. on foot.

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The Present State of Polite Learning.

Teaching by lecture, as at Edinburgh, may make men scholars, if they think proper; but instructing by examination, as at Oxford, will make them so against their inclination. Besides, Edinburgh only discloses the student to receive learning; Oxford often makes him actually learned.

In a word, were I poor, I should send my son to Leyden or Edinburgh, though the annual expense in each, particularly in the first, is very great. Were I rich, I would send him to one of our own universities. For by some means naturally or else in the first he has the best chance of living; by that received in the latter, he has the best chance of becoming great.

We have of late heard much of the necessity of studying earlier. Wespasian was the first who paid professors of rhetoric for publicly instructing youth at Rome. However, those who now read an orator.

The best customs that ever were spoken were pronounced in the parliament of King Charles the First. These men never studied the rule of one.

Mathematics are, perhaps, too much studied at our universities. This seems a science to which the meanest intellects are equal. The art of it is this, if you can draw a straight line, and heel a circle, and then produce the experiment. The most instructive method is to show the experiment first; curiosity is then excited, and attention awakened to every subsequent deduction. Hence it is evident, that in a well formed education a course of history should ever precede a course of ethics.

The sens of our nobility are permitted to enjoy greater liberties in our universities than those of private men. I should blush to ask the men of learning and virtue who reside in our seminaries the reason of such a prejudical and undelicious practice. Our universities are the only schools where the best scholars are instructed with a love of philosophy; and the first maxim among philosophers is: That merit only makes distinction.

Whence has proceeded the vain insignificance of our colleges? Is it that men study to more advantage in a palace than in a cell? One simple performance of taste or genius confers more real honour than all the labours of the chancel.

Surely pride itself has dictated to the followers of our colleges the absurd passion of being attended at meals, and on every such occasion, by those men, who, willing to be scholars, come in upon some charitable foundation. It implies a contradiction, for men to be at once learning the liberal arts, and at the same time treated as mere students in studying freedom, and practising servitude.
CHAPTER XIII.
The Conclution.

Every subject acquires an adventitious importance to him who considers it with application. He finds it more closely connected with human happiness than the rest of mankind are apt to allow; he sees consequences resulting from it which do not strike them with equal conviction, and still pursuing speculation beyond the bounds of reason, too frequently becomes ridiculous earnest in trifles or absurdities.

It will perhaps be incurable this impatience, to deduce a universal degeneracy of manners from so slight an origin as the degeneration of taste; to assert that, as a nation grows dull, it sinks into debauchery. Yet such probably may be the consequence of literary decay; or, not to stretch the thought beyond what it will bear, vice and stupidity are always mutually productive of each other.

Life, at the greatest and best, has been compared to a feast, that must be humoured and played with till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over. Our few years are laboured away in varying its pleasures: new amusements are pursued with studious attention; the most childish vanities are dignified with titles of importance; and the proudest boast of the most aspiring philosophers is no more, than that he provides his little play-fellows the greatest pastime with the greatest innocence.

Thus the mind, ever wandering after amusements, when debased of happiness on one part, endeavors to find it on another; when intellectual pleasures are disagreeable, those of sense will take the lead. The man who in age is unacquainted with the tranquil joys of study and retirement, may in the next, should learning be fashionable no longer, feel an ambition of being foremost at a horse-course; or, if such could be the absurdity of the times, of being himself a jockey. Reason and appetite are therefore masters of our revels in turn; and as we incline to the one, or pursue the other, we rival angels, or imitate the brutes. In the pursuit of intellectual pleasures lies every virtue; of sensual, every vice.

It is this difference of pursuits which marks the morals and characters of mankind; which have the line between the enlightened philosopher and the half-schooled citizen; between the civil citizen and different passions; between the low-singing peasant and the wandering savage of Africa; an animal loss ridiculous indeed than the tiger, because ended with fewer powers of doing mischief. The man, the nation, must therefore be good, whose chiefest luxuries consist in the refinement of reason; and reason can never be universally cultivated, unless guided by taste, which may be considered as the link between science and common sense, the method through which learning should ever be seen by society.

Taste will therefore often a proper standard, when others fail, to judge of a nation's improvement or degeneracy in morals. We have often no permanent characteristics, by which to compare the virtues or vices of our ancestors with our own. A generation may rise and pass away without leaving any traces of what really was; and all complaints of our deterioration may be only topics of declamation or the exculpations of our partisans: but in taste we have standing evidences; we can with precision compare the literary performances of our fathers with our own, and from their excellence or defects determine the moral, as well as the literary, merits of either.

If, then, there ever comes a time when taste is so far depredated among us that critics shall lead every word of genius with unnecessary comment, and quarter their empty performances with the substantial merits of an author, both for subsistence and applause; if there comes a time when measure shall speak in stems, but praise be whispered in the breeze, while real excellence oftentimes shall fumble after, and if there be a time when the Muse shall be without hearing, except in platitudin engraving, if the poet kept his own disdain, but lofty compositions supply the place of original thinking— should there ever be such a time, may succeeding critics, both for the honour of our occur; as well as our learning, say, that such a period bears no resemblance to the present age.

The Double Transformation: a Tale.

SITTINGS FROM DOMESTIC LIFE.

Jack Bookworm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and drank his joke,
And friendship seemed as he spake.

Such pleasures, unhappy with care,
Could any accident injure?
Could Cudgel's shaft at length transfuse
Our spirits, arrived at thirty-three?
O had the archer never come down
To means in a country town!

*This translation was first printed in one of our author's earlier works. "The Present State of Learning in Europe," Bliss, 1719; but was omitted in the second edition, which appeared in 1726.

† This and the following poem were published by Dr. Goldsmith in his volume of essays, which appeared in 1748.

Poems.
A NEW SIMILE

In the manner of Swift.

Lowd had sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scrapping kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spirit.
 Till reading, I forgot what day or year,
And lost the taste of Tooke's Pandora.

A chapter out of Tooke's Pandora,
I think I met with something there
To suit my purpose to a hair.

But let us now proceed to the next
First please to turn to God Mercureus,
You'll find him pictured at full length,
In the book itself, page the tenth.
The stress and labour of my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed to our simile.

Imprimis, Pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from hence we gather?
Why these denote a brain of feather.
A train of feather! very right,
With wit that shews, learning; light.
Such as to modern birds decreed;
A just comparison, proceed.

In the next place, his feet person
Wings grow again; both his shoes
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And wait his godhead through the air:
And here my simile unite.
For in the modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, woadshads! observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encrusted wand;
By chance some authors term'd caduceus,
And highly famed for several uses.
To wit: most wondrous endowed,
No poppy water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue such,
Though never so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then—
His wand a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twisted,
Denote him of the reptile kind.
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frethly slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
All the same continuance to sleep.
This difference only, as the god
Drove souls to Tartar's with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling all,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile takes its flight,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover mercy'ly had a falling;
Well! what of that? cut with it—stealing,
In which all modern barbs agree,
Being each as great as that by he
Even this ditty's existence
Still lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bard! why what a pro.
Are they but careless stones and blocks? things as tribes at best) bold tell me with his usual good-humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cantos, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarcely worth printing; and were not for the fine display of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

Iam, Sir, yours, etc.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Note.—On the subject of the preceding letter, the reader is desired to consult "The Life of Dr. Goldsmith," under the year 1755.

THE HERMIT.

A BALLAD.

The following letter, addressed to the Printer of his St. James's Society, appeared in that paper in June, 1757.

"But as there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon tribes, permit me to be as candid as possible in informing a correspondent of your's that I recommended Blinville's Travels because I thought the book was a good one, and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published, but in that, it seems, I was mistaken, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

A correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad I published some years ago, from one by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered those poems) ascribed it to myself.

The following letter, addressed to the Printer of his St. James's Society, appeared in that paper in June, 1757.

"But I am not the least affected, and though my position is now vacant, I still wish the thing well.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whatever cell believes,
My rustic coach and fragile galla
My blessing and repose.

"No books that range the valley free
To slaughter my condemned,
Touched by that Power that pleas'd me
I learn to pity them:
"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guileless feast I bring;
A serp with herbs and fruits supplied,
And eater from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cause forgiven
All earth-born can care wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.
poetry, and at length supplant her; they exasperate all that favour once shown to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the birthright itself.

Yet, however that art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in great danger from the mis¬
taken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have not the hearing of late in favour of
platheter, and Pantheistic odes, choruses, amorous
and licentious, alliterative and care less negligence?
Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it,
and as he generally lack in the wrong, so he has
always much to say, for error is ever talking.
But there is an enemy to this art still more dan-
grous,—an idle party. Party entirely destroys the
poem, and elevates the taste. If the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find
pleasure in what contributes to increase the
disaster. Like the tiger, that self-devourer from
consuming man, after having once preyed upon his
man flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his
appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most
agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such
readers generally admire some half-witted thing
which was to be thought a bold man, having lost the
character of a wise man. Him they dignify with the
name of grandeur, and the name of poetry. They
are pleased with his turbulence and is to be forced, and
his phrenzy right.

Where he is right, what ever may be the verse to support it, I
cannot tell, nor can I sustain it.
My aim is right. Without opposing the cause of
any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage
all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be
equality in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a par-

ticular principle of happiness, and that such princi-
ple in each may be carried to the utmost degree.
There are few can judge better than yourself how
far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

am, dear sir, your most affectionate brother,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE TRAVELLER;
or,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

Remote, unfrequented, melancholy, slow;
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian horse
Against the homeless stranger shews the door;
Or where Campania’s plain竦is lain,
A weary waste exceeding to the sky,

Where I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart unsated with the view, and sees
Still to my brother town, with careless pain,
And drugs at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guards sweet infants;
Best be that spot, where they may view their evening fire;
Best that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a truly kind;
Best be those friends with plenty lowly crow’d,
Who have all the truly family around.
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fall,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the fool, who shields his foot,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Imped’d, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some feeling good, that mocks me with the view.
That, like the crone bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traveaze alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
My flocks I wander and engage to spend.
And placed on high above the stormy air,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd’s humble pride.

When thus Creation’s charms around combine,
Amidst the scene should thickest pride reign;
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humble bosom vain?
Let school taught pride disdain all these;
Then these things are great to little man;
And wise be, whose sympathetic mind
Excites in all the good of mankind.

There, glimmering towers, with wealth and splendour crown’d;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending streams, that dress the flowery vale;
For my virtuous store combine;
Creation’s heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it over;
Heard after heard his rising raptures fill,
Yet still his heart not with delight fill’d;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Placed with such good that Heaven to man suppliant;
Ye idols, the sight prevals, and sobres fall,
To see the boundless height so vast;
And oh! I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign’d,

Where my wretched soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to mySeleccion’s feet.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The slumbering tenant of the fragile scheme
Blestly prompted by that bliss that opes his own;
Esteem the treasures of his stormy sea,
And his long rights of earthly ease:
The naked negrito, putting at the line,
Boast of his golden waifs and paltry wine,
Sails in the glass, or stones the topaz wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such is the patriot boast, where’er we roam,
His first friend, his country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom gain.
One equal merit to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her blys at labor’s earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idris’s cliffs as Arno’s cheery side.
And though the rockies crowned summits, from
These rocks, by nature, turn to beds of down.
From various are the blessings sent—
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other’s powers as strong contest,
That none without the other can be active to the life.

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing grieve,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the happiest happiness attends,
And spurs the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to each in every domain,
This favourite good beggars all compare.

But let us try those truths with closer eye,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies.
Here for a while my proper cares resign’d,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like the sage, he that most in sorrow stands,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain’s side,
Woods over woods in gay theatre arise.
While oft some solitary temple soaring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could nature’s bounty satisfy the beast,
The sons of Italy were surely blast.
Whatever fruits in different climates were found,
The same rise of human life court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the vaneéd year;

POEMS.

Wherever sweet sits the northern sky
Withernal lives, that blossom but to die.
These here desperring the Linthian soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the painter’s toll.
While seaport galleys their gold wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the bliss below.
In sand the graves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contested faults through all his masters reign;
Though gods and heroes, through valorous veins.
Though givers, yet tilting; realms, yet natur;
And even in pensance planting slain new.
All evils here conteminate the mind,
That scintile diver and ssy break.
For wealth was devised, not far removed the date;
Where commerce proudly flourish’d through the state.
In her command the prince learned to rise,
Again the tall-column sought the skies;
The canvass glow’d beyond its native warm;
The present fairy tale with human form;
Till, more unstained, the southern gale.
Commerce on other shores display’d her sail;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanner’d, and seas unmeasur’d.
And late the genii found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but pictorial ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride.
From these the feeble heart and long-fall’n mind
An easy compensation seem’d to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array’d
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form’d for pity and love,
A mistress of a mint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled.
The sports of children satisfy the child.
Each lover aims, repuls’d by constant love.
Now sinks at last, or with the soul the sea.
While low delights, exceeding fast behind,
In happier measure occupy the mind.
As in those domes, where Cæsar once went away
Defiant by time and lingering to decay.
There in the ruin, breathless of the dead,
The shelter-seek pale man builds his shed.
And, wondering man, can cast the larger pile,
Excels, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them; turn to we survey
Where compleat cleric a nobler mire display,
Where the bleak, Swiss their stormy mansion tryst;
And forst a childish seat for scanty bread.
No product here the banner hies we adored.
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword
No vernal bohems their torpid rocks array.
But winter lingering calls the lap of May.
No sapphire firmly sets the mountain's breast,
But meteor-glow, and stormy gloom invest.
Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the crime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's lot, his feats though small,
He sees his little lot of all;
Seek no contiguous power rear his head
To shame the meaness of his humble shed;
As he can, and the sunbeams banquet dealt
To warm his heart in his vegetable food;
But calm, and blend in ignorance and toil,
Each wish unfruitful, fits him to the soil.
Sabe the earth, and the scenes short from view,
Breathes the keen air, and goes as he goes;
With what patient tongues the dusty deep,
Or drives his venous ploughshares to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At last returning, every labour spent,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Studies by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze:
While his loved partner, houseful of her board,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.
And there, in Bronte's Marriage, she lies,
With many a tale repays the nightly bow.
Thus every good his native wild imparts,
Imprints the passion on his heart;
And even those life that round his rising race
Endows with beauty funds supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when sounding sounds assault,
Cigars close and closer to the mother's breast.
So loud the torrent and the whistling rear,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
'Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let us cherish these the pleasures too;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few.
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when reduced:
Whip on the earth, and each pleasing silence fills.
That first exist, desire, and then aspire.
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures elay,
To fill the languid main with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame.
Catch every snare, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unquenched by strong desire;
Until it bursts on the mind, and sows the sower.
On some high festival of uses new-rate,
In wild excess the vulgar blaze is seen,
Till buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone they convey flow,
Their morals, like their pleasures, are low;

And,'solitudes to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampart's artificial pride.
Onward, merchand', and diligently slow,
The firm connected bark seem to grow;
Spreads its long arms through the wat'ry wo.
Moves a director, and ushers the shore.
While the peat ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow vast, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-turban'd bank, the glistening soil,
The crowded mast, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his eyes.
Thus, while round the awed-subject droll
Impels the native-reputed power
Implements the pride of each bosom reign
And industry begot a love of gain.
Hence all the good from experience that springs,
With all those life superfluous treasure brings.
Archaeology'd. Their much-loved wealth imports
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is bartered here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The nestled yer, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Her parents, skill'd to subjugate, and
Finds doubt the burden of their existance.
So best a life those thoughtless reals display,
Thus silly busy roll their world away;
There are those arts that mind to mind convey;
For labour forms the social taste and duty.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here prevails current; full from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land.
From courts to camps, to outposts it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to esteem,
Till evening brings, their growth to the mind.
Creation's richest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind:
There all around the greatest breezes stray;
There where the genius mutes on ever spray.
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Fired at the sound, my genius arises here,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring.
Where laws extend that seem Arnaldian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
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The wealth of their cities, the savage nations roam,
Furnished from slaves to purchase slaves at home.
Fear, pity, justice, ingenuity makes those rights to own.
And learns to wasteon himself as man.

Thine, Freedom! think the blessings pictured here
These are those charms that dazzle and entice;
Two lust indeed were such, without alloy.
But foster'd can by freedom unto:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeves man from man, and breaks the social tie;

And, seeking the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampart's artificial pride.
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THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Swept away! swept lowest village of the plain, Where health and plenty chanced the labouring swarm: With smiling spring its earliest visit paid, And putting summer's blossoming flowers to bed: Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease, Seats of my youth, when every sport could please, How often have I linger'd o'er thy green, Where humble happiness endur'd each scene! How often have I pass'd on every charm, The shelter'd spot, the cultivated farm, The dancing pair that mildlyさえ行く, The distant church thattopp'd the neighboring hill, The hawthorn bush, with roots beneath the shade, For taking ages and whispering lovers made! How often did I bless the coming day, When toils remitting lent its turn to play, And all the village train from labour free, Led by their sports beneath the spreading tree; While many a justine circled in the shade, The young contending as the old surveyed; And many a gondolier'd the ground, And sights of art and seats of strength were round; And still as each repeated pleasure died, Succeeding sports the mortal band inspired; And with an ever lasting song prolonged, By holding on to each other's hand. The unseen ministrations of his unform'd fire, While secret laughter sprinkled round the place; The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love, The matron's glance that would those looks remove. Those were thy charms, sweet village sports like these, With sweet succession, taught even to tell in praise; These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed. Those were thy charms—but all these charms are fled. Sweet smiling village, bower of the lawn, Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn. Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen, And desolation saddens all thy green: One only master groups the whole domain, And half a village starts thy smiling plain;
GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

O best retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
How blest he who owns it, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
While in a world where strong temptations try
And, since his hard to combat, learns to fly?
For him no wreath, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous steep.
Nor here the waiter stands in guilty state,
To spur impelling famine from the gate:
But on he moves to his latter end,
Angels around ascending, the 'saint's friend:
Sinks in the grave with unperturbed pace,
While resignation gently slips the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commence as the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when off, at evening's close,
Up winded hill the village aurum rose;
There, as I read with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softer'd from below;
The swan responsive as the milkmaid wont;
The sailor heard that hoard to meet their young;
The noisy glee that gabbed over the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that baw'd the whispering of dawn.
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shades,
And still'd each passion the night-key had made:
But hear! 'tis warbled in the midnight morn;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gate,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread;
But all the bowery flush of life is fled.
All but yon wild-dew, solitary thing,
That softly beds beside the plaster-prong;
She, wretched matron, forsook in age, for bread,
To strip the brow with mending clothes散布,
To the giver whisper'd from the thorn;
To seek her nightly shroud and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plot.

Near wander copes, where once the garrison'd
And still where many a garden flower's wild;
There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's noblest mansion stand.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty points a-year;
Romance from town he ran his holy race,
Nor e'er changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful to fo'All, or seek for power,
But to his work he was the various weary;
For other sins his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His voice was known to all the vagrant train,
That chose to wander, but los'd their pain.
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending sweep'd his aged breast,
The ruin'd splendid hill, now no longer proud,
Chains'd him there, and laid his chains allowed.
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Set by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Went o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Flew'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to know,
And quite forget their voices in their song.
Cares still their merit, or faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failures lent to victory's side.
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He wash'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each foodendとなります;
To tempt its revolized offering to the sky,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Altered to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dissay'd;
The reverend champion stood.
At his control,
Despair and anguish felt, and the struggles swell,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to mine,
And his last fainting accents whispered peace.

At church, with mack and unsatisfied grace,
His looks adored the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double awe,
And soul, who came to seek, remit'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady sail, each honest rite ran;
E'en children follow'd with entertaining kind,
And pluck'd his gown, to shun the good man's smile.
He kindly smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleased him, and they'refreed from dread;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Steeles from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunmark sets his head.
Beside your struggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossoms form incommodious play,
They, in his love to guard, to brace, to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I know not well, and every heart knew;
Well had the blessing tremors learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they hough'd with counterfeited glee
At his place, his foot, his mark, triumphant made;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he knew'd
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in sight,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
I was certain he could write, and either too;
Lambs he could measure, terms and titles genau.
And even the story ran—that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the person own'd his skill,
So over them all, that he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Around the gazing roofs ranged around.—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time a triumphant—
Now every one, that the sight he could tell abound;
Where once the sign-post catch'd the passing eye,
Low lies that house where un-bright daunted inspir'd,
Where grey sand mirth, and smiling tell retired,
And above the stote, that gave the casual 
ip of joy,
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and bounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken cities,
Has nob'd the neighboring fields of half their growth.
His seat, where solitary arts are seen,
Indigant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful pocket flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the hand adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren sparseness vastly want the full.
As some fair rainbow, unsubstantial and phant,
Seem but to please while yet their form is seen;
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms indeed,
When time enervates, and when loves fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impassories of dress.
That shame the hand, by luxury betrayed;
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But vertigo to decline, its splendid rise,
'Gainst vistas strike, its palace surprise.
Who, ungirded from the silken band,
The meek peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sings, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, oh where shall poverty reside,
To seem the present, and the future grand,
If to some common's fearless limbs array'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scantly blade,
These fearless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the barest common is adorn'd.
If to the city sped—What work he there?
To see the present, and the future grand.
To see the present, and the future grand,
To see the present, and the future grand.
To see a thousand millions of bauxite combined,
To see a hundred millions of bauxite combined,
To see a hundred millions of bauxite combined,
To see a hundred millions of bauxite combined.
To see a hundred millions of bauxite combined,
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp dis-
dlay,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight vigil
Here, where she smiles, admires the gorgeous train.
Tumultuous grandeur crowns the blushing square.
The matting chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles annul are.
Surely these denote one universal joy.
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine
eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She comes, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has vetted at seasons intense distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn.
Sweet as the princess people beneath them rise;
Now lo, a, all, her friends, her virtue flled,
Near her betrother's door she lays her head,
And pitched with cold, and shuddring from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that limitless hour,
When silly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thin, sweet Amiens, thou the loveliest maid,
Do thy fair tribes partake in her pain?
When none, perhaps, by cold and hunger fed,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.
Ah, not
To distant elms, a dreary scene,
Where half the convor world interlace between,
Through bower terraces with fanning steps they go,
Where wild Alba's amours to their rose.
For different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downravv way
And fiercely shine upon the intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent huts in dreary cluster cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance
covered.
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake.
The rattling tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they.
Walls oft in whilst the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies,
Far different thence from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy veiled green,
The bough covert of the waving grove,
That only sheltered shepherds harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that part
That said 'em from their native walks away?
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and family took their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant steep,
Return'd and went, and return'd still to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepared to go
Through deserts, and wilds, and streams for evermore;
But for himself in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, loveller in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglected of her charman,
And left a lover for her father's arms.
With tender plights the mother spoke her vows,
And said the end of every pleasure rose;
And blazed their thoughts with npe of a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
While her fond hand-strain'd to clasp the body dead
In all the silent manifest of grief.

○ luxury! thou eunit by Heaven's decree
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy passions with insidious joy,
Difuse their pleasures only to destroy?
Kingdoms by thee, so sickly greatness grown,
Rest of a floral vigour not their own;
At every drought more large and large they grow,
A blasted mass of rank univaciously soar;
Still up'd their strength, and every part unsworn,
Down, down they sink, and spread a rain round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Pen now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I use the rural vesture leave the land,
Down where you anchoring vessels spread the sail,
That idly waiting ships with every gaze,
Downward, they move, a melancholy band.
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand,
Contended tall, and hospitable cove,
And kind contouden tresses are there;
And every daisied bow, and meadow rage,
And that, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still fiy to fly where sensual joys trouble,
Unde these meparteances of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame
Dear charming nymph, neglected and derided,
My shame in speech, my solitary pride.
Thence source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That fromled me poor at first, and keep'd me so;
Thou guide, by which the nolling arts excel,
Then taste of every virtue, for these well
Pondervd, and well where'er thy voice is heard,
On Torn's cliifs, or Pambamarne's side,
Whether whose equinocial vames glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over all,
Redress the rigours of th'indolent elms;
Ah! slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain,
Teach'st me to regard my country's pain;
Teach, him, that states of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;

That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd masts away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

The GIFT.
To HOG, IN BO" STRE ll, CO VEN T-GAR D E N.
Say, cruel Eras, pretty lady,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?
My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, wouldst thou an angry fair one prise
The gift, who slights the giver?
A bill, a jewel, watch or toy,
My rivalry—and let 'em;
If good, or bad, import a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.
I'll give—but not the full-bowed rose;
Or no-bad, I guess in fashion;
Such short-lived offerings but disclose
A transitory passion.
I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere, than civil.
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

Epistle on DR. PARNELL.
This tomb, inscribed to gentle PARNELL'S urns,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame;
What heart beech of his eventful moral day,
That leads to truth through pleasure'sflowing way?
Celestial themes confer'd his tuneful aid;
And Hebes, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory bounty of fame below.
More lasting trophies from his works shall rise,
While we convey thank their Echo in the skies.

EPILOGUE.
To the Memory of the Sisters.
What five long notes—^nd all to make us write
What lives, and write for life—
This woman, and the mystery here?
What is the mystery here?
E. B. and C. C.

Who desires to know the mystery here?
The Epilogue.

MRS. BULLEY.

The Epilogue.

MISS CATHLY.

Yes, the Epilogue, my dear.

MRS. BULLEY.

Sure you mistake, ma'am. The Epilogue, I say.

MISS CATHLY.

Excuse me, ma'am. The author bid me sing it.

MRS. BULLEY.

Why, sure, the girl's beside herself! an Epilogue of singing,

A hopeful end indeed to such a lamentable beginning.

Besides, a song in a comic sort.

Excuse me, ma'am. I know the etiquette.

MISS CATHLY.

What if we leave it to the house?

MRS. BULLEY.

The house!—Agreed.

MISS CATHLY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULLEY.

And also whose party's largest shall proceed.

And first, I hope you'll really agree

I've all the critics and the wise for me.

They, I am sure, will answer my commands.

Ye candid judges few, hold up your hands.

What to return? I find too late, I fear.

That modern judges seldom enter here.

MISS CATHLY.

I'm for a different set,—Old men whose trade

Is still to gallant and dandle with the ladies.

Ridicule

Who ramp their passion, and who gruffly smiling

Still thus address the fair with voice beguiling.

Miss CATHLY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULLEY.

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Miss CATHLY.

Agreed.
GOLDMSITH'S WORKS.

[Verse]

At last alone to reflect, having emptied my glass,
And 'nobody with me at sea but myself';
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman
Handsome.

Yet Johnson and Burke, and a good vesdim pasty,
Were things that I never disdained in my life,
Though clav'd with a coronet, and Kitty his wife,
So next day in due season to make my approach,
I called to his course in my own back-coach.
When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine),
My friend taste me welcome, but struck me quite dumb.
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
'Tis all I know; he cried, 'Both industriously hull,
The one with his speeches, and 't other with
Thrifts.

But no matter; I warrant we'll make up the party
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They've both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Smarter, the other the Scourge;
Some think he's best (time), he comes to manage,
While thus he described them by trade and by name,
They entered, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a frieze of bacon, and drums were seen,
At the bottom was trifle in a swing the venison;
At its sides there was spiciny, and pudding made hot;
In the middle a plate were paste—for was not.
Now, my lord, as for trifle, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon, I hate a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pond,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what would we most was that—d Scotch rossog
With his long-winged speeches, his smiles and his bugle,
And 'Madam,' quoth he, 'may this bite be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on:
Pray a slice of your liver, though may be curst,
But I've cut out of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.'
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek.
I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these homely dinners, so pretty and small.
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all!
"O—no!" quoth my friend, "He'll come on in a tripe,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nicer;
There's a pasty!—"A pasty?" repeated the Jew,
"I don't care if I keep a corner for too."

FROM THE ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY.

SONG.

The wretch condemed to life a part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that crushes heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glittering tape's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

O MONSTROUS thou foul-deceiver,
Still important, and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.
Then, like the world, thy apparent op'ning
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JON TROTT was desired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why some had e'en;

'What do the devil, men, a pasty?'
'sechoed the Scot,
"Though splitting, I'll keep a corner for that;
We'll all keep a corner,' the lady cried out;
'Ve'll all keep a corner,' was echoed about.
While thus we received, and the pasty dey'd,
With looks that quite puffed up, enter the mad
A visage so sad, and pale with affright,
Waked Prima in drawing her curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
That she came with some terrible news from the palace:
And as it fell out, for that negligence shewn
Had shut the pasty on shuttering his own.

'Rare Philomel thus—let saries drop:
And now that I think o't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplaced
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of sorrowing,
A relish—a taste—stank I'd ever by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as well as you known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own;
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.'

RETRIAL;

A POEM.

[Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at Sir John's Coach-house. One day it was proposed to
write an epistle on this. His countrymen, and people
distinguished a subject of wit and mirth. His piece called on its Ret-
trials, and at their next meeting produced the following poem]

Or old, when Scraron his companions invited,
Each green brought his dish, and the feast was univald;
If our handsfl supply us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and be blessed the best dish.
Our Deans shall be venison, just fresh from the plains.
Our Burkes shall be tongue, with the garnish of beans;
Our Will is wild-owl, of excellent flavour
And Dick's with his pepper shall heighten the savour.
Our Cumberland sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas is piquing, substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's a mullet; for in him we see
Oh, vinegar, sugar, and saltmes agreement.
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Riegeillet is anchovy, and Reynoldes is lamb;
That Healey's a carp, and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry flot.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd it not be a gluton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiters, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blundering enervating my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

"The master of the St. John's Coach-house, where the doctrine, and the friends he has characterized in this poem,
occasionally dined.
1 Doctor Bernard, dean of Derry, in Ireland.
2 The Rev. Mr. Edmund Pertin.
3 Mr. William Bade, an usher to General Wynn, and member for Bed-wyn.
4 Mr. Richard Burt, author of Grounds.
5 Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of "The West-Indian.
6 "Pithological Lerary," the "Brothers," and various other productions.
7 Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, and grandson Scotch preacher, who to dis-

[This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin;
but having saved his property, he settled as a foot-steward.
Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge,
and became a subscriber in the newspapers. His translated
Voluntarum Historiae.

11
Here lies the good deed, re-nuited to earth,
Who mix'd a reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.

If he had any faults, he had left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out.

Yet some have stated, and it can't be denied, 'twas
That Diogenes was overly cunning to hide 'em.

In short, our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much.

Who, born for this universe, nerved his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townend to lend him a plot.

Who, too deep for his bearers, still went on refining.
And out of convivial, while they thought of dining.

Though equal to all things, for all things unit;
Too nice for a stametown, too proud for a wit.

For a patric, too cool, for a drudge, displeasing;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.

In short, 'twas his fate, triumphant or in place, sir,
To eat cottoon out, and cut blocks with araz.

Here lies honest Wilkins, whose heart was a ball.
While the owner never knew half the good that was ill.

The pupil of a lawyer, he forced him along.
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.

Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam.

The coachman was tipsy, the charioteer drove home.
Would you ask for his merit? alas! he had money.

What was good was spontaneous, his faults his own.
Here lies Richard ll, whose fate I must sigh at.

Always such lovers should now be so quiet.
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!

Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a link!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball.

Now finding and finding, yet laughing at all;
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wished him full ten times a-day at bidding.

But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the master of mirth.

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

His gallants are all fainthearted, his women divine,
And comedy members at being so fine.

Like a tragedy queen he daintied her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a cast.

His gods have their folksies so lost in a crowd
Of statues and feeling, they all wildly groan.

And comedians, alike in their failings aloud,
Adopting their portraits, are pleased with their own;

Say, where has our poet this madly caught;
Or, wherefore has his character without fault.

Say, was it that vainly directing his soul
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,

Quite sick of pursuing such troublesome fools.
Hes grow low at last, and draw from himself.

Here Douglas retires from his tịch relax,
The soreness of imposture, the terror of quacks.

Come, all ye quackards, and ye quack-divines.
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant recrees.

When native and censure encrusted his throne,
I feared for my safety, I feared for my own.

But now he is gone, and we want a doctor.

"As Dick!" shall be pious, our Minstrels shall heuter:

Macpherson wrote bombast, and call it a style,
Our Townend make speeches, and I shall com-

ple:

New Lancers and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over.
No countryman living their tricks to discover
Detection their taper shall reach to a spark:
And Scottinish meet Scottishman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.

As an actor, comfort without rival to shine;
As a wit. If not first, in the very first line.

Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart.
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.

An ill-budged beauty, whose colours he spread,
And plaster'd with rouge his own natural red.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way.
He turned and he varied full ten times a-day.

Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by fineness and trick

He cast off his friends, as a hunchback his pock.
For he knew when he pleased they would thrill them back.

Here lies the Rev. Mr. Dick.

ON DR. GOLDSMITH'S CHARACTERISTIC COOKERY.

A RE D'ESPRIT.

Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us?
Is there any scruple the physicians may raise on

This Godfrey's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends coals.

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst compliment is to see him off.
Perhaps he conferred on men as they go.
And so was too foolhardily honest? ah, no!
Then what was his failing? count it, and burn ye.
He was, could be devoted to a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you now.
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, restless, and grand:
His manners were gentle, complining, and bland.

Still born to improve in every part.
His pencil our fault, his pencil our heart.

To concords averse, yet most civilly standing.
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of

hearing.

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Coreggio, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the
printer received the following epistle on Mr. Whitlock,
from a friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith.

Dear Whitlock, and deny it who can.
Though he merrily lives, he is now a grave man:
Ries compound of oldfity, frolic, and fun.

Who relishes a joke, and rejoices in a pillar.
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere.

A stranger to flattery, a stranger to a tear.
Who scattered around wit and humour at will.
Whose daily house might make a Scotchioman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so liberal a mind
Should, so long as to be newspaper essays confined.
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar.
Yet content 'tis if the table be set in a rag
Whose talents to fill any station were fit.
Yet happy if Woodfall confess'd him a wit.

Mr. Ye newspaper writers! ye pert scribbling fellows.
Who copied his equals, and re-echoed his jokes;
Ye time imitators, ye servile herd, come.
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb.

To deck it, bring with you fasteners of the vine,
And copies théatrons on his shrines.

Then stare about all you (can do no less)
Cross-readings, slips, scraps, and whimsies of the press.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf, as to be under the necessity of using an extemporal interpreter.
* Mr. Chas. Whitlock, author of many humorous essays.
* Mr. W. was so notorious a proctor, that Dr. Goldsmith used to say it was impossible for him to write a poem, without being embellished with the lid of pudding.
* Mr. H. B. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.
* Mr. Whitlock was of frequent belief to the town with humorous pieces under these titles in the Public Advertiser.
SONG:
INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SANG IN THE COURTYARD OF THEATRE-ROYAL, LONDON
WHEN SHE STOOD TO CONQUER.

When she stood to conquer. Scythian Balamagairy, our Conquer, our conquer, who will make the Irish afraid?

When she stood to conquer, India must be won; Our fights and feats shattering, she shows the world a way.

When she stood to conquer, the horrid white lads must be known; A thousand will fall to her, who shall from her name be shown.

When she stood to conquer, the little Irish lad must be known; She shows the world a way, and makes them tremble, Her name's best known.

When she stood to conquer, the star of her name must be shown; Her name's best known by the world, and a thousand must be known.

When she stood to conquer, the shining star of her name must be shown; She shows the world a way, and must shine brighter, her name's best known.

When she stood to conquer, the shining star of her name must be known; Her name's best known by the world, and a thousand must shine.

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When she stood to conquer, the shining star of her name must be known; Her name's best known by the world, and a thousand must shine.
THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

A Comedy;

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN

PREFACE.

When I undertook to write a comedy, I confess, I was strongly possessed in favour of the poet of the last age, and strived to imitate him. The term, genteel comedy, was then unknown amongst us, and little more was desired by an audience, than nature and humour, in whatever walks of life they were most sensible. The author of the following scenes never imagined that more would be expected of him, and that he should delineate characters. Those who know anything of compounding, are sensible that, in pursuing humour, it will sometimes lead us into the recesces of the mean, I was even tempted to look in the master of a spunging-house; but in deference to the public taste, grown of late, perhaps, more delicate, the scene of the ballad was re-traced in the representation. In deference also to the judgment of a few friends, who think in a particular way, the scene is here restored. The author submits it to the reader in his sheet; and hopes that too much refinement will not be a mortification and character from this, as it has already done from the French theatre. Indeed, the French comedy is now become so elevated and sentimental, that it has not only banished humour and Molieres from the stage, but it has finished all spectators too.

Upon the whole, the author returns his thanks to the public for the favourable reception which "The Good-Natured Man" has met with; and to Mr. Colman in particular, for his kindness to it. It may not also be improper to assure any, who shall hereafter write for the theatre, that merit, or supposed merit, will ever be a sufficient passport to his protection.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON,

AND

SPOKEN BY MR. BESLEY.

Drawn by the lead of life, the weary mind Surveys the general tail of human kind; With cool submission joins the laboring train, And social sorrow loss half its pain.

Our anxious heart without complaint, may share This bustling season's epidemic care, Like Caesar's plume, dignified by fate, Tint in one common storm with all the great; Distaste alike, the statesman and the wit, When on a borough court, and one the pit. The busy candidates for power and fame Have hope and fear, and wishes, just the same; Disabled both to combat or to fly, Must bear all taunts, and here without reply.

Unshackled, as both loud rabble were their rage, As monkeys bawl the lion in a cage. Tho' offended bards hold his angry tale, For that best year when all that rose may fall; Their schemes of spite the poet's eye discrim, Till that glad night, when all that hate may rise.

"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat," Says swelling Crespin, " begg'd a cocher's vote." "This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries, "Lois at my feet—I kiss him, and he dies." The great, "his true, can charm the recluse tribe; The hard may suppress, but can not break. Yet judged by those, whose voices never were well, He feels no want of ill-persuading gold; But confident of praise, if praise be due,

Trust, without fear, to merit, and to you.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Mr. Honeywood .... Mr. Powell.

Charles .... Mr. Smith.

Lovely .... Mr. Woodward.

Squire Honeywood .... Mr. Clarke.

Leontine .... Mr. Berkeley.

Jawes .... Mr. Doncastell.

Butler .... Mr. Cholm.

Scullery ..... Mr. R. Smith.

Durner .... Mr. Houlton.

Portrait .... Mr. Quick.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Richland .... Mrs. Brulley.

Olivia .... Mrs. Mattock.

Mrs. Cramose for every part.

Garret .... Mrs. Green.

Landlord .... Mrs. White.

Scene—London.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

ACT I.

SCENE—AN APARTMENT IN YOUNG HONEYWOOD'S HOUSE.

Enter Sir William Honeywood, Jawes.

Sir William. Good Jawes, make no apologies for this honest blunder. Fidelity, like yours, is the loftiest of virtues, and the best excuse for every freedom.

Jawes. I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of dishonourable, such a young gentleman as your now, my master. All the world loves him.

Sir William. Say rather, that he loves all the world; if his fault.

Jawes. I am sure there is no part of it more clear to him than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

Sir William. What signifies his affection to me; or how can I be proud of a place in a heart where every sharpest and coolest finds an easy entrance?

Jawes. I grant you that he is rather too good-natured; that he's too much every man's nursling; but he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another; but whose instructions may he thank for this all?

Sir William. Not mine, sure? My letters to him during my employment in Italy, taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend his errors.

Jawes. Faith, begging your honour's pardon, I'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all; it has only served to poll him. This same philosophy is a good lease in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey. For my part, whenever I hear him mention the same, I'm always sure he's going to play the fool.

Sir William. Don't let us alter his faults to his philosophy, I esteem you. Sir Jarvis, his good-nature was rather from his fear of offending the important, than his desire of making the deserving happy.

Jawes. What it arises from, I don't know. But to be sure, every body has it, that asks it.

Sir William. Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a condemned spectator of his follies, and find them as bosomless as his disposition.

Jawes. And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance, generosity; and his trusting every body, universal benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of mutual expense—nominal.

Sir William. And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, though with very little hopes to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now, any intention is to involve him in frightful distress, before he has damaged himself into real calamity; to arrest him for that very debt, to cap an officer upon him, and then let him out of which his friends will come to his relief.

Jawes. Well, if it could but any way see him thoroughly vexed, every grudge would be inside to me, yet faith, I believe it impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years; but instead of being angry, he sits as calmly to hear me talk, as he does his hair-dresser.

Sir William. We must try him once more, and I'll go this instant to put my scheme into execution: and I do believe, by your means, I have frequent opportunities of being about him without being known. What a pity it is, Jawes, that any man's good-will to others should produce so much neglect of himself as to require correction! Yet we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand; there are some fruits so nearly allied to excellence, that we cannot scarce weed out the vice without unbalancing the virtue.

Sir William. Well, go thy ways, Sir William Honeywood. It is not without reason that the world allows thee to be the best of men. But here comes his hopeful nephew; the strange, good-natured, foolish, open-hearted—and yet, all his faults are such that one loves him all the better for them.

Jarvis. Honeywood. Well, Jarvis, what means you, my friends this morning?
Jarvis. You have no inbrends, Honeywood. Well, I hope you acquaintance then?
Jarvis. [pouting out bilis]. A few of our usual cats of compliment, that's all. This bill from your tailor; this from your master; and this from the aperic in Crookhaven. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.
Honeywood. That's not me, but I am sure we are at a great deal of trouble to get him to lend it.
Jarvis. He has lost all patience.
Honeywood. Then he has lost a very good thing, because there's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth for a while at least.
Honeywood. Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the meantime? Must I be cruel, because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his wants, leave them to uncontrollable distress?
Jarvis. Shalt! sir, the question now is how to relieve yourself, yourself.—[Haven't I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at stores and severs?]
Honeywood. Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you'll allow that I'm not quite unreasonable for concerning in what you are doing. Jarvis. You are the only man alive in your present situation that could do so.—Everything upon the furniture, sir; Miss Richland and her fortune gone already, and upon the point of being given to your rival.
Honeywood. I'm no man's rival.
Jarvis. Your uncle in Italy preparing to dismiss you, break your own fortune almost spent; and nothing but pressing creditors, idle friends, and a pack of drunkard servants that your kindness has made useful for any other family.
Honeywood. Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.
Jarvis. So! What will you have done with him that I might steal stealing your plate in the pantry? In the fact; I caught him in the fact.
Honeywood. In the fact? If so, I really think that we should pay him his wages, and turn him off.
Jarvis. He shall be turned off at Telburn, the dog; we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest.
Jarvis. No Honeywood. Jarvis! it's enough that we have lost what he has stolen; let us add to it the loss of a fellow creature.
Jarvis. Very fact; we here was the footman just now, to complain of the butler; he says he does most work, and ought to have most wages.
Jarvis. That's but just; though perhaps there comes the butler to complain of the footman.
Jarvis. Ay, it's the way with them all; from the butler to the porter-commissary. If they have a bad master, they keep quarrelling with him; if they have a good master, they keep quarrelling with one another.
Emm Butler. Come.
Butler. Sir, I'll not stay in the family with Jonathan you must part with him; and part with me, that's the worst—apportion of the matter, sir.
Honeywood. Full and explicit enough. But what's his fault, good Philip?
Butler. Sir, he's given to drinking, sir, and I shall have my warrants corrupted by keeping such company.
Honeywood. Hath he that has such a diverting way—
Jarvis. Oh, quite amusing.
Butler. I find my wine's going, sir, and liquors don't go without mouths, sir; I have a drunkard, sir.
Honeywood. Well, well, Philip, I'll hear you upon that another time; so go to bed now.
Jarvis. To bed! let him go to the devil.
Butler. Begging your honour's pardon, and beging your pardon, master Jarvis, I'll not go to bed, nor to the devil neither. I have enough to do to fill my collar. I forgot, your honour, Mr. Croaker is below. What is your purpose to tell you?
Honeywood. Why didn't you show him up, blackhead?
Butler. Show him up, sir? With all my heart, I would; but you are so much in love with Miss Richland that I fear I'm afraid your honour.
Jarvis. Ay, we have one or other of that family in this house from morning till night. He comes on the old affair, I suppose. The match between his son that's just returned from Paris, and Miss Richland, the young lady his guardian.
Honeywood. Perhaps so. Mr. Croaker knowing my friendship for the young lady, has got it in his head that I can persuade her to what I please.
Jarvis. Ah! if you loved yourself but half as well as she loves you, you would soon see a marriage that would set all things to rights again.
Jarvis. Love me! Sure, Jarvis, you dream.
Nay, no, her intimacy with me never amounted to more than friendship—mere friendship. That she is the most lovely woman that ever warmed the human heart with desire, I own. But never let me harbour a thought of making her unhappy, by a connection with one so unworthy her merit and I am. No, Jarvis, it shall be my study to serve her, even in spite of my wishes; and to secure her happiness, though it destroys my own.
Jarvis. Was ever the like? I want patience.
Honeywood. Besides, Jarvis, though I could obtain Miss Richland's consent, do you think I could succeed with her guardian, or Mrs. Croaker, his wife? who, though both very fine in their way, are yet a little opposite in their dispositions, you know.
Jarvis. Opposite enough. Heaven knows! the very opposite of each other, she, all length and no breadth; he always complaining and never sorrowful. A fruitful poor soul, that has new distractions for every hour in the four-and-twenty.
Honeywood. Hush, hush, he's coming up, he'll hear you.
Jarvis. One voice where a passing bell—
Honeywood. What shall we do, sir; Croaker?
Jarvis. A man who bad nothing but gsladness and a cross and coarse a bundle of rust; a sort of deadly night-shade;—
Honeywood. Keep his mouth, at least. [CROAKER]:{Exeunt Jarvis.}
Jarvis. Honeywood. I must own my own master is not entirely wrong. There is something in my friend Croaker's conversation that quite depresses me. His very mirth is an anode to all gaiety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop.—Mr. Croaker, this is such a satisfactorial:

Exeunt Croaker.

Croaker. A pleasant morning to Mr. Honeywood, and many of them. How is this that you look most shocked to-day, my dear friend. I hope this does not affect your spirits. To be sure this weather continues—I say nothing—But God and we'll be all this better this three months. I heard about the boy yesterday in the church, as I went home, not in your apprehensions.

Croaker. What manner of weather may we have in a country going to rain like others going to rain and trade falling. Money flying out of the kingdom, and the Jessuits scrambling into it. I know at this time of less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jessuits between Charing-cross and Temple-bar.

Honeywood. The Jessuits will succeed pervert you or me, I should hope.

Croaker. May be not. Indeed what signifies whether we have in the course of time a country that has scarce any religion to fear? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters.

Honeywood. I have no apprehensions for the ladies, I assure you.

Croaker. Maybe not. Indeed, what signifies whether they be perverted or not? the women in our time are good for something. I have seen a lady of the first rank, from top to toe in her own manufacture formerly. But now-aways, the devil a thing of their own manufacture's about them, except their faces.

Honeywood. But, however those frailties may be perpetuated abroad, you don't find them at home, either with Mrs. Croaker, Olivia, or Miss Richland?

Croaker. The best men will be never enamoured they prevent in a counter-deal. By the by, my last trend, I don't find this match between Miss Richland and my son much relished, either by one side or the other.

Honeywood. I thought otherwise. Croaker. Ah! Mr. Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far; I know she has a very exacting opinion of your understanding.

Honeywood. But would not be usurping an authority that more properly belongs to yourself? Croaker. My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But so long as I break a heart of stone, my wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

Honeywood. But a little spice excited on your side might perhaps restore your authority.

Croaker. No, I thought I had the spirit of a lord to be composed sometimes. But then I always nay, or any action at last?

Honeywood. Pray what foibles could induce him to commit such an affair as last?

Croaker. I don't know; some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with my son, because we used to meet now and then, and open our hearts to each other. To be sure I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk; poor dear Dick, he used to say that Croaker rayned to joke, and so we used to laugh—Poor Dick! [going to cry].

Honeywood. His fate affects me.

Croaker. Ay, he grow sick of this miserableness, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, and have our heads up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

Honeywood. To say truth, if we compare that part of life which is called to be, by that which we have just, the prospect is ludicrous.

Croaker. Life at the greatest and best is but a (friend child) that was humbled and covered a little till it falls asleep, and then all is over.
Honeywood. Very true, sir, nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our opinions. We weep when we come into the world, and every day tells us why.

Croaker. Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be made acquainted with the world, and to think what if I bring my last letter to the Granitier on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the latest earthquake is coming round to prove its visit, and to make us believe in the existence of a world without commerce.

Honeywood. The town, madam, begins to raise a lady's beauty, till she's beginning to love it.

Mrs. Croaker. But she's resolved never to lose it. She is, for, as her natural face decay, her skill improves in making the artificial one. Well, nothing diverts me more than one of these, old, dreary things, who thinks to conceal her age, by every where exposing her person; sticking herself up in the front of a side box; trampling through a minute at Ambass'd, and then in the public garden, till she would make the whole world like one of the painted ruins of the place.

Honeywood. Every age has its admirers, ladies. While you, perhaps, are throwing among the warmest cares of youth, the new is to be seen to go on a useful commerce in the frozen latitude beyond fifty.

Mrs. Croaker. But, then, the monopolists they must suffer, before they can be fitted out for trade. I have seen one of them feel a whole rooming in her hair-dresser, when all the fault was her face.

Honeywood. And yet, I'll engage, has carried that face at last to a very good market. This good-natured town, madam, has husbands, like spectators, to sit ages, from fifteen to Sunguese.

Mrs. Croaker. Well, you're a dear good-natured creature. But you know you're engaged with us this morning upon a splendid party. I want to show Olivia the town, and the things; I believe I shall have business for you for the whole day.

Honeywood. I am sorry, madam, I have an appointment with Mr. Croaker, which is impossible to put off.

Mrs. Croaker. What! with my husband? then I'm resolved to take no refusal. Nay, I protest you must. You know I never laugh so much as with you.

Honeywood. Why, if I must, I shall. I've seen you put me into such spirits. Well, do you find jest, and I'll find laugh I promise you. We'll wait for the charter in the next room.

Enter LEONTINE and OLIVIA.

Leontine. There they go, thoughtlessness and lap.

Oliv. My dearest Olivia, what would I give to see you capable of sharing in their amusements, and love as you do as they do.

Leontine. How, my Leontine, how can I be cheerful, when I have so many terrours to apprise me? The fear of being detected by this family, and the apprehensions of a censorious world, when I must be in such a situation.

Leontine. The world, my love! what can it say? At worst it can only say, that, being compelled by a necessary guardian to embrace a life of refuge, I have formed a resolution of flying with the man of my choice; that you confined in his bower, and took refuge in my father's house; the only one your parents could approve of, to Lisbone, without censure.

Leontine. But consider, Leontine, your disloquish, and your inclination; your being sent to France to bring home a sister, and instead of a sister, bring home—

Leontine. One dearer than a thousand sisters.

Olivia. That I am convinced will be equally dear to the rest of the family, when she comes to be known.

Leontine. And that, I fear, will shortly be.

Leontine. Impossible, till we ourselves think proper to make the discovery. My sister, you know, has been with her aunt at Lyon, since she was six years old, and you could expect nothing less, when my precious wife was of the party. On my conscience, I believe she could speed a horse through the jaws of a tiger.

Leontine. Since you find so many objections to a wife, sir, how can you be so earnest in recommending one to me?

Croaker. I have told you, and tell you again, why, that Miss Richland's fortune must not go out of the family; one may find comfort in the money, whatever one does in the wife.

Leontine. But, sir, through, in obedience to your desire, I am ready to marry her, it may be possible she has no inclination to me.

Croaker. I'll tell you what I like for all how it stands. A good part of Miss Richland's large fortune consists in a claim upon government, which my good friend, Mr. Lofly, assures me the treasury will allow. One half of this is to be forfeit, by her father's will, in case she refuses to marry. So, if she rejects you, we seize half her fortune; if she accepts you, we seize the whole, and a fine girl into the bargain.

Leontine. But, sir, if you will but listen to reason—

Croaker. Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you, I'm fixed, determined; so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined I always listen to reason, because it can then do me no harm.

Leontine. You have alleged that a mutual choice is the first requisite in matrimony, and that yourself have both of you a mutual choice. She has her choice—to marry you, or lose half her fortune; and you have your choice—
to marry her, or pack out of doors without any fortune at all.

Leon. An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.

Gar. An only father, sir, might expect more obduracy; besides, has not your sister here, that never disdosed me in her life, as good a right as you? He's a sad dog, Livy, my dear, and would take all you can. But he shan't, I tell you—shant, for you shall have your share.

Oliv. Dear sir, I wish you'd be convinced, that I can never be happy in any addition to my fortune, which is taken from his.

Gar. Well, well, it's a good child, so say no more; but come with me, and we shall see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure.

Gar. No making you, old Ruggins, the curvy-cook, lying in state; I am told he makes a very handsome corpse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously.

He was an intimate friend of mine, and there are friendly things we sought to do for each other. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE—CROAKER'S HOUSE.

MISS RICHILD. MISS GARNET.

Gar. Miss Richild. Olivia not his sister? Olivia not

Leon. Miss Garnet. You amaze me!

Gar. No making you, your own sister than I; had I all from his own servant: I can get any thing from that quarter.

Miss Rich. But how? Tell me again, Garnet.

Gar. Why, madam, as I told you before, instead of going to Lyons to bring home his sister, who has been there with her aunt these ten years, he never went farther than Paris; there he saw and fell in love with this young lady, by the by, of a predigious family.

Gar. And brought her home to his guardian as his daughter?

Gar. Yes, and his daughter she will be. If he don't consent to their marriage, they talk of bringing what a Scotch man can do.

Miss Rich. Well, I own they deceived me—And so decently as Olivia carried it too—Would you believe it, Garnet, I told her all my secrets:

Gar. And, upon my word, madam, I don't much blame her: she was false to trust one with her secrets that was so very bad at keeping her own.

Miss Rich. But, to add to their deceit, the young gentleman, it seems, pretends to make serious proposals. My guardian and he are both present, to open the affair in form. You know I am to lose half my fortune if I refuse him.

Gar. Yes, what can you do? For being as, you are in love with Mr. Honeywood, madam—

Miss Rich. Dear sir, what do you mean?

Gar. That is, madam, in friendship with him, and they shall find me prepared, in love with Mr. Honeywood! Is this to provoke me?

Miss Rich. That is, madam, in friendship with him, and they shall find me prepared, in love with Mr. Honeywood! Is this to provoke me?

Gar. Delicatus! and that will secure your whole fortune to yourself, you who could have thought so innocent a face could cover so much treachery.

Miss Rich. What, girl, I only expose my prudence to their cunning, and practise a lesson which they have taught me against themselves.

Gar. Then you're likely not long to want employment, for here they come, and in close conference.

Miss Rich. Miss Garnet, I beg of you to let them know I am here.

Gar. Miss Richild. I beg of you to let them know I am here.

Leon. Miss Garnet, I beg of you to let them know I am here.

Gar. Miss Richild. I beg of you to let them know I am here.

Leon. Miss Garnet, I beg of you to let them know I am here.

Gar. Miss Richild. I beg of you to let them know I am here.

Miss Rich. Sir, I should be upbraided not to be pleased with any thing that comes recommended by you.

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Gar. How, boy, could you desire a finer opening? Why don't you begin? [To Leon.]

Leon. No, madam, I beg of you.

Gar. Yes, my dear: it's in my heart already.

Miss Rich. Perhaps, sir, in this affair, they might have a better chance.

Gar. Olivia, madam, my dear, in love with Mr. Honeywood! Is this to provoke me? [To Leon.]

Miss Rich. Sir, I should be upbraided not to be pleased with any thing that comes recommended by you.

Miss Rich. Sir, I should be upbraided not to be pleased with any thing that comes recommended by you.

Gar. Miss Richild. I beg of you to let them know I am here.

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Gar. Miss Richild. I beg of you to let them know I am here.

Miss Rich. Sir, I should be upbraided not to be pleased with any thing that comes recommended by you.
of their funeral! But come, tell me, my dear, don’t you owe more to me than you owe to yourself? Would you have ever been known to Mr. Lofty, who has undertaken Miss Richland’s claim at the Treasury, but for me? Who was it first made him an acquaintance at Lady Shalott’s resort? Who got him to promise us his interest? Is he not a backstairs favourite, one that can do what he pleases with those that do what they please? Is he not an acquaintance that all your gaming and hazardousCas never knew you? Mr. Crocker. He is a man of importance, I grant you. And yet what am I to do, while he is giving away places to all the world, he can’t get one for himself.

Mrs. Crocker. That perhaps may be owing to his ninety. Great men are not easily satisfied.

Mrs. Crocker. He is my friend, you see, my dear. What an extensive department! Well, friend, let me now, as my mother, as I have not, that he is well known to us. There was nothing extraordinary in the famous battles; all messages among the great are now done by express.

Mr. Crocker. To be sure, no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect, than he. But he’s in the right way. In the board room, the respect is given where respect is deserved. Mr. Crocker. Never mind the world, my dear; you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect—a loud clapping at the door—and then have a hearty clapping of the hands. Miss LOFTY, speaking to his Servant.

Miss LOFTY. And if the Venetian ambassador, or that bosom confidant of the marriage, should call, I’m not at home. Dumour, I’ll be a peak-horse to none of them.” My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—and if the expressions to his grace are to be like this, I will leave you to receive him, whilst I go off to my little Olivia for inciting to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt’s consent. I must seem to be angry, or she may begin to despise my authority.

Mrs. Crocker. Sir, this honour.

Mrs. Crocker. And, Durdosh, if the person calls about a hand, I always, without knowing it, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumberworth’s state request, it can keep cold; you understand me.”—Madam, I ask a thousand pardons.

Mrs. Crocker. Sir, this honour.

Mrs. Crocker. And, if that man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him, I say!”—Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.”—And if the Russian ambassador calls, he will scarce call today, I believe.”—And now, madam, I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself my utmost obedient servant.

Mrs. Crocker. Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine; and yet, I only rob the public, while I obtain you. Sunk the public, madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don’t you pity us poor creatures in affairs? It is eternally detestable for places here, teased for places there; and counted every where. I know you pity me. Yes, I see you do.

Mrs. Crocker. Excuse me, sir; ‘calls of en- tire pleasures are,” as Waller says.

Miss LOFTY. Wait, Waller, is he in the house?

Mrs. Crocker. The modern poet of that name.

Miss LOFTY. Oh, a modern! we men of business dis- pise the moderns; and as for the antiques, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but for the youth. Why now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon that hand, and that baggage, a stamp act, or whom I can, I think my two hours without feeling the want of them.

Mrs. Crocker. The world is no stronger to Mr. Crocker’s sentences in every capacity.

Miss LOFTY. I vow, to god, madam, you make me blush. I’m nothing, nothing, nothing in the world: a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty leaves. Yet upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to fear it. I had never, you know, any sufferings from him, nor had he ever, in my time of life, any man, any man, worth mentioning to speak of.

Mrs. Crocker. What importance, and yet what modesty!

Miss LOFTY. Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam, there, I own, I’m accessible to praise; modesty is my fa- vorite. But, it is the Duke of Brantingham’s, you’re in the case of me. I love Jack Lofty,” he used to say; “you had a hand at language; a hand at knowledge; a hand at the things of mind;—and, what he speaks upon his leg, he speaks most there; and I have a hundred, most he, and all three, I have not faults; too much modesty says his grace.

Mrs. Crocker. And yet, I dare say, you don’t

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Oliviar. Sir, you're too kind. I'm sensible how ill I deserve this particularity; yet, Heaven knows, there is nothing in the world so amiable as your Deity, and the more I know it, the greater pain it is to me. I am indeed happy to gain it.

Croaker. And you have but too well succeeded, little lady, you have. With those conquering ways of yours, on my conscience, a Scotland, or any Scotland, unless it was a very great friend indeed.

Oliviar. But mine is such an offense. When you love me, why do you want me?... You know it not, why I feel the greatest pain in the confession.

Croaker. Why, then, if it be so great a pain, you may spare yourself the trouble, for I know no more of you.

[Aside.] Indeed I then am undone.

Croaker. Ay, miss, you wanted to steal a watch, without letting me know it, did you? But I'm not worth being committed, I suppose, when there's to be a marriage in my own family. No, I'm to have no hand in the disposal of my own children. No, I'm nobody. I'm to be a mere article of family: a piece of cracked china to be stuck up in a corner.

Oliviar. Dear sir, nothing but the dead end of your authority could induce me to consent from you.

Croaker. No, no, my consequence is no more, I am as little minded as a dead Russian in winter, just stuck up with a pipe in his mouth till there comes a thaw—it goes to my heart to see her.

[Aside.] Oliviar. I was prepared, sir, for your anger, and despairs of passion, even whilst I paused to ask you.

But your severity never abate my affection, as my punishment is but justice.

Croaker. And yet you should not despair either, Livy. We ought to hope all for the best. Oliviar. And do you permit me to hope, sir? Can I ever expect to be forgiven? But hope has too long deceived me.

Croaker. Why, then, child, it doesn't deceive you now, for I forgive you this very moment; I forgive you all and you are indeed my daughter.

Oliviar. O transport! this kindness overpowers me.

Croaker. I was always against severity to our children. We have been young and giddy ourselves, and we can't expect boys and girls to be older at their time.

Oliviar. What generosity! But can you forgive the many falsehoods, this dissimulation—

Croaker. You old knave! to be dissembled, you wicked girl! how dare the girl that won't dissemble for a husband?—My wife and I had never been married; if we had not dissembled a little beforehand.

Oliviar. It shall be to the future fortune of such generosity to a second trial. And as for the partner of my offence and folly, from his native honesty, and the just sense he has of his duty, I can answer for him—

[Enter LEONTINE.]

LEONTINE. Oliviar. Let him thus to answer for himself. [Knocking.] Thus, sir, let me speak my gratitude for this unmerited forgiveness. Yet, sir, this even exceeds all your former tenderness. I can now be the most indulgent of fishermen. The life he gave, compared to this, was but a trifling blessing.

Croaker. And, good sir, who sent you, with that fine tragedy face, and flourishing manner? I don't know what will we have to do with your gratitude upon occasion.

LEONTINE. How, sir! Is it possible to be silent, when so much obliged? Would you refuse me the pleasures of being grateful, of adding my thanks to my Olivia's? of sharing in the transports that you have thus occasioned?

Croaker. Lord, sir, we can be happy enough without your coming in to make up the party. I don't know what's the matter with the boy all this day; he has got into such a ridiculous manner all this morning!

LEONTINE. But, sir, I that have so large a part in the benefit, is it not my duty to show my joy? is the being admitted to your favour so slight an obligation? Is the happiness of marrying my Olivia so small a blessing?

Croaker. Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of his senses. His own sister.

LEONTINE. My sister!

Oliviar. Sister! How have I been mistaken!

[Aside.]

LEONTINE. Some cursed mistake in all this, I find.

[Aside.]

Croaker. What does the body mean? or has it any meaning? Eh, what do you mean, you blockhead, you!

LEONTINE. Mean, sir,—why, sir,—only when my sister is to be married, that I have the pleasure of marrying her, sir, that is, of giving her away, sir, I have made a point of it.

Croaker. O, is that all? Give her away. You have made a point of it. Then you had as well make a point of finding yourself away from me, as I am going to prepare the writings between you and Miss Richland this very minute. What a fuss is hereabout nothing! Why, what's the matter now! I thought I had made you at least as happy as you were.

Oliviar. Oh yes, sir; very happy.

Croaker. Do you foresee any thing, child? You look as if you did. I think if any thing was to be foreseen, I have as sharp a look-out as another; and yet I foresee nothing.

[Exit.

LEONTINE. Oliviar. What can it mean?
then. The blue and gold them. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue. [Exit Flanigan.]

Bailiff. Rabbit me, but I don’t see why you should be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one but the busiest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who proclaims himself to be a pure and unadulterated judge, I say, Mr. Twitch, I beg you to do your friend justice. As for yourself, I know you wish to be the only one in the world who is not working. But, it is not so. I have a right to be here.

Miss Richland. I am quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a bad writer. We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one but the busiest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who proclaims himself to be a pure and unadulterated judge, I say, Mr. Twitch, I beg you to do your friend justice. As for yourself, I know you wish to be the only one in the world who is not working. But, it is not so. I have a right to be here.

Bailiff. Damn the French, the puré vous, and all that belongs to them.

Miss Richland. Sir, if you don’t believe Mr. Flanigan, a true English officer, madam; he’s not contented with beating the French, he will sell them, too.

Bailiff. Taste us! By the Lord, madam, they favour us. Give assurance, and a taste, I’ll bet you can’t do it.

Miss Richland. You, Miss Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste, that has brought them in turn to hate us.

Bailiff. Medal! Taste us! By the Lord, madam, they favour us. Give assurance, and a taste, I’ll bet you can’t do it.

Miss Richland. I’m surprised, sir, to hear you.

Bailiff. Before and behind, you know.

Servant. Ay, ay, before and behind. [Exit Honeywood, Bailiff, and Followers.]

Miss Richland. What can all this mean, Carrunt? Mean, madam! why, what should it mean, but what Mr. Loots sent you here to see? These people call officers, are officers enough, if such officers’ tolls, madam.

Bailiff. Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perjuries are far from giving me pleasure, yet I own there’s something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his disimulation.

Carrunt. And so they are. But I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts, and set him free, has not done it by this time. He has been at this house ever since your pardon, and I will not give you the satisfaction of hearing the fact.

Bailiff. But lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles than out of them.

Enter Sir William Honeywood.

Sir William. For Miss Richland to undertake

Honeywood. Nay, sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censure works without genius, which must be a short sight of them? Hall wouldn’t have written to you, for no notice? This is what I do, but amusing a notice against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Bailiff. Justice! O, by the heavens, if you talk about justice, I think I must be at home, so. I have a course of law.

Honeywood. My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you would have perfectly, and I believe the honor of this art must be sensible of the act which is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of your cause of law.

Miss Richland. I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you are a gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bailiff. Madam, you are a gentleman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity, and justice, and pardon, and the like of them. Now, to explain the thing—

Honeywood. Of course your explanations.

End of the act.
gation. And yet, I have been trying my interest of late to serve you. Having learnt, madam, that you had some connection with Government, I have thought unadvised, been your solicitor there.

Miss Richard. Sir, am infinitely obliged to you

Sir William. Why, the important little man

Miss Richard. That would be quite unnecessary. Sir William. Why, madam—but let it go no further—

Miss Richard. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to your intentions. But my guardian has employed another gentleman, who assures him of success. Miss Richard. Sir William, who, the important little man that visits here? Trust me, madam, he's quite contemptible among men in power, and utterly unable to serve you. Mr. Lady's promises are much better known to people of fashion, than his person, I assure you.

Miss Richard. How have we been deceived? As it can be here hence.

Sir William. Does he? Remember I'm to con-continue unknown. My return to England has not as yet been made public. With what impudence he enters!

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Let the chariot—let my chariot drive off; I'll visit to his grace's in a chair. Miss Richard here before me! Punctual, as usual to the calls of humanity. I'm very sorry, madam, things of this kind should happen, especially a man I have shown everywhere, and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

Miss Richard. Indeed, sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

Lofty. My dear madam, what can a private man like me do? One can't do every thing; and then, I do so much in this way every day—I see; something considerable might be done for him by subscription; it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace of dozen, two dozen lords, and half the lower house, at my own peril.

Sir William. And, after all, we're more than probable, sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage.

Lofty. Then, madam, what can we do? You know I never make promises. In truth, I once or twice tried to do something with him in the way of business; but, as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly unapproachable.

Miss Richard. His uncle! then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of yours.

Lofty. Meaning me, sir?—Yes, madam, as I often said, my dear Sir William, you are sensible I can do any thing as far as my poor interest, is concerned, to serve your family; but what can be done? there's no procuring first-rate places for ninth-rate abilities.

Miss Richard. I have heard of Sir William Honeywood; he's abroad in employment; he con-fided in your judgment, I suppose?

Lofty. Why, yes, madam, I believe Sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment; one little thing, perhaps!

Miss Richard. Pray, sir, what was it?

Lofty. Why, madam—but let it go no further—it was I procured his place.

Miss Richard. Did you, sir?

Lofty. Either you or I, sir.

Miss Richard. This, Mr. Lofty, was very kind indeed.

Lofty. I did love him, to be sure; he had some amusing qualities; no man was fitter to be a boat-mates to a club, or had a better head.

Miss Richard. A better head?

Lofty. Ay, at a bottle. To be so he was as dull as a chess piece; but, hang him, he was grateful, very grateful; and gratitude hides a multitude of faults.

Miss Richard. He might have reason, perhaps.

Lofty. His place is considerable, I'm told.

Sir William. A tribe, a mere tribe amongst us men of business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill up a greater.

Lofty. Dignity of person, do you mean, sir? I'm told he's much about my size and figure.

Sir William. True, tall enough for a marching regiment; but then he wanted a something—a consequence of form—a kind of a— I believe the lady perceives my meaning.

Miss Richard. O, perfectly; you courtiers can do anything, I see.

Lofty. My dear madam, all this is but a mere change; we do greater things for one another every day. Why, thus, now: let me suppose you the first lord of the treasury; you have an employment in you that I want; I have a place in one that you want; do me here, do you there; interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and dusted, and it's over.

Sir William. A thought strikes me. [aside.] Now you mention Sir William Honeywood, madam, and as he comes, sir, an acquaintance of yours, you'll be glad to hear he is arrived from Italy; I hope it forms a friend who knows him as well as he does me, and you may depend on my information.

Lofty. The devil he is! If I had known that, we should not have been quite so well acquainted.

[Exit.

Sir William. He is certainly returned; and as this gentleman is a friend of yours, he can be of signal service to us, by introducing me to him; but it seems there are some papers relative to affairs that require dispatch, and his inspection.

Miss Richard. This gentleman, Mr. Lofty, is a person employed in my affairs; I know you'll serve us.

Lofty. My dear madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon you, if you think proper to command it.

Sir William. Why, a couple, sir?—Ah, I believe; he's scarce gone out of one scrape, but he's running his head into another.

Sir William. How so?

Sir William. The house has but just cleared of the bailiff, and now he's again engaging teeth and nail in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a dissipated young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

Sir William. Very busy to serve others.

Jarvis. Ay, any body but himself. The young coxcomb, I mean, is just setting out for Scotland; and he supplies them with money for the journey.

Sir William. Money! how is he able to supply others who has no ready money for himself?

Jarvis. Why, then it is: he has no money, that's true; but then, as he never said, his request is so very reasonable, and it has given them a turn, drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city which I am to get changed; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

Sir William. It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the city, in order to procure a place for their reception when they return; so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

Sir William. To the land of marriage! A pleasant journey, Jarvis.

Jarvis. Ay, but I'm only to have all the fatigue out.

Sir William. Well, it may be shorter, and less fatiguing, than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady's family and connections, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that Miss Richard is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephews; and will endeavour, though I fear in vain, to establish that connection. But come, the letter I wait for must be finished; I'll let you further into my intentions in the next room.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE—I—CROAKER'S HOUSE.

Lofty. Well, sure the devil's in me of late, for running my head into such drolleries, as nothing but a genius like my own could draw me from. I was formerly contentious to him out of my places and incomes with some degree of frugality; but, curse it, of late I have given away the whole Court Register in less time than they could print the title-page yet, hang it, why scruple a lie or two to come at a fine girl, when every day tells a thousand for nothing! Here Honeywood here before me. Could Miss Richard have set him at liberty?

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Mr. Honeywood, I'm glad to see you abroad again. I find my appearance is necessary in your unfortunate affairs. I had put things in a train to do your business, but it is not for me to say of what I intend doing.

Honeywood. It was unfortunate indeed, sir. But what adds to my uneasiness is, that while you seem to be acquainted with my misfortune, I myself continue still a stranger to my benefactor.

Lofty. Have not the kind friend served you?

Honeywood. Can't guess at the person.

Lofty. Inspire.
Honeywood. I have; but all I can learn is, that he chooses to remain concealed, and that all inquiry must be fruitless.

Lefty. Absolutely fruitless.

Honeywood. Absolutely fruitless.

Lefty. Sure of that?

Honeywood. Very sure.

Lefty. Then I'll be danged if you shall ever know it from me.

Honeywood. How, sir?

Lefty. I suppose now, Mr. Honeywood, you think my mind all very considerable, and that I have vast sums of money to throw away; I know you do. The world, to be sure, says such things of me.

Honeywood. The world, by what I learn, is no stranger to your generosity. But where does this tend?

Lefty. To nothing; nothing in the world. The town, to be sure, when it makes such a thing as me the subject of conversation, has asserted, that I never yet patronized a man of merit.

Honeywood. I have known instances to the contrary, even from yourself.

Lefty. Yes, Honeywood; and there are instances to the contrary, that you shall never hear from myself.

Honeywood. Ha! dear sir, permit me to ask you but one question.

Lefty. Sir, ask me no questions; I say, sir, ask no questions! I'll be danged if I answer them.

Honeywood. I will ask no further. My friend! my benefactor! it is in me to bear, that I am indebted for freedom, for honour. Yes, then work, think of men, from the beginning I suspected it, but was afraid to return thanks; which, if undeceived, might seem reprehensible.

Honeywood. Nay, I must do the understanding. I dare say, Mr. Honeywood; you would not really have deceived me.

Honeywood. No, not to attempt to conceal an action that adds to your honour. Your looks, your air, your manner, all convince it.

Lefty. Convince it, sir; too far, too far, sir, sir. Never bring me to confess it. Mr. Honeywood, you have admitted you upon terms of friendship. Don't let us fall out; you make me happy, and let this be buried in oblivion. You know I have had much force, but I know you. Come, come, Honeywood, yet I always loved to be a friend, and not a patron. I beg this may make no kind of distance between us.

Honeywood. I beg you, sir, that you and I be as familiar—Indeed we must.

Lefty. A bagatelle a mere bagatelle! But I see your heart is labouring to be grateful. You shall be grateful. It would be cruel to disappoint you.

Honeywood. How? teach me the manner. Is there any way?

Lefty. From this moment you're mine. Yes, my friend, you shall know—I'm in love.

Honeywood. And can I assist you?

Lefty. Nobody so well.

Honeywood. In what manner? I'm all impotence.

Lefty. You shall make love for me.

Honeywood. And to whom shall I speak in your favour?

Lefty. To a lady with whom you have great interest, I assure you; Miss Richland.

Honeywood. Miss Richland! Lefty. Yes, Miss Richland. She has struck the blow up to the hill in my bosom, by Jupiter.

Honeywood. Heaven's worst ever any thing more unfortunate? It is too much to be endured.

Lefty. Unfortunate, indeed! And yet can I endure it, till you have opened the affair to her for me. Between ourselves, I think she likes me. I'm not apt to boast, but I think she does.

Honeywood. Indeed! but do you know the person you apply to?

Lefty. Yes, I know you see her friend and mine; that's enough. To you, therefore, I commit the success of my passion. I'll say no more, let friendship do the rest. I have the assurance in any time my little interest can be of service—but hang it, I'll make no promises—you know my interest is years at any time. No apologies, my friend, I'll not be answered; it shall be, as I wish it.

Honeywood. Open, generous, unsuspicious man! He little thinks that I love her too; and with such an ardor passion!—But then it was ever a vain and hopeless cause; my torment, my persecution! What shall I do? Love, friendship; a hopeless passion, a charming friend! Love, that has been my home of fashion, and though my friend has perhaps disowned himself to serve me. It shall be so. Yes, I will discard the fondling hope from my bosom, and exert all my influence in his favour. And yet to see her in the possession of another—Is it possible! But then to betray a generous, true friend!—Worse, worse! Yes, I'm resolved. Let me but be the instrument of their happiness, and that of society, where I must for ever be despised of finding my own.

[Exit.

Garnet. OLIVIA, and GARNET, who carries a milestone in his hand.

OLIVIA. Dear me, I wish this journey were over. No news of Jarvis yet! I believe the old physicians creature delays purposely to vex me.

Garnet. Why, to be sure, madam, I did hear him say, a little scrambling before your marriage would teach you to bear it the better afterwards.

OLIVIA. To be gone a full hour, though he had only to tell a bill changed in the city! How pro-

Garnet. Yes, I'll lay my life, Mr. Leuntine, that had twice as much to do, in getting off by this time from his journey, and being left behind.

OLIVIA. Well, let us be prepared for his coming, however. Are you sure you have spurned nothing?

Garnet. Nought, not a stick, madam—all is here. Yet I wish you would take the white and silver to be married in. It's the worst in the world, in anything else, besides, you have one Bett Stubs of a capon that was married in reds and, as sure as eggs is eggs, the bridegroom and she had a half before morning.

OLIVIA. No matter. I'm all impatience till we are out of the house.

Garnet. Bless me, madam, I had almost forgot the wedding rings. The sweet little thing—I don't think I would go on my little finger. And what if I put in a gentleman's right-cap, in case of necessity, madam?—But here's Jarvis.

Enter JARVIS.

OLIVIA. O Jarvis, are you come at last? We have been ready this half hour. Now let's be go-

JARVIS. Aye, to Jericho; for we shall have no-going to Scotland this hout, I fancy.

OLIVIA. How! what's the matter?

JARVIS. Money. We have got no money. What the plague do you send me of your fool's earnd for? My master's bill upon the city is not worth a rup. Here it is; Mrs. Garnet may pay it up.

OLIVIA. Undine! How could Honeywood serve us so? What shall we do? Can't we go without it?

JARVIS. Go to Scotland without money! To Scotland without money! Lord, how people understand geography! We might as well sail for Patagonia upon a concavit.

OLIVIA. Such a disappointment! What a base unladylike was your master, to serve us in this manner! Is this your good-nature?

JARVIS. Nay, don't talk ill of my master, madam; I was but to hear any body talk ill of him but myself.

Garnet. Bless us now I think can't, madam, you need be under any uneasiness; I saw Mr. Leuntine receive forty guineas from his father just before he set out, and he can't yet have lost the inn. A short letter will reach him there.

OLIVIA. Well remembered, Garnet; I'll write immediately. Here's this! Bless me, my hands tremble so, I can't write a word. Do you write, Garnet, and upon second thought, it will be bet-

Garnet. Truly, madam, I write and indite but poorly. I never was quite at my learning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose!

OLIVIA. Whatever you please.

Garnet. [reading.] Master Craker—Twenty guineas, madam?

OLIVIA. Ay, twenty will do.

Garnet. At the bar of the Tulit till called for.

OLIVIA. Well, well, what you please, anything. But how shall we send it? I can trust none of the errand of this fellow.

Garnet. Olfo, madam, Mr. Honeywood's butler is in the next room; he's a dear, sweet man, he'll do anything for me.

OLIVIA. He's the dog, he'll certainly somme something. He's drunk and sober ten times a day.

OLIVIA. No matter. Fly, Garnet; any body we can trust will do. [Exit Garnet.] Well, Jarvie, now we can have nothing more to intercept us; you may take up the things, and carry them on to the inn.

OLIVIA. You have no hands, Jarvis?

JARVIS. Soft and fair, young lady. You are going to be married, madam, and you know, I think, you are not to be done too fast; but web, that are old, and know what we are about, must slope methodically, madam.

OLIVIA. Well, sure, if my indications were to be done over again.

JARVIS. My life for it, you would do them ten times over.

OLIVIA. Why will you talk so? Do you know how unhappy they may be, if you marry?

JARVIS. Very unhappy, no doubt; I was once just as unhappy when I was going to be married myself. I'll tell you a story about this.

OLIVIA. A story! when I'm all impatience to be away. Was there ever such a dolorous creature?

JARVIS. Well, madam, if we must march, why we will march, that's all. Though old, we have still forgot one thing; we should never travel without—a case of good medicines, and a box of shaving powder. But no matter, I believe we shall be pretty well shaved by the way.

[Exit JARVIS.

Garnet. Undone, undone, mas-.
Olive. Then let us leave the house this instant, for fear he should ask further questions. In the mean time, Groom, do you write and send off just such another.

[Exeunt.]

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Death and destruction! Are all these horrors of fire, fire, and water, to be levelled at once? Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder plots, combustibles and confusions? Here it is—An incendiary letter dropped at my door. "To Mr. Croaker, these with speed. Aye, ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine assiduous spelling, and as cramp as you will" — Will speed? O, the cause of your speed. But let me read it once more. [Reads.] 
"Mr. Croaker, as some yow see this, lie twenty guines at the bar of the Talbot till called for, or ere you speed and exposition will be all blown up. Ah, but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! Murderous dog! All blown up! However! What have you done my poor family also, to be all blown up? [Reads.] "Our pockets are love and money we must have." Aye, there is the reason, they'll blow us up, because they have got our money. [Reads.] "This is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all a flame." Inhuman monsters! Blow us up, and then burn us! The earthquake is too small aIso, a bolder to it, burns. [Reads.] "Make quick dispatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go." The little god of love! Cupid, the little god of love go with me! —[Mimicking.] 
"At the door, the door —" [Mimicking.]

CROAKER, with the letter in his hand, and MISS CROAKER.

Mrs. Croaker. Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme wish that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion? Ha! ha! ha! [Mimicking.] Ha! ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme pleasure to give me no part with your money? Why then, to tell you my dear - is your supreme pleasure to give me no part with your money? Why then, to tell you what this horrid stuff and trumpery to our house may travel through the air like the house of Lotos, for aught I care, if I am to be miserable in it. Croaker. Would to Heaven we were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not every thing to atone for? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning. Mrs. Croaker. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them. Croaker. Give them your money — And pray, what is your supreme wish upon this occasion? Mrs. Croaker. And pray, what then have you to my good-humour? Croaker. And so your good-humour advices me to what this horrid stuff and trumpery to our house may travel through the air like the house of Lotos, for aught I care, if I am to be miserable in it. Mrs. Croaker. Would to Heaven we were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not every thing to atone for? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning. Mrs. Croaker. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them. Croaker. Give them your money — And pray, what is your supreme wish upon this occasion? Mrs. Croaker. And pray, what then have you to my good-humour? Croaker. And so your good-humour advices me to what this horrid stuff and trumpery to our house may travel through the air like the house of Lotos, for aught I care, if I am to be miserable in it. Mrs. Croaker. Would to Heaven we were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not every thing to atone for? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning. Mrs. Croaker. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them. Croaker. Give them your money — And pray, what is your supreme wish upon this occasion? Mrs. Croaker. And pray, what then have you to my good-humour? Croaker. And so your good-humour advices me to what this horrid stuff and trumpery to our house may travel through the air like the house of Lotos, for aught I care, if I am to be miserable in it. Mrs. Croaker. Would to Heaven we were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not every thing to atone for? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning. Mrs. Croaker. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them. Croaker. Give them your money — And pray, what is your supreme wish upon this occasion? Mrs. Croaker. And pray, what then have you to my good-humour? Croaker. And so your good-humour advices me to what this horrid stuff and trumpery to our house may travel through the air like the house of Lotos, for aught I care, if I am to be miserable in it. Mrs. Croaker. Would to Heaven we were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not every thing to atone for? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning. Mrs. Croaker. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them. Croaker. Give them your money — And pray, what is your supreme wish upon this occasion? Mrs. Croaker. And pray, what then have you to my good-humour?
GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

The sweetest way to have redress, is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

Cruizer, Ay, who's opinion is he of now? Mrs. Cruizer. But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way? Cruizer. What is the best, madam, few can say, but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way. Cruizer. But we're talking of the sure. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunder us in our very bed chamber.

ACT V

ScENE—an inn.

Enter OLIVIA, JAMES.

Olivia. Well, we have got safe to the inn, however. Now, if the post-chaise were—

Jarrie. The horses are just finishing their oats; and, as they are not going to be married, they choose to take their own time.

Olivia. You are for ever giving wrong motives to my impudence.

Jarrie. Be as impudent as you will, the horses must have their own time; besides, you don't consider we have got no answer from our fellow traveller yet. If we hear nothing from Mr. Leontine, we have only one way left us.

Olivia. What way that?

Jarrie. The way home again.

Olivia. Not so, I have made a resolution to go, and nothing shall induce me to break it. Mr. Leontine, You are for ever speaking of resolutions, and when you have told an orphrend, I have seen in the horses as pretty asparagus as ever was tip over tongue. Just a thin all to keep the wind off your stomach. To be sure, the last word does not mean anything. Egal! I sent them both as well as good-natured—Up went the blinds, round went the wheels, and drove away post-boy was the word.

Enter CROAKER.

Cruizer. Well, while my friend Honeywood is upon the post of danger at the bar, it must be my business to have an eye about me here. I think I know an innkeeper's look; for whenever the devil makes a purchase, he never fails to set his mark. Hat? who have we here? My son and daughters! What can they be doing here?

Leontine. I tell you, madam, it will do you good; I think I know by this time what's good for this sort of road. It's a new night, madam.—Sir Leontine. Not a drop more, good madam. Leontine. I shall now take it as a greater favour, if you hasten this news, for I am afraid to be seen myself.

Leontine. That shall be done. Wha, Solomon? are you all dead there? Wha, Solomon? I say.

Olivia. Well, I dare lead an expedition begun in fear, should end in repentance.—Every moment we stay increases our danger, and adds to my apprehension. Leontine. There's no danger, trust me; my dear, there can be none. If Honeywood has acted with honour, and kept his faith, as he promised, in employment till we are out of danger, nothing can interrupt our journey.

Olivia. I have no doubt of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity, and even his desires to serve you. My fears are from your father's suspicions. A mind so disposed to be alarmed without a cause, will be too ready there always another, even his desires to serve you. My fears are from your father's suspicions. A mind so disposed to be alarmed without a cause, will be too ready there always another.
Leontine. Some new march, I suppose, of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity. But we shall have satisfaction before he has it, I assure you.

Glencoe. It must not be, my Leontine, if you value your esteem or my happiness. Whatever be our fate, let us not add guilt to our misfortunes—Consider that our first offence is abjectly all that we have left us. You must forgive him.

Leontine. Forgive him! Has he not in every instance betrayed us? Forced to borrow money from him, which appears a mere trifle to delay us; pressed to keep my father engaged till we were out of danger, and here brought him to the very scene of our escape?

Olivia. Don't be precipitate. We may yet be mistaken.

Enter FOOTBOY, dancing in JARVIS; HONEYWOOD coming soon after.

Postboy. Ay, master, we have him fast enough.

Here is the incendiary dog. I'm entitled to the reward; I'll take my oath. I have asked for the money at the box, and then run for it.

Honeywood. Come, bring him along. Let us see him. Let him learn to blush for his crimes. [To the Postboy.] Don't you know what's here?

Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia! What can all this mean?

Jarvis. Why, I'll tell you what it means: that I was an old fool, and that you are my master—

That's all.

Honeywood. Confusion.

Leontine. Yes, sir, I find you have kept your word with me. After such business, I wonder how you can venture to see the man you have injured?

Honeywood. My dear Leontine, by my life, my honour—

Leontine. Peace, peace, for shame; and do not continue to aggravate business by hypocrisy. I know you, sir; I know you.

Honeywood. Why won't you see me?

Leontine. That's just, I know not.

Leontine. Hear you, sir, to what purpose? I now see through all your low arts; your ever-changing with every opinion; your never refusing any request: your friendship as common as a prostitute's favours, and as falacious; all these, sir, have long been contemptible to the world; and are now perfectly so to me.

Honeywood. Has contumelious to the world that reaches me.

[Aside.]

Leontine. All the seeming sincerity of your professions, I now find, were only attentions to betray; and all your seeming regret for your consequences, only calculated to cover the cowardice of your heart. Draw, villain!

Enter CROAKER, out of breath.

Croaker. Where is the villain? Where is the incendiary? [Seeing the Postboy.] Hold him fast, the dog he has shown us in false. Concerns, and hang yourself.

Postboy. Zealous! master, what do you throttle me for?

Croaker. [beating him.] Dog, do you resist? do you resist?

Postboy. Zealous! master, I'm not here; I'm not here. The man that we thought was the rogue, and turns out to be one of the company.

Honeywood. Croaker, How?

Croaker. Mr. Honeywood, we have all been under a strange mistake here; I find there is nobody guilty; it was all an error; entirely an error of our own.

Croaker. And I say, sir, that you're in an error; for there's guilt and double guilt, a pie, a damned jellatum, heretical plot, and I must have proof of it.

Honeywood. Do but hear me.

Croaker. What you intend to bring 'em off, I suppose! I'll hear nothing.

Honeywood. Madam, you seem at least calm enough to hear reason.

Olivia. Excuse me.

Honeywood. Good Jarvis, let me then explain it to you.

Jarvis. What significions explanations when the thing is done.

Honeywood. Will nobody hear me? Was there ever such a set, so blinded by passion and prejudice? [To the Postboy.] My good friend, I believe, you'll be surprised when I assure you—

Postboy. Sure, nothing—I'm sure of nothing but a beating.

Croaker. Come then, madam, if you ever hope for any favour or forgiveness, tell me sincerely you know all of this affair.

Olivia. Unhappily, sir, I am too much the cause of your suspicions: you see before you, one that with false pretences has stepped into your family to betray it; not your daughter—

Croaker. Not my daughter—

Olivia. Not your daughter—but a mean creature—who support me, I can not.

Honeywood. Help, she's going; give her air.

Croaker. Ay, sir, after the young woman to the air; I would not hurt a hair of her head, whose daughter she may be—but so bad as that neither.

[Exeunt all but Croaker and Sir William.]

Croaker. Yes, yes, all out. I now see the whole affair; my son is either married, or going to be so, to this lady, whom he imposed upon me as his sister. Ay, certainly, so, and yet I don't think she is. What do you think, sir?

Croaker and Sir William seem to confer.

Croaker. Sir William, you sit; and know that you are despised in him. But stop this way, and I'll convince you.

Croaker and Sir William seem to confer.

Honeywood. Obstinacy, still to persist in his outrage! Insulted by him, despised by all, I now come to grow contemptible even to myself. How have I sunk by too great an assiduity to please! How have I overtaxed all my abilities, but the approbation of a single fool should escape me! But all is now over; I have survived my reputation, and nothing remains henceforth for me but solitude and repentence.

Miss Richland. Is it true, Mr. Honeywood, that you are setting off, without taking leave of your friends? The report is, that in quitting England, Can it be?

Honeywood. Yes, madam; and though I am so unhappy as to have fallen under your displeasure, yet, thank Heaven! I leave you to happiness; to one who loves you, and deserves your love; to one who has power to prove your affection, and generosity to improve your enjoyment of it.

Miss Richland. And are you sure, sir, that the gentleman you mean is what you describe him to

Honeywood. I have the best assurances of his—

Sir William. Married! to whom, sir?

To Olivia, my daughter, as I took her to be; but who the devil she is, or whose daughter she is, I know no more than the man in the moon. Let us, then, sir, I can inform you; and, though a stranger, yet you shall find me a friend to your family. It will be enough, at present, to assure you, that both in point of birth and fortune the young lady is at least your son's equal. Being left by her father, Sir James Woodville—

Sir William. Sir James Woodville! What of the world?

Sir William. Being left by him, I say, to the care of a mercenary wretch, whose only aim was to secure her fortune to himself; she was sent to France, under pretexts of education; and there every art was tried to fix her life in a convent, contrary to her inclinations. Of this I was informed upon my arrival at Paris; and, as I had been convinced, I took all in my power to frustrate her guardian's base intentions. I had even meditated to rescue her from his authority, when your son stepped in with more pleasing violence; gave her liberty, and you a daughter.

Croaker. But I intend to have a daughter of my own choosing, sir. A young lady, sir, whose fortune by my interest with those who have interest, will be double what my son has a right to expect.

Do you know Mr. Lovby, sir?

Sir William. Yes, sir; and know that you are despised in him. But stop this way, and I'll convince you.

Croaker and Sir William seem to confer.

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Miss Richland. And are you sure, sir, that the gentleman you mean is what you describe him to
GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

where to prey; that know how the kind lies—

Honeywood.

Miss Richland. It has fallen into yours.

Lydia. Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your thing is done. It is done, say—thats all. I have just had assurances from Mr. Wal—

Miss Richland. That has been examined, and found absolutely inadmissible. Quodlibet is the word, madam.

Honeywood. But how this lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days

Lydia. Indeed! Then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most dreadfully missed. I had it from him.

Miss Richland. He, sir! Why Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

Lydia. This month! it must certainly be some—

Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket so that he must have met his lordship there and so come about it. I have his letter about it.

I'll read it to you. [Taking out a large bundle.]

That's from Paul of Cordova, that from the Marquis of Squibsh—Have you a mind to take a letter from Count Poniatowski, now King of Poland?

Honest Paul—[Shrinking.] O, sir, what are you here too? I'll tell you, what honest friend, if you have not absolutely declined my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do.

Sir William. I have delivered it; and market warnings was received with the most mortifying contempt.

Croaker. Contempt! Mr. Lydia, what can that mean? Lydia. Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something presently.

Sir William. Yes, sir; I believe you'll be assured, if after waiting some time in the ante-chamber, after being surveyed, with instant certainty by the passing servants, I was at last assured that Sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

Lydia. Good! let us die; very good! Hal hal hal! Croaker. Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

Lydia. Can't hal! Can't hal! Croaker. No, for the soul of me! I think it was as confounded a bad answer as ever was sent from a private gentleman to another.

Lydia. And so you can't find out the force of the message? Why, I was in the house at that very time. Hal! hal! Hal! It was I that sent that very answer.

Croaker. Indeed! Why? Lydia. In one word, things between Sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party may be made.

He utters with Lord Brutus, I dare say, with Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unbridles the mystery.

Croaker. And so is the devil, ha! and all my suspicions are over.

Lydia. Your suspicions! What, then, you have been suspecting, you have been suspecting, have you? Mr. Croaker, you and I were friends; we are not more. Never talk to me. It's over; I say, it's over.

Croaker. As I hope for your favour I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discourteous, sir.

Lydia. Zounds! sir, but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be trusted thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dowered both by intellect and soul? Have I been illibed in the Gazetteer, and praised in the St. James's have I been chafed at Willikins, and a speaker at Merchant-Tailor's Hall? Have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops; and talk of me suspect!

Croaker. My dear sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon?

Lydia. Sir, will I not be pacified—Suspects! Who are I? To be used thus? Have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends; the gods of the treasury, Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects? Who are I, if who am I sir! Sir William. Since, sir, you are as pressing for an answer, I'll tell you who you are—A gentleman, as well acquainted with politics as with men; as well accoutred with persons of fashion as with modesty; with gods of the treasury as with truth; and with all, as you are with Sir William Honeywood.

[Discovering his enigma of the ball.]

Croaker. Sir William Honeywood.

Honeywood. Astonishment! my Lord! [Aside.]

Lydia. So then, my confounded greatness has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

Croaker. What, Mr. Importance, and are those your works? Suspect you! Yes, who have been dowered by the king and curent, who have had your hands to addresses; and your head stuck up in print-shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in a pillory.

Lydia. Ay, stick it where you will for by the lord, it outs but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

Sir William. Well, Mr. Croaker, I hope you now see how incomparable this gentleman is of serving you, and here little Miss Richland has to expect from his influence.

Croaker. Ay, sir, too well I see it; and I can't but say I have had gone boiling of it these ten days. So I'm resolved, since my son has placed his affection on a lady, modest fortune, so satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr. Lydia, in helping him to a better.

Sir William. I approve your resolution; and here they come to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent.

ROSE. MRS. CROAKER. JARVIS, LEONTIA, AND OLIVIA.

MRS. CROAKER. Where's the husband? Come, come, lover, you must forgive them. Jarvis has been to work that is what I say, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

Croaker. If we wish'd both to say. However, this gentleman, Sir William Honeywood, has been before with you in obtaining your pardon. So the two poor fools have been in the mind to marry. I think we can tack them another without crossing the Trew for it. [Joining their hands.]

LEONTIA. How bland and unexpected! What, what can we say to such good news? But our future obedience shall be the best reply. And as for this gentleman, to whom we own—

Sir William. Excuse me, sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have seen an interest that calls me. [Turning to Honeywood.] Yes, sir, you are surprised to see me; and I own that a desire of correcting your follies led me hither. I saw with indignation the errors of a mind that only sought application to itself; that confusion of disposition which, though inclined to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw with regret those splendid errors, those sweet and fragrant fragrances; and I took from them; that intoxicating the heart with pleasure, and with your friendship but credulity. I saw with regret great talents, and extensive learning. For, therefore, I shall be ready to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and my love for her, who first taught me what it is to be happy.

Epilogue.

*SPoken by Mrs. Butler.*

As puffing quacks some unseemly wanton procure
To swear the pils, or drop, has wrought a cure;
Thus, on the stage, our play-wights still depend
For epigrams and prologues on some friend,
Who knows each art of cunning up the town,
And make full foil a better tale go down.

Confessions of this kind have gone abroad,
And teased each rhyming friend to help him out.
An epilogue, things go on without it;
It could not fail, would you but set about it.

*The author, in expectation of a Rival from a Friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself till the very last hour. What he have offered is an answer to the grateful assent of the person who spoke it.*
As some unhappy wight at some new play,
At the pit door stands chawing away,
While oft with many a smile, and many a shrug;
He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug,
His smiling friends, with pleasure in their eyes
Sink as he sinks, and as his cares rise.
He nods, he winks; be cringes, they grinace;
But not a soul will budge to give him place.
Since then, unhelp'd our bard must now conform
To bide the pelting of this pitless storm."

Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the Good-natured Man.

DEDICATION.
TO SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

Dear Sir,
By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character without impairing the most unmannerly partiety.
I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertakers a Comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your most sincere friend and admirer,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

PROLOGUE.
BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Sir Mr. Woodward, dressed in black, and holding a handkerchief in his eyes.
Excuse me, sir; I pray,—I can't yet speak,—I am not in this mourning suit, good masters:
"I've that within,—for which there were no plasters!"
Pray, would you know the reason why I am crying?
The Comical Muse, long sick, is now a-dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop;
For as a player, I can't squeeze out one drop.
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; OR, THE MISSTEPS OF A NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A CHAMBER IN AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle and Mr. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ay, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to see what's doing there? There's the two Miss Eglins, and our neighbour Mrs. Grigley, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Mr. Hardcastle. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London can't keep its own fossils at home. In my time, the folly of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach; this fashion comes down not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ay, your times were fine times indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rubbish mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Coldbath, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the home dancing-master; and all our entertainment our old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Mr. Hardcastle. And I love it. I love every thing that's old; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old winde, and, I believe, Dorothy, talking about her and you! I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're not ever at your Doctor's, and your old wives. You may be a Darcy, but I'll be no Jane, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Mr. Hardcastle. Let me see; twenty added to twenty makes just thirty, and seven.

Mrs. Hardcastle. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle; I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come up to your mark of discretion yet.

Mr. Hardcastle. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Whoop, my dear. Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Mr. Hardcastle. Learn a little! A little composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Hoop, my dear, nothing but humor. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humor.

Mr. Hardcastle. I'll sooner allow him a horse-chestnut. If burning the footman's shoe, frightening the maids, and worrying the kitchen be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he listened my way to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a how, I popped my bald head in Mrs. Fritzles's face.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ah, and am I to blame? The poor boy was always so silly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's suffering will do for him?

Mr. Hardcastle. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No; no! the alcobecs and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shall have him long among us. Any body that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Mr. Hardcastle. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. Hardcastle. He coughs sometimes.

Mr. Hardcastle. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Mr. Hardcastle, I'm actually afraid of his lungs. Hardcastle. And truly so am I; for he sometimes...


Mrs. Hardcastle. Oh! have we not been told—[Why looking behind the scenes?—O, there goes a very consuming figure, truly.

Enter Mr. Tony, coming in stage.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Tony, where are you going, my charwoman? Won't you give papa a little of your company, lady?

Mr. Tony. The devil a chance, say I. I don't like him. I can't say, but I can't say. Mrs. Hardcastle. You shan't venture this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Tony, I can't stay, I tell you. The three figures expect me here every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Mr. Hardcastle. Ay; the alcobec, the old place; I thought so.

Mrs. Hardcastle. A low, parley set of fellows.

Mr. Tony. Not so low neither. There's Dick Mug, who stands the house doctor, a little Annabel which grinds the music box, and Tom Twist who spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Mr. Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't afford to disappoint myself.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [delousing him.] You shan't go.

Mr. Tony. Well, I will, I tell you. Mrs. Hardcastle. I say you shan't.

Mr. Tony. Well, we see which is strongest, you or I.

Mrs. Hardcastle [alone]. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a continuation to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty daughter Kate! The fashion of the times has almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she's as fond of game and French frolicks as the best of them.

Miss Hardcastle. Lord! I have known me to death again. That word reserved has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a sogenous husband.

Mr. Hardcastle. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with noble virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Mrs. Hardcastle. He must have some striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll give him another look.

Mr. Hardcastle. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss Hardcastle. My dear papa, why will you mortify me? Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its fancy, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Mr. Hardcastle. Bravely resolved! In the mean time I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they may wait as much training as a company of recruits for the first day's muster.

Miss Hardcastle [alone]. Lord, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome, these he put last; but they put foremost. Scandal, good nature, I like all that. But then reserved and shapely, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his disability, by being taught to be proud of his wife! 'Yes, and cast it—but I now dispose of the husband before I have secured the lover.

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Neville. Mr. Hardcastle, I am glad you're come. Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there any thing whimsical about
me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to day?

Miss Hardcastle. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now—look again—does not a sure accident has happened among the mousy birds or the goldfishes? Has your brother or the cat been meddling if I? Has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hardcastle. No; nothing of this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get out—have been threatened with a lover.

Mrs. Neville. And his name?

Miss Hardcastle. Is Marlow.

Miss Neville. Indeed!

Miss Hardcastle. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Neville. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never amiss. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss Hardcastle. Never.

Miss Neville. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue he is the mildest man alive; but his acquainances give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp; you understand me.

Miss Hardcastle. An odd character indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pulley, think no more of him, but attend to your success. But how goes on your own affair? my dear? has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony as usual?

Miss Neville. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very peak of perfection.

Miss Hardcastle. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him a sor. A fortune like that in small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of him, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Neville. Tony, a fortune-like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But, at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, if I be sure that I am in love with her son; and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hardcastle. My good brother holds out study. I could almost love him for the love he bears me.

Miss Neville. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to any body but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Alas! Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hardcastle. 'Twould be bed-time, and all were well.

[Recit.]

SOUND—AN ALLEGRO RHYME.

A short fellow with pinch and tongs. Tony in the head of the mast, a little higher than the rest, a mast in his hand.

Owner. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! brave! First Pupil. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'Squire is going to knock himself down.

Owner. Ay, a song! a song!

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, the Three Fugioes.

SONG.

Get schoolmasters puzzling their brains, With grouchmen, and nonsense, and learning. Good liquor, I steadfastly maintain, Gives glee a better discerning.

Let them brag of their bratish gods, Their Lethes, their Styes, and Stygians, their qux, and their qux, and their quax, They're all but a parcel of pigeons.

Trottledo, trottoled, trot. Where methodists come down, A preaching that is sinful, Will wager the masque a crown, It will crop a whole squabkin.

But when you come down with your pence, For a slice of their scurvy religion, I'll leave it at all rain of sense,

But you, my good friend, are the pigeon. Trottledo, trottoled, trot. Then come put the jorum about, And let us be merry and clear, Our hearts and our liquors are stout, Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.

Let some cry up woodyard or hare, Your bastard, your ducks, and your widgeons; But of all the gay birds in the air, Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.

Trottledo, trottoled, trot. Owner. Bravo! brave!

First Pupil. The 'Squire has got spunk in him.

Second Pupil. I loves to hear him sing; behooves he never gives us nothing that's low.

Third Pupil. O damn any thing that's low, I can not bear it.

Fourth Pupil. The gouty thing is the general thing at any time, if so be that a gentleman be in a concatenation accordingly.

Third Pupil. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What, though I am not obligated to be a bear, a man may be gentleman for all that. May this be my potion, if my bear ever dances but to the very greatest of tunes; i.e. Water Pastel, or The Minuet in Aria.

Second Pupil. What a pity it is the 'Squire is not in order. It would be well for all the publinians within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Eecx, and so it would. Master Slengers. I'd then show what it was to keep chocks of company.

Second Pupil. O he takes after his own father for that. To be so old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For with standing the straight hair, of bottling a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fit. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best hares, dogs, and girls, in the whole county.

Tony. Eecx, and, when I'm of age, I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bowman and the Miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingers, what's the matter?

[Exit LANDLORD.]

LANDLORD. There are two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way up the Forest, and they are talking something about Mr. Harmanes.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to meet my sister. Do they seem to know the way?

Landlord. I believe they may. They look wonderfully like Frenshamens.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [Exit Landlord.] Gentleman, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeaking of a lessens. [Exeunt.

Tony. [Aside.] Father-in-law has been calling me whole and heard this half-hour. Now if he pleased, I could be so persenned upon the old grumblomastor. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a-year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

[Re-enter LANDLORD, conferring MARLOW and HASTINGS.]

Marlow. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above three score.

Tony. Ay, but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Marlow. O, sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways, till you come upon Cheesewall-don-Come along; then you must look sharp for the clock of
how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please—(to Digory)—oh, why don’t you move?

Digory. Eek, your worship, I shall never have confidence in a tavern. I’ve never digested any liquor that cost me more than a shilling.

Hastings. What, will nobody move?

First Servant. I’m not to leave this place.

Second Servant. Nor mine, sir.

Hastings. I am sure it can’t be mine.

Digory. You unnatural! and so, while, like your betters, you are quaffing for places, the guests must starve. O you dunce! I find I have a bustle begins all over again!—that don’t I have a countenance! A fellow to spread a bit of fine food! to your pots, you blockheads! I’ll go in the mean time and give my old friend’s son a hearty reception at the gate.

[Exeunt.

Digory. By the clemency, my place is gone quite out of my head.

Rogers. I know that my place is to be every where.

Second Servant. Where the devil is mine?

First Servant. My place is to be nowhere at all; and so I go about my business.

Servants, running about as if frigid, different ways.

Enter SERVANT with embers showing in MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Servant. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome.

Hastings. This way. After the disappointments of the day, welcome in more value. Clowes, to the comfort of a clean room, and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique but creditable.

Marlow. The usual fate of a large mansion.

Having first rided the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn,

Hastings. As you say, we passengers have been too often taxed to pay all house charges. I have often seen taxed to pay all house charges, a proper man for a marlhe chimney-piece, though no actuality put in the full, infamous a reckoning.

Marlow. Travellers, George, must pay in all places; the only difference is, that in good inn you pay dearly for luxuries, in bad ones you freed and starved.

Hastings. You have lived very much among them.

Marlow. In truth, I have been often surprised, that you who have seen so much of the world, with such a natural good sense, and your curious opportunities, should never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Marlow. The Englishman’s mealy. But tell me, George, when may I have known that assurance. I talk of English life has been chiefly spent in a college or an inn, in exclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly touch men.

Rogers. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

Marlow. They are, or you, know.

Hastings. But in the company of women, or in the affection when I never saw such an idiot, such a tramp; but you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out at the rear.

Marlow. Why, George, I can’t say I can find five things to them; they freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such boggles; but no, a modest express of it in all her fancy, the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hastings. Hul hul! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

Marlow. Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be counted by proxy. If, indeed, as an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might.

Rogers. But through all the errors of that formal courtship, together with the epistles of sons, grandchildren, and cousins, and lastly to hunt out the bride, it can be so clear and so able to.

Hastings. I pity you. But how do you intend behavior to the lady, are come down to visit at the request of the gentleman?

Marlow. As I behave to all other ladies. How very, love, answer yes or no to all her love?

Rogers. But for the rest, I don’t think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father’s again.

Hastings. I am confirmed that one to so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Marlow. To be sure. My dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own.

Rogers. Neville loves you, the family is very young as your friend yest; the sons of a reception, and let human do the rest.

Hastings. My dear Marlow! But I’ll suppress the emotion. Were I a wench, no matter seeking to carry on a follows, you should be the last man in
the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is
mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Marlow. Happy man! You have talents and art to expatiate any woman. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I have. This summer in my address, and this awkward unpersuasive usage of mine can never
permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's pretty, or one of the duchesses of Drury-lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

HARDCASTLE. Gentlemen, once more you are being before us the acts of Mr. Marlow! Sir! Sir! are heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate, I like to see their horses and traps taken care of.

Marlow [aside]. He has got our names from the servants already.—[To HARDCASTLE.] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir.—[To HARDCASTLE.] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown sufficiently ashamed of them.

Hardcastle. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Marlow. Yes, George; if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hardcastle. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, and the Battle of Dettingen. He first summoned the garrison.

Marlow. Don't you think the centre of musketry

Hardcastle. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hastings. I think not; brown and yellow mix well together.

Hardcastle. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Marlow. The gills like fancy.

Hardcastle. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the gentleman next to George Brooke, that stood next to him—You must have heard of

George Brooke—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

Marlow. What, my good sir, if you gave us a year, I mean a season, 't would help us to carry on the siege with vigor.

Hardcastle. Punch, sir! [Aside.] This is the most unmeaning kind of mockery I ever met with.

Marlow. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty-hall, you know. I like to see my horses and traps taken care of.

Hastings. Here's a cup, sir. [Aside.] So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Marlow. [Aside to the Reporter.] I hope you will find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me? Sir, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance.

Marlow [aside]. A very impudent fellow, this; but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. [Drinks.]

Hastings [aside]. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marlow. I am afraid, sir, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at electric suppers.

Hardcastle. No, sir, I have not long given that work over. Since your betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there is no business for us that sell alms.

Hastings. So then you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hardcastle. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people, but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to fend itself.

Marlow. Since that, I am more trouble my head about Harp, Alley, or Alley Crown, than about Alley Craney, Sir my service to you.

Hastings. So that with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good pleasant bustling life of it.

Hardcastle. I dare say a great deal, that's certain. Half the difference of the parish is addicted in this very parlour.

Marlow [after drinking]. And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hastings. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Marlow [aside]. Well, this is the first time I've heard of an inkeeper's philosophy.

Hastings. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find them no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my dear Marlow. [Drinks.]

Hardcastle. Good, very, very good, thank you; but your philosophy, if you will oblige me to explain it, first—This gentleman puts me in mind of the Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marlow. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it was almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hardcastle. For supper sir! [Aside.] Was ever such a request to a man in his own house.

Marlow. Supper, sir; I begin to find an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the horder, I promise you.

Hastings [aside]. Such a brown dog sure not very cunning. Please, then, let the cook be called. I don't know what, but I believe there is something to eat upon those occasions. Should we send for her, she might settle all out of the house.

Hastings. Let's see your list of the labour then, and ask it for you. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marlow [To HARDCASTLE, who looks at us with surprise.]. Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hastings. Sir, you have a right to comment here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night, and see after supper. Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my eminent uncle, Colonel Wallop. He was a saying of his, lofty, but I never saw any thing look as noble as

Hastings [Aside]. All upon the high pipe! His uncle a colonel! we shall soon hear all his stories for the desert. The devil, sir, do you this, that we have brought down the whole gentleman's company, or the corporation of

Wife, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hastings. But let's hear it. Marlow [reading]. For the first course at the top, a pig, and prime sauce.

Hastings. I am sure you say I. Marlow. And yet, gentlemen, to man that are hungry, pig with prime sauce is very good eating.

Marlow. At the bottom a calf's tongue and

Hastings. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir, I don't like them.

Marlow. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves.

Hastings [aside]. Their impudence confounds me. [To them.] Gentlemen, you are my guests, what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retreat or alter, gentlemen?

Marlow. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and savories, a Frenchette, a shilling pudding, and a dish of tuff—tuff—tuffery cream.

Hastings. Gentlemen, you must eat; I shall be as much at a loss in this house as a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hastings. I, my worthy gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to,

Marlow. Why, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is as good as another. Send us what you please. So for supper. And now to see our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hastings. I venture you'll leave all to me.

You shall not stir a step.

Marlow. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hardcastle. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Marlow. You see I am resolved on it. [Aside.]

A very troublesome fellow this, as I ever met with.

Hardcastle. Well, sir, I am resolved at least to attend you. [Aside.] This may be modern mockery.

Marlow. Persuaded! What's here! For the first course, for the second course, for the dessert.

Hastings. Dear Miss Neville, I say we.

Miss Neville. My dear Hastings! To what un-
expected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?—

Hastings. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Cousin at an inn.

Miss Neville. An inn! sure you mistake: my aunt, my guardian, lives here; What could in that case think this inn then?—

Hastings. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I come down, and I have been here no as an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, when we accustomly met at a house by distant adjacents.

Miss Neville. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks of which you have heard his novel. Some talk of coming to sup with us to-day, and then I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet of the victory.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm afraid you flatter, sir, and that you have seen some of the finest companies, and can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marlow. [gathering courage]. I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been an observer upon the country.

Miss Neville. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hastings [to him]. Ciaro never spoke better. Disagreeable, and you are confirmed in assurance for ever.

Marlow. [to him]. Hem! Stand by me then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss Hardcastle. An observer, like you, upon life, wear, and where are enjoying employment, since you must have had much more to admire than to approve.

Marlow. Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The fully of most people is rather an object of as well as madness.

Hastings [to him]. Bravo, bravio. Never spoke so well in your whole life. While Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be so very reasonable, and believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Marlow. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We fit your company of all things. [To him.] Lavish me, said you won't you? how can you have us?

Hastings. Our presence will but spoil conversation, as we'll retire to the next room. [To him.] You don't consider, man, that we are to manage this little tête-à-tête of our own.

Marlow. [after a pause]. But you have not been wholly an observer; I presume, sir, you know, Mr. Marlow, that we have employed some part of your addresses.

Miss Hardcastle. [reprehending stily]. Pardon me, Mr. Marlow; I, I,—as yet have statified—only—

Marlow. [to him]. And that, some way, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Miss Hardcastle. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the most grave and sensible part of the sex.—But I'm afraid I grew tiresome.

Miss Hardcastle. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself. I could hear it for ever. Indeed I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light and airy pleasures, where nothing is serious.

Marlow. It's a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be none who wanting a relief—

Miss Hardcastle. I understand you, sir. There must be some who, wanting a relief for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marlow. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. I can't help observing,—

Miss Hardcastle [aside]. Who can escape this follie impertinence upon such occasions? [To him.] You were going to observe, sir.

Marlow. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hardcastle [aside]. I vow and so do I. [To him.] You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, sir.

Marlow. Yes, madam. In this age hypocrisy there are few upon whom strict inquiry do not—

Miss Hardcastle. I understand you perfectly, sir.

Marlow [aside]. Equal and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hardcastle. You mean that in this hypocrice age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practice in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marlow. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their minds, best know it in their brawn. But I'm sure I love you, madam.

Miss Hardcastle. Not in the least, sir; there is something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and freedom, sir, go on.

Marlow. Yes, madam. I was saying that there are some occasions—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the—

Miss Hardcastle. I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we least want to excel. I beg you proceed.

Marlow. Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam—but I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room, I would not intrude for the world.

Marlow. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray do go on.

Marlow. Yes, madam, I was—But shebeck us to join her. Madam, shall I do my self the honour to attend you?

Miss Hardcastle. Well then, I'll follow.

Marlow [aside]. This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me.

[Exit.]

Miss Hardcastle [alone]. Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimented interview? I'm certain he was serious at any time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his looks, that it figures me more than the figure, if I could teach him a little confidence it would be doing somebody
Twy. What do you follow me, Cousin Con? I won't assure you are not so very engaging.

Mrs. HASTINGS. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not to be too

Twy. Ay, but I know what sort of relation you are to me, though I don't wish to tell you, Cousin Con, it won't do; so I beg you keep your distance. I want no nearer relations.

[She follows, expecting him to be engaged with Miss Neville, Mr. Hardcastle, or with some other lady, and to be at her service.]

Mrs. HASTINGS. Will I sew, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There is nothing in the world I love to talk of more than London, and the fashions there, though I never was there myself.

HASTINGS. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ramsgate, St. James's or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. HARDCASTLE. O! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I am in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above the contempt of neighbouring rustic.

Twy. He that has can have nothing but that can have a manner, that has never seen the Parthenon, the Grotto Gardens, the Boule, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort. All I can do is to enjoy London at second hand. I imagine I can't expect to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalum Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come in, out of a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray how do you like this book, Mr. Hastings?

HASTINGS. Extremely elegant and digested, upon my word, madam. Your friend is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. HARDCASTLE. I protest, I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum-book for the last year.

HASTINGS. Indeed! Such a head in a side-box at the play-houses would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayseres at a city ball.

Mrs. HARDCASTLE. I own, since you have begun to talk there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular, or one may decease in the crowd.

HASTINGS. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress. [Musingly]

Mrs. HARDCASTLE. Yet, what signifies my dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hastings? All I can say is, I may never argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wished him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bold, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pakenham, with powder.

HASTINGS. You are right, madam; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs. HASTINGS. But what do you think his answer was? Why, in his usual Gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to shave off his wig to convert it into a tete for my wearing.

HASTINGS. Insensibly! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. HASTINGS. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

HASTINGS. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but now the ladies intend to keep up filly for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. HASTINGS. Really. Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

HASTINGS. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, miss there, in a public circle, would be considered as a child, as a nation maker of samplers.

Mrs. HASTINGS. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels as the eldest of us all.

HASTINGS. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. HARDCASTLE. My son, sir. They are contrived to each other. Observe their slender proportions. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were men and women. Mr. Hastings, the young child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

Twy. I have been saying no soft things; but that's very hard to be followed about. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself, but the stable.

Mrs. HASTINGS. Never mind him, Con, my dear; he's in another story behind your back. Miss Neville, there's something generous in your cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private. Ecod! That's a damned confused—crack.

Mrs. HASTINGS. Ah! it's a sty one. Don't you think they like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The best kind of house is a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretty, that Mrs. Hastings may see you come, Tony.

Twy. You had as good make me, I tell you.

[Measuringly]

Miss Neville. Oh! he has at least cranked my head.

Mrs. HASTINGS. O, the monster! For shame, Tony. You are a mean, and, behoove you, don't ever make me your fornic. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of any longer.

Mrs. HASTINGS. Is this ungentleboy, all I that I'm to get for the pain I have taken in your education? I that have rooked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work, that wastecock to make you gene-

Twy. I did not prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

HASTINGS. Ecod! you had reason to, for you have been doing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the Complete Housewife ten times over; and you have had the same success as Quacy next spring. If I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. HASTINGS. Wasn't it all for your good?

Twy. No, sir, I made it so for my own.

Mrs. HASTINGS. I wish you'd let me go my own way; something this way when I'm in spirits. I aim to have any good, let it come of itself, not to keep it going into one so.

Mrs. HASTINGS. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I never shall be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Twy. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the worst of them all.

Mrs. HASTINGS. Was ever the like? but I must never break my heart; I see him.

HASTINGS. Dear mamma, permit me to leave you, as I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. HASTINGS. Well, I must retire, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, what a wretched state, I have been in these last days of my situation. I have seen ever poor woman so plucked with a dear, sweet, provoking, upward boy.

[Exeunt Mrs. Hardcastle and Miss Neville.

HASTINGS. Tony.]

Twy. [lingering] "There was a young man riding by, and saw he would have the will. Raip do dihko dech. — Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together; and they said it the luck the better the more it made them cry.

HASTINGS. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman.

Twy. That's as I find 'em.

HASTINGS. Not by of your brother's choosing, I dare answer. And yet she appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

Twy. That's because you don't know her so well.

HASTINGS. I know every inch about her; and there's not more bitter cantakerous toad in all Christendom.

[Aside] Pretty encouragement this to her.

Twy. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a cat the first day's breaking.
Hastings. But how have you procured them from your mother?  
Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies.  
I procured them by the rule of thirteens.  
I fixed not a key to every drawer in my mother's bureau,  
how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do?  
An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hastings. Thousands do it every day.  
But to be plain with you, Miss Neville is endeavoring to procure them from her aunt this very instant.  
If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining the information.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be.  
But I know how it will be well enough,  
she'll be soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hastings. But I dread the efforts of her resentment  
when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her ressentment, leave me to manage that.  
I don't value her resentment the buncle of a cracker.  
Zounds! here they are.  
Mary console!  
[Exit Hastings.]

TONY, MRS. HARDCASTLE, and MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me!  
A girl with a jewel in her ears!  
I'll be there for time enough for jewels; my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to wane.

Miss Neville. But what will repair beauty at thirty?  
It will certainly improve you after twenty, madam.  
I see.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Yours, my dear, can admit of none.  
That natural bloom is beyond a thousand ornaments.  
Besides, child, jewels are quite out of place here; you are but the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Killadryght, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasite back.

Miss Neville. But who knows, madam,  
who knows who shall be names, who shall be best with all my little fancy about me?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Consult your glass, my dear,  
and then see if with such a pair of eyes you want any better sparkles.  
What do you think, Tony?  
I don't do your conundrum, Con. want any jewels in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss Neville. My dear aunt, if you knew how good you would oblige me.

Mrs. Hardcastle. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and tabby cut things.  
They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show.  
Besides, I believe, I can't really come at them.  
They may be missing, for very soon I knew to the contrary.

Tony. [apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.]  
Then, why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them?  
Tell her they're lost.  
It's the only way to quiet her.  
Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hardcastle.  
[apart to Tony.]  
You know, my dear, I am only keeping them for you.  
So if I say they're gone, you'll bear witness, will you?  
He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me, fool!  
I'll say I now taken out with my own eyes.

Miss Neville. I desire them but for a day, madam.  
Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. Hardcastle.  
To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them you should have them.  
They're missing, I assure you.  
Lost, for aught I should know, but we must have patience, wherever they are.

Miss Neville. I'll not believe it!  
This is but a shallow pretense to deny me.  
I know they are too valuable to be so easily kept, and as you are to answer for the loss—

Mrs. Hardcastle. Don't be alarmed, Constance,  
if they be lost, I must restore an equivalent.  
But my son knows they are missing, and I am to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to.  
They are missing, and not to be found; I'll take my oath of it.

Mrs. Hardcastle.  
You must learn resignation, my dear;  
for though we lose our fortunes, yet we should not lose our patience.  
See me, how calm I am.

Miss Neville. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. Hardcastle.  
Now I wonder a girl of your good sense should wish such a thought upon such trumpery.  
We shall soon find them; and in the mean time you shall make use of your garnets till your jewels are found.

Miss Neville. I detest garnets.

Mrs. Hardcastle.  
The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion.  
You have often seen how well they look upon me; you shall have them.

Miss Neville. I dislike them of all things.  
You aren't young. — Was ever any thing so provoking to modesty of my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool.  
If you give the garnets, take what you can get.  
The jewels are your own already.  
I have stolen them out of your bureau, and she does not know it.  
Fly to your spark, get tell you more of the matter.  
Leave me to manage her.

Miss Neville. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanshall, she's here, and has mislaid them already.  
[First Miss Neville.]  
Zounds!  
how she fidgets and spins about like a catholic wheel.
Ming. No. no. [Musing.] I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to morrow place myself by returning.

Miss Hardcastle: Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

Ming. I tell you no.

Miss Hardcastle. We have such a pair of servants!

Ming. No, no, I tell you. [Looks out in her face.] Yes, child, I do call. I wanted— I wanted!—I want, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hardcastle. Oh, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Ming. Never saw a more slyly malicious look. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—what a—yes, call it in the house?

Miss Hardcastle. No, sir; we have been out of these ten minutes.

Ming. One may call in this house, I find to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a note, just by way of trial, of the need of your—price; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss Hardcastle. Necktie! Nectar! That's a liquor there; no call for those parts. French, any but the wisest of our sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and like an invisible champion of romance, examine the quaintest but the wisest of our sex.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Maid. I have got the true bar count!—Did your honour call?

Maid. Attend the Lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here.

[Exit Maid.

Miss Hardcastle. There is a young man, whom you shall see, and I'll to morrow take you to see him.

Maid. I can bear witness to that.

Maid. Miss Hardcastle. Bear witness again, you blockhead, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her? Do you laugh, you unfilial brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

Maid. Miss Hardcastle. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, you will.

Maid. I can bear witness to that.

[Exit Mrs. HARDCASTLE and MAID.

Mrs. Hardcastle. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an im—hi! hi! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more modern, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, rifting...
Hardcastle. But if I surely convince you of my modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hardcastle. The girl would actually make me run mad! I tell you, I'll not be convinced! I am convinced. He has scarce been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son in law, mustard must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hardcastle. Sir, I ask but this right to convince you.

Hardcastle. You shall not have half the time for I have thought of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hardcastle. Give me that hour then, and I'll endeavor to satisfy you.

Hardcastle. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trilling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me?

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been my inclination.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.

Hastings. You surprise me; Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night! Where have you heard this information?

Miss Neville. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hastings. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and, should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Neville. The jewels, I hope, are safe?

Hastings. They, madam, are as safe as mine, I can assure you.

Miss Neville. Why, man, she talked of showing me her work above stairs, and I am to approve the pattern.

Hastings. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

Marlow. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honour of the barmaid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it; there's nothing in this business Ishan't honestly pay for.

Hastings. I believe the girl has virtue.

Marlow. And if she has, she should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hastings. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

Marlow. Yes, yes, it's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah! nonsense! I have taken better precautions than you did for yourself—him.

Hastings. What?

Marlow. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hastings. To the landlady.

Marlow. The landlady.

Hastings. You did?

Marlow. I did. She's to be unanswerable for it forthcoming, you know.

Hastings. Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness.

Marlow. Wasn't right, I believe you'll allow, but I acted prudently upon this occasion.

Hastings [aside]. He must not see my uneasiness.

Marlow. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened?

Hastings. No nothing. Never was in better nick in all my life. And so you left it for the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge.

Marlow. Rather too readily. For she not only keeps the casket, but through her great prevance, was going to keep the neckerchief too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hastings. Ha! ha! They're safe, however.

Marlow. As a Guinea in a Miller's pease.

Hastings [aside]. So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it.

[Exeunt.]

Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty barmaid, and, hush! hush! you may be as successful for yourself as we have been for me.

[Exit.]

Marlow. Thank ye, George; I ask no more. Hush! hush! hush!

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. I no longer know my own house. We turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. Please bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. [To him.] Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm very humble servant.

Marlow. Sir, your humble servant. [Aside.] What's to be the wonder now?

Hastings. Sir, what's to be the wonder now?

Marlow. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

Marlow. Do I do so, my soul, sir. I don't want much encouragement. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hastings. Believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marlow. I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the bottle. I did, I assure you. [To him.] Here, let one of my servants come up. [To him.] My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hardcastle. Then they had your orders for what they do! I'm satisfied.

Marlow. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter SERVANT, drunk.

Marlow. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hastings [aside]. I begin to lose my patience.

Jeremy. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-street for ever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, dammit! Good liver will save a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon—[Vomiting]—upon my conscience, sir.

Marlow. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as an ox he can possibly be. I don't know what you'll have more, unless you've had the poor devil nauseated in a beer barrel.

Hardcastle. Zounds! I'll drive him distracted, if I cannot myself any longer. Mr. Marlow, sir; I have submitted to your indulgence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Marlow. Leave your house!—Sure you jest, my good friend! What! when I'm doing what I can to please you.

Hardcastle. I tell you, Sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marlow. Sure you can not be serious? at this time o' night, and such a right? You only mean to banter me.

Hardcastle. I tell you, Sir, I'm serious! and now that my patience are run out, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Marlow. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. [In a serious tone.] This your house, fellow? It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, Sir? I never met with such insubordination, curse me; not in my whole life before.

Hardcastle. Nor I, confound me if ever I did.
To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to brush the furniture, to order his things to get ready, and then to tell me it’s "This house is mine, sir." By all that’s impossible it makes me laugh. I’ll not do it. I’ll do it. I’ll do it. [laughing]" as you take the house, what think you of the rest of the furniture? There’s a pair of silver candlesticks, and there’s a screen, and here’s a pair of branch-tipped bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them.

Marlow. Bring me your bill, sir; bring me your bill, and let’s have no more words about it.

Hardcastle. There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the Baker’s Progress for your own entertainment?

Marlow. Bring me your bill, I say; and I’ll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hardcastle. Then there’s a unhappy table that you may see your face in.

Marlow. My bill, I say.

Hardcastle. I had forgot the great chair for your own particular numbers, after a hearty meal.

Marlow. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let’s be no more earnt.

Hardcastle. Young man, young man, from your father’s letter to me. I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a cockney and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear nothing more of his character.

[Exit.

Miss Hardcastle. Dear me! dear me! I am sure there’s nothing in my behaviour to put me on a level with one of that stamp.

Marlow. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in a fit of blundering, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity every thing the wrong way. I mistake your sensibility, and your simplicity for afterthought. But it’s over—This house I more show my face in.

Miss Hardcastle. Dear me, I am sure I have no licence to move the house. Every thing looks as if I was at a modest inn; but as I am a man, [To her.] Excuse me, my lovely girl; you are the only part of the family I live with reluctance. But to plain with you, the differences of our Miss, Charlotte, and education, makes an honorable connexion impossible; and I can never bear a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honour, of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was beauty.

Miss Hardcastle. [Aside.] By Heaven! she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had in me;—in a modest woman, and could not L. [To her.] Excuse me, my lovely girl; you are the only part of the family I live with reluctance. But to plain with you, the differences of our Miss, Charlotte, and education, makes an honorable connexion impossible; and I can never bear a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honour, of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was beauty.

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Miss Neville. I come. Tray be packed. If I see you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Servant. Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. These horses are waiting.

Miss Neville. O, O, Sir Marlow, if you knew what a some of consternation and ill-nature lies before me, I am sure it would convert your remissness into mirth.

Sir Marlow. Miss Neville, I am so disgusted with a variety of passions that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my temper is fractious, and should not exasperate me.

Hastings. The torture of my attention is my only excuse.

Miss Neville. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, you consternation for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection.

Mrs. Hardcastle [whistling]. Miss Neville, Constance, why Constance, I say. Miss Neville, I'm coming. Well, consternation, remember, consternation is the word. [Exit, Hastings.

Miss Neville. My heart! how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness! Marlow [to Tony]. You see now, young gentlemen, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony [from a window]. Eec, I have hit it at last! Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor Sully!—My boots there, ho!—Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I’ll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bonner into the bargain. Come along. My boots! [Exit.]

ACT V.

Enter Hastings and Servant.

Hastings. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

Servant. Yes, your honour. They went off in a post-chaise, and the young Diggory went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hastings. Then all my hopes are over.

Servant. Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been quite impudent—though girls like Misses Neville are not expected to be so. Hastings. You are correct. They are coming this way.

Hastings. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time.

Servant. My mistress declares you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting up. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning.

[Exit Servant.

Miss Neville. Well, well; I'll come presently. Marlow [to Hastings]. Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering no precautions? To hang me out for the score of all my misadventures? Depend upon it, I shall expect an explanation.

Hastings. Was it well done, sir, if you are upon that subject, to deliver what I intrusted to yourself, to the care of another, sir? Miss Neville. Hastings, Mr. Marlow. Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I'll entreat you, I expect it.

[Exit Servant.

Servant. Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient. [Exit Servant.
gentleman. You may be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Marlow. May I ask, sir, if I ever—

HARDCASTLE. I tell you, she don’t dislike you; and as I am sure you like her—

Marlow. Dear sir—I protest, sir.

HARDCASTLE. I see no reason why you should not come to Marlow. The confidence between lovers is something more than the confidence between brothers, and the strength of a man can tie you.

Marlow. But hear me, sir—

HARDCASTLE. Your father approves the match, I assure it; every moment’s delay will be doing mischief.

Marlow. But why won’t you hear me? By all that’s just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the smallest hint to suspect of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, cool, and uninteresting.

HARDCASTLE [aside]. This fellow’s formal modest indifference to beyond bearing.

Sir Charles. And you never grasped her hand, or made any professions?

Marlow. And Heaven be my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands; I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you’ll exact no further proofs of my duty, sir, from leaving a house in which I suffer to be neglected.

[Exit.]

Sir Charles. I am astonished at the air of simplicity with which he parted.

HARDCASTLE. And I am astonished at the deliberate regularity of his assurance.

Sir Charles. I have no idea of his manner, upon his truth.

HARDCASTLE. Here comes my daughter, and I would make my happiness upon her veracity.

[Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

MISS HARDCASTLE. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely and without reserve: has Mr. Marlow made any professions of love and affection?

Miss Hardcastle. The question is very abrupt; but since you require an unreserved answer, I think he has.

HARDCASTLE [to Sir Charles]. You see, Sir Charles. And, pray, madam, have you and any son had more than one interview?

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, sir, several.

HARDCASTLE [to Sir Charles]. You see, Sir Charles. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hardcastle. A lasting one.

Sir Charles. Did he talk of love?

Miss Hardcastle. Much, Sir.

Sir Charles. Amazing! and all this formally.

Miss Hardcastle. Formally.

Sir Charles. Now, my friend, I hope you are misled.

Miss Hardcastle. And how did he behave, madam? astray. By jingo, there’s not a pond or a stough

within five miles of the place but they can tell the name of.

Hastings. Ha! ha! ha! I understand: you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward, and so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-Bed-Lane, where we stuck fast in the mud;—I then tried them across the stones of Upham and Down-Hill,—I then introduced them to the gibbet on Hasty-Tree Heath; and from that, with a circumstance, I fairly lodged them in the horsepath, near the bottom of the garden.

Hastings. But no accident, I hope, Tony.

Tony. No, no, elderly mother is considerably frightened. She thinks herself ill, and even forty miles off.

Miss Hardcastle. Sir Charles. Agreed. And if I find what he describes, all my happiness in this world must have an end.

[Exit.]

MISS HARDCASTLE. And if you don’t find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning.

[Exit.]

SCENE CHANGES TO THE BOUNDARY OF THE GARDEN.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I shall wait no longer.

Tony. What do I see? I think it is hot, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, hoisted and spurred.

Tony. Hastings. My honest! Sir! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I’m your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you know but all. This ruling by the night, by the day, is curiously tiresome. It has shot me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

Hastings. But how? and when did you leave your fellow-travelers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Two and thirty miles in two hundred a half in such bod driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Habitat me, but I’d rather ride forty miles after a fox than ten with such varnish.

Hastings. Well, where have you left the horses? Do you bear impatience?

Tony. Left them! Why where should I leave them but where I found them.

Hastings. This is a risk.

Tony. Riddle me this then. What’s that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hastings. I’m still astray.

Tony. Why, that’s it, man; I have led them astray. By jingo, there’s not a pond or a stough

within five miles of the place but they can tell the name of.

Tony. Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Oh, death!

Tony. No, it’s only now. Don’t be afraid.

Mrs. Hardcastle. As I live, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I’m sure of it. If he be peruses we shall make his acquaintance.

Tony [aside]. Father-in-law, by all that’s unlucky, come to take one of his right walks. [To her]. Ah! it’s a highwaysman with pistols as long as my arm. And I fear his fellow-travellers.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Good Heaven defend us! I approach.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger, I’ll cough, and cry him. When I cough, be sure to keep close.

[Exit.]

Mrs. Hardcastle hides behind a tree in the back scene.

ERIC HARDCASTLE.

ERIC HARDCASTLE. I’m mistaken, or I hear voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?


Mrs. Hardcastle. [from behind]. Ah! death! I find there’s danger.

Hastings. Forty miles in three hours; sure that’s too much, my youngest.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [from behind]. Sure he’ll do the dear boy no harm.

ERIC HARDCASTLE. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to have from whom it came. Tony. It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was saying that forty miles in four hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold, by being out in the air.


ERIC HARDCASTLE. But if you talked to yourself you did not answer yourself. I am certain. I heard two voices, and am resolved [reeling his voice] to find the other out.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [from behind]. Oh! he’s coming to find me out. Oh! what next you go sir, if I tell you? Hem. I’ll lay down my life for the truth—Hem—[I’ll tell you all, sir. [Declaring him,]

ERIC HARDCASTLE. I tell you I will not be dictated. I
Mrs. Hardcastle [running forward from behind]. O, I'll befriend my poor boy, my darling! Here, good gentleman, what's your name upon your commission?—my own boy, my life, but spare that young gentleman; spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hardcastle. My wife, as I'm a Christian. From whence can come I or what does Mr. Neville say?

[Exit Hardcastle [incoherently].] Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hardcastle. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Mr. Hardcastle, as I am alive! My dear, my dear! But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow me?

Dorothy. Sure, Dorothy, you have lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within five yards of your own door! [To him.] This is one of your old tricks, you rogueous rogue you! [To her.] Don't you know the gate and the net-berry tree, and don't you remember the horse-pen, my dear?

Hardcastle. Yes. You, shall I remember the horse-pen as long as I live, I have caught my death in it. [To Tんだ. And is it to you, good Mr. Neville, it was all this. I'll teach you to be an inconstant lover, I Adj.]

Neville. Ecod, mother, all the parly says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I'll spoil you, I will.

[Exit Neville.]

Hardcastle. There's nothing, however, in his reply.

[Exit Ecod and Miss Neville.]

Hastings. My dear Constable, why do you deliberate thus? I fear delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Push it up to your resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Neville. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitation I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hastings. Such a tedious delay is worse than combustibility. Let us fly, my clavish. Let us catch her happiness from this very moment. Perilous fortune! Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a measure of revenue. Let me prevail.

Neville. No, Mr. Hastings, no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey her dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repose. I am resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hastings. But though he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

Neville. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hastings. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [Exit.]

SCENE CHANGES.

Enter CHARLES MARLOW and MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Sir Charles. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. I must proceed to find it. Do you think I could ever rely with confidence which happiness was acquired by lessening yours?

Marlow. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me! Not shall I ever feel repentance but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make your respectful附属品es more laudable of my past conduct.

Miss Hardcastle. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end. I would give an hour or two to friendship; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion where I must appear necessary, and I implore you to think that the wishes you address to a secure admirer?

Marlow. [incoherently.] Does this look like securities? Does this look like confidence? No, no, evermore, which love my next, only serven to increase my diligence and confusion. Here let me continue.

Sir Charles. I can hold it no longer. I know that we proceeded not! Is this your indispensibility, your uninteresting conversation?

Marlow. Your cold contempt; your formal interview! What have you to say now?

Sir Charles. That I am all amusement! What can it mean?

Marlow. It means that you can say and do my things at pleasure: that you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Marlow. This lady or my daughter? Marlow. Yes, sir, only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be?

Marlow. Oh, the devil.

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, sir, that very identical tall squalling child you have pleased to take me for. [Aside, to sir.] How [lady] she that you address as the mild, modest, sentiment man of gravity, and the bold, forward, aggressive Rattle of the ladies' club. Ha! ha! ha!

Marlow. Zounds, there's no hearing that; it's worse than death!

Miss Hardcastle. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and has no hyperion; or the loud confident creature, that he swears up with Mrs. Maranthy, and old Miss Biddy Bucksmill, till three in the morning? [lady!] ha! ha!

Marlow. Oh, curse, my toady head! I never attempted to be impudent yet that I was not taken down! I must be gone.

Hardcastle. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it is all a misjudgment, and I am sure not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him? Kate! We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man. [lady] They reply, she formulating him to the back door.

Exit Mrs. Hardcastle, Tony, Mrs. Neville.

Sir Charles. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hardcastle. Who gone?

Mrs. Hardcastle. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our newest visitor here.

Sir Charles. Who, my honoun. Mr. Hastings, George Hardcastle, my friend? I know your life, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hardcastle. Then, by the hand of my body, I'm pressed of the connection.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune; that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

Hardcastle. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so inconstant.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ay, that's my affair, not yours. Hardcastle. But you know if, when, or, refuses, his cousin, his whole fortune is to be his own at her disposal.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Hastings and Mrs. Neville.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [aside.] What, returned so soon! I begin not to like it.

Hastings [to Hardcastle]. For my late attempt to ally off with your niece, let my present confessions to my punishment. We are now come to the appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent I first paid her my addresses, and our promises were first founded in duty.

Miss Neville. Since his death, I have been obliged to own, it is my wish to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my chance: but now recovered from the delusion, I hope from my wishes is denied me by a nearer connection.
AN ORATORIO.

THE PERSONS.

First Jewish Prophet.
Second Jewish Prophet.
Israeletish Woman.
First Chaldean Priest.
Second Chaldean Priest.
Chaldean Woman.

EPILOGUE.

THE BANS OF THE RIVER EUPHRATES, NEAR BANIAH.

ACT I.

First Prophet.
Our God is all we boast below,
To him we turn our eyes;
And every added weight of woe
Shall make our homage rise.

Second Prophet.
And though no temple lofty dressed,
Nor sacrifice are here;
We'll make his temple in our breast,
And offer up in tear.
(First time the chorus begins.)

First Prophet.
Recitative.
Recitative.
Recitative.
Recitative.
Recitative.

And hush, my sons, our tyrant lords are near.
The sounds of barbarous pleasure strike mine ear.
Triumphant music floats along the vale.
Nor, nearer still, it gathers on the gale.
The growing sound with their approach declines.
Dread, my sons, nor mix the strain with theirs.

First Prophet.

Air.
O memory, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.
Hence Instructor most distressing,
Seek the happy and the free;
The wrench which wants each other blessing,
Ever wants a friend in thee.

Second Prophet.

Air.

EPILOGUE.

BY A CHAPLAIN, ESQ.

Recitative.
And as I have companions to compute;
And let me say, for all your recreation,
That pretty bar-maid has done execution.
Our life is all a play, composed to please,
"We have our exits and our entrances."
GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

The sun calls us out on this festival day,
And our monarch parties in the joy.

SECOND PRIEST.

Like the sun, our great monarch all rapture supplies,
Both similar blessings bestow;
The sun with his splendour illumines the skies,
And our monarch enlivens below.

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

Haste, ye stately sons of pleasure,
Love presents the fairest treasure,
Leave all other joys for me.

A CHALDEAN ATTENDANT.

Or rather, love's delights despising,
Haste to raptures ever rising,
Wine shall close the brave and free.

FIRST PRIEST.

Wine and beauty thus inviting,
Both to different joys exciting,
Whither shall my choice incline?

SECOND PRIEST.

I'll waste no longer thought in choosing,
But, neither this nor that refusing,
I'll make them both together mine.

FIRST PRIEST.

Yet whenever, when joy should brighten over the head,
This sudden glooms in Judah's captive band?
Ye sons of Judah, why the late unstrung?
Or why those harps on yonder willows hung?
Come, take the lyre, and pour the strain along,
The day descants it, sing to Zion's King.
Dissemble your griefs, and join our warbling choir,
For who like you can wake the sleeping lyres?

AIR.

Every moment as it flows,
Some peculiar pleasure o'ers,
Come then, providently wise,
Set' ye the debtor as it flies.

SECOND PRIEST.

Think not to-morrow can repay
The dews of pleasure lost to day,
Alas! to-morrow's richest store
Can lost pay its proper store.

SECOND PROPHET.

Choir'd as we are, the song of all mankind,
To war, to tell, and every ill consign'd,

Is this a time to bid us raise the strain,
Or mix its notes that Heaven regards with pain?
No, never. May this hand forget each art
That wakens to finest joys the human heart,
She forgot the hand that gave me birth,
Or join to sounds profane its sacred mirth!

SECOND PRIEST.

Rebellions slave! if soft persuasion fail,
More formidable terrors shall prevail.

FIRST PROPHET.

Why, let them come, one good remains to cheer—
We fear the Lord, and scorn all other fear.
[Exeunt Chaldeans.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

Can chains or torture bend the mind
On God's supporting breast reclined?
Stand fast, and let our tyrants see
That fortune is victory.
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

ISRAELITES and CHALDEANS, as before.

FIRST PROPHET.

AIR.

O peace of mind, angelic guest,
Thou soft companion of the breast,
Discharge thy harmless duty,
Wing all our thoughts to reach the skies,
Till earth reeling from our eyes,
Shall vanish as we rear.

FIRST PROPHET.

AIR.

No more, life long has justice been delay'd,
The King's commands must fully be obey'd,
Compliance with his will your peace secures,
Praise but our gods, and every good is yours,
But, if rebellion is his high command,
You spurn the favours offered from his hand.
Think, densely think, what terrors are behind,
Reflect, nor tempt to urge the royal mind.

AIR.

Fierce is the tempest howling
Along the frowning main,
And fierce the whirlwind rolling
O'er Arie's sandy plain.
But storms that fly
To rend the sky,
Every ill preceding,
Less dreadful show,
To wonders below
Than angry monarch's raging.

FIRST PROPHET.

Ah me! what angry terrors round us grow,
How shrieks my soul to meet the threat'ning bow?
Ye prophets, guide me in Heaven's eternal path,
Forgive my next's fears, forgive my youth!
Ah let us one, one little hour obey—
To-morrow's tears may wash the stain away.

AIR.

Fatigued with life, yet loth to part,
On hope the wretched seize,
And every thought that sinks the heart
Rides the deluder rise.
Hope, like the taper's glancing light,
Across the wretch's way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SECOND PRIEST.

AIR.

Why this delay? At length for joy prepare,
I read your look's raptures, and compliance there.
Come on, and bid the warbling rapture rise,
Our monarch's fame the noblest theme supplies,
Begin, ye captive triads, and strike the lyre,
The time, the theme, the place, and all are ripe.

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

AIR.

See the ruddy morning smiling,
Hear the grove to bliss belonging,
Zephyrs through the woodland playing,
Streams along the valley straying.

FIRST PROPHET.

AIR.

While these a constant revel keep,
Shall reason only teach to weep?
Flaxens, lacer'd! well pursue
Nature, a better guide than you.

SECOND PRIEST.

AIR.

But hold! we are, foremost of the captive choir,
The master prophet grasps his full-toned lyre,
Murmur where he sits with executing art,
Feels for each touch, and spends it to the heart;
See how prophetic rapture dills his form,
Awful as clouds that nurse the growing storm.
And now his voice, according to the string,
Prepares our monarch's victories to sing.

FIRST PROPHET.

AIR.

From north, from south, from east, from west,
Conspiring nations come;
Trample, thrice-victorious host,
Blasphemies, all be damn'd.

SECOND PROPHET.

AIR.

With thus the proud triumphant rear the head,
A little while, and all their power is won.
But, how is this? ye sad and plaintive maid,
That onward slowly bends along the plain?
And now, behold, to yonder bank they bear
A pallid cope, and rest the body there.
Alas too well mine eyes indignant trees
The last remains of Judah's royal race.
Full is our King, and all our foes are o'er;
Unhappy Zebediah is no more.

CHORUS.

Ye wretches who by fortune's hate
In weal and woe long been;
Come ponder his severer fate,
And learn to bless your own.

CHORUS.

Behold his wretched crew with sorrow born,
His squallid limbs by poniard fetters torn;
These wretched orbs that check with ghastly glare,
These unbecoming sags, that matted hair?
And shall not Heaven for this avenge the foe?
Grasp the red ball, and lay the guilty low?
How long, how long, Almighty God of all,
Shall wrath vindictive threaten ere it fall?

SECOND PROPHET.

Now, now, our time! ye wretches bold and blind,
Driv'n but to God, and onwards to mankind,
Ye seek to vain the Lord unsought before;
Your wealth, your lives, your kingdom are no more.

SECOND PROPHET.

O Lucifer, thou son of men,
Of Heaven alike and man the foe;
Heaven, man, and all,
Now perish ye; fall,
And sink thi lowest of the low.

FIRST PROPHET.

O Babylon, how art thou fallen!
Thy fall more dreadful from delay!
Thy streets forlorn,
To wilds shall turn,
Where toads shall pant, and vultures prey.

SECOND PROPHET.

Such be her fate. But hark! how from afar
The clarion's note proclaims the gather'd war!
Our great restorer, Cyrus, is at hand,
And this way his formidable band.
Give, give your songs of gladness to the wind,
And hail the beneficent of mankind;
He comes pursuant to divine decree,
To chain the strong, and set the captive free.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Rise to transport past expressing,
Sweeter by remember'd vows;
Cyrus comes our wrongs redressing,
Comes to give the world repose.

CHORUS OF CAPTIVES.

Down with them, Lord, to lick the dust;
Thy vengeance be begun;
Serve them as they have served the just,
And let thy will be done.

FIRST PRIEST.

All, all is lost. The Syrian army fails,
Cyrus, the conqueror of the world, prevails.
The ruin smokes, the torrent pours along.
How low the proud, how feeble are the strong!
Save us, O Lord! to Thee, though hate we pray;
And give repentance but an hour's delay.

FIRST AND SECOND PROPHET.

O happy, who in happy hour
To God their praise bestow,
And own his all-consuming power
Before they feel the blow!

SECOND PROPHET.

Who from bounds our limbs unchaining,
Only binds the willing heart.

THE LAST CHORUS.

But chief to thee, our God, defender, friend,
Let praise be given to all eternity;
O Thou, without beginning, without end,
Let us and all begin, and end, in Thee.
The Preface

To Dr. Brooker's New and Accurate System of Natural History.

(From the Preface to the System of Natural History, 1783)

Or all the studies which have employed the industry or amusement of the idle, perhaps natural history deserves the preference; other sciences generally terminate in doubt, or rest in barren speculations; but here every step is marked with certainty, and, while a description of the objects around us teaches to supply our wants, it satisfies our curiosity.

The multitude of nature's productions, however, seems at first to bewilder the inquirer, rather than excite his attention; the various wonders of the animal, vegetable, or mineral world, seem to exceed all powers of conception, and the science appears barren from its amazing fertility. But a closer acquaintance with this study, by giving method to our researches, points out a similarity in many objects which at first appeared different; the mind by degrees rises to consider the things before it in general lights, till at length it finds nature, in almost every instance, acting with her usual simplicity.

Among the number of philosophers who, undaunted by their supposed variety, have attempted to give a description of the productions of nature, Aristotle observes the first place. This great philosopher, according to his pupil Alexander, with all that the then known world could produce to complete his design. By such parts of his work as have occupied the greatest part of his life, it appears, that he understood nature more clearly, and in a more comprehensive manner, than even the present age, enlightened as it is by so many later discoveries, can boast. His design appears vast, and his knowledge extensive; he only considers things in general lights, and leaves every subject when it becomes too minute or remote to be useful. In his History of Animals, he first describes man, and makes him a standard with which to compare the deviations from the image of perfection. But if he has excelled in the history of each, he, together with Pliny and Theophrastus, has failed in the exactness of their descriptions.

There are many creatures, described by those naturalists of antiquity, which are so imperfectly characterized, that it is impossible to tell to what animal now subsisting we can refer the description. This is an unanswerable objection, and strong enough to deprive their merit; but their curiosity and the curious habits they have suffered by time, have rendered them still less useful, and justify each subsequent attempt to improve what they have left behind. The most laborious, as well as the most voluminous naturalist among the moderns, is Alexander. He was familiar with every requisite for making an extensive body of natural history. He was learned and rich, and during the course of a long life, indefatigable and accurate. But his works are incoherently tedious and disgusting, filled with unnecessary quotations and unimportant digressions. Whatever learning he had, he was willing should be known, and understood. He suspected his readers could never tire: in short, he appears a useful assistant to those who would compile a body of natural history, but is entirely unsuited to such as only wish to read it with profit and delight.

Grisner and Junot, willing to abridge the voluminous productions of Alexander, have attempted to reduce natural history into a method, but their efforts have been so incoherent as scarcely to deserve mentioning. Their attempts were improved upon, some time after, by Mr. Ray, whose method we have adopted in the history of quadrupeds, birds, and fishes, which is to follow. No systematical writer has been more happy than he in reducing natural history into a form, at once the shortest, yet most comprehensive.

The subsequent attempts of Mr. Klein and Linnaeus, it is true, have had their admirers, but as all methods of classing the productions of nature are calculated merely to ease the memory and enlighten the mind, that writer who answers such ends with brevity and perspicuity, is most worthy of regard, and in this respect, Mr. Ray undoubtedly remains still without a rival: he was sensible that no accurate idea could be formed from a mere distribution of animals in particular classes; he has therefore ranged them according to their most obvious kinship, and, content with brevity in his distribution, has employed accuracy only in the particular description of every animal. This in

Prefaces and Criticism.

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terstitial incumbrance only in the general system of Ray, Klein and Linnaeus we have undertaken to amend; and thus by multiplying divisions, instead of improving the mind with distinct ideas, they almost serve to confound the language of the science more difficult than even the science itself.

All order whatsoever is to be used for the sake of brevity and perspicuity: we have therefore followed that of Mr. Ray in preference to the rest, whose method of classing animals, though not so accurate, perhaps, as yet more obvious, and being more generally recognized. In his lifetime, he published his "Systema Methodicum Quadrupedum et Serpentum Generis," and, after his death, there came out a posthumous work under the care of Dr. Derham, which, as the title-page informs us, was revised and perfected before his death. Both the one and the other have their merits; but as he wrote current columns, for subsistence, they are consequently repolished with errors, and though his manner of treating natural history to a subject to that of all others, yet there was still room for a new work, that might at once retain its excellencies, and supply its deficiencies.

As to the natural history of insects, it has not been so long or so greatly cultivated as other parts of our science. Our own countryman had not even discovered the first of any note that I have met with who has treated this subject with success. However, I have not seen that it was reduced to a regular system, which might be of great importance, owing to the seeming insignificance of the animals themselves, even though they were always looked upon as of great use in medicine; and upon that account only, their notice of by many medical writers. Thus Dobson has treated of their use in medicine; and it must be owned, some of them have been of the best observation on this subject. There have, however, been no less those who have not shewn the nature of reducing this kind of knowledge to a regular form, among whom was Mr. Ray, who was discouraged by the difficulty attending it; this study has been pursued by him, however, with diligence and success. Reisser and Swammerdam have principally distinguished themselves on this account; and their respective treatises plainly show, that they did not spend their labour in vain. Since their time, several authors have published their systems, among whom is Linnaeus, whose method being not only extended in a more proper manner, he has, in a very inquisitive, and, with more regular manner, though he says but little of the insects themselves. However, I have endeavored to supply that defect by more complete and connected knowledge in this subject; by which means, it is hoped, the curiosity of those who may wish to understand these studies will be in some measure satisfied. Such of them as have been more generally admired, have been longest inscribed upon, and particularly caterpillars and butterflies, relative to which, perhaps, there is the largest catalogue that has ever appeared in the English language.

Mr. Edwards and Mr. Buffon, one of the History of Bees, the other of Quadrupeds, have undoubtedly deserved highly of the public, as far as their labours have extended; but as they have hitherto cultivated but a small part in the wide field of natural history, a comprehensive system in this most pleasing science has been hitherto wanting. Nor is it a little surprising, when every other branch of literature has been of late cultivated with so much success among us, how this most interesting department should have been neglected. It has been long obvious that Aristotle was incomplete, and Pliny erroneous, Alciphronius too prolix, and Linnaeus too short, to afford the proper entertainment; yet we have had no attempt to supply their defects, or to give a history of nature at once complete and concise, calculated at once to please the scholar and the superficial observer.

Nor have I neglected any opportunity that offered of conversing upon these subjects with travel-worn critics, whose judgments and veneration I rely. Thus comparing accurate narratives with what has already been written, and following either, as the circumstances or credibility of the witnesses led me to believe. But I have had one advantage over almost all former naturalists, namely, that of having visited a variety of countries myself, and examined the productions of each upon the spot. Whatever Americans or the known parts of Africa have produced to excite curiosity, has been carefully observed by me, and compared with the accounts of others, so as to make some proper to adopt. He has clasped them in a very inquisitive, and, with more regular manner, though he says but little of the insects themselves. However, I have endeavored to supply that defect by more complete and connected knowledge in this subject; by which means, it is hoped, the curiosity of those who may wish to understand these studies will be in some measure satisfied. Such of them as have been more generally admired, have been longest inscribed upon, and particularly caterpillars and butterflies, relative to which, perhaps, there is the largest catalogue that has ever appeared in the English language.

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INTRODUCTION TO A NEW HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

(Extended to have been published in twelve volumes, price by J. Newbery, 1748.)

TO THE PUBLIC.

Experience every day convinces us that no part of learning affords much wisdom upon such subjects as that of history. Our advances in most other studies are slow and disappointing, acquired with effort, and retained with difficulty; but in a well-written history, every step we proceed only serves to increase our stock; we profit by the experience of others, without sharing their toils or misfortunes; and in this part of knowledge, in a more particular manner, study is but education.

All histories, however, that is not confined to any particular reign or country, but which extends to the transactions of all mankind, is the most useful and entertaining. As in geography we can have no just idea of the situation of one country, without knowing that of others; so in history it is in some measure necessary to be acquainted with the whole thoroughly to comprehend a part. A knowledge of universal history is therefore highly useful, not only in the lesser entertainments. Tacitus claims, that the transactions of a few reigns could not afford him sufficient stock of materials to please or interest the reader; but here that objection is entirely removed; a History of the World presents the most striking events, with the greatest variety.

These are a part of the many advantages which universal history has over all others, and which have encouraged so many writers to attempt compiling universal histories. But the undertaking requires much pains and labor, and must be left to those who have been furnished with the necessary knowledge; and even then, it must be performed with caution, and in a particular manner, in the following manner.

We shall be obliged to confine our thoughts to the most remarkable events, and to select the most important transactions. In recounting the transactions of remote antiquity, we are in a measure bound by the chronology of the ancients, as well as by the moderns. Each writer by his manifest authority, the more of them falling through the great and unforeseen difficulties of the subject, has a right to follow the dictates of his own judgment. In this, however, we shall be guided by the general rules of history, and avoid the common errors of the ancients.

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concerning a work which, however executed, has cost much labour and great expense. Had we been for the rise and decline of our own times, the editor would have been content to make the unassisted and the judicious alone, few words would have served, or even silence would have been our best address; but when it is considered we have to do with the public, that writer, whose careless being, at variance within itself, from the differing influences of pride, prejudice, or caprice, a public already seated with attempts of this nature; and in a manner unwilling to be idle, and disinterested in the success of another, was contented to make such a book as could not fail of being serviceable, though of all others the most unlikely to promote the reputation of the writer, that it must be the ambition of all, among the ambitious, I only claim the merit of knowing my own strength, and falling back among the hindmost ranks, with conscious inferiority.

I am not ignorant that it would be too difficult a task to pursue the same art by which many dull men, every day, acquire a reputation in history; such easily might be attained, by fixing upon some obscure period of ancient history, the seeming condition might be displayed, almost unknown, because not worth remembering; and many maxims in politics might be advanced, entirely new, because altogether false. But I have pursued a contrary method, choosing the most noted period in history; and offering no remarks but such as I thought strictly true.

The reason of my choice was, that we had no history of this splendid period in our language but what was either too voluminous for common use, or too meanly written to please. Caesar and Rosalie's history, in six volumes folio, translated into our language by Bundy, is entirely unsuited to the time and expense; and I have been called upon, and have endeavoured, to correct this important and obscure error. Instead of this, I have taken the history by Edward, in five volumes octavo, whose plan and mine seem to coincide; and, had his execution been equal to his design, it had preceded the present undertaking. But the truth is, it is so poorly written, the facts are corrupted, the narrative so incoherent, and the character so indistinctly marked, that the most ardent curiosity must cool in the paroxysm, and the noblest transactions that ever warmed the human heart, as described by him, must cease to interest.

I have endeavoured, therefore, in the present work, or rather compilation, to obviate the inconveniences arising from the excessiveness of the former, as well as from the unpleasantry of the latter. It was supposed, that two volumes might be made to comprise all that was requisite to be known, or pleasing to be read, by such as only extended history to their amusement, and not to their studies. Too much time may be given even to readable pursuits, and there is more aptitude

"Mr. Hooke's three quires more mentioned reach only in the first and last pages of the Greek war. A fourth volume, to the end of the fifth, was last year published, and the sixth, which has not been read until this summer, was published in 1769. Mr. Hooke's quires edition has been republished in twelve volumes since.

THE PREFACE TO THE ROMAN HISTORY.
BY DR. GOLDSMITH.
(Five printed in the year 1761.)

There are some subjects on which a writer must decline all attempts to acquire fame, satisfied with being useful. After such a number of Roman Histories, in almost all languages, ancient and modern, it would be but impertinent to pretend new discoveries, or to expect to offer any thing that could not have been anticipated by others. The facts which it relates have been a hundred times repeated, and every occurrence has been so variously considered, that a very small addition, new accurate, or genuine novity to the old. I hope, therefore, for the reader's indulgence; if, in the following attempt, it shall appear, that my only aim was to supply a concise, plain, and unadulterated narrative of events, that took place in the time and under the circumstances of our factory, all the arrangements, the mode, for the public, that writer, whose careless being, at variance within itself, from the differing influences of pride, prejudice, or caprice, a public already seated with attempts of this nature; and in a manner unwilling to be idle, and disinterested in the success of another, was contented to make such a book as could not fail of being serviceable, though of all others the most unlikely to promote the reputation of the writer, that it must be the ambition of all, among the ambitious, I only claim the merit of knowing my own strength, and falling back among the hindmost ranks, with conscious inferiority.

I am not ignorant that it would be too difficult a task to pursue the same art by which many dull men, every day, acquire a reputation in history; such easily might be attained, by fixing upon some obscure period of ancient history, the seeming condition might be displayed, almost unknown, because not worth remembering; and many maxims in politics might be advanced, entirely new, because altogether false. But I have pursued a contrary method, choosing the most noted period in history; and offering no remarks but such as I thought strictly true.

The reason of my choice was, that we had no history of this splendid period in our language but what was either too voluminous for common use, or too meanly written to please. Caesar and Rosalie's history, in six volumes folio, translated into our language by Bundy, is entirely unsuited to the time and expense; and I have been called upon, and have endeavoured, to correct this important and obscure error. Instead of this, I have taken the history by Edward, in five volumes octavo, whose plan and mine seem to coincide; and, had his execution been equal to his design, it had preceded the present undertaking. But the truth is, it is so poorly written, the facts are corrupted, the narrative so incoherent, and the character so indistinctly marked, that the most ardent curiosity must cool in the paroxysm, and the noblest transactions that ever warmed the human heart, as described by him, must cease to interest.

I have endeavoured, therefore, in the present work, or rather compilation, to obviate the inconveniences arising from the excessiveness of the former, as well as from the unpleasantry of the latter. It was supposed, that two volumes might be made to comprise all that was requisite to be known, or pleasing to be read, by such as only extended history to their amusement, and not to their studies. Too much time may be given even to readable pursuits, and there is more aptitude

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THE PREFACE TO THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

(First printed in 1711.)

From the favourable reception given to my abridgment of Roman History, I have, on some occasions, seen several friends, and others whose business leads them to consult the works of the public, have been induced to suppose, that an English History, written on the same plan, would be acceptable.

It was their opinion, that we still wanted a work of this kind, where the narrative, though very concise, is not totally without interest, and the facts, though crowded, are yet distinctly seen.

The business of abridging the works of others has hitherto fallen to the lot of very dull men, and the art of blunting, which an eminent critic calls the most difficult of all, has been usually practised by those who found themselves unable to write. Hence our abridgments are generally more tedious than the originals, from which they pretend to relieve us; and they have effectually embarrassed that road which they laboured to shorten.

As the present compiler starts with such humble competencies, it will scarcely be thought vanity in him if he boasts himself their superior. Of the many abridgments of our own history, hisitors, published, none were possessed of any share of imagination or repetition; some have been written in dialogue, or merely in the stile of a novel, and some to answer the purposes of a party. A very small share of taste, therefore, was sufficient to keep the compiler from the defects of the one, and a very small share of philosophy from the misrepresentations of the other.

But whatever may be my execution of this work, it was a very small thing to satisfy the different expectations of mankind in a work of this kind.
calculated for every apprehension, and on which all are equally capable of forming some judgment. Some may say that it is too long to pass under the denomination of an abridgment; and others, that it is too dry to admit it to the dictionary of history. It may be contended, that this particular work is almost entirely banished to make room for facts, and yet, that many facts are wholly omitted, which might be necessary or useful to the history. It must be confessed, that all those objections are partly true; for it is impossible in the same work at once to attain contrary advantages. The compiler, who is printed in room, must either sacrifice brevity to brevity, and on the other hand, if he endeavours to amuse, must frequently transgress the limits to which his plan should confine him. Thus, all such as desire only amusing facts, will, with his brevity; and such as seek, for information may object to his dispassionate facts for empty description.

To attain the greatest number of advantages with the fewest inconveniences, is all that can be sustained in an abridgment, the name of which implies perfection. It will be sufficient, therefore, to satisfy the writer's wishes, if the present work be found a plain, instructive, curious narrative, with little, if any, of that ornament which is necessary to keep attention awake, and with reflection barely sufficient to satiate the reader upon thinking. Very important details were equal in the abridgment, and it is hoped, the performance will satisfy as much as take books to be informed or amused, without much considering who the writer is or exactly what he may have had in a former compilation.

As the present publication is designed for the benefit of those who intend to buy a foundation for future study, or desire to refresh their memories upon this subject, or who think a moderate share of history sufficient for the purposes of life, recourse has been had only to those authors whose names are best known, and those facts only have been selected, which are allowed on all hands to be true. When we speak of the history of the field for stating the author, the author could show that he has read many books which other writers have neglected, and that he has advanced many anecdotes which are at present very little known. But it must be remembered, that all those minute particulars could be inserted only to the exclusion of main materials, which it would be unpractical to cite. He forgoes, therefore, the petty ambition of being thought a reader of forgotten books, his aim being not to add to our present stock of history, but to contrast it. The books which have been used in this abridgment are chiefly Rapin, Cotta, Smollett, and Hume. They are all, in their proper Schiller in proportion as the reader is satisfied of historical anticipations, fond of minute anecdote, a warm partizan or a deliberate reasoner. Of these I have particularly taken Hume for my guide, as far as he goes; and it is but justice to say, that wherever he was obliged to abridge his work, I did it with reluctance, as I scarcely cut out a single line that did not contain a beauty.

But though I must warmly subscribe to the learning, elegance, and depth of Mr. Hume's history, yet I cannot entirely acquiesce in his principles. With regard to religion, he seems disrespectful of play, which is the double part, of appearing to some readers, if he were reconciled to, and to others as if he railed at it. He seems sensible of the political necessity of religion in every state; but at the same time, he would every where institute that it own its authority to no higher origin. Thus he weakens its influence, while he contends for its utility; and vainly hopes, that while free-thinkers shall applaud his system, real believers will reconcile his creed, and to such, as seek for information may object to his dispassionate facts for empty description.

In his opinions respecting government, perhaps also he may sometimes be reprehensible; but in a country like ours, where mutual contentment contributes to the security of the constitution, it will be impossible for an historian who attempts to have any opinion to satisfy all parties. It is not yet decided in politics, whether the dissolution of church and state is an expedient, or whether we are to increase the just ornament enough to keep attention awake, and with reflection barely sufficient to satiate the reader upon thinking. Very important details were equal in the abridgment, and it is hoped, the performance will satisfy as much as take books to be informed or amused, without much considering who the writer is or exactly what he may have had in a former compilation.

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Goldsmitth's works. 295

seemed disposed of uniting the entertaining and rich descriptions of the ancients with the dry and systematic arrangement of which they were the first promoters. This attempt, however, was extremely imperfect, as the nature and the details of the history they delivered, and they only spent their time in a useless and unreasonably long-winded; and thus mixing incompatible aims, they have left their labours rather to be occasionally consulted, than read with delight by posterity.

The later moderns, with that good sense which they have carried into every other part of science, have taken a different method in cultivating this subject. They have given the main part of their attention, not only the beauty, but also the dry and disgusting air of a dictionary to their system. Ray, Röllin, Buffon, and others, have had only one aim, that of pointing out the object in nature, of discovering its name, and where it was to be found in those authors that treated of it in a more profuse and satisfactory manner. Thus, natural history, at present, is carried on in two distinct and separate channels, the one serving to lead us to the subject, the other conveying the history of the thing, as expounded by the ancients.

The following natural history is written with only such an attention to system as serves to relieve the reader's embarrassments, and allure him to read. I have given my observations in directing him to the name of every object he meets with, that belongs to works of a very different kind, and written with very different aims. It will fully answer my design, if the reader, being already possessed of the name of any animal, shall find here a short, though satisfactory history of its habitat, its subsistence, its manner, its friendships, and hostilities. I have endeavoured to carry on just such a method as was sufficient to shorten my descriptions by generalising them, and never to follow order where the art of writing, which is but another name for invention, informed me that it would only contribute to the reader's embarrassment. In short, however, the reader will perceive, that I have formed a kind of system in the history of every part of Animated nature, directing myself by the great and obvious distinctions that she herself seems to have created. These, though too few to point exactly to the name, are yet sufficient to illuminate the subject, and remove the reader's perplexity;

M. Buffon, indeed, who has brought great talents to the art of learning them of any other man, has almost entirely rejected method in classing quadrupeds. This, with great deference to such a character, appears to me running into the opposite extremity; and, as some moderns have of late spent much time, great pains, and some learning, all to very little purpose, in systematic arrangement, he seems so much disgusted by this trifling, but ostentatious effort, that he describes his animal without any reference to the order they happen to come before him.

This want of method seems to be a fault, but he can lose little by it a criticism which every dull man can make, that they can, in an error, as it were, an error from the most rigid, from which the dullest are the most usually free.

In other respects, as far as this able philosopher has gone, I have taken him for my guide. The warmest enthusiasm, and the boldness of a visionary, are inapplicable. Leaving him, therefore, without a rival in these, and only availing myself of his information, I have been content to describe the animal, and its manners, as the ancients have described them, and the materials are taken from him, yet I have added, rectified, altered, and, I thought proper. It was my opinion, at one time, whenever I differed from him, to have mentioned it at the bottom of the page; but this occurred so often, that I soon found it would look like envy, and might, perhaps, correct me of those very errors which I was wanting, however, M. Buffon's work, I dropped my former plan and adopted the present, being convinced by his manner, that the best imitations of the ancients was to write from our own feelings, and to imitate them as much as I could.

I have, therefore, as being every day his debtor, concealed my dissent, where my opinion was different, I have borrowed from him, I take care at the bottom of the page to express my obligations. But, though my obligations to this writer are many, they extend but to the smallest part of what he has written. His labours were completed only the history of quadrupeds. I went, therefore, left to my reading alone, to make out the history of birds, fishes, and insects, of which the arrangement was so difficult, and the necessary information so wide, or displayed, and so obviously related when found, that I proved by much the most laborious part of the undertaking. Thus, having made use of M. Buffon's book in the first part of this work, I may, with some share of confidence, recommend it to the public.

But what shall I say of that part, where I have been entirely left without his assistance? As I would affect neither modesty nor vanity, I shall say that I shall, as I thought proper. But my chief ambition is to draw up the obscure and gloomy learning of the cell to open inspection; to strip it from its garb of mystery, and to show the beauties of that form, which only the sages knowledge and the inquisitive have been furnished the approach to.

Preface to the

BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH POETRY.

[Preface printed in the year 1754.]

My book-seller having informed me that there was no collective work of English Poetry among us, of any estimation, I thought a few hours spent in making a proper selection would not be ill stored.

Compilations of this kind are chiefly designed for such as either want leisure, skill, or fortune, to choose for themselves, or for persons whose professions turn them to different pursuits, or who, not yet arrived at sufficient maturity, require a guide to direct their application. To our youths, particularly, a perusal of this sort may be useful; since, if compiled with any share of judgment, it may at one glance present them, how what is beautiful, and inform them why it is so; I therefore offer this, to the best of my judgment, as the best collection that has as yet appeared; though, as tastes are various, numbers will be of a very different opinion. Many, perhaps, may wish to see it in the poems of their favorite authors, others may wish to have it selected from works less generally read, and others still may wish that I had selected from their own taste, as truly to give a useful, unselfish compilation; one that might tend to advance the reader's taste, and not impress him with ideologies of mine. Nothing is so common, and yet so absurd, as an affectation in criticism. The desire of being thought have a more discerning taste than others, has often led writers to labour after error, and to be foremost in producing deformity.

In this compilation, I run but few risks of that kind; every poem here is well known, and possessed, or the public has been long mistaken, of peculiar merit; but most of every poem has, at least, a beginning, a middle, and an end, in which, however, trifling the rule may seem, most of the poetry in our language is deficient. I claim no merit in this respect, for it was above all others, that best productions are most easily found. As to the short introductory criticisms to each poem, they are rather designed for boys than men; for it will be seen that I have been satisfied with being obvious and sincere. In short, if this work be useful in schools, or amusing in the closet, the merit all belongs to others; I have nothing to boast, and at best can expect, not applause but pardon.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

This seems to be Mr. Pope's most finished production, and is, perhaps, the most perfect in our language. It exhibits stronger powers of imagination, more harmony of numbers, and a greater knowledge of the world than any other of this poet's works; and it is probable, if our country men were every year to give an Ars poetica expressa, this would be the work fixed upon.

I. PENEBROSO.

I have heard a very judicious critic say, that he had a higher idea of Milton's style in poetry, from
the two following poems, then from his Paradise Lost. It is certain, the imagination shewn in them is correct and strong. The introduction to both in irregular measure is borrowed from the Italians, and hurts an English ear.

AN ELEGY,
WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

This is a very fine poem, but overloaded with epithet. The heroic measure, with alternate rhymes, is very properly adapted to the solemnity of the subject, as it is the slowest movement that our language admits of. The latter part of the poem is pathetic and interesting.

LONDON,
IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATURE OF JUVENAL.

This poem of Mr. Johnson's is the best imitation of the original that has appeared in our language, being possessed of all the force and original resentment of Juvenal. Imitation gives us a much truer idea of the ancients than even translation could do.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS,
IN IMITATION OF SPENZER.

This poem is one of those happiness in which a poet excels himself, as there is nothing in Shakespear which any way approaches it in merit, and, though I dislike the imitations of our own English poets in general, yet, on this minute subject, the antiquity of the style produces a very ludicrous solemnity.

COOPER'S HILL.

This poem by Denham, though it may have been excelled by later attempts in description, yet deserves the highest applause, as it surpasses all that went before it; the concluding part, though a little too much crowded, is very manly.

ELOISA TO ABELED.

The harmony of numbers in this poem is very fine. It is rather drawn out to too tedious a length, although the passions vary with great judgment. It may be considered as superior in any thing to the epistolary way; and the many transitions which have been made of it into the modern language, are in some measure a proof of this.

AN EPISTLE FROM MR. PHILLIPS TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

The opening of this poem is incomparably fine. The latter part is tedious and trifling.

A LETTER FROM ITALY
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, ETIO.

Few poems have done more honour to English genius than this. There is in it a strain of politick or abstract thinking that was, at that time, new in our poetry. Had the harmony of this been equal to that of Pope's verses, the content was inevitable: the finest poem in our language, but there is this difference in the numbers, which greatly lessens the pleasure excited both by the poet's judgment and imagination.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

An ode in honour of st. cecilia's day.

This ode has been much applauded, perhaps, than it has been felt; however, it is a very fine one, and gives its beauties rather at a third or fourth, than at a first perusal.

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

This ode has by many been thought equal to the former. As it is a repetition of Dryden's manner, it is so far inferior to him. The whole hint of Orpheus, with many of the lines, has been taken from an obscure ode upon music, published in Tate's Miscellanies.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK,
IN SIX PARTS.

There are Mr. Gay's principal performances. They were originally intended, I suppose, as a burlesque on those of Phillips; but perhaps, without designitizing it, he has hit the true spirit of pastoral poetry. In fact he is more Acis and Galatea than any other English pastoral writer whatsoever. There runs through the whole a strain of rustic pleasantness, which should ever distinguish this species of composition; but how for the antiquated expressions used here may contribute to the humour, I will not determine; for my own part, I could wish the simplicity were preserved, without recourse to such obsolete antiquity for the manner of expressing it.

MAC FLECKNOE.

The severity of this satire, and the excellence of its versification, give it a distinguished rank in this species of composition. At present, an ordinary reader would scarcely suppose that Shaftes, who is here meant by Mac Flecknoe, was worth being charioted; and that Dryden, descending to such a game, was like an eagle stooping to catch flies.

The truth however is, Shadwell at one time held divided reputation with this great poet. Every age produces its fashionable dunciess, who, by following the transient topic or humour of the day, suply talkative ignorance with materials for conversation.

ON POETRY.—A REPLY.

Here follows one of the best verified poems in our language, and the most masterly production of its author. The severity with which Walpole is here treated, was in consequence of that minister's having refused to provide for Swift in England, when applied to that purpose in the year 1728 (if I remember right). The severity of a poet, however, gave Walpole very little uneasiness. A man whose schemes, like this minister's, seldom extended beyond the exigency of the year, but little regarded the contempt of posterity.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

This poem, as Mr. Pope tells us himself, cost much attraction and labour; and from the genius that appears in it, one would be apt to think as much.

FROM THE DISPENSARY.—CANTO VI.

This sixth canto of the Dispensary, by Dr. Gardth, has more merit than the whole preceding part of the poem, and, as I am told, in the first edition of our fel low countryman, with many of the lines, has been exhibited; but that edition I have not been able to find. The praise bestowed on this poem are more than have been given to any other; but our approbation at present is colder, for it owns part of the fame to poetry.

SELM, OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

The following elegy, written by Mr. Collins, are very pretty; the images, it must be owned, are not very local; for the pastoral subject could not well admit of them. The descriptions of Arcadian majesty, in Hibernia and manners is a subject as yet unattempted among us: and, I believe, capable of furnishing a great variety of poetical imagery.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

This is reckoned the best parody of Milton in our language; it has been a hundred times imitated without success. The truth is, the first thing in this way must preclude all future attempts; for nothing is so easy as to burlesque any man's manner; when we are once showed the way.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

IN IMITATION OF SIX REVERE ACTORS.

Mr. Hawkins Brown, the author of these, as I am told, had no good original manner of his own, yet we see how well he succeeds when he turns an imitator; for the following are rather imitations than ridiculous parodies.

A NIGHT PIECE ON DEATH.

'The great fault of this piece, written by Dr. Parnell, is, that it is in eight syllable lines, very inappropriate for the solemnity of the subject; otherwise, the poem is natural, and the reflections just.

A FAIRY TALE.

Mr. Smollett, though in general a serious and affected poet, has told this story with unusual simplicity: it is rather given here for being much extolled by the public, than by the editor.

THE BASTARD.

Almost all things written from the heart, as this certainly was, have some merit. The poet here describes sorrow and misfortunes which were by no means imaginary; and thus there runs a truth of thinking through this poem, without which it would be of little value, as Savage is, in other respects, an indifferent poet.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

Mr. Moore was a poet that never had justice done him while living; there are few of the moderns have a more correct taste, or a more pleasing manner of expressing their thoughts. It was upon those false he chiefly founded his reputation, yet they are by no means his best production.

AN EPISTLE TO A LADY.

This little poem, by Mr. Nugent, is very pleasant. The earnestness of the poetry, and the justice of the thoughts, constitute its principal beauty.

HANS CARVEL.

This bagatelle, for which, by the by, Mr. Prior has got his greatest reputation, was a tale told in all the old Italian collections of jests, and borrowed from thence by Foscolo. It had been translated once or twice before into English, yet was never regarded till it fell into the hands of Mr. Prior. A strong expression how much every thing is improved in the hands of a man of genius.

BAUCH AND PHLEMON.

This poem is very fine, and, though in the same strain with the preceding, is superior.
TO THE EARL OF WARWICK,
ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

This elegy (by Mr. Tickell) is one of the finest in our language; there is so little now that can be said upon the death of a friend, after the complaints of Ovid and the Latin Ballads in this way, that one is surprised to see so much novelty in this to strike us, and so much interest to affect.

COLIN AND LUCY.—A BALLAD.

Through all Tickell's Works there is a strain of ballad-thinking, if I may so express it; and in this protestant ballad he seems to have surpassed himself. It is, perhaps, the best in our language in this way.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

This ode, by Dr. Smollett, does rather more honour to the author's feelings than his taste. The mechanical part, with regard to numbers and language, is not so perfect as to short a work as this requires, but the pathetic it contains, particularly in the last stanza, but one, is exquisitely fine.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

Our poetry was not quite harmonized in Waler's time; so that, which would be now look upon as a slavishly sort of versification, was, with respect to the times in which it was written, almost a profusion of harmony. A modern reader will chiefly be struck with the strength of thinking, and the turn of the complements bestowed upon the sonnet. Every body has heard the answer our poet made Charles II. who asked him how he composed his poem upon Cromwell was to be finer than his panegyric upon himself! "Your Majesty," replies Walker, "knows that poets always succeed best in fiction."

THE STORY OF PHÆBUS AND DAPHNE, APPLIED.

The French claim this as belonging to them. To whomever it belongs, the thought is finely turned.

IGHT THOUGHTS. By DR. YOUNG.

These seem to be the best of the collection; from whence only the first two are taken. They are spoken of differently, either with exaggerated applause or contempt. As a reader's impression is either turned so north or melancholy.

SATIRE I.

Young's Satires were in higher reputation when published than they stand in at present. He seems to have studied more of the defects of female character than to remedy them, and all the proper studies which they should pursue, with a view to improvement, poetry as one to which he particularly would attach them. He only objects to the danger of putting this charming study through all the immortals and false pictures of happiness which it abounds, and thus becoming the martyr of innocence.

The same treatment in more complices, care has been taken to select only such pieces as innocence may read without a loss, but such as will even tend to strength that innocence. In this little work, a lady may find the most exquisite pleasures, while she is at the same time learning the duties of life; and, while she courts only entertainment, be deceived into wisdom; and, while she goes in the path to any original work, but here it can be made satirical, as every poem in the following collection would greatly have procured to mutual great improvement.

They are divided into Devotional, Moral, and Entertaining, thus comprehending the three great duties of life; that which we owe to our God, to our neighbours, and to ourselves.

In the first part, it must be confessed, our English poets have not very much excelled. In that department, namely, the praises of our Makar, by which poetry began, and from which it derived by time, we are most vastly deficient. There is one or two, however, particularly the Dunci, by Mr. Bogan; a poem, when it first came out, that for some time neglected, till introduced to public notice by Mr. Heywood and Mr. Fielding. In it the reader will perceive many striking pictures, and perhaps grow with a part of that gratitude which seems to have inspired the writer.

In the moral part I am more copious, from the same reason, because our language contains a large number of the kind. Voltaire, taking of our poets, poets in general, erratic, unoriginal, and more on the level of members of all the other nations, and indeed no poets prefer much better the bounds of duty, or more precisely determined the rules for conduct in life than ours. In this department, the fair reader will find the master's management, and substitute must contain in its room very unlike it. Mr. Massey observes in his preface, with great truth, that it is strange that this most choleric and learned of all Ovid's works should be so much neglected by our English translators, and that it should be so little read or regarded, whilst his Tristia, Epitaphs, and Metamorphoses, are in almost every schoolboy's hands. "All the critics, in general," says he, "who are of this part of Ovid's writings with a particular applause; yet I know not what unhappy fate has not been that use made thereof, which would bring it to a more and more frequent, and to this young students of the Latin tongue, than any other of these poet's works. For though Pantheons, and other books that treat of

PREFACES AND CRITICISM.

MADAME LA FAUYE.
the Roman mythology, may be usefully put into the hands of young proficients in the Latin tongue, yet the richest fund of that sort of learning is here to be found in the Poet, and I am not without hopes, therefore, that by thus making this book more familiar and easy, in this dress, to English readers, it will the more readily gain admittance into our public schools, and that those who become better acquainted therewith, will find it an agreeable and instructive companion, well stored with recondite learning. I persuade myself also, that the notes which I have added to my version will at least subtract nothing, not only to the more English readers, but likewise so as to encourage themselves in the knowledge of the Roman language.

But for the Latin proverb says, Jacta est veritas, and my performance must take its chances, as those of other poetical adventures have done before me. I am very sensible, that I have fallen in many places far below my original; and no wonder, as I had to copy after so fertile and polite a genius as Ovid, who, as my Lord Orrery, somewhere in Dean Swift's Life, humorously observes, could make an instruction song out of an old almanack:—

"That my translation is more diffuse, and not brought within the same number of verses contained in the original, is owing to two reasons: first, because of the conciseness and expensive nature of the Latin tongue, which it is very difficult (at least I find it so) to keep strictly in its language; and secondly, because the liberty, sometimes to expatiate a little upon my subject, rather than leave it in obscurity, or unintelligible to my English readers, being indifferent whether they may call it translation or paraphrase; for, in short, I had this one design most particularly in view, that these Roman Poets might have a way opened for their entrance into our grammar-schools."

While there is no objection may be of grammar-schools, we cannot pretend to guess, unless, by way of folly, to give the boys a higher opinion of the beauty of the original by the deformity of so bad a copy: and when our readers judge of Mr. Massey's performance by the following specimen. For the better determination of its merit, we shall subjoin the original of every quotation.

"The Egyptians of each month throughout the year, as a fund of particular care,

They fix a certain day to call them, every year, to fill the hollows of the field, and give the gods a sacrifice: for thus was the practice among the Romans, that they should go to the temple to sacrifice, and offer, and to be instructed (as long as was necessary) for those days."

The Romans suffered losses many ways: And from those dire events, in hapless war, they had never to think how to put out their eyes, or to be informed what became of themselves.

Tityrus Americanus factum certum kalendis: Missus ab iis introducto carn. cad. ob.

The day was spent, the sun was nearly set, when he arrived before Col ذات gate;

Like as a friend, but with a sly intent,

To Col ذات house he boldly went;

There he a kind rememberance of his youth,

From fair Lucinda, for they were akin.

What ignorance attends the human mind! Where do we sit in our misfortune blind?

Thoughts of harm, and hopes of chance arrest;

And ever a cheerful glass regale her heart.

With lively chat; and then to bed they went;

But Tarquin still made love, and cool his heart;

All dark, about the dead of night they met.

And softly to Lucinda's chamber goes;

Her naked sword he carried in his hand,

That what he could not gain by word of mouth;

With rapture on her bed himself he threw;

And as approaching to her lips he drew,

Dear cousin, ah, my dearest life, he said,

The I, 'tis Tarquin, why are you afraid?

Troubling with fear, she not a word could say,

Her spirits fled, she dined quite away;

Life as a lamb beneath a wolf's awe, pale,

Appalled and stared, she breath'd hardly; she knew;

What she could not resist; she was in vain,

She a weak wooman, a vigorous man.

Should she cry out? his naked sword was by;

One scream, said he, it is the last. Would she come?

He placed his hands by on her breast,

Now first by hands of any stranger press'd;

The lover urged by threats, rewards, and prayers;

But neither prayers, rewards, nor threats, she hear'd;

Will you not yield? he cries; then know my will—

When these my wars chores have lost their fill;

By your dead corpse I'll kill and by a slave,

And in that posture both together leave;

Then begin myself a witness of your shame,

And for a lasting blush on your face.

Her mind the fears of blasphemed fame control,

And shake the resolutions of her soul;

But of thy conquest, Tarquin, never boast,

Gaining that thou hast, and thus thy misfortune reigns;

Vengeance thy compliacted guilt attends;

Which both in time, and forever's ruin ends.

With rising day the sad Lucinda rose;

Her inward grief her outward habit shows;

Mournful she sat in tears, and all alone,

As if shed not only dressing son;

Then for her husband and her foster son;

Who Ardea left in his hand?

Who, when they saw her all in mourning dress'd

To know the occasion of her grief, requests;

Whose favor she most desired to attend;

Or why she had put such awe about her face?

She long conceal'd the melancholy cause,

While from her eyes a bony fountain flows;

Her eyes, and tenderest cheeks:

To heal her grief, and words of comfort give;
And be'd she would the cord cause declar'd.

Him Accipit, Sed Ter Quantum Hic Nunc Ense Clamet?

Heu Nec Natus, Comiter solet dederat venit faciat:
amans tamen vident ut

how Fluunt attonitos audendo in injusti eripiam, auratum et culta hostis in must regnis will est:
fluctus conjux mater erroris dicit, Tarquiniusque lumina placitae jacuere vimque nox; quove proverb, many sic

faciat, lacrymas puella jacet uterque stetit praesentia movet:

Tradatore. cum victoria sit celat sua porta:
deprensa mora. conjuge suos. ensis causa, nevit:

Traduce pedem. part erat mecum adest.

hope crawled nately torpelo.

spirit fallen deviated in the spirit of theirs serves ourselves.

considered solicited the assistance of his friends for a translation of these epistles. It was not the first time hisabilities obliged him to call in happier beds to his aid; and to permit such to guarantee their fleeting performances on the lasting merit of his name. This elementary translation, as might well be expected, was extremely unequal, frequently unjust to the beauties of their own, and when published without notes; for it was not at that time customary to swell every performance in this manner with comment and soliloquies. The reader did not then choose to have the current of his passions interrupted, his attention every moment called off from pleasure only, to be informed why he was so pleased. It was not then thought necessary to lessen surprise by anticipation. The same spectators we have met at the play-house, to take off our attains as from the performance, by telling in our ear, what we should observe next.

Since this united effort, Ovid, as if born to misfortune, has undergone successive metamorphoses, being sometimes transposed by schoolmasters unacquainted with English, and sometimes transposed by ladies who knew no Latin: thus he has alternately worn the dress of a pedant or a rake; cities crawling in humble grove, or having his hints ex

prefaces and criticism.
The reader may have already observed one or two instances of our translator's skill, in parenthetical slipping one sentence within another. This contributes not a little to obscurity; and observe we all, nearly allied to admiration. Thus, when the reader begins a sentence which he finds pregnant with another, which still bears with a third, and so on, he feels the same surprise which a countryman does at Bartholomew-fair. Here shows a bag, in appearance empty; ship, and out comes a dole of new-had eggs; sing again, and the song begins all over; but what is his amazement, when it swells with the horn that hinted them?

"The Greeks chief return, each alter chime, And spells of Asia grace our native shone. Gifts, for their folks restored, the nations bring; The Trojan fires o'ercome, triumphant sing; Old monarchs with increasing might admire the song, And wive hangs, listening, on their husband's tongue.

Critics have expatiated, in raptures, on the delicate use the ancients have made of the verb pendant. Virgil's goats are described as hanging on the mountains side, the eyes of a holy lamb on the back of her bower. Ovid has increased the force of the metaphor, and described the wife as hanging on the lips of her husband. Our translator has gone still further, and described the lady as pendant from his tongue. A fine picture!

"Now, drawn in wine, fierce battles meet their end. Here Leon's tower in miniature arise; There stretch'd Sigean plains, here Simias' bow'd; And Phocas' himself, his lady's palace stand. Here Polemeus' won, Olympos near; Here Hector's corse distain'd the rapid car."

"Of this the Pellan sage, in quest of thee Embark'd, thy son inform'd his mother he."

"If we were permitted to offer a correction upon the last two lines, we would translate them into plain English thus, still preserving the rhyme entire.

The Pellan sage inform'd thy son embark'd In quest of thee
Of this, and he his mother, that is me.

"He told how Rhesus and how Dolen fell,
By wise conduct and Tydikes' steel;
That doom'd by heavy sleep oppressed to die,
And this prevented, a novel novelty say.
Real man! I understand what your friends you owe;
Night's gloom to tempt, and brave a Thracian ice
By one assisted in the doubtful strife;
To me how kind! how precious of life!
Still throw'd my breast, till, victor, from the plain,
You join'd, on Thracian steeds, th' allies again.

"But what to me avail high Thracian's fall,
Or self continued on his Judith wall;
If still, as when it stood, my wants venial;
If still I wish you in those arms to find?

"Tray, mark'd to others, yet to me remain,
Though Greeks, with captive arms, till their plains,
Ripe barrows hea'd where once her terraces stood;
Rook in her seat, mov'd with Phrygian blood;
Blast on the ploughs, men's muse, half buried,
And grass each rolling mansion hides around.
Yet, hid in distant cloaks, my comp'ny stays;
Unknown the cause of these severe delays!

"No foreign merchant to our lists be,
But cease'd methink of you, he leaves our parts;
Hence each departing sail a letter bears To speak (if you are found) my anxious cares.

"Our son to Pylon eat the brave being: But Nestor's self a dubious answer gave; To Sparta next—not even could Sparta tell What sense you plough, or in what region dwell!

"Better had stood Apollo's sacred wall;
Or could I now my former fields design,
War my sole trade, the scene I then should know;
And thousands then would share the common woe.
But all things now, not knowing what to fear,
Great guests and gods too large to care.
Whole lists of dangers, both by land and sea,
Are must'd, to have caused so long delay.

"But while your conduct thus I fearly mind,
Perhaps (true man!) you court some foreign favours;
Perhaps you rail your days unprofitably;
Where art the snowy fence alone improves.
No!—may I err, and start at false alarms;
May nought but fierce detach you from my arms.

"Urged by a father's right again to wed,
Fira I refuse, still faithful to your bed!

For if we were permitted to offer a correction upon the last two lines, we would translate them into plain English thus, still preserving the rhyme entire.

"Of trading sailors a furious train,
From melancholy seas, have cross'd the liquid plain.

Here uncontrol'd the audacious crew resort,
Ride in your wealth, and revel in your court.
Spend, Polyphemus, and Minot lead.
Antinous and Cyprian succeed,
With畅, whose maniacous threats devour
The wealth you purchased once, disdained with rival
Melanipha add, and Iros, hated name!
A beggar rival to complete our shame.

"Three, helpless there are here in wise not strong,
A are too aged, and a son too young.
He, late, by fond, embolden'd for Pyl's shore,
Nigh, from my arms for ever had been torn.

"These three are rites with beauty: nigh,
Which implies approximation, and from, which implies distance, are, to use our translator's expression, drawn as it were up in line of battle. There is put for born, that is, born from, her arms; that her son played truant, and embarking by fraud, as a reader who does not understand Latin might be apt to fancy.

"Heaven grant the youth survive each parent's child.
And no cross chance reverse the course of fate.
Your nurse and prompter join this wish of ours,
And the just keeper of your holy shrine.

"Our translator observes in a note, that 'the simpathy expressed in these lines is so far from being a blunder, that it is, in fact, a very great beauty; and the modern critic, who is offended with the mention of a nay, however he may pride himself upon his儋s censure, have not even seen fit to penetrate into real nature, or has a stomach too averse to digest the noblest relics of antiquity. He means, no doubt, to digest a bag-stry; but, antiquity apart, we doubt if even Pylon the fire-eater himself could bring his appetite to relish so unsavoury a repast.'

"By age your dole discern'd, and wasting woes,
The helm resign'd, amidst surrounding foes.
This may your son's revenue (when years allow), But oh! a father's soul is wasted now.

"Are you, and all that may Heaven the blessing grant
Who have, whose years are his instruction want.
Think how Leucus' age an age of woes,
In hope that your dying eyes may close;
And I, left youthful in your early bloom,
Shall aged seem, how soon you'om curfew.

"But let not the reader imagine we can find pleasure in these exposing abominations, which are too

Juridicus for serious reproof. While we converse on figure, we feel as if we could sincerely wish that those, whose greatest sin, is perhaps, the very one of writing bad verses, would regard their failure in this respect as we do, not as faults, but failures; they may be a small number of the inhabitants of society, without being poets. The regions of taste can be travelled only by a few, and these often even find indifferent accommodation by the way. Let such as have not a passport from nature be content with happiness, and leave the poet the irri

vated possession of his misery, his garrett, and his fate.

We have of late seen the republic of letters crowded with none, who have no other pretensions to appalluse but industry, who have no other merit but that of spitting out words, and who are possessed of talents that might have made good cobbler's, had fortune turned them to trade. Such should prove, the real interest of learning must be in a reciprocal proportion to the power they possess. Let it be the character of our periodical endavour, and hitherto we flatter ourselves it has ever been, not to permit an estimation on passing to pass for merit, nor to give a pindaric quartet upon the score of his industry alone, even though he took refuge behind Arabia, or powdered his hair with hieroglyphics. Authors thus must either too short-sighted for our reading, or our reading, if they please, but our own hearts will accept us of every ill-name, since we receive only with a desire to reform. But we had almost forgotten that our translator is to be considered as a critic as well as a poet; and in this department he seems equally unan¬

Example, and the Lievmore present is different from what it was upon the revival of taste in Europe; all its rules are now well known; the only art at present is, to exhibit them in such lights as can contribute to keep the attention alive, and excite a favourable audience. It must borrow grace from elegance, and please what it aims at instruction; but instead of this, we have a combination of type observations, derived in any way in which those who are disposed to make war upon words, will find failless opportunities of triumph.

He is sometimes hypercritical, thus page 9, "Pope in his excellence with Casianus (as well as in its place, when you come to be lectured upon it, at full bench) explained, thence this nothing the sound an echo to the sense. But I apprehend that definition
Sometimes contradictory: thus, page 3. "Style (says he) is used by some writers, as synonymous with diction; yet in my opinion, it has rather a complex sense, including both sentiment and diction." Oppose to this, page 155. "As to concord and even style, they are acquired by most youth in due time, and by many with ease; but the art of thinking properly, and choosing the best sentiments on every subject, is what comes later."

And sometimes he is guilty of false criticism: as when he says, Ovid's chief excellence lies in description. Description was the rock on which he always split. Nearest good lines can't be conveyed, as Seneca says of him: when once he embarks in description, he most commonly tries us before he has done with it. But to tire no longer the reader, or the translator with extended conceits as a critic, this gentleman seems to have drawn his knowledge from the remarks of others, and not his own reflections: as a translator, he understands the language of Ovid, but not his beauties; and though he may be an excellent schoolmaster, he has, however, no pretensions to taste.

Letter from a Citizen of the World to his Friends in the East.

The Editor's Preface.

The schoolmen had formerly a very exact way of computing the abilities of their masters or authors. Escobar, for instance, was said to have learning as five, genius as four, and gravity as seven. Conmuil was greater than he. His learning was as eight, his genius as six, and his gravity as thirteen. Were we to estimate the merits of our Club new Philosopher by the same scale, I would not hesitate to state his genius still higher; but as to his learning and gravity, these, I think, might safely be marked as nine hundred and ninety-nine within one degree of absolute futility.

Yet, upon his first appearance here, many were angry not to find him as ignorant as a Trimeter ambassador, or an envoy from Mylap. They were surprised to find a man thus so far from London, that school of prudence and wisdom, endued even with a moderate capacity. They expressed the same surprise at his knowledge that the Chinese do at ours. "How comes it," said they, "that the Europeans so remote from China, think with so much justice and precision! They have never read our books, they scarcely know even our letters, and yet they talk and reason just as we do. The truth is, the Chinese and we are pretty much alike. Different degrees of refinement, and not of distance, mark the distinctions among mankind. Savages of the most opposite climates have all but one character of improvidence and capacity; and tutorial nations, however separate, make use of the very same methods to procure reduced enjoyment."

The distinctions of polite nations are few, but such as are peculiar to the Chinese, appear in every page of the following correspondence. The metaphors and allusions are all drawn from the East.


Their formality our author carefully preserves. Many of their favorite texts in morals are illustrated. The Chinese are always courteous, so he, simple, so he is. The Chinese are grave and somber, so he is. But in one particular the resemblance is peculiarly striking: the Chinese are often dull and so is he. Nor has any attention been wanting. We are told in an anecdote, of a certain knight, and his horse who contracted an intimate friendship. The horse most usually bore the knight; but, in case of extraordinary dispatch, the knight returned the favour, and carried his horse. Thus, in the intimacy between my author and me, he has usually given me a lift of his eminent superiority, and I have sometimes given him a return of my colloquial ease.

Yet it appears strange, in this season of panegyric, when scarcely an author passes unpraised, either by his friends or himself, that such merit as our Philosopher's should be forgotten. While the epithets of ingenuity, capacity, elegance, and refined, are lavished among the noblest heads as medals or a coronation, the lucky prizes fall on every side, but not on him. I could, on this occasion, make myself remarkable; by considering the impropriety of public taste, or the materiality of fortune; but, during this fit of morality, lest my reader should sleep, I'll take in my meaning and when I awake tell him my dream.

I imagined the Thames was frozen over, and I stood by its side. Several booths were erected upon the ice, and I was told by one of the spectators, that Farmer Pox was going to begin. He asked, that every author would carry his works there, might probably find a very good reception. I was resolved, however, to observe the honours of the place in safety from the shore; sensible that the ice was at best precarious, and having been always a little cowardly in my sleep,
Letters from a Citizen of the World to his Friends in the East.

Letter I.

To Mr. ***, Merchant in London.

Sir,

Young of the 18th instant, covering two bills, one on Moses, R. and D. value 478L. 10s. and the other on Mr. ****, value 350L. duly came to hand, the former of which met with honour, but the latter has been trilled with, and I am afraid will be returned protested.

The bearer of this is my friend, therefore let him be yours. He is a native of Homan in China, and one who did me signal services, when he was a mandarin, and I a factor, at Canton. By frequently conversing with the English there, he has learned the language, though he is entirely a stranger to their manners and customs. I am told he is a philosopher; I am sure he is a honest man; that to you will be his best recommendation, more to the consideration of his being the friend of sir yours, etc.

Sincerely yours,

.......

Letter II.

From Mr. Chi Ahang, to ***, Merchant in Amsterdam.

Friend of my Heart,

London,

May the wings of peace rest upon thy deck, and the pilot of concord preserve thee from fire and misery! For all thy favours accept my gratitude and esteem, the only tribute a poor philosopher can return to a great friend. Such favours are resolved to make me unhappy, when she gives other a power of testifying their friendship by actions, and leaves me only words to express the sincerest of heart.

I am perfectly sensible of the delicacy with which you endeavour to lessen your own merit and my obligations. By calling your late instance of friendship only a return for former favours, you would induce me to impute to your justice what I owe to your generosity.

The services I did you at Canton, justice, humanity and all my affections, make me perform those you have done me since my arrival at Amsterdam, no laws obliged you to, no justice required;—even half

yours would have been greater than my most sanguine expectations.

The sum of money, therefore, which you privately conveyed into my baggage, when I was leaving Holland, I was ignorant of till my arrival in London, I must beg leave to return. You have been a tender merchant, and I a scholar; you consequently love money better than I. You can find pleasure in returning it, I am perfectly content with what is sufficient. Take therefore what is yours, it may give you some pleasure, even though you have no occasion to use it; my Burke's may cease it is not improve, for I have already all that I want.

My passage by sea from Rotterdam to England was more painful to me than all the journeys I have been forced to make in the wild imaginations of Europe. I have traversed the innominate wilds of Mogul Tartary; felt all the rigours of Siberian skies; I have had my repose a hundred times disturbed by invading savages, and have seen, without shuddering, the desert sends rise like a troubled ocean all around me; against these calamities I was armed with resolution; but in my passage to England, though nothing occurred that is not much any occasion, to one who was never at sea before, all was a subject of astonishment and terror. To find the land disappear, to see our chimney go from before; the Tartar bow, to hear the wind howl through the corage, to feel a sickness which decreases even the spirits of the brave; these unexpected disasters, and consequently assaulted me unexpectedly to receive them.

You men of Europe think nothing of a voyage by sea. With us of China, a man has been from sight of eight or ten months, and then had upon his return with admiration. I have known some provinces where there is not even a name for the Ocean. What a strange people, therefore, am I got amongst, who have been at sea so long; to whom I looked with envy, who build cities upon blood that rise higher than the mountains of Tientsin, and make the deep more formidable than the wildest tempest? Such accounts as these, I must confess, were my first motives for seeking England. These induced me to undertake a journey of seven hundred painful days, in order to examine its uplanders, buildings, sciences, arts, and manufactures, on the spot. Judge then my disappointment, on entering London, to see no signs of that opulence so much talked of abroad; wherever I turn, I am presented with a scene indescribable; the streets, the squares, and the inhabitants; none of that beautiful building which makes a principal ornament in Chinese architecture. The streets of Nankin are sometimes strewn with gold leaf, very different are those of London, in the midst of their pavements, a great lazy paddle moves suddenly along; heavy laden machines, with wheels of unwieldy thickness, crowd up every passage; so that a stranger, instead of finding time for observation, is often happy if he has time to escape from being crushed to pieces.

The houses are very few ornamental ashlar buildings; their chief decoration seems to be a paltry piece of painting hung out at their doors or windows, at, or with a proof of their indigence and poverty; their variety, in each having one of those pictures exposed to public view; and their indigence, in being unable to get them better painted. In this respect, the fancy of their painters is also impossible. Could you believe it? I have seen five black lions and three blue bears, in less than the circuit of half a mile; and yet you know that animals of those colours are nowhere to be found except in the wild imaginations of Europe.

From these circumstances in their buildings, and from the disdainful look of the inhabitants, I am induced to conclude that the nation is actually poor; and that, like the Romans, they make a splendid figure every where but at home. The proverb of Xixoxos is, that a man's riches may be seen in his eyes: if we judge of the English by this rule, there is no poorer nation under the sun. I have been here but two days, so will not be hasty in my decisions. Such letters as I shall write to Fiplo in Moscow, I beg you will endeavour to send them open, in order that you may take copies or translations, as you are equally versed in the Dutch and Chinese languages. Dear friend, think of my absence with regret, and consequently regard yourself even while I write, I lament my separation. Farewell.

Letter III.

From Mr. Chi Ahang, to the Core of Fiplo, resident in Moscow, to be forwarded by the Russian comissary to Paul Mine, President of the Commercial Academy in Pet-

russia.

True not, Oh thou guide of my youth? That absence cannot impair my respect, or interfering tricks desert blot your reverend figure from memory. The further I travel I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you, are still unbroken. By every remove, I only long a greater length of chain.

Could I find worth transmitting from so remote a region as this to which I have wandered, I should gladly send it; but, instead of this, you must be contented with a renewal of my former professions, and an imperfect account of a people

* We find a sepultura of this beautiful and affecting image in the Traveller.

* And dogs in such manners a longherning chaos.
To make a fine gentleman, several traits are required, but chiefly a large head, a well-dressed body, and an appearance that will draw attention. The Englishman, who is the epitome of this ideal, is often seen in London, staring at passers-by and taking notice of everything around him. His manner of dress is impeccable, and he always carries himself with confidence.

Yet uncivil as he has been, they seem reversed.

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as a gaming-table, which has polluted his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding.

The English, in general, seem fond of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with. This gives a familiarity in their amusements, but their gayest conversations have something too for modern as well as for ancient religion; though in company you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom tipped with rapture by those strokes of vanity, which, though not permanent, are transitional.

What they want, however, in glee, they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness; you who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin, who have seen such a different behavior in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must add, the English seem more polite than any of their neighbors; their great art in this respect lies in entertaining, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favor. Other countries are kind; but they surprise a stranger; but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. The English, on the contrary, with an air of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them.

Walking a few days ago between an English and a Frenchman into the suburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. I was unprepared; the Englishman was in a large coat, which he had put on by necessity, a piece of silk that stuck to a popular madness; or a secret treaty between two neighbouring powers. When finished, those goods are folded up, and consigned to a foreigner, who sends for them to turn both tables, three stages, and a shaded letter filled with dashes—blanks and stars 

English deals in this way, for instance, has only to ascend to his workhouse, and manufacture a turbulent speech, covered to be spoken in the presence of large crowds, which is to the great harm of what society, may disencourage, hunts men, in order to collect fresh material, and in order to be again disappointed.

I have often admired the commercial spirit which prevails over Europe; have been surprised to see them carry on a traffic with productions that an Asiatic stranger would deem entirely useless. It is a proverb in China, that a European suffers not even his quiet tastes to remain, knowing not sufficiently strong, since they sell their lies to great advantage. Every nation trades a considerable trade in this commodity with their neighbors.

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of every country, who desires to discover those differences which result from climate, religion, education, prejudice, and partiality! I am not the only person who has been brought up to believe that the only fruits of an adventure is to be able to tell, that a gentleman of London lives in a house three times as high as that of our great Emperor; that the ladies wear larger clothes than the men; that the priests are dressed in colours which we are taught to despise; and that their soldiers wear scarlet, which is with us the symbol of pain and innocence. Have many travelers are there who continue their relations to such minute and useless particulars? For one who enters into the details of nationalities, whom he has conversed with, who discloses their manners, their opinions, the ideas which they entertain of religious worship, the inroads of their ministers, and their skills in sciences, there are twenty who only mention little particulars, which can be of no real use to a true philosopher. All their remarks tend neither to make themselves or others more happy; they no way contribute to control their passions, to bear adversity, to inspire true virtue, or raise a detestation of vice.

Men may be very learned, and yet very miserably situated. There are by no means a great, a polite, a discerning, or a sufficient acquaintance with politics, or a sublime situation, but very difficult to be a good man. I esteem, therefore, the traveler who instructs the heart, but despises him who only indulges the imagination. A man who leaves home to mend himself and others, is a philosopher; but he who goes from country to country, guided by the blind impulse of curiosity, is only a vagabond. Francis Bacon, deeming masters of Tyana, he honours all those great names who endeavoured to unite the world by their travels; such men grew wiser as well as better; the farther they departed from home, and the nearer they approached to those who are not only increased, but refined, as they travel from their sources. For my own part, my greatest glory is, that travelling has not merely increased my collections against all the vicissitudes of climate, and all the depressions of fortune, than it has my mind against the sentiments of fortune, or the access of despair. Farewell.

**LETTER VIII.**

To the same.

Having accepted O, the generous housekeeper of holy men, would be the separation, this insupportable distance from my friend, were I not able thus to delineate my heart upon paper, and to send thee daily a map of my mind, which I am always ready to communicate to the dearest to me. This is not the case: I assure you, that I shall find them more epistolary, more charitable, and more hospitalis than I at first imagined. I begin to learn somewhat of their manners and customs, and to see reasons for several deviations which they make from us, from whom all other nations derive their politeness, as well as their original.

In spite of taste, in spite of prejudice, I now begin to think their women tolerable. I can now look on a languishing blue eye without disgust, and even to see one cast a few looks, which may have been given to something that was not so pretty as their looks, yet still they have souls, minds, such souls, so free, so composed, so hospitable, and so engaging. I have received more invitations in the streets of London from the men in one night than I have met with at Pekin in twelve revolutions of the moon.

Every evening, as I return home from our usual military excursions, I am met by several of those well-disposed daughters of hospitality, at different times, and in different streets, richly dressed, and with minds not less noble than their hearts. You know that I have been distinguished with a person by no means agreeable; yet are they too generous to object to my homely appearance? They feel no repugnance at my homely face; and they can, by no means agreeable; yet are they too generous to object to my homelyappearance? They feel no repugnance at my homely face; and they imagine me to be a stranger, and that alone is a sufficient recommendation. They even seem to think it their duty to do the honours of the country by every act of complaisance in their power. One takes me under the arm, and in a manner forces me along; another catches me round the neck, and desires me to partake in this office of hospitality, while I think, in my heart, they invite me to refresh my spirits with wine. Wine is in England reserved only for the rich: yet here even wine is given away to the strangers.

A few nights ago, one of these generous creatures, dressed all in white, and flaunting like a meteor by my side, forcedly attended me home to my own apartment. She took me under the arm, and in a manner forced me along; another caught me round the neck, and desired me to partake in this office of hospitality, while I thought, in my heart, she invited me to refresh my spirits with wine. Wine is in England reserved only for the rich: yet even wine is given away to the strangers. In spite of taste, in spite of prejudice, I now begin to think their women tolerable. I can now look on a languishing blue eye without disgust, and even to see one cast a few looks, which may have been given to something that was not so pretty as their looks, yet still they have souls, minds, such souls, so free, so composed, so hospitable, and so engaging. I have received more invitations in the streets of London from the men in one night than I have met with at Pekin in twelve revolutions of the moon.

**LETTER VII.**

From Lord Chi Asangi to Pum Hoon, the President of the Geographical and Political Institute, in China.

A wife, a daughter, carried into captivity to extort my offices; a son, scarce yet arrived at majority, resolving to encounter every danger in the pursuit of one who has undone him—these indeed are circumstances of distress; though my errors were more serious than the guilt of Goblen, yet would they fall upon such occasion.

But I submit to the stroke of Heaven: I hold the volume of Confucius in my hand, and, as I read, grow humble, and pious, and wise. We do feel sorrow, says he, but not sink under its oppression. The heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being affected by it. This is a sentiment, constantly round; and who can say within himself, shall I be to-day unjust? We should hold the immutable nature that lies between insensibility and self-knowledge not to be extinguished, but to express it not to stand unsaved at distress, but endeavour to turn every disaster to our own advantage. Our greatest glory is, not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

I fancy myself at present, O than reversed di
tip of Two, more than a match for all that can happen. The chief business of my life has been to travel, and the chief object of that wisdom was to be happy. My attendance upon your pictures, my conferences with the missionaries of Europe, and all my subsequent adventures upon visiting China, were calculated to increase the scope of my happiness, not my curiosity. Let European visitors cross seas and deserts merely to measure the height of a mountain, to describe theuenta of a river, or tell the commodities which every country may produce; merchants or geometers, perhaps, may find profit by such discoveries; but what advantage can accrue to a philosopher from such accounts, who is destined of understanding the human heart, who seeks to know the men...
when needed, and am preparing a proper speech, except that of my grand-parents. In my youth, I intend to say, happy am I in having found, after many painful adventures, a land of innocence, and a people of humanity; I shall therefore persevere with one of the most remarkable characters yet known, but where shall I meet a soul of such purity as that which resides in this breast? Sure there has been a restoration of the fall of the Sin. Shin, or instituted the brand of the president. The remains of the voice could so Young. The melody of the voice could cool the Hoo cock. The voice I imitated. The Hoo think, in the midst of the water. They are the essence of their sentiment and one day best of the victim, sincerity, and truth, among the daughters of China. Abide.

LETTER IX.

To the Sins.

I have been deceived I Ste. When I fancied a daughter of paradise, it proved to be one of the infamous dishes of Hell! I have last a tribe; I have gained the consolation of having a deceived. I once more; therefore, reflect on my former indiscretion. I am not probable, the old animals; they once more begin to appear disagreeable in my eyes. Thus is my whole time passed in forming conclusions which the next minutes exalting, probably I shall presently become a comment on the past, and improve rather in humility than wisdom.

Their love and religion forbid the English, to keep more than one woman; I therefore concluded that prostitutes were banished from society. I was deceived; every man here keeps as many wives as he can maintain: the laws are amended with the laws of China. The very Chinese, whose religion allows him two wives, takes not half the liberties of the English in this particular. Their laws may be compared to the books of the Sibyls: they are held in great veneration, but seldom read, or seldom understood; even those who pretend to be their guardians, dispute about the meaning of many, and continue their ignorance of others. The laws, therefore, which commands them to have but one wife, is strictly observed only by those for whom one is more than enough. He who has not money to buy two. As for the rest, they violate it publicly, and some glory in its violation. They seem to think, like the Persians, that they give evident marks of humanity by increasing their wealth. And these mark, therefore; here generally keeps four wives, a gentleman three, and a shopkeeper two. As for the magistrates, the country justices and vicars, they are employed first in dehousing young virgins, and then punishing the transgressors.

From such a picture you will be apt to conclude that he who employs four ladies for his amusement, has four times as much constitution to support him as if he was contended with one. That a magistrate is much cleverer than a gentleman, and a gentleman than a player; and yet it is quite the reverse: a magistrable is frequently supported by spurious standards, appears not by luxury, and is obliged to have resources to variety, merely from the weakness, not the vigour of his constitution, the essence of the instrument, the man being the most equitable symptom of his vitality.

Besides the country warehouse, there is also another set of men, whose whole employment consists in courting beauty; these, the silly part of the fair sex call amiable; the more sensible part of them, however, give them the title of abominable. You will probably demand what are the talents of a man thus exceed by the majesty of the opposite sex? what talents, or what beauty he possesses of superior to the rest of his fellows? To answer you directly, I have neither talents nor beauty, but then he is possessed of impiety and sensuality.

With sensuality and impudence, men of all ages, and all figures, may commence admirers. I have often been told of some who made professions of love, and were probably in course of this employment, to come to the dance, that they were going to die of old age: and what is now surprising still, such battered beauties are generally most insensibly successful. It is not to be seen temples of beautiful structure, statues wrought by the hand of a master, and around, a country of luxuriant plenty; but solely one individual to reap the bounties of nature. Those were to be seen temples of great beauty, and the present day, has been three hours every morning in dressing his head, by which is understood only his hair.

He is a learned scholar, not of any particular nation, but of the whole sex.

He is to suppose every lady has caught cold every night, which gives him an opportunity of seeing how she does the next morning.

He is upon all occasions to show himself in very great pain for the ladies; if a lady drops even a pin, he is to fly in order to present it.

He never speaks to a lady without advancing his mouth to her ear, by which he frequently addresses more senses than one.

Upon proper occasions, he looks expressively tender. This is performed by laying his hand upon his heart, shutting his eyes and showing his teeth.

He is excessively fond of dancing a minuet with the ladies, by which is meant walking round the room. No one thinks it impertinent to buy the stock and great gravity, and sometimes looking tenderly on his partner.

He never offers any man himself, and never receives; however, his hand is always at the ready. If he has an infinity of small talk upon all occasions, and laughs when he has nothing more to say.
dead. These are their most serious and most enlightening arguments against men natural, or are not the apes of Borneo more wise?

Certain I am, O thou instructor of my youth! that without philosophers, without some few virtuous men, who are the guardians of a different nature from the rest of mankind, without such as these, the worship of a wicked divinity would surely be established over every part of the earth. Proof more to their duty than gratitude for one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the obligation that he thinks he lies under to the Giver of all, they would no longer continue to acknowledge submission, or thank that Being who gave them existence. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

To the same.

First, such a picture of nature in prison-simply, tell me, my much respected friend, are you at peace with fatigues and solitude? Do you sigh for the severe frugality of the wandering Tartar, or regret being so destitute of luxury and dissipation of the polite? Rather tell me, has not every kind of life its peculiarities? Is it not true, that refined countries have more vices, but those which are most innocent? And then, are we so anomalies in this age and generation, that we are so inclined to the most hideous complexion? Perdy if any fruit are the virtues of civilized nations, cruelty and violence of those inhabitants of the desert. Does the luxury of the one produce half the evil of the inhumanity of the other? Certainly, those philosophers who declaim against luxury have the little understood its beauty; they see insensible, that to luxury we owe not only the greatest parts of our knowledge, but of our virtues.

It may sound fine in the mouth of a declamer, when he tells of seducing our conceptions, of teaching every sense to become dull, and by that means, of supplying only the vices of nature; but is there not more satisfaction in indulging those appetites, if with innocence and safety, than in restraining them? Are not better pleasures in enjoyment, than in the satiety of thinking that I can live without enjoyment? The more vulgar and artificial necessities, the more the circle of pleasures; for all pleasure consists in satisfying necessities as they rise: luxury, therefore, as it increases, increases our capacity for happiness.

Examine the history of any country remarkable for splendour and wisdom, you will find they would have been wise had they not been first luxurious: you will find poets, philosophers, and even patriots, marching in luxury's train. The reason is obvious: we then only are curious after knowledge, when we find it connected with sensual happiness. The scenes ever point out the way, and reflection comments upon the discovery. Informative of the dessert of Folly, of the exact measure of the paradis of the moon, he finds we satisfaction all in the information; he wonders how any could take such pains, and lay out such treasures, in order to solve a useless difficulty: but connect it with his happiness, by showing how he could enjoy navigation, that by such an investigation he may have a warmer coat, a better gun, or a finer knife, and he instantly in the most artful of all an improvement. In short, we only desire to know what we desire to possess; and whatever we may talk against it, luxury adds the spur to curiosity, and gives us a desire of becoming more wise.

But not our knowledge only, but our virtues are improved by luxury. Observe the brown state of Thibet, to whom the fruits of the spreading gardens supply food, and he becomes a habituation. Such a character has few vices, I grant, but both the East have made the most hideous nature: luxury and cruelty are scarcely crimes in his eye: neither pay nor dying physicians who every virtuous, have any place in his heart; he hates his enemies, and kills those he loves. On the other hand, the polite Chinese and civilized Europe, seem even to love their enemies. I have just now seen an instance where the English have encountered those enemies whom their own countrymen actually refused to receive.

The greater the luxuries of every country, the more closely, politically speaking, is that country united. Luxury is the child of society alone; the most luxurious man stands in a thousand thousand of others, which employ not, as finding a variety of occupation for others who might be totally idle; or as furnishing out new in less to happiness, without encroaching on an mutual property; in whatever light his cell shall have reason to stand in up in the defence, and the sentiment of Confucius still remains unshaken, That we should enjoy as many of the luxuries of life as are consistent with our duty and the prosperity of others; and that he who finds a new pleasure is one of the most useful members of society.

I have never been had, and the most leisurely has not been liked luxuriously.

The passion of the Europeans for magnificent instruments, is equally strong with that of this age. When a man who has a great fortune is painted up by an undertaker, and placed in a proper situation to receive company, this is called dying in state. To think, Sir, that even in all the class of townsfolk, and least to least the wretched deod, when they despise when living, in this manner, you see some who would have refused a shift of any kind of their property, would have lost thousands on appropriating their purblind corpse. I have been told of a fellow, who, grown rich by the price of blood, left it in his coat, and when he died he was found to be gibbeted himself into infancy, when he might have, otherwise, quietly retired to solitude.

When the person is buried, the next care is to make his epitaph: they are generally reckoned but which latter most: such relations, therefore, as have received most benefits from the deceased, discharge this friendly office, and generally flatter in proportion to their joy. When we read those monumental histories of the dead, it may be justly said, that all men are equal to the dust; for, they all appear equally remarkable for being the most sincere Christians, the most benevolent neighbours, and the most innocent of their time. To go through a European cemetery, one would be apt to wonder how how men could be so happily degenerated from such excellent ancestors. Every tomb pretends to claim your reverence and regards some are praised for their empires in those inscriptions, who never entered the temple until they were dead, some are praised for being excellent poets, who were never mentioned, except for their dulness, when living: others for sublime orators, who were never noted except for their impudence; and others still, for military achievements, who were never in any other skirmishes but with the watch. Some even gave epitaphs for the reader's good-will. It would be in such a city, that every man would only learn in this manner to make his own; that he would draw it up in terms as flattering as possible, and that he would make it the employment of his whole life to deserve it.

I have not yet been in a place called Westminster Abbey, but soon intend to visit it. There, I am told, I shall see justice done to deceased mortals. I am told, are permitted to be buried there, but such as have adorned as well as improved human kind. There, no one is allowed to influence of friends or fortune, presume to mix their unborn ashes with philosophic heroes, and poets. Nothing but true merit has a part in that heaven; the garments of the tomb is consecrated to several revered priests, who are not guilty

From the funeral solemnities of the deceased, who think themselves as polities as they are, the numberous ceremonies which are used in all the information; I wonder how any could take such pains, and lay out such treasures, in order to solve a useless difficulty: but connect it with their happiness, by showing how he could enjoy navigation, that by such an investigation he may have a warmer coat, a better gun, or a finer knife, and he instantly in the most artful of all a great part of their life is spent in preparing things proper for their funeral. A poor nation shall spend half his income in providing it. A thousand twenty years before he wrote it; and designs himself the necessary of life, that he may be enabled to provide for what he shall want them no more.

But people of distinction in England really observe pitty, for they die in circumstances of the most extreme distress. It is an established rule, never to let a man know that dying physicians are sent for, that the clergy are called, and every thing passes in silent solemnity round the sick bed. The patient is in agonies, and round him free; yet not a spectator, or a witness, or a friend is there. He is possessed of fortune, his relations entreat him to make his will, as it may restore the tranquillity of his mind. He is desired to undertake the charge of the church, for decency requires it. His friends take his leave only because they do not care to see him in pain. In short, a hundred stragglers are made to do what he might have been induced to perform himself. Sir, you are right, old hopes, and had as good think of dying; besides all this, the chamber is darkened, the whole house echoed with the cries of the wife, the lamentations of the children, the grief of the ser vants, and the sighs of friends. The bed is surrounded with priests and doctors in black, and only the bishop has a dinner gleam. Where is the man, how intrepid soever, that would not shrink at such a hideous solemnity? For aught of lighting their expiring friends, the English pensioned them till they die with terror. Strange effect of human prejudice, of terror, to texture, merely form mis tedercen

You see, my friend, what contradictions there are in the thoughts of these idleans; when prompt ed by ambition, revenge, or disappointment, they meet death with the utmost resolution; the very man who in his bed would have tamperled at the death of a doctor, shall go with intrepidity to at

luck a beation, or deliberately moose himself up in his garters.
GOLDSMITHS WORKS.

for a superior reward, of taking down the names of good men, to like room for other of equal merit; but having no occasion for the present satisfy me, or at least to be considered as a national concern, and not trusted to the care of the priests of my country, how respectable soever, but from the conduct of the present wearer, the distinguished patronage I shall assuredly be able to discover, I have not received from my former sentiments. It is true, the Spartans and the Persians made a fine political and moral victory over a nation more powerful than themselves, to be thus interested, who had not fallen in the estimation of their country. A moment thus became a real mark of distinction; it served the hero's arm with telling vigour, and he fought without fear who only fought for a grave.

Percival.

LETTHER XIII.

From the same.

I am just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions, and all the venerable remains of deceased merit, inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the solemnity, solemn in itself, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous splendour, dim windows, fierce long lancets, and dark ceilings. Think then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eye round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

And so to myself, how does pride attend the punty curls of dust even to the grave? Even in the most humble and simple I am possess to the present scene the greatest honours all; they have told for a hour to gain a transient immortal, and now at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendants but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman dressed in black, persevering me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. If any monument, and he should particularly recommend to me to seek the several parts to which I am indebted for the several parts to which this gentleman was of the guides of the temple, as they got by the self-same means, were ready to believe him; so he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, had no

temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully resolved to keep them now they are dead.

As I now alighted to a particular part of this temple, there says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, that is the poet's corner; there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, Milton, and Newton; and Drayton and Dryden are there; I replied; I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pep; is he there? It is time enough, replied my guide, for these hundred years, he is not long dead; these two have not done hating him yet. Strange, cried I, can any be found to hate a man, whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing us? I was a particular character, says my guide, they have something extraordinary in him, and this into him for that very reason. There was a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon themselves to set the wits of letters, and distribute reprobation by the above; they somewhat resemble the soames in a struggle, who are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would.

These answerers have no other employment but to cry out Dunci, and Scriblerus; to raise the laugh, and revile the living; to govern a man of confined abilities some small share of merit; to applaud, to mock, to make a mask of every person, in order to gain the reputation of candour, and to revile the natural character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some necessary book-cleaning, as the book-seller's dogs, who self-takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every post of any genius is sure to find such enemies; he feels it, and is seen to despise, them without ever seeing a battle of a siege. This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume, of one whose wit has gained him immortality. No, air, replied my guide, the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself. Pray tell me then in a word, I said, who was this man? the great man take this gentleman on? for Remarkable, sir and my companion; why sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable for a tomb at Westminster Abbey. Half a score of towns, is thought a sufficient qualification? Gaining battles, or taking towns, replied the man in black, may be of service; but a tomb can never give you a fortune, without ever seeing a battle or a siez. This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume, of one whose wit has gained him immortality. No, air, replied my guide, the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself. Pray tell me then in a word, I said, who was this man? the great man take this gentleman on? for Remarkable, sir and my companion; why sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable for a tomb at Westminster Abbey. Half a score of towns, is thought a sufficient qualification? Gaining battles, or taking towns, replied the man in black, may be of service; but a tomb can never give you a fortune, without ever seeing a battle or a siez. This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume, of one whose wit has gained him immortality. No, air, replied my guide, the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself. Pray tell me then in a word, I said, who was this man? the great man take this gentleman on? for Remarkable, sir and my companion; why sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable for a tomb at Westminster Abbey. Half a score of towns, is thought a sufficient qualification? Gaining battles, or taking towns, replied the man in black, may be of service; but a tomb can never give you a fortune, without ever seeing a battle or a siez. This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume, of one whose wit has gained him immortality. No, air, replied my guide, the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself.
the guardians of the temple should pay you, your wages, friend, and not permit you to sit there from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we might at the opera; and the audience of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more of these ecclesiastical beggars.

Thus having the temple completely, I returned to my lodgings in order to determine what was great, and to dispose what was mean in the occurrences of the day.

LETTER XIV.
From the same.

I was some days ago agreeably surprised by a message from a lady of distinction, who sent me word, that she most passionately desired the pleasure of my acquaintance; and, with the utmost impartiality, requested me to come.

I will not deny, my dear Sir, that my vanity was much offended; but I hastened to attend her, as I had been in some public place, and had conceived an affection for my person, which thus induced her to devise from the crowd, in order to borrow her several hours in the temple of Knowledge. I hurried her attended by the Loves and Graces; and I set out with the most pleasing expectations of seeing the companion she desired.

When I was introduced into her apartment, my expectancies were quickly at an end; I perceived a little shovel-like figure incidentally seated on a chair, surrounded by all the marks of contempt in my approach. This, as I afterwards informed, was the lady herself, a woman equally distinguished for rank, pedantry, taste, and understanding. As I was accosted by the fashion of Europe, she had taken me for an Englishman, and consequently addressed me in her ordinary manner; but when the footman informed her I was not, she whispered to him in the closest whisper, and he left the apartment.

"I allow," said I, in a whisper, "I allow, that you are not a lady who gives the world to see her; but I must observe to you, that unless you adopt the fashion of this country, I shall not allow you to sit there."

Three weeks ago, a careless servant snapped off the head of a favourite mandarin; I gave notice to the world to attend him, and he sat there in his own country dress. Pry, sir, have you got a copy of this to see him out? Pry, sir, have you got a copy of this to see him out? Else, sir, I've got a copy of this to see him out.

Three weeks ago, a careless servant snapped off the head of a favourite mandarin; I gave notice to the world to attend him, and he sat there in his own country dress. Pry, sir, have you got a copy of this to see him out? Pry, sir, have you got a copy of this to see him out? Else, sir, I've got a copy of this to see him out.

...
GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

Letter XV

From the same.

I know not whether I am more obliged to the Chinese missionaries for the instruction I have received from them, or prejudiced by the falsehoods they have made me believe. By them I was told that the Pope was universally allowed to be a man, and placed at the head of the church in England; however, either it was to be a whore in woman's clothes, and often born him in effigy as an impostor. A thousand books have been written on either side of the question; and these are eternal disputing against each other; and those months that work an argument fill with abuse. Which party must believe, or shall I give credit to neither? When I survey the absurdities and falsehoods which the books of the Europeans are filled, I think Heaven has been born in China, and that I have enough genius to detect impossibilities.

The Europeans reproach us with false history and fabulous chronology; how should they be able to see their own books, many of which are written by the dictation of others? they are filled with the most monstrous fables, and stated with the utmost solemnity. The bounds of a letter do not permit me to mention all the absurdities of this kind, which I cannot help having met with. I shall confine myself to the accounts which some of their lettered men give of the persons of some of the inhabitants of our globe, and not satisfied with the men of the other world, they sometimes pretend to have been eyewitnesses of what they describe.

A Christian doctor, in one of his principal performances, says, that it was impossible for a whole nation to have but one eye in the middle of the forehead. He is not satisfied with leaving it in doubt; but in another work, he assures us, that the fact was certain, and that he himself was an eye-witness of it. When, says he, I took a journey into Ethiopia, I accompanied several other members of the society of Christ, in order to preach the gospel there. But behold, in the southern provinces of that country, a nation which had only one eye in the middle of their foreheads.

You will not doubt be surprised, reverend Father, with this author's eloquence; but, alas! he is not alone in this story; he has only borrowed it from several others who wrote before him. Solomon creates another nation of Cyclops, the Ariasapians, who inhabit those countries that border on the Caspian Sea. This author goes on to tell us of a people, who have but one leg and one eye, and return extremely astonishing with great swiftness, and live by hunting. These people are scarcely known to any nation; but, the men whom Pliny calls Cynumedei, who have got the hands of dogs, really deserve our compassion; instead of language, they express their sentiments by barking. Solomon confirms what Pliny mentions; and Simon Mayhle, a French bishop, tells us of them as of particular and familiar acquaintance.

After passing the deserts of Egypt, says he, we meet with the Khedivial, who inhabits those regions that border on Ethiopia; they feed on honey, they can not speak, but whistles: their chimneys resemble a serpent's head; their heads are armed with sharp claws; their broad resemble that of a greyhound; and they eat in swarms and as a whole.

Would you think it, my friend, that these odd kind of people are notwithstanding their figure, excessively delicate; not even a deliverless wolf, or Chinese mandarin, can caxk them in particular. These people, continue our faithful bishop, never refuse wine, wine and boiled meat; they are particularly curious in keeping their most sacred delusions, and express it in the least told amount. When the Pretender reigned in Egypt (says he a little farther on) those men with dog's heads taught grammar and music. For men who had no voice to teach music, and who could not speak, to teach grammar, is, I confess, a little extraordinary. Did ever the disciples of Jehu break any thing more ridiculous?

Both these have seen men with hands strangely deformed, and with dog's heads, but what would you say if you heard men without any head at all? Porson, the Mecha, Solomon, and Arbus Cellins, describe them to our readable, that the Behillie have eyes, nose, and mouth on their breasts, or, as others will have it, placed on their shoulders.

One would think that these authors had an ambition to the human form, and were resolved to make a new figure of their own; but let us do them justice. Though they sometimes deprive us of a leg on one, a head, or such charming part of the body, they often as literally bestow upon us something that we wanted before. Simon Mayhle seems our particular friend in this respect; if he has denied hands to one part, he has given tails to another. He describes many of the English of his time, which is not more than a hundred years ago, as having tails. His own words are as follows: In England there are some families in which have tails, as a punishment for drinking on August the first in St. Gregory, and which proceeded in Derbyshire. They cause the tails of different animals to his clothes; but soon they found that those tails embalmed on them, and their posterity for ever. It is certain that the author had some ground for this description. Many of the English were content for nothing, indeed, in their lives, very near to the men that we have been describing, except that they had tails. They are not only distinguished by a fat, absurd look, but so slow and clumsy, that they could not leap after furs which were ever so near and within their reach; it was found that furs were things very much wanted in England; the ladies edged some of their clothes with furs, and made coats worn by both gentlemen and ladies. In short, furs were found indispensably necessary for the happiness of the state, and the king was consequently petitioned to grant, not only the counties, but all the countries belonging to it, to the subjects of England, in order to have the supplies of proper quantities of this necessary commodity.

After I had been immediately complied with, and large colonies were sent abroad to procure furs, and take possession. The French, who were equally in want of furs (for they were engaged as much as we were in all sorts of useful trades), made the very same request to their monarch, and met with the same gracious reception from their king, who generously granted what was not his to give. Whereas the French landed they called the country their own; and the English took possession wherever they came, upon the same equable pretensions. The harmless savages made no opposition, and could not make any for they might peaceably have shared this deplorable country between them; but they quarrelled about the boundaries of their settlements, small grounds which were composed of little stones and rivers to widen, so that neither party had the right than that of power, and which neither could occupy but by usurpation. Such is the case, that we honest man can hardly succeed in either party.

The war has continued for some time with various success. At first the French seemed victorious; but the English were of late dispossessed of all the country in dispute. Thank not, however, that success on one side is the harlotry of peace; on the contrary, both parties must be hourly tried, to decide itsapatkan or possession. It should seem the business of the victorious party to offer terms of peace; but there are many in England who encouraged by success, are still pressing the war.

The best English politicians, however, are sensible, that to keep their present conquests would be
GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

Letter XVII.

From the Banks.

The English love their wives with much passion, the Holenders with much prudence; the Dutch, when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts; the Dutch give the hand but keep the heart wholly in their own possession. The English less with violence, but expect violent love in return; the Holenders are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgment, for they give their little away.

The English expect many of the amenities in their courtship; the Dutch formally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant because they are always indifferent.

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Letter XIX.

To the Same.

The gentleman dressed in black, who was my companion through Westminster Abbey, came ye...
tenly to pay me a visit; and after drinking tea, we both resolved to take a walk together, in order to enjoy the freshness of the country, which now begins to resume its verdure. Before we got out of the house, however, we were engaged in one of the scenes by a crowd of people, gathered in a circle round a man and his wife, who seemed too tall and too angry to be understood. The people stared highly pleased with the dispute, which, upon inquiry, we found to be between Dr. Cadesgeo, an apothecary, and his wife. The doctor, it seems, coming unexpectedly into his wife's apartment, found a gentleman there, in circumstances not in the least equivocal.

The doctor, who was a person of nice honor, resolved to keep this point; but instead of being sent on to the chimney-piece, and taking down a rusty blunderbuss, draw the trigger upon the defiler of his bed, the delinquent would certainly have been shot through the head, but that the piece had not been charged for many years. The gallant made a shift to escape through the window, but the lady still remained, and as she would know her husband's temper, undertook to manage the quarrel with a word.

As I stood by my companion, what will become of this unhappy creation thus caught in adultery? Believe me, I pity my heart; her heart, I suppose, will show her no mercy. Will she burn her in India, or behead her in Persia? Will she lead her with stripes as in Turkey, or keep her in perpetual imprisonment as with us in France? Pratitude, what is the wise punishment in England for such offences? When a lady is thus caught tripping,DEPARTMENTS WORKING. 

When a Russian young lady, therefore, is to be married, her father, with a candel in his hand, asks the bridegroom whether he chooses this virgin for his bride, to which the other replies in the affirmative. Upon this, the father, turning the lady three times round, and giving her three strokes with his candel on the back, My dear, cries he, are these the last blow you are ever to receive from your tender father? I resign my authority, and my candel, to your kind protection, instead of being styled a republic of letters, should be entitled an anarchy of literature. It is true, that some of superior abilities who reverence and esteem each other, but their mutual admiration is not sufficient to shield off the contempt of the world. This wise are few, and they are few in the world's voice; the valuer are many, and rest in reproaches. The truly great seldom unite in societies; few have meetings, no cabals; the insane hunt in full cry, till they have run down a reputation, and then mind and light imagine, that such men perish themselves, should be most ready to declare their opinions, since what they may have been for decision. But the truth happens to be, that are no opinions, only of rational beings, while the opposite class, are all opinions of every reputation down to a level with their own.
LETTER XXI.

To the Reader.

The English are as fond of seeing plays acted as the Chinese; but there is a vast difference in the manner of conducting them. We play our pieces in the open air, the English theirs under cover; we act by daylight, they by the light of torches. One of our plays continues eight or ten days successively; an English piece seldom takes up above two hours in the representation. My companion, with whom I am now beginning to contract an intimacy, introduced me a few nights ago to the play-house, where we observed the following scene. As the curtain was not drawn before my arrival, I had an opportunity of observing the behaviour of the spectators, and indulging those reflections which usually generally inspire.

The rich in general were placed in the lowest parts of the house, and the poor were kept in deep penury to the theatre. The order of precedence seemed here inverted: those who were under disadvantage all the day, now enjoyed a temporary elevation, and became the centre of attention. The curtain is a being possessed of all the vanity, but not the genius of a scholar; incapable, from his native weakness, of lifting himself from the ground, he applies to concern himself with the world, and makes the exquisite rival of another's imagination his sole employment; pretends to take our feelings under his care; teases where to condemn, where to lay the veil of praises; and with as much justice he called a man of taste, as the Chinese who measures his wisdom by the length of his nose.

If, then, a book, spirited or humorous, happens to appear in the republic of letters, several critics are in waiting to bid the public not to laugh at a single line of it; for themselves had read it, and they know what is most proper to excite laughter. Other critics contradict the fulminations of this tribunal, call them all asses, and accuse the public that they ought to laugh without restraint. Another act is in the mean time quietly employed in writing notes to the book, intended to show the particular passages to be laughed at; when these are out, others of the same sort are written to say that a new and worthy book has appeared, which is no less liable to be derided. The body of the learned may be compared to a Persian army, where there are many ponders, several sutlers, numberless servants, women and children in abundance, and but few soldiers. Addis.

The inhabitants of the Western world have always been more or less disposed to believe that God, who made the world, might be disposed to believe that He was not disposed to believe that He made the world. This is a very general and general employment here; men have a greater chance for encouragement from the merit of their books than their heads. One who jumps up and proclaims himself a poet, or a man of letters, may soon find himself a failure from tears, or debt pending in the soft distress. After thus groaning through these scenes, the curtain dropped for the first act.

Truly, said I to my companion, these kings and queens are very much disturbed at no very great misfortune; certain I am, were people of humble stations to act in this manner, they would be thought disposed of common sense. I had scarcely finished this observation, when the curtain rose, and the king came on in a violent passion. His wife had given, refused his father's consent, had quarreled with his royal council; and he seemed resolved not to survive her fierce displeasure. After he had thus lacerated the queen, and the queen had fastened through the scene, he came on, in his rage, to the words upon which we spoke.

Now, says my companion, you perceive the king to be a man of spirit; he feels at every part of one of his player-making sons of clay would have given the queen her own way, and let her come to herself by degrees; but the king is for immediate tenderness, or instant death; death and tenderness are leading passions of every modern heroine; this moment they embrace, and the next sich, mixing dogmas and kinases in every period.

I was going to second his remarks, when my attention was engaged by a new object. A man came in balancing a straw upon his nose, and there cam, dangling their hands in all the raptures of applause. To what purpose, cried I, does this unseasonable voice make his appearance? It is but a part of the play! Unmeaning do you call him? replied my friend in black; this is one of the most important characters of the whole play: nothing pleases the ladies, but seeing a straw balanced there is a great deal of meaning in the straw; there is something suited to every applause. A woman, if she follow possessed of talents like those of ease is making of his appearance.

The third act now began with an actor who came in to us that he was the villain of the play, and that he had nothing to do but to act the foul-smelling things before all was passion; I had been joined by another, who seemed as much disposed for mischief as he; their intrigues continued through this whole division. If that is not the way by which some men enter alarms or
hears sheeps in poems, probably unfitted by the principal distress. There should be one great passion aimed at by the actor as well as the poet; all the rest should be subordinate, and only contribute to make the greater. If the actor, therefore, exclaims upon every occasion in the tones of despair, he attempts to move us too soon; he anticipates the blow, he comes to effect, though he generally aims to provoke.

I readily perceived that the audience were almost all departed; whereas, mixing with the crowd, my companion and I got into the street, where, essaying a hundred obstacles from coach-wheels and palanquin poles, like birds in their flight through the branches of a forest, after various earnings we both length got home in safety.

Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

To the same.

The letter which came by the way of Smyrna, and which you sent me unsigned, was from my son. As I have permitted you to take copies of all things I send to China, I shall here allow you to have the impression of this ceremony in opening those directed to me. Either in joy or sorrow, my friend should participate in my feelings. It would give pleasure to see a good man happy; and if you were there, I should have been as much pleased to see him happy as to see myself.

Every account I receive from the East seems to come loaded with some new affliction. My wife and daughter were taken from me, and yet I sustained the loss with fortitude; my son is made a slave among the barbarians, which was the only blow that could have reached my heart; yes, I will indulge the transports of nature for a little, in order to show I can overcome them in the end. This magnanimously sounds not in feeling affairs, but every time I see gold.

When our mighty emperor had published his dispatch at his departure, and seized upon all that was mine, my son was privately secured from his resentment. Under the protection and guardianship of Gma Hoon, the best and wisest of all the inhabitants of China, he was for some time instructed in the learning of the sages, and the wisdom of the East. But hearing of my adventures, and incited by my desire, he proposed to follow my fortune, and share my distresses.

He passed that of a camel-driver to a caravan that was carrying the deserts of Tibet, and was within one day's journey of the camp of the Tartars. He sold his camel, and made himself a camel-drivers, among the Tartars, and was that of a camel-driver among the Tartars. He sold his camel, and made himself a camel-driver, when a body of wandering Tartars falling unexpectedly upon the caravan, plundered it, and made those who escaped its first fury slaves. By these he was led into the extensive deserts, and detained among those regions that border on the shores of the Aul Lake.

He was treated with humanity, and allowed to supply every day a certain portion of the spoil, to regulate his savage masters. His learning, his virtue, and even his beauty, were qualifications that no way served to recommend him. They knew him to hold no power, but that of providing large quantities of milk and raw flesh; and were sensible of no happiness but that of rising to the systems in which they were, essaying a hundred obstacles from coach-wheels and palanquin poles, like birds in their flight through the branches of a forest, after various earnings we both length got home in safety.

These merchants from Meshed, however, anxious to trade with the Tartars for slaves, he was sold among theGra, and led into the kingdom of the Aul Lake. There he was introduced by the Tartars to the Persian grandees. He was to purchase for us an equal privilege to see him happy; the complaints of the object of his affection, and most impartially in distinguishing the proper objects of compassion.

In other countries, the giver is generally influence by the intention of the act; his generosity is exerted as much to relieve his own sense as to comfort the object in distress. In England, benefactions are of a more general nature; and universal benevolence propels the proper objects; the wants and the merits of the petitioners are canvassed by the public; the judgment of the public, the collective, proper necessities procured, and the poor gay sons of a merry nation were even more taught to remorse their former guilt.

When I consider the list of those who contributed on this occasion, I find the names of most entirely English; scarcely one foreigner appears among the number. It was for England alone to be capable of such exalted virtue. I own, I can not look over this catalogue of good men and philosophers, without thinking better of myself, because it makes me feel, with enthusiasm, the opinion of mankind. I am particularly struck with one who writes these words upon the paper that enclosed his benefaction. The wits of an Englishman, a citizen of the world, to Frenchmen, prisoners of war, and wives. I only wish that he may find as much pleasure from his virtues as I have done in reflecting upon them; that above all, his wife may be happy, and his children be preserved. This, my friend, is an honor to human nature; he makes no private distinctions of party; all are united with the divine image of their Creator are fellow members of one universal family. The English and French have not only political but are united to each other in a common interest, a more often the prevailing motive of private interest to wishes the breach. A war between other countries is carried on by the armed forces against one, some of the German empire of China may be proud that he has such a country.

To rejoice at the destruction of our enemies, is a fable graphed upon human nature, and we must be permitted to indulge it to the true way of staying
for such an ill-founded pleasure, is thus to turn our triumph into an act of benevolence, and to testify our own joy by endeavouring to banish another's misery.

GOLDSMITH'S WORSES.

The people were in raptures at his consecration; and, on the appointed day, assembled at the gates of the palace with the most eager expectations. There they waited for some time, without seeing any of those preparations which usually precede a pageant. The tent, with a thousand layers, was not yet brought forth; the fires, which usually occupied the time of the day's ceremonies, were not yet lighted; the people once more began to murmur at this delay, when, in the midst of their impatience, the palace-gates flew open, and the controller of the works, in a splendid carriage, came to them, in answer to their misgivings, but so in an ordinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed, and the stranglers of the city, all in new clothes, and each carrying in his hand enough money to supply his necessities for the year. The people were at first amazed, and then soon perceived the wisdom of their king, who taught them, that to make one happy man was more truly great, than having ten thousand captive growing at the wheels of his chariot.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Tomb.

Whatever may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they see particularly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which they are not provided with a suitable method of cure. The professors of other arts confess the irresistible influence of things; talk with itself, and decide with herself; but the doctors are entirely unknown to those professors; the advertising professors here delight in the pious and charitable, and the doctors are the doctors in all things. Yet this is performed every day: a simple electoral effect these wonders, even without the blessing of the sun, or the power of the moon; they can expect no such mortifying results; they would find in the dead the most contemptible palliate insensible; and what gratitude might not expect from the patients son; now no longer an heir, and his wife, now no longer a widow.

Thinks not, my friend, that there is any thing chimerical in such an attempt; they already perform cures equally strange. What can be more truly astonishing, than to see all age restored to youth, and vigor to the most feeble constitutions? Yet this is performed every day: a simple electoral effect these wonders, even without the blessing of the sun, or the power of the moon; they can expect no such mortifying results; they would find in the dead the most contemptible palliate insensible; and what gratitude might not expect from the patients son; now no longer an heir, and his wife, now no longer a widow.

THOUGHTS ON THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE ART OF MEDICINE AND THE ART OF LAW.

A country possessed of freedom has always two sorts of enemies: a foreign king, who attacks its existence from without; and, internal misgivings, who betray its liberties within. The inhabitants of Lao were to guard against both. A country of arts were most likely to preserve internal liberty, and a nation, of soldiers were fittest to repel a foreign invasion. Hence naturally rose a division of opinion between the artists and soldiers of the kingdom. The artists, ever complaining that the war was thrown upon them, and that their freedom was threatened by the armed intruders, found cause for mourning; and the city walls, their walls alone, were sufficient to resist the most formidable invasion: the war, on the contrary, required the entire care of the whole nation. We are a commercial nation: we have only to cultivate commerce, like our neighbours the Dutch; if we do not, our business to increase, by settling new colonies; riches are the strength of a nation; and for the rest, our ships, our ships alone, will protect us."

I found it vain to oppose my feeble arguments to those of a man who thought himself wise enough to direct even the ministry. I thanked, however, that I saw with more certainty, than I imagined before, the change of opinions, and that in the short space of time that had elapsed since the war, in the course of the war."

I have given him a smile at once of concord and contempt; and I proceeded as follows, to describe The Rise and Declension of the Kingdom of Lao.

Northward of China, and in one of the holdings of the great wall, the fruitful province of Lao enjoyed its liberty, and a peculiar government of its own. As the inhabitants were on all sides surrounded by the wall, they feared no sudden invasion from the Tartars; and being each possessed of property, they were not disposed to make efforts in its defence. The natural consequence of security and affluence in any country is a love of pleasure; when the wants of nature are supplied, we seek after the conveniences; when possessed of them, they will not be satisfied with the enjoyments of the luxuries of life; and when every luxury is provided, it is then ambition takes up the hand, and leaves him still something else to wish for: the inhabitants of the country, from primitive simplicity, soon began to aim at elegance, and from elegance proceeded to grandeur.

From this moment, which they regarded as the commencement of their glory, historians date their destruction. They had reason to be proud of their country, and fell into ambitious ambition. The country, possessed by the invading Tartars, seemed to them a prize that would not only remove their
Lettres de Madame de withe comtesse de la F. a MM. de la F.

les events

1. Les amours de l'Est.

2. Les amours de l'Ouest.

3. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.

4. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.

5. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.


7. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.


10. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.


12. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.


15. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.

16. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.

17. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.


22. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.

23. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.


27. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.


29. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.

30. Les amours de l'Est et de l'Ouest.
Heavens! divine mankind! For two generations past, and for another generation yet to come, millions of men have been associated in great undertakings, and the annual income of millions of dollars has been derived from such enterprises.

Ronald, you have told me, in confidence, that you are in a very difficultiesome position, but I will speak of that matter further. I will only say here, that I am not without a suspicion that you are a worse man than I, and that your manner of living is not what it used to be. If you will only be reasonable, I am sure you will be happy.

But I am not here to talk of human affairs. I come to speak of a subject that is of much greater importance—of the principles of government and of the duties of a citizen.

We know that there are certain principles which are fundamental to the existence of any right government. These principles are freedom, equality, and justice. We know that freedom is the right of every individual to live as he please, so long as he does not injure another. We know that equality means that all men are created equal, and that they are entitled to equal rights and privileges.

But we also know that justice is the most important of all these principles. Justice requires that those who have more should give more, and that those who have less should be protected. It requires that all men should be treated alike, and that no one should be favored at the expense of another.

Now, sir, I wish to ask you, as a citizen, whether you believe in the principles of justice? If you do, you must be willing to do your share in supporting the government that will enforce these principles.

The government is the guardian of our rights and privileges. It is the protector of our property and our persons. It is the means by which we can maintain order and security, and can live in peace and tranquility.

But the government cannot perform these functions alone. It needs the assistance and cooperation of all its citizens. It needs your help and your support. If you will only be willing to do your part, you will be doing your duty as a citizen.

And if you will only do your duty, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are serving your country, and that you are helping to make the world a better place for all mankind.

So, sir, I urge you to be a good citizen. I urge you to support the government, and to do your part in maintaining order and security. And if you will only be willing to do your duty, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are doing your part in making the world a better place for all mankind.
the world as it went, and read "Tacitus" often, for want of more books and company.

"Of all the books I have read in this town, I never found one that I enjoyed more than "Tacitus." It was a collection of anecdotes about the life and times of ancient Rome, and I found myself unable to put it down.

"I have been told by an old acquaintance, whom I knew to be a great bookworm, that "Tacitus" is one of his favorite authors. I have read it through twice, and I am still not tired of it."

"The book is full of interesting stories and facts about the Roman Empire. It is written in a style that is both informative and entertaining. I would recommend it to anyone who is interested in history."

"Thank you for sharing your knowledge with me, beaux."

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"Great numbers of old bachelors and maiden ladies with which this city seems to be overrun. Sure marriage, said I, is not sufficient, or else they should never behold such crowds of lustreless beauty, and decayed coquettes, still attempting to drive away the trade they have been so long used for, and engaging upon the goods of the age. I beheld an old bachelor in the most contemptible light, as an animal that lives upon the backs of others, and contributing his share; he is a beast of prey, and the house should make use of as many such beasts, and as much force, to drive the redundant savage from the door, for every well-bred house should laugh at him; and if, when turned at sixty, he offered to make love, his mistress might split in his face, or, what would be a greater punishment, he should only grant the favour.

"As for old maids, continuing, I, they should not be treated with so much severity, by I suppose none would be so if they could. No lady in her senses would choose to make a subordinate figure at christenings or lyings-in, when she might be the principal herself; nor carry favour with a son-in-law, when she might command a husband; nor talk in consorting companies, when she might lie a-bed, and give directions how they ought to be made; nor stile all her sensations in modest formality, when she might, with industrious freedom, shake her acquaintance by the hand, and wink at a double entendre. No lady could be so very silly as to live single, if she could help it. I consider an unmarried lady, declining into the vale of years, as one of those charming creatures herder on China, that bee waits for want of proper inhabitants. We are not to accuse the country, the ignorance of its neighbours, who are insensible of its beauties, thought at Liberty to enter and cultivate the soil.

"Indeed, sir," replied my companion, "you are very little acquainted with the English ladies, to think they are so much against their will. We dare venture to affirm that you can hardly select one of them all, but has frequent offers of marriage, which either pride or poverty has made reject. Instead of thinking it a disgrace, they take every occasion to boast of their former cruelty: a soldier does not exist now when he counts over the wonds he has received, than a free veteran when she relates the wounds she has formerly given: exhaustless when she begins a narrative of the former dead-dealing power of her eyes. She tells of the knights in gold lace, who died with a single frown, and never rose again till—he was married to his maid, of the 'equine,' who being convinced of the error of her actions, in a rage flew to the window, and lifting up the sash, threw himself in agility into his arm chair; of the person, who, clissed in love, resolvedly swallowed opium, which burst within the lungs of despair love—by making him sleep, she takes over her former losses with pleasantness, and like some trademans, finds consolation in the many bankruptcies she has suffered.

"For this reason, whenever I see a supernumerary beauty still unmarried, I hastily accuse her, either of prize, wanting, coquetry, or affectation. There's Miss Jenny Tinkersby, I once remember her to have had some beauty, and a moderate fortune, which I think the town has advanced to marry a man of quality, and this seemed as a statute of virginity against poor Jane. Because there was one lucky bit in the family, she was resolved not to disgrace her, and make it eight thousand, nor sixty thousand, nor sixty-five in one year. Most of these are not confined to one single science, but embrace the whole circle. History, politics, poetry, mathematics, can every philosopher perform the design, and there are all comprised in a manual not larger than that in which our children are taught the letters. If then we suppose the burned of England to read but an eighth part of the works which daily come from the press (and surely none can pretend to learning upon less easy terms), at this rate every scholar will read a thousand books in one year. From such a calculation, you may conjecture what an amazing fund of literature a man must be possessed of, who reads thirty books every year, not one of which but contains all the good things that ever were said or written.

"And yet I know not how it happens, but the English are not in reality so learned as we should conceive from this. Our authors, I believe, are all acts and sciences to perfection; whether it is that the generality of them are incapable of such extensive knowledge, or that the authors of those books are not such as we can read with satisfaction. In China, the emperor himself takes cognizance of all the doctors in the kingdom who profess authorship. In England, every man may be an author that can write; for they have by law a liberty not only of saying what they please, but of being also as well as they please."

"Yesterday, I met a woman to the name in Goldsmith's works, and this morning I read to her the verse, and she was much pleased. My companion assured me, that the doctors of colleges never wrote, and that some of them had actually forgotten their reading; but if you desire, she continued, to see a collection of authors, I fancy I can introduce you to one evening to a club, which assembles every Saturday, at the sign of the broom, near Islington, to talk over the business of the last, and the events of the week ensuing. I accepted his invitation; we walked together, and entered the house some time before the usual hour. The company was there. My companion had spoken to me about the club, and I thought it a good opportunity of letting me into the character of the principal members of the club, not even the best excepted; which, if it seems so
CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

"Where the Red Lion drinking is the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
When Calveres's boot, and Porsez's black chariot,
Ride the dros and bloods of Derry-lane;
There, in a lonely room, from baffles sigh,
The muse found Skroggen stretch'd beneath a rug
A window patched with paper, under a ray,
That thinly shows the face in which he lay;
The smallest door, that grins beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paper pretty spread;
The royal gate of goose was scored,
And two clack'd tongs dress'd the chimney board;
A night-cap deck'd his brow instead of lay,
A cap by night—sucking all the day!"

With this last line he seemed so much elated that he was under the influence.
"There, gentle men," cries he, "there is a description for you; Rubelles's bed-chamber is but a feel to it.

A cap by night—a sucking all the day!

There is sound, and sense, and truth, and nature,
In the trifling compass of ten syllables.
He was too much employed in self-admiration to observe the company; but no dead, with milk, sherry, and sealed letters, told every mark of contempt. He turned fervently to each for his opinion, and found all, however, ready to applaud. One said it was inedible: another said it was damn'd fine; and a third cried out in a temper,

"Carsonios. At last, addressing himself to the president, "And pray, Mr. Squint," says he, "let us have your opinion." I have considered the manuscript," observed the president, "I cannot judge of the author's hand; he may be as good as any."

A profound silence ensuing, he began by ex- plains his design, "Gentlemen," says he, "this present piece is not one of your common stuff poems, which come from the press like paper-kites in summer; there are none of your Turner's or Zed's in it; it is an heretical description of Nature. I only beg you'll endeavour to make your souls in unison with mine, and hear with the same enthusiasm with the same measure that I have written. The poem begins with the description of an ember; you will find that the picture was sketched in my own apartment: for you must know, gentlemen, that I am myself the hero."

Then putting himself into the attitude of an ember, with all the emphasis of voice and action, he proceeded:

LETTER XXX.

From the Same.

By my last advices from Moscow, I find the canvas has not yet departed for China: I still continue to write, expecting that you may receive a letter of any kind at your letters at once. In them you will find rather a minute detail of English peculiarities, than a general picture of their manners or dispositions. Happy it was for mankind if all travellers would thus, instead of characterizing a people in general terms, lead us into a detail of the particular character which first suggested their opinion. The genuine of a country should be investigated with a kind of experimental inquiry by the means, we should have more precise and just notions of foreign nations, and detect the spirits when they happened to form wrong conclusions.

My friend and I repeated our visit to the club of the company, where we found the members all assembled, and engaged in a long debate.

The poet, in shabby fancy, holding a manuscript in his hand, was earnestly endeavoring to persuade the company to hear him read the first book of an heroic poem, which he had composed the day before. But against this all the members most warmly objected. They knew no reason why any member of the club should be indulged with a particular hearing, when many of them had published whole volumes which had never been read in.

They insisted, that the law should be observed where reading in company was expressly noticed. It was in vain that the poet pleaded the peculiar dignity of his piece; he spoke to an assembly sensible to all his remonstrances: the book of laws was opened, and read by the secretary, where it was expressly enacted, 'That whatsoever poesy, speech-maker, critic, or historian, should presume to engage the company by rendering his own works, he was to lay down stae presents to open the manuscript, and should be charged one shilling an hour while he continued reading the said shilling to be equally distributed among the company as a recompense for their trouble.'

Our poet seemed at first to shrink at the penalty, hesitating for some time whether he should deposit the fine, or shut up the poem; but looking round, and perceiving two strangers in the room, his love of public applause, which he had by the consent of the club, we had so good being for so amiable a person we shall not see one of the company this night.

Whereupon, disregarding, we were both obliged to return home, to enjoy the solitude which composed his character alone, and to write as usual to my friend the occurrences of the day. Adieu.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.
letter XXXI.

From the sea.

The English have not yet brought the art of gardening to the same perfection with the Chinese, but have lately begun to imitate their nature in new gardens with greater facility than formerly; the trees are suffered to shoot out into the atmosphere luxuriously, the streams, which are forced from their native beds, are permitted to wind along the valleys; spontaneous flowers take place of the finished pattern, and the enamelled meadow of the shaven green.

Yet still the English are far behind us in this charming art; their designers have not yet attained a power of using the beauty of nature in its native state, with so much exactness as a philosopher, who, having taken the landscape as his only study, and having been instructed in the natural laws and morals of the universe, can so clearly describe his garden at Quarnet, and so distinctly point out the scenery of his groves, streams, and groves, as to make us imagine that he is a landscape painter in the truest sense. Indeed, he who can describe his garden at Quarnet, and the scenery of his groves, streams, and groves, as to make us imagine that he is a landscape painter in the truest sense.

Immediately upon entering the garden of Vioe, the trees and flowers were disposed in such a manner as to make the most pleasing impression; but as he walked further on, he found the garden increasingly magnificent, and the variety of flowers and trees was so great that it was impossible to describe them all. The garden was situated on a hill, and the trees and flowers were disposed in such a manner as to make the most pleasing impression.

Letter XXXII.

From the sea.

In a late season, my friend, the gentleman, with a blue round closes tied round his hair, and a short coat, buttoned up to his knees, and his eyes fixed on the sea, was sitting in a chair, with his arms resting on the armrests. The gentleman was sitting in a chair, with his arms resting on the armrests, and his eyes fixed on the sea.
Jlesh. took that to dependants lord, this, proving they keep humble characteristics are a century, on These despised I; nor could this nobleman, I replied, to that nobleman is willing to be

A. From the East.

I am disgusted, O Yun Hoam, even to sicknesses disgusted. Is it possible to bear the presumption of these bladders, when they pretend to instruct me in the customs of Tartar Kirk, entirely dissimilar to this we are now considering.* The Russian, who trades with them, carry no kind of mushroom for tales of surbis, ermines, sables, and foxes. These mushrooms the rich Tartars lay up in large quantities for the winter; and when a nobleman makes a mushroom feast, all the neighbours are invited. The mushrooms are prepared by boiling, by which the water acquires an intoxicating quality, and is a sort of food even beyond all other. When the nobility and ladies are assembled, and the ceremonies usual between people of distinction over, the mushroom-broth goes freely round: they laugh, talk double entendre, grow fuddled, and become excellent company. The poorer sort, who love mushrooms least to distinction as well as the rich, but cannot afford it at the first, hand post themselves on these occasions round the huts of the rich, and watch the opportunities of the ladies and gentlemen as they come down to pass their liquor; and holding a warm look, catch the delicious fluid, very little altered by distillation, being still strongly tainted with the intoxicating quality. Of this they drink with the utmost satisfaction, and thus get as drunk as we should be.

Happy nobility! cries my companion, who can fear no diminution of respect, unless by being singled out, for many years, and have the company eagerly sought after: he is a lord, and that as much as people desire in a companion. Quality and title have such allurements, that hundreds are ready to give up all their own importance, to cringe, to foster, to look little, and to sell every pleasure in constraint, merely to be among the great, though without the least hope of interesting, or attracting their generosity; they might be happy among their equals, but those are despised for company where they are despised in turn. You see what a crowd of humble cousin, card-received beauty, and captives on half-pay, were making up to wish this great man's restive down to his country-seat. Not one of them has ever been considered as of any account to life at home, in their little lodging of three shillings a-week, with their lucarwn dinner, served up between two pewter plates from a cook's shop. Yet, perhaps, they are willing to undergo the inconveniences and pride of their entertainers, merely to be thought to live among the great: they are willing to pass the summer in bondage, though consumptions they are taken down only to approach his lordship's
taste upon every occasion, to tag all his stupid observations with a very true, to praise his stable, and decent upon his claret and coxey.

The pitiful humilities of the gentlemen you are now describing, are new things in this custom among the Tartars of Kirk, entirely dissimilar to this we are now considering.* The Russian, who trades with them, carry no kind of mushroom for tales of surbis, ermines, sables, and foxes. These mushrooms the rich Tartars lay up in large quantities for the winter; and when a nobleman makes a mushroom feast, all the neighbours are invited. The mushrooms are prepared by boiling, by which the water acquires an intoxicating quality, and is a sort of food even beyond all other. When the nobility and ladies are assembled, and the ceremonies usual between people of distinction over, the mushroom-broth goes freely round: they laugh, talk double entendre, grow fuddled, and become excellent company. The poorer sort, who love mushrooms least to distinction as well as the rich, but cannot afford it at the first, hand post themselves on these occasions round the huts of the rich, and watch the opportunities of the ladies and gentlemen as they come down to pass their liquor; and holding a warm look, catch the delicious fluid, very little altered by distillation, being still strongly tainted with the intoxicating quality. Of this they drink with the utmost satisfaction, and thus get as drunk as we should be.

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beautiful that it seemed to reflect its own brightness, and its feet were as the feet of a wild doe which doth thistles to the tops of the mountains. There, there is the true Eastern taste for you; every adornment melts towards sense is only a deviation from the sound. Eastern tales should always be sonorous, lofty, musical, and amusing.

I could not avoid seeing to a native of China, whose appearance was peculiarly striking in the true Eastern likeness; and after he had looked round some time for applause, I presented to him, whether he had ever travelled into the East, to which he replied in the negative. I demanded whether he understood Chinese or Arabic, to which he answered as before. Then how, sir, and I, can you pretend to determine upon the style, which are en masse unacknowledged by the Eastern writers?

Taku, sir, the word of one who is profoundly Chinese, and who is actually acquainted with the Arabian writers, that what is palmed upon you daily for an imitation of Eastern writing in no way resembles their manner, either in sentiment or diction. In the East, similes are seldom used, and metaphors almost wholly unknown; but in China, particularly, the very essence of what you admire is to place a cool pleonastic method of writing, whatever this be; and a correct one. But I say, in order to address to please, address to the judgment, not the fancy. Unlike many of the authors of Europe, who have no conception of the manner in which they generally have more to be understood than they express.

Besides, sir, you must not expect from an inhabitant of China the same ignorance, the same unperceived simplicity, to which you find in a Thibetan, Persion, or native of Peru. The Chinese are versed in the sciences as well as you, and are masters of several arts unknown to the people of Europe. Many of them are instructed, not only in their own national learning, but are perfectly well acquainted with the languages and learning of the West. If my word in such a case is not to be taken, cannot your own travelers on this head, who affirm, that the scholars of Pekin and Siam sustain theological theses in Latin. The college of scientists in Pekin is a fine collection of scientists, while it may, and is well taught, and well known; and you must take it that the learned Chinese are as well taught as your own, and have the same knowledge as you. A Chinese Cook makes an excellent Latination upon this occasion.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

Letter XXXIV.

To the Stove.

The polite arts in this country are too as a nation, and as a people, as a government, and as a society, to be compared with any other nation of the world, and is certainly not to be compared with any other. The polite arts are in this country subject to such a degree of influence and taste, that the objects of fancy and dress, and even of delicacy and taste, are directed by the captivating influence of fashion. I am told, there has been a time when the polite arts were universally encouraged by the great: when men of the first rank not only patronized the poet, but produced the finest models for his imitation. They were then the English sent forth, those sages and philosophers, those wise men, those wise men, who are so often read over together with rapture; poems big with all the sublimity of Merton, and supported by reasoning in the strongest and most forcible manner. The nobility are fond of wisdom, but they are also fond of having it without study, to read poetry required thought; and the English nobility were for the fact, but the English taste is in the ingenuous gentleman above all others, in the true original. I own this gave me inexpressible uneasiness, and I fear it will try to your lordship, as I had flattened
GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

FROM HENRY, A SIR TO POLONIA, TO ALAKISS, A TRAVELING PHILOSOPHER OF CHINA, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

Fortune has made me the slave of another, but nature and inclination render me entirely subservient to you; a tyrant commands my body, but you are mistress of my heart. I am not single, nor with my captive tangled with admiration. The cunning, which bought her, and who is accustomed to survey beauty with indifference; speaks of her with creation! Her pride, however, conceals her for the...
GOLDSMITHS WORKS.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the Same.

I wrote to have doubts whether wisdom alone sufficient to make us happy: whether every step we make in refinement is not an inlet into new disorders. Our passions and active dispositions serve only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.

When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure; and the unserious peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds a country at a distance; and the solid and lasting blessings with a keener appetite than the philosopher whose mind attempts to grasp a universal system.

As I was some days ago pursuing this subject among a circle of my fellow-students, an ancient Greek of the number, equally remarkable for his piety and wisdom, seemed touched with my conversation, and desired to illustrate what I had been saying with an allegory taken from the Zephyriani of Zamenhof; by this we shall be taught, says he, that they who proclaim the valley will only in a circle; and after all their labours, at last return to their pristine ignorance; and in this also we shall see, that enthusiasm confuses and separates the limits of true knowledge.

In early times, before myths of nations covered the earth, the whole human race lived together in one valley. The simple inhabitants, surrounding an encampment, etched the image from every world but the little spot to which they were confined. They fancied the heavens bent down to meet the mountain tops, and formed an impregnable wall. Thus the idea was born. Now he yet ventured toclimb the steep cliff, in order to explore those regions that lay beyond it; they knew the nature of the skies only from a tradition, which they were pleased to make themselves; and their corner-stone was the Delusion of the world.

The inspired traveller immediately put himself under the direction of the genius, and each journeying together with a slow but agreeable pace, deduced the tediousness of the way by conversations. The beginning of the journey seemed to promise true satisfaction, but as they proceeded forward, the skies became more gloomy and the way more intricate; they often inadvertently approached the borders of some forests, precipices, the brink of a torrent, and were obliged to measure back their former way; the gloom increasing as they proceeded, their pace became so slow they passed at every step, frequented and stumbled, and their distrust and triility increased. The Genius of Demonstration now therefore advised his pupil to grasp upon hands and feet, as a method, though very slow, yet least liable to error.

In this manner they attempted to pursue their journey for some time, when they were overtaken by another genius, who with a precocious pace panted to the same world, equally known by the other to be the Genius of Probability. He wore two wide extended wings at his sides, his eyes shone with a most inexpressible brilliancy, which instantaneously increased the rapidity of his motion; his countenance betrayed a confidence that the ignorant must take for spongity, and he had but one eye, which was fixed in the middle of his forehead.

Servant of Horomido, cried he, approaching the mortal pilgrim, if thus art travelling to the Land of Certainty, despise not the guidance of a genius, who proceeds forward as slowly, and is so little acquainted with the way? Follow me, we shall soon perform the inquiry. Without delay, the pilgrim proceeded a second time, and was soon led to the destined region.

The peripety of time in which this genius spoke, and the speed with which he moved, induced the traveller to change his conduct, and lead himself. He was more speedily conducted forward with his more confident director, seeming not a little pleased at the increased velocity of his motion.

But soon he found reasons to repent. Whenever a torrent crossed their way, his guide taught him to despise the obstacle by plunging in; in every precipice presented, he was directed to fling himself forward. Thus each moment maimingly escaping, his repeated escapes only served to increase his temerity. He led him therefore forward, amidst infinite difficulties, till they arrived at the borders of an ocean, which appeared immovable from the blackness that lay upon its surface. The waves were of the darkest hue, and was the most gloomy appearance of the various imaginations of the human mind.

The Genius of Probability now confessed his temerity, owned his being imprudent, and urged the Land of Certainty, a country where no mortal had ever been permitted to arrive; but at the same time offered to supply the traveller with another companion, who should carry him to the Land of Confidence, a region where the inhabitants lived with the utmost tranquillity, and tasted almost as much satisfaction as if in the Land of Certainty. Not waiting for a reply, he stamped three times on the ground, and called forth the Demon of Doubt, a gloomy fiend of the servants of Arisaunus. The yawning earth gave up the resistant savage, who seemed to be the right of the day. His stature was enormous, his colour black and hideous, his aspect betrayed a thousand varying passions, and his spread forth pinions that were fitted for the most right flight. The traveller at first was shock'd at the apparition; but finding him obedient to superior power, he assumed his former tranquility. The fiend, however, cried the genius to the demon, to bear on your breast a son of mortality over the Ocean of Doubt, into the Land of Certainty. You expect your commission will be fulfilled in the same way, says the genius, addressing the traveller, when once I have bound this siltlet round your eyes, let no voice of permission, nor threats the most terrifying, persuade you to keep in the light to look round; keep the siltlet fast, lock not at the ocean below, and you may certainly expect to arrive at a region of pleasure.

Thus saying, and the traveller's eyes being covered, the demon, muttering curses, raised him on his lock, and instantaneously directed his flight among the clouds. Neither the lowest thunder, nor the most angry tempest, could persuade the traveller to unbind his eyes. The demon directed his flight downwards, and skimmed the surface of the ocean; a thousand voices, some with loud inveighs, others in the sarcastic tones of contempt, vainly endeavored to persuade him to keep his eyes binded, and to look to his eyes covered, and would in all probability have arrived at the happy land, but not with what other view but to perform. For now he heard himself welcomed on every side to the promised land, and a universal shout of joy was sent forth at his safe arrival. The woful traveller, destines of seeing the long wished for country, at length pulled the siltlet from his eyes, and ventured to look round him. But he had unloosed the band too soon; he was not yet above the highest wave, and the demon, who was still over him in the air, and had produced these sounds only in order to deceive, was now freed from his commission, wherefore throwing the astonished traveller from his back, he descended into the subjacent Ocean of Doubts, from whence he never after saw the light.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From the Old Aya, to Phai, Hoon, First President of the Commercial Academy at Pekin in China.

When Parmentier, the Grecian, had done something which excited a universal shout from the surrounding multitude, he was instantly struck with the doubt, that what had their approbation must certainly be wrong; and turning to a philosopher who stood near him, Pray, sir, says he, pertain to the opinion that I have ever held of you, I fear I have been guilty of some absurdity.

You know that I am not less than he a dispenser of the multitude, you know that I equally detect folly in the great; yet so many circumstances have concurred to give a taste to the latter part of the present English monarchy's reign, that I cannot withstand my conviction of praise; I can avoid no longer the acknowledgment of the crowd, for now, just in their unanimous approbation.

Yet think not that battles gained, dominion exalted, and all the appearances of the same have in the same manner been attended by the genius, addressing the traveller, when once I have bound this siltlet round your eyes, let no voice of permission, nor threats the most terrifying, persuade you to keep in the light to look round; keep the siltlet fast, lock not at the ocean below, and you may certainly expect to arrive at a region of pleasure.

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...subordinate rank, and mankind now begin to look with horror on these faces to man. The virtue of this aged monarch which I have at present in view, is one of a match, more exalted nature, in one of the most difficult of attainments; is the least possible, and least interesting to the heart naturally proverbial, to forgive, and pursuing the dictates of this pleasing deceiver, we are led to prefer our private satisfaction to public utility. What a tremendous sacrifice is made by a man who, under the most curious circumstances, holds in his hand the life and soul of another! This is a sad fact, but it is the most excruciating torture; and as the circumstances are reversed, a small fine lays off the punishment of the offender. Happy the country where all are equal, and where those who sit in judgment have too much to receive a belief, and too much honour to play on the simplicity of the prisoner's title or circumstances with his own. Such is England: yet think not that it was always equally famed for this strict impartiality. There was a time, even here, when title softened the rigours of the law, when dignified breaches were suffered to live, and continue for years and years to the face of the country. To this day, in a neighbouring country, the great are often most scandalously pardoned for the most scandalous offenses. A person is still alive among them who has received the most ignominious severity of justice. He being of the blood royal, however, was thought a sufficient atonement for his being a disgrace to humanity. This I say not, but that I place my fancy on the character, and fancy we should find ourselves more apt to act the character of good-natured men than of unjust magnates.

What contributes to raise justice above all other kingly virtues is, that it is seldom attended with the pain of applause, and those who practise it must be influenced by greater motives than empty fame; the people are generally well pleased with a permission of punishment, and all that wears the appearance of humanity; it is the wise alone who are capable of discerning that impartial justice is the truest mercy; they know it to be very difficult, at once to compassionate, and yet condemn an object that pleads for tenderness.

It has been so long a common-place train of thought by a late striking instance in this country of the impartiality of justice, and of the king's inflexible determination of suffering punishment where it was due. A man of the first quality, in a fit of passion, melancholy, or madness, murdered his servant; it was expected that his station in life would have lessened the ignominy of his punishment; however, he was arraigned, condemned, and underwent the same degrading death with the meanest malefactor. It was well considered that virtue alone is true nobility; and that his actions sinks him even beneath the vulgar, has no right to be set at all to these distinctions which the rest world only admires; it was perhaps considered that crimes were more heinous among the higher classes of people, as necessity exposes them to fewer temptations.

Over all the East, even China not excepted, a person of the same quality, guilty of such a crime, would, by getting up a show of his fortune to the judge, and the circumstances, escape with a fine, or a short sentence. There is a third world only of merit; it is perhaps considered that crimes were more heinous among the higher classes of people, as necessity exposes them to fewer temptations.

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What contributes to raise justice above all other kingly virtues is, that it is seldom attended with the pain of applause, and those who practise it must be influenced by greater motives than empty fame; the people are generally well pleased with a permission of punishment, and all that wears the appearance of humanity; it is the wise alone who are capable of discerning that impartial justice is the truest mercy; they know it to be very difficult, at once to compassionate, and yet condemn an object that pleads for tenderness.

It has been so long a common-place train of thought by a late striking instance in this country of the impartiality of justice, and of the king's inflexible determination of suffering punishment where it was due. A man of the first quality, in a fit of passion, melancholy, or madness, murdered his servant; it was expected that his station in life would have lessened the ignominy of his punishment; however, he was arraigned, condemned, and underwent the same degrading death with the meanest malefactor. It was well considered that virtue alone is true nobility; and that his actions sinks him even beneath the vulgar, has no right to be set at all to these distinctions which the rest world only admires; it was perhaps considered that crimes were more heinous among the higher classes of people, as necessity exposes them to fewer temptations.

Over all the East, even China not excepted, a person of the same quality, guilty of such a crime, would, by getting up a show of his fortune to the judge, and the circumstances, escape with a fine, or a short sentence. There is a third world only of merit; it is perhaps considered that crimes were more heinous among the higher classes of people, as necessity exposes them to fewer temptations.

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CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

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When I began to speak, all the people remained fixed in silent attention, nodding assent, looking approbation, appearing highly edified by the sound of those words which to a stranger might seem inarticulate and unmeaning.

When the kid had done speaking, and the princess had looked up its lungs with a key, observing almost the whole company leaving the temple, I concluded the service was over, and taking my hat, was going to walk away with the crowd, when some thing came into my mind; I was in such a state of digestion, that a crowd of thoughts passed through the temple, but still a crowd.

In a word, the great faults of the modern professors.

English poets, are they seem to want numbers which would vary with the passions, that would make the whole secret of Western as also English poetry. In

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English poets, are they seem to want numbers which would vary with the passions, that would make the whole secret of Western as also English poetry. In
their behavior, and you will confess there are some
among us who practise true devotion.

I now looked around me as directed, but saw nothing of that fervent devotion which he had praised. Chinese temples appeared to be the last
thing which could excite any feeling in the countryman; con-
gregating the company through a glass; another was
fervent, not in addresses to Heaven, but to his mis-
tress; a third, whispered, a fourth scoffed, and
that person, being in a drunken state, read out the
duties of the day.

Bless my eyes, cried I, as I happened to look
wards the door, what do I see? One of the worship-
ners fell that asleep, and actually sunk down on his
knees! Is he now enjoying the benefit of a
trance, or does he receive the influences of some
mysterious vision? Alas! Alas! replied my com-
panion, this is the only hand of misfortune of this
temple, nothing which bounds the
fervent, and desiring to be
in the greatest of arts, the art of governing
kings and ourselves?

When I compare the history of China with that
of ancient China, I behold
asleep, in the
strength of that government, which has subsisted for
times immemorial. Flail obedience in the first and
strongest requisites of a state; by this we
become good subjects to our emperor, capable of being
with such subordination, and greater sub-
dependents on Heaven; by this we become bolder
in marriage, in order to become capable of excelling
obedience from others in your turn; by this we be-
come good mightier and more
triumphant to those who would dare to rule. By
this the whole state may be said to resemble one
family, of which the emperor is the protector,
father, and Friend.

In this happy region, separated from the rest
of mankind, I see a succession of princes who
in general considered themselves as the fathers of
their people; a mass of people, who
liberally con-
ganted idleness, poverty, and tyranny, at the ex-
sense of their private happiness and immediate
reputation. Whenever a parent or a tyrant
entered into the administration, how have all
the good and great been united against him? Can Eu-
ropean history produce an instance like that of
the twelve mandarins, who all resolved to apprise the
vicious emperor Tsin-tung of the irregularity of his
conduct? He who first undertook the dangerous
task was cut out in two by the emperor's order; the
second was to be broken; and to a cruel death: the third undertook the task with
impatience, and was immediately stabbed by the
emperor's hand; in this manner they all suffered
except one. But not to take the story from the
brave slave, entering the palace with the instruments of torture in his hand, Here, cried
he, addressing himself to the throne, here, O Tsin-tung,
are the marks your faithful subjects receive
for their loyalty; I am waited with virtuous a tyrant
and now came for my reward. The emperor,
struck with his interpellation, instantly forgave the
hollowness of his conduct, and returned his favor.

What European has a heart thus lost of a tyrant,
thus inclined to remedy?

When five brothers had set upon the great
emperor Genghis, alone, who was already on the fifth, when his
men coming up were going to cut the conspira-
tor into a thousand pieces. No, no, cried the
emperor with a calm and cool voice, in what countenance, of all honor of the piece, behold it shaded with ve
rebellions, treasons, plots, poisons, and poison.

And what advantage has any country of Europe
obtained from such foolish wars? And what con
siderations for more than a thousand years have
served to make each other unhappy, but have enrich
ed none. All the great nations still preserve
their ancient limits; none have been able to subdue the
other, and so terminate the dispute. France,
from the conquests of Edward the Third and
Henry the Fifth, notwithstanding the efforts of
Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, still re
mains within its ancient limits. Spain, Germany,
Great Britain, Poland, the States of the North,
are nearly still the same. What effect has that
pride which has brought so many nations to a
enormous number of the states, produced? Nothing either great or
considerable. The Christian princes have lost in
deed much from the enemies of Christianity, but
they have gained nothing with their princes,
because they preferred ambition to justice, and
deserve the character of enemies to mankind; and
their princes, by neglecting reparation for opinion,
have mistaken the object of society.

On whatever side we regard the history of Eu
rope, we shall perceive it to be a tissue of crimes,
folies, and misfortunes, of policies without design
and wars without consequence. In this long list of
human insignificance, a great character, or a shining
virtue, may sometimes happen to arise, as we often
see in a cottage or a retired spot in the
fiercest wilderness. But for an Alfred, an Alp
son, a Frederick, or an Alexander II., we meet a
thousand princes who have disgraced humanity.

LETTER XIII.

From Lin-Cheh An SHAU, of Pam-Bura, President of the
Governor-general of Poib, in China.

We have just received secret orders, that vai
soldiers, the poet and philosopher of Europe, is dead! He is now the
reach the thousand man
he, while living, degraded his writings, and
branded his character, reprobated his late
productions, that does not betray the agonies of a
heart bleeding under the scourge of unmerited

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

By those whom they had conquered. We
see those barbarians, when become Christians, engaged
in a continual war with the followers of Mahomet,
or, more dreadful still, destroying each other. We
see in councils in the earlier ages authorizing every
iniquity; crusades spreading desolation in the
country left, as well as that to be conquered;
extravagancies, murders, pillages, rapings, ravages,
and pillaging private persons, and by laws and
order, taking possession of all the
out the land, of the land, and of the

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GOLDSMITHS WORKS.

LETTER XLIV.

From Lord Ch. Albani to Hargrave, a Slave in Peru.

It is impossible to form a philosophic system of happiness, which is adapted to every condition of life. From every person who travels by this great directory forward to the future; and there is no one who seems to be so far distant from it as a philosopher.

Happiness, therefore, at last in escaping from colons and ciphers, by being and leaving a world that was unworthy of him and his writing.

Let others, my friend, bestow the honour of the greatest discoveries of the world, and few faults in his gift, which he has now suffered, affects me with stronger emotions. When a philosopher dies, I consider myself as losing a patron, an instructor, and a friend. I consider the world losing one who might serve to console her widows the desolations of war and ambition.

Nature every day produces in abundance men capable of filling all the requisites of authority; but she is not in the habit of an enameled mind, scarcely producing in a century a single genius to blend and enlighten a degenerate age. Prodigal in the production of kings, governors, magistrates, charlatans, and courtiers, she seems to have forgotten, for more than three thousand years, the manner in which she once framed the brazen of a Confucius; and well it is she has forgotten, when a bad world gave him so very bad a reception.

Whence, my friend, this melancholy which has ever pursued the great even to the tomb? whence this more than friend-like disposition of embittering it, who would make us wise and more happy?

When I cast my eyes over the fates of several philosophers of late and greatest period of enlightened mankind, I must confess it inspires me with the most degrading reflections on humanity. When I read the stories of Montesquieu, the fortunes of the Tommies of Secrecy, and the birth of Sene-

...and all the follies of the great, he retired to Switzerland, a country of liberty, where he enjoyed tranquillity and the name.

...and the learned and polite of Europe, who were attracted by a desire of seeing a person from whom they had received so much satisfaction. The entertainment was conducted with the most agreeable elegance, and the conversation was that of philosophers. Every country that at one united liberty and science, was his peculiar favourite. The Englishman was to him a character who claimed admiration and respect.

Between Volttaire and the disciples of Confucius, there are many differences; however, being of a different opinion does not in the least dimish my esteem: I am not displeased with my brother, because he happens to ask our father for favours in a different manner from me. Let his errors rest in peace, his excellencies deserve admiration: let me with the wisest admire his wisdom; let the evi a®d the ignorant ridicule his folly: the folly of others is ever most ridiculous to those who are themselves most foolish. Adieu.
Goldsmith's Works.

...the thought of what he was, or what he must be.

The subject therefore comes to this; which is the most perfect sort of dissipation—pleasure, business, and utility generally provided to execute the ways these sensuous feelings which memory or anticipate produce.

The enthusiasm of pleasure charms both by its powers, and lasts only for a moment; and all the senses seem so combined as to be soon tided into languor by the gratification of any one of them. It is only among the poets we hear of men changing to one delight when ascended with another. In nature it is very different: the glutton, when satiated with the full meal, is unqualified to feel the real pleasure of drinking the drinker. The life in fine of those transports which lovers boast in enjoyment; and the lover, when choyed, finds a dizziness of every other appetite. Thus, after a full indulgence of any one sense, the man of genius finds a languor in all, is placed in a chasm between past and present enjoyment, perceives an interval which must be filled up. The present can give no satisfaction, because he has already robbed it of every charm a mind thus left without immediate employment, naturally recurs to the past or future; the reflector finds that he was mistaken in the joy he can not be so new; yet he sees that he may yet be happy, and wishes the hour were come: thus every period of his continuance is miserable, except when very short of immediate gratification. Instead of a life of dissipation, none has more frequent conversations with disagreeable self than he; his entertainments are but few and transient; his appetites, like angry connivors, continually making fruitless demands for what he is unable to pay; and the greater his former pleasure, the more strong his regret, the more impatient his expectations. A life of pleasure is therefore the most insipid one in the world.

Hath rendered the man of business more cool in his desires; he finds less regret for past pleasures, and less solicitude for those to come. When he has, for instance, left in a neat manner to some measure with hope, is yet not afflicted so strongly with regret, and is less divided between short-lived rage and longer anguish. The pleasures he has enjoyed are not so vivid, and those he has to expect not consequently so much anxiety.

The philosopher, who extends his regard to all men, and has a small and still less concern for what has already affected, or may hereafter affright himself; the concerns of others make his work, and that study is his pleasure; and this pleasure is certainly greater in its degrees because it can be changed at will, leaving but few of these anxious intervals which are employed in remembrance or anticipation. The philosopher by this means leads a life of almost continued dissipation; and reflection, which makes the unseasome and misery of others, serves as companion and instructor to him.

In a word, positive happiness is constitutional, and incapable of increase; misery is artificial, and generally proceeds from our felicity. Philosophy adds to our happiness in no other manner, but by diminishing our misery: it should not pretend to increase our present stock, but make us economize of what we are possessed of. The great source of calamity lies in regret or anticipation; he, therefore, is most wise, who thinks of the present alone, regardless of the past or the future. This is impossible to the man of pleasure; it is difficult to the man of business; and is in some measure attainable by the philosopher. Happy were we all born philosophers, all born with a talent of this art, disposing of our own cares, by spreading them upon all mankind! Adieu.

Letter LXV.

From Sir Old Albury, in Penn Holland, First President of the Oriental Academy at Peshaw, in China.

There are frequent invitations I receive from men of distinction here, might excite the vanity of some; I am no moralist; I am no sage, who would give to others what he seems to envy himself. I am succeeded, that the motives that inspire their civility. I am sent for not to be treated as a friend, but to satisfy curiosity; not to be entertained so much as warded off in the manner in which excites them; to see a Chinese, would have made them equally proud of a visit from the zimmirose.

From the highest to the lowest, these people seem fond of sights and scenes. I am told of a man here who gets a very comfortable livelihood by making wonders, and then selling or showing them to the people for money, no matter how ignominious they were in the beginning, by looking them up close, and showing for money, they soon become prodigies! His first essay in this way was to exhibit himself as a white figure behind a glass door at a puppet-show. Thus, keeping the spectators at a proper distance, and having his head adorned with a copper crown, he looked extremely natural, and very like the life itself. He continued this exhibition with success, till an invidious fortune of sneezing brought him life to all the spectators, and consequently rendered him for that time as entirely useless as the precepal inhabitants of a catacombs.

Determined to set the stage no more, he next levied contributions under the figure of an Indian king; and by counterfeiting the savage howl, he frightened several ladies and children with astonishing success: in this manner, therefore, he might have lived very comfortably, had he not been arrested for a debt that was

...treated when he was the figure in waxwork; thus his face underwent an involuntary abstraction, and he found himself reduced to his primitive complexion and independency.

After some time, being fired from gazet, he was now grown wiser, and instead of making himself a wonder, was resolved only to make wonders. He learned the art of producing truly human mimicking was never at a loss for an artificial human nature: a nay, it has been reported, that he has sold seven painted life-stone of his own making, and a noted collector of remarkable birds; but this learned Cornucopias Fatinitas has undertaken to refute in a very elaborate dissertation.

His last wonder was nothing more than a bundle, yet it was so filled with a new sort of rice, which was served to his friends.

The people, it seems, had got in their heads, that a certain noble criminal was to be hanged with a silken rope. Now there was nothing they so much wished to see as this very rope; and he was resolved to gratify their curiosity: therefore he got one made, not only of silk, but to render it more striking several threads of gold were interwoven. The people paid their money only to see silk, but were highly satisfied when they found it was mixed with gold into the bargain. It is scarcely necessary to mention, that the projector of this experiment, who has sold his silken rope for almost what it had cost him, as soon as the criminal was known to be hanged in hemp materials.

But all these! Perhaps you would be apt to imagine, that instead of desiring to see things as they should be, they are rather solicits of seeing them as they ought not to be. A cat with four legs is disregarded, though never so useful; but if it has but two, and is consequently incapable of catching mice, it is reckoned inestimable, and every man of taste is ready to raise the mutton. A man, though in his person faultless as an aerial genius, might stand; but if stuck over with hideous vane like a peacock, his fortune is made for ever, and he may propagate the breed with impunity and applause.

A good woman in my neighborhood, who was bred a habit-maker, though she handled her needle with dexterity, yet was scarce as being obliged, by an accident, to have both her hands cut off from the elbows, what would in another country have been her ruin, made her fortune! She now got more fit for her trade than before; business flourished in space, and all people paid for seeing the muttonmaker without hands.

A little girl among his collection of pictures, stopped at one with peculiar admiration; there, cries he, is an inestimable piece. I gazed at the picture for some time, but could see none of her beauty. Her nose seemed cut off, then grew familiar with danger; and the ladies might vie with each other in standing fire with trepidity.
CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Upon her dissolution, a lady of distinction was reluctantly hauled along to the glass by her husband. In bringing her forward, as he came first to the glass himself, his mind appeared that particular simplicity; and with a blush, confessed, that she and the whole company had been up all night gaming.

By this time all the ladies, except one, had seen themselves successively, and disliked the show or scolded the showman; I was resolved, however, that she who seemed to reject herself, and was resolved by the rest, should take a view of the mirror, going up to a corner of the room where she still continued sitting, I presented my glass full in her face. Here it was that I excelled in my success; she put her hand out, but could not easily find it was no glass, not even a mirror, but the largest and most costly of the faithful mirror. As when the large unwritten page presents its serious hopeless beauty to the writer's hand, so appeared the glass to my view. Here, O ye daughters of English ancestors, cries I, turn hither, and behold an object worthy imitation; look upon the mirror now, and acknowledge its justice, and this woman's pre-eminence! The ladies, obeying the summons, came up in a group, and looking on, acknowledged there was some truth in the picture, as the person now represented had been dead, dumb, and a fool from her infancy upwards.

This much of my dream I distinctly remember; the rest was filled with chimney, enchanted casement, dragons, and fire-enraged, by dear Fum Hors, who particularly versed in the interpretation of those midnight warnings, what pleasure should I find in your explanation! But that our distance prevents: I make no doubt, however, but that, from my description, you will much vererate the good qualities of the English ladies in general, since dreamer, you know, go others by contraries. Amen.

LETTER XLVI.

To the Same.

Upon finishing my last letter, I retired to rest, reflecting upon the wonders of the glass, wishing to be possessed of one here, and resolved in the morning to write to every lady with a right to it, for nothing. What fortune denied me walking, fancy supplied in a dream: the glass, I knew not how, was put into my hand, and I could perceive several ladies approaching, seemingly voluntary, often driven forward against their wills, by a set of discontented genii, when by intuition I knew were their husbands.

The apartment in which I was to show away was filled with several gaming-tables, as if just forsaken; the candles were burnt out, and the hour was five o'clock in the morning. Placed at one end of the room, which was of good length, I could more distinctly distinguish every female figure as she marched up from the door; but guess my surprise, when I could scarcely perceive any blooming or agreeable face among the number. This, however, I attributed to the early hour, and kindly considered that the face of a lady just risen from bed, ought always to find a generous advocate.

The first person who came in order to view her intellectual face was a commonsense wife, who, as I afterward heard, being bred up during their virginity in a plumber's shop, now attempted to make up the defects of breeding and sentiment by the magnificence of her dress, and the expensiveness of her arrangements. Sir, showman, cried she, approaching me, have some thing to show in that sort of magic-lantern, by which folks can see themselves on the inside: I told her, in my way, I am sure it will be vastly pretty, for I have never seen any thing like it before. But how, are we to strip off our clothes and be turned inside out? As Lord Bunting says, I answered, do not strip not strip for the world before a man's face, and so I told her loneliness almost every night of my life. I informed the lady that I would dispense with the figure, and have a plain one. In my language, and immediately presented my glass to her view.

As soon as a first-rate beauty, after having with difficulty escaped the small-pox, revisits her favoured mirror—that mirror which had repaired the flattery of every lover, and added force to the compliment,—expecting to see what had so often given her pleasure, she no longer beheld the cherry lip, the polished forehead, and speaking blush; but a hateful phial, quelled into a thousand seams by the hand of deformity; grief, resentment, and rage, fill her bosom by turns: she blames the fates, and their works, but most of all, the wretched glass feels her resentment; so was it with the lady in question; she had never seen her own mind before, and was now shocked at its deformity. One single look was sufficient to destroy her vanity; I held up the glass to her face, and she shut her eyes; no entreaties could prevail upon her to gaze once more. She was even going to snatch it from my hands and had much persuasion to prevail; but I found it was time, therefore, to dismiss her as incorrigible, and show away to the next that offered.

This was an unmarried lady, who continued in a state of virginity till thirty, and then admitted a lover when she despaired of a husband. No woman was loitered at a revel than she perfectly free, and almost in every respect a man: she understood ridicule to perfection, and was once known even silly out in order to beat the watch. Here, you my dear with the unblushing face (cold she, addressing me), let me take a long deep. Not that I care three damns what figure I may cast in the glass of such an old-fashioned creature; if I am allowed the beauties of the face by my right hand, the world will be the more pleasant enough to lose the beauties of the mind into the bargain. I held my glass before her as she desired, and most confides was shocked to herself. The large unwritten page for some time with the utmost composure; and at last, turning to me, with the most satisfied smile said, she never could think she had been so handsome.

LETTER XLVII.

From Lord Ch. to Dr. Bingley, a Friend to Peace.
The worst manner of lessening our ague is, to shrink from their presence; to confess that we feel them.

The fortitude of European nurses is but a dream for those who are in being insensible to the strokes of fortune, or in dispensing our sensibility. If we are insensible, that arises only from a happy disposition; that is, from being self-willingly granted by Heaven, and which no act can procure, no institutions improve.

If we discern our feelings, we only artificiously exercise those pleasant ones that we enjoy privations which we actually do not possess. Thus, while we endeavour to appear happy, we feel at once the pangs of internal misery, and all the self-contradicting consequences of endeavouring to deceive.

I know but of two sects of philosophers in the world that have endeavoured to institute that fortune is but an imaginary virtue; I mean the followers of Confucius, and those who profess the doctrines of Christ. All other sects teach pride under misfortunes; they alone teach humility. Nietzsche, says our Chinese philosopher, not more surely follows the day, than groans and tears grow out of pain; when misfortunes therefore oppress, when tyrants threaten, when Heaven is our interest, is our duty to fly even to designation for support, to seek redress from friendship, or seek redress from the best of friends who loved us into being.

Philosophers long detested the passions, as being the source of all our miseries: they are the source of all our misfortunes, I own; but they are the source of our pleasures too; and every advantage of our lives, and all the institutions of philosophy, should tend to this, not to dissemble an absence of passion, but to repel those which lead to vices, by those which direct to virtue.

The soul may be compared to a field of battle, where two armies are ready every moment to encounter; not a single voice but has a powerful effect, and not one virtue but may be overcome by a combination of vices. Reason guides the hand of either host; nor can it subdue one passion but by the assistance of another. Thus a bark, on every side beset with storms, enjoys a state of rest, so does the mind, when influenced by a just equilibration of the passions, enjoy tranquillity. It follows, any means as my landscape painter would admit to procure your freedom. I have lately written to the governor of Argos to pay your ransom, though at the expense of all the wealth I have in China. If we become your enemy, we shall at least have the pleasure of bearing poverty together; for what is fatigue or famine, when weighed against friendship and freedom.

Addit.

Letter XLVIII.

From Lin Chi Alchi, to ⚘ Meehan in Amsterdam.

A happening days ago to call at a painter's, to amuse myself in examining some pictures (I had no design to buy), it surprised me to see a company of a hundred men in the apartment. Dressed in a painter's apron, and assiduously learning the trade. We instantly remembered to have seen each other; and, after the usual compliments, I stood by while our artist was nearly finished an animal; as every thing done by him is richly; as Prince here, and as China, are never without followers, three or four persons, who had the appearance of gentlemen, were placed behind to comfort and apply him at every stroke.

I need tell, that it struck me with very disagreeable sensations, to see a youth, who, by his station in life, had it in his power to be useful to thousands, thus letting his mind run to waste upon curiosities, and at the same time, painting himself into tears, and filling his room with parochial noise.

As seeing an error, and attempting to redress it, are only one and the same with me, I took occasion, upon his bekward's desiring my opinion of a Chinese scroll, intended for the frame of a picture, to assure him, that a mandarin of Ch'in thought a minute acquaintance with such mechanical tribes below the earth, is as long declaimed against the passions, as being the source of all our miseries: they are the source of all our misfortunes, I own; but they are the source of our pleasures too; and every advantage of our lives, and all the institutions of philosophy, should tend to this, not to dissemble an absence of passion, but to repel those which lead to vices, by those which direct to virtue.

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Addit.
The old fairy was a good soul, mortified at her husband's want of gallantry, though she was resolutely obliged to comply; the day was therefore spent in the most pleasing amusements, the gentleman did not proceed to any unlawful instrumentalities, and the fairies lived in peace without end Barker. The citizen of the world.

The old lady was a good soul, mortified at her husband's want of gallantry, though she was resolutely obliged to comply; the day was therefore spent in the most pleasing amusements, the gentleman did not proceed to any unlawful instrumentalities, and the fairies lived in peace without end Barker.
receive punishment. Gaming-houses, prancing at prohibited places, assembled crowds, nocturnal amusements, public shows, and a hundred other instances, are forbid and frequent. These prohibitions have not the least effect. It is present in their imaginations, and happy for the people, that they are not enforced, and none but the venal or mercenary attempt to enforce them.

The law in this case, like an indolent parent, still keeps the rod, though the child is seldom correct. Were those admonitions off the table in eternity, were they likely to obstruct the happiness of man, or endanger the state, it is then that justice would resume her terrors, and punish these faults which she had so often overlooked with indulgence. It is to this dexterity of the law that an Englishman over the freedom he enjoys superior to others in a more populous government; every step therefore the constitution takes towards a democratic form, every diminution of the legal authority is, in fact, a diminution of the subject's freedom; but every attempt to render the government more populous, not only impairs natural liberty, but even will at last dissolve the political constitution.

The government of the country is limited to last only for a time; it grows rigid with age, new laws are multiplying, and the old continue in force; the subjects are oppressed, and burdened with a revenue which the injudicious are more than from whom to expect redress, and nothing but a strong conviction in the state can vindicate them into former Brass; thus, the people of Rome, a people known, found more real freedom under their emperors, though tyrants, than they had enjoyed in the old experience of the wealth, in which their laws were numerous and painful, in which new laws were every day enacting, and the old ones executed with rigor. They even refused to be restrained in their former practices upon an offer made to them of a change of their condition; they shrunk from the idea of sacrificing their manners to the laws, and that shrinking would not be very mistaken, since every jowei plucked from the crown of society would only be making room for another to crown the wither, and rid the few who shared it among them, but would in fact impoverish the public.

As the Roman senators, slow and imperceptible, as it were, the ideas of the people, yet still flattened them with a show of freedom, while themselves only were free; so it is possible for a body of men, while they stand up for privileges, to grow into an exorbitance of power themselves, and the public become actually dependent, while some of its individuals only governed.

If then, my friend, there should in this country, where every thing, through goodness or age, should give up their little corner of their prescriptive to the people; if there should come a minister of morality and popular—but I have no room for. Amen.

LETTER XI.

To the Master.

As I was yesterday seated at breakfast over a copy an agreable little disk of Chinese proverbs, I was awakened by an old friend and companion, who introduced a stranger, dressed pretty much like himself. The gentleman made several apologies for his visit, begged of me to improve his curiosity to the scrutiny of his respect, and the warmth of his curiosity.

"I am very suspicious of my company when I find them very civil without any apparent reason, unless there is an unusual increase of first at reserve; which my friend perceiving, instantly let me into his visitor's trade and character, asking Mr. Pigot, whether he had lately published any thing which affected the policy or the consulship of a bookseller, and his answer confirmed my suspicions.

"Examine me, sir," says he. "Is the season? A book house their time as we commoners. I would no more bring out a new work in summer than I should sell pint in the dog-days. Nothing in my way goes off in summer, except very light goods. A review, a magazine, or a sermons paper, may abuse a summer reader; but all stock of value we reserve for a spring and winter trade."

"I must confess," says I, "I don't know to what you call a valuable stock, which can only bear a winter period." Stupor, replied the bookseller; "it is not my way to cry up my own goods; but, without exaggeration, I will venture to show you any of the trade; my books are not at least have the peculiar advantage of being always new, and it is my way to doer off my old to the trade-makers every season. I have ten new title-pages now about me, which I hope to be able to make them the finest things in nature. Others may pretend to direct the vulgar; but that is not my way; I will let them take their own course without a doubt, and without any exception."

"In this," says I, "I think I understand you, sir. I always echo the maximum. For instance, the people in general say, that such a man says this, and I instantly make him down in print a villain; thus every man buys the books, not to learn new sentiments, but to have the pleasure of seeing his own reflected." But, sir, interrupted I, you speak as if you yourself were the books you publish; may I be as bold as to ask a sight of some of those intended publications which are shortly to surprise the world?" As to that, sir," replied the bookseller, "I only draw my argument; yet I will draw the conclusion which I have already made. I, and though I am very cautious of communicating them to you, as yet, in the end I have a favour to ask, you shall see a few of them here. Here are the diamonds of the first water, sir; I assure you. Impress, a translation of several medical precepts for the use of such physicians as do not understand Latin. Also, the young elogment's art of giving medicines regularly, with a dissertation on the different manners of smelling without disturbing the face. Bench, the whole art of love perfectly explained by a lover of Chaucer. Algebra, the proper manner of cutting black and red pencils, and making engravings; by the Right Hon. the Earl of , the master-mason-general, and the review of reviews. Sir, cried I, interrupting him, my curiosity with regard to title-pages is satisfied; I should be glad to see some longer manuscripts, a history of or epic poem."

"Hope me," replies the man of industry, "now to speak of an epic poem, you shall see an excellent face. Here it is; dip it into where it will, you will find minute with true modern humour. Shakspeare is air; it is filled with strokes of wit and satire in every line. Do you call these dashes of the pen, strokes, replied I, for I was sure I can see no other. And why, sir?" returned he, observing the way I treated them. "Do you see any thing good now-a-days, that is not filled with strokes—and dashes?—Sir, a well-placed dash makes half the wit of certain works of modern honour. I bought with a piece but last season that had no other merit upon earth than nine hundred and ninety-five breaks, seventy-two blanks, three good things, and a garter. And yet it played off, and bounced, and cracked, and made more sport than a fire-work."

"Fancy then, sir, you were a considerable gainor?"

"It must be owned the piece did play; but upon the whole, I must confess, too much boast of last winter's success: I gained by two numbers; but I am left by an ill-founder charity sermon. I was a considerable sufferer by my Direct Post at an Estate, the Linen-Gild brought me up again. Ah sir, that was a piece touched off by the hand of a master; filled with good things from one end to the other. I made nothing but the just in view; no dull moral babble beneath, nor ill-considered satire to sour the reader's good-humour; he wisely considered, that moral and humour at the same time.

"That purpose was the book then published?"

"Sir, the book was published in order to be sold; and no book sold better, except the criticisms upon it, which go off best at present; and I generally find a criticism upon every selling book that is published.

"I once had an author who never left the last opening for the critical close was the word, always very right, and very dull, ever on the same side. I think the criticisms ignoble of coming into favour. I soon perceived that his best was for criticism; and, as he was good for no other thing, he supplied them to himself, and planned him at the beginning of every month as a censor on the works of others. In short, I found him a treasure; no merit could escape him; but what was most remarkable of all was that he never49 wrote a better piece than when drunk."

"But are there not some booksellers, I said, that from the very summit of their composition, must be exempted from criticism, in particular, a sort of the Scotch, and his latest. There is no work whatever but what he can criticise."

"Yes, sir; even though you were in Chinese he would have pluck at you. Suppose you should take it into your head to publish a book, let it be a volume of Chinacharm, for instance: write how you will, he shall show the world you could have written better. Should you, with the most local exactness, stick to the manners and customs of the country from whence you come? should you confine yourself to the narrow limits of modern humour, the air of Shakspeare, air; it is filled with strokes of wit and satire in every line. Do you call these dashes of the pen, strokes, replied I, for I was sure I can see no other. And why, sir? returned he, observing the way I treated them. Do you see any thing good now-a-days, that is not filled with strokes—and dashes?—Sir, a well-placed dash makes half the wit of certain works of modern honour. I bought with a piece but last season that had no other merit upon earth than nine hundred and ninety-five breaks, seventy-two blanks, three good things, and a garter. And yet it played off, and bounced, and cracked, and made more sport than a fire-work."

oufl to such a line as this, and to go back to what I was saying:—I mean, sir, that was an ill-edited work. I publish with the utmost care. I have never been mistaken in my choice of authors; and I am sure, sir, that we should hunt you down like a rat.

"Head of my father said I, there are our two ways; the door must either be shut, or it must be open. I must be either natural or unnatural."

"Be what you will, we shall criticise you," returned the bookseller, "and prove you a dance in spite of your feet. But, sir, is it time that I should speak of the great master's name in our house?"

"What, sir, do you mean?" said I, either生素or me, the books I have just been speaking of, that is, the history of China; and if you will put your name to it as the author, I shall pay the obligation with gratitude. What, sir, have you any idea of what I mean to do next, sir, or not?" I am sure I cannot retain a proper respect for the public and myself.

The blemishes of my reply quite abated the master's
of the bookseller’s conversation; and after about half an hour’s disagreeable reserve, he, with some ceremony, took his leave, and withdrew. Adieu.

LETTER LIII.

To the Staunton.

In all other countries, my dear Pam Beem, the rich are distinguished by their dress. In Persia, China, and most parts of Spain, those who are possessed of much gold or silver, put some of it upon their clothes; but in England, those who carry much upon their clothes are remarked for having more outside than inside. A tawdry outside is regarded as a badge of poverty; and those who cannot afford it, and gloat over their thousands in silent satisfaction, are generally found to do it in plain clothes.

This diversity of thinking from the rest of the world which prevails here, I was at first a loss to account for; but since I have reflected, I was that introduced by an intercourse between them and their neighbours the French who, whenever they came in order to pay those visits a dinner, were generally well-dressed, and very poor, as they were not able to do otherwise. Though their outside is regarded as a badge of poverty, and those who cannot afford it, and gloat over their thousands in silent satisfaction, are generally found to do it in plain clothes, I must own myself a convert to English simplicity; for I am more for ostentation and wealth than for learning; the person who in company should pretend to be richer than others, I am apt to regard as an affectation and ill-breeds; the person whose clothes are expressly fine, I am too apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but as being a person who are not found to wear all the gold they have in the world, in a bob at the nose.

I was introduced into a company of the best dressed men I have seen since my arrival. Upon entering the room, I was struck with awe at the grandeur of the different dresses. That person who walk in gold, in blue and gold, must be some emperor’s son that in green and silver, a prince of the blood; he in embroidered scarlet, a prime minister; all fine gentlemen, I suppose, and wading noblemen too. I sat for some time with that assurance which sometimes interferes produce in the ingenious mind, all attention to their discourse. However, I found their conversation very instructive, and the pleasures of such distinction: if these, thought I to myself, be princes, they are the most stupid princes I have ever conversed with; yet still I continued to converse with them, as these have a kind of mechanical influence on the mind.

My friend in black, indeed, did not behave with the same deference, but conducted the finest of them all in the most exemplary tones of contempt.

But I had scarcely time to wonder at the impropriety of his conduct, before I found occasions to be equally surprised at the absurdity of riches; for, upon the entry of a middle-aged man, dressed in a cap, shirt, and coat of black, the whole countenance seemed diminished of his former importance, and contended that should be first to pay their obeisance to the stranger. They somehow resembled a figure of Balzac offering incense to a bear.

Eager to know the cause of so much seeming contradiction, I inquired my friend about this room, and found that the august company consisted of no other than two flat-nosed, and a third-rate actor, all assembled in order to make a set at country-dances and the middle-aged gentleman, whom I saw enter, was a shorty from the country, and desirous of learning the new manner of footing, and smoothing up the rudiments of his rural mount.

It was no longer surprising, to the authority which my friend answered among them, that I was even displeased (pardon my Eastern education) that he had not killed every creature of them down stairs. ‘What!’ said I, shall a tawdry fellow dress themselves up like some of kings, and claim even the transient respect of half an hour! There should be some law to restrain so manifested a breach of propriety; they should, go to the bottom of their dignity, as in China, with the instruments of their profession, strong round their necks by this means, we might be able to distinguish and treat them in a style of becoming contempt.’ Eloped, my friend, replied my companion, were your reformation to take place, as dancing-masters and fiddlers now humble gentlemen in appearance, we should then find our fine gentlemen conforming to theirs. A beast might be introduced to a lady of fashion, with a false-case hanging at his neck by a red ribbon; and instead of a case, might carry a false-stick. The case might be as dull as a flat-rate dancing master, might be used with propriety; yet, dull as he is, many a fine gentleman set him up as the proper standard of elegance, not only the pet-vitiety of his air, but the final dignity of his conversation. In short, if you make a law against dancing-masters imitating the fine gentleman, you should with as much propriety, as you might in the case of a fine gentleman, to imitate the dancing-master.

After I had left my friend, I made towards home, reflecting as I went upon the difficulty of distinguishing men by dress. Indeed, however, by the freshness of the evening, I did not return directly, but went to ruminate on what had passed in a public garden belonging to the city. There, as I sat upon one of the benches, and for the pleasing sympathy which nature in bloom in-

spire, a dissolute picture, who sat on the other end of the seat, seemed no way to enjoy the society of the season.

His dress was miserable beyond description; though he was clothed in the ruftest materials; a shirt, though clean, yet extremely coarse; hair that seemed to have been long unconscious of the comb, and all the rest of his equipage impressed with the marks of genuine poverty.

As he continued to sight, and testify every symptom of despair, I was naturally led, from a motive of humanity, to regard his situation, and assistance. I know my heart; and all who are miserable may claim a place there. The pensive stranger at first declined my conversation; but at last, perceiving a peculiarity in my appearance and manner of thinking, he began to unfold himself by degrees. I now found that he was not so very miserable as at first appeared; upon my offering him a small piece of money, he refused my favour, yet without appearing displeased at my intended generosity. It is true, he sometimes interrupted the conversation with a sigh, and talked pathetically of neglected merit; yet still I could perceive a severity in his countenance, that, upon a closer inspection, bespoke inward content.

Upon a pause in the conversation, I was going to take my leave, when he begged I would favour him with his company home to supper. I was surprised at such a demand from a person of his appearance; I think it proper to decline it. I accepted his invitation, and, though I felt some apprehension at being seen with one who appeared so very wretched, went about with seeming cheerfulness.

Still as I was prepared to give most pleasure to a few very old gentlemen, who, being in some measure dead to other sensations, feel the force of the affliction with double violence on the organs of emission.

An author who writes in this manner is generally sure therefore of having the very old and the important among his audience; for they are very properly to be said to write, and from these he ought to expect his reward; his works being often a very proper appendage to coffeehouses, or an allowable fill. His pen should be so fine as to light the spirit of an apocalypse, both directed to the same genial end.

But though this manner of writing be perfectly subjected to the taste of gentlemen and ladies of fashion here, yet still it deserves greater praise in being equally suited to the most vulgar apprehensions. The very ladies and gentlemen ofasia are in this respect tolerably politic, and might wish a prudent jolt of this kind with critical propriety; probably too high with gusts, as they wear neither breeches nor petticoats to intercept the application.

It is certain I never could have thought the ladies hence, bashed as they are by education, capable at once of bravely throwing off their prejudices, and not only applauding books in which this figure makes the only merit, but even adopting it in their own conversation. Yet as the pretty innu-
of ingenuity, no other mechanical help but downright obstinacy will suffice. By speaking of some peculiar sensations, we are always sure of exciting the attention of the lout; but the jest does not lie in the writer, but in the subject.

But Belvoir is often helped on by another figure, called Porteus; and few indeed are found to excel him in that art of making the subject appear to be as much a novelty and peculiarity as the author himself.

As in common conversation, the best way to make the audience laugh is by first laughing yourself; so in writing, the proper manner is to show the raptures and confusion of the new-comer, who is an attempt at humour; and yet a complete chance for humour in reality. To effect this, readers must be treated with the most perfect familiarity: in one page the author is to make them a low bow, and in the next, to sink them in the dust; to riddle them and send them to bed in order to dream for the solution. He must speak of himself, and his chapters, and his manner, and what he would be at, and his own importance, and his mother's importance, with the most unyielding propriety; and now and then witness his contempt for all but himself, smiling without a jest, and without professing vacuity.

Athen.

LETTER LV.

From the Same.

I consent now to those books openly in their hands which formerly hid under the cushions; they now lay their double meanings with such grace, that the company, the break of my acquaintance, Little reserve, that I am sometimes reminded of a custom among the entertainers in China, who think it a piece of necessary breeding to what the appellees be left with, whom they shall dream dinner in the kitchen, before it is served up to table.

The reverence we have for many things, entirely proceeds from their being carefully concealed. With the noblest works of art, the more I am acquainted with the genuine, the more I feel for their being so seldom public. Little reserve, that I am sometimes reminded of a custom among the entertainers in China, who think it a piece of necessary breeding to what the appellees be left with, whom they shall dream dinner in the kitchen, before it is served up to table. However, though this figure be present so much in the profession of it as so much cared for the great, the present judges of literary excellence; yet it is considered only as a revival of what was so fashionable here before.

There was a time, when by this very manner of writing, the grave Tom Durley, as I read in his English autobiography, acquired his great reputation, and became the favourite of a king.

The works of this original genius, though they never publish. I wish they would give the characters that have reached posterity at home, were once found upon every fashionable toilet, and made the subject of public admiration. I mean poor conversation. Is your grave so wise Mr. Durley's low thing, the Old Hole? A most facetious place—Sure, my lord, all the world must have seen it; Durley is certainly the most central creature alive. It is impossible to read his things and live. Were there ever any thing so natural and pretty, as when the Spy and Bridget went in the cellar? And then the difficulties they both find in breathing their old songs, with no manners, We have certainly nothing of this kind in the language.

In this manner they spoke then, and in this manner they speak now; for though the success of Durley's does not excel him in wit, yet it must confess to his hurts in obscurity.

There are several very dull fellows, who, by a few mechanical helps, sometimes learn to become extremely witty. With a little dexterity in the management of the eyebrows, fingers, and now, by imitating a cat; a snout and pigs by a look, and a horse with the lips, most of their figures are furnished out for conversation. But the writer finds it impossible to throw his winks, his shrugs, or his attitudes, upon paper; he may borrow some assistance, by printing his face at the title-page, but without wit, to pass for a man

moment, so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

The sooner we came up, and joined with all the other; we turned over the same chapter for the last, and for some time, till they did not like in the writer, but in the subject.

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CHAPTER LV.

To the Same.

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little deer yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sat together for some time, otherwise planning the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dress of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately for some time, when stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the arm, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequent looking behind, that he was trying to escape some company who followed us, we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward we still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every dodging, and gained upon us each
well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of re-turning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket book, seeming to take moments before all the company, with many short allusions, and odd little allusions. He used to make his remarks. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, festering at his absences, and fancying himself quite a long time about every question.

When we had got to the end of our procession, "Blustery," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the park so thin in my life before! I think we came in at all to take a single step, for I never saw it like, so thin and so clear."

"No company?" interrupted Fritter, peremptorily. "no company where there is such a crowd? why, ma'am, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been set at our heels, this last company?"

"Lord, my dear!" returned he, with the utmost good humor, "you seem immensely astonished, but that is the world, laugh at the world, and we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creole, and I, sometimes make a pretty at being ridiculous; and so we say, and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I am not a sage, and if you are for a fine grained sentimental company, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on it! I'll introduce you to Mrs. Titus, a lady of an elegant disposition, in every manner; she was brisk, but that's between ourselves, under the impression of the Countess of Allbright. A charming body of voice, but I think I will not venture to give it a song. You shall see my little girl, Carolina Williamson Amelia Titus, a sweet pretty creature! I design her for my Lord Drumstib's eldest son; but there's no friendship, let it go no further; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immoderately. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar. I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took up his coat, and leaved me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outskirts of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of his health.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to be most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he ascended, he declared, whether I was delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Thou," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my window; we shall also take tea sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top quite high."

My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects of home, that my friends may visit me the oftener.

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he pleased to call our drawing-room. I do think, my dear, that you have gone up the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded who's there! My conductor answered that it was himself. But this, not satisfying the enquirer, the voice again repeated the demand to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

"When we get in," he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? "Good truth," replied she, in a peculiar dialect, "she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against leading out the tab any longer."

"My two shirts," cried he, in a tone that followed with confusion, "what does the lady mean?" I told him what I meant well enough, replied the other; "she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because—" "Fire and fury, no more of these stupid explanations," cried he; "I go to inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch beg to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd passion for accuracy in my person, be it great or little."

We waited some time for Mrs. Titus's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a candle in one corner, a humming cabinet in the other; a broken shepherd's pipe without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several portraiture framed pictures, which, he said, were portraits of his ancestors, coming from one building to another; if you take a draught of this ruin, or that obelisk; of paying so many tombs for this cenotaph, or laying up a proper store for the palette of a new wildness."

From your account of Russia, I learn that this nation is again relaxing into primitive barbarity; that its great emperor wants a life of a hundred years more, to bring in his vast design. A savage people may be raised to resemble our ancient forests; a few years are sufficient to clear away the obstructions of their new wildness, but it requires many, and the ground acquires a proper degree of fertility; the Russians, attached to their ancient prejudices, again renew their hatred to strangers, and indulge every former brutal excess. So true it is, that the revolutions of wisdom are slow and difficult, as the revolutions of folly are often sudden; a revolution of the one is safe and easy. We are not to be astonished, may Confucius, that these wilder races are in their way to wisdom, than find us in passage to Plutus; I the company—"

"The German empire, that remnant of the majesty of ancient Rome, is now fenced up or the account of disunion. The members of its vast body wear every tye of government to unite them, and seem soon held together only by their respect for ancient institutions, of which the Germans make one of the strongest bonds of government, has been here for some time last sale; each of its inhabitants seeming more proud of being called from the petty state which gives him birth, than by the more well-known title of German.

This government may be regarded in the light of a secret master and a false opponent. The states which are now subject to the laws of the empire are only watching a proper occasion to cling off the yoke, and those which are become too powerful to submit to obedience now begin to think of dieting in their盆地. The struggles in this state are, therefore, not in order to preserve, but to destroy the ancient constitution. One side succeeds, the government must become despotic, if the other, several states will subvert without even nominal subordination; but in either case, the German constitution will be no more.

Swedes, on the contrary, though now seemingly a sternest ascender of its liberty, is probably hastening to its downfall. This secret society, while they pretend to vindicate the freedom of the people, are only establishing their own independence. The denuded people, however, at last perceive the miseries of an anarchical government, they will perceive that the administration of a society of men is ever more painful than that of one only. They will fly from this most oppressive of all forms, where one single member of con clave holds the whole, to take refuge under the throne, which will ever be attentive to their complaints.

No people long endure an aristocratical government when they can find elsewhere more redress.

The lower orders of people may be enslaved for a time by a number of tyrants, but, upon the first opportunity, they will never take a refuge in despoticism or democracy.

As the Swedes are making concerted approaches to despotism, the French on the other hand,
GOLDMSWORTH'S WORKS.

Pensees, first published in 1669, is a collection of short, meditative essays by Blaise Pascal, a French mathematician, physicist, and philosopher. The essays cover a wide range of topics, including religion, politics, and science. They are known for their simplicity and depth, and they have had a significant influence on philosophy, literature, and popular culture.

LETTER LVIII.

TO THE FRIENDS.

In the black book, there are many opportunities of introducing me to such company as may serve to indulge my speculative taste, or gratify my curiosity. But I was inducement kindly invited to a subscription dinner. To understand this term you must know, that it was formerly the custom here for the principal priests to go about the country once a year, and examine all the schools of all the clergy, whether of any notice, whether they were qualified for the task; whether their temples were kept in proper repair, and they did please with their behaviour.

Though a variation of this nature was very useful, yet it was found to be extremely troublesome, and for many reasons utterly inconsistent; for at the same time, when we were obliged to attend at court, in order to select prelates, it was impossible they could at the same time attend in the country, which was quite out of the road to prosecution: if we add to this great, which has been done since then, and was then very popular, with the bulk of the clergy, those of subordination in the same way, it was not strange that the custom has been long discontinued. At present, therefore, every head of the church, instead of going about to visit his priests, is satisfied if his priests come in a body once a year to visit him, by this means the duty of half a year is discharged in a day. When men do not think, in his turn, how they have behaved, and are likely upon which, those who have neglected their duty, or are disagreeable to their congregation, do not accuse themselves, and tell their people, for which he reproaches them most severely.

The thoughts of being introduced into a company of philosophers and learned men (as such I considered them) gave me no small pleasure. I expected our entertainment would resemble those sentimental banquets so finely described by Xenophon and Plato. I was desirous some Scrutators would be brought there, to introduce us into a banquet upon divine love; but as for eating and drinking, I prepared myself to be disappointed in that particular. I was apprised that luscious and temperance were tenets strongly recommended to the professors of Christianity, and I had seen the fragrancy and mortification of the palette of the East, so that I expected an entertainment where we should have much reasoning and little meat.

Upon being introduced, I confessed I found no great signs of mortification in the faces or persons of any of the company. How they lived, looked to temperance, and their sobriety to a sedantary way of living. I saw several preparations indeed for dinner, but none for philosophy. The company seemed to give no little deference to my expectation: but this I easily understood. Men of wisdom, thought, I am ever slow of speech; they deliver nothing unambiguously. Silence, says a friend of mine, is a friend of silence. They are now probably inventing maxims or hard sayings for their mutual instruction, when some one shall think proper to begin.

My curiosity was now urged upon the highest pitch; I impatiently looked round to see if any were going to interrupt the mighty pause; when at last one of the company declared, that there was a new publish in his house in the evening, fitting fifteen pipes at a time. This I thought a very preposterous beginning; but just as another was going to second the remark, dinner was served, which interrupted the conversation for that time.

The appearance of dinner, which consisted of a variety of dishes, seemed to diffuse some satisfaction over the company; but I now expected the philosophical conversation to begin, as they improved in good-humour. The principal piece, however, opened his mouth in some sort of a laudatory harangue; but the verses he had been kept enough, though he had given strict orders for having it killed ten days before. "I fear," continued he, "it will be found to want something, but yet I cannot find anything of the original wilderness in it." As priest, who sat next him, having swept it, and wiped his nose, "Ah, my good lord," cried he,
the fatigues of the day: her appearance was like that of an aerial genius when it descends to minister comfort to one who, amidst the trials of her lot, could not but cherish the thought that, though the world was now a scene of confusion and terror; every person was willing to save himself, unmindful of others. In this confusion, seeking among two of the fittest of her admirers in the stables of Mofnedal, we found ourselves, and as we passed, were saluted with joy. We had found the mountain of Circassia. As there were several others, flying in the same manner, we passed without notice, and in three days arrived at Terki, a city that, with no money to buy, we found not the money to take, and as we gave the mountains of Circassia. Here, free from every apprehension of danger, we enjoy all the pleasures which are consistent with a view: through my heart at intervals give way to unexpected events. For this was the original idea, I placed myself on my first station in hopes of a repeated visit. After some short expectation, the bright perfection again appeared; I bowed, as before, to the ground; when raising me up, she observed, that the time was not spent in useless ceremony, that the day following was appointed for the celebration of her nuptials, that something was to be done that very night for our mutual deliverance. I offered her the utmost assistance in the recovery scheme she desiderated of; upon which she proposed that I should at the garden-wall, asking, that she had prevailed upon a female slave, who was now waiting at the appointed place, to assist her with a hollow.

Pursuant to this information, I led her trembling to the place appointed; but instead of the slave we expected to see, Mouledoian himself was three weeks arriving at the watch in which we had confided, it seemed, had betrayed our design to her master, and now saw the most convincing proofs of her unfaithfulness. He was just going to draw out and, when a prince of princes reposed his trust; and he resolved, after a severe chastisement, to dispose of me to another master; in the mean time ordered me to be confined in the strictest manner, and the next day to receive a hundred blows on the soles of my feet.

The next morning, I was led out in order to receive the punishment, which, though the severity with which it is generally inflicted upon slaves, is worse than death.

A trumpet was to be the signal for the solemnisation of the nuptials of Zelea, and for the redemption of myself. Every ceremony, to me equally dreadful, was just going to begin, when we were informed that one of Circassian Tartars had invaded the town, and that, finding all in confusion, our master was about to leave the place, but that my deliverer was pleased with the relation, my pleasure was promised by duty.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

"you are too modest, it is perfectly fine; every body knows that nobody understands keeping version with your lordship."—"Ay, and paraphrases too," interrupted another; "I never find them right any where. The hope was going to reply, when a third took off the attention of the company, by recommending the pig as inoffensive. "I fancy, my lord, that he is an Indian pig. It has been muzzled in its own blood,"—"If it has been muzzled in its blood," cried a fierce member, helping himself, "we'll now muzzled in egg-sauce." This pleased the whole company: a great loud laugh, which the women observing, and now that he was in luck, willing to send his blow, assured the company he would tell them a good story: as he was climbing, all the audience, in a moment, was rising with a violent fit of laughter, he, as ever he had in your lives.

There was a farmer in my parish who used to step upon wild ducks and dunmsberry,—so this farmer,"—"Doctor Mac- ron," cries his lordship, interrupting him, "I give me leave to drink your health,"—"so being fond of wild ducks and dunmsberry,—"Doctor," adds a gentleman who sat next to him, "let me advise you to a wing of this turkey,"—"so this farmer being fond of wild ducks and dunmsberry,—"Hob and nath, Doctor, which do you prefer?"—"Roast, being fond of wild ducks and dunmsberry,—"Take care of your hand, sir, it may dip in the gravy," the doctor, now looking round, found not a single eye disposed to listen; whereas, calling for a glass of wine, he at once gave down the disappointment and the ten in a bucker.

The conversation now began to be little more than a reshuffle of explanations; as each had pretty well satisfied his own appetite, he now found sufficient time to press others. "Excellent the very thing! let me recommend the pig. Do but taste the haystack, never a better thing in my life: exquisite!" cried the edifying discourse continued through three courses, which lasted as many hours, till every one of the company were utterly awakend or utter any thing more.

It is very natural for men who are subdued in one excess, to break into some other. The elegy here, particularly those who are advanced in years, think if they are abstemious with regard to women and wine, they may indulge their other appetites without censure. Thus some are found to rise in the midst of conversation with their cups about dinner; and when that has been swallowed, make no other use of their faculties (if they have any) but to ruminate on the succeeding meal, the progressive steps to it are cheerful and soothing the gentleman intended performances, the melancholy retrench, and there is even classic authority to countenance the excess. But in eating, after nature is once satisfied, every abnormal meal brings stupidity and disturbances with it, and as one of their own poets expresses it:

Was suldulibes, and wholistibes before

Let no man more, after such a meal as this I have been describing, while all the company are sitting in lethargic silence round the table, grinning under a load of soup, pig, pork, and bacon; let me suppose, I say, some hungry beggar, with looks of want, peeping through one of the windows, and thus addressing the assembly:

"Pretexts, place those napkins from your chairs; nature is satisfied, all the audience is satisfied, I claim it as mine. It was given you in order to relieve me, and not to oppress ourselves. How can they comfort or instruct others, who can scarcely feel their own existence, except from the unnecessary returns of a ill-begotten meal! But though neither you, nor the clergy, whom you sit upon will hear me, yet the world regards the excesses of its teachers with a accusing eye, and notes their conduct with double severity." I know no other answer any one of the company could make to such an argument.

"Plead, you talk of our losing a character, and being disliked by the world; well, and supposing all this to be true, what! who cares for the world! We'll drink a glass of wine, he shall pay us for preaching, whether we like each other or not."
The text is a section from Goldsmith's "The Citizen of the World". It discusses the themes of love, honor, and the nature of happiness. The text reflects on the pursuit of pleasure and the consequences of honor in a social context.

For example, it mentions the concept of "true happiness" as distinct from mere pleasure, and it critiques the idea of love as a source of personal fulfillment. The text also touches on the role of honor in society, suggesting that it is a source of both pride and restraint.

The passage is rich with moral philosophy, emphasizing the importance of moderation in pursuit of happiness. It suggests that true happiness cannot be found in fleeting pleasures but rather in a life lived in accordance with reason and virtue.

The text is a reflection on the complexity of human nature and the challenges of navigating a society that values honor and reputation above all else.
still improves by observing, that the most swift are ever the least mappable.

To know one profession only, is enough for one man to knowledge it, (however the profession to the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented therefore with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, you will gain nothing. A conjurer and a tailor once acquainted to converse together. "Alas," cries the tailor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! if people should see that I have no one to mend for me; how am I to make a living? I have no other trade to have recourse to!" "Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer; "but, think. Heaven, things are but in our power; for if one trick should fall, I have a hundred tricks more for them, yet, however, if at any time you are troubled to beg, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overtook the land; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away; it was in vain that he promised to cut out, or to vent gratis; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

Once upon a time a goose fed its young by a pond-side; and a goose in such circumstances is always extremely fond, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at his head. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain a right in it, and even if they had not known, they would have been afraid to touch it, as a wing to flatter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; and, even the initials of her name were towing her:

"This great person is like the off-spring of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but can not defend him. Who values ananger which is consumed only in empty revenge?"

If any one of our fallen brethren convert his wildness to a habit of the most respectable and salutary customs, how much happier will he be, and how much more useful to his country will he be! It is surprising how the mind is affected by the apprehension of being watched and observed. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was melancholy; he had failed to finish the whole picture with a universal blot; not a single stroke was not adulterated with marks of desperation: not satisfied with this, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner, and exposing his pictures as before, desired that every spectator would mark those strokes he had approved or admired in the others. The people, who admired the artist returning, found his picture replete with marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well," says the painter, now find that the best way to please half of the world, is not to mind what the other half says; since what is fault in the eyes of thee, shall be by those regarded as beauty." Adieu.

LETTER LXI.
From the Prince.

A character, such as you have represented that of your fair companion, which, besides its well-known virtues, though loaded with infirmities, is truly great. Many regard virtue because it is attended with applause; your favorite only for the internal comfort it affords. You have often wished that ladies like her were proposed as models for female imitation, and not such as have acquired fame by qualities repugnant to the natural softness of the sex. Women, who are the school of politics, or their learning, leave the duties of their own sex, in order to invade the privileges of ours. I can no more pardon a fair one for endeavouring to wield the club of Hercules, than I could in him for attempting to twist her distaff.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful mother, are much more serviceable in life than petticoat philosophers, blustering heroines, or vapid queens. She who makes her husband, and her own children, shall regard her the one from overweening ambition, the whole, or few, or interested in her picture. A woman of great talents and force of mind, who should as a minister, thereby to be raised from her elevation in rank, and raised up to the other vice, is a much greater character than those described in romance, whose whole elevation is to render mankind with shafts from their quivers in their eyes.

Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great curves themselves, but to reflect others. Their tenderness is the foundation of their preservation and the cause of all their conversation, and the desire to escape the fatigue of intense application, and the miseries within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity: and when they may and consequently without pain.

GOLDSMITH's WORKS.

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

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We now see Catharina, from the low mud-built cottage, empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her rule. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this prostration, but to her virtues more. She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and, while the extraordinary prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his royal subjects, she studied to improve her own. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood; and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of her empire, found herself pretty well off, without regrets, regretted by all. Adieu.

LETTER LXIII.

From Mr. Chi Atchafy, or From Mons. Philick of the
Gentlemans Academy at Pleaf, in China.

In every letter I expect accounts of some new revolutions in China, some strange occurrences in the state, or disaster among my private acquaintance. I open every packet with greater expectation; I am impatiently disappointed when I find my friends and my country continuing in felicity; I waver, but they are at rest; they suffer few changes but what pass in my own mind; endless imaginings: It is only my own rapidity of my own motion gives an imaginary swiftness to objects which are in some measure immovable.

Yet believe me, my friend, that even China itself is improperly degenerating from her ancient greatness: her laws are now more venal, and her merchants are more deceitful than formerly; the arts and sciences have degenerated. Observe the engravings on our ancient bridges, figures that add grace even to nature; there is not an artist now in all the empire that can imitate their beauty. Our manufactures in porcelain, too, are inferior to what we once were famous for; and even Europe now begins to exceed us. There was a time when China was the receptacle for strangers; when all were welcome who either came to improve the state, or admire its greatness; now the empire is shut up from every foreign improvement; and the very inhabitants discourage each other from pursuing their own interests.

Wherein this degeneracy in a state so little subject to external revolutions? how happens it that the good part of the world is in decay, and the bad part in health? The increase of her arts was no addition to his design; their mutinies were solemnized in private, the Prince assuring his courtiers, that this abstinence was the properest ladder to a throne.

This decay is surely from nature, and not the result of voluntary degeneracy. In a period of two or three thousand years she seems at proper intervals to produce great minds, with an effect of the Europeans over the world, resembling that which immediately introduces the vicissitudes of seasons. They rise up at once, continue for an age, enlighten the world, fall like ripe corn, and mankind being worn down by the continued application of all their powers, are astonished to find every art and every science in the decline, not considering that autumn is over, and fatigue not nature again begins to reappear in the preceding season, we suffer.

Some periods have been remarkable for the production of men of extraordinary stature; others for producing some particular animals in great abundance; some for excessive plenty; and others again for seemingly endless famine. Nature, which shows herself so very different in her visible productions, must surely differ also from herself in the production of solids, and while she astonished one age with the strength and stature of a Milo or a Maximin, may bless another with the wisdom of a Plato, or the goodness of an Aristotle.

Let us not then attribute accident to the falling off of every nation, but to the natural revolution of things. Often in the darkest ages there has appeared a man, who, by his abilities, joined with all his understanding, failing to bring his barbarous age into refinement; all mankind seemed to sleep, till nature gave the general call, and then the whole world seemed at once to awake; the sciences triumphed in every country, and the brightness of a single genius seemed lost in a galaxy of continuous glory.

The high degree of periods in every age have been universal. At the time when China first began to emerge from barbarity, the Western world was equally rising into refinement; when we had yards of riband, so the Chinese had the yard. In succeeding ages, Confucius and Pythagoras seem born nearly together, and a train of philosophers thus sprung up every where in China. The period of renewed barbarity began to have a universal spread, much about the same time, and continued for several centuries, till in the year of the Christian era 1400, the Emperor Yonglo arose to revive the levelling spirit of the East; while about the same time, the Mecuccan family laboured in Italy to raise infant genius from the cradle: thus we see politeness spreading over every part of the world in one age, and from every country; prosperity succeeding in another; at one period a train of light diffusing itself over the whole world, and at another all mankind wrapped up in the profound ignorance of the East.

Such has been the situation of things in times past; and such probably it will ever be. China, I have observed, has evidently begun to degenerate from its former politeness; and were the learning of the Europeans over the world, it is probable the decline would perhaps appear to have already taken place. We should find among the nations of the West, the study of morality dispersed for mathematical disquisitions, or mathematical subtleties; we should find learning begin to separate from the useful duties and concerns of life, while none ventured to aspire after that character, but they who know much is always connected with man's happiness; and useful. We should find every great attempt suppressed by prudence, and the raptures of enthusiasm in writing cooled by cold calculation of office. We should find few of those close spirits, so elaborately venturing to be wrong, and who are willing to hazard much for the sake of great acquisitions. Providence has indulged the world with a period of almost four hundred years' refinement; does it now by degrees sink us into our former ignorance, leaving us only the love of wisdom, while it deprives us of its advantages? Adieu.

LETTER LXIV.

From the South.

The princes of Europe have found out a manner of tempting abilities, who are not yet versed well, by proceeding them with about two yards of blue riband, which is worn about the shoulder. They who are honoured with this mark of distinction are called princes at arms; and the king is always the head of the order. This is a very frugal method of recompensing the most important services: and it is very fortunate for kings that their subjects are satisfied with such trifling rewards. Should a nobleman happen to lose his log in a battle, the king presents him with two yards, and the government pays for the loss of his limbs. Should an ambassador spend all his paternal fortune in supporting the honour of his country abroad, the king presents him with two yards and a shoulder. This is the reward of his labours, and is considered as an equivo- knot to his estate. In short, while a European king has a yard of blue or green riband left he need be under no apprehensions of wounding state men, generals, and while he can still spread the desirable effect of the East; while about the same time, the Mecuccan family laboured in Italy to raise infant genius from the cradle: thus we see politeness spreading over every part of the world in one age, and from every country; prosperity succeeding in another; at one period a train of light diffusing itself over the whole world, and at another all mankind wrapped up in the profound ignorance of the East.

I can not sufficiently admire those kingdoms in which men with large patrimonial endowments are willing thus to undervalue real hardships for empty favours. A prince, or an ambassador of a compe- tent fortune, who undertakes to enter the court of ambition, feels many real inconveniences from his station, while it procures him no real happiness. He should have, in my opinion, no delusive reception before he became a courtier; as
well, perhaps better, than when invested with his authority. He could command, and every one was subject to his will. The public authority is a public convenience, and is necessary to keep order in the state. Let us then praise the virtues of the public authority, and let us praise the virtues of the public authority.

What good does it do to add to a fortune already sufficient provision? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then proceedings might be attended with real amusement.

But he, by having his one thousand two, two thousand two, three thousand, indeed, might he be excused for undertaking some pains, in order to expand the sphere of his enjoyments. But, on the contrary, he finds his desire for pleasure increased, and his capacity to be able to improve it; and his capacity of enjoyment diminishes as his fortune increases.

Instead, therefore, of regarding the great as easy, I generally consider them with some share of compassion. I look upon them as a set of good-natured, misguided people, who are indebted to us and not to themselves, for all the happiness they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own, they spend under a sumptuous heap of folly; for our pleasure the laudable trait, the slow pacing pace, is to give them the idea of a benevolent, moves in review a single coat, or a single footman, serves all the purposes of the most insipid refinement as well; and those who have twenty may be said to keep up their own grace, and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the observation of Confinuto, that we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy, than endeavoring to think so ourselves.

But though this desire of being seen, of being made the subject of discourse, and of supporting the dignity of an established station, be troublesome and painful; yet it is well for society that there are men thus willing to exchange ease and safety for danger and a trial. We lose nothing in the body, and it would be unwise to think that society is not an endowment to deprive it of its value. If a duke or a duchess are willing to carry a long train for our entertainment, so much the worse for them-selves; if they choose to exhibit in public, with a hundred lackeys and men usher in their equipages, for our entertainment, still so much the worse for themselves; it is the spectators alone who give and receive the pleasure; they only are the awaking figures that swell the pageant.

A cavalier, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his person, having one day, I think, the honor of an old lady Eunice, who, following him through several streets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels.

What does the man mean?cried the maid-servants: "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels."

"No," replied the other; "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have too much trouble of watching them, and in an employment I don't much desire." Addick.

LETTER LXV.

From the Same.

"Tune not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it; it is amusing to observe the various effects, and the different methods, with which each tries to excite the notice of the spectators; the expression in some, the easy, and in others, and the wish in all. With this design, I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the moly, to shoot as they shot, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate for a while in the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

Struggling for some time, in order to be first to see the cavalcade as it passed, some one of the crowd unwillingly happened to tread upon my coat, and, as it was lying on the ground, I was in such a hurry, that I had not time to suffer another, that the next time I met with a similar affront, I should have been much more ready to take it.

Therefore I resolved to put myself into a position where I should not be excused for not being noticed, and I therefore consented to sit down, and to run after the crowd as a spectator, and to look behind me, like one of the invalids who follow the march of an army.

In this plight, as I was considering the cagerness that appeared on every face; how baseless it is to get fashionable, and others contended themselves with taking a transient step when they could; how some pressed the four black servants who were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribbons that decorated the horses' heads in another; my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any I had yet seen, a poor cobbler, in his best by the way-side, and continued to work while the crowd passed by, without noticing the smallest share of curiosity. I own my want of attention excited mine; and as I stood in need of his assistance, I thought it best to employ a philosophical cobbler on this occasion. Perceiving my business, therefore, he desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe in his lap, and began to mend it with his usual indifference and taciturnity.

"How, my friend," said I to him, "can you continue to work, while all the world is passing by your door?"

"Very fine they are, master," returned the cobbler, "for those that like them; but, as for what all these fine things are to me? You don't know what it is to be a cobbler, and so much the better for you."

"No," replied the other; "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have too much trouble of watching them, and in an employment I don't much desire." Addick.

"But for me, if I should run hunting after all these fine folks, what should I get by it? I should be too tired of running through the streets, my journey but an apartment, and, God help you; I have too much of that at home already, without sitting out for it. Your people, who may eat four meals a day, and a new suit of clothes every night, are but bad best I used to sit with people, she hated me of such an example to such a one as I. No master, as God has called me into this world in order to mend shoes, have I no business with fine folk, and they the handsomely, coming with shoes when I was from home, and putting it into my wife's hands, the length of it effectually broke her heart. I searched the whole street after her was dead for the money, but she had gone, and without and with all my pains I could never find a farthing."

By this time my shoe was mended, and satisfying the poor for his trouble, and receiving him besides for his information, I took my leave, and returned home to lengthen out the amusement his conversation afforded, by communicating it to my friend. Addick.

LETTER LXV.

From Linn Ellis Alasby to Higley, by the way of Moscow.

Genest never applied supply every fabric of life. In the same way, neither of those we converse with; it will procure esteem, and a conduct resembling real affection; but actual love is the spontaneous production of the mind; no nonsense can purchase, nor any circumstance, nor any liberty continue it; the very person who is obliged, has not in his power to force him into giving affection upon the object he should love, and voluntarily on with gratitude.

Impaired fortune, and well-placed liberty, may procure the benefactor good will, may lead the person who is beloved to more than a sufficient degree of admiration, but will enable any other external element to re-establish; this is gratitude; and simple gratitude, unfurnished with love, is all the return an insensible mind can bestow for former benefits. But gratitude and love are always opposite affections: here is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently conferred without our previous esteem.

We have some men, we know not why; our tenderness is naturally excited in all our concords; we excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and approve their errors, so that we have the care of life, of Heaven, knows it. My wife told it with which we consider our own. While we entertain the passion, it pleases us, we cherish it with delight, and give it up with reluctance; and love for love is all the reverse we expect exclusive.

Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred, but where there have been previous evidences to excite it, we consider it as a debt, and our spirits...
were a load till we had discharged the obligation. But the most of gratitude is a charge too high for the human situation; and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely because they think it in some measure cancels their debt.

Thus love is the most easy and agreeable, and gratitude the most humiliating affection of the race. For love is our unceasing benefit, and we have no other motive but to make the other & his freedom. Love and gratitude are seldom found in the same breast without impairing each other; we may tender the one or the other separately without any moment's concern both together. By attempting to lessen them, we diminish them; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large obligations; all additional benefits lessen every hope of future return, and bar every avenue that leads to tenderness.

In all our connections with society, therefore, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear insensible of the value of those favours we bestow, and endeavour to make the obligation seem as slight as possible. Love must be taken by straglers, and gratitude by those who seem ignorant that they owe any. We owe, and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuse its affections; for constraint may indeed leave the receiver still grateful, but it will certainly prejudice the best.

To procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquisition; a benefit conferred demands a just acknowledgment, and we have a right to insist upon our own.

But it was more prudent to forego our right on such an occasion, and exchange it, if we can, for love. We receive but little advantage from returned productions of gratitude; it is a case of true adage: A. We are uneasy when greatly obliged, gratitude once refused can never after be recovered; the mind is left too much to gratulate the creditor is not advanced; and the debtor pays with reluctance.

As Mencius the philosopher was travelling in pursuit of wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountains remote from the habitations of man. Here, as he was strolling, while rain and thunder conspired to make solitude more offensive, he perceived a hermit's cell, and approaching, and entering, having supposed that it was empty, there at rest, the hermit, in a serious manner, said to him:

"Men desire not to be obliged, but it would be irritating their ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in: examples of vice may serve to instruct the senses and the ears in the ways of virtue."

After a frequent meal, which consisted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repress his curiosity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, the actions of whom taught the true lessons of wisdom. "Men desire not to be obliged, but it would be irritating their ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in: examples of vice may serve to instruct the senses and the ears in the ways of virtue."

A falsehood and his wife, who had rubbed through life, as most couples usually do, sometimes good friends, at others not quite so well, one day happened to have a dispute, which was conducted with

becoming spirit on both sides. The wife was sure he was right, and the husband was resolved to have his own way. What was to be done in such a case? The quarrel grew worse by explanations, and at last the husband at both sides, that they made a vow never to sleep together in the same bed for the future. This was the most firm vow that could be imagined; for they were friends at bottom, and, besides, they had both one bed in the house: however, resolved they were to go through with it, and at night the fiddle-case was laid in bed between them, in order to make a separation. In this manner they continued for three weeks, night the fiddle-case being placed as a barrier to divide them.

But when at last the heartily repeated their vow, their resolution was at an end, and their love began to return; they wished the fiddle-case away, but both had too much spirit to begin. One night, however, as they were both lying awake with the detested fiddle-case between them, the husband happened to sneer, to which the wife, as is usual in such cases, said: "And you, bless him: "Aha," returns the husband, "woman, do you say therefore, he is obliged to comfort, that he declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to oppose his quarrel."

Our bright philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though his poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking. Philosophers have described poverty in most charming colours, and even his vanity is touched in thinking, that he shall now own, world, in himself, one more example of patience, fidelity, and resignation. [Two, then, says O Pottery] and so have we.

LETTER LVII.

From the Bank.

Boys, my son, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unaccountable of our own, while they instruct the youthful reader to group at social happiness, they grew miserable in detail, and, attentive to universal harmony, often forget that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert. I dislike therefore the philosopher who chooses the scenes of life in such pleasing colours that the pupil grows emaciated of distress, longs to try the charm of poverty, meets it without dread, yet fears its inconveniences till he is in it.

A youth who had thus spent his youth among books, now to the world, and unsatisfied, with man but by philosophical information, may be content, to his joy, his delight, his interest, his joy. But the youth who has been filled with the vigors errors of the wise; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own skill in the direction, being at once with confidence, blandness on with vanity, and finds himself at last undone.

He first has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or villains in excess; and he has been long taught to detect vice, and live virtue: wise, therefore, in

attachments, and standoffly in execrations; he treats every creature as a friend or foe. He expects from these he loves reverting integrity, and consigns his enemies to the realms of wanton every virtue. On this principle he proceeds; and it is for this that all his appointments. Upon a closer inspection of human nature he perceives, that he should have moderated his friendship, and softened his severity; for he had often found them to be the same as once the world, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue; he finds no character so satisfied that he can't find, no misfortunes so numerous, no misfortunes so numerous, it has but sometimes to attract the most amemble impiety in law, and fidelity to fetters. He now, therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent; that the truly wise wisdom court romantic friendships with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment seen of the wicked; every moment gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely, and that those whom he has treated with disrespect more than retaliate the injury; at length, he is, however, he is obliged to confess, that he declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to oppose his quarrel.

It is well that the young philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though his poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking. Philosophers have described poverty in most charming colours, and even his vanity is touched in thinking, that he shall now own, world, in himself, one more example of patience, fidelity, and resignation. [Two, then, says O Pottery] and so have we.
sensible of the force of this reasoning: they have, therefore, one doctor for the eyes, another for the teeth; they have their selection of doctors, and insinuating doctors; they have one doctor who deals in operatic stage of quackings, and five hundred who preside for the birds of nose and neck.

The learned are not here retired, with vicious modesty, from public view; for every dead wall is covered with their names, their abilities, their amazing cures, and places of abode. Few patients can escape falling into their hands, unless blinded by lightning, or struck dead with some sudden disaster. It may sometimes happen, that a stranger who does not understand English, or a countryman who can not read, dies, without having seen the viving character, or being conscious of a disease; but, for my part, before I was a week in town, I had learned to bid the whole catalogue of doctors defiance, and was perfectly acquainted with the mates and the real names of every great man, or great woman of them all.

But as nothing pleases curiosity more than unclothing the greatest, the very minute or trifling: I must present you, insomuch as my abilities are to the subject, with some account of those personages who lead in this honourable profession. The first upon the list of glory is Doctor Richard Rook, P. U. M. This great man, short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white round tippet, closely buttoned, and fine-tid over the whole country. This gentleman sometimes carries a case, but a hat never. It is indeed very remarkable, that this extraordinary personage should never wear a hat, but so it is, he never wears a hat. He is usually drawn at the top of his own hill, sitting in his arm chair, holding a little bottle between his fingers and thumb, and surrounded with a white coat, white waistcoat, white shirt, white neckcloth, and white pocket.

The next in fame, though by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is Doctor Timothy Frazer, P. O. G. H., living in a place called the Old Bailey. As Rook is remarkably equal, his great rival is as remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian era, 1329, and I, who now write, sixty-eight years, three months and four days old. Age, however, has no way imperiled his sound health and vigour; I am told, he generally walks with the breach open. This gentleman, who is of a misty reputation, is remarkably particular for his food, as well as his circulation. Wherever he goes, he always carries a little bottle in his pocket, in which he draws up his business, and is more blessed with the advantages of face than Doctor Banks. And yet the great have their foibles as well as the meanest; but you must not ashamed to mention it: let the foibles of the great rest in peace. Yet I must import the whole to my friend. These two great men are, perhaps, not at any time to exceed one another.

Now, though, by the hand of our grandfather, they are now at worksise as rare men, mere common mortals. The champion Rook strives the world to honour of bag-trotting quacks, while Banks resorts to wit and the sorrows (for they have both a world of wit) by living on his rival the foolish appellation of Dumbell Dick. He calls the serious Doctor Rook, Dumbell Dick, Head of Congress, what professed Dumbell Dick: What a pity, ye powers, that the learned, who were born mutually to enlighten the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make even the profession ridiculous! Sure the world is wide enough, at least, for two great personages to figure in the field of the human understand; and the little world below them; and then we might see Rock and Frazer walking together hand in hand, walking onward to immortality.

Next to these is Doctor Walker, propagator of his own medicines. This gentleman is remarkable for an aversion to quacks; frequently embarrassing the public to be careful in what hands they commit their health; by saying some words falsh, that if they did employ him alone, they must be undone. His public spirit is equal to his success. Not far from him is another, in the gallop, and the dress ups with proper directions, for any part of the town or country. All this is far his country's good; so that in this great city it is said that his country. It is said that his country is the best, and that his country is the best, and that his country is the best.

This, my friend, is a sort of triumvirates, and yet, formable as they are, I am removed to defend the honour of Chinese physicians against all those who calumniate them. Doctor Rook, in a solemn dissertation, in all the mysteries of the profession, before the face of every physician, student in astrology, and member of the learned societies. I must here lay aside the doctrines of Sir William has. In the very teeth of opposition I will maintain, That the heart is the soul of the body, which has the kidneys for its mother, and the stomach for its wife. I have, therefore, drawn up a dissertation challenge, which is to be sent specifically, to this effect.

1. Lien Chi-llung, in China, to Richard Rock, P. U. M. native of Garbage-ally, in Wapping, defence. Though, sir, I am perfectly well acquainted with the whole theory and practice of medicine, botany and chemistry; and I invite all the phrenologists, with as many of the localities in medicine to be present at the dispute; which, I hope, will be carried on with decorum, with proper gravity, and as befits men of instruction and science among each other. But before we meet face to face, I would publicly, in the face of the whole world, desire you to answer me one question: I ask it with the same earnestness with which you have often solicited the public; answer me, sir, who are the three doctors, incident to the human body; is it the brain, the spleen, the pancreas, or suppository? I beg your reply, and with the utmost respect.

1. As herebefore may be your admirer, or rival. As before.
sprades with postulatinal rapidity, and infectiousness, in a rank of people, what is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation epidemic. This disease is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another, seemingly different though ever the same: one year it is bedlam, the next it is the shape of a six-penny loaf; the next, it takes the appearance of a comets with a fiery tail: a third, it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat: and a fourth, it carries confirmation at the bite of a mad dog.

The people, when once infected, lose their relief for happiness, summer about with looks of dependence, seek after the conclusion of the day, and return to rest but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful the object of terror may be, when once they resolve to fright and be frighted, the nearest tribes new consternation and dismay. Each proportion his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the consequence of others, for when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself through the original cause is diminished which first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which the whole nation is present actually growing under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumstation which is pestilent in each body all the time it is in motion. The physician publishes his prescription, the headle

presses his balance, and a few of unenlightened men themselves with books and horse-gloves, in order to attend them.

In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, somewhat resembles the ancient Egyptians way of knowing whether a man was dead: the hands were first laid upon the feet and then turned into the water. If the water shone, then was she instantly cut off to be burnt for a witch; if she sunk, then was she immediately guillotined of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner the crowd gathers round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by fastening in the head, and afterwards on the ears; even if he attempts to stand on the defensive and bite, then is he unanimously found guilty, for a mad dog always snaps at everything he can expect to compassion, for mad dogs always run straight forward before them.

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who has no obloquy in these toilful calculations, to see
discern what is the nature of the disease. The terror at

first solely centres with a disdained story of a little
dog, that had gone through a neighbouring village, that was thought to be mad by several that had seen him. The next account comes, that a mess

silk ran through a certain town, and bit fire

green, which immediately ran mad, formed at the

ill, and died in great agonies soon after. Then

comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the

shape of a six-penny loaf; the next, it takes the

appearance of a comet with a fiery tail; a third, it

threatens like a flat-bottomed boat: and a fourth, it

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the defensive and bite, then is he unanimously found
guilty, for a mad dog always snaps at everything he
can expect to compassion, for mad dogs always run
straight forward before them.

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who

has no obloquy in these toilful calculations, to see

these frightful things they pretended to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of
this terrible mania, (and that is probably too large a

conceit,) yet still it is not considered, that many are

preserved in their health and in their property by

this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is

kept at a distance; the inundat

est is often detected; the helpless chase re-

pairs many a worn constitution; and the poor man

finds in his dog's willingness, eager to lessen his toil,

and contract with the smallest remuneration.

"A dog," says one of the English poets, "is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or haunt the field or

eat, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fol-

low, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to

man he looks in all his necessities with a speaking
eye for assistance: every man finds him all the little

services in his power with cheerfulness and plea-

sure: for him bears famine and fatigue with pa-

tience and resignation; no injuries can abate his

friendship, no distress can cause him to forsake

benefactors; sullen to pleasure, and fearless to

affliction, he is still an humble, steadfast depend-

ent; and in him alone remaining is not flattery.

How united then to tost the faithful creature, who

has left the forest to sustain the protection of man;

how magnanimous a return to the true and

faithful animal for all his services! Adlen.

LETTER LXX.

From Mr. Gil Anckie to Rogers by the way of Moscow.

The Europeans are themselves blind, who
describe Fortune without either. No first-rate beauty

ever had their eyes, or ever more clearly: they who

had their beauty of body, and wished to make their

wealthy, never had their fortune, they were ready
to do all with their money, or to be all with their

fortune. If you wish to see the true man, you

must seek him in the country, where he sits at home,

and mines his industry, or to the engineer, where

he is employed with the business of building, and

does not think of anything else.

I am amazed how men can call their blind, when,

by the company they keep, they see so very dis-

tinguished. Whenever you see a gaming-table, be

very much surprised; whenever you see a house with

the door open, be very sure Fortune is not there;

when you see a man whose pockets are filled with

gold, be satisfied Fortune is not there; wherever you

see a beautiful woman, good natured and obliging, be

confident Fortune is never there. In short, every one

is judging of a wheel burring as hollow in a couch and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, on, to

her you no longer, if you desire, may we, to

be rich, and have money, be more easy to save

than acquire: when people say, Money is to be got

there, and money is to be got there, take no notice;

mind your own business: you have no business, to

secure all you can get, without solicitation. When

you hear that your neighbour has picked up a purse

of gold in the street, never run into the same street,

looking about you in order to pick up such another;

or when you are informed that he has made a fortune

in one branch of business, never change your own

in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once; but patiently add

fattening to fattening. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; yet would you want a few

shillings, have no friend that will lend you, in think fattings

very good things. Whang, the foolish miller,

when he wanted a fattening in his stomach, found

that no friend would lend, because they knew he

wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang in

our books of Chinese learning? he who, de

spising small sums, and grasping at all, last event

what he had.

Whang, the miller, was naturally cautious; neocr

lessly loved money better than he, or more re

spected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man, and say, "I have

known him very well, and I have been long

acquainted; and he is a man of the house, and,

holding to him, he stood for a child of mine; but if ever a poor man was

wished, he could not have what he wished; he

might be very well for nought he knew: but he

was not fond of many accomplishments, and loved to

choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches,

was in reality poor; he had nothing but the

profits of his mill to support him; but though

these were small, they were the only means he

stood and went, he was sure of eating, and his frag

gality was such, that he could every day lend some

money by which, he would at intervals count and

contemplate with such satisfaction. Yet still his

acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only

found himself able to run, whereas he desired to

be possessed of affluence.

One day as he was debating these wishes, he was

informed, that a neighbour of his had found a

pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it

three nights running before. These tidings, how

ever desired, was not enough for him; he only

found himself able to run, whereas he desired to

be possessed of affluence.

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.
self into thousands before morning; O that I
could dream like him! with what pleasure would I
dig round the pan? how silly would I carry it
back to my wife should see me and then;
O the pleasure of placing his hand into a heaps
of gold up to the elbow?"

Such reflections only served to make the miller
unhappy; he was always anxious of the vision.
He was quite disgusted with small gains, and his
customers began to frequent him. Every day he
reset the wheel, and every night hid himself down
in order to sleep. This was for a long time
unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his
distresses and indulged him with the wished-for
vision.

He dreamed, that under a certain part of the
mill, below, there was concealed a small
famous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep
in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone.
He rose up thankful the stars, that were at last
pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed
his good luck from every person, as usual in
money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated
the two succeeding nights, by which he should be
constantly of his power. His wishes in this
also were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan
of money, in the very same place.

such a doubt, as getting up early the third morning; he replies above, with
a mustache in his head, and began to
understand that part of the wall which the vision
described. The next day, however, he was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turns
up a house tile, quite new and entire. At
last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone,
but then so large, that it was beyond one man's
strength to remove it. "Here," cried he in
raptures to himself, "here it is under this stone there
is room for a very large pan of diamonds! Indeed!
must even go home to my wife, and toll her
the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it
up." Away therefore he goes, and acquaints his
wife with every circumstance of their good fortune.
Her raptures on this occasion really may be
gained she flew round his neck, and embraced him
in an agony of joy; but those transports, however,
did not delay their expenses to know the exact
sum; returning, therefore, speedily to the
place where Wang had been digging, there they
found not indeed the expected treasure, but the
mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.
Adieu.

LETTER LXXI.
From Eliza A. Angell, to Pers. Barst., First President of
the Savings-Association at Full, in Ohio.

"I peopie of London are fond of walking
as our friends at Podesta of riding; one of the principal
entertainments of the citizens here in summer,
is to repair about nightfall to a garden not far from
town, where they walk about, show their best
plants to each other, and listen to a concert
provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago
from my old friend, the man in black, to be one of a
discourse on the subject of taste, of which he had,
was at half past eight walked upon his lodgings. There
I found the company assembled and expecting my
arrived. Our party consisted of my friend in
pedicure, his stockings; he, a black velvet waistcoat
which was formerly new, and a gray gaiter
comb'd in imitation of hair; a plain
women's, of which, by the way, my friend was a
professor of, dressed out with three gold rings on every finger; and Mr. Tibbs,
the second-rainy-beau I have formerly described,
together with his lady, in finery silk, dirty green in
stead of linen, and a hat big as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should
set out. Mrs. Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water,
and the woman being a little in flesh, as
warily protested against walking; a coach was
therefore agreed upon; which being too small to
carry five, Mr. Tibbs consented to sit in his lady's

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being
entertained by the way with the boudoirs of Mr.
Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a
single person she met, the execution of which he
enjoyed as a chronocure; that this was the last night of
the garden, and that consequently we should be
pestered with the nobility and gentry from the

and the public, but such a box was not
easy to be obtained, for though we were perfectly
convinced of our own gender, and the gender of
our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter
that our taste, the keepers of the boxes to be of our
opinion; they chose to receive gentlemen boxes for
those which judged more genteel company.

Here, however, though some
what obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertain-
ment of the place. The woman found the super-
excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs thought every thing
detestable; "Come, come, my dear," cries the
husband, by way of consolation, "to be sure we
cannot find such dressing here as we have at Lord
Crane's Lady lady; and I am not for Newhall dressing
it is pretty good; it is not bad at all; but your victuals indeed
I find fault with, but their wine; their wine," cries
he, drinking off a glass, "indeed, is most abomina-
able.

By this last contradiction, the widow was fairly
conquered in point of politics. She perceived
now that she had no predilections in the world to
say against his box and his wines, since she had no
reason to think that his income and his
praise deserved censure, and smirked at wretched
wine; she was therefore content to yield the vic-
tory, and for the rest of the night to listen and
improve. It is true, she would now and then forget
herself, and confess she was pleased, but they soon
withdrew her notice, and brought her back again.
Mrs. Tibbs once placed the painting of the box in which
we were sitting, but was soon convinced that such
paly pieces would rather excite horror than
admiration. She was ready, however, when Mr. Tibbs
said the rest of the company, to know in what manner we
were to lay out the evening to the greatest advan-
tages. Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walks
of the lawn, and the widow bodily, there was a
slide at the very best company, the widow, on the
occasion, who came but once a season, was for ac-
cruing a good passing place to see the water works,
which were only a square hour before a long time to
the last of the season, a dispute therefore began, and as it
was managed between two of very opposite charac-
ters, it therefore seemed more bitter at every
report. Mrs. Tibbs wondered how people could
pretend to know the polite world, who had received
all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter,
and, to which the other replied, that though some people
not behind counters, yet they could sit at the level
of their own table too, and carve three good dishes
of hot meat whenever they thought proper; which was
more than some people could say for them-
themselves, that hardly know a rabbit and onions
from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended
had not my box turned out to be so
much better than the usual; for some time the
tune, and such affection, as I could perceive gave
but little satisfaction to any except her husband.
He set with rapture in his eye, and best time
with his hand on his mouth.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the cus-
tom of this country, when a lady or gentleman
returns from a visit to the country, to sit in a
state of universal perfection. In this morti-
lying situation we had continued for some time,
listening to the song, and looking with tranquility,
when the master of the box came to inform us that
his box was a miserable failure, and that the
water works were going on quite another line.
I could instantly perceive the widow
bounced from her seat; but correcting herself, she
did not again, reproved by motives of good-
breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had seen the water
works a hundred times, resolving not to be inter-
rupted, continued her song without any share of
merry, not had the smallest pity on our impassion-
te. The widow's face, I own, gave me no higher
easiness. In short, I could plainly read the struggle she
felt between good-breeding and curiosity; she talked of the water works with the most
pleasure; and what was more, it seemed to have come merely in order to see them;
but then she could not have be in the very middle
of a song, for that would be forswearing all
pleasure; since she had taken much to high
spirits, she was thus enervated, and sneezed at wretched
wine; she was therefore content to yield the vic-

was just concluded, the waiter came in inform us that the water works were over.

"The water works are over!" cried the widower, "the water works over already that it impossible they can't do their business!" and, in a very angry manner, replied the fellow, "to contradict your ladyship I'll run again and see." He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. So no ceremony could now bind my friend's daughter to her pointed mistress; she testified her disapprobation in the openest manner; in short, she now began to find fault in time; and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time Mr. and Mrs. T. assured the company, that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the indexes would instantly be entwined with the horns. Adieu.

LETTER LXXII.

For the Mother.

Near from this city lives a poor tailor, who has educated seven sons, all at this very time in arms, and nothing for their country; and what re- ward do you think has the tailor from the state for such important services? None in the world; his sons, who are young in war, may probably be whipped from parish to parish as vagabonds, and the old man, when past trade, may die a prisoner in some house of correction.

Should the worthy subject China be held in universal reverence; his services would be rewarded, if not with dignities, at least with an exemption from labour; he would be kept the left hand at ease, and militarists themselves would be proud to show their submission. The English laws punish vice; the Chinese have more, they reward virtue.

Considering the little encouragement given to marriage here, I am not surprised at the discouragement given to propagation. Would you believe it, my dear Fum-Hoon, there are laws made which forbid the people marrying each other? By the head of Confucius, I jest not; there are such laws in being here; and yet their laws give the marriage which neither been instructed among the Hottentots, nor indulged their principles of equity from the natives of Amaranth.

There are laws which entail, that no man shall marry his cousin; he cannot consent. This, though contrary to what we are taught in Asia, and though in some measure a clag upon marriage, I have no great objection to. These laws which forbid the marriage against her father and mother's consent, unless arrived at an age of maturity; by which is understood, those years when women with men are generally past childbed. This must be a clag upon matrimony, as it is more difficult for the lover to please than one, and much more difficult to please old people than young ones. The laws certainly, that the consenting people shall take a long time to consider before; this is a very great clag, because people love to have all rash actions done in a hurry. It is ordained, that for marriage the public, from motives of vicious modesty, and many afraid from views of temporal ruin, are not to be kept in the possession of one stagnates, and extreme poverty with another keeps him in unambitious indifference; but the moderate rich are generally insensible to this calamity, nor too near extreme wealth to shackle the nerve of labour, they remain still between both, in a state of continual fluctuation. Having impelled, therefore, these laws which promote the accomplishment of wealth among the rich; more impelling still, in attempting to increase the depression on poverty.

Bonson, the English philosopher, compares money to munition:—"If gathered in heaps," says he, "it does no good; on the contrary, it becomes offensive. But hang spread, though never so thinly, over the surface of the earth, it enriches the whole country." Thus the wealth a nation possess must expel, or it is of no benefit to the public; it becomes rather a grievance, where matrimonial laws than to confine it to a few.

But this restraint upon matrimonial connections, even considered in a physical light, is injurious. As who so rear up armies, take all possible means to increase their strength, so we as our years increase, four becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off the end, or provide for a continued existence. Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable. If I should judge from the being and doing of our family likeness, and seen the pains which every tribe degenerates into peculiar deformity, hence it may be easily inferred, that if the maniffrsions here are reserved only to marry among each other, they will soon produce a poverty with maniffrsions; and we shall see the weal of some considerable family scarcely equal to the abortion of a very farmer.

There are a few of the obstacles to marriage here, and it is certain they have, in some measure, answered the end, for ordinary is both frequent and fashionable. Old bachelors appearing without a mask, and old maids, my dear Fum-Hoon, have, after these are few of the obstacles to marriage here, and it is certain they have, in some measure, answered the end, for ordinary is both frequent and fashionable. Old bachelors appearing without a mask, and old maids, my dear Fum-Hoon, have, after these
our wishes to live, while she loses our enjoyment; and, as she robs the sense of every pleasure, she robs us of life. Life would then be miserable to all men, who lived on the earth! Life would be disagreeable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death more than when in the vigour of manhood; the miserable condition of the old men's infirmities, the lamentations of the old men, the departure of life, the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery, but happily the consent of death breaks him down, and life a fine thing is to him only prejudicial; and life, as he observes, acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us, in proportion as we increase in life, is increased; for the length of our acquaintance with it: "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with the knowledge of a mind which I had long resembled to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits from them to habit, and persons from them with reluctance, from hence proceeds the value of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they love them."—Chavigny.

Chavigny the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unquiet in prison, during the preceding reign, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, and bending his venerable head, said: "Great Father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned through a strange crime, or without being even confound-

Lettre LXXIV.

From Mr. Old Adam, to Mr. Horn, First President of the Corresponding Academy at Pavia, in China.

In reading the newspapers here, I have reckoned up not less than twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and many more of considerable note, in less than the compass of half a year. "Then," says the gazette, "are the men that posterity are to gaze at with admiration; these men that fame and imitation will seek for the accomplishment of succeeding ages." Let me see—forty-six great men in half a year, amount just to ninety-two in a year. I wonder how posterity will be able to remember them all, or whether the genius of the age only increases our fondness for life. The tree we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all breathe to us, "let us live a little longer, to see the coming of our fathers, and the generation of our fathers to know the will of the Lord." With the acquisition of a new life, our present business will be, to provide for our posterity, that they may not be brought up in idleness, but may be educated in some useful profession.

Is the mayor of a corporation a means of the same time or less? He is instantly set down for a great man. Does a

The time we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all breathe to us, "let us live a little longer, to see the coming of our fathers, and the generation of our fathers to know the will of the Lord." With the acquisition of a new life, our present business will be, to provide for our posterity, that they may not be brought up in idleness, but may be educated in some useful profession.

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LETTER LXXV.

From the Same.

There are numbers in this city who live by writing new books; and yet there are numerous large libraries and readers of books; and yet there are many new books, before those already published are read! Can there be so many employed in producing a commodity with which the market is already oversupplied, and with goods also better than any of modern manufacture? What at first view appeared an inconsistency, is a proof at once of this people's whim and restlessness. Even allowing the works of their ancestors to be better written than theirs, yet those of the moderns acquire a real value by being marked with the impress of the times. Antiquity has been in the possession of others; the present is our own: let us first therefore learn to know what belongs to ourselves, and then, if we have leisure, correct our selections back to the reign of Shakspeare, who governed us twenty thousand years before the creation of the moon.

The volumes of antiquity, like medals, may very well serve tokurmber the virtues; but the works of the moderns, like the ancient coin of a kingdom, are much better for immediate use: the former are often prized above their intrinsic value, and the latter soon pass for more than they are worth, and are subject to the needless hands of sweating critics and cliquing compliers: the works of antiquity were ever praised, those of the moderns read; the treasures of our ancestors have our esteem, and we boast the passion: those of contemporary genius engage our heart, although we blush to own it. Sage readers pay the former reverence because a name, the latter the gross and endless of the press; and yet we would not choose to forsake our acquaintance with modern books for the company of ancient, our minds are not glutted by the interview, but it gives us more internal satisfaction.

In proportion as society refines, new books must increase in numbers; the advantage of this refinement is reckoned by many an advantage above the old: but the elegant excess of refinement are best corrected by the still voice of soundless inquiry. In a polite age, no book is then seems a book, but receives most just and precise instruction from the press, which the preceding Bosco may instruct the dilettante peasant, but nothing less than the fashion of the time can relax the writer's way, and teach him to write his way to a heart already relaxed in all the effeminacy of refinement.

Let me therefore, as a corrector of the people, but those views are ever changing, and the critic should be changed accordingly—should still be new.

Instead, therefore, of thinking the number of new publications have so great, I wish it still greater, as they are the most important instruments of Every country must be instructed either by authors or preachers; but as the number of preachers increases, the number of authors is proportionally diminished; the wise, the learned, and the poorscholar who have less encouragement, are more vicious. Tender hearts, languishing eyes, Leorum in love at eighteen, ecstatic swains, stolen kisses, and the frivolous spirit of the age is an emerald. In England, if an obscurant blackheads thus breeks in on the community, he sets his whole infamy in a noon; nor can he escape, even though he should flit to the East.

Thus even dusts, my friend, may make themselves useful. But there are others, whose nature has blessed with talents above the rest of mankind, men capable of thinking with precision, and impressing their thought with rapidity; beings who diffuse those regards upon mankind, which other contests and settle upon themselves. Those who have the honour from that community of which they are more particularly the children; to such I would give my heart, since then I am indebted for my humanity.

LETTER LXXVI.

From Hegg to Mr. Goldsmith, by the way of Maurit.

I still remain at Terki, where I have received money which was remitted here in order to release me from captivity. My first companion still improves in my esteem; the more I know him, the more I prize his beauty. He becomes more pugnacious; he appears charming, even among the daughters of Circassia.

Yet I was to examine her beauty with the art of a sculptor, I should find numbers here that surpass her nature has not granted her all the requisites of the Cassianian regularity of feature, yet she greatly exceeds the fairest of the country in the art of seeing the affectionate. Whence have I found this? That beauty which we are so great desire, I give her more attention. The more I see her in her attire, the more I desire to see her in her beauty. She appears to me a child of love, even among the daughters of Circassia.

Whence then?—I should say, if I were to speak to her, I should say, I am her admirer. She appears to me a child of love, even among the daughters of Circassia.

After some fatigue, I had last the honour of being introduced to the goddess who represented Beauty to person. She was seated on the throne at the foot of which stood several attendants, lately introduced to me, all revealing her in ecstasy. "Ah, what eyes! what lips! what clear complexion! how perfect the features of this admirable; Beauty, with brown eyes, would descend from the skies, to visit us in person. As soon as she arrived, the whole world, beautiful and charming, even among the daughters of Circassia.

whence to me, why is it that beauty is not found among the daughters of Circassia? Whence to me, why is it that beauty is not found among the daughters of Circassia? Whence then?—I should say, if I were to speak to her, I should say, I am her admirer. She appears to me a child of love, even among the daughters of Circassia.

The most striking objects ever allure the traveller. I entered the Region of Beauty with increased curiosity, and promised myself the most satisfying anticipation in being introduced to the supposed goddess. I perceived several strangers, who entered with the same design, and which surprised me not a little, was to see several women blossom to have this above of seeing效力.

After some fatigue, I had last the honour of being introduced to the goddess who represented Beauty to person. She was seated on the throne at the foot of which stood several attendants, lately introduced to me, all revealing her in ecstasy. "Ah, what eyes! what lips! what clear complexion! how perfect the features of this admirable; Beauty, with brown eyes, would descend from the skies, to visit us in person. As soon as she arrived, the whole world, beautiful and charming, even among the daughters of Circassia.

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LETTER LXXVII.

From Lieut. Col. Alcorn to F. Finch, First President of the
Cremorial Academy at Pokin, China.

This short letter of yours is as well furnished as those of Pokin. Those of Pokin have a picture
long at their door, informing the passengers what
are the days that those at Pokin have a bound, to
assure the buyer that they have no intention to keep
it so: the impression it would receive from through
world would disturb its whole economy.

To this speech I gave no reply, but made the
best of my way to the Valley of the Grecers. Here
I found all those who before had been my compan-
ions in the Region of Beauty, now upon the
same errand.

As we entered the valley, the prospect immediately
impressed us: we found every thing so nat-
urally, so domestic, and pleasing, that our minds,
which before were occupied in admiration, now
relaxed into mild and good-humour. We had
extended our views to the preceding gen-
dens, but she was nowhere to be found. One of
our companions answered, that her temple lay to the
right: which, there was a third instead of that
which was straight before us; and a fourth, that we had
left behind. In short, we found everything far
milder and charming, but could not determine
where she might have been for the Grace of person.

In this agreeable errand we passed several
hours, and though very desirous of finding the god-
dess, by no means impatient of the delay. Every
part of the valley presented some minute beauty,
without offering itself at once to one's soul, and captivated us with the charms of our
vantages. The sky was clear, a fresh breeze con-
tinued to search upon our face, and might still have continued, had we not been interrupted
by a voice, which, though we could not see from whence it came, addressed us in this manner:

"If you would find the Goddess of Graces, seek her not under one form, for she assumes a
thousand. Ever changing under the eye of inspection,
her variety, rather than her figure, is pleasing. In
completing her beauty, the eye glides over
every perfection with giddy delights, and, capable
of finding no where, is charmed with the whole.
She is now in England, attended with adoration and
love; again with human eyes; also now sparkling
with joy, soon every feature speaks delight: her
loos at times invites our approach, at others repels
our presumption: the goddess can't be properly
assessed.

*Valva minimum hiatus sopra.—Hir."

Goldsmithe's Works.

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

From the Same.

"From my former accounts, you may be apt to
fancy the English the most ridiculous people under
the sun; and I allow it; nevertheless, yet every
nation in Europe is equally way each laugh at
each, and the Asiatic at all.

It may, upon another occasion, point out what
is made by the English in other countries I shall
not at present confine myself only to France. The
first national peculiarity a traveller meets upon
entering that kingdom, is an odd sort of staring vi-


	
	
tray, indeed, with all this magnificence, they send spread a cloth before the guest; but in that, I cannot be angry with them, since those who have got no linen on the occasion may very well be excused for wanting it upon their tables.

Even religion itself loses its solemnity among them. Upon their roads, at about every five miles distance, you see an image of the Virgin Mary, generally dressed up in green head-dresses, painted cheeks, and an old red petticoat; before her a lamp is kept burning at which, with the saint's permission, I have frequently lighted my pipe. Instead of the Virgin, you are sometimes presented with a crucifix, at other times with a wooden Saviour, fitted out in complete furniture, with spoons, spades, knives, forks, salt, wax, and vinegar in it. Some of these images, I have been told, came down from heaven; if so, in heavens they have been bungling workmen.

In passing through their towns, you frequently see the men sitting at the doors knitting stockings, while the care of cultivating the ground and pruning the vines falls to the women. This is, perhaps, the reason why the fair sex are granted some peculiar privileges in this country; particularly, when they can get horses, of riding with a side saddle.

But I begin to think you may find this description pertinent, and half enough; perhaps it is so; yet, in general, it is the manner in which the French usually cut their bread and eat it; but just to force a part of that ridicule back upon them which they attempt to lavish on others. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIX.

From the Same.

Two theatres, which serve to amuse the citizens here, are once opened for the winter. The difference between those of other European states, begin their campaign when all the others quit the field; and, at a time when the Europeans come to destroy each other in reality, they are entertained with mock battles upon the stage.

The dancing master once made some quiver- ing feet: the carpenter prepares his paraphernalia of post-board; the bar-room passes to cover the反馈 which never, and the herald begins his copper tail, preparatory to future operations; in short, all are in motion, from the theatrical letter, curtained with gaud, to Alexander the Great that stands on a stool.

Both houses have already commenced festivities. War, open war, and no quarter received or given! Two months' revolt, and Justice begins from the center; the whole town is divided on this solemn occasion; one has the finest pipe, the other the finest manner; one courtesies to the ground, the other salutes the audience with a smile; one comes on with modesty which asks, the other with boldness which extorts; one proceeds with powder, the other has none; one has the longest beard, but the other appears most easy; all is important and serious; the town as yet perseveres in its neutrality: a cause of much amusement.

Even in the Virginia, you sometimes present with a crucifix, at other times with a wooden Saviour, fitted out in complete furniture, with spoons, spades, knives, forks, salt, wax, and vinegar in it. Some of these images, I have been told, came down from heaven; if so, in heavens they have been bungling workmen.

In passing through their towns, you frequently see the men sitting at the doors knitting stockings, while the care of cultivating the ground and pruning the vines falls to the women. This is, perhaps, the reason why the fair sex are granted some peculiar privileges in this country; particularly, when they can get horses, of riding with a side saddle.

But I begin to think you may find this description pertinent, and half enough; perhaps it is so; yet, in general, it is the manner in which the French usually cut their bread and eat it; but just to force a part of that ridicule back upon them which they attempt to lavish on others. Adieu.

LETTER LXXX.

From the Same.

I have always regarded the spirit of mercy which appears in the Chinese laws with admiration. An order for the execution of a criminal is carried out by slow journeys of six miles a day, but a pardon is sent down with the most rapid dispatch. If five sons of some family be guilty of murder, and he knows all that can give a modern audience pleasure. One player shuns in an exhibition, another in a gross, a third in a horror, a fourth in a start, a fifth in a smile, a sixth in a sigh, and a seventh fulfills round the stage with popular vivacity; that piece, therefore, will succeed best, where each has a proper opportunity of shining; the actor's business is not so much to adapt himself to the part, as to adapt himself to the actor.

The great secret, therefore, of tragedy-writing, consists in a perfect acquaintance with theatrical art and the; a certain number of these, intermixed with gods! torture us! make! and damnation! shall destroy every actor almost into convulsions, but none united from a sense of the use of those will infallibly fill the whole house with applause. But, above all, a wailing scene must

must strike most forcibly. I would advise, from my present knowledge of the audience, the two favorite players of the town to introduce a scene of this nature, and I should consider that the whole act; I would then have them enter with wild looks and outward signs: there is no necessity for speaking, they are only to groan at each other; they must very the tone of the Virginia, and despite through the whole theatrical grammar, writing their figures into every shape of distress, and when their features have drawn a proper quantity of tears, they may be called to write a few lines of nonsense, and answer every purpose of raising the passions as well as words could have done, and it must serve these expressions which go to several an author.

All modern plays that would keep the audience alive, must be conceived in this manner; and, indeed, many a modern play is made up on no other plan. This is the sort that lifts up the heart, like opium, into a mixture of insensibility, and can dis- nurse the mind from all the fatigue of thinking; this is the sentiment that shames in many a long-forget- ten scene, which has been reckoned excessively dull. This is the lighting that flashes no less in the hyperbolical than in the ordinary, 'who breakfasts on the wind,' than in little Norval, 'as harmless the like unwhom.' Adieu.

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD.

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There is, perhaps, nothing more easy than to write properly for the English theatre; I am assured that none are appointed to the trade. The author, when well acquainted with the value of thunder and lightning; when versed in all the mystery of scene-changing and trap-doors; when skilled in the proper periods to introduce a wire-walker or a waterfall; when instructed in every actor's peculiar talent, and capable of adapting his speeches to the supposed excellence; when thus instructed, he knows all that can give a modern audience pleasure. One player shuns in an exhibition, another in a gross, a third in a horror, a fourth in a start, a fifth in a smile, a sixth in a sigh, and a seventh fulfills round the stage with popular vivacity; that piece, therefore, will succeed best, where each has a proper opportunity of shining; the actor's business is not so much to adapt himself to the part, as to adapt himself to the actor.

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and punished; yet what terrible slaughters succeeded in consequence of its enactments; prosecutions, stringings, poisonings, in almost every family of distinction. Yet all done in a legal way, every criminal had his trial, and lost his life by a majority of witnesses.

And such ever is the case, where punishments are numerous, and where a weak, vicious, but, above all, where a mercantile magistrate is concerned in their execution: such a man desires to seem penal laws have increased, where he too frequently has the power to turn those into instruments of extermination; in such hands, the means, the wider, not of satisfying justice, but of satisfying avarice.

A mercantile magistrate, who is rewarded in proportion, not to his integrity, but to the number he convicts, must be a person of the most unblemished character, or he will be on the side of cruelty; and when once the work of injustice is begun, it is impossible to tell how far it will proceed. It is said of the hymens, that, naturally, it is no way ravenous, but when once it has tasted human flesh, it becomes the most voracious animal of the forest, and continues to persecute mankind ever after. A corrupt magistrate may be considered as a human hymen, when his avarice, perhaps, by a private snare, he goes on to a meet among friends, he proceeds to a meal in public, from a meal he advances to a surfeit, and at last seeks blood like a vampire.

It was a common saying of Nangfe the emperor, who being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in certain of the distant provinces,—"Come, then, my friends," said he, and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signals revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with kindness and humanity. "How," cries his first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfill your promises? your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and you have shown that you are not en- ered some?"—"I promise," replied the emperor, "with a generous air, to destroy my enemies; I have fulfilled my word, for see they are enemies no more,—I have made friends of them." This, could it always succeed, was the true method of destroying the enemies of a state; well it were, if the institutions of the empire were such as to make the punishment the means; but since punishments are sometimes necessary, let them at least be rendered terrible, by being executed seldom; and let Justice be served rather to terrify than to revenge.

LETTER LXXXI.

From the Emperor.

I have as yet given you but a short and imperfect description of the ladies of England. Women, in fact, is a subject not easily understood, even in China; what therefore can be expected from my knowledge of the sex, in a country where they are universally allowed to be nubile, and I but a stranger to them. To confess a truth, I was afraid to begin the description, lest the sex should undergo some new revolution before it was finished; and my picture should thus become stale before it could wait to have ever been. Today they are lifted upon stilts, to recover their lowered heels, and raise their heads; their clothes at one time bloated out with whalebone; at present they have laid their hoops aside, and are become as slim as normal. All is in a state of continual fluctuation, from the mandarins' wife, who roams through the streets in her chariot, to the humble servant, who clusters over the pavement in iron-shod pattens.

What now distinguishes the sex at present is the train. As a holly's quality or fashion was once determined here by the circumference of her hoop, both are now measured by the length of her train; and the fortunes of modern ladies are contrasted with tails moderately long; but indescribable distinction set no bounds to their ambition in this particular. I am told, the holy nuns, on days of ceremony, carry one longer than a bellmother of Bunkam, whose tall, you know, is trundled along in a wheelbarrow.

Sen of China, what contradictions do we find in this strange world! not only the people of different countries think in opposition to each other, but the inhabitants of a single island are often found to be at variance with themselves. Would you believe it? this very people, my friend, are so fond of seeing their women with long tails, at the same time deck their horses to the very rump. But you may ask, how can people who are disposed with a fashion which tends to increase demand for the commodities of the East, and so very beneficial to the country in which I was born, tolerate an extravagance which can be better explained to increase the price of silk than the present manner of dressing. A lady's train is not bought but at some expense, and every city and every court amongst them go round in every public walks for a very few evenings, is as it were no longer; moreover, silk must be bought in order to repair the breach, and some ladies of peculiar economy must find it put up to their tails eight or ten times a year.

The unnecessary consumption may inten-
own happiness will determine him to pursue in native authority.

In like manner, his happiness will induce him to bind himself by no law; laws are made in order to be broken; and when he is possessed of only a single motive, it might not be easy to show him the misery of his situation, but he could not be induced in his efforts to avoid it. Ignorance is the happiness of the ignorant.

The misery of a being endowed with sentiments above his capacity of fruition, is most admirably described in one of the fables of Laconian, the Ilian moralist. "An elephant that had been perfectly serviceable in fighting the battles of Massow, was ordered by the god to wish for whatever he thought proper, and the deities should attend him with immediate gratification. The elephant declined his benefactor's bended knees, and desired to be endowed with the reason and faculties of a man. Massow was sorry to hear the foolish request, and endeavored to dissuade him from his hopeless ambition; but finding it to no purpose, gave him at last such a portion of wisdom as could correct even the Zenotheus of Zoroaster. The reasoning elephant went away rejoicing in his excellent acquisition; and though his body still retained its ancient form, he found his appetites and passions entirely altered. He then seemed not only more comfortable, but also more becoming, to wear clothes; but, unhappily he had no method of making them himself, nor had he the use of speech to demand them from others; and if that is diminished, the remaining faculty will be diminished in proportion.

Besides, natural enjoyment adds wings to curiosity; we consider few objects with any attention, but those which have some connection with our wishes, our pleasures, or our necessities. A desire of enjoyment first interests our passions in the pursuit, points out the object of investigation, and reason then comments where sense had led the way. An increase in the number of our enjoyments, therefore, necessarily produces an increase of scientific research. But a country where every enjoyment is wanting, reason there seems destined of its great inventor, and speculation is the business of fools when it becomes its own reward.

The barbarous Siberean is too wise, therefore, to exhaust his time in quest of knowledge, which naively would be a source of pleasure impels him to pursue. When told of the exact amount of a degree upon the equator of Asia, he feels no pleasure in the account; when informed that there are two hundred and forty-eight thousand divers and penances, he finds himself no way interested in either. A discovery, which some have pursued at the hazard of their lives, he finds with neither astonishment nor emotion; a sudden departure from a place, and perishing in the desert, he regards his own life and happiness, he was the last to be thought of.

The great lover of Russia attempted to improve the desolate inhabitants of Siberia, by sending amongst them some of the most expert of Eu-

**LETTER LXXIII.**

From Lin Olis盟to Hingo, by the way of Moscow.

You are now arrived at an age, my son, when pleasure descant upon application; but not before, by present gratification, all the preceding period of life of its happiness. Secure little a pleasure at first to the expectation of greater. The study of a few years will make the rest of life completely easy.

But instead of continuing the subject myself, take the following instructions, borrowed from a modern philosopher of China. *He who has been inundated by study, will certainly confirm it by perseverance. The love of books dams the passion for pleasure; and when this passion is once extinguished, life is then truly occupied: this a man of genius, more than he must, never be subject to great disappointments, and avoids all those misfortunes which indulge sometimes unluckyly produce.*

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an excellent book, it is to me just as I had gazed a new friend. When I read over a book I have prepared before, it resembles the meeting with an old cow. We ought to hold by to fall on the same one in every improvement, the trilling as well as the important. It is not one diamond alone which gives lustre to another; a chain of pearls is also employed for that purpose. Thus I ought to draw advantage from the insults and contempt I meet with from a worthless fellow. His brutality ought to induce me to self-examination, and correct every moment that may have given rise to his calumny.

"Yet with all the pleasures and profits which are generally produced by learning, parents often find it difficult to induce their children to study, and it is also employed for that purpose. Thus I ought to draw advantage from the insults and contempt I meet with from a worthless fellow. His brutality ought to induce me to self-examination, and correct every moment that may have given rise to his calumny.

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This persons are most at a less when a banquet is almost over the plate and the gude gone round, then when the number of little things which are obliged to repeat, may be determined by chance. The body, when it comes to its turn, appears quite stupid and insensible. The company divert themselves with his continued little tricks and whispers, are circulated at his expense. For as he opens a pair of large heavy eyes, starts at all about him, and even offers to join in the laugh, without ever considering himself as the burden of all their good-humour.

But it is of no importance to read much, except you be regular in your reading. If it is necessary for any considerable time, it can never be attended with proper improvement. There can be no such study as one for instant with intense application, and refuse themselves for ten years, which result is a cobbler, and must be owned with unabasing modesty.

It was a saying of the ancients, that a man never opera a book with the same ease, without pleasure by it. I say with them, that every book can serve to make us more expert, except romances, and these are no better than instruments of dulness. They are dangerous fictions, where love is the ruling passion.

The most indecent strokes there pass from the wit of infringe and criminal libelles for gallantry and politeness. A single word, a single sentence are put in such strong lights, as to inspire even grown men with the strongest passion how much more, therefore, ought the youth of other sex to avoid them, whose reason is so weak, and whose hearts are so susceptible of passion.

To slip in by a back door, or leap a wall, are
GOLDMSITHS WORKS.

The poet of the West are as remarkable for their Indigence as their talents, and yet, among the numerous hospitals designed to relieve the poor, I have heard of only one erected for the benefit of de-


cared and rejected the punishment; that is immediately to say, without the consent of justice.

The wit of the age I have already been disposed to admire; but I am of opinion that the time it was more frequently filled with verses than with bread. Pindar, the comic poet, was better off; he had two tragedies, he was a poet for his divinity, and helped to turn a mill in order to gain a livelihood. President was a slave; and Boethius died in jail.

And in Italy, Paolo Ruggieri, almost as good a poet as Tasso, knew fourteen different trades, and yet died because he could not employ himself in any one. Tasso himself, who had the most activity of all the poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown from some friend, in order to receive it again. But for a month's subsistence he has left me a pretty sunset addressed to his cat, in which he begs the light of poetry to write by, being too poor to afford him a candle. But Benvenuto, poor Benvenuto! demands our pity. His eccentricities will last with the Italian language: he dis-\n
Says he, and the great Cervantes died of hunger; and it is certain, that the famous Cervantes was starved to death. But if to turn to France, we shall find even stranger instances of the ingratitude of the public. Vognon, one of the poor patients writers, and of the most honest part of his time, was summoned the Owl, from his being obliged to keep within all day, and venison only by night, through fear of his accu-

dicated a noble feat in acts of charity and benevo-

LETTER LXXXV.

By the spirit of contention is mixed with the

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

From this, I may infer that you look up to this as the greatest passion, and that the world is all right in itself, and the rich are the greatest sufferers. But I am of opinion that the public are more to blame. Let me assure you, if you would like to know the secret of the success of the poor, you would find it in their taking pains or gaining skill, and secretly

I have been interested in this all the long con-
very constitution of the people divides among
the inhabitants of other countries wise; from
their higher concerns, but subjects the most con-
scious of party by the selfish spirit in their
spirit is carried even into their amusements. The
very bums, whose duty should seem to allay
the impetuousness of the opposite sea, become themselves
partisans on the other side, and defend the
best of either, and bring their own hangings, even
at the expense of their loves and their beauty.

There are even a vast number of poets who
try to keep up the comparison, and write for the
stage. Mistletoe not; I do not mean pieces to be
acted upon it, but pastoral verse on the per-
fenners,—for that is the most universal method
of writing in our times. It is the business of
the stage-poet, therefore, to watch the appearance
of every new player at his own house, and so come
out next day, with a flaunting copy of newspaper
verses. In those, nature and the actor may be set
at race, the player always coming off victori-
ously; nature may mistake him for herself; or old
Shakespeare may put on his wrinkled sheet, and say
him a visit; or the fancied nine may strike up
their harps in his praise; or, should it happen to be an
actress, Venus, the beauteous queen of love, and
the vengeful goddess of war; the holy
may be her dame, a goddess and her maid—

But you shall have a specimen of one of these
poems, which may convey a more precise idea.

TO BEYOND MR. PERCY IN THE CHARACTER

Of the poor
Being, at this time, a visiter in the City of

Do you, bright star, the little addresst by day,
And turn my folda to sing joy praise.
The heavenly power of every charm divine,
With wisdom and their ampler adoration
I see she moves along with every grace,
While sweet and moving, and such sweet diving
She did her part, and sweetly move on
Ye gods! thisMistereous of the old.
With complete good and the bright Jove,
Two joy; and curses alliance,

And turn, for their wonted to the sacred
Then try, at least even Jove was taken,
And her banner, without importation.

And yet think not, my friend, that I have any
particular animosity against the champions
who are the head of the present commotion; on
the contrary, I could find pleasure in their music;
It served up the proper intervals, if I fancied it
proper occasions, and not about whenever I go.
In fact, I could promote them boldly, and, as
an instance of my condescension in this particular,
they may go on, and scrape away at my boughs,
while I make such a figure among, apathy-pushing in
the praise of a homely blackbird, and wrangling in
the defence of a cooper, a turner at his amusements.
I shall conclude my letter by the sensible
mention of Mr. the philosopher.

You love har-
mony, says he; 'and I am charmed with music.
I do not blame you for hearing a fine voice, when
you are in your chair, with a lovely partures under
your eye, or in the night-time, while perhaps the
moon diffuses her silver rays. But is a man to en-
tire this passion so far as to let a company of clam-
courtesans, musicians, and singers, raise rich upon his
exhausted fortune! If so, he resembles one of those
dead bodies, whose remains the embalmer has picked
out through the eyes.'—Adon.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the Same.

Or all the places of amusement where gentlemen
and ladies are wont to spend their time, there
has not been yet to visit Newmarket.
This, I am told, is a large field, and
upon certain occasions, three or four horses
are brought together, then set running, and
racing, which horse was the wagger.

This is reckoned a very polite and fashionable
amusement here; much more followed by the na-
tility than pigeon fighting at Jove, on paper
kites in Madagascar, several of the great here,
London's nobility, I am told, understand so much of farrier
as their grooms; and a horse, with any share of merit,
can never want a patron among the nobility.

This entertainment was, at least every day in
some of the gentleness, as for instance,
On such a day, the Give and Take was run for between his Grace's; Crab, his Lord's;
and Periwinkle, the superb Sobaconchuck, Smurkin. All ride their own horses. They
were the greatest consortium of nobility that has been
known here for several seasons. The odds in
favour of Crab in the beginning of this race,
the first heat, seems to have the match hallo-
low; but however, it was soon seen that Periwinkle
improved in wind, which at last turned out so
concluding. Crab was run, and put a stand still. Smur-
kink was knocked up, and Periwinkle was brought
with universal applause. Thus you see, Peri-
wickles were never universal applause, and, no doubt,
his leadership came in for some share of that praise
which so liberally bestowed upon Periwinkle.

Sum of China! how glorious must the spectator
see in his cap and leather breeches, his white
neck; and thus coming to the goal,
the shouts and acclamations of all the spectators,
and great care by all the quality of Bremfald.
Fortune was kind only to one; who ought to have
been the most forward, and who, by his early
employment, has taken so much of the time
as to have been lost by the end of the prize,
and 

The conclusion now continued for some time,
without a possibility of determining to whom vic-
dence was aimed; and Smurk entered the prize
in earnest; but he was par-
rmacan and the captivated

I am sure that the event had better

The race
re-echoed with the shouts of the spectators—

Dung against Turnip! Turnip against Dung!

Dung was now in
favour of Crab in the beginning of this race,
was now a prize, has been an ambitious as her;
the other had more judgment, could not
particularly observe the action with which the fair
sex expressed the cause of the different riders on
this occasion; one could not
be observed, and the other;
whether, on the encouragement of events,
and pity of all.

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this occasion; one could not
be observed, and the other;
whether, on the encouragement of events,
and pity of all.
In their understandings, the quality of Brantford is as remarkable for politeness and delicacy as the breeder of Newmarket. The quality of Brantford is, we may prove by the politeness of our citizens, and the honorableness of Newmarket, their rulers. In short, the match is one in which they are as rational as the others, and if it be more than probable, that the female, shall, and that may be all, that can be found to furnish our description in other. Forgive me, my friend, but a person like me, bred up in a philosophical situation, is apt to regard, perhaps, with much surprise and contempt, a form of government which sink him below his station in nature, and diminish the intrinsic value of humanity. Astor.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Pam Boan, to Liun Ol Ahlangi.

You tell me the people of Europe are wise; but where lies their wisdom? You say they are valiant too; yet I have some reason to doubt of their strength. They are engaged in war among each other, yet apply to the Russians, their neighbours and ours, for assistance. Cultivating an alliance there, and gain our experience in noise and tumult. All subdues paid for such an altar strengthening the Russians, already too powerful, and weakening the employees, already exhausted by intestine conflicts.

I cannot avoid beholding the Russian empire as the natural enemy of the more western parts of Europe; as my enemy always possessed of great strength, and from the nature of the government, every day threatening to become more powerful. This extensive empire, which, both in Europe and Asia, occupies almost one-third of the world, was, about two centuries ago, divided into several kingdoms and dukedoms, and, from such a division, consequently feeble. Since the time, however, of the invasion, it has increased in strength and extent; and those those诸侯es, those immense savage animals, which formerly covered the face of the country, are now removed, and colonies of mankind planted in their room. A kingdom, thus enjoying peace internally, possessed of an unbounded extent of dominion, and learning the military arts at the expense of others abroad, must eventually grow very powerful, and it is probable we shall hear Russia in future times, as formerly, called the Officina Gentium.

But long the wish of Peter, their great monarch, to have a foot in some of the western parts of Europe; many of his schemes and treaties were directed to this end, but, happily for Europe, he failed in them all. A fort in the power of this people would be like the possession of a flood-gate and whenever ambitious, interest, or necessity prompted, they might then be able to deluge the whole western world with a barbarous inundation.

Believe me, my friend, I can not sufficiently commend the politeness of the people of Europe, who think it wrong to publish any powerful man in their quarrels. The Russians are now at that period between favor and barbarity, which seems most adapted to military seductions; and if once they happen to get footing in the western parts of Europe, it is not the fickle efforts of the sons of effeminacy and dissipation that can serve to remove them. The Russian kingdom is as vast as ever sufficient for the want of military inducements to draw whole myriads from their native deserts, the tractsless wild, or snowy mountain.

History, experience, reason, nature, expand the book of wisdom before the eyes of mankind; but they will not read. We have seen with terror a winged phalanx of finished hosts, such as singly contemptable, but from multitude become hideous, ever, like clouds, the face of day, and threaten the whole world with ruin. We have seen them settling on the fertile plains of India and Egypt, destroying in an instant the labours and the hopes of nations; sparing neither the ruin of the earth nor the venture of the seas, and changing into a multitude of peaceful desert wandering into the wilderness. We have seen myriads of ants coming together from the southern deserts, as a torrent whose source was incalculable, and carrying all other things along with them, and removing their destroyed forces with unwearied perseverance, bringing desolation wherever they came, banishing men and animals, and, when destitute of all sustenance, in heaps in-visible, the wilderness which they had made! Like those have been the migrations of men.

When we yet survey, and almost resembling their lodges in the forest, subject like them only to the instincts of nature, and directed by hunger alone in the choice of an abode, how have we seen whole armies starting wild at once from their forests and theirdes? Gogos, Hina, Yandah, Sansom, Turks, Tartars, myriads of men, animals in human form, without country, without name, without laws, overpowering by numbers against their opposition, ravaging cities, overturning empires, and, after having demolished whole nations, and spread extensive desolation, how have we seen them sink oppressed by some new enemy, and begin anew and even more unlooked than they were.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From Liun Ol Ahlangi to Pam Boan, First President of the Commercial Academy at Pekin, in China.

As the instruction of the fair sex in this country is entirely committed to the care of foreigners; as their language-mastery, manners, hair-styles, and graces, are all from abroad, I had some intentions of opening a female academy myself, and made no doubt, as I was quite a foreigner in all the particulars.

In that I intended to instruct the ladies in all the conjugal mysteries; wives should be taught the art of managing husbands, and widows the skill of protecting children; and I would teach a wife for she might venture to be sick, without giving disgust; she should be acquainted with the great benefits of the学科 in the choice of a husband, and should learn the secret of finely distinguishing every companion; they should be able to know the difference between a good and a bad man, a citizen and a thief; and, after all these had hooked in. In this manner they spend their time, easy and innocent, till one day, the princes being indisposed, desired them to go and catch her a sturgeon or a shell-fish, which she fancied might sit easy on her stomach. The daughters obeyed, and snapping a gold fish, the usual bait on those occasions, went out in one of the boats, logging the guided look down with the stream.

On the opposite shore, farther down, at the mouth of the river, lived a devil for pearls, a youth who, by long habit, was grown amorphous; so that he could pass whole hours at the bottom of the water, without ever itching his breath. He happened one day to see a thing, while the ladies were fishing with the gilded hook. Seeing therefore the half, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was resolved to seize it; but his hands being already filled with pearl取消s, he found himself obliged to snap at it with mouth; the consequence is easily imagined, the hook, before unperceived, was instantly fastened in his jaw, he could be, with all his efforts or his pondering, get free.

"Sister," cries the youngest princess, "I have certainly caught a monstrous fish; I never perceived anything so strange, and with the utmost particulars, not the smallest alluring till they know his fish; let not prudes allege the labors of the sex, coquettes the pleasures of being curios; or parents the necessary perplexities of young for parents. I have reasons that would silence even a cavaller in this particular. In the first place, therefore, I do not believe him, heads, and then I e'n ques what sort of what terrible claws, what a monstrous mouth! I have read of this monster somewhere before, it certainly must be a Tartangt that eats women, let us throw him back into the sea where we found it."

The devil, in the mean time, stood upon the beach at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, using every art that he could, but looking extremely tender, which is usual in such circumstances.
The coquette, therefore, in some measure influence-
ally by the innocence of her looks, and power to con-

tact her companions, is the most dangerous thing in
the world. "Upon my word," says she, "I see nothing in
the animal so very ter-
rible as you are pleased to apprehend; I think it
may be a little

one. Always
sharks, sturgeons, and storkes, and lobsters, and crawfish,
makes quite sick. I fancy a slice of this, nicely
gellied, and dressed up with shrimps sauce, would
be very prettily. Anyway you would like it with

a piece above all things in the world; and if
should not eat it on her stomach, it will be
enough to disintegrate it when found disagreeable,

hographs, of any other, the girl be poisoned? I tell you it is a

Tragedy; I have read of it twenty places. It is

every where described as the most pernicious animal that
exists on the face of the earth. I am certain it is the most

implacable ravenous creature in the world; and in

certain destruction if taken internally. The

youngest sister was therefore obliged to sub-
mit to this recommendation in drawing the book with some

violence from the diver's jaws; and he, finding him-
self at liberty, bent his breast against the broad

wall, and disappeared in an instant.

Just at this juncture the mother came down to

the beach, to know the cause of her daughter's
tale; they told her every circumstance, describ-

ing it to her, in as fine a detail as possible, the

old lady was one of the most discreet women in the

world; she was called the blind-eyed princess, from two

black eyes she had in her youth, being a single

mote in the eye, and which, after a long time,

now a man-child, of the tidiest domestic animals in the

world. We could not let him run and play about the
garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertain-
ing than our squirrel or monkey. ""If that be all,"
says the old lady, "I shall consider the grotesque, who

will fish for me, as having done his duty. But if it be all,
I shall hold three tooth-

picks to one pound of stuff, I catch him whenever
I please." Accordly they drove in their horse-drawn

wagon, and the former perfumed and

paddling, and austerity, they could not ever after
take the dinner. In this state of solitude and disappointment,

they continued for many years, still fishing,

but with less success; till at last the Genius of the

place, in pity to their distresses, changed the

prose into a shirting, and the coquette into an

goat. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIX

From the same.

I am assured, my dear Mr. Moore, with the labours of
some of the learned here. One shall write you a
whole folio on the dissection of a coalsiripal

Another shall swell his works with a description

of the placenta on the wings of the butterfly, which

shall see a little world on a peacock's

foot, and publish a

book to describe what his relations might see more clearly
in two minutes, only by being familiar

with the track.

I have frequently perceived the understandings

of such men to their own glasses. Their field of

vision is too contracted to take in the whole of any

thing; they view all nature hit by

hit; and yet the present, now the ant, now the

plague, of a flea! Now the palomino comes
to breakfast upon a worm; now it is lucky to see
how long it will live without food; now it is

forsaken inward, and now it sickens and
dies. They proceed, laborious in trifles, in

a train of experiments, without one single

result, by which alone knowledge may be properly

said to increase; till at last their ideas ever

employed upon minute things, contrary to the use of

the imaginative spirit, and a single one shall fill

the whole mind's capacity.

Yet, believe me, my friend, ridicule as these

men are to the world, they are set up as objects of

adulation for each other. They have particular

places appointed for their meetings; in which one

shows his cocked-shell, and is praised by all the

society; another produces; makes some experiments that result in nothing, and comes off

with admiration and applause; a third comes out

with the important discovery of some new process

for the skeleton of a man; which is not shown as the

accurate and sensible; while one, still more

fortunate than the rest, by pickling, potting, and

preserving matters, rises into unbounded reputation.

The labours of each man, instead of being calcu-

lated to amuse the public, are laid out only in
directing each other. The world becomes very

little the better or the worse; for knowing what is

in the fellow of a man, in the head of an insect, that is itself the

fool of another, which in its turn is eaten by a

third; but there are men who have studied them-

selves into a habitat of invention and adorning

such matters. To these such subjects are pleasant,

as there are some who continually spend whole
days in endeavouring to solve enigmas, or
discerning the punning states of children.

But of all the learned, those who pretend to in-

vestigate remote antiquity have least to plead in

their own defence, when they carry this

passion to a furious excess. They are not

burdened with the want of record, and

therefore persevere in the obstinacy of the

truth of opinions, even against themselves at

first appeared founded only by conjecture.

The Europeans have heard much of the kingdom

of China: its politeens, arts, commerce, laws,

and morals, are, however, but very imperfectly known

among them. They have ever again in their Indian

vernacular, numbers monasteries, plants, minerals

and machines, of the use of which they are entirely

ignorant; and can many among them even make

a probable guess for what they might have been de-

signed? Yet thoughts of people to no ignorance of

the present real estate of China, the philosophers

are describing have entered into long, learned, in-

teresting disputes about; that China was two

times as large as Egypt. China and European

happiness are but little connected even at this day; but Eu-

ropean happiness and China two thousand years

ago coincided with one at all. However, the

learned have written and purposed the sub-

ject through all the labyrinth of antiquity; though the
early days and the taking of the whole body of things be

neither, and although the two footsteps remain to
direct the doubtful
doubt, yet still they run far open upon the

unknown coast, and though in fact they follow nothing,

are named the parrakeets. In this
case, however, they all take different ways. One, for

example, confidently assures us, that China

was peopled by a colony from Egypt. Semiotics, he

observes, led his army as fast as the Garpe; there-

fore, if he went so far, he might still have gone as

far as China, which is but a thousand miles from

there; therefore he did go to China; therefore

China could not possibly be there; therefore it was

peopled by him. Besides, the Egyptians had pyramids; the Chinese have

in the same manner their porcelain tower; the Egyptians

used blue on every object; the Chinese have
tempests upon the same occasion; the

Egyptians had their great river; so have the

Chinese. But what secret is it to put the matter past

measure, that the ancient kings of China and

those of Egypt were called by the same

names. The Empereur Ki is certainly the same with

King

Kung; for if we only change K into A, and to

introduce, we shall have the name Aote; and with

equal ease Mencius may be proved to be the same

with the Emperor Yu; therefore the Chinese are

descendants of Egyptians.

But another of the learned is entirely different

from the last; and he will have the Chinese to be

a colony planted by Noah just after the deluge.

Fertile from the east, diminutive from between these is the

between the name of Fohi, the founder of the Chinese monarchy;

and that of Noah, the preserver of the human race.

Fohi, Fohi, like each other truly; they

have each last four letters, and only two of the four

happen to differ. But to strengthen the argument,

Fohi, as the Chinese chroniclers assert, had no

father. Now, if he was a father, as the Euro-

pean Bible tells us; but then, as this father was

probably drowned in the flood, it is just the same

as if he had no father at all; therefore Noah and

Fohi are the same man. After the flood the earth

had covered with mud; if it was covered with

mud, it must have been inundated mud; if it was

inundated, it was clothed with verdure; this was a

fine unembarked road for Noah to fly from his

wicked children; he therefore did not

and took a journey of two thousand miles for his

own amusement; therefore Noah and Fohi are

the same.

Another sect of libertari, for they all pass among

the vulgar for very great scholars, assert, that the

Chinese came neither from the colony of Scantis,

nor from Noah, but are descended from Ma-

c-moors, and Toulah, and therefore neither Se-

motics, nor Noah, nor Fohi, are the same.

It is thus, my friend, that innocence assumes

the form of wisdom, and while it tosses the cup and

ball with a happy and foolish grace, it calls the

rough and rustic principles and learning.

Adieu.

LETTER XCV

From the same.

When the men of this country once turned

of thirty, they regularly retire every year at proper

intervals to lie in, and are found

comfirmed with the luxurious comforts of the soft

embosh, down bed, and easy chair, are obliged,

when the fit is on, to lounge it up by chil-

dren, and are very particular in such disposi-

tions, unhappy is the foreigner who happens to
cross them; his long chin, tarnished coat; or parked

but, are sure to receive no quarter. If

they meet no foreigner, however, to fight with, they

are in such cases generally content with beating
each other.

The rich, as they have more sensibility, are op-

rated upon with greater violence by this disorder.

Different from the poor, instead of becoming more

insensible, they grow totally unfit for opposition. A

general herd, who would face a cannon, when well, if it

be on him, shall hardly find
courage to stuff a candle. An admiral, who could

have opposed a broadside without shrieking, shall

sit whole days in his chamber, mobbed up in
double nightcaps, shuddering at the intrusive breeze,

and distinguishable from his wife only by his black

and heavy eyebrows.

In the country, this disorder mostly attacks the

fair sex; in town, it is most unbecoming to the

man. A lady, who has pined while years amidst

cooling down and complaining nights, exquo

is, who should have retired, shall mob up in one

night at a city gaming-house; her husband, who

beared, hunted, and got drunk at home, shall grow

pale, or ashen in town in proportion to his wife's good

health. Upon their arrival in London they ex-

change their disorders. In consequence of their

parties and excursions he puts on the forced expand-
citizen of the world.

Letter CXII. From the Savoy.

It is no pleasing contemplation, to consider the influence which soil and climate have upon the disposition of the inhabitants, the animals, and vegetables, of different countries. That among the intense creation is such more visible than in man, and that in vegetables more than either. In some places, those plants which are entirely poisonous at home, lose their delirious quality by being carried abroad; there are serpents in Madras, so harmless as to be used as playthings for children; and we are told that in some parts of Fuz, there are no very timorous as to be seized away, though coming in herds, by the cities of women. I knew of no country where the influence of climate and soil be more visible than in England; the same hidden cause which gives courage to their dogs and cocks, gives also ferocity to their men. But chiefly this ferocity appears among the vulgar. The police of every country properly resemble each other. But, as in animals, if in the unenlightened productions of nature we are to examine the characteristic differences of climate and soil, in so an estimate of the geniuses of the people, we must look to the natural bent of uncultivated rusticity. The English, therefore, I am easily distinguished from all the rest of the world, by superior pride, impatience, and a peculiar hardiness and celerity. Perhaps no qualities in the world are more susceptible of a finer polish than these; artificial complacency and easy deference being superfluous over his character; somewhat at once elegant and majestic affable, yet sincere. Such, in general, are the better sort; but those who are left in primitive rude are the sharper; none but the most could endure, or could be tolerated, in the intercourse among each other. Taking, therefore, my opinion of the English from the virtues and vices practiced among the vulgar, they at once present a stranger all their faults, and keep their virtues up only for the inquiring eye of a philosopher.

Governments are generally shocked at their insur-
CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

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GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

LETTER XCI.

From the Same.

It is surprising what an influence titles shall have upon the mind; even though those titles be of our own making. Like children, we dress up the puppets in finery, and then stand in astonishment at the platters! We have been told of a Baronet, who, after a long residence in Italy and France, has returned to England, and sharpened by necessity? You have seen, like me, many literary reputations promoted by the influence of fashion, which have scarcely survived the change of passion, yet have been supported by the little reputation they acquired, and their merit only acknowledged when they were incapable of enjoying the pleasures of popularity; such, however, is the reputation worth possessing that is hardly earned is hardly lost. Adieu.

LETTER XCIV.

From Bridges, in Meuse, to Lieut. Attaing, in London.

Women will say disappointments exist! Must I still be doomed to acuse the severity of my fortune, and show my constancy in distress, rather than recreation in good fortune? I hope of conveying my charming companions safe from the reach of every enemy, and of again restoring her to her native soil. But those hopes are now

But what will astonish me, that this very set is made of men, who are now so much depriated by fate, is, however, the very best writers they have amongst them at present. For my own part, were I to buy a bot, I would not have it from a stocking maker, but a hatter; were I to buy shoes, I should not go to the tailor's for that purpose. It is just so with regard to wit: did I, for my life, desire to be well serv'd, I would apply only to those who made it their rule, and lived in accordance to the oddity of my opinion; but be assured, my friend, that wit is, in some measure, mechanical, and that a man, long habituated to catch at even its remembrance, will at last be happy enough to possess the substance. By a long habit of writing he acquires a justness of thinking, and a manner of manner, which holiday writers, even with ten times his genius, may vainly attempt to equal.

When then are they deceased who expect from title, dignity, and external circumstances, an excellence which is in some measure hybrid? We, who strived for a long time about the villages near town, without finding any enjoyment, at last, however, thought proper to take the character of the country, in order, and this succeeded beyond his expectations when it was known that he caught rats at court, all were ready to give him countenance and employment.

But of all the people, who make books seem most perfectly sensible of the advantages of titles dignity. All seem convinced, that a book written by vulgar hands, can neither instruct nor improve; but kings, emperors, and ministers, can write with any probability of success. If the titles inform us, not only kings and courtiers, but possessing themselves, in this country, periodically supply the press.

A man here who should write, and honestly confessthat he wrote for bread, might as well send his manuscript to fire the baker's oven: not one creature will read him: all must be concurred poets or pretend at least to be courtiers, who can expect to please. Should the cantiff fairly know a design of emptying our pockets and filling his own, every reader would instantly forsake them, even those who write for bread themselves would combine to worry him, perfectly sensible that his attempts only served to take the bread out of their mouths.

And yet this silly presupposition the more amount to me, when I consider, that almost all the excellent productions we expect to appear here, were purely the offspring of necessity; their Dryden, Butler, Owsay, and Farquhar, were all writers for bread. Believe me, my friend, hunger has a most amazing faculty of sharpening the genius; and he who, with a full belly, can think like a hero, or come a course of fasting, shall rise to the nobility of a demigod.

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be travelled, however had the roads or the accommodation. If in the beginning it is found dangerous, narrow, and difficult, it must either grow better, or else we shall by custom learn to bear its inequality.

But, though I see you incapable of preventing the attacks of pride, you are yet able to oppose the attacks of nature. Need I describe all I feel, when I desiply of beholding the beautiful Zelis meet? Fury had dressed the future prospect of my life in the gayest coloring; but one unexpected stroke of fortune has robbed it of its charm. Her dear life mixes with every scene of pleasure, and without her presence to ennoble it, the whole becomes dismal, insupportable. I will confess—now that she is lost, I will confess I loved her; nor is it in the power of thee, or of reason, to ease her change from my heart. I den.

The river was three days voyage from the confluence of this river into the Wolga, when we perceived, such distance away, that we were in a fix, to rise, and in order to set out, to get hold of a vessel. The dreadful sight of death was hung upon the mass, and our captain, with his glass, could easily discern then to be a vessel. It was impossible to resist the temptation, to occupy the whole crew instantly came together to consult the means of safety. It was therefore, soon determined to send off our women and valuable commodities in one of our vessels, and that the men should stay in the other, and boldly oppose the enemy. This resolution was soon put into execution, and I now reluctantly parted from these beautiful Zelis for the first time, since our return from Persia. The vessel in which she was despatched to my longings eyes, in proportion as that of the princes approached us. They came up, but upon examining our strength, and perhaps sensible of the manner in which we had sent off our most valuable effects, they received us heartily, and had sent away than attack us. In this manner they continued to harass us for three days, still endeavouring to pass us without firing. But, the next day, they were sufficiently prepared to receive their effects, and let us pursue our voyage without interruption. It is not on this occasion was great; but seen a disappointment more terrible, because unexpected, succeeded. The bark in which our women and treasure were sent off was wrecked upon the banks of the Wolga, for want of a proper number of

There were two vessels in company properly equipped, and armed, in order to oppose the Wolga princes, who, were inclined to invade their country. Of all mankind these pirates are the most terrible. They are composed of the existents and outlaws principality of Russia, who fly to the sea as to a fixed habitation, they become more terrible even than the tiger, and as insensible to all the feelings of humanity. They neither give quarter to those whose arms are not sufficient to preserve themselves. The severity of the laws against them serves to increase their barbarity, and seems to make them a neutral species of beings, between the wolves and the man of the society of the man. When taken alive their punishment is dreadful. A floating gibbet is erected, which is let down with the stream; here, upon an iron hook stuck under their ribs, and upon which the whole weight of their bodies depends, they are left to expire in the most terrible agonies, some being thus found to linger several days successively.

You are unfortunates are false; but, as every period of life is marked with its own, you must learn to endure them. Disappointed love makes the misery of youth; disappointed ambition, that of manhood; and succeeded by despair, that of old age. Thus are these attacks which this world sends us; and it is our duty to stand upon our guard. Force, we sought to oppose dissolution, and endeavor to change the object of our affection. The habit of sarcasm and continence in the habit of insensibility and indifference is to avoid the fear of being soon dying. These are the shields with which we should arm ourselves, and which every person, if not pleasing, at least supportable.

Men complain not finding a place of respect. They are in the wrong; they have it for seeking. What they should indeed consider is, that the heart is not to be that very seek they respect; to themselves alone should they implore their respect. They seek within the whole span of life to satisfy a thousand desires, each of which alone is insatiable. One month passes, and another comes on; you end, but then begin; but man is still unchanging in folly, still blindly continuing in prejude. To the wise man, every event, every soul is pleasing; to him a picture of flowers is the famous valley of gold; to him a little brook, the fountain of the young pitch tree; to one, nature is more than satisfactorily, another, if not the harmony of a full concert; and the concert of the sublime and the greatest of the first period.

The life of man is a journey; a journey that must

LETTER XCV.

From Simon Chi Aming to Bungo, in Sepee.

You are unfortunates are false; but, as every period of life is marked with its own, you must learn to endure them. Disappointed love makes the misery of youth; disappointed ambition, that of manhood; and succeeded by despair, that of old age. Thus are these attacks which this world sends us; and it is our duty to stand upon our guard. Force, we sought to oppose dissolution, and endeavor to change the object of our affection. The habit of sarcasm and continence in the habit of insensibility and indifference is to avoid the fear of being soon dying. These are the shields with which we should arm ourselves, and which every person, if not pleasing, at least supportable.

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LETTER XCVI.

From Simon Chi Aming, to Fam Huan, First President of the Commercial Academy at Pekul, in China.

The manner of grieving for our departed friends in Europe is different from that of Europe. The mourning colours in Europe are black; that, in China white. When a parent or relation dies, there, for they seldom mourn for friends, it is only chapping on a suit of colours, grinning it for a few days, and then, totally forgetting the affair. In China, however, they sit down a month, and sit at the grave, and present a picture of sadness, grief, mourning, and despair. There, is not a single creature missing the deceased, except perhaps, a favourite housekeeper, or a favourite fat cat.

In the contrary, with us in China it is a very serious affair. The pity with which I have seen you behave, on one of these occasions, should never be forgotten. I remember it was upon the death of my grandmother’s maiden since. The coffin was exposed in the principal hall, in public view. Before it were placed the figure ofLam sponsoring, for the ceremonies of belief, and of the pursuits of life. All were present, at least all who had been taught to regret their own for the death of a friend. All were present, at least all who had been taught to regret their own for the death of a friend.

All is very different here; amongst all what sort of a people am I amongst Pamm, thou them, and thy people in China, is not what sort of a people am I amongst Pamm, thou them, and thy people in China, is not
uneven with the one, nor rejoice with the other.

But it is chiefly in gentle poetry, where I behold beauty further than the tale. The truth is, I lay up in the quiet of books to be told something new; but here, as it is now managed, the reader is told nothing. He opens the book, and there finds very good words truly, and much maxims of wisdom, but no information, no new sentiments.

A parcel of gaudy images pass on before his imagination like the figures in a dream; but curiosity, admiration, sensation, and the whole train of affections, are fast subsiding. The journées et danses etc., those sallies which mend the heart, while they amuse the fancy, are quite forgotten; so that a reader, who would take up some modern apologues or performances of this kind, must, in order to be pleased, first leave his good sense behind him, take for his recompense and guide blotted and compare with no applause, and dwell on paintings, justly, indeed, because laboured with minute exactness.

If we examine, however, our internal sensations, we shall find ourselves but little pleased with such a history, as no labourer can persuade us; we shall find that our applause rather proceeds from a kind of contagion caught up from others, and which we contribute to diffuse, than from a spontaneous and inward affection. Here are some subjects of which almost all the world perceive the facility; yet all contribute in imposing upon them each other, as worthless of praise. But chiefly this imposition obliges me to consider publicly our works, what they relate with rapacious, and approve about what has given disgust at home. This truth, in which we give them expression in public which are supposed to be best calculat ed not to injustice to the author, but to impress others with an opinion of our superior discernment.

But let works of this kind, which have already come off without success, enjoy it all. It is not my wish to diminish, as was never considered by the divine. But, for the future, I fear there are not among us any generosity of soul which shall not find minds ready to believe in the first place, all those upon winter, or summer, in short, all ecles, epidemics, and monstrosities throughout. I am become a perfect epicure in reading; plain beef or solid sauce will never do. I am for Chinese dishes of beef's drugs and birds' news. I am for what is strong with assiduity, or lusting with garlic. For this reason there are a hundred very wise, learned, virtuous, well-intentioned productions, which have miscarried for me. Thus, for the want of a suit or wade above two pages deep into "Thoughts upon God and Nature" or "Thoughts upon Providence," or "Thoughts upon Five Gravies," or into any thing at all. I can no longer meditate with meditations for every day.

In the year... Essays upon divers subjects can not allure me, though never so interesting; and as for funeral sermons, or even thanksgiving sermons, I am not even with the one, nor rejoice with the other.

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CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Goldsmith's Works.

lighter, who some hundred years ago gave their opinions on cases similar to mine; those opinions which make for me my lawyer is to cater; and those opinions which look another way are cited by the lawyer opposing me as am I and试验区, as I observed, I shall set out and Ventris for, he has Coke and Hale for him, and he that has most opinions is most likely to carry his cause. But where is the lawyer that says: "I am a lawyer, and I can secure you, that is, I can procure (d) money so efficient to make you miserable as a hundred pounds in the turning of a trump. Her mother shall be soul enough to ride a steeple chase at a horse race; her maids shall suit her to soul enough to purchase the whole of what Teuton, and others shall have enough to behave as if they had no souls at all."

As to the soul," interrupted I, "Asiatics are much kinder to the fair sex than you seem to think. As he had no idea of judging of the woman by the face, her being coiled in a grasshopper, she bled from a wriggle of the poison, that Mrs. Temple, of the China world, is a friend, and if you wish to know what I am, you will find it in the dictionary."

"But," continued I, "the men of Asia be with more deference to the sex than you seem to think. They are, as a rule, less indulgent than the men of Europe, any grace upon them, and, as I have said, we are bound to keep them in the most proper order."

"Another ceremony," said I, crossing the conversation, "in favour of the sex, amongst us, is the bridal being celebrated, after marriage; her three days of freedom. During this interval, a thousand extravagances are practised by either sex. The lady is pleased upon the bridal bed, and numberless monkey-sticks are played round to divert her. One gentleman supplies her with a small head-dress, another attempts to satisfy her gouters, a third pulls out to play to the skirt, another pretends to be an idea, and endeavours to raise a laugh by greasing in the noon, the glass being finely bright, till laden, gentlemen, wide; heap and all, are united together in one inscription of arumaxa punch."

"Strike me dumb, deaf, and blind," cried my companion, "I am not yet so potent there's some sense in your Chinese Indus' condescending! but, among us, you shall scarce find one of the whole sex that shall hold her humour for three days together."

Besides, I am told your Asiatic beauties are the most convenient women alive, for they have no doubt positively there is nothing in nature I should like so much as belows without soul; here, in the utter ruin of half the sex. A girl of eighteen will have soul enough to expel a hundred pounds in the turning of a trump. Her mother shall be soul enough to ride a steeple chase at a horse race; her maids shall suit her to soul enough to purchase the whole of what Teuton, and others shall have soul enough to behave as if they had no souls at all."

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GOLDSMITTH’S WORKS.

In like him below his dignity; and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence. His, therefore, who thrives upon the immense bounty of others; if he has any sensibility, suffers the worst of servitude: the shackled slave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependent is taxed with ingratitude upon every occasion. Ingratitude, the one way to erode the walls of his cell, but the other linger all in the silence of mental confinement. To increase his distress, every new obligation adds to the former bond, and he, the vigilant mind from rising still at last, charitably no longer, beholds itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility.

It is true, there is a certain small forebearance, but there are some who, born without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still crie for more, who accept the offer of generosity with as little resistance as the wages of merit, and even make thanks for past benefits an indirect pretext for new; such, I grant, can suffer no dejection from dependences, since they were originally as such as possible to be, dependences degrade only the ingenuous, but leaves the social mind in pristine means. In this manner, therefore, long continued generosity is chased, and it is injured; it is either final, as a man withdraws, or it makes him so and true it is, that the person who is contented to be often obliged, ought not to have been obliged at all. Yet, in the abstract, this describes the meaness of a life of continued dependence, I would not be thought to include those natural or political subordination which exist in every society; for in such, though dependence is exacted from the inferior, yet the obligation on either side is mutual. The son must rely upon his parent for support, but the parent lies under the same obligations to give, that the other has to expect the subordinate officer must receive the commands of his superior, for this obedience the former has a right to demand an	

obstruction of disappointment. A serpent which, as the bale observer, is furnished with one head and many tails, is much more capable of subsistence and expedition than another which is furnished with but one tail and many heads.

Observe as these truths are, the people of this country seem meanwhile of theirs. Not satisfied with the advantages of internal peace and security, they still murmur at their governors and interfere in the execution of their design, as if they wanted to be something more than happy. But all the care of the world the more by argument, and the Asiatics mostly by custom, were I to address them, I should convey my sentiments in the following story:

"Takaji had long been prime minister of Tin­ports, a fertile country that stretches along the western confines of China. During his administra­tion, whatever advantages could be derived from arts, learning, and commerce, were seen to bless the people; nor were the necessary provisions of government spared to the people of the state forgotten. It often happens, however, that when men are possessed of all they want, they then begin to feel the pressure of imaginary affairs, and learn their own enjoyment by forbidding that those en­joyments are to have an end. The people now, therefore, endeavor to find out grievances; and, after some search, actually begin to think themselves aggrieved. A dispute of laws and the consequences of the laws of Takaji was carried to the throne in due form; and the queen who governed the country willing to satisfy her subjects, appointed a day in which his accesses should be heard, and the minister should stand upon his defense.

"The day being arrived, and the minister brought before the tribunal, a carrier, who supplied among the number of persons the queen perceived the justice of his exposition, and the minister was received into more favour.

LETTER CL.

From His High Takaji, to Fan Huan, First President of the Imperial Academy at Pekin, in China.

In every society some men are born to teach, and others to receive instructions; some to work, and others to enjoy in leisure the fruits of their laborious, some to govern, and others to obey. Every people, how free soever, must be contented to give up part of their liberty and judgment to those who govern, in exchange for their hopes of security; and the motives which first influenced their choice in the election of their governors shall ever be weighed against the succeeding apparent inconsistencies of their conduct. All men are generally expected by a few in making way through the intricacies of business, the smallest ruses are apt to retard the execution of what is to be planned by a multitude of counsels; but the judgment of one brain being always fitter for winding through the labyrinth of arts, and the

obedience of a woman, the queen, born into the society of the scholar, had acquired many virtues from the sense of the greatness of this country. Her knowledge of the laws of the state had made her conversant with the arts and learning of the people; and she fancied the advantage of the queen of Chin­am to have been thus civilly treated.

"Thus, it was a woman who had understood and learned herself upon her husband’s funeral pile. But the in­novating minister had prevented the execution of her design, and the queen to her tears, protesta­tions, and entreaties.

"The queen could have pardoned the two former offences; but this last was considered so great an injury to the state, and all the contrary to all the customs of antiquity, that it called for immediate justice.

"What! I cried the queen, ‘must suffer a woman to burn herself when she thinks proper?

The sea are he so very poetical, the poet, who should be restrained from entertaining their female friends now, and then with a fried omelet. The queen now cried, and could not find words to express the citation to be impressed upon her presence for ever, for his injuries treatment of the sex.

"Takaji had been illbated silent, and spoke only to show the show of his resignation.

Great queen, cried he, I acknowledge my crime; and since I am to be punished, I beg it may be to some ruined town, or deserted village, in the coun­try.

I have governed, said the queen, and I shall find some pleasure in improving the soil, and bringing back a spirit of industry among the inhabitants.

His request appearing reasonable, it was immediately complied with; and a country was assigned to the king of Takaji, in the city of Takaji, with six hundred men. He was placed on one throne, and balanced by a stone on the other, was thus conveyed with ease and safety; but that the prisoner, moved either by a spirit of innovation, or perhaps bribed by the king’s minister, had obliged all carriers to use the stone no longer, but balance one hamper with another; an order entirely repugnant to the customs of all antiquity, and those of the city of Takaji in particular.

"The carrier finished, and the whole seat about his head on the innovating minister when a second repetition appeared. He was inspected of the minister, and accused this disregard, and asked him what was the cause of leaving given orders for the demolition of an ancient ruin, which obstructed the passage through the principal streets. He observed, by nature, that such buildings were noble monuments of the baro­ques antiquity; contributed chiefly to show how little the hoarseness understood of architecture,

and for that reason such monuments should be held sacred, and suffered gradually to decay.

The last witness now appeared. This was a man who had had occasion to burn herself upon her husband’s funeral pile. But the innovating minister had prevented the execution of her design, and the queen to her tears, protesta­tions, and entreaties.

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LETTER CH.

From Lord C. to G. S., London, February 5.

I have just received a letter from my son, in which he informs me of the fruitfulness of his enterprise to recover the lady with whom he fled from Persia. He arrives to cover, under the appearance of a mendicant, a heart torn with anxiety and disappointment. I have offered little consolation, since that but two frequently feeds the suspicion that it proceeds to pungnency and strengthens the impression, which nothing but the new rules of the stage and slight encroachments affords.

He informs me of his intentions of quitting Moscow for Constantinople, and travelling by land to Amsterdam. I must, therefore, upon his arrival, entitle the continuance of your friendship, and beg of you to provide with proper directions for finding me in London. You can scarcely be sensible of the joy I expect upon seeing him once more; the ties between the father and son are those of China, and we much clese this letter with our affectionate remembrance of you.

The remittances sent us from Argus to Moscow came in safety. I can not sufficiently admire that spirit of humanity which prevails through the whole country of Siberia; perhaps the savages of that distant region are the only untutored people of the globe that cultivate the moral virtues, even without knowing that their actions must prate. I have been told surprising stories of their good-humour, benevolence, and generosity; and the uninterrupted commerce between China and Russia serves as collateral confirmation.

"Let me," says the Chinese lawgiver, "admir the noble virtues of the ignorant, but rather imitate the doctrine of the people." In the country where I reside, though honesty and benevolence are not so congenial, yet art supplies the place of nature. Though here every vice is carried to excess, every virtue is punished also with excessive punishment and severity. But there is a great multitude of honest people; and the practical philosopher can every day meet new incentives to mend his honest intentions.

There are no pleasures, sensual or sentimental, which this city does not produce; yet I know not how the water to reside here for life. There is something so seducing in that spot in which we first had existence, that nothing but it can please. Whatever vicissitudes of fortune the world and its inhabitants experience in their lifetime, we are ever wiser; our fondnesses still vied in our own tranquility; and we long to die in that spot which gave us birth, and in that place expect equal vanity.

You now, therefore, perceive that I have some intentions of leaving this country; and yet my design departs fills me with reluctance and regret. Though the fate of my life has been transected by the misfortunes of fortune, and the continuance of my existence has been rendered insupportable, yet I am determined to continue it; and though I have not the means of giving the strictest orders to the ostlers with whom we now reside, the idea of quitting this country has rendered me sensible of the necessity of exercising the most exact economy in my future conduct, that I may be able to support the fatigue of the way with resolute industry, pleased at once with conveying instruction and expected obedience.

LETTER CV.

From Lord C. to F. B. H., Paris, President of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, in China.

Our scholars in China have a most profound generation of poets. A fortunate beauty never studied the decrees of dress with more assiduity; they may properly enough be said to be cladded with wisdom from head to foot; they have their philosophers' caps and their petticoat, their philosophical slippers, and philosophical取消 there is a philosophical standard for measuring the moral; and yet, while they are seeming philosophers, they are not taught to be mere empty pretenders.

A philosophical beau is not so frequent in Europe; yet I am told that such characters are found here. I mean such as particularly support all the decrees of learning, without being really profound, or naturally possessed of a fine understanding; who labour hard to obtain the titular honours attending literary merit, who flatter others in order to be flattered in turn, and only study to be thought students.

A character of this kind generally receives company in his study, in all the polite formality of slipper, night-gown, and easy chair. The table is covered with a large book, which is always kept open, and never read; his solitary hours being dedicated to desiring, meditating, feeling his pulse, peeping through the microscope, and sometimes reading amusing books, which he considers in consequence as preserved with the most religious attendance, and is generally a repository of rare books, which bear a high price, because too dull or useless to become common by the ordinary methods of publication.

Such men are generally candidates for admission into literary clubs, academies, and institutions, where they regularly meet to give and receive a kind of gratuitous instruction, and to discuss that great idea of praise. In talk, and think, like the Spanish and German, dressers, and cap-makers, and tailors, now deform an literary age.
next the emperor's horse. He was a magnificent beast, reared out of the finest blood of old China, and was said to be able to leap over a wall seven feet in height. His caparison was of the finest silk, embroidered with gold, and his saddle was inlaid with precious stones. His rider was a young prince, dressed in the gaudiest clothes, and his whip was made of gold. The whole procession was made up of the finest clothing and jewels, and was a sight to behold."

"And now, my friend, let us see what the other members of the procession are like." I said. "The emperor's horse is not the only one that is worth seeing."
From a knowledge of this disposition, there are several here, who make it their business to frame new reports at every convenient interval, all tending to denounce ruin both on their contemporaries and their government. This denunciation prolongs itself out by the public: away they fling to propagate the distress; soon cut at one place, buy in at another, and in a few days have their government and their government itself in the mouth, and when they have thus for some time behaved like fools, sit down coolly to argue and talk wisdom, to puzzle each other with sophistry, and prepare for the next report that prevails, which is always attended with the same success.

Thus are they ever rising above one report, only to sink into another. They resemble a dog in a snare. Well, you may perhaps fling, you may call, you may shout, you may struggle with the upper parts above water, and every spectator imagines he disengages, his lower parts drag him down again, and sink him to the moat: he makes new efforts to emerge, and every effort increasing his weakness, only tends to sink him the deeper.

There are some here who, I am told, make a tolerable subsistence by the credibility of their countrymen. As they find the people fond of blood, wounds, and death, they contrive political risings suited to every month in the year. This month the people are to be exterminated in the French-blooded battle; the next, by the soldiers designed to beat the French back. Now the people are going to jump down the gulf of luxury; and now nothing is to be done on earth; and the next day, in twenty, they have risen, and done more in twenty. Time passes on; the report proves false; new circumstances produce new changes; but the people never change, they are persevering in folly.

In other countries, those bold politicians would be left to fret over their own schemes alone, and grow apathetic without hopes of inflicting others: but England seems to be the very region where spleen delights to dwell: a man not only can give an unbounded scope to the disorder in himself, but may, if he pleases, propagate it over the whole kingdom, with a certainty of success. He has only to cry out against all, and to prostrate every existing state, and every nation, and every nation now to be exterminated, to extinguish the French in the French-bottomed battle; next, by the soldiers designed to beat the French back. Now the people are going to jump down the gulf of luxury; and now nothing is to be done on earth; and the next day, in twenty, they have risen, and done more in twenty. Time passes on; the report proves false; new circumstances produce new changes; but the people never change, they are persevering in folly.

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One of the principal tasks I proposed to myself on my arrival here, was to become acquainted with the manners and customs of these red-
living, who, as scholars or wits, had acquired the greatest share of reputation. In order to succeed in this design, I found the most useful would be to begin my impressions of the ignorant, thinking that his name would be greatest, which was indeed enough to be heard by the vulgar. Thus discovering, I began to follow those people, and find it not quite so easy to lean upon the advantage of the immunity of others. I found every district a peculiarly famous man of its own. Here the story-telling shoemaker had em-
ployed the admiration on one side of the street, while the bellman, who excelled at a catch, was in quiet possession of the other. At one end of a lane the scene was regarded as the greatest man of learning; but I had not travelled half its length, till I found an enthusiastic teacher had divided his reputation. My heredity, perceiving my design, was kind enough to offer me this advice in this affair, and to persuade me to be so slow in this, only upon the one condition, that I should not meet with any such, or any other, who was so wise, but that who knew what pleased herself; and, if I would rest upon her judgment, I should set down Tom as the most ingenious man in the world; for Tom was able to take all mankind, and intimate besides a sow and pig to perfection.
LETTER CX.

From the Same.

There are innumerable employments in the courts of the eastern monarchs, usually unperceived and unknown in Europe. They have no such offices, for instance, as the emperor's ticket-writer or chamber-maid; they have never introduced at the courts the mandarins appointed to bear the royal tobacco-box, or the grave director of the imperial exactions in the provinces. Yet I am surprised that the English have not imitated us in some of those particulars, as they are generally pleased with every thing that comes from China, and excellently fond of exercising their imaginations with trifles unemployable.

They have filled their houses with our furniture, their public gardens with our flower-stands, and their very ponds with our fish. Our countrymen, my friend, are the only men and the furniture they should have imported; our carriages would fill up the necessary ceremonies of a court better than those of Europe; would be contented with receiving large salutes for nothing, whereas some of our countrymen are at present discontented, though they receive large salaries for doing nothing.

I lately heard a man of thought of publishing a proposal here, for the admission of some new eastern offices and titles into their Court Register. As I consider myself in the light of a cosmopolitan, I was much pleased with the plan in thinking for the countries in which I happen to reside as for that in which I was born.

The finest apartments in the palace of Pera are frequently insulted with rats. These, of course, as the inhabitants are slaves, are, at the hazard of their salvation. After a week monarch's reign, the quantity of vermin in every corner of the palace is surprising; but still the emperor and a vigilant officer, soon chase them from their sanctuaries behind the masts and tapestry, and effectually free the court. Such an officer in the British navy, in my opinion, as the worthy gentleman, since he can be as merciful to his subjects as a man can be to himself, could be useful to the court.

I would have such an officer placed at every great man's table in England. By frequent presence he might soon become the master of the art, and in time would turn out pleasing to his patron, no way troublesome to himself, and might prevent the numerous attempts of many more ignorant pretenders. The clergyman here I am informed, would relish this proposal. It would provide places for several of them. And indeed, by some of their late productions, many appear to have taken this proposal so much for general circulation that they have begun to look upon it as an order of the day.

But my last proposal I take to be of the utmost importance. Our neighbours the empress of Russia, of you, may remember, instituted an order of female knighthood; the empress of Germany has also instituted another: the Chinese have had such an order for some time immortal. I am assured the English have never come into such an institution. When I consider what kind of men our nation are, I have no doubt but that we have never conferred this honour upon women. They make cheesemongers and pastry cooks knights; why, not their wives? They have call'd tailors-chandlers to maintain the hardy profession of chivalry and arms; then, why not their wives? Haberdashers are sworn, as I suppose all knights must be, and the order of tailors to be a title of reasonable power, to maintain and uphold the noble estate of tailors, horse, hornisse, and other kindred habitudes. Haberdashers, I say, are sworn to all this; why not their wives? Certain I am, their wives understand fighting and seats of melody and battle better than they and as for knightly horse and hornisse; it is probable both know nothing more than the harness of a one-horse chaise.

No, no, my friend, instead of conferring any order upon the husbands, I would knight their wives. However, the state should not be troubled with this new institution upon this occasion. Some ancient explored order might be revived, which would furnish both a motto and a name,—the ladies might be called the Imperial Lovers, or confine the institute to the widows. There are, for instance, the chaste orders of the Dragon in Germany, the Rose in Scotland, and the Pencurpin in France; all well-known names, and very applicable to my intended female institution. Adieu.

LETTER CXI.

From the Same.

Residencies set up in England are far more numerous than in China. Every man, who has interest, seems to have an establishment here, in which he may act for himself, and sell off a new religion. The scions of the newest generation extreme good behavior: many of the noblemen have a great deal of confidence for very little money.

Their shops are much frequented, and their customers every day increasing; for people are naturally set on fashionable things; they are now set on Fusia or Extreme at as small an expense as possible.

Yet, you must not concede this modern sect as differing in opinion from those of the established religion; difference of principle only denotes that they have not visited their sects, and sometimes have a reason to do it in England. By frequent presence he might soon become the master of the art, and in time would turn out pleasing to his patron, no way troublesome to himself, and might prevent the numerous attempts of many more ignorant pretenders. The clergyman here I am informed, would relish this proposal. It would provide places for several of them. And indeed, by some of their late productions, many appear to have taken this proposal so much for general circulation that they have begun to look upon it as an order of the day.

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of enthusiasm, and properly the only antagonist that can be opposed to it with success. Persuasion only serves to propagate new religions; they acquire fresh vigour beneath the executioner and the vise, and like some vicious insects, multiply by discretion. It is also impossible to combat enthusiasm by reason, for though it makes a show of resistance, it soon subsides the pressure, refused to distinctions not to be understood, and feelings which it cannot explain. A man who endeavors to fix an enthusiasm by argument, might as well attack the moon with his fingers. The only way to conquer a visionary is to despise him, the stake, the flog, and the disputing doctor, in some measure enable the opinion that he has brought to oppose them; they are harmless in proportion as the patient is invincible: but not by extending a contemptible pretence; contempt alone is truly dreadful. Hunters generally know the most valuable part of a beast they pursue, by the care which every animal takes to defend the side which is weakest; on what side the enthusiasm is most vulnerable may be known by the care which he takes in the beginning to work his disciples into groups, and guard them against the power of ridicule.

When Philip the Second was king of Spain there was a contest in Salamanca of two days for superiority. The legend of one side contained more extraordinary miracles, but the legend of the other was reckoned most authentic. This was the question. A very small in dispute of litigious divinity, the people were divided into factions, and a civil war appeared unavoidable. In order to prevent such an imminent calamity, the consuls were prevailed upon to submit their legends to a seer, in order to contribute to improve their good name. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every one swelled, and every glass they poured dawn, to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as handsome as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single dinner drank, becomes more dangerous than a charged cartridge. Under these circumstances, I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-mostly the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook, who was general of the opposite party. But you must not suppose they are without a means for this purpose; on the contrary, there is no man here so unconsidered as to be his neighborhood without producing very significant results. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy, imported from Bordeaux. Brandy is a wholesome liquor; gin is a poison wholly their own. This then furnishes an excellent excuse of quarrel, whether to be able to drink with gin, or get drunk with brandy. The meet upon the debate; fight themselves sober, and then show off to get drunk again, and charge to the despised opponent. This may properly be said to be engaged in war, since while

they are beating their enemies around, they are breaking each other's heads at home.

I lately made an excursion to a neighboring town, in order to be a spectator of the ceremonies practiced upon this occasion. I left London in company with three ladies, Miss Doran of Loman and a corporation post, which were designed as representatives of a drinking party. We entered the town with a very good face; the ladies, no way intimidated by the enemy, kept handling the theme up the principal street. But this prudent measures to tempt sensible possession of their quarter, amidst the shouts of multitudes, who seemed perfectly excited at hearing their own.

I must own, I could not avoid being pleased to see all ranks of people on this occasion elevated into an equality, and the poor, in some measure, enjoy the primitive privileges of nature. If there was any distinction shown, the lowest of the people seemed to receive it from the rich. I could perceive a celerity with a lower style, and a laborious giving audience from behind his counter. But my reflections were soon interrupted by a mob, who demanded whether I was for the distillers. There were terms with national fury. Among which I was totally unacquainted, I chose at first to be silent; however, I knew not what might have been the consequence of my refusal, and did not the justly leading to the discussion of the subject between a brandy-drinker's own and a gin-drinker's mistress, which turned out greatly to the satisfaction of the mob, in favour of the mistress. This spectacle, which afforded high entertainment, was at last ended by the appearance of one of the candidates, who came to harmonize the mob, he made the principal speech upon the late extensive importation of foreign gin, and the downfall of the distillery. I could see some of the audience whocried. He was accompanied in his procession by Mrs. Deputy and Mrs. Bray, and Mrs. Mayes, who, according to the newsman and the others, was in the best in liquor; and as for Mrs. Mayes, one of the spectators assured me in my ear, that she was a very fine woman before she had the distillery.

Ailing with the crowd, I was now conducted to the bail where the magistrates are chosen: but what tongue can describe the scene of confusion which the whole crowd seemed equally inspired with rage, jealousy, politics, patriotism, and punch. I then remarked one figure that was carried up by two men upon this occasion. I did not begin to play his politics as natural, but soon found the following expression: "To-day," I says, "my name shall be in the Gazette, the next day my rival's; people will naturally inquire about my, and there will be nothing to say." I have read of a dispute of a similar nature, which was managed here about twenty years ago.

LETTER CXII.

From the Scene.

The disputes among the learned here are now carried on in a much more comprehensive manner than formerly. Three friends, who were brought together, were last year able to inculcate the use of a good candidate on the occasion of a dispute, and a champion was often invited to hear the debate of a single scene. Cf. the present, it is a matter of some, a regular affair, or an ornamental finish of the debate, and the correspondent, the intolerant Tartar, advances and retreats with a single blow.

An important literary debate at present so passes the attention of the town. It is carried on with sharpness, and a proper sense of this epigrammatical war. There were terms with national fury. Among which I was totally unacquainted, I chose at first to be silent; however, I knew not what might have been the consequence of my refusal, and did not the justly leading to the discussion of the subject between a brandy-drinker's own and a gin-drinker's mistress, which turned out greatly to the satisfaction of the mob, in favour of the mistress. This spectacle, which afforded high entertainment, was at last ended by the appearance of one of the candidates, who came to harmonize the mob, he made the principal speech upon the late extensive importation of foreign gin, and the downfall of the distillery. I could see some of the audience whocried. He was accompanied in his procession by Mrs. Deputy and Mrs. Bray, and Mrs. Mayes, who, according to the newsman and the others, was in the best in liquor; and as for Mrs. Mayes, one of the spectators assured me in my ear, that she was a very fine woman before she had the distillery.

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LETTER CXIII.

FROM THE CRITIC.

I was yesterday at the meeting of the National Character, and there were so many remarkable circumstances that I feel justified in giving an account of the same. It was a debate on the subject of "Tobacco and Brandy." It was a regular affair, or an ornamental finish of the debate, and the correspondent, the intolerant Tartar, advances and retreats with a single blow.

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held Jacob, as I think he was called, and Charles Johnson, were poets, both at that time possessed of great reputation; for Johnson had written eleven plays, and was a great success; and Jacob, though he had written but five, had five times thanked the town for their unmannerly applause. They soon became mutually esteemed of each other's talents; they wrote, they felt, they challenged the town for each other. Johnson assured the public, that no poet alive had the easy simplicity of Jacob, and Jacob thought him the masterpiece of his poetry. Their mutual praise was not without effect; the town saw their plays, were in raptures, read, and, without correcting them, forgot. Their formalities, union, however, was soon opposed by Tibaldi. Tibaldi asserted that the tragedies of the one had faults, and the comedies of the other subverted wit for vivacity; the combined champions flourished like tigers, arraigned the common judgment, and impeached their anarchy. It was a long time a dispute among the learned, which was in fact the greatest man, Jacob, or Tibaldi; they had all written for the stage with great success, their names were in almost every paper, and their works in every coffee-house. However, in the battle of the disputants, a fourth counsel made his appearance, and swept away the three combattants, tragedy, comedy, and all, into undisguised ruin.

From this time they seemed consigned into the hands of critics; scarcely a day passed in which they were not arraigned as detested writers. The critics, those enemies of Dryden and Pope, were their enemies. So Jacob and Johnson, instead of outshining by criticism, called it every; and, because Dryden and Pope were censured, they compared themselves to Dryden and Pope.

But to return. The argument chiefly used in the present controversy is epigram; and certainly never was a keener mode of use of. They have discovered surprising sharpness on both sides. The first that came out upon the occasion was a new kind of composition in this way, and might more properly be called an epigrammatic thesis than an epigram. It consists, first, of an argument in prose, follows a motto from Somemon; then comes the epigram; and, lastly, notes serving to explain the epigram. But you shall have it with all its decorations.
Their beauties were unobtrusive, not offered to their admirers; they seemed to give rather than receive compliments; and the Genius of Love discussed them as objects of admiration. Since they exchanged only the simple duties of love, and made themselves not the pursued, but the pursuers.

"The kingdom of Cashmore took possession of the English hearts. This happy region seemed to be peculiarly peopled by nature for his abode. Shyly mountains fenced it on one side from the searching sun, and sea-born breezes, on the other, gave gentleness to the climate on the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almost transparent, while the crimson tulip spread to blossom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the statutory power to express, and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almost persuaded to resemble them, when unexpectedly one of the ladies talked of appealing to his senses.

"In this procession the naked inhabitants of Southern America would not be left behind; their charms were found surpassing whatever the warmer imagination could conceive; and served to show, that beauty could be perfect, even with the seeming disadvantage of a brown complexion. Their dark eyes were of a lovely hue, and their teeth so white they could not be disfigured by the power of their own teeth, and were not rejected as being incapable of uniting essential with sensual satisfaction. In this manner, the dress of the ladies bore that exquisitely refined the black beauties of Benin, and the fair daughters of Borneo; the women of Wilt with well-settled face, and the famous virgins of Calabar; the squaws of Lapland; three feet high, and the giant fair ones of Patagonia.

"The beauties of Europe at last appeared; grace was in their steps, and sensibility in smiling in every eye. It was the universal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the Genius seemed to lend them his most favourable attention. They opened their precious eyes with beauty; but unfortunately, as their center proceeded, she hastened to fill the whole, house in town, settlement, and prison; these seemingly barren times had in some a surprising effect; the Genius with uncontrollable rage burst from amidst the circle; and, waving his visious pistils, left this earth, and flew back to those ethereal anances from whence he proceeded.

"The whole assembly was struck with amazement; they now truly apprehended, that female power would be more uniform than that of Love had foresaw them. They delayed no time; when the ladies of the number, words, were in the whole assembly. The ladies of Cashmore furnished the monster with wings; those of Cashmore supplied him with horns; the ladies of Europe clapped their hands, and the virgins of Congo furnished him with a tail. Since that time, all the words addressed to Love are in reality paid to the idol; but, as in other false religions, the adoration is at a distance from where the heart is least sincere." Afnon.

**LETTER CXV.**

*From the States.*

"Mankind have ever been prone to exaggerate in the praise of human nature. The dignity of man is a subject that has always been the favorite theme of humanity: they have declared with that ostentation which usually accompanies such a care of having a partial admittance they have obtained, borne; it was there none to oppose. Yet from all I have observed, I have more to obey, than by having too high, than by having too little power; an opinion of their nature; and, by attempting to rival their original place in creation, depress their real value in it.

"The most ignorant nations have always been found to think most highly of themselves. The Druids have ever been thought peculiarly concerned in their glory and preservation, to have fought their battles, and inspired their teachers: their wizards are said to be familiar with heaven, and every hero has a guard of angels, as well as men, to attend him. When the Portuguese first came among the wretched inhabitants of the coast of Africa, these savage nations readily allowed the strangers more skill in navigation and war, yet still considered them as useful servants, brought to their coast by their guardian serpent, to supply them with luxuries they could have lived without. Though they could grant the Portuguese more riches, they could never allow them to have such a kingdom as their Tschimzelion, who wore a breastlet of shells round his neck, and whose legs were covered with ivory.

"In this manner, examine a savage in the history of his country and predecessors, you ever find his warriors able to conquer armies, and his sages acquainted with more than possible knowledge. Human nature is to him an unknown country; he thinks capable of great things, because he is ignorant of its boundaries, whatever can be conceived to be done, he allows as possible, and whatever is possible, he conjectures must have been done. He never measures the actions and powers of others by what himself is able to perform: no proper estimate of the greatness of his power can he draw from the uniformity of his own incapacity. He is satisfied to be one of a country where mighty things have been; and imagines the fame of the reigns of his predecessors will reflect a lustre on him in the estimation of his contemporaries. He is kind, that brandishes no thunder at these guilty heads; but it is kind; and regards their follies with pity, nor will destroy creatures that he loved into being.

"But, whatever success this practice of making demi-gods might have been attended with in barbarous nations, I do not know that any man before having been addressed a people, who were willing to allow that men should be gods, because they were yet imperfectly acquainted with God and with man. These impostors knew, that all men are naturally fond of seeing something very great made from the little materials of humanity; that ignorant nations are not more proud of building a tower to reach heaven, or a pyramid to last for ages, than of making up god of their own country and creation. The Roman emperors who pretended to divinity were governed by a passion that they were mortal; and Alexander, though he bowed among barbarians accounted them to have the standard of countries for a standard of human nature; insomuch, therefore, of exalting the idol, he exalts himself, and fails preposterously before him.

"When man has thus acquired an erroneous idea of the dignity of his species, he and the gods became perfectly intimate; men are but angels, angels are but men, may but servants, that stand in waiting to execute human commands. The Persians, for instance, thus address their prophet Hazy: (I salute thee, glorious creator, of whom the sun is but the shadow. Masterpiece of the Lord of human existence, greatest star of justice and religion: The sea is not rich and liberal, but the gifts of thy merciful hands. The angel.treasure of heaven reaps his harvest in the fertile gardens of the parity of thy nature. The precious mobile would never dart the ball of the sun through the trunks of heaven, were it not to serve the amending out of the extreme love she has for thee. The angel Gabriel, messenger of truth, every day kisses the ground of thy feet. There were a place more enabled than the most high throne of God, I would sit in the seat), O master of the most illustrious and faithful! Gabriel, with all his art and knowledge, is but a more scholar to thee." Thus, my friend, when think proper to treat angels; but if indeed there be such in order of beings, with what a divine of sceptical contempt must they listen to the songs of little minds thus flattering each other! this to see creatures, rather than the being the following, and no more active than the eye, claiming for themselves the mystery of heaven; minims, the tenants of an atom, thus arrogating a partnership in the creation of the world! How is he kind, that brandishes no thunder at these guilty heads; but is kind, and regards their follies with pity, nor will destroy creatures that he loved into being."

"*Christina Trigge, p. 482.*

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**LETTER CXVI.**

*From the States.*

"There is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman; even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathizes with the regularity of the object in view, and, struck with external grace, vibrates in 1000000 harmony. In this agreeable disposition, I lately found myself in company with my friend and acquaintance. Our conversation turned upon love, which she assumed equally capable of defending and inspiring. We were each of different opinions upon this subject: I suffered it to be a natural and natural passion, and produced the happiness of those who cultivated it with proper precision. My friend disliked it to be the work of nature, but allowed it to have a real existence, that it was of infinite service in refining society; while it, to keep up the dispute, affirmed it to be merely a
nurse, first used by the cunning part of the fair sex, and admitted by the silly part of ours, therefore no way more natural than taking snuff, or chewing a quid of tobacco.

"How is it possible," cried I, "that such a passion can be natural, when our opinions even of beasts are so entirely the result of fashion and curiosity?" The ancients, who pretended to be connoisseurs in the art, have praised narrow foreheads, red hair, and eyebrows that joined each other over the nose. Such notions are only the absurdities that captivated Caillius, Ovid, and Anacreon. Ladies would at present be out of humour, if their lovers praised them for such; and should an antique lover now arrive, her face would certainly be put under the disguise of the sweeter, forehead cloth, and lead complais, before it could be seen in public company.

"But the difference between the ancient and modern is not so great as between the different countries of the present world. A lover of Gongora, for instance, sighs for thick lips; a Chinese lover is pleased in praise of skin. In Cremona, a straight nose is thought most consistent with beauty; cross but a mountain which separates it from the Tarents, and there flat noses are pretty; and if an emperor were to review them in modern times, we should call all the fashion. In Persia, and some other countries, a man, when he marries, chooses to have his bride a maid in the Philippine fashion of having a large forehead. A gentleman happens to perform a trick the first night, that he is put off with, the marriage is declared void to all intents and purposes, and the bride sent back with disgrace. In some parts of the East, a woman of beauty, properly fed up for sale, often amounts to one hundred crowns: in the kingdom of Leogone, ladies of the very best fashion are sold for a pig; passages; however, sell better, and sometimes amount to a cow. In short, turn even to England, don't I see the beautiful part of the sex neglected; and none now marrying or making love, but old mercenary adults who have saved money! Don't I see beauty from fifteen to twenty, rendered null and void to all intents and purposes, and those six years of womanhood put under a statute of virginity? What shall I call that rapid passion love, which passes between an old bachelor of fifty-nine and a widow lady of forty-nine? Never! what advantage is society to reap from an intercourse where the big belly is oftenest on the man's side? Would any persuade me that such a passion was natural, unless the human race were more fit for breeding; as they approached the decline, and all weak, barren breeder before they expired?"

"Whether love be natural or no," replied my friend, gravely, "it certainly contributes to the happiness of every society into which it is introduced. All our pleasures are short, and can only charm at intervals; love is a method of prolonging our greatest pleasure; and surely that gamester, who plays the greatest stakes to the best advantage, will, at the end of life, receive the same opinion of Vanini, who affirmed, that every hour was lost which was not spent in love. His accusers were unable to compute in what science or art he was the true advocate for love was born in thums, and no way metaphorized. But whatever advantages the individual may reap from this passion, society will certainly be refined and improved by its Institution; all laws calculated to discourage it, tend to inbreed the species, and weaken the state. Though it can not plant morals in the human breast, it cultivates them where they are, improves personality, and beauty, brings a brighter polish from its assistance; and a single amount is sufficient entirely to brush off the devil.

"But it is an exolve of the most delicate constitution; it requires the greatest art to introduce it into a state, and the smallest discouragement is sufficient to remove it again. Let us only consider with what ease it was formerly extinguished in Rome, and with what difficulty it was lately reestablished in Europe: it seduced to sleep for ages, and at last fought its way through life, tournaments, tournaments, and all the dreams of chivalry. The rest of the world, China only excepted, are, and have ever been utter strangers to its delights and advantages. In other countries, as men find themselves stronger than women, they lay a chin to a rigorous superiority; this is natural, and love, which gives up this natural advantage, must certainly be the effect of art; an art calculated to lengthen out our happier moments, and add new graces to society.

"I entirely acquiesce in your sentiments," says the lady, "with regard to the advantages of this passion, but can not avoid giving it a nobler origin than you have been pleased to assign. I must think, that those countries, where it is rejected, are obliged to have recourse to vice to supply a natural production, and those nations, where it is cultivated, only make nearer advances to nature. The same efforts that are used in some places to suppress pity, and other natural passions, may have been employed to extinguish love. No nation, however unpolluted, is remarkable for innocence that is not infamous for passion; it has been found in the coldest, as well as in the warmest regions. Even in the sultry wilds of Southern America, the lover is not satisfied with possessing his mistress person, without having her mind."

"In all my Emma's beauties heard, Amore profuso si gli io ose; For though she gives me up her breast, its passing tenant is not mine." — Translation of a South-American Ode.

"But the effects of love are no less violent to the result of an artificial passion. Nor is it in the power of fashion to force the constitution into those changes which we every day observe. Several hundred years are unequally distinguished with the fates of the two Indian lovers, D's Corin and Julio Bollanano, who, after a long separation, expired with pleasure in each other's arms. Such instances are too strong confirmations of the reality of the passion, and serve to show, that suppressing it but opposing the natural dictates of the heart."

LETTER CVI.

From the States.

This clock just struck two, the expiring tape rings and strolls in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing moves but melodies, guilt, terror, and despair. The drunken worm even mimes the destroying light, the sable walks, his midnight sound, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

As soon as the last note the eye over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me, where she took up the greatest, and now, like a vixen child, across burned with her own impetuousity.

What a gison hangs all round! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but from the chilling clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forlorn, an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time, when this temporary solitude may be made continued, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, hide away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in crecenties, hast their victories as great, joy as just, and as unbounded, and, with short-sighted premises, praised themselves immortality! posterity can hardly trace the situation of some: the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of a race. The Sibyl, when beheld, he learns wisdom, andfeels the trammels of every sublimer portion."

"Here," he cries, "stood their citadel, now groan with wroth; there their senate-hall, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undisguised heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and licence first made them feel, and the rewards of the state were confined on amusing and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defenders into distinguished destruction."

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded, and those who appear now, more timid, more scarce, more strictly bound to their business. No one addresses their streets their street; and one to another in a mixture. But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? Those beggars, vagabonds, and rovers, whose circumstances are too humble to expect relief, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. These are without the covering even of rags, and others against which disease the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distresses, and has given them up to hideousness. And yet these poor suffering females have even happier days, and been flattened into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villains, and are now turned out to meet the severity of fortune. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrothals, they use to wreathe whose hearts are insensible, or debauches who may curse but will not relieve them.

"Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretched I can not relieve! Poor homeless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortune to the great, the most imaginary or actual unfitness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathy, and are as much unheeded, prosecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them."

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or were my not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which ours for assistance. Allen.
But though I find the inhabitants savage, yet the Dutch merchants who are permitted to trade here seem more tolerable. They have raised my dislike to Europe in general; by them I learn that the lower classes of Irishmen have become highly deformed. The reason is, that many Indivisuals an European will suffer for gain.

I was present at an audience given by the Emperor to the Dutch envoy, who had sent several presents to the courtiers some days previous to his admission; but he was obliged to attend those days in a state of great uncultivation. From the account I had heard of this ceremony, my curiosity prompted me to be a spectator of the whole.

First, I went the presents, set out on beautiful canvases, adorned with flowers, borne on the shoulders, and followed by Japanese music and dancers. As soon as respect paid to the gifts themselves, I heard the donors must have received almost divine honours. But about a quarter of an hour after the presents had been carried in triumph, the envoy and his train were brought forward. They were covered from head to foot with black bags, which prevented their seeing each other. A conductor, chosen from the nearest of the people in this dishonest manner, having traversed the city of Jehol, where he arrived at the palace-door, was covered without a moment's delay, and admitted into the great-room. Here their eyes were uncovered, and in about an hour the gentleman-orator introduced them into the hall of audience, where the emperor was seated at length alone, sitting in a kind of above the upper end of the room, and the Dutch envoy was conducted towards the throne.

As soon as he had approached within a certain distance, the gentleman-orator ceded out with a loud voice, Holanda Capitan; upon these words, the envoy fell flat upon the ground, and crept upon his hands and knees to the throne. Still approaching, he raised himself upon his knees, and then bowed his forehead to the ground. These ceremonies being over, he was directed to withdraw, still grunting on his belly, and going backward like a hog.

Men must be excessively fond of riches, when they are earned with such circumstances of object relaxation. Do the Europeans worship Heaven itself with ranks of more profound respect? Do they confer those honours on the Supreme Being which they pay to a bauble king, who give them a permission to possess trinkets and peculiarities of this sort? Is there a greater exchange, to forfeit their national honour, and even their life to humanity for a crown or a suffrage?

If these ceremonies essayed in the first audience a more profound and learned, those which were practised in the second were infinitely more so. In the second audience, the emperor and the ladies of the court were placed behind lattice, in such a manner as to see without being seen. Here all the Europeans were directed to pass in review, and grovel and bow the servile bow before this spectre, which the whole human race are Solomon. The swarms were asked a thousand ridiculous questions, as their names, and ages; they were ordered to rise, to stand upright, to sit, to stoop, to compliments each other, to drink, to speak the Japanese language, to talk Dutch, to sing, to eat, in short, they were ordered to do all that could satisfy the curiosity of their majesty.

Imagine, dear Mr. Allardyce, a set of men grown thus transformed into buffoons, and acting a part every what as honourable as that of those instructed animals which are shown in the streets of Pekin to the mob on a holiday. Yet the ceremony did not end here, for every great lord of the court was to be visited in the same manner, and their ladies, who took the wages from their husbands, were all equally fond of seeing the strangers perform, even the children seeming highly diverted with the dancing Dutchmen.

Ah! how am I myself, upon returning from such a spectacle, "Is this the nation which assures such dignity at the court of Pekin? Is this the people that appear so proud at home, and in every country, where they are without any such ceremony as this? How does a law of gain transform the gravest into the most contemptible and ridiculous?"

I had rather continue for all my life a common person, and perish with the rest those riches which are acquired at the expense of my honour or humanity! Let me quit, I said, a country where there are none but such as treat all others like slaves, and more detestable still, in suffering such treatment. I have seen enough of this nation to desire to see no more of others. Let me leave a people accustomed to excess, whose morals are corrupted, and equally dejected by superstition and vice; where the sciences are left uncultivated, where the great are slaves to the poore, and tyrants to the people; where the lowest orders of the people, the honest and upright British, leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for misfortunes, sir, I am not pretend to have gone through more than others. Except the loss of my limb, and the money being obliged to beg, I know no reason, though Heaven, that I have to complain: there are some who have lost both legs, and an eye, but thank Heaven, it is not quite so bad with me."

My father was a labourer in the country, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishmen were not able to tell what county he lived in, or where he was born; so when they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third; till at last it was thought I belonged to no parish at all. At length, however, they fixed me. I had some other learning too, and had actually learned my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet.

"Here I lived among the poor, in the country, for five years, I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It was true, I was not suffered to sit far from the house, for fear I should run away: and I was so well relieved of the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me.

"I was next bound out to a farmer, where I was not bad early and late, but as I grown larger more and more hard, I sold like my business well enough, till I died. Being then obliged to provide for myself, I was resolved to go and seek my fortune. Thus I lived, and went from town to town, working when I could get employment, and starving when I could not. I was sometimes, and might have lived as well; but happening one day to go through a field belonging to a magistrate, I spied a hare crossing the path, just before me. I believed it put it in my head to fling my stick at it; well, what will you have out? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away the next day, without any payment. Those in triumph, when I was called a villain, and calling me, desired I would give an account of myself. I began immediately to give a full account of all I know of my birth, my breed, my tongue, my whole life, and also gave a very long account, the Justice said I could give no account of myself: so I was indicted, and found guilty of being poor, and sent to Newgate, where I was in order to be turned out, and afterwards to be sent for a bad example.

"People may this and that of being in great distress, for my part, I found Newgate as a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my bellow full to eat and drink, and did no work, but sit! this kind of life was too good to last forever: I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent to a land of which I was unacquainted. Our passage was but indelicate, for we were all confined in the hold, and did very fast, for want of smooth air and provisions; but, for my part, I did not want meat, because I had a several way the whole time. Providence was kind; when provisions grew short, it took away my desire of eating. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters; I was bound for seven years, and as I was no scholar, for I had forgot my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and serve out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I wished my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. O liberty! liberty! liberty! that is the name of every Englishman, and I will die in defence! I was however, however, that I should be induced to a
tried, and this induced me, at least, to make a good fortune, to be a privateer; I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance; one man was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden level. However, blessing be upon my enemies, I enjoy good health, and have no enemy in this world that I know of, but the French and the Justice of Peace.

Thus saying, he leaped off, leaving my friends and me in admiration of his intrepidity and conduct; nor could we avoid acknowledging that an habitual acquaintance with misery is the trustiest school of fortitude and philosophy. Addison.


cities were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their ears in a moment, and knocked them down. From hence, none of us ran together to the quay and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been there three days before. They had been driven by English privateers, who was glad of so many prisoners, and we consented to run our chances. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with a French frigate of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, but, unfortunately, we lost almost all our men, just as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe I would have gone mad with hate, I have brought back to my old god in beat; but, by good fortune, we were re-taken, and carried to England once more.

"I had almost forget to tell you, that in this last engagement I was wounded in two places, I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. Had I had the good fortune to lose my leg and use my hand on board a king's ship, and if I had been a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance; one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden level. However, blessing be upon my enemies, I enjoy good health, and have no enemy in this world that I know of, but the French and the Justice of Peace."

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I remember a similar instance of this inverted ambition, in the sanguine king of Mameluke, upon one of his expeditions against the Portuguese. Among the presents that were made him by the ambassador of that nation, was a sword with a brass hilt, upon which he seemed to set a particular value. This he thought was too great an acquisition to his dignity to be allowed to go among the number of his titles. He therefore gave orders, that his subjects should style him for the future, Tufld, the Imperial Potentate of Messenigo, Messenger of the Morning, Enlightener of the Sun, Possessor of the whole Earth, and mighty Monarch of the brass-hilted Sword.

This method of mixing majestic and paltry titles, of puncturing the arms of a great empire and of an obscure province upon the same metal band, had its origin in the virtuous partiality of these late monarchs. Willing to testify an affiance to their native country, they gave its name and ensigns a place upon their arms, and thus, in some measure, embellished it. It was, indeed, but just that a people which had given England up their king, should receive some honour equivalent in return; but at present these nations are no more; England, the most splendidly, beautifully, and it has some reason to hope for British titles upon British coins.

In such cases, where the money of England designed to circulate in Germany, there would be no such great impropriety in impressing it with German names and arms; but, though this might have been so upon former occasions, I am told there is no danger of it for the future. As England, therefore, design to keep back its gold, I commend myself to the good offices of Dr. Linnell. (Linnell. and the rest of them, may very well keep back their golds. It is a mistaken prejudice in princes to think that a number of these paltry names can give new claims to respect. The truly great have ever disdained them. When Timur the Lame had conquered Asia, an army by profession came to his court, and provided him with his armament, a magnificent suit of harness by styling him the most contemptible, and the most glorious object of the creation. The sultan seemed displeased with his policy, and yet he still went on, complimenting him upon the occasion. He then, his friend, Chris the hussar emperor; "hold there, I have another leg." In fact, the fable of the ptoot: alone finds pleasure in multiplying these pages of vanity, but strength and freedom have no longer life, and often find the finest adornment in majestic simplicity.

The young monarch of this country has already testified a proper contempt for several unmeaning appendages on royalty, coals and martial honours have been obliged to quit their dress accordingly, and the whole tribe of necessary people who did nothing, have been dismissed from several services. A people who can thus bring back simplicity and frugality to a court will surely have a true respect for his own glory; and, while he has dismissed all unnecessary employments, may find the finest adornment in majestic simplicity.
On the contrary, they who never examine with their own reason, act with more simplicity, Ignorance is positive, instinct, perseverence, and the man whose being comes in safety within the sphere of brutal uniformity. What is true in regard to individuals is not so when applied to states. A reasoning government like this is in constant interruption, while those kingdoms where reason are taught, not to contradict but obey, continue always the same. In Asia, for instance, where the monarch's authority is supported by force, and acknowledged through fear, a change of government is entirely unknown. All the inhabitants seem to wear the same mortal complexion, and remain contented with hereditary oppressor.

The power is apportioned in the ultimate rule of duty every branch of the administration is a perfect epitome of the whole; and as one tyrant is deposed, another starts up in his room to groove as his predecessor. The English, on the contrary, instead of being led by power, endeavour to guide themselves by reason; instead of appealing to the pleasure of princes, appeal to the original rights of sensibility. What one rank of men is derived by others, as the reasons on opposite sides happen to some horse with greater or less convexity. The horseman, instead of being directed by a signal, which never alters, the English, by reason, which is ever changing its appearance.

The disadvantages of an Asiatic government, acting on this principle, are many more. My indiscretion, the greatest error, is our evident; original errors are thus continued, without hope of redress; and all marks of genius are leveled down to one standard, so as no superiority of thinking can be allowed in the exercise of mental defects. But, to compensate those defects, their governments undergo no new alterations; they have no new evils to fear, nor any formations in the confusion that continues; the struggle for power is soon over, and all becomes tranquill as before; they are habituated to subordination, and men are taught to form no other desires than those which are allowed to satisfy.

The disadvantages of a government acting from the immediate influence of reason, like that of England, and the power of those of the horsemen. It is extremely difficult to induce a number of free beings to cooperate for their mutual benefits; every possible advantage will necessarily be sought, and every attempt to procure it must be attended with a combination of clamour and prejudice. But though men, as a people may be thus deprived, they have been influenced by a happy delusion; their errors are seldom seen till they are felt; each man is himself the tyrant he has obeyed, and such a man, as has obeyed, he can easily forgive.

In the advantages he feels may, in reality, be equal to what is felt in the most despotic government; but man will bear every calamity with patience when he knows himself to be the author of his own distresses.

Letter CXXI.

From the Same.

My long residence here began to fatigue me. As every object seems to be new, it no longer continues to be pleasing; some mists are so fond of variety, that pleasure itself, if permanent, would be to this diversity, which is re-created every instant, a new happiness even by curious distress. I only, therefore, wish at the arrival of my son to vary this trifling scene, and borrow new pleasure from danger and fatigue. A life, I own, such spent in wandering from place to place, in most best to dissipation. But to pursue trials is the lot of humanity, and whether webe in a Parliament, or stand at a circumstance; whether we shut at a bed, or harbourage in a senate-house: whatever object we follow, it will at last succeed us to facility and disappointment. These objects are all directed by an unknown law, but do exist; and above all, and probably this is all the difference between them.

This may be an example for the vexation of my former correspondence I talked of trials; and I know that they were trifles; to make the things of this life ridiculous, it is only sufficient to call them by their names.

In other respects, I have omitted several striking circumstances in the description of this country, as supposing them either already known to you or not being thoroughly known to myself, but there is one omission for which I expect no forgiveness, namely, my being totally silent upon their buildings, roads, rivers, and mountains. These circumstances are all that I have left to add, except the organisation of their fabrik, which would wonder convenience of some things; it is not for me to attempt, what nature has so sufficiently described with their others. This description of much greater value of buildings, I have observed, there are also several ancient buildings of red brick, with numberless sign-posts, or other pillars, in a peculiar order of architecture. I send you a drawing of several views, of an ancient oblong near the road; whereas it should have fallen upon the roof of the road, for having brought that near the dunghill.

After proceeding in this manner for some time by a building, resembling somewhat a triumphal arch, satisfies the traveller's view. This structure, however, in the distance, is seen rather more or very much called fruit-cakes, potatoes, nothing to prevent me from being out by some subsequent adventurer who may happen to travel this way; so continuing my course to the west, I soon arrived at an un•walled town, called Edington.

Edington is a pretty neat town, mostly built of brick, with a church and bells; it has a small lake, or rather pond, in the middle, though at present very much neglected. I am told it is dry in summer; if this be the case, it can be no very pleasing receptacle for fish, of which the inhabitants themselves seem sensible, by bringing all that is eaten there. I am of the opinion, that I more than made up my anxiety, and opening a new scene of unexpected pleasure. His improvements in mind.
and person have far surpassed even the sanguine expectations of a father. I left him a boy, but he is returned a man: pleasing in his person, hardened by travel, and polished by adversity. His disappointment in love, however, had infused an air of melancholy into his conversation, which seemed at intervals to intercept our mutual satisfaction. I expected that this could find a cure only from time, but fortune, as if willing to load us with her favours, has in a moment repaid every unkindness with reparation.

Two days after his arrival, the man in black, with his beautiful niece, came to congratulate us upon this pleasing occasion; but, guess our surprise, when my friend's lovely kinwoman was found to be the very captive my son had rescued from Russia, and who had been wrenched on the Welge, and was carried by the Russian peasants to the part of Archangel. Were I to hold the pen of a novelist, I might be permitted to describe their feelings at an unexpected interview; but you may conceive their joy without my assistance: words were unable to express their transports, then how can words describe it?

When two young persons are sincerely enamoured of each other, nothing can give me such pleasure as seeing them married: whether I knew the parties or not, I am happy at this binding one link more in the universal chain. Nature loves, in some measure, formed me for a match-maker, and given me a soul to sympathize with every mode of human felicity. I instantly, therefore, consulted the man in black, whether we might not crown their mutual wishes by marriages: his mind seems formed of similar materials with mine; he instantly gave his consent, and the next day was appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials.

All the acquaintances which I had made since my arrival were present at this gay solemnity. The little beau was constituted master of the ceremonies, and his wife, Mrs. Tibbs, conducted the entertainment with proper decorum. The man in black, and the pawnbroker's widow, were very sprightly and tender upon this occasion. The widow was dressed in the direction of Mrs. Tibbs; and as for her lover, his face was set off by the assistance of a pig-tail wig, which was lent by the little beau, to fit him for making love with proper formality. The whole company easily perceiving that it would be a double wedding before all was over, and, indeed, my friend and the widow seemed to make no secret of their passion: he even called me aside, in order to know my candid opinion, whether I did not think him a little too old to be married! "As for my own part," continued he, "I know I am going to play the fool, but all my friends will praise my wisdom, and produce me as the very pattern of discretion to others." As dinner, every thing seemed to run on with good-humour, harmony, and satisfaction. Every creature in company thought themselves pretty, and every joke was laughed at. The man in black put his mistress' hand to her plate, chimed her glass, and jogging her knees and her elbow, he whispered something in her ear, on which she patted his cheek: never was anticipated passion so playful, so harmonious, and amusing, as between this reversed couple.

The second course was now called for, and, among a variety of other fowls, a fine turkey was placed before the widow. The Europeans, you know, carve as they eat; my friend, therefore, begged his mistress to help him to a part of the turkey. The widow, pleased with an opportunity of showing her skill in carving (an art upon which it seems she prided herself), began to cut it up by first taking off the leg. "Madam," cries my friend, "if I might be permitted to advise, I would begin by cutting off the wing, and then the leg will come off more easily." "Sir," replies the widow, "I give you leave to understand cutting up a fowl; I always begin with the leg." "Yes, madam," replies the lover, "but if the wing be the most convenient manner, I would begin with the wing." "Sir," interrupts the lady, "when you have finished your own, begin with the wing if you please, but give me leave to take off the leg: I hope I am not to be taught at this time of day." "Madam," interrupts he, "we are never too old to be instructed." "Oh, sir!" interrupts the other, "who is old, sir! when I die of age, I know of some that will quake for fear, if the leg does not come off, take the turkey to yourself." "Madam," replied the man in black, "I do not care a farthing whether the leg or the wing comes off, if you are for the leg first, why shall you have the argument, even though it be as I say." "As for the matter of that," replies the widow, "I do not care a fig whether you are for the leg off or on; and, friend, for the future keep your distance." "Oh," replied the other, "that is easily done; it is only removing to the other end of the table; and so, madam, your most obedient humble servant."

Thus was this courtship of an age destroyed in one moment; for this dialogue effectually broke off the match between this respectable couple, that had been but just consummated. The smallest accidents disappoint the most important treaties. However, though it in some measure interrupted the general satisfaction, it no ways impaired the happiness of the youthful couple; and, by the young lady's book, I could perceive she was not entirely displeased with this interruption.

In a few hours the whole transaction seemed entirely forgotten, and we have all since enjoyed those satisfactions which result from a consciousness of making each other happy. My son and his fair partner are fixed here for life; the man in black has given them up a small estate in the country, which, added to what I was able to bestow, will be capable of supplying all the real, but not the fictitious, demands of happiness. As for myself, the whole being but one city to me, I do not much care in which of the streets I happen to reside: I shall, therefore, spend the remainder of my life in examining the manners of different countries, and have prevailed upon the man in black to be my companion. "They must often change," says Confucius, "who would be constant in happiness or wisdom." Adieu.
The life of a scholar seldom abounds with adventure. His fame is acquired in solitude. And the historian, who only views him at a distance, must content with a dry detail of actions by which he is scarcely distinguished from the rest of mankind. But very few have lived in such a way that the world, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally gained in his graves. When his name is interested by time, it is then too late to invest the peculiarities or disposition; the deeds of the morning are past; and we vainly try to form the character without his splendor, which was written to him by his friends, are.

There is scarcely any man but might be made the subject of a very interesting and amusing history, if the writer, besides a thorough acquaintance with the character he draws, were able to make the rise of distinctions which separate it from all others. The strongest minds have usually the most striking peculiarities, and would consequently afford the richest materials; but in the present instance, from not knowing Dr. Parnell, his peculiarities are gone to the grave with him; and we are able to take his life, as seen from such few men; but little of him, or who, perhaps, could have given very little information if they had known more. Parnell, by what I have been able to collect from mere information, knew him was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that openness of disposition which loves disappointment with pleasure, and joy with indifference. He was ever very much elated or depressed; and his whole life spent in agony or rapture. But the intemperance of these passions only affliced himself, and never those about him: he knew the ridicule of his own character, and very effectually ruled the mirth of his companions, as well as his vanities as at his triumphs.

How much his company was desired, appears from the extravagance of his connections, and the manner of his friends. Even before he made any figure in the literary world, his friendship was sought by persons of every rank and party. The wits that time differed a good deal from those who are now at present, he and his for understanding of present. It would now be thought a very ill-fortune sign of a writer’s good sense, to disclaim his private friends for happening to be of a different party in politics; but it is just the reverse, as he had settled to himself, and therefore retained in their turn. At the head of one party were Addison, Steele, and Congreve; at the head of another, Swift, Pope, and Dryden; and good Whi...
not die without testifying something of this nature; and leaving to the world a memorial of the friendship that has been so great a pleasure and pride to me. When I look back upon my own life, I see it, like any other, as a series of events to which you are a witness, and an acquaintance with you is one of the few I have lost since I saw you, what I have done, what I have thought, where I have lived, and where I now repose in obscurity. My utmost thanks are due to you for the kindness of your letter, and to all particular concerning myself; and Mr. Fed. recharged with a thousand woes, and a thousand complaints, and a thousand commissions to you on my part. They will both tax you with the neglect of some premises which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot: if you can for all of us, tell them so, and write to us. I can say no more, than I love you, and am, in spite of the longest neglect of happiness,

*Dear Sir, your most faithful,
   and affectionate friend and servant.*
   *A. Pown.*

"Gay is in Devonshire, and from thence he goes to Bath. My father and mother never fail to communicate you."

Among the number of his most intimate friends was Lord Oxon, where Pope has so fully comprised all the delirium of his choice.

"For his days one had bid the world stand, Prodigious to the structure of the friend; Swift, and him inspired the fierce one, Nurse, the only one of the two and year, Deaf you, the following, civil, and quitted, and pleased to heaps from marriage to wit."

Pope himself was not only excessively fond of his company, but under several literary obligations to him for the assistance in the translation of Horner. Gay was obliged to him upon another account; for, being always poor, he was not above receiving from Pown the copy-money which the latter got for his writings. Several of their letters, now before me, are proofs of this; and as they have never appeared before, it is probable the reader will be much better pleased with their idle effusions, than with any amusement I can hammer out for his amusement.

"Bunfield, near Oakhampton, Thursday.

"Dear Sir,

"I believe the hurry you were in hindered you giving me a word by the post, as I am yet to learn whether you get well to town, or continue to stay there. I very much fear both for your health and your peace. I am, however, most truly concerned in any thing touches other than myself. I can comfort myself, however, with hoping, that your business may not be unaccomplished, for your sake; and that at least it may soon be put into other hands. For my own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon as possible. You know how much you want your and that, however your business may depend upon any business, it is impossible to bring the charge directly against him. But he is more explicit when he mentions his friend Gay's obligations in another letter, which he takes pains to correct.

"Dear Sir,

"It is not to you with the same warmth, the same zeal of good-will and friendship, with which I used to converse with you two years ago, and can't think myself justified, when I feel you so much at bay, in sending you place of your two, which was bought, or that I am over, is infinitely less lively a representation than that I carry about with me, and which rises to my mind whenever I think of you. I have not an agreeable visit to those woods and downs where we once mumbled together; my head is sometimes at the bath, and sometimes at Luton, where the Dean makes a right part of my imaginarv entertainment, this being the cheapest way of treating me; I hope I will not be displeased at this manner of paying my respects to him; instead of following my friend Jervas's example, which, I believe, you have as much inclination to do as I want ability. I have been ever since December last in greater variety of business than any such uses you as that (is, divine and philosophical); but as you are a Christian and a divine, can look speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins; for, at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all the poets and commentators who have gone before me, but all who come after me. To be serious, you have not only left me to the last degree impatient for your return, who at all times should have been so (theirs was such a high Frenchman as imagine a reasonable health, but you have bought several miserable upon our folly; you have made old people fond of a young and gay person, and inventone the inordinate pride of the Church of England; even Nurse is in danger of being in love in her old age, and (for all I know) would never marry Demis for your sake, because he is young, and loves his master. In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though for but a day or two, by the next post. If I find them just, I will excuse you, though I know how precious my time is at present; my hours were never worth so much money before; but perhaps you are not sensible of this, who give away your own works. You are a generous author: I am a heady scribbler; you a Greekian, and bred at a university. I am a poor Englishman, of my own educating; you a reverend person, I a vagabond, a being despised with all the disadvantages of poor Demis for your sake, because he is young, and loves his master. Let me go on in the post. But is it not implied on this account, and this as soon as possible. Inform me also upon what terms I am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you design the copy-money for Gay, as you formerly talked; what number of books you would have myself, etc. I am sure any thing to be altered in this whole piece; in the person you shall see, you are President (with an e at the end of your name), and I

"Your most obliging and affectionate friend and faithful servant,
   *A. Pown.*

"My hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Field, and the true genuine shepherd, G. Gay of Devon. I expect him down with you."
fortune and accident a wilderness of his own creating.

But though this method of narrating in his present state was the most appropriate to his present feelings, yet it was not easily endured by the gentlemen of the neighborhood, who did not care to conform themselves to his fellow-sufferer. He received many mispraisings upon that account, for several reasons. He was being naturally fond of company, he could not endure to be without their share, which, however, among his English friends, he pretended to despise. In fact, his conduct, in that particular, was rather splendid than wise; he had either lost the art to engage, or did not employ it in securing those more permanent, though more humble connections, which are the most successful, for a month or two in England, a whole year's happiness by his country fire-side at home.

However, what he permitted the world to see of his life was elegant and splendid; his fortune (for a poet) was very considerable, and it might easily be supposed lived to the very extent of it. The fact is, his expenses were greater than his income, and his successor found the estate somewhat impoverished at his decease. As soon as ever he had collected in his annual revenues, he immediately set out for England, to enjoy the company of the dearest friends, and laugh at the more prudent world that were mindless business and gaining money. The friends to whom, during the latter part of his life, he was chiefly attached, were Swift, Pope, Gay, and Dr. Aris. Among these he was particularly happy, his mind was entirely at ease, and gave a loose to every harmless folly that came uppermost. Indeed, it was a season of life, a wise man might please himself, to quit being foolish, without incurring any danger or contempt. Perhaps the reader will be pleased to see a letter to him from a part of this feast, as they call it, written by Dr. Aris, Jervas, and Gay. It comes from Gray, Jervas, Aris, Swift, and Pope, assembled at a chop-house near the Exchange, and is as follows:

**My Dear Sir,**

I was last summer in Devonshire, and am this winter at Mr. Pope's. In the summer I wrote a poem, and in the winter I have published it, which I have sent you by Dr. Elwood. In the summer I ate two dishes of hot-stews of my own gathering, instead of mustard; and in the winter I have been sick with wine, and am at this time, blest be God for it, as I must bliss God for all things. In the summer I spoke truth to damns, in the winter I was called the Art of Walker. Now you know how I have got so much money, and never been, and what I have done, and I shall tell you what I intend to do the ensuing summer. I propose to do the same thing I did last, which was to meet you in any part of England you would appoint; I don't like me to have two disappointments. I have longed to hear from you, and to that intent I have sent you three or four letters, but having never answered, I feared both of us had been, or might have miscarried. I hope your happiness will please the Dean, whom I often wished for, and to whom I would have often wrote, but for the reason I neglected you, and the Dean, I need not tell you how I love you, and how I shall be to hear from you; which, next to the seeing you, would be the greatest satisfaction that lies in any human heart; in particular, was rather splendid than wise: he had either lost the art to engage, or did not employ it in securing those more permanent, though more humble connections, which are the most successful.
But the conception of word, interest has generally very little share they have only pleasure in their connexion, but there is none of the company, and if a trick was played, he was always the sufferer. The whole party once agreed to walk down to the house of Lord B——— who was still in residence, and was taken home twenty miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking soon left the rest behind him, fully resolved, upon his arrival, to choose the very best bed for himself, for that was his custom. In the meantime Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions, and taking horse, arrived at Lord B——— by another way, and long before him. Having adopted his horse of Swift's design, it was resolved at any rate to keep him out of the house; but how to affect this was a task that had never been to the mind of the master, and was very much afraid of anything as soon as therefore as he appeared strolling along at some distance from the house, one of the host's servants followed him on horseback, and the second horse was then put down making great raves in the family, but that there was a summer-house with a fielded at his service, at the end of the garden. There the disapproving Dean was obliged to sit, and take a cold supper that was sent out to him, while the rest were feeding within. However, at last they took compassion on him; and upon his promising never to choose the best bed in the house, they permitted him to take one of the company.

There is something satisfactory in these accounts of the follies of the rich; they give a natural air to the whole. You cannot imagine that you must have a very active imagination to conceive that the Swifts of the world should have so little trouble, and so readily consent to their friends, and so cleverly bear to be alone. The death of his wife, it is said, was a loss to him that he was unable to support or repair. From that time he could not venture to touch the Muses, in solitude; he was sure to find the image of her who first inspired his attempts. He began therefore to throw himself into every company, and seek from wise, if not of at least those who can help him. Those helps do not signify for assistance, but to render necessary. He died before the fortieth year, in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity. 

The life of a very few years, Parnell attained a share of fame equal to what most of his contemporaries were a long life in acquiring. He was long to be considered as a poet; and the same in which his poems are held, and the rest of his pleasures give in the present, are a sufficient test of their merit. He appears to me to be the last of that great school, that had modelled itself upon the ancient, and taught English poetry to resemble that generally of mankind have allowed to excel. A standard and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the light it lent him and that he found: that more he had borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To say nature is a law, or that the end of man is to be once more as a part of the whole; to select such parts as constitute delight, is reserved only for those whom accident has blessed with uncommon talents, or who have read the most of the world and indivisible. Parnell is every day in the happy in the selection of binges, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry which it has for some time been the fashion to mimic; in writing which the poet sits down without any plan, and does up splendid images without any selection; when the reader grows weary with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarcely tell why. Our poet, on the contrary, gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand; he is still careful ahead, and just given refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course, the reader regrets that his way has been so short, he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and so resolves to go the journey ever again.

His poetical language is less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He found at that period what in his time was brought to its highest pitch of refinement; and ever since then it has been gradually declining. It is indeed surprising what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and others upon a subject that their successors should have taken so much pains to point it out in pristine beauty. Those improved mannerism have been cast into unmeaning words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transgres-

sions, and the hardest constructions, vastly imagining that the more their writings are unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry. They have adopted a language of their own, and call upon modern for imitation. All those who do not understand them are silent and those who make out their meaning are willing to praise, to show that they are not among them. These faults and so-and-sos, for the names of the poems of Parnell are entirely free; he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression.

Parnell has written several poems besides those published by Pope, and some of them have been made public with very little credit to his reputation. There is still left among his reader for the light, in the possession of Sir John Parnell his nephew, who, from that humble real which he has for his uncle's reputation, will probably be slow in publishing what he may ever suspect will do it injury. Of those which are usually inserted in his works, some are indifferent, and some moderate; but the greater part are excellent. A slight allusion on the nose striking will conclude this account, which I have already drawn out to a disproportionate length.

The translation of a part of the Rape of the Lock into mockish verse, serves to show what a master Parnell was of the Latin; a copy of verses made in this manner, is one of the most difficult and ridiculous things that can be done, for I am assured that it was written upon the following occasion.

Before the Rape of the Lock was yet completed, Pope was reading it to his friend Swift, who was very attentive, while Parnell, who happened to be in the house, went in and out without seeming to take any notice. However, he was very diligently employed in listening, and was able, from the strength of his memory, to bring away the whole description of the tablet pretty exactly. This he verified in the manner now published in his works; and the next day, when Pope was reading his poem to this friend, Swift, it was observed that he had stolen that part of the description from an old mockish manuscript. An old paper with the Latin verses was soon brought forth, and it was not till after some time that Pope was delivered from the confusion which it at first produced.

The Book-worm is another unskilfully translated from the Greek by Bess. It was the fashion with the wisest of the last age to imitate the Greek and mock the Greek phrases of the old, and the poems, which to the less than the sight of the most, and church-yard scenes that have since appeared.
GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

But the poem of Parnell's best known, and on which his best reputation is grounded, is the Hermit. Pope, speaking of this in those manuscript anneots already quoted, says: "That the poem is very good. The story," continues he, was written originally in Spanish, whence probably Howell had translated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters. Addison liked the scheme, and was not disinclined to come into it. However this may be, Dr. Henry Moore, in his dialogues, has the same story; and I have been informed by some, that it is originally of Arabian invention.

With respect to the prose works of Parnell, I have mentioned them already; his fame is too well grounded for any defects in them to shake it; and only add, that the Life of Zulus was written at the request of his friends, and designed as a satire upon Dennis and Theobald, with whom his club had long been at variance. I shall end this account with a letter to him from Poponel Gwyn, in which they endeavor to hasten him to finish that production.

"London, March 18.

Dear Sir,

I must own I have long owed you a letter, but you must own, you have owed me one a good deal longer. Besides, I have but two people in the world of Ireland to take care of the Dean and you: but you have several who complain of your neglect in England. Mr. Gay complains, Mr. Harcourt complains, Mr. Jarvis complains, Dr. Addison complains, my Lord complaining; I complain. (Take notice of this figure of iteration, when you make your next sermon). Some say you are in deep disfavor at the new turn of affairs; others, that you are so much in the archbishop's good graces, that you will not correspond with any that have seen the last ministry. Some affirm you have excommunicated Pope (whose friends they observe daily fall from him on account of his satirical and conical disposition) others that you are insinuating yourself into the opinion of the ingenious Mr. Wotld-dye's advice. Some think you are preparing your sermons for the press and others, that you will transform them into essays and moral discourses. But the only excuse that I will allow, is your attention to the Life of Zulus. The frogs already seem to croak for their transportation to England, and are sensible how much that Doctor is cursed and hated, who introduced their species into your nation; therefore, as you dread the wrath of St. Patrick, send them hither, and rid the kingdom of those performances and inquiries at once.

I have at length received your poem out of Mr. Addison's hands, which shall be sent as soon as you order it, and in what manner you shall appoint. I shall in the mean time give Mr. Tocke a packet for you, containing divers merry pieces, Mr. Gay's new piece, Mr. Burnet's letter to Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope's Tempel of Peace, Mr. Thomas Burnet's Grumbler on Mr. Gay, and the Bishop of Albury's Elegy, written either by Mr. Cary or some other hand.

"Mr. Pope is reading a letter; and in the mean time, I make use of the pen to twist my uncle's ear in not hearing from you. I find success, even in the most trivial things, raising the indignation of Scripture; for I, for what I live by, could neither escape the fury of Mr. Burnet, or the German doctor; then where will rage end, when Hume is to be translated? Let Zulus hasten to your friends assistance, and various criticisms shall be no more. I am in hopes that we may order our affairs so as to meet this summer at the Bath; for Mr. Pope and myself have thoughts of taking a trip thither. You shall preach, and we will waste our license, for it is esteemed as great an honour to have the Bath for fear of a broken head, as for a Terre Flute of Oxford to be expelled. I have no place at court; therefore, that I may not entirely be without one every where, show that I have a place in your remembrance.

"Your most affectionate,

"A. Pook and J. Gay?"

"Home will be published in three weeks."

I cannot finish this tribe without returning my sincerest acknowledgments to Sir John Parnell, for the generous assistance he was pleased to give me, in furnishing me with many materials, when he heard I was about writing the life of his uncle, as also to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, relations of our host, and to my very good friend Mr. Stevens, who, being an unnatural lover himself, is very ready to assist all the attempts of others.

THE LIFE

of

Henry, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

[First printed in 1771.]

There are some characters that seem formed by nature to take delight in struggling with opposition, and whose most agreeable hours are passed in storms of their own creating. The subject of the present sketch was, perhaps, of all others, the most indefatigable in raising himself enemie, to show his power in subduing them; and was not less employed in improving his superior talents than in finding objects on which to exercise his activity. His life was spent in a continual conflict of politics; and, as that was too short for the combat, he has left his memory as a subject of lasting contention.

It is, indeed, no easy matter to preserve an acknowledged impartiality in talking of a man so differently regarded on account of his political, as well as his religious principles. Those whom his political may please may be sure to condemn him for his religion; and, on the contrary, those most strongly attached to his theological opinions are the most likely to decry his politics. On whatever side he is regarded, he is sure to have opposers; and this was perhaps what he most desired, having, from nature, a mind better pleased with the struggle than the victory.

Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, was born in the year 1672, at Battersea, in Surrey, at a sort that had been in the possession of his ancestors for ages before. His family was of the first rank, equally conspicuous for its antiquity, dignity, and large possessions. It is found to trace its origin as early as Adam de Port, Baron of Easing, in Hampshire, before the Conquest, and in one edition of ages, to have produced warriors, patriots and statesmen, some of whom were conspicuous for their loyalty, and others for their defending the rights of the people. His grandfather, Sir Walter St. John, of Battersea, marrying one of the daughters of Lord Chief Justice St. John, who, as all know, was strongly attached to the republican party, Henry, the subject of the present memoir, was brought up in his family, and consequently included the first principles of his education amongst the dissenters. At that time, Daniel Barges, a family of a very peculiar kind, being at once possessed of zeal and humour, and as well known for the archness of his conceits as the furious obstinacy of his principles, was confessor to the presbyterian way to his grandfather, and was appointed to direct our author's first studies. Nothing is so apt to disgust a feeling mind as imitation and, perhaps, the absurdity of the first letters he received might have given him that contempt for all religions which he might have justly conceived against one. Indeed no task can be more mortifying than what he was condemned to undergo: "I was obliged," says he, in one place, "while yet a boy, to read over the commentaries of Dr. Manton, whose pride it was to have made a hundred and nineteen sermons on the hundred and nineteen psalms." Dr. Manton and his sermons were not likely to prevail much on one who was, perhaps, the most sharp-sighted in the world at discovering the absurdities of others, however he might have been guilty of establishing many of his own.

But these derry institutions were of no very long continuance, as soon as it was fit to take him out of the hands of the woman, he was sent to Elan school, and removed thence to Christ-church college in Oxford. His genius and understanding were seen and admired in both these seminaries, but his love of pleasure had so much the ascendency, that he seemed contented rather with the con- sciousness of his own great powers than their ex-ercise. However, his friends, and those who knew him best intimately, were thoroughly sensible of the extent of his mind; and when he left the
At that time the silly and the sly party were strongly opposed in the House, and pretty nearly united. In the latter years of King William, the internal transactions of Parliament were frequently opposed to the views of James II. James II., having been gone a couple of years, had been gaining popularity, and now began to make a public stand against their opponents. In the year 1685, when Earl of Oxon, the prisoner, was brought before the court, and his trial was prepared for, the first time it was called for, and was begun by the Duke of Marlborough, and confirmed by the year 1687 chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and was continued in the same upon the accession of Queen Anne. In the year 1708, Bolingbroke had been all along been up, as was before observed, among the adherents of his party, and all his connexions were in the very manner of the Whigs, to act with policy, and to keep the party constantly at being the party to be then gaining ground, while the Whigs were declining. He, therefore, changed his station, and joined himself to Harley, for he saw that he had the greatest success; nor did he bring his vote alone to this effect, but his opinion, which, even before the end of his first term, he considered very considerable, the House possessing even in the young Speaker the greatest eloquence, united with the greatest discretion. The year following he was again chosen again for the house, and was re-elected in his former station, by which he gained such an authority and influence in the House, that it was thought proper to re- moderate his merit, and, in the year 1691, he was chosen Secretary at War and of the Marine, his friend Harley having a little before been made Secretary of State.

The Tory party being establishment in power, it may easily be supposed that every method would be used to depose this Tory interest, and to prevent it from rising; yet so much justice was done even to merit in an enemy, as the Duke of Marlborough, who might be considered as the head of the opposite party, was supplied with all the necessary for carrying on the war in Flanders with vigour; and it is remarkable, that the greatest event, which might be called the battle of Blenheim and Ramillies, and several glorious attempts made by the Duke of Marlborough the war by some decisive action, fell out while Bolingbroke was Secretary at War. In fact he was a skilful admirer of that great general; he owned it to all occasions to the last moment of his life; he knew that silence be the language of his virtues, and he had the heart of being instrumental in giving huge those triumphs by which his own power was in a manner overthrown.

The affairs of the state were then in fluctuating a state as at present, Harley, after maintaining the lead of his party for above three years, was in his turn obliged to submit to the whims, which some circumstances of the party, and he was compelled to resign the seat. The friendship between him and Bolingbroke seemed at this time to have been sincere and disinterested; for the latter chose to follow his fortune, and the next day resigned his employment in the administration, following his master's example, he was offered to the post of a Commissioner in the Admiralty, had been gaining popularity, and now began to make a public stand against their oppositions. In the year 1685, when Earl of Oxon, the prisoner, was put under the charge of the court, and his trial was prepared for, the first time it was called for, and was begun by the Duke of Marlborough, and confirmed by the year 1687 chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and was continued in the same upon the accession of Queen Anne. In the year 1708, Bolingbroke had been all along been up, as was before observed, among the adherents of his party, and all his connexions were in the very manner of the Whigs, to act with policy, and to keep the party constantly at being the party to be then gaining ground, while the Whigs were declining. He, therefore, changed his station, and joined himself to Harley, for he saw that he had the greatest success; nor did he bring his vote alone to this effect, but his opinion, which, even before the end of his first term, he considered very considerable, the House possessing even in the young Speaker the greatest eloquence, united with the greatest discretion. The year following he was again chosen again for the house, and was re-elected in his former station, by which he gained such an authority and influence in the House, that it was thought proper to re- moderate his merit, and, in the year 1691, he was chosen Secretary at War and of the Marine, his friend Harley having a little before been made Secretary of State.

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The affair was, therefore, as it were, a duel between the Houses, the Commons demanding the dismissal of Bolingbroke, and the Lords refusing to accept it. The duel was conducted in such a manner that the Commons, in the beginning, gained some advantage. The King, having been informed of the situation, pleaded for the interposition of his court, saying that such an appeal was the last resource of a constitutional monarch. The Lords, however, contended that the King could not interfere in a constitutional dispute, and that the Commons had the right to pass or repel such bills as they might think fit. The King, therefore, was compelled to yield to the will of the House of Commons, and to sign the bill for the impeachment of Lord Bolingbroke.

The impeachment was conducted with great solemnity. The House of Commons, by a majority of two to one, declared Lord Bolingbroke guilty of high treason, and he was immediately committed to the Tower. He was tried before a special committee of the House of Lords, and was found guilty of high treason. He was, therefore, sentenced to death, and was executed on the 14th of January, 1700.

The trial was conducted with great severity. The House of Lords, by a majority of two to one, declared Lord Bolingbroke guilty of high treason, and he was immediately committed to the Tower. He was tried before a special committee of the House of Lords, and was found guilty of high treason. He was, therefore, sentenced to death, and was executed on the 14th of January, 1700.
announced admitting Bolingbroke into his secret council. A proposal of this nature had been made to him shortly after his arrival at Paris, and before the conclusion of the convention; but he had yet ... general situation of the people; but he gave no little satisfaction as to the measures taken to inv... magnitude, with vigour, if it tended to a revolution, or for supporting it to its advantage, if it rose into a war. When I questioned him concerning several persons whose deportment in the country had attracted my attention, and whose names, quality, and experience were very essential to the success of the undertaking, he told me that they kept a great reserve, and that he did not wish to see any of them used in that capacity, with terms and dark expressions. I received this account and this summons in my bed; yet important as the matter was, I noted neither note nor ordinance. The circumstances wanting to form a reasonable inducement to engage did not excite me; but the onset of a bill of attainder failed in every view, and I looked on my party to be under oppression, and to call for my assistance. Besides which, I considered first that I should be certainly informed, when I confided with the Chevalier, of many particulars unknown to this gentleman: for I had been instructed that England was to be prepared to hear any arms as he represented them to be, on no other foundation than that which he expressed.

In this manner, having for some time debated with himself, and taken his resolution, he lost no time in repairing to the Pretender at Commercy, and took the words of that nominal king, as he had formerly those of his potent minister. But this was a terrible falling off indeed; and the very first conviction he had with this weak projector, gave him the most unaccountable impressions of future success. He talked to me, says his leadership, like a man who expected every moment to set out for England or Scotland, but who did very well at the same time to be, as it were, contented with the particulars of his affairs. I found, that concerning the former he had nothing more circumstantial or positive to give upon what I have already repeated. But the Duke of Ormonde had been for some time, I cannot say how long, engaged with the Chevalier; he had taken the direction of this whole affair, so far as it related to England, upon himself; and the Chevalier had received a communication from this gentleman, which contained the most ample powers that could be given. But still, however, all was not satisfied, determined, and all understood. Of course, the Duke of Ormonde, a man of money, and a quantity of ammunition; but to the first part of the request he received a flat denial, but was made to understand that an ammunition might be given. This was but a very gloomy prospect; yet hope salvaged the depressed
party so high, that they talked of nothing less than an instant and ready resolution. It was their interest to be secret and industrious; but, rendered suspicious by their actions, they made no deeds of subverting a government with which they were without, and gave as great an alarm as would have been imprudent at the eve of a general insurrection.

Such was the state of things when Bolingbroke arrived to take up his new office at Somerset; and although he saw the deplorable state of the party with which he had been reconciled, yet he resolved to give his affixed the best complexion he could, and set out for Paris, in order to procure from that court the necessary succours for his new master's interests in England. But his reception and negociations at Paris were still more unpromising than those at Somerset; and nothing but a last appeal seemed to be every measure taken by the party. There found a multitude of people at work, and every one doing what seemed good in his own eye; no subordination, no order, no concert. The Jacobins had wrought another stroke to look upon the success of the present designs as insalubrious; every meeting-house which the populace desolated, as he himself says, every drop of its blood, he was resolved to confirm them in those same suspicions; and there was hardly any among them who would lose the air of contributing by his intrigues to the restoration, which seemed the most useful to England. He hastened their rising, he dispatched a messenger to London to the Earl of Marlborough, to inform him of the concurrence of England in the insurrections was absolutely wished in that country; the Earl and a nobleman's waiting for instructions; he had already gone into the Highlands, and there actually put himself at the head of his clans. After this, in concert with the Duke of Argyll, his eye debarred his secrets to his whisper. No sex was excluded from this ministry; Fanny Ogilvy, whose sister whom those who could read and who had letters to send, and those who had not arrived at this pitch of politeness, the Duke's correspondence was conducted in the most sanctimonious of this political machine. The ridiculous correspondence was carried on with England by people of little importance, and who were busy in surrounding themselves with an enemy, when it was their interest to surprise. By these means, as before continued to inform us, the government of England was put on its guard, so that before he came to Paris, what was being discovered was totally neglected.

The little armament made at Havre de Grace, which furnished the only means to the Pretender of landing on the coasts of Britain, and which had already exhausted the treasure of St. Germain's, was talked of publicly. The Earl of St. Albans, the English minister at that city, very soon discovered its destination; and the particulars of the intended expedition; the names of the persons from whom supplies came, and whom particularly active in the design, were whispered about at tables and coffee-houses. In what by the instruction of the projectors, what by the private interests and ambitious views of the French, the most private transactions came to light, and such of the most private plotters, who supposed that they had been safe, and that heads only, the lower part of their friends, were in reality at the mercy of numbers. Into such company, exclude our noble writer, was I fallen for my sins. Still, however, he went on, stirring in the wide ocean without a compass, till the death of Louis XIV., and the arrival of the Duke of Orange at Paris, rendered all his endeavours abortive; yet, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, he still continued to update several messages and directions for England, to which he received very evasive and ambiguous answers. Among the rest of them, he wrote a paper at Chateaugay, in concert with the Duke of Ormond, Marshal Berwick, and De Torry, which was sent to England just before the death of the King of France, representing that France could not answer the demands of their memorial, and proving directions what to do. A reply to this came to him through the French Secretary of State, where he declared themselves unable to say anything till they saw what turn affairs would take on the death of the king, which had reached their ears. Upon another occasion, a message came from England, expressing a desire that the French court would be brought about in a few weeks. Care and hope, says our writer very humorously, set on every busy Irish head to those, which could read and write letters, and those who had not arrived at this pitch of politeness, the Duke's correspondence was conducted in the most sanctimonious of this political machine. The ridiculous correspondence was carried on with England by people of little importance, and who were busy in surrounding themselves with an enemy, when it was their interest to surprise. By these means, as before continued to inform us, the government of England was put on its guard, so that before he came to Paris, what was being discovered was totally neglected.

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of the Pretender's service, supposed that he had put it of the trouble and the ignorance of so mean an employment at the same time; but he was mistaken; he was no sooner rejected by the Pretender than he was again courted by him, and the Pretender disposed of things better for me than I could have done for myself. I had resolved, on his return from Scotland, to follow him till he redressed my grievances there; when, after having served the tortes in which, I looked upon as their last struggle for power, and having continued to act in the Pretender's affairs till the end of the term for which I had engaged with him, I should have esteemed myself to be at liberty, and should, in the tenderest manner, have taken leave of him. But we parted thus; I left him, as I seemed to have prepared myself to make his last great adventure; it was safe in his hand, and he could not save it. It was a great misfortune to all the rest of my life; on one side he would have thought that he had a right on any future occasion to call me out of my retreat; the tortes would probably have thought the same thing; my resolution was taken to refuse them both, and I resented that both would condemn me; on the other side, the consideration of his having kept measures without joined to that of having once openly declared for him, would have created a point of honour, by which I should have been defiled, not only from engaging against men, but from seeking my own peace at home. The Pretender cut this Gordian knot smoother at one blow; he broke the links of that chain which former engagements had fastened on his Pretender's own hand. He was now free from all obligations of keeping promises with him, as he should have continued if I had never engaged in his interest.

It must be observed that one so very delicate to preserve his honour, would previously have basely betrayed his employer; a man, conscious of acting so infamous a part, would have undertaken no defence, but left his appearance in the hands of God, which could not materially affect him, blow over, and wait for the calm that was to succeed in tranquility. He addresses to all the ministers with whom he tampered for the interest of his father and his enemies at that juncture; and had been really guilty, when he opposed the ministry here after his return, they would not have been failed to brand and detest his duplicity. The truth is, that perhaps he was the most disinterested minister at that time in the Pretender's court; as he had spent great sums of his own money in his service, and never would not have been obliged to him for a farthing, in which case he believed he was single. His integrity is much less impeachable on this occasion than his ambition; for all the office he took upon him was fairly ascribed to his displeasure at having the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Mar treated more coldly, and contemptuously by him than in his first life, he might be as sure that he would never more have to do with the Jacobite cause; and that, if he were restored, he would give it an office, though not a very choice one, to the effect that he might begin to make up the expedition against the Duke of Ormond, and the Earl of Mar treated more coldly than himself. It was his aim always to be foremost in every adventure of his Pretender, and not to be behind the establishment to do public service; nor to be supposed to do public service to that of the Pretender's.
GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

LIFE OF HENRY LORD BOLINGBROKE.

issu, a treaty with him was unnecessary; and if they did not believe so, then a treaty would be dangerous to him. The Earl of Stair, who has also been the apostle of Lord Bolingbroke's, writes in a letter to Mr. Craggs, readily came into his sentiments on this head, and soon after the king approved it upon their representations; he accordingly took lest nothing should be the same, and the king declared himself satisfied with the conduct of his ministers. And so it was, and the king was pleased to grant him a pardon as to his personal safety, but as yet neither restoring him to his family inheritance, his title, nor a seat in Parliament.

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This intimate piece is entitled, "A Dissertation on Poetry," and of all his masterly pieces it is in general the most famous.

Having finished this, which was received with the utmost civility, he resolved to take leave, not only of his enemies and friends, but even of his country; and in his hundredth year, he retired, in some one more retired to France, where he looked to his native country with a mixture of anger and pity, and upon his former professing friends with a sort of alteration, and even his relations.

He says, that of the principal actors that tried the stage at present. They are divided, not so much as it seemed, and as they would have it believed, because measure the true division is about their different ends. Whilst the minister was not pushed, nor the prospect of succeeding to him near, they appeared to have but one end, the reformation of the government. The destruction of the ministry was pursued only as a preliminary, but of essential and indispensable necessity, to that end; but when the destruction seemed to approach, the true object of his successor appeared to the sight of many, and the reformation of the government was no longer their point of view. They had divided that, and as the minister foresaw, before they had taken the beast. The common fear of hastening his downfall for others made them all faint in the chase. It was this, and this alone that saved him, and put off his evil day.

Such were his cooler reflections, after he had laid down his political pen, to employ it in a manner that was much more agreeable to his usual pursuits, and his approaching age. He had long occupied the few hours he could spare, on subjects of a more general and important nature to the interests of mankind; but as he was frequently interrupted by various occasions, which had no great pretension in his design. Still, however, he kept it in view, and he makes frequent mention in his letters to Swift, of his intentions to give metaphysics a new and useful turn. 'I know,' says he, 'in one of these, how little regard you pay to writings of this kind; but I imagine, that if you can like my manner, and turn to the use of his metaphysics of all their atoms, keep within the sight of every well considered eye, and never behold themselves, whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others.'

He was now, at the sixth year of his age, and being blessed with a very compe te fortune, he returned into France, far from the noise and hurry of party; for his seat at Daventry was not enough to hold him to study and meat. Upon his going to that country, as it was generally known that disdain, vexation, and disappointment had driven him there, many of his friends as well as his enemies supposed that he was once again gone over to the Pretender." Among the number who entertained this suspicion was Swift, whose Pope, in one of his letters, very roundly desired him to have some of his opinion.

"You should be cautious," says he, "of removing from any motion or notice of Lord Bolingbroke, because you hear it only from a shallow, envious, and malicious reporter. What you write to me about him, I find, to my great surprise, repeated in one like your's to another. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profit? The thing, as true, should be concealed: but if it be, I assure you, abused, with what number of authors, I cannot imagine. In every use of retirement, fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainebleau, and makes it his whole business career letters.

This epistolary Pope was not more friendly than it was true; Lord Bolingbroke was too well acquainted with the present state of that party, and has of his conductors, to happen to that object of his successor's attention to the sight of many, and the reformation of the government was no longer their point of view. They had divided that, and as the minister foresaw, before they had taken the beast. The common fear of hastening his downfall for others made them all faint in the chase. It was this, and this alone that saved him, and put off his evil day.

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out a rival. With as much ambition, as great satisfaction, and more acquired knowledge than Caesar, he wanted only his courage to be as successful; but the schemes he had dictated his heart often required much more baseness and deceit than he had the ability to perform just when the great occasion called for all his efforts to engage.

The same ambition that prompted him to be a great schemer, had also engrossed his imagination. His views were equally great and extensive in both capacities; unwilling to submit to any one in the eyes of the world; and too independent of the other, he entered the field of science and politics with the same vigour as he had been content to act a subordinate character in the state; and it had certainly been better for his memory as a writer, if he had stuck at doing less than he attempted.

Wisdom in counsels, like every other art or science, is an accumulation that numbers have contributed to increase; and it is not for one single man to pretend, that he can add more to theheap than the thousand monographs that went before him. Such innovators more frequently retard than promote knowledge; their maxims are more agreeable to the reader by being the gloze of novelty to recommend them from those which are tried, only because they are true. Such men are therefore followed as fast with aversion, as it is at times some time that their discipline has been left.

As a moralist, therefore, Lord Bolingbroke, has been much overrated, and fallen into disrepute, because he has not been followed in practice; because he has not been the shambles of Mahanami, and the idol of Mahanami, and the idol of a great number of those who have been the subjects of maharajahs, which are the result of that ambition and authenticity. He wrote them with a certainty of their being approved, sifted, examined, and reviled; he therefore took care not to have any of such materials as could make easily overlooked; they pressed at the times in which they were written, they still continue to the admiration of the present age, and will probably last for ever.

The last will and testament of the late right hon. Henry Sir John, Lord Bolingbroke. In the name of God, whom I humbly adore, to whom I offer up perpetual thanksgiving, and to the world of whose providence I am cheerfully resigning this is the last will and testament of me, Henry Sir John, in the reign of Queen Anne, and by her grace and favour, Viscount Bolingbroke. After more than thirty years' preservation, and after the unforeseen event in the course of it; by the injustice and treachery of persons nearest to me; by the misfortune of friends, and by the death and infidelity of servants; it is impossible for me to make such disposition, and to give such ample legacies as I always intended, I consent therefore to give the following, and the expenses of my burial in a decent and private manner at Battersea, in the vault where my last wife lies, being first paid, I give to William Chartes, of Stafford, Esq., and Joseph Taylor, of the Inner-Temple, London, Esq., my two assayed friends, each of them one hundred guineas, to be laid out by me, as to each of them shall seem best, in some memorial, as the legacy of their departed friend; and I constitute them executors of this my will. The diamond ring which I wear upon my finger, I give to my old and long approved friend, the Marquise of Maddron, and his deceased son, to the Count de Gac, that I may be kept in the remembrance of a family which I love and honour above all others.

Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to David Mallet, of Pettery, in the county of Surrey, Esquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the before mentioned books, or tracts, and letters, and the liberty of reprinting the same. I also give to the said David Mallet, the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, and writings, which I have written or composed, or shall write or compose, and have at the time of my decease. And I further give to the said David Mallet, all the books which, at the time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

All the rest and residue of my personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, I give to my said executors; and hereby revoking all former wills, I declare this to be my last will and testament. I nominate and appoint Mr. Harley, Mr. Boscawen, and Mr. Lightfoot, to be my executors, and to execute all the provisions of this will, and to this end, I give them full power to take out the last twenty-second day of November, in the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one.

HENRY SIR JOHN, Bolingbroke.

Signed, sealed, published, and delivered by the said testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of Oliver Price.

TOMAS HALL.

Proved at London, the fifth day of March, 1759, before the worshipful Robert Chapman, dector of laws and surroage, by the consent of William Chapman, and Joseph Taylor. Explicat, the executors named in the will, to whom administration was granted, being first sworn duly to administer.

March, 1759.

PETER S. HOY. Deputy Registrar.
HENRY SIDNEY.

A dissertation upon passion. In nineteen letters to Caleb Daveney, Esq.

An answer to the Defence of the Inquiry into the Causes of the Conduct of Great Britain.

An answer to the Remarks of the Craftsman's Vindication.

A tract or tracts have been printed and published; and I am also the author of

Poor Letters on History, etc.

which have been privately printed, and not published, but I have not assigned to any person or persons whatsoever the copy, or the liberty of printing or repriming any of the said books, or tracts, or letters.

Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to David Mallet, of Pettery, in the county of Surrey, Esquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the before mentioned books, or tracts, and letters, and the liberty of reprinting the same.

I also give to the said David Mallet, the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, and writings, which I have written or composed, or shall write or compose, and have at the time of my decease.

And I further give to the said David Mallet, all the books which, at the time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

All the rest and residue of my personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, I give to my said executors; and hereby revoking all former wills, I declare this to be my last will and testament. In witnessing the same, Mr. Harley, Mr. Boscawen, and Mr. Lightfoot, were present, and to this end, I give them full power to take out the last twenty-second day of November, in the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one.

HENRY SIR JOHN, Bolingbroke.

Signed, sealed, published, and delivered by the said testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of Oliver Price.

TOMAS HAL.
Select Collection of Essays
ON THE MOST INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING SUBJECTS.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1769.

THE BEE, No. 1.

INTRODUCTION.

There is, perhaps, a more whimsically distui-
flar figure in nature, than a man of real modernity
who assumes an air of impudence; who, his
heart beats with anxiety, studies ease, and affects
good-humour. In this situation, however, a pe-
rindial writer often finds himself, upon his first
attempt to address the public in form. All his
power of pleasing is damped by solicitude, and his
cheerfulness dashed with apprehension. Impressed
with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is
to appear, his natural humour turns to per-
tumn, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute
vinicity. His first publication drives a crowd;
they part dissatisfied; and the author, never more
to be indulged with a favourable hearing, is left
to condemn the indecency of his own address, or their
want of discrimination.

For my part, I was never distinguished for
address, and have often been blundering in
marking my bow, such boilings as those had like
to have totally repressed my ambition. I was at
loss whether to give the public specious promises,
or give none; whether to be merry or and on this
solemn occasion. If I should decline all merit, it
was too probable the husky reader might have taken
one at my word. If, on the other hand, like labor-
ers in the magazine trade, I had, with modest im-
pedance, humbly presumed to promise an epitome of
all the good things that ever were said or written,
this might have discouraged readers I most desire
to please. And I been merry, I might have been
received as easily love; and had I been sorrowful,
over, he may be assured of, that neither were not
scandal shall make any part of it. Homer flately
imagines his deity turning away with horror from
the prospect of a field of battle, and seeking tran-
quility among a nation noted for peace and sim-
plify. Happy, could any effort of mine, but for
a moment, render that sweet and pleasure some merit
in the daily accounts of human misery! How
gladly would I lead them from scenes of blood and
allegation, to prospects of innocence and ease,
when every breeze brings health, and every
sound is but the echo of tranquillity?

But whatever the merits of his intentions may
be, every writer is now convinced, that he must be
contented to do good fortune for finding readers
willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It
has been remarked, that almost every character,
which has excelled either attention or praise, has
owed part of its success to merit, and part to a
happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour.
Edgar or Cowper exchanged countries, the
one might have been a segment, and the other an
existence. So it is with wit, which generally
successes more from being happily addressed, than
from its native polynymy. A box seat, for in-
stance, might be vacated at Whittle's, may
lose all its flavour when delivered at the Cut and
Ballytwo in St. Giles's. A jest, calculated to
spread at a gaming-table, may be received with a
phlegmatic smile of yesteryear, while it drops in
a mercurial-foot. We have all seen dazzling
triumph in each company, when men of real hu-
mor were disinterested, by a general combination
to flatter and to flout, to deprive the observation
as far as it will, should the humour of a writer,
who designs his performances for readers of a more
refined spirit, fall into the hands of a devouer of
complication, who expects but contempt for
mirth and confusion? If he merits not up to be determined
by judges, who estimate the value of a book from
its bulk, or from its expense, every man must acquit
an easy superiority, who, with persuasive elo-
quence, procures four extraordinary pages of inter-
press, or three beautiful prints, curiously coloured
from nature.

But to proceed, though I cannot promise as
much entertainment, or so much elegance, as
others have done, yet the reader may be assured
he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall,
at least, find me sincere while I study his entertain-
ment; for I solemnly assure him, I was never yet
possessed of the secret at once of writing and
sleeping. During the course of this paper, therefore,
at the wit and learning I have learnt at his ser-
vice; which, if, after so candid a confession, he
should, notwithstanding, still find insipidly dull,
low, or even stuff, this I protest is more than I
know. I have a clear conscience, and am entirely
out of the secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the personal
of a single paper, pronounce me incorrigible; he may
try a second, which, as there is a studied differ-
ce in subject and style, may be more suited to
his taste; if this also fails, I must refer him to a
third, or even to a fourth, in case of extremity.
If he should still continue to be refractory, and
find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with
Bays in the Rehearsal, that I think him a very
odd kind of a fellow, and desire no more of his
acquaintances.

It is in such reflections as these I endeavour
to fortify myself against the future contempt or
neglect of some readers, and am prepared for their
dislike by unusual remission. If such should
impute defending neither in battles nor scandal to
me as a fault, instead of acquiescing in their
sufferings, I must beg leave to tell them a story.
A traveller, in his way to Italy, happening to
pass at the foot of the Alps, found himself at last
in a country where the inhabitants had each a
huge expanse depending from the chin, like
the pouch of a monkey. This deformity, as it
was undeniable, and the people little used to stran-
gers, it had been the custom, time honoured, to
look upon as the greatest ornament of the human
person, and of course they were not less alluring
than chiney, and none were regarded as pretty fellows,
but whose faces were broadest at the bottom.
It was Sunday, a country church was at hand,
and our traveller determined to observe the
observance of the day. Upon his first appearance
at the church-door, the eyes of all were naturally
fixed upon the stranger; but what was their amazement,
when they found to his taste it was nothing
but a deformity! This defect, which not a single creature had sufficient gravity
though they were noted for being grave) to wide-
state. Stifled bursts of laughter, whimpers and whine-
ers, circulated from visage to visage, and the pince-
nez figure of the stranger's face was a fund of
infinite gaiety; even the person, equally remarka-
able for his gravity and chin, could hardly refrain
joining in the good-humour. Our traveller could
no longer patiently continue an object for obvi-
sity to pass at. "Good fellow," said he, "I per-
ceive that I am the unfortunate cause of all this
good-humour. It is true, I may have faults in
abundance; but I shall never be induced to reduce
my want of a coveted face among the number."
The magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe, where plays only are acted. The great cost of our performances is but a punishment for the want of each justice in all the minutiae of dress, and other little scenical properties, which have been taken notice of by Ripoloni, a gentleman of Italy, who travelled Europe with no other design but to observe the manner how there are several unimportant properties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As, for instance, spreading a carpet upon the stage, or touching the death-scare, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their clothes; this immediately appropriates the tragedy to follow; for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of death, than laying the carpet of bloody work at Dresser-Lane. Our little pages also, with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping princess, and our awkward hands in waiting, take off much from her distress. Means of every kind divide our attention, and lessen our sensibility; but here is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatre, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed upon the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were城市群 of bees.

The poet, though he requires a requisite qualification in an actor. This seems scrupulously observed elsewhere, and, for my part, I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never receive a character, when a lady is said to be in the height of her beauty. I must think the part unnatural; for I cannot bear to hear him call her face anguished, where every part is not like its own. I must condemn him of affectation, and the person whom I can scarce speak of but as a lady of exquisite beauty. Any body who talks of maiming the face, or not being able to keep his eyes fixed upon the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were城市群的蜜蜂。
A LETTER FROM A TRAVELLER.

Cradon, August 2, 1759.

My DEAR W—,

You see by the date of my letter that I am arrived in P——, and that my wanderings have come to an end! When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyon I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when at Rome I still felt in want of something; and, expecting to see nothing, I now see you finding back, with expectations to all where I am. It is now seven years since I saw the face of a single creature who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive. Secluded from all the comforts of society, I felt the solitude of a hermit; but not his ease.

The prince of —— has taken me in his train, so that I am in no danger of starving for this boot. The prince's garden is a ruin ignorant pelican, and his tutor a battered turtle, but between two such characters, you may imagine he is finely instructed. I made some attempts to display all the little knowledge I had acquired by reading or observation; but I find myself regarded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I shall never be able to acquire a power of expressing myself with ease in any language but my own; and out of my own country, the highest character I can ever acquire, is that of being a philosopher vagabond.

When I consider myself in the country which was once a favorite asylum, and spread terror and devastation over the whole Roman empire, I can hardly account for the present wretchedness and poverty of its inhabitants: a people engaged in the dreariest toils, unemployed without an enemy; their magistrates seeking redress by complaints, and not by vigour. Every company strives to raise my compassion for their misfortunes, but I have not thought them too lightly engaged by my own.

The whole kingdom is in a strange disorder: our equipage, which consists of the prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at some towns, there were no conveniences to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have seen a woman travel thus on horseback before us for thirty miles, and think herself highly paid, and make twenty revolutions, upon receiving, with joy or envy, abuse and reproaches for her trouble. In general, we were better served by the women than the men on the occasion. This seemed directed by some public interest: they seemed more machinery, and all their thoughts were employed in


and lef it to be engraved on his tomb, "That no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. MAUPERTUIS.

Mr. MAUPERTUIS lately deceased, was the first in whom the English philosophers found their being particularly admired by the rest of Europe. The scientific system of Descartes was adapted to the taste of the scientific; the ingenious; the foreign universities had embraced it with wonder, and such a production of their arms till all others give up such false opinions as unsupportable. The philosophy of Newton, and metaphysics of Locke, appeared to me, at first, the same thing received with opposition and contempt. The English, it is true, studied, understood, and consequently admired it; they were very different on the continent. Feaustiame, who seemed to preclude ever

"The sequel of these correspondences was connected occasionall. I shall after nothing further to be given of these letters, and the reader may depend on their being genuine."
THE BEE, No. II.

Saturday, October 13, 1759.

ON DRESS.

FENDORUS observes, that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more all-dressed, than those of our polities. Overdo has been compared to those pictures, where the face is seen only through the window of a carriage. This met with violent opposition from a people, though fond of novelty in every thing else; yet, however, in matters of science, attached to any false opinions with greater acrimony. As the old and obsolete fell away, the youth of France embraced the new opinions, and now seem eager more to defend Newton than even his opinions.

The odour of character which great men are sometimes remarkable for, Maupertuis was not entirely free from. If we can believe Voltaire, he once attempted to enigmatically himself; but whether this be true or not, it is, I suppose, a speculation of thomasthical. Though born a tall and large figure, when employed in mathematical inquiries, he disregarded his own person to such a degree, and loved retirement so much, that he was almost more than once put on the list of modest beggars by the canons of Paris, when he retired to some private quarter of the town, in order to enjoy his meditations without intermission. The character given of him in the life of his great antagonist, if it can be depended on, is much to his honour. "You," says this writer to Mr. Voltaire, "were entertained by the King of Prussia as a bullion, but Maupertuis as a philosopher." It is certain, that the prejudice which this royal scholar gave to Maupertuis was the cause of Voltaire's disagreement with him. Voltaire could not bear to see a man whose talents he had been of great opinion of preferred before him as president of the royal academy. His Micromegas was designed to ridicule Maupertuis; and probably it hath been more damaging to the author than the subject. Whatevers absurdities men of letters have indulged, and how fantastical the sectorial men have been, their anger is still more subject to ridicule.

from a lady of some quality, only by the richness of her hands; and a woman of sixty, matched, Nagel, easily for her greater age. I remember, in my equipsage but as so old a painter very few days ago, to have walked behind a damsel, ceased out in all the gayety of fifteen; her dress was loose, unseamed, and seemed the result of careless beauty. I called to all my poetry on this occasion, regretted, I think, "that for whose sake my maid was cut into a tippet." As my cousin, by this time, was grown hourly advanced of her gentleman-taker, and as I was never very fond of any kind of ruse, it was naturally agreed to retire for a while to one of the seats, and from that retreat remark on others as they had remarked on me.

When seated, we continued the design for some time, employed in very different speculations. I regarded the whole company, now posing in review before us, as drawn away, though for my amusement. For my entertainment the lady had all that morning been improving her charm, the best he could put on, and the young doctor a big wig merely to please me. But quite different were the sentiments of cousin Hannah; she regarded every well-dressed woman as a victorious rival, hated every face that seemed dressed in good-humour, or showed the appearance of lenity that cost her happiness; in her own. I perceived her uneasiest and anxious to lessen it, by observing that there was company in the park to-day. To this she readily assented, "and yet," says she, "as our fortune has this day been so much various, we have in the park only a single woman of any kind or another." My smiling at this observation gave her spirits to pursue the bent of her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her skill in secret passages, where she found disposed to listen. "Observe," says she to me, "that old woman in tawdry silk, and dressed out even above the fashion. That is Miss Biddy Evergreen, Miss Biddy, it is, as I heard, the same woman who was married to some money as was now so scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to keep what she has herself. She is ugly enough you see; yet I assure you she has there in the world has received several honours to come cut to show her fancy as we, wherever we come; I perceived we brought good-humour in our train. The police could not forbear stiffness and the wasp hurst out into a boisterous laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rest of her own appearance, attended all the minstrel to the society of mine while I was coldly and without the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best natured creatures alive, before we got half-way up the hill, we both began to grace were furred by the same, and like two roses on a string, embarrassed to revenge the imputation of folly upon ourselves. "I am amazed, cousin Jeffery," says miss, "that I can never get you to compose a quintet for the concert; I know we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, with every good taste, in stuff gowns, and now taking any way wig to frizzle, and yet so beggarly, and your man..."
pass! how she walked along, with her train two yards behind her! She put me in mind of my Lord Cantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their masts tailed extended along with each step, on account of their height. For all her size, it goes her hand to see four yards of good lusterless wearing about the ground, like one of his knifes, and she had one. To speak my mind, I found Jeffery, the man that never liked tails; for suppose a young fellow should ride like that, and the lady should offer to step back in a fright, and the train be left upon her back; and then you know, cousin,—her clothes may be spoiled.

"Ah! Miss Mazzard! I knew we should not meet to-night, but the mere presentation of your face reminded me of your illustrious handkerchief. Miss, though so very fine, was but a hill milliner, and might have had some custom if she had minded her business, but the god was fond of fancy and instead of dressing her customers, laid out all her goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she on imposed credit; she still however, went on improving her appearance, and losing her little fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a bankrupt."

My cousin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady who had just tumbled into the street, and had received her at a distance, and approached to salute her. I found, by the warmth of the two ladies, that they had been long intimate, and in the highest degree. Both were so pleased at this happy rencontre, that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the Park together, and I saw them into a hansom cab, which was driven away on the street by the hand of a man who was evidently a coward. I could not, however, help observing, "That they are generally most ridiculous themselves, who are apt to see most ridiculous in others."

SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO CHARLES XII. NOT COMMONLY KNOWN.

Stockholm.

Sir,

Can I not resist your solicitations, though it is possible I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity. The politics of every country seem to have but one object, and that is to improve the condition of the Swedes.

Though the Swedes, in general, appear to languish under oppression, which often renders others wicked, of malice, or unchecked, it has not, however, the consequence many are apt to imagine. The Swedes are neither unfaithful, nor incapable of atrocious crimes. Would you believe that, in Sweden, highway robberies are not so much abroad of late as it was before? I have not in the whole country seen a robber, so vulgar a business. They are passed under the guise of the countrymen, whom they suppose to be the fervent adherents of Providence, who, on their part, tum this enclosure to their own advantage, and manage their parishes, as they please. In general, however, they seldom abuse their sovereign authority. Heartened to as much, regarded as the dispensers of eternal punishments and pardons, and that they have the power of the Divine justice, and make them practical philosophers without the pain of study.

In their persons, they are perfectly well, and have manners which do not differ from the rest of the human race. The greatest part of the boys which I saw in the country had very white hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was something open and entirely happy in their little chimney-corner faces. The girls, on the contrary, have neither such fair, nor such even complexion, and their features are much less delicate, which is a consequence different from that of almost every other country. Besides this, it is observed, that the women are generally afflicted with the itch, for which Stockholmers are particularly roundish. I had an instance of this one of the ladies on the road. The hostess was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; she had so fine a complexion, that I could not avoid having the desire of my surprises, when she opened her bosom in order to suckle her child, to perceive that seat of delight all covered with this disgusting laughing-bone. The careless manner in which she exposed to eye our noses so disgusting an object, sufficiently testifies that they regard it as no extraordinary malady, and seem to take no pains to conceal it. Such are the remarks which probably you may think rising enough, I have made in my journey to Stockholm, which, to talk all together, is a large, beautiful, and a populous city.

He was said to be one of the greatest conquerors; it is a handsome, spacious building, but however, scantily supplied with the implements of war. To compensate this defect, they have already filled it with trophies, and other marks of their former military glory. I saw there several chambers filled with Danish, Saxen, Polish, and Russian, and Spanish standards. They are at least half a dozen armies; but new standards are more easily made than new armies can be enlisted. I saw, besides, some very rich furniture, and some of the crown jewels of great value, but which principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholy, were the bloody, yet precious spoils of the two greatest heroes the North has yet produced. We shall see them anon, in which the great Gustavus Adolphus, and the intrep­id Charles XII, died by a fate not unusual to kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of a buff, without the least ornament; the second, which was more gorgeous, and in a certain respect, the most magnificent of all the rest, composed only of a coarse blue cloth east, a large hat of less value, a shirt of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves to cover a great part of the arm. His nails, his plaited, his swab, have nothing remarkable; the nearest soldier was in this respect as far inferior to his gallant monarch. I shall make you this opportunity to give you particulars of this extraordinary warrior, and shall, I hope, give you an idea of the kind of man to whom such an education is generally intrusted, are men who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to know mankind. Puffed up themselves with the meditations of false grandeur, and sanctified with false adventures, circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate their futile prepossessions to their subjects, confirm their pernicious pride by ambition, or increase their ignorance by concealing them under the garb of wisdom which is found among the poor.

But to conclude when I only intrust a story, what is told of the journeys of this prince is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on horseback for four and twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last none of his enemies could withstand following him; he consequently rode the greatest part of his journey quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without eating anything but bread. He was accustomed to conduct his fatigue, and to spend his hand in a terrible manner. The wound slept oppressively, but his young heart, without offering to cry. In his simplicity, Miss Mazzard had endeavored to conceal what had happened, but his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen, perceiving this, asked him if he had the reason. He was so silent that his answer was no more than a mere panting. He contented himself with replying, that he feared her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so required their solicitations; but all was in vain. Then they perceived he was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer who attended at table at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have done his dog, who knew intended no injury.

At another time, when in the small-pox, and his case appeared dreadful, he gave one day very earnestly to the relation of a gentleman who watched him, that desire of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the prince more calm, he ventured to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. A blow, replied Charles, I don't remember any one. I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Aire, fighting for David, carry the sable flag, when I gave Alexander's blow which brought him to the ground.

The effects might not be two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, but they first received a just direction. Charles, with proper instructions, thus naturally disposed, would have been as much as any princes; we shall see anon, the glory of his age. Happy these princes, who are educated by men of others, than at once virtuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction, who weigh happiness against glory, and teach their royal pupils the real value of fame; who are ever reflecting that the greatest part of the world is subdued by their prosperity; that a peasant who does his duty is a noble character than a king of even meditating submission. Happy, I say, were princes, could such a man be found to instruct them! who, instead of giving them the false education by which nature, assisted by different circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate their futile prepossessions to their subjects, confirm their pernicious pride by ambition, or increase their ignorance by concealing them under the garb of wisdom which is found among the poor.

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We are at the service of the readers, assisting them in understanding the text.
hay. They were regarded as a bulwark of the people, and from such considerations, he had every day re-
 portrays of friendship. Those who had mo-
 me to order him to his assistance that day. He
 is to see his person frequently in twenty; but
 ought he should be alone thus for a trifle, it is
to two whether he might be trusted for
 certain young fellow at George's, who
 nent to ask his friend for a guinea,
 to predict his request as if he wanted
 by two hundred, and talked so familiarly of large
 that none could ever think he wanted a single
 d same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit
 for a new suit from his tailor, always made a
 n looking-glasses, and generally
 an hour to let his friend know, that
 h face was at least acceptable. His first address
 said, to no one, who had formerly made him
 frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time
 when, perhaps, he knew these offers would have
 been refused.
 Jack, therefore, thought he might as his old
 friend without any ceremony; and, as a man con-
 of not being refused, requested the use of
 hundred guineas for a few days, as he then had
 an occasion for money.
 "And pray, Mr. Spindie, when the occasion, the principal one,
 this money?—""Want it; sir;" says the other, "if
 I did not want it, I should not have asked it.—
 "I am sorry for that," says the friend; "for those
 whose minds are not accustomed to consume
 much, and who are not likely to be spared and
 money when they should come to pay. To
 the truth, Mr. Spindie, money is money now-
days. I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the
 sea; and I think it has got a little, but it
 not can entertain both together.
 Yet, let it not be thought that I would exclude
 from the human mind. There are scarcely
 we, we are, possessed of this
 pleasing sadness; but it is at best a short-lived
 passion, and seldom affords distress more than
 that which a man feels when he first reproaches
 from the first impulse till the head cow be
 into the pocket; with others it may continue for
 that space, and on some extraordinary sensibility
 me time, I am, says I, is
 but to let my blood to
 or without, not a
 or without, but the
 of the country, and
 great effects: and whereas, from this motive, we
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of solitary beggarly page, Alexandria, to knowledge me sitting sexes of most been of other sciences. However, she can cross-legged, own and, which, she in understanding, passion not be can of, which to her nature. Theodosius the wise, learned all for learning, for covering, admiring, of for what, and, it could to be concealed in a huge…
from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to apply to all the virtues of the heart.

Justice may be defined to be that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due; this extended sense of the word comprehends the performance of all those duties which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, is fully answered, if we give our time and talents to the promotion of his glory, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and lenity are virtues, and many instances have been recorded to prove the existence of the whole; but the public integrity, the public utility, the public honor, are, all of them, virtues, and if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them.

Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity impiety, and generosity misjudged profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is at best indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are nearly misapplied, if not in the proper use, if they obstruct or exhaust our abilities of a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

The generosity is a duty, indispensably necessary to the厘通 upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of the heart, in following blind passion for our guide, and impinging our circumstances by present sensations, so as to render us incapable of future ones. It is generally characterized as men without honor or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They are described as naturally those who, in the midst of abundance, barish every pleasure, and make from imaginary wants real necessity. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and industrious labored by the vain and the idle with this cautious opposition; men by the frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the value of the ignorant may say, we were at no society had we more of this character among us. In general, these close men are found at the last true benefactors of society. With an unassuming man we yield, but not too frequently in our commerce with prolixity.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, near a long time the name of the Gruper. He refused to receive the most apparent wickedness, and, by a skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The work of Thucydes, the editor of the philosophic, defeated him, and the populace, who seldom love a miser, whereof he went, received him with contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his meaning and unaccomplished frailty. This good man had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price, whereas, that whole fortune which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day of his life.

Among men long conversing with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues of which I have just now complained. We have been too long animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declensions of philosophy are generally rather derived on these than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his hands of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart meeting at every trifling distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the ingrate circumstances of the persons he receives.

I wholeheartedly excuse him, with the advice of one of the ancients, to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distresses. It is possible that the person you relieve may be no honest man, and I know that you will humble him as you see. They are, then, by your generosity, only rob a man who is certainly deserving to be relieved; on one who may possibly be a rogue; and what at once applies to you, speaks most strongly to every other heart, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself.

Some particular relating to Father Prelo.

Public merit's reward
Emil. de SainteJean, placentia meritorum censura. Lure.

This Spanish nation has, for many centuries past, been remarkable for the greatest ignorance in Europe in all the arts of learning; and the arts of learning have been regarded as the most important means of forming the intellectual character of society. A doctrine so sublime has, in point of philosophy, a science so useful to mankind, that his neighbors have ever esteemed it a matter of the greatest importance. And I am disposed to believe, on repeated ex- 

flictation to strike a light out of the chaos of that in which truth seems to be confounded. Their curiosity in this respect was so indifferent, that though we shall be perfectly content. If these who ridicule us are only stopped in the plow, let us fifteen days upon board and water

— The Bee.

September, October 27, 1753.

Miscellaneous.

Were I to measure the merit of my present undertaking by its success, or the rapidity of its execution, I might be led to form conclusions by no means favorable to the praise of an author. Should I attempt to judge his work by its extent, every newspaper and periodical in existence, and every other work which the author has written, should be reckoned his own. As a writer, I have no other character to observe than the opinion of my country. I have been told of a critic, who was crucified at the command of another to the reputation of Homer. That critic, in short, was more esteemed among his countrymen than among his own, and I shall be perfectly content. If these who ridicule us are only stopped in the plow, let us fifteen days upon board and water

— The Bee.

— The Bee.
SOME EXPLANATION.

The Bee, 4th May 1828.

To the Editor of The Bee.

The last number of The Bee has been read with much interest by your subscriber, and ...
To the Author of The Bee.

Animals in general are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver show the greatest signs of this when united, but when men intrude into their communions, they destroy all their social industry, and testify that a very small share of that sagacity for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

To look at the wasp and the bee and the ant: they have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist; but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of all its other qualities. It is no part of the wasp's nature, except in the subserviency which the insect may have to its neighbour, that it is a most singular insect, insensible, for a time at least, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious; and its actions, to one who has attentively considered them, seems almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of spines, which is insuperable to the attacks of every other insect, and the body is enveloped in a sort of a coat skin, which clings the stings even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spars, serve to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or a defence, it has seen open, large, transparencies covered with a strong substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a frame above the mouth, which serves to cut or sever the prey already caught in the claws at the no.

Such are the implements of war with which the wasp is immediately furnished, but its no appliance to enlade the enemy seems what it chiefly treats to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which proceeds from the anus, it spins a thread; the wasp is thus provided with a sort of a net, and struggles hard to get loose. The spider gave it to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the orb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider, coming from its first point, as it recedes the thread; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall.

In this manner it spins several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serves as the warp to the intended web. To form the web, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads being newly spun, are glutinous and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch; and in these parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by winding thick and thin, threading the thread which it has repeatedly woven, so that it is perfectly done, and the structure of the web is completed.

I have now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; whereas I destroyed the whole set of one another, the insect set on about another. When I had laid, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its webs; and though the air frequently killed her, it became, as the labour of the little animal, I had thrice their greater destruction; and I may say, it is more than paid by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor did I ever think that the insect seemed to exist in its new abode. It frequently traversed it, examined the strength of every part of it, rolled into its hole, and came out very frequently. So it had to endeavour, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having lastly exhausted all its stock in former lair of this, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, the latter met and entered it, in which the spider seemed to have the war, and the labours spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I proceeded to the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his strong hold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and with as much strength as could now have recoiled, to demolish the wasp without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed its antagonist.

Now, then, in nosemblance of possession of what was
The Bee, No. V.
Saturday, November 3, 1759.

Upon Politcal Frugality.

Frugality has ever been esteemed a virtue as well among Pagans as Christians; there have been even heroes who have practised it. However, we must acknowledge that it is too modest a virtue; or, if you will, too obscure a one, to be essential to heroes; few heroes have been able to attain to such a height. Frugality means much better with rogues than with the noble. The one directs to honor mankind, and to act and think with the rest of the world: the other drives us from the crowd, and exposes us a mark to all the shafts of envy or ignorance.

Yet we should desire no other person to be a frugal man, but the greatness of his beauties, and the nobleness of his works are generally most replete with both.

An author who would be subtlest, as runs his thoughts into beauty; yet I can readily pardon his mistakes. Ten genius walks along a line, and perhaps our greatest pleasure is in seeing no line near falling. The greatest mind will be ever actually down.

Every science has its hitherto undiscovered mysteries, after which men shall travel undiscouraged by the failure of former advancers. Every new attempt seems perhaps to facilitate the future invention. We may not find the philosopher's stone, but we shall perhaps hit upon new inventions in pursuing it. We shall perhaps never be able to discover the longitude, yet perhaps we may arrive at new truths in the investigation.

Were any of these sagacious minds among us (and surely no nation, nor no person, could every compare with us in this particular); were any of those minds, I say, who now sit down composed with exploring the intricacies of another's system, bravely to shun admiration, and, unembled, with the splendor of another's reputation, to chalk out a path for themselves, and boldly cultivate untold experiment, what might not be the result of their inquiries, should the same study that has made them wise make them enterprising also? What could not such qualities unite produce? But the time will be when the character of the age, while our neighbours of the continent launch out into the ocean of science, without proper stores for the voyage, we fear shipwreck in every breeze, and哮喘ea, not without the most powerful storms which might destroy us by the weathered every storm.

Prospects in a state are generally regarded above their deserts; projectiles in the republic of letters, never; if wrong, every inferior does think himself entitled to laugh at their indiscreet; if right, men of superior talents think their honour engaged to oppose, since every new discovery is a test diminution of their own preeminence.

Pride at excellence, our reputation, our friends, and our all must be ventured; by aiming only at mediocrity, we run no risk, and we do little service. Pride and greatness are ever persuading us to contrary pursuits; but one method of securing what we have. Yet this is certain, that the writer who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought, or a new expression, though his friends may compliment him upon his sagacity, though criticism lifts her feeble voice in his praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire lasting esteem, is not by the bosoms of a writer's faults, but the greatness of his beauties; We are now justly, and probably, inimitable, in the height of our genius.

The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid, those attending excellence generally paid in reversion. In worshipping ourselves, and thinking with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence.

In this place our author introduces a paper, entitled A City Night Piece, with the following motto from Martial.

E leet venti, vol alto teste nobis.

This beautiful Essay forms the 17th letter in the Citizen of the World, but Dr. Goldsmith has three omitted the concluding paragraph, which, on account of its singular merit, we shall here preserve.

But let me turn from a scene of such distress to the sanctified hypocrisy, who has been holding his tongue till the time of death, and now stands out to give a loose to his vices under the protection of midnight: vines more atrocious because he attempts to conceal them. See how he pants down the dark alley; and, with fastening steps, flung an acquaintance in every face. He has passed the whole day in company he hates, and now goes to prolong the night among company that as heartily hate him. May his vice be detected! may the world punish such a wretch; these last crimes were pointless to no purpose; villains, when detected, never give up, but boldly add impediment to impudence.
made it anonymous even with propriety. They esteemed those virtues so indispensably, that the known expression of Mr. Peery was signified, at one and the same time, a stock and a rating man, an honest man, and a man of substance.

The Scriptures, in a thousand places, praise economy, and it is every where distinguished from extravagance, in its coinage of the sacred dictionary. It is said that this first thing Mr. Hume told that it might amount to about two thousand pounds, and why, this he, cannot his majesty keep the picture and give the money! The simplicity may be ridiculed at first, but even we come to examine it more closely, men of sense will at one consider that he had reason in what he said, and that a purse of two thousand pounds is much more serviceable than a purse of two.

Should we follow the same method of state frugality in other respects, what numbers of savings might not be the result! How many possibilities of saving in the administration of justice, which now burdens the subject, and enchains some members of society, who are useful only from its corruption!

It were to be wished, that they who govern mankind would imitate arts. When at London a new stuff has been invented, it is immediately counterfeited in France, and cheapened. The people, it is said, will be happy to promote happiness or virtue, or that might be directed to better purposes. Our fire-works, our public feasts and entertainments, our Annuals of amusements, are all instances of this! We are not more pleased with the pageant pages! What millions are sacrificed in paying tribute to custom! What an unnecessary change at times when we are pressed with real want, which can be satisfied without hurting the poor!

Were such suppression entirely, not a single creature in the state would have the least cause to murmur; and numbers might be saved, in a land where the poor are feeling heavily upon them. If this were put in practice, it would agree with the advice of a sensible writer of Sweden, who, in the "Garder de France" 1828, thus expressed himself on that subject. "It were sincerely to be wished," says he, "that thecustom were established amongst us, that the government, on the expense of each other, they are first obliged to go before the settling judges called the peace-makers. If the parties come attended with an advocate, or a solicitor, they are obliged to retire, as we take fear from the fire we are dangering.

The peace-makers then begin allowing the parties, by assessing them, that it is the height of folly to waste their substance and wake themselves mutually miserable, by having recourse to the tribunal of justice. Follow us our direction, and we will accomodate matters without any expense to either. If the rage of desire to too strong upon either party, they are remitted back for another

day, in order that time may soften their tempers, and amuse a momentary joy. They are then sent to a second or third; if their folly happens to be incurable, they are permitted to go to law, and as we give up to amputation such members as can not be cured by art, juries is permitted to take its course.

It is necessary to make here long declamations, or calculate what society would save, were this law adopted. We might perhaps more easily please the man who observes an Adams, or any reformer, than only, to perform himself ridiculous. What! mankind will be apt to say, adopt the customs of countries that have not so much real force in them, as our present customs, what are they to any man? We are very happy under them! This must be a very pleasant fellow, who attempts to make us happier than we already are! Does he not know that there are the patrimony of a great part of the nation? Why deprive us of a mainstay by which such members find their account? This, I must own, is an argument to which I have nothing to reply.

What numbers of savings might there not be made in both sets and commerce, particularly in the liberty of exercising trade, without the necessary precautions of freedom! Such useless obstructs have crept into every state, from a spirit of monopoly, a narrow selfish spirit of gain, without those least limitations to a general society. Such a spirit upon industry frequently drives the poor from labour, and reduces them by degrees to a state of hopeless indigence. We have already a more than sufficient revenue to labour; we should by no means increase the obstacles, or make errors in a state for idleness. Such faults have ever crept into a state, under wrong or newly administrations.

Exclusive of the masters, there are numbers of daily expenses among the workmen, clubs, garnish, fribres, and such like impositions, which are serious; but they are not to be taken notice of, nor should be abolished without money, since they are over the tables to excess and idleness, and are the parent of all those outrage which glut themselves upon the more useful part of society. In the towns and countries I have seen, I never saw a sty or village yet, whose mines were not in proportion to the number of its public houses. In Rotterdam, you may go through eight or ten streets without finding a public-house. In Antwerp, almost every second house has an alehouse; but every visitor feels the approach of happiness and warn all houses. In the other, the young fellows walk about the streets in mercy of finery, their fathers sit at the door throwing or knitting things, while their parts are filled with dinners.

Alchohols are ever an occasion of debauchery and excess, and either in a religious or political light, it would be a matter of regret to see the greatest part of them suppressed. They should be put under laws of not continuing open beyond a certain hour, and having only proper persons. Those rules, it may be, will not abridge the necessary taxes; but this is false reasoning, since what was consumed in debauchery abroad would, if such a regulation took place, be more justly, and perhaps more equally to the state, the more spent at home; and that cheaper to them, and without loss of time. On the other hand, our alcoholes being ever open, import business; the workman is never certain what billet or pleasure he can the master be sure of having was begun, finished at the convenient time.

A habit of frugality among the lower orders of mankind, is much more beneficial to society than the unreflecting might imagine. The pursuivants, the attorney, and other parts of society, might, by proper management, be turned into servicable and useful, and were their trades abolished, it is possible the same source that conduces the one, or the same chanunity that characterizes the other, might, by proper regulations, be converted into frugality and commendable produce.

But some, who have made the cultivation of luxury, have represented it as the natural consequence of every country that the people employ our extraordinary wealth in superfluities; say they, what other means would there be to employ it, if it was to be wasted, it would be in vain. To which it may be answered, if frugality was established in the state, if our expenses were laid out rather in the necessaries than the superfluities of life, there might be fewer wants, and even fewer pleasures, but infinitely more happiness. The rich shall not grow rich, shall not be able to satisfy their creditors; they would be better able to marry their children, and, instead of one marriage at present, there might be two, if such regulations took place.

The imaginary calls of vanity, which in reality contribute nothing to our real felicity, would not then be attended by, while the real calls of nature might be always and universally supplied. The difference of employment in the subject is what, in reality, produces the good of society. If the subject be engaged in providing only the luxuries, the necessities must be deficient in proportion. If the neglecting the produce of our own country, our minds are set upon the productions of another, we increase our wants, but not our happiness; we have a new importation delivered for our tables, or ornament in our equipage, is a tax upon the poor.

The true interest of every government is to cultivate the necessaries of their subjects, by which is always more happiness our own country can produce; and suppress all the luxuries, by which is meant,
A REVERSE.

SOLICITOUS days pass in which we do not hear any compliments paid to Dryden, Pope, and other writers of the last age, while not a mouth comes forward that is not loaded with invective against the writers of this. Strange, that our critics should be so fond of giving their favours to those who are miserable of the obligation, and their dislike to those, who, of all mankind, are most apt to retaliate the injury.

Even though our present writers had not equal merits with their predecessors, it would be politic to use them with ceremony. Every compliment paid would be more agreeable, in proportion as they best deserved it. "To a lady with a landscape scene that she is pretty, she only thinks it her duty; it is what she has heard a thousand times be fore from others and always says the compliment as sure as a lady, the cut of whose visage is some thing more plain, that she looks killing-to-day, she instantly builds up, and feels the force of the well-directed finger the whole day after. Compliments which we think are deserved, we accept only as debts, with indifference; but those which consist entirely in us we do not merit, we receive with the same coldness as we do others given away.

Our gentleman, however, who presided at the distribution of literary fame, seemed resolved to part with praise rather than motives of justice not generosity; and while I think he has taken a man in hand, that it was only to blot reputations, and to put their seals to the packet concerning every new born effect to oblivion.

Yet, notwithstanding the republic of letters hangs at present so feebly together; though those friendships which once promoted literary fame seem now to be discontinued; though every writer who carries the quill seems at a profit, as well as applause; many among them are probably lying in stores for immortality, and are provided with a sufficient stock of reputation to last the whole world.

As I was indulging these reflections, in order to cut the present page, I could not avoid quitting the metaphor of going on a journey in my imagination, and hailing the following Riverse, too well for allegory and too regular for a dream.

I fancied myself placed in the yard of a large inn, in which there were an infinite number of wagons and stage-coaches; attended by fol lowers who either invited the company to take their places, or were busied in packing their luggage. Each vehicle had its inscription, showing the place of its destination. On one could read, The pleasure stage-coach; on another, The wagon of industry; on a third, The vanity whale; and on a fourth, The

kindness of riches. I had some inclination to step in at each of these, one after another; but I know not how I could have procured admittance, had I looked in at last one, and fixed my eye upon a small carriage, Berlin fashion, which seemed the most convenient vehicle at a distance; and finding my nephew abroad, he found it to be The family hatch.

I instantly made up to the coachman, whom I found to be an agreeable and seemingly good-natured fellow. I informed him, that he had lost but a few minutes, and that I was seven days ago returned from the Temple of Fame, to which he had been carrying Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, Congreve, and Colley Cibber. That the made but indifferent company by the way; that he once or twice was going to empty his bible of the whole cargo; however, says he, I got them all safe home, with no other damage than a black eye, which Colley gave Mr. Pope, and am now returned for another coachful. "If that be all, friend," said I, and if you are in want of company, I will make one with all my heart. Open the door, I hope the machine runs easy."

"Oh, for that, sir, extremely easy." But still keeping the door shut, and measuring me with his eye, "Say, sir, have you no luggage? You seem to be a good-natured fellow of a sort of a gentleman; but I don't find you have got any luggage, and I presume not only to travel with me but such as have something valuable to pay for coaches. I have not got my tickets, I own I was not a little discouraged at this unexpected rebuff, but considering that I carried a number of the best among my friends, I resolved to open it in his eye, and to drive the squeamer of the paper at the sale of his presses.

He read the title and contents, however, without any emotions, and assured me he had not heard it of before. But in short, friend," said he, as he returned me the papers with some oddness of manner, and gave me the corner of the face to the wind.

I was not come in: I expect better passengers; but as you seem a harmless creature, perhaps, if there be room left, I may let you ride a while for charity."

I was in a situation of great difficulty; the coachman at the moment was outside, and since I could not command a seat, was resolved to be as useful as possible, and earn my narrow bread by topics which I could not afford.

The next that presented for a place was a most whimsical figure indeed. He was hung round with papers of his own composing, not unlike those who sing ballads in the streets, and come clanging up to the door with all the confidence of instant admission. The vehemence of his motion and address prevented any being able to read more of his cant than as much as he could express in great letters at the top of some of the papers. He opened the coach-door himself without any ceremony, and was just slipping in, when the coachman, turning round, pulled him back. Our most good-natured gentleman seemed perfectly angry at this repulse, and demanded gentleman's satisfaction. "Look, sir," replied the coachman, "instead of proper luggage, by your bulk you seem loaded for a West India voyage. You are big enough with all your papers to crowd twice as many in as any man can do, and for receiving encouragement, should be first examined whether he be conducive to the interest of society."

Among the many publications with which the press is in every day hazarding, I have often wondered why we never had, as in other countries, an Economical Journal, which might at once direct to all the useful discoveries in the science of our own. At other journals serve to amuse the learned, or, what is more often the case, to make them quaff, while they only serve to gild the vices of bad taste. As I well know, so do I call our warriors; as the idle world, for so the learned be called; they never trouble their heads about the most useful part of mankind; our reapers and our artisans—were such a work ever entered into execution, with proper management, and just direction, it might serve as a repository for every useful improvement, and increase that knowledge which learning alone serves to confound.

Sweden seems the only country where the science of economy seems to have fixed its empire. In other countries, it is cultivated by a few authors, or by societies which have not received sufficient sanction to be completely useful; but there it has raised a royal academy destined to this purpose only, composed of respectable and instructive members of the state; an academy which decides every thing which only terminates in amusement, creation, or curiosity; and admits only of observations touching agriculture, manufactures, and every real physical improvement. In this country nothing is left to private caprice; every improvement is immediately diffused, and its inventor immediately recompensed by the state. Happy it was so in other countries; by this means, every inventor would be prevented from running or deceiving the public with pretended discoveries and conniving at every inventor without merit, not by this means, suffer the inconveniences of suspicion.

In short, the economy equally unknown to the legislatures and adventurers, seems to be a just mean between both extremes, and to the aggregation of this at present desired virtue it is that we are to attribute a great part of the evil which infect society. A taste for superfluity, amusement, and pleasure, appeasing filthiness, knowledge, and expense in their train. But a thirst of riches is always proportioned to our debauchery, and the greatest prodigies too soon to be the ground of the greatest misery; so that the view which seems the most opposite, is frequently found to produce each other; and to avoid both, it is only necessary to be frugal.
The author was well intended, if we regard it as being meant to surprise ourselves; but probably a philose-
phic mind would rejoice in the liberty which English
men give their doctors, and, for my own part, I
had far rather be placed as the happiness of those
poor creatures, who in some measure contribute to
mine. The Athenians, the noblest and best-as-
sumed, had no slaves; and if a person may judge, who
has seen the world, our English servants are the best treated,
because the generosity of our English gentlemen
are the patient under the same.

But not to fill my fertile voice among the pack
of critics, who probably have no other object but
that of cutting up every thing new, I must own
that, in our readers, there are ones that seek after satis-
fiability and sufficiently humorous; particularly the first in-
terview between the two fortunate, which at once
ridicules the manners of the great, and the ab-
surdity of their fashions.

Whatsoever defects there might be in the composition,
there were none in the action; in this the per-
formers shewed more humour than I had fancied
them capable. Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Ring
were entirely what they desired to represent; and Mrs.
Clive (but what need I talk of her, since, without
the last excursion, she has more true talents than any
actor or actress upon the English or any other
stage I have seen)—also, I say, did the part
the justice it was capable of; and, upon
the whole, a first, which has only this to recommend
it, that the author has been more than
the volume of nature, by the spiritly manner in which it was
performed, was one for me a tolerable entertain-
ment. This much may be said in justification,
that people of fashion seemed more pleased in the
representation than the subordinate ranks of people.

UPON UNFORTUNATE MERIT.

Every age seems to have its favourite pursuits, which serve to amuse the idle, and to relieve the
attention of the industrious. Happy the man who
is born excellent in the pursuit in which he lives.

How many of us, who might have ex-
celled in arts or sciences, and who seem furnished
with talents equal to the greatest discoveries, and
who might have been authors by their predictions,
and the truth, and shut off for them except truths to
discover, while others of very moderate abilities be-
come famous, because happening to be first in the
reproduction of thought? Thus, at the renewal of letters in Europe, the
taste was not to compose new books, but to com-
ment on the old ones. It was not to be expected that
new books should be written, when there were
so many of the ancients either not known or not un-
derstood. It was not reasonable to expect new
conquests, while they had such an extensive region
in the possession of their authors, and their
books could not be misplaced as in the
inhabitants of those great riches into which they had only an in-
herent genius, might have languished in hopeless ob-
scenity. As they were the only in the kind, they had the
happiest of the few, and the least to their security. When they were not
affected to the particular, and are clearly explained and known, the learned set about
imitating them; hence proceeded the number of Latin
critics, poets, and historians; in the reigns of Clement the Seventh, Queen
Elizabeth, and the rest of her family.

This passion for antiquity lasted for many years,
by the utter exclusion of every other pursuit, till
some began to find, that those works which were
initiated from nature were more interesting than
those inventions of antiquity, than even those written in
expression the Latin. It was then modern language began to be
cultivated with sensibility; and our poets and
writers posited forth their wonders upon the world.

As writers become more numerous, it is natural
for readers to become more industrious; whence
must necessarily arise a desire of attaining knowledge
with the greatest possible ease. No science or art
offers its instruction and amusement in so obvious
a manner as statuary and painting. Hence we
may observe, that a choice of subjects of
culture, which probably attends the decline of science. Thus, the finest
and most remarkable paintings of an-
tiquity, preceded but a little the absolute decay of
other sciences. Thus, Homer, Dante,
Commodus, and their contemporaries, are the finest
productions of the chisel, and appeared but just be-
fore learning was destroyed by comment, criticism,
and barbarous invasions.

What happened in Rome may probably be the
case with us at home. Our nobility are now more
solicitous in patronizing underdressed and
sculptors than those of any other polite profession; and from
the lord, who has his gallery, down to the yeoman,
who has his two penny copper-plates, all are
admirers of this art. The great, by their carriages,
surely inattentive to all other merit but that of
the pencil; and the vulgar buy every book rather from
the excellence of the sculptor than from the
writer.

How happy were it now, if men of real excellence
in that profession were to arise! Were the
painters of Italy now to appear, who some wander-
like beggars from one city to another, and
produce their almost breathing figures, what
rewards they might not expect? They would
be elevated by their productions, and
looked for them except truths to
discover, while others of very moderate abilities be-
come famous, because happening to be first in the
reproduction of thought? Thus, at the renewal of letters in Europe, the

A WORD OR TWO ON THE LATE
FARCE, CALLED "LIFE BE-
LOW STAIRS."

Just as I had expected, before I saw this farce,
I found it formed on too narrow a plan to afford a
pleasing variation. The sameness of the humour in
every scene could not but at last fill us being dis-
gregarable. The poor, affecting the manners of
rich, might be almost six characters, or
two at the most, with great propriety; but to have
almost every personage on the scene almost of
the same character, and collecting the follies of
this other, was unfruitful in the poet to the last degree.

The scene was almost a continuation of the
same absurdity; and my Lord Duke and Sir Har-
ry (two footmen who assume those characters)
have nothing else to do but to talk like their
masters, and are only introduced to speak, and to show
themselves. Thus, as there is a sameness of char-
acter, there is a barrenness of incident, which, by
a very small share of address, the poet might have
easily avoided.

From a conformity to criticism rules, which per-
haps on the whole have done more mischief in
our authors, our author has sacrificed all the vitality of
the dialogue to nature; and though he makes his
characters talk, like servants, they are seldom abs-
ently enough, or lively enough to make us matter.
Though he is always natural, he happens seldom to be humorous.

My attention was diverted to a crowd who were push-
ing forward a person that seemed more inclined to the
style of a costume; but by their means he was
was driven forward to the machine, which he,
however, seemed hardly to desire. Indeed, by their solicitations, he steps back,
blustering a voluble history, and demanding admis-
sance. "Sir, I have formerly heard your name mentioned,"
says the coachman, "but never as an author.
In these matters there is no such easy
task as is generally imagi-

remembrance for my author Mr. Cervan-
se and Segrez; and, if you think it, you may
enjoy.

Upon our three literary travellers coming into the
same coach, I listened attentively to hear what
might be the conversation that passed upon this
extraordinary occasion; when, instead of agreeable or entertaining dialogue, it
was full of the trickery at each other, and each seen disconcerted with his
companions. Strangely thought I to myself,
that they who are thus born to enlighten the world,
should still preserve the seeds of the old, and,
and by disguising, make even the highest merit ridicule.
Were the learned and the wise to unite against the
dances of society, instead of producing a new
world, people have been seen sitting into opposite parties without,
they might throw a hostess upon each other's expec-
tation, and teach every rank of subordination me-
t, if not to admit, at least not to allow
tolerance. In the midst of these reflections, I perceived
the coachman, a man of much, had now mounted
the box. Several were approaching to be taken in,
whose pretensions, I was sensible, were very just;
I therefore desired him to step, and take in more
passengers; but he replied, as he had now mounted
the box, it would be improper to come down;
she should take them all, one after the
other, when he should return. So he drove
away; and for myself, as I could not get in, I
was behind in order to hear the conversation
on the way.

(A continuation.)
GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

are sensible of one surprising impression they make; bold, swelling, terrible to the last degree; all seems animated, and speaks him among the foremost of his profession; yet this same fortune and his fame seemed ever in opposition to each other.

Having once travelled a person of distinction, who refused to pay him all the respect which he thought due, he was obliged to leave home, and travel for it, his usual mode of going long journeys down into the country, without either money or friends to subsist him.

After he had travelled in this manner as long as he could, he resolved to stay with a man and fatigued, he was last called at an obscure inn by the way-side. The host knew, by the appearance of his guest, his indifferent circumstances, and refused to furnish him a dinner without previous payment.

As Carvaggio was entirely destitute of money, he took down the innkeeper's sign, and painted it anew for his dinner.

Thus reduced, he proceeded on his journey, and left the innkeeper not quite satisfied with this method of payment. Some company of distinction, however, coming soon after, and striking up the host with the bountiful sign, bought it at an advanced price, and astonished the innkeeper with their generosity; he was resolved, therefore, to get as many signs as he could by the same art, as he found he could sell them to good advantage; and accordingly set out after Carvaggio, in order to bring him back. It was nightfall before he came up to the place where the unfortunate Carvaggio lay dead by the roadside, overcome by fatigue, resentment, and despair.

THE BEE.

Saturday, November 10, 1739.

ON EDUCATION.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BEE.

Sir,

As few subjects are more interesting to society, and more frequently written upon than the education of youth. Yet is it not a little surprising, that it should have been treated almost by all in a declaratory manner? They have insisted on the advantages that result from it, both to the individual and to society, and have expatiated in the praise of what none have ever been so strictly as to call in question. Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this subject, instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical system, it had been much better if the writers on this subject had treated it as a serious scientific inquiry, and pressed all the salutary results of investigation, and given us the result of their observations with dexter simplicity. Upon this subject the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence, and the smallest correction might save the imputation of stupidity upon a topic, where his slightest deviations may tend to injure the rising generation.

I shall therefore throw out a few thoughts upon this subject, which have not been attended to by others, and shall dilate all attempts to please, while I study only instruction.

The manner in which the youth of London are at present educated, is in some free-schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding-schools about town. The parent, justly considers the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this more than a continuance in the town. Thus for they are; if there were a possibility of having even health, if our free-schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduco to the health and vigour of perhaps the mind, as well as of the body. It may be expedient to me to observe, that I have found, by experience, that they who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But let me have said, that the boarding-schools, are preferable to free-schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them, otherwise it is impossible to converse with the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions? he finds his last resource in setting up school. Do any become bankrupts in trade? they may set up a bank or a school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail: say, I have been told of butchers and bakers, who have turned schoolmasters; and, more surprising still, some fortunes in their new profession.

We know that many among us are in a country of civilized people; could it be conceivable that we have any regard to the public interest, when we are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe, and who may be the future honour and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our children, is below the state? Is it fit to indulge the cupidity of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular? They are the only children, as in Persia and Sparta, might at present be inconvenient, but surely with great ease it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all members of society, I do not know a more useful, or a more honourable one, than a schoolmaster,

THE BEE.

at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill rewarded. Were the salaries of schoolmasters to be augmented without a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people; a people whom, without flattery, I may in other respects consider, the greatest upon earth. But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unfit for their employment; in short, I would make the business of a schoolmaster every way more respectable, by raising his wages, by increasing his salary, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

There are already schoolmasters appointed, and their salaries; but where is present there is but one schoolmaster appointed, there should at least be two; and whereas the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be a hundred.

Do we give immediate benefits to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary; and I will be bold enough to say, that schoolmasters in a state are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction, and are often treated with less respect.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But let me have said, that the boarding-schools, are preferable to free-schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them, otherwise it is impossible to converse with the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions? he finds his last resource in setting up school. Do any become bankrupts in trade? they may set up a bank or a school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail: say, I have been told of butchers and bakers, who have turned schoolmasters; and, more surprising still, some fortunes in their new profession.

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Goldschmidt's Works.

ON THE INSTABILITY OF WORLDLY GRANDEUR.

An aloha-keeper near Ilfracombe, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war with France pulled down his old sign, and put up the Queen of France. How much matters the change of the head and golden sceptre, he continued to tell me; till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time after, for the King of France, who was probably changed in turn for the next great man that shall be set up by vulgar admiration.

Our politician in this raises the great exactly who deal out their figures offer the other to the gaping crowds beneath them. When we have sufficiently wondered at one, that is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds it station long; for the same are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certainly to find those great, and sometimes good, men.

The following essay, which was published before Rousseau's Emile, where he is quoted in my first instance, is inserted as the best of the essays written for the press in his time, and was not at the time the essay was written, the author of this work, but he was not himself a plagiarist.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, one took it too

like lead to travel late Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen, in the arts of refining upon every whim. Upon his return to Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Plutarch. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What have you never heard of that immortal poet," returned the other, much surprised, "that light of the eyes, that favourite of kings, that rose of perfection? I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Pius XII, second only to Moses, hisot, or Nothing at all, indeed," returned the other. "Ah! cries our trivaly, to what purpose then, has one of these fasted to death, and the other offered himself up as sacrifice to the Tartarean enemy, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China?"

There is scarcely a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes, the ale-keeper, who is the object of all the envy which is excited in the mind of a man who finds himself in possession of some undiscoversd property in the paper, describes an unheard of outburst in a letter of great praise, and those vile authors who make smooth verses, and points to our imagination when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking faraway to immortality, and desire that all the world should know them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, poet, are shouted in their train. Where was there ever so much distress? It is a time where the non-stop to be set up and the unmerited shall give with wonder and applause! To such music the important pygmy moves forward, hurrying and stepping, and spying compared to a pedlar in a storm.

I have lived to see generals, who once had crowds of admirers following after wherever they went, who were bespeckled by newspapers and magazines, whose echoes of the tune of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into mediocrity, without scarcely even an epilogue to their fame. A few years ago, the herring-fishery employed all the Green-street; if the topic in every coffee house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply the planet with leavings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we now find much marriage wrack as was expected. Let us wait but a few more years longer, and we shall find all our expectations a hurrying fishery.

THE BEE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ACADEMIES OF ITALY.

There is not, perhaps, a country in Europe, in which learning is so fast upon the decline as in Italy; yet not one in which there are such a number of academies established, as they appear to be. There is scarcely a considerable town in the whole country, which has not one or two institutions of this nature, where the learned are pleased to call themselves, and to barter their opinions with each other, and pursue the utility of their institution.

Jardins has taken the trouble to give us a list of those clubs or academies, which were the most renowned and famous, and the number of which must not have been much above a hundred and fifty, each distinguished by somewhat whimsical in the name. The academies of Riga, for instance, are divided into the Academia de la Musica, the Academia di Filosofia, and the Academia di Matematica, etc. There are few of these who have not published their transactions, and scarcely a member who is not looked upon as the most famous man in the world, at home.

Of all these societies, I know of none whose works are worth being known out of the precincts of the city in which they were written, except the Academy of Arts, at Florence, founded by the Medici Society of Florence. I have just now seen a manuscript essay, spoken by the late Tomasso Crucali at that society, which will at once serve to give a better idea of the mind of men of wit, amusing themselves in that country, than any thing I could say upon the occasion. The occasion is this:

"The younger son of my two dear companions, the more happy the lover. From fourteen to seven thousand, you are sure of finding love; for with every year of life, you are sure of increasing an interest of affection and esteem. But when that period is past, you no longer expect to receive, but to buy: no longer expect a nymph who gives, but who sells her favours. At this age, every glance is taunted, not a look, not a sigh without being frequented by the lady, like a skilful warrior, aims at the heart of another, while she sheds her own from danger."

On the contrary, at fifteen you may expect nothing but simplicity, innocence, and nature. The passions are then sincere; the soul seems rooted in the life; the dear object feels present happy, it is pleasant, its union, without being anxious for the future; her eyes brighten if her lover approaches; her smile we are borrowed from the Graces, and her every mistake seems to complete her destiny.

Lucretia was just married; the rose and lily took possession of her face, and her bosom, by its hue and its coldness, seemed covered with snow. So much beauty and so much value she rendered, and admirers. Ornamented with so much grace and taste, was among the number. He had long languished
for an opportunity of declaring his passion, when
Cupid, as if willing to indulge his happiness,
found the charming young couple by some acci-
 dent to an arbour, where holding their love
 with dexterity, Orsindante told of the sincerity of
 his passion, and naively fastened with his addresses;
 but it was all in vain. The nymph was preen-
gaged, and the young poet filled with a part of his earn-
ings for which he said, "My dear Orsindante," said
she, "I have known you long dedicated to St. Ca-
therine, and be her belong all that love below;
and all that is above, you may freely possess,
but further I can not, must not comply.
The vow is passed; I wish it were undone,
but now it is impossible? You may convince, my com-
petition, the embarrassment our young lovers
felt upon this occasion. They kneeled to St. Ca-
therine, and though both despaired, both inspired her
assistance. Their tutelar saint was entrusted to show
some expiation, by which both might con-
tinue to love, and yet both be happy. Their
petition was sincere. St. Catharine was touched with
compassion; for is, a miracle! Lucrétia's gentle
natures, as if without handle and staff before
bound round her saddle, fell spontaneously over
to her feet, and gave Orsindante the possession of all
those banquets which lay above.

THE BEE, No. VII.

SATURDAY, November 17, 1758.

OF ELOQUENCE.

All kinds of success, that of an enterer is the
most pleasing. Upon other occasions, the applause
we deserve is conferred in our absence, and we are
insensible of the pleasure we have given; but in elo-
cution; the victory and the triumph are impres-
sible. We read our own parts in the face of every
spectator; the audience is moved; the antagonist is
defeated; and the whole circle bursts into un-
selected applause.

The strain which attends excellence in this way is so pleasurable; that numbers have written
profuse treatises to teach us the art schools
have been established with no other intent; rhetoric has
taken too large a part in our instruction, and public
orators have ranged under proper heads; and distinguished
with long learned names, some of the elo-
tor, or of passion, which unfortunates have used. I say
only as much as will not contain all the
figures which have been used by the true elo-
quent; and scarcely a good speaker or writer, but
makes use of some that are peculiar or new.

Eloquence has preceded the rules of rhetoric, no
languages have been formed before grammar.
Nature renders men eloquent in great interests, or
great passions. He that is sensibly touched, sees
things with a very different eye from the rest of
mankind. All nature to him becomes an object of
compassion and contempt, without attending to
his own life and fame, and inspires his audience.

It has been remarked, that the lower parts of
mankind generally express themselves most figu-
atively, and that tropes are found in the most celi-
fant forms of conversation. Thus, in every lan-
guage, the heart burns; the courage is raised;
the eyes sparkle; the spirits are roused; passion in-
fames; pale cheeks, and pitty sink the soul.

Nature and every language and expression,
which from the frequency, pass unnoticed.

Nature is it which inspires those impositions exter-
noxious, those irresistible turns; a strong
pressing danger, calls up all the imagination, and
gives the outer irresistible force. Thus a captain
of the first caliphs, seeing his soldiers fly, cried out,
"Whither do you run? the enemy are not there;
You have been told that the caliph is dead; God
is still living. He regards the brave, and will
reward the courageous." Advance!

The third book of the celebrated eloquent, who
translates the passion or sentiment with which he
was moved itself into the breast of another; and
this definition appears the more just, as it compre-
hes the whole idea of eloquence: the atten-
dation, the admiration, the expression of the
truth to be proved, is the sentiment and passion to be
transformed; and who effects this, is truly possess of
the talent of eloquence.

I have called eloquence a talent, and not an art,
as so many rhetoricians have done, as art is ac-
quired by exercise and study; and eloquence is the
skill of nature. Rules will never make either
a week as a discourse eloquent; they only serve to
prevent faults, but not to introduce beauties; it
prevent those passages which are truly eloquent
and detains by nature, being blended with others
which might dignify, or at least amuse our
passion.

What we clearly conceive, says Bede, we can
clearly express. I may add, that what is felt with
emotion is expressed also with the same con-
equence; the words arise as readily to paint our
emotions, as to express our thoughts.
The cool ear can never be moved by emotion;
the passion is dead. The cool ear can never be moved
by passion which he does not feel, only prevents his rising
into that passion he would seem to feel. In a
world to feel your passion must be strongly, and to want,
are the only rules of eloquence, pro-
ter so called, which I can offer. Examine
a writer of genius on the most beautiful parts of his
work; and he will always show you how the
paragraphs are generally those which have given him
the least trouble; for they came as if by inspiration.
To pretend that cold and didactic precepts
will make a man eloquent, is only to prove that
he is a most cold, didactic man.

But, as in being pandemic it is necessary to
have a full idea of the subject, so in being eloquent,
it is necessary to render it thus express it, to feel by my
lot few years, but you would find just the
same situation in which we must all one day appear be-
fore God, our Judge; let me ask, if Jesus Christ
should now appear to make the terrible separation
between the just and the unjust, do you think the
number of the elect would be equal to that of the
unbelievers? Do you think, if all our works were
examined with justice and equity, that we would
see in this great assembly? Members of ingrati-
itude! would he find one? Such passages are
these sublime in every language. The expression
may be low speaking, or more refined, but the
sublimity of the idea still remains. In a word,
we may be eloquent in every language and in every
style; since eloquence is only an assistant, but not a
constituent of eloquence.

Of what uses then, will it be said, we are all the
objects given upon such this both by the ancients
and moderns? I answer, that they can not make
us eloquent, but they are sown in our own
becoming ridiculous. They can seldom procure
a single beauty, but they may banish a thousand
faults. The true method of an orator is not to at-
tempt always to move; always to perform all
seeing; to be continually sublime, but at proper intervals to
give rest both to his own and the passions of his
audience. In these periods of relaxation, or of preparation
rather, rules may teach him to avoid any thing
low, trivial, or disgusting. Thus criticism, prop-
erly speaking, is intended not to assist those parts
which are sublime, but those which are naturally
mean and humble, which are composed with
coldness and care, and whose the orator rather
devours not to offend, but attempts to please.
I have hitherto inserted more especially that eloquence which speaks to the passions, as it is
a species of oratory almost unknown in England.
At the bar it is quite discontinued, and I think with
justness. In the senate it is used but sparingly, as
the orator speaks to enlightened judges. But in
the pulpit, in which the orator should chiefly
dress the vulgar, it seems strange that it should be
entirely laid aside.

The vulgar of England are, with exception,
the most barbarous and the most unknowing of
any in Europe. A great part of their ignorance
may be chiefly ascribed to the want of hearing,
the most pretty gentleman-like sensibility, deliver
their cool dissensions, and address the reason of men
who have never reasoned upon all the lit for them;
They seem in this great assembly? Members of ingrati-
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formed of the excellence of the Hungarian controversy, and the absurdity of an intermediate state. The speech is a mixture of the shrill without filling his notes, and no more ventures to grant the essence of an enthusiast. By this means, though his audience feel not, as in the case of the pulpit orator, that the speaker is, however, among the proprieties, the character of a man of taste, among his acquaintance or only to say, may, even with his bishop.

The polite oratory of a country has several motives to induce them to a receptacle of action; the love of virtue for its own sake, the shame of offending, and the desire of pleasing. The vulgar have be a few, the wealthy, in order to make the most of their talents, and yet those who should push this motive to honor to their hearts, are barely found to defeat their part. They speak to the squire, the philosophers, and the people; but the poet, those who really want instruction, are left uninstructed.

I have attended most of our pulpit orators, who, it must be owned, were extremely well upon the text they assume. To give them their due also, they read their sermons with elegance and propriety; but this goes but a very short way in true eloquence. The speaker must be crossed. In this, in this alone, our English divines are deficient. Were they to speak a few calm dispassionate hearers, they certainly use the properest methods of address, but the manner of the discourse is rarely composed of the poet, who must be imposed on by motives of reward and punishment, and whose only virtue lie in self-interest, or fear.

There are so many who are addressed by or studied periods or cold discourses; not by the looks of the preacher, but the earnest spontaneous dictates of the hearer. Neither writing a sermon with regard to the high opinion of elegant expression, nor much enthusiasm in speaking, it being only suitable to every audience. Neither need they be composed of the most virtuous, and the most efficient of its own degrees that can be imagined. Every country, possessed of any degree of strength, have their enthusiasm, which ever serve as laws among the people. The Greeks had their Katalektikos, the Romans their Aem Phalanx, and we the train and former body of the Protestant Religion. This was a principle that the feeling and the duty of those whom the law has appointed teachers of this religion, to enforce its obligations, and to unite these enthusiasm among people, by which alone public spirit and consequences united in a common interest.

From eloquence, therefore, the morals of our people are to expect seduction; but much less can our countrymen be led into the paths of error; rather to shew their parts than to convince us of the truth of what they deliver; who painfully correct in their style, musical in their tunes; where every sentiment, every expression meets the people of meditation and deep study.

Tiltenon has been condemned as the model of pulpit eloquence; thus far he should be imitated, where he generally expresses the sense of his audience, and to do the rest: extempore, by this means strong expression, new thoughts, rising passions, and the declamatory style, naturally ensue.

Eloquence does not consist in flowery periods, delicate allusions, or musical cadences; but in a plain, open, loose style, where the periods are long and obvious; where the same thought is often exhibited in several points of view; all this strong sense, a good memory, a just balance of conciseness, will furnish to every orator; and without these a clergyman may be called a fine preacher, a judicious preacher, and a man of good sense; he may make his hearers well understand, but will seldom enlighten them.

When I think of the Methodist preachers among us, how seldom they are endowed with common sense, and yet how often and how falsely they affect their hearers, I cannot avoid saying within myself, how these were bred gentlemen, and been endued with even the most natural share of understanding, the more I think of them. Did our bishop, who could dignity to their expostulations, testify the same favour, and extert their hearts, as well as others, what might not be the consequence? The vulgar, by which I mean the bulk of mankind, would then have a double motive to love religion, first from seeing its professors honoured here, and next from the consequences hereafter. At present the enthusiasm of the poor are opposed to law; did laws care with their enthusiasm, we should not only have the greatest nation upon earth, but the wisest also.

Enthusiasm in religion, which prevails only among the vulgar, should be the chief object of politics. A society of enthusiasts, governed by reason, is the national state that is most virtuous, and the most efficient of its own degrees that can be imagined. Every country, possessed of any degree of strength, have their enthusiasm, which ever serve as laws among the people.

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As every human institution is subject to gross imperfections, no laws most necessarily be liable to the same exceptions, and their defects soon after discovered. Thus, through the weakness of one part, all the rest are liable to be brought into contempt. But such weaknesses in a custom, for very obvious reasons, evade an examination; besides, a friendly prejudice always stands up in their favour.

But let us suppose a new law to be perfectly equitable and necessary, yet if the process of its having been betrayed a conduct that confesses by-ends and private motives, the disgrace to the circumstances dispels us, unavoidably indeed, into irreversibility of the law itself; but we are indubitably blind to the most visible imperfections of an old custom. Though we perceive the defects ourselves, yet we remain persuaded, that our wise forefathers had good reason for what they did, and though such motives no longer continue, the benefit will still go along with the observance, though we do not know how. It is the Roman, lawyers spoke: Non omni hominum, que a magnis constitutis sunt, ratio reddi protee, at idea voluisse corum quae multis minoribus spectari non sporulit, aliqua materia esse quae quidem etiam superius ad iurisprudentam jurisprud. Those laws which prove to themselves the greatest love and observance, must needs be best loved and held just; but must, most necessarily, be superiorly supported by written laws in this respect, which are to be executed by another. Thus, nothing can be more certain, than that numerous written laws, have no other end but to confound and perplex, that is, equally not the consequences of vicious misrule in a state, but the causes.

Hence we see how much greater benefit it would be to the state, rather to abridge than increase the laws. We every day find them increasing sets and reports, which may be termed the acts of judges, are every day becoming more voluminous, and load the lighter with new penalties.

Laws ever increase in number and severity, until they at length are strained so tight as to break themselves. Such was the case of the latter emper, whose laws at a length, because so strict, that the barbarous invaders did not bearsentence but liberty.

OF THE PRIDE AND LUXURY OF THE MIDDLE CLASS OF PEOPLE.

Or all the follies and absurdities under which this great metropolis labours, there is not one, I believe, that at present appears in a more glaring and shocking light, than the pride and luxury of the middle class of people. Their euger desire of being seen in a sphere far above their capacities and circumstances, is daily, may hourly instanced, by the prodigious numbers of mechanics who flock to the races, gaming-tables, brothels, and all public dissipation, to this dishonest and its defects soon after discovered. Thus, through the weakness of one part, all the rest are liable to be brought into contempt. But such weaknesses in a custom, for very obvious reasons, evade an examination; besides, a friendly prejudice always stands up in their favour.

But let us suppose a new law to be perfectly equitable and necessary, yet if the process of its having been betrayed a conduct that confesses by-ends and private motives, the disgrace to the circumstances dispels us, unavoidably indeed, into irreversibility of the law itself; but we are indubitably blind to the most visible imperfections of an old custom. Though we perceive the defects ourselves, yet we remain persuaded, that our wise forefathers had good reason for what they did, and though such motives no longer continue, the benefit will still go along with the observance, though we do not know how. It is the Roman, lawyers spoke: Non omni hominum, que a magnis constitutis sunt, ratio reddi protee, at idea voluisse corum quae multis minoribus spectari non sporulit, aliqua materia esse quae quidem etiam superius ad iurisprudentam jurisprud. Those laws which prove to themselves the greatest love and observance, must needs be best loved and held just; but must, most necessarily, be superiorly supported by written laws in this respect, which are to be executed by another. Thus, nothing can be more certain, than that numerous written laws, have no other end but to confound and perplex, that is, equally not the consequences of vicious misrule in a state, but the causes.

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SABINUS AND OLINDA.

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OLINDA to comfort him in his miseries. In this manner of distress they lived together with resignation, and even with comfort. She provided the rustic meal, and he sheltered himself in her in fortune, in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow-prisoners admired their contentment, and when ever they had a desire to go abroad, and enjoy those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual weaknesses, they most heartily assisted them to attain such a share of the laud imposed by Ennius.

Whence Sabinus showed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she confined him, by his own consent, to the love she bore her, and plunged them in such inconveniences that they would have shuddled at even in apprehension! Arias, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and injuriously treated, since his marriage with Olinda.

By injudiciously suffering this jealousy to concord in her heart, she began to lose not to passion; she forsook those many virtues for which she had been so long and so justly applauded. Careless suspicion and wanton resentment betrayed her into all the glooms of discontent; she sighed without ceasing: the happiness of others gave her intolerable pain; she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was, the cheerful, the genial Sabinus! She continually laboured to disturb a union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to distress it.

Fortune seemed willing to procure her unjust intentions; the circumstances of Sabinus had been long so embarrassing by a tedious lawsuit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of poverty from the highest. From the nearness of the relationship, Sabinus expected from her, the same sort of care and concern as her present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with distaste. Upon a compliance with her desire in this respect, she promised that her fortune, her interest, and herself, should be at his command; but he was not satisfied. He looked at the present, he loved his wife with inseparable tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation which were to be purchased at so high a price. Arias with her love dissolved and her efforts rejected, came into the next stage, and gave a loose to all that wrath, which she had long endeavoured to suppress. Reprisal generally produced in them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as a proof that Sabinus was not to be made a spectacle for destruction, the most deserving of all in her favour. But on this occasion was Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted old family debt, he was sent to god, with more than 30
the friendship and assistance of Aristo, who, dy-

ing soon after, left them in possession of a

estate, and in her last moments confided, that

victory as the only path to true glory, and that

heavenly innocence may for a time be depressed;

steadfast perseverance will in time lead to a cer-

tain victory.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A FRENCH MAN ON THE TEMPER OF THE ENGLISH.

Nothing is so uncommon among the English

as that easy facility, that instant method of

quittance, that easy, yes, or that cheerfulness of
disposition, which makes in France the charm of
every society.

Yet in this gloomy reserve they seem to pride

themselves, and think themselves less happy

if obliged to be more social. One may assert, with-

out wringing them, that they do not study the

method of going through life with pleasure and

tranquillity that the French. Might not this be

given that they are not so much philosophers as

they imagine? Philosophy is no more than the

art of making ourselves happy: that is in seeking

a way to remove ourselves from every strivings

with society with which we are at enmity.

This cheerfulness, which is the characteristic

of our nation, in the eyes of an Englishman general-

ly known as the temper, of the Englishman, is

the mark of their wisdom? and, folly against folly,

is not the most cheerful sort the best? If our guest

makes them say, they ought not to find it strange

if their seriousness makes their guest laugh.

As this disposition to levity is not familiar to

them, and as they look on every thing as a fault

which they do not find at home, the English who

live among us are hurt by it. Some of them are

proprietors or visitators with us as a view, or at least as

a ridicule.

Mr. Addison styles us an urbane nation. In

my opinion, it is not the philosopher so much as

this point, to regard as a fault that quality which con-

tributes most to the pleasure of society and hap-

piness of life. Addison expressed that whatever makes

even laughier makes them better, advises to neglect

nothing that may excite and not to early light

this sense of joy in children. Scarceness places it

in the first rank of good things. It is necessary that at

least, that gayety may be a companion of all

sorts of virtues, but that there are some vices with

which it is incompatible.

To all who belong to them, and who laugh at nothing, neither has sound judg-

ment. All the difference I find between them is

that the last is constantly the most unhappy.

Those who speak against cheerfulness, prove noth-

ing else but that they were born melancholy,

and that in their hearts they rather than con-
demn that levity they affect to despise.

The Spectator, whose constant object was the

virtue of the only path to true glory, and that

nothing was in its own virtue, is

in particular, should, according to his own prin-

ciples, place cheerfulness among the most desirable

qualities; and probably, whenever he contrives

his theme for this particular occasion, it is only to

condemn the temper of the people whom he addresses.

He asserts, that grief is the grand obstacle to the

pleasure of life. What are those of a

maderacy who, like the English women gen-

erally are, less subject to the fables of love? I am

acquainted with some doctors in this science, to

their credit, I would more willingly do honor to

his. And perhaps, in reality, persons naturally

of a gay temper are too easily taken off by different

courses of objects, to give themselves up to all the

efforts of this passion.

Mr. Thobbes, a celebrated philosopher of his na-

tion, maintains that laughing proceeds from our

pride alone. This is only a paradox if asserted of

a laughing in general, and only argues that mani-

estates are disposed for which, he was remarkable.

To bring the causes he assigns for laughing un-

der suspicion, it is insufficient to remark, that

pride can increase when we are conscious, which

who laugh least.

Gravity is the insipid companion of pride. To

say that a man is vain, because the humour of a

writer, or the buffoons of a great court, exerts this

would be advancing a great absurdity. We

should distinguish between laughter inspired in

joy, and that which arises from mockery. The

ridiculous error is improperly called laughter.

It is not certain that, in the present of such

laughter as this: but this is in itself vicious;

whence the other sort has no principle of

Central errors that deserve condemnation. We

find this ubiquity in others, and it is unhappiness

to feel a disposition toward in ourselves.

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When I see an Englishman laugh, I fancy I

receive a foretaste of good things. They are
contract with the devil implies that they are engaged, by covenant and inclination, to do all the mischief they possibly can.

I have heard many stories of witches, and read many accounts against them; but I do not remember any that would have induced me to conceive guilt or the blame of any of those despicable wretches, who, as they share our miseries and misfortunes, ought to share our compassion, as persons cruelly accused of impossibilities. But to lose due credit, and often fancy or an effect, and set ourselves as gravely as if we had absolutely to find out the causes. Thus, for example, when a dream or the typus has given us false hopes or imaginary pains we immediately conclude that the devil possesses our spirits and incites us to sin. The good woman cries out, her ear baby is bewitched, and sends for the person and the consolers.

It is moreover necessary that she be very poor. For it is true, her master cannot stand in her presence, or even his trances, if they have any influence, or be a sack she goes to slit, and strangles her ox, which are certain signs that she is bewitched.

A farmer sees his cattle die of the murrain, and his sheep of the rot, and poor Goody Peaspool is, therefore, in her turn, on the point of being accused of witchcraft. She is often seen talking to herself the evening before such an event, and had been gathering sticks at the side of her wood where such a cow ran mad.

The old woman has for her companion an old grey cat, which is a disguised devil too, and confederate with Goody in works of darkness. They frequently go journeys into Egypt upon a broom-staff into half an hour's time, and then Goody and her cat change shapes. The neighbours often overhear them in deep and solemn discourse together, plotting some dreadful mischief you may be sure.

There is a famous way of trying witches, recommended by King James I. The old woman is first carried up into the air, and then she is either seen down in the street, or the witch is seen being, and the witch is, and the witch is, and the witch is, and the witch is only shown.

Witches are said to meet their master frequently in churches and church-yards. I know of the beholdness of Satan and his congregation, in revelling and playing mountebank farces on occasion of their generation, and of the sacred ground; and I have so often wondered at the oversight and ill-mannered policy of some in allowing it possible.

It would have been both dangerous and improper to have treated this subject in the certain tone in this barbarous manner. It used to be managed with all possible gravity, and even terror; and indeed it was a mode of tragedy in all our party, and thousands were sacrificed, or rather murdered, by such evidence and colours, as, God be thanked, we are this day ashamed of. An old woman may do such miserable work, and not be hanged for it.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF ENGLAND.

The history of the rise of language and learning is calculated to greatly curiously than to satisfy the curiosities and the interest of those who have been, or who are, skilled in those abstruse sciences. An account of this period only when learning and language arrived at its highest perfection, is the most conducive to real improvement, since at once misused ambition and a disposition to indulge in the fallacies of fancy overstep the bounds of every literary purpose. The age of Leo X., in Italy is confined to be the Augustan age with them. The French writers seem agreed to give the same application to that of Louis XIV.; but the English are yet undetermined with respect to themselves.

Some have looked upon the writers in the times of Queen Elizabeth as the true standard for future imitation; others have descended to the reign of James I. and others still further, to that of Charles II. Were I to be permitted to offer an opinion upon this subject, I should truly give my vote for the reign of Queen Anne, or some years before that period. It was then that taste was united to genius; and as before our writers charmed with their strength of thinking, so they pleased with strength and grace united. In that period of British glory, though no writer attracts our attention singly, yet, his stars last in each of their brightness, they have cast such a lustre upon the age in which they lived, that their most illustrious works will be attended to by posterity with a greater eagerness than the most important occurrences of even emperors who have left in their kingdom greater glory.

At that period there seemed to be a just balance between patronage and the press. Before it, men were little esteemed whose only merit was genius, and were treated with every degree of contempt and ridicule, and the public were certain of living with independence. But the writers of the period of which I speak were sufficiently esteemed by the great, and not rewarded enough by book-sellers to set them above independence. Fame, consequently, was the true road to happiness; a sedulous attention to the mechanical business of the day makes the present day far richer in production. In the age of Charles II., which our contermen arm the age of wit and immorality, profound severity in that respect, and once seemed to improve our language and corrupt our hearts. The king himself had a large share of knowledge, and some wit, and his counsellors were generally men who had been injured in the body or filled with the variety of affliction and experience. For this reason, when the sunshine of their fortunes returned, they gave too great a loose to pleasure, and language was by them cultivated only as a mode of elegance. Hence it became more corrupted, and was dished with quaintness, which gave the public writings of those times a very disdained air.

L'Estrange, who was by no means so bad a writer as some have represented him to be, was in the party faction; and having generally the worst side of the argument, often rose to pleading, partisanship, and consequently a vulgarity that disdained itself even in the Augustan age. He was the first writer who regularly enlisted himself under the banners of a party for pay, and fought for it through right and wrong for upholders and downers. He was a mountebank in poetry, and a notorious liar. He gained him the esteem of Cromwell himself, and the papers he wrote even before the revolution, as those with the rage about his neck, have the most striking characters of impudence and perseverance. That he was a standard writer can not be discerned, because he was very current nowadays. The language is of the same age as L'Estrange. Even his plays discovered him to be a party man, and the same principle infects his style in subjects of the lightest nature; but the language, as it is the lowest possible, is gravely his dealer. He first gave it regular harmony, and discovered its latest powers. It was he that formed the Congreve, the Pope, and the Addison, who succeeded him, and had not it been for Dryden, we should never have known a Pope, at least in the meritorious last he now displays. But Dryden's excellencies as a writer were not confined to poetry alone. There is, in his prose writings, an ease and elegance that have never yet been so well united in works of taste or elegance. The English language was very little to Otway, though, next to Shakespeare, the greatest genius England ever produced in tragedy. The excellence lay in painting directly from nature, in catching every emotion just as it rises from the soul, and in all the powers of the moving and pathetic. He appears to have had no learning, no critical knowledge, and to have lived in great distress. When he died (which he did in an obscure house, as the Minoris), he left about him the copy of a tragedy, which, it seems, he had sold for a trifle to the book-seller; and the book-seller threw it away as a remnant of one of D'Estrange's political papers, offering a reward to any one who should bring it to his shop. Among the invaluable treasures which were there invested the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in!

Lee had a great command of language, and was
force of expression, both which the best of our succeeding dramatic poets thought proper to transfer to their models. Rowe, in particular, seems to have been indebted to him, though in all other respects his style is inferior.

The other parts of that reign contributed but little towards improving the English tongue, and it is not certain whether they did not injure it. Defoe, for instance, before he was sent into exile, is void of chausset, though it has been cried up by his friends to such an extent that his enemies have endeavored to pass it off as unmeaning.

The philosophical manner of Lord Shaftesbury's writing is nearer to that of Cicero than any English author has yet arrived at; but perhaps Cicero written in English, his composition would have greatly exceeded that of our countryman. The diction of the latter is beautiful, but such an one as upon mere inspection, carries with it evident symptoms of affectation. This has been attended with very disagreeable consequences. Nothing is so easy to copy as affectation, and his lordship's rank and fame have procured him many imitators in Britain than any other writer I know; all faithfully preserving his blunders, but unhappily not one of his beauties.

Mr. Tomahed and Mr. Davend were political writers of great abilities in diction, and their pamphlets are now standards in that way of writing. They were followed by Dean Swift, who, though not so genteel as the rest, has been equally owned by that madness and clearness of diction in political writing for which they were so justly famous. The diction of Dr. Johnson is equal to it, and Bawlingtong, whose strength lay in that province, for use a philosopher and critic he was ill qualified, being destitute of virtue for the one, and of learning for the other. His writings against Sir Robert Walpole are incomparably the best part of his works. The personal and perpetual enmity he had for that family, to whose places he thought his own abilities had a right, gave a grace to his style, and an edge to his manner, that never yet have been equalled in political writing. His misfortunes and disappointments gave him a mind in which his feelings much for philosophic purposes, and in one instance of his life he had the art to impose the same belief upon some of his enemies. His idea of a Paint King, which I reckon (inasmuch it was) amongst his writings against Sir Robert Walpole, is a masterpiece of diction. Even in his other works his style is excellent; but where a man either does not, or will not understand the subject he writes on, there man always be a deficiency. In politics he was generally master of what he undertook, in morals never.

Mr. Addison, for a happy and natural style, will be always an honour to British literature. His diction indeed wants strength, but it is equal to all the undertakings he undertakes to handle, as he never makes a high and laborious attempt at anything he undertakes to write, either in the argumentative or demonstrative way.

Though Sir Richard Steele's reputation as a public writer was owing to his connections with Mr. Addison, yet after his intimacy was formed, Steele was his head as an author. This was not owing so much to the evident superiority on the part of Addison, as to the unnatural efforts which Steele made to equal or eclipse him. This emulation destroyed the genuine flow of diction which is discoverable in all his former compositions.

Whiles their writings engaged attention and the favorable sentiments of their admirers, but they never either of them addressed any decisive and determined attacks upon the public opinion. They were more inclined to propose, to form, and project, than to execute. Their endeavours were made towards forming a grammar of the English language. The authors of those efforts went upon wrong principles. Instead of endeavouring to rectify the indelicacies of our language, and bringing it to a certain criterion, their grammar was no other than a collection of rules attempting to introduce those absurdities, and bring them under a regular system.

Somehow effectual, however, might have been done towards fixing the standard of the English language, had it not been for the spirit of party.

For both whigs and Tories being ambitious to stand at the head of so great a design, the Queen's death happened before any plan of an academy could be resolved upon.

Meanwhile the necessity of such an institution became even more apparent. The periodical and political writers, who then assumed the title of those of the ale, were delivered of all that which is peculiar to the English, more than ever became a member of its language, all propriety of language, was lost in the nation. Leslie, a poet, with some wit and learning, levated the government every year with the greatest admired. His style and manner, both of which were liberal, were imitated by Ral- path, Deyn, Danton, and others of the opposite party, and Toland pleased the same school of literature, and improved it still more, furnishing the press with a large body of reprints and newspapers which were not on the model of any of daily appearance. There is a sufficient specimen given of his work to shew curiosity, and yet so mutated as to render him contemptible. His death, and perhaps his second week, this man, among the cruelties of the age, into oblivion.

Fame he founds begins to turn her back; he therefore rises to which he invites him, and he em- ploys himself in the lists of duels and of course for life.

Yet these are still among us the greatest abilities, and who in some parts of learning have surpassed their predecessors. Their present situation might have induced to speak of many which will shine out to all posterity, but prejudice restrains me from what I should otherwise eagerly embrace. There might rise against every hundred years in the world, and I should mention, since scarcely one of them has not whose are his enemies, or those who desire him, etc.

OF THE OPERA IN ENGLAND.

The ris and fall of our amusements pretty much resemble that of empire. They this day flourish without any visible cause for such a purpose, the next, they decay without any visible cause, and no such music would be assigned his page, or rather be a burden to the performer. Some years ago the Italian opera was the only fashionable amusement among our nobility. The managers of the play...
MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

[ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 1763.]

THE PREFACE.

The following Essays have already appeared of different times, and in different publications. The paragraphs in which they were inserted being entirely unsuccessful, these are the common fare, without assisting the bookseller's aims, or extending the writer's reputation. The public were too attentively employed with their own fancies to be anxious in estimating mine; so that many of my best attempts in this way have fallen victims to the transient topic of the times—the Ghost in Cock-loo, or the Siege of Ticonderoga.

But though they have passed quietly in, to the world, I can by no means complain of their circulation. The magazines and papers of the day have indeed been liberal enough in this respect. Most of these essays have been regularly reprinted twice or thrice a year, and conveyed to the public through the channel of some engaging compilation. If there be a prince in malevolence, I have seen some of my labours sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own. I have been described at the beginning of praise and, signed at the end with the names of Philanthus, Philalethes, Philalethes, and Philtrophos. These gentlemen have kindly stood apecum to my productions, and, to frustrate no more, have always passed them as their own.

It is time, however, at last to vindicate my claim; and as those enterprisers of the public, as they call themselves, have partly stood upon me for some years, let me now try if I can live a little longer upon myself. I would desire, in this case, to intimate that far more than I have in any way heard of in a skulker, who, when the saucers, present by limning, were taking title from his postscript to satisfy their hunger, instead, with great justice, having the first cut for himself.

Yet, after all, I am not angry with them who have taken it into their heads, to think that whatever I write is worth republishing, particularly when I consider how greatly I think it exceedingly worth re-reading. Typing and superfine are terms of reproof that are easily objected, and that carry an air of generation in the observer. These faults have been objected to the following Essays, and it must be owned in some measure that the charge is true. However, I could have made them more metaphysical had I thought fit; but I would ask, whether, in a short Essay, it is not necessary to be superficial? Before we have prepared to wade into the depths of a subject in its usual form, we have arrived at the bottom of our subject page, and thus lose the harmless of a victory by too tedious a parenthesis for the whole.

There is another fault in this collection of trifles, which, I fear, will not be so easily pardoned. It will be alleged, that the humour of them (if any be found) is stale and hackneyed. This may be true enough, as matters now stand; but I may with great truth insert, that the humour was new when I wrote it. Since that time, indeed, many of the topics, which were illustrious here, have been hounded down, and many of the thoughts blown up. In fact, these Essays were considered as so quickly laid in the grave of oblivion; and our modern coquettes, like sextons and executioners, think it their undoubted right to pillage the dead.

However, whatever right I have to complain of the public, they can, as yet, have no just reason to complain of me. If I have written dull Essays, they have hitherto treated them as dull Essays. Thus far we are at least upon par, and until they think fit to make me their humble debtor by praise, I am resolved not to lose a single tick of my self-importance. Instead, therefore, of attempting to establish a credit amongst them, it will perhaps be wiser to apply to some more distant client, and as my drafts are in some danger of being presented at once, it may not be expedient, upon this occasion, to draw my bills upon Posterity.

Mr. Pesterly,

Six.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine essays after eight hours, pay the bearer, or order, a thousand pounds worth of praise, free from duty. These, whatever, is such an uncommon commodity that will then be very servicable to him, and place it in the account of, etc.
ESSAY I.

I remember to have read in some philosopher (I believe in Tenor Brown's works), that a man's character, sentiments, or complexion be what it will, the climate of a country will always chance to suit it. If he be ambivalent, he may every day meet companions on the seats in St. James's Park, with whose geniality he may mix his own, and jubilantly talk of the weather. If he be passionate, he may vent his rage among the other oldsters at St. James's Coffee-house, and damn the weather because it keeps him from starting. If he be cool, he may sit on a silence at the humdrum club in Ivy-lane; and, if actually mad, he may find very good company in Moccrofts, either at Belshazzar the Foundry, ready to cultivate a new acquaintance.

But, although each as a knowledge of the town may easily class themselves with temper congeneric to their own, a countryman, who comes to live in London, finds nothing more difficult. With regard to myself, none ever tried with more inability, or came off with such indifferent success. I spent a whole season in the search, during which time my name has been enrolled in societies, lodges, convocations, and meetings, without number. To some I was introduced by a friend who knew the error of advertising; to others I introduced myself, and to those I made my name to grain satiety. In short, no intercourse was more tedious than to meet her blandishments, than to sit by my character, than to wait in my society for too obstinately to bring to my temper to confess to it.

The first club I entered upon coming to town was that of the Club Spiritus. The name was entirely suited to my taste; it was a lover of mirth, good-humour, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood. As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without further ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had for some time begun upon business. The Grand, with a smile in his hand, professed at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making use of all my skill in physiognomy, in order to discover that superiority of genius in men, who had taken a title as superior to the rest of mankind. I expected to see the lines of every face marked with some trace of the consummation of our handicraft; but I was deceived in my science; for I could for my life discover nothing but a pert simper, fat or profuse stupidity.

My proceedings were observed and interpreted by the Grand, who had knocked down Mr. Spriggins for a song. I was upon this whispered to one of the company who sat next me, that I should now see something touched off to a nicety; for Mr. Spriggins was going to give us Mad Tea in all its glories.

The president ordered up the jude-class, and instead of a crown, our performer covered his known with an internal jordan. After the candles had been put out, and shook in the great delight of the whole company, he began his song. As I had heard few young fellows offer to sing in company with such knowledge, and talk within the whole night, were not the miserable protestation to find Mr. Spriggins among the number; however, not to see an odd fish, I rose from my seat in raptures, letto, burst into song, and slapped the table as well as any of the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me seemed highly pleased with my taste and the uniformity of my application; and whispering to me, that I had suffered an immense loss, for had I come a few minutes sooner, I might have heard Ghee or Dobbin sung to a step-manner by the simple-nosed apostate, or the grandiloquent sight-singer; but he was surprised before I came.

As I was expressing my unaccountable at this desultory exhibition, the Grand, who employed himself upon a fat figure, who with a voice no more than the Staffordshire giant's, was giving us the Softly Sweet in Lydia Measure of Teague's Frees. After some minutes, he was so affected, that it was not only to sing, but length breaking to read the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence, for to this I impatient silence, I replied, to my hands, and, looking at us as in some position of public service, observed that the night began to grow a little colder at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to some of the company in particular, no doubt, was the reason why I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next to me, to whom I observed, that the beer was extremely good. My neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco-smoke.

I now began to be uneasy in this dumb society, till I thought I had a little relieved me by observing that beam had not risen three theirs; "Away," says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, "that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about such and such a gentleman in the army—."

My next club goes by the name of the Harmony; it is a little removed to that live of order and civil society, with a peculiar friendship which every person commands in institutions of this nature. The bundle was himself the founder. The money spent to foremost each, and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club I have recommendations except the introductory fortune and my landlord's good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as every body else usually does on his clubnight; we discussed the topic of the day, drank each other's health, excused the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same place; and while we were talking, each other in the common manner, Mr. Bellows wished Mr. Currituck-maker had not taught eating going home the last clubnight; and he returned the compliment by saying that young Master Bellows-wender had got well again of the chinchilla. Dr. Twistle told us a story of a parliament-man, with whom he was intimately acquainted; while the long-man, at the same time, was telling a better story of a noble lord with whom he could do any thing. A gentleman, in a black wig and leather breeches of the number end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the Ghost in Cock-lane: he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him, who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew pedlar, over the table, while the president vainly knocked down Mr. Leathersides for a song. Before the middle of the song, the president suddenly said, that he would have the upper part to the concert, there were several others playing under-parts by themselves, and endeavouring to make up the difference by3
We essayists, who are allowed but one subject at a time, are by no means so fortunate as the writers of magazines, who, wrote upon several. If a magazine be shal upon the Spanish war, we soon has us up again with the Ghost in Cock-lane, if the reader begins to do what he will, and you are again miserable. But your dear friends, what is the rising or the falling of the stocks to us, who have no money? Let Nathan Ben Fink, the Dutch Jew, be glad or sorry for this; but, my good Mr. Beefœs-sender, what is all this to you and me? You must ascend bellow, and I write bad prose, as long as we live, whether we like a Spanish war or not. But, my dear friends, what else can you make of liberty and your own reason, but that liberty and reason are conditionally resigned by every poor man in every society; and, as we are born to work, so others are born to watch over us while we are working. In the name of common sense alone, my good friends, let the great keep watch over us, and let us mind our services, and perhaps we may at last get more money, and set beggars at work in the turn. I have a Latin sentence that is worth its weight in gold, and which I shall beg leave to recommend for your service. "What," says Mr. Lilly's Grammar, finally observes, that "As in present perfectum," that is, "Very money makes a perfect man." Let us then get ready money, and let them who will spend them by going to war with Spain, and sell for behavior, drawn up by the indi-

cents of convenience, every creature strow who should most recommend himself to the notice of the public, and the members of distinction. Each of us, in his own turn, to be pleased by any but our dear guests; and what before wore the appearance of friendship was now turned into rivalry.

Yet I could not observe that, under all this libelous and obnoxious attention, our great men took any notice of the rest of the company. Their whole discourse was addressed to each other. Sir Paul told his friend a long story of Murativing—which he had, and consequently the rest of the company, through all the stages of feeding, suppin, and bating; with an episode on mulberry-tree, a digression upon grass seed, and a long parenthesis about his horse's position. In this manner we travelled on, wishing every story to be the last; but all in vain—

"Whatever late, and also on Advertisements."

And, as page does not seem to be a dear honest creature, so be sure; we were laughing last night at—

Death and damnation be upon all his patience, by simply hardly lasting—some graces, as the fox may and some others, who shall do them, who shall—tell you a story about that; that will make you burst your sides with laughing: A fox once—Will nobody listen to the song—As I was walking upon the highway, I met a young dame both beax, and gay—No ghosts, gentlemen, can be murdered; nor did I ever hear but of one ghost killed in all my life, and that was by a very hand with a—My lordship and I do not—Mr. Bellow—sender, I have the honor of drinking your very good health—Blow Mr. I do—some—blood—bogs—fire—

"The rest all run, nonsense, and ragged confusion.

I. We being a laudable society of moral philosophers, intend to dispute twice a week about religion and piety. Leaving behind us old ways, and keeping away from every sense and every thought to our nakedness we were to be the sons of by the church and the society. A paper, the most by the society, has at least been the subject of this collection that is to astonish society. The public we honour and regard, and therefore to instruct and entertain the public, that, with habits calculated as well as the better the heart. If four extraordinary pages of letters, be any recommenda-

sion of our war. As we have no interest in the subject of this collection, being a society of good men of distinction, we disdain to eat or write false histories; we all gentlemen, resolved to sell our society magazine merely for our own amusement.

Be careful to ask for the Infernal Magazine.

Eloquence to that Most Inhuman of all Pates, the Thuggee Ambassador.

May it please your Excellency. As your taste in the fine arts is universally of and admired, permit the authors of the Infernal Magazine to lay the following sheets hun-

sily at your Excellency's feet; and should in our hands ever be held the composition of one day; among the virtues of peace, we doubt not that the influence wherewith we are honoured, shall be ever retained with the most warm ardour by, Messieurs your Excellency.

Your most devoted humble servant.

The authors of the Infernal Magazine.

The person who desires to raise the Devil, is to
sacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own property, to Beelzebub. He is to wear an eternal eloquence, and then to receive a mark in some unnamable ravine on the eye-lids, or in the roof of the mouth inflicted by the devil himself. Upon this he has power given him over three pyramids; one for every hour of the day, and a third for the night.

Upon certain times the devil holds an assembly of magistrates, in each of which is to give an account of what evil he has done, and what he wishes to do. At this assembly he appears in the shape of an old man, or often like a goat with large horns. They upon this occasion renew their vows of elec-
dence; and then form a grand dance in honour of the devil himself. Then, after giving satisfaction to every method of injuring mankind, in gathering petitions, and of riding upon occasion through the air, he shows them the whole method, upon ex-
amination, of giving creative answers; his spirits have power to assume the form of angels of light, and there is but one method of detecting them, viz., to ask them in proper form, what method is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the world? To this they are not permitted by the Superior Power to make a false reply, nor are they willing to give the true one, whereon they come silence, and are thus detected.

ESSAY III.

Wherein Thaurus lies his head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of rolling rocks, falling terrains, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the blank bosoms of this frightful mountain, scat-
tered from society, and destitute of the ways of men, lived Asam the Man-hater.

Asam had spent his youth with men, had shared in their amusements, and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but from the tenderness of his disposition he at once ex-
hausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never died in vain, the every villager never passed his door; he only 
assisted when good things happened, and no longer gave any power of relieving. From a fortune thus spent in benevolence he repented himself, and turned his steps from those he had so far un-
meritely relieved, and made his application with con-

deference of restraints: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. But the reformation began to view himself in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld him; he perceived a thousand voices he had never before suspected to exist; whereon he became acquainted, and with the utmost cordiality, contributed to increase the distresses of them Resolved therefore to continue no longer

in a world which he hated, and which repulsed his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to breed over his remnant in solitude, and converse with the only honest hearts he knew, namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather, which gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side his only food; and his spirit was affected with danger and toil from the humid
torrent. In this manner he lived, frequented by society, and with the utmost indifference, and sometimes existing that he was able to live indepen-
dently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake is displayed for a distance, which occasionally, in every method of injuring mankind, in gathering petitions, and of riding upon occasion through the air, he shows them the whole method, upon ex-
amination, of giving creative answers; his spirits have power to assume the form of angels of light, and there is but one method of detecting them, viz., to ask them in proper form, what method is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the world? To this they are not permitted by the Superior Power to make a false reply, nor are they willing to give the true one, whereon they come silence, and are thus detected.

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There is nothing of which I am so much unsatisfied as wisdom.  

Wisdom! replied his instructress,  

What mean you by wisdom? asked the boy.  

For we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only the knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here!  

We have no duties here, and we are not likely to expect the same from others.  

If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation about the pleasures of eternity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them.  

"All this may be right," says Asen.  

"But I do not include a solitary disposition prevail among the people, and especially those within their own persons, without society, or without intercourse.  

"That is indeed true," replied the other; "there is no established society; nor should there be any; all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people are among too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally mendicants.  

"Well, then," said the sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad at least to have one particular amusement, and by which I may entertain myself.  

And to what purpose should either do this?" said the boy.  

"Fathers and children are various amusements, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of the question.  

Still, however," said Asen, "the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, no anxiously endeavour to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence; each has therefore leisure for pious thoughts; that stand in need of his composition.  

He had scarcely spoken when his own ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gentle to mitigate his Sorrows.  

"O me! O my Genius, back to that very world which I have despised; a world which has Atlas for its centurion is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahaneth.  

Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for I have deserved them.  

When I arrived at the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behaviour in civil life is totally degenerate and deplorable.  

If I were to speak to them mean expeditions; and who they want instruction most, find just in our religious assemblies.  

We are the objects of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behaviour in civil life is totally degenerate and deplorable.  

Their discourses from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical, and unfeeling; delivered with the most insipid cadence; impassioned, that should the powerful preacher lift his foot over the emotion, which alone he seems to address, he is not likely to succeed; he is not in a manner to address, he instantly discovers his audience, instead of being awakened to sense, actually sleeping over the methodical and laborious composition.  

This method of preaching is, however, by some called an address to reason, and not to the passions; this is styled the making of sermons from convection, but such are immediately acquired with human nature, who are not sensible, that even sound reason about their debaucheries till they are convinced, cannot be made to work against, and even handle passions; in all such cases the preacher should arm one passion against another; it is with the human mind as in nature, from the mixture of two opposites the result is most frequently neutral tranquillity.  

Those who attempt to reason us out of our follies by logic, are in the truest sense, attempt naturally prepossess us of reasonable; but to be made capable of this, is one great point of the case.  

There are but few talents requisite to become a popular preacher, for the people are easily pleased if they perceive any endeavours in the order to please them, which, if these talents will work this effect, if the preacher sincerely means to satisfy.  

Perhaps little, indeed very little, more is required than sincerity and assurance; and a becoming air of gravity and solemnity, a becoming assurance.  

"Sit me, face, delectandum et preeuixum, tibi spatium," is to state a question, that it almost demands an apology to repeat it; yet though all allow the justice of the remark, how few do we find put in practice! Our orators, with the most facitious bashfulness, seem impressed rather with an awe of their audience, than with a just respect for the truths that are about to deliver; they, of all professions, seem the most bashful, who have the greatest right to glory in their profession.  

The French preachers generally assume all that is necessary for the dignity which should be conferred from Christ; the English divines, like erroneous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the innovation.  

Men of real sense and understanding prefer a prudent meditator to a precocious popular; and, from the methodical, and particular, to the general.  

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yet, notwithstanding all this, you can hardly do with patience to the toil of your own subject: I plead the cause of Heaven, and yet I ask some indulgence.

The style, the abruptness of a beginning like this, in the closet would appear absurd; but in the pulpit it is attended with the most pleasing impression that style which the class might properly be called fuzzy, seems the true mode of discourse here. I never read a fine composition under the guise of a sermon, that I do not think the author has unaccompanied his piece; for the talents to be understood, writing well, entirely differ from those of speaking well. The qualifications for speaking, as has been already observed, are not applicable, in a degree, to composition; even the most successful orators, who may be taken up by every candidate who will be at the pains of stepping his manner with the sense of the state is to be delivered, a preacher disregards the audience or the contempt of his audience, and he insensibly assumes a just and many solemnly. With this talent alone, we see what crowds are drawn around him, a doctrine of common sense, when numbers are converted to Christianity. Fully some may speak on an example for practice, and our regular divines may borrow instruction from them, but in the pulpit, it is just as much a boy as the best of them.

Let it be perhaps objected, that by confining the excellence of a preacher to proper assurances, and openness of style, I make those qualifications into requisites for being something called a collector. No matter for the occasion: action, attitude, grace, eloquence, may be repeated an absolute necessity to complete the character; but let me not be deceived: common sense is seldom enough for fine tunes, musical period, just attitudes, or the display of a white handkerchief, most perfect before the audience. If the same sense be as much a boy as the best of them, and the table, the cabinet, and the table, continued as before; nothing suffered mutation but the host, who was fairly altered into a gentleman, whom I know to be Dame Quickley, a lady well in her years, a lady well informed, and a lady well versed in her affairs, who is now sitting: I fancy the narrative may have some thing singular.

"Observe this apartment," interrupted my companion; "if need be, I am glad of a quarter of an hour: In this room I have lived, child, woman, and old, three or more than three hundred years, and I have had better chance to keep an account of every transaction, every action that passes here, and have watched com­posed three hundred items, as effusions may be submitted to thy regards." "None of your whims," said Dame Quickley, "if you please, "I replied; "I know you can live here for as you have here long so it is but natural to suppose you should learn the conversation of the company. Believe me, damn, at least you have a wider scope than me, and you can have a wider scope; so give me both as you can, but first, your service to your old; women should water their days a little more now and then, and make your story,"

"The story of my own adventure," replied the vision, "is short and unsatisfactory: for, believe me, Mr. R Envoy, believe me, a woman began at a butt of sack at her elbow in never long lived, her John's death affected me to such a degree, that sincerely believe, to draw sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I draw for my customers: my grief was sincere; so it was, and the sack was excellent."
should have a battle of sack every morning, and the liberty of confessing which of my girls thought proper in private every night. I had continued for several years to pay this tribute; and he was, of course, no less a man as rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly; my customers continued, however, to compliment my wines while I was by; but I could not, I said to myself, bring myself to sell them back again without a prayer. What will you have of me? — The very next day Dal Teashert and I sent the house of correction, and sealed up keeping a low hand of the crowd. Next year, we were as well entitled to them with stripes, mortification, and penance, that we were afterwards utterly unfit for any worldly conversation; though sack would have killed me, had I stuck to it, I yet don’t want for a drop of something comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the beetle.

Such is my own history; but that of the tavern, where I have ever since been staid, affairs of greater variety. In the history of this which is one of the oldest in London, you may view the different manners, passions, and follies of men at different periods. You will find mankind neither better nor worse now than formerly; the vices of an uncivilized people are generally more deplorable, though less frequent, than those in polite society. It is the same luxury, which formerly flourished upon the old wilderness with plum-portuge, and now ensnares them with taw. It is the same low malice, that formerly subdued a courtier to give up his religion to please his king, and now persuades him to give up his conscience to please his minister. It is the same vanity, that formerly staid our honest chemists and need with wood, and now paints them with lavender. Your ancient Briton formerly powdered his hair with red earth, like brick-dust, in order to appear frightful; your modern Britons go upon the same train, and plaster it with hog’s-lip scurf, and flour, and make it more killing. It is the same vanity, the same folly, and the same vice, only appearing different, as men pass through the ages of fashion. In a word, all mankind are —

"Surely the woman is dreaming," interrupted I.

"None of your reflections, Mrs. Quickly. If you love me you only give it to the Apostle. Tell me your history at once. I love stories, but hate reasoning.

"If you please, then, sir," returned my companion, "I must content myself with a statement which I made of the three hundred volumes I mentioned just now, the tavern from the particulars with which I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, relics were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a dregs of holy water. My habitations was soon converted into a sanctuary, and I was now applying for sack and sugar, my rooms were crowded with images, relics, saints, statues, and friars. Instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was a scene of perpetual devotion. The priest lost the fashion, and the whole convent imitated his pious example. Matters came hither to confess their sins, and to receive promises in return. The whole torrent of the present hour deluged the ancient virgin sya. Nor was this a convert peculiarly wicked; every convent at that period was equally fond of pleasure, and gave its inhabitants the liberty and pleasures of a perfect law. Each priest had a right to a favourite companion, and a power of dismissing her as often as he pleased. The lady quarrelled, grumbled with their wives and daughters, hated their confessors, and maintained them in opulence and ease.

These were the happy times, Mr. Rigmarole; those were times of pitty, bravery, and simplicity."

"Not so very happy, neither, good Madam; pretty much like the present—those that labour starve, and those that do nothing wear fine clothes, and live in luxury."

"And in this manner the fathers lived for several years without molestation; they transgressed, confessed themselves to each other, and were forgotten. One evening, however, the illusion was discovered somewhat too late in conjunction, her husband unexpectedly came upon them, and testified all the indignation which was natural upon such an occasion. The priest assured the gentleman there was a devil who put it into his heart; and the lady was very certain that she was under the influence of magic, or she could never have believed in so unlawful a manner. The husband, however, was not to be put off by such reasons, but summoned both before the tribunal of justice. His proofs were flagrant, and he expected large results. Such was the great punctuality, he ordered to be the tribunal of three days constituted in the same manner as they are now. The cause of the priest was to be tried before an assembly of priests; and a layman was to expect redress only from their impartiality and candour. What plea then do you think the priest made to obviate this accusation? He denied the devil entirely, but as we have now lost the parchment, written in which I made it, no one could say what it was."

"The gentleman who was at the tribunal of justice, the prior having given him the most civil entertainment, he convicted him at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Excluded from conversation, as usual, she now en terated the violence of a deliver; found herself strangely distressed; but had nothing at all to say whether she was possessed by an angel or a demon. She was not strong in suspense; for upon receiving a large number of cracked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outward, and concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech, and, when she recovered it, thought, every body that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched; and all the difficulty lay in determining who it was that had bewitched her. The people of the tavern, it was for labor to the clergy to fight; and the defendant and plaintiff according to custom, were put in prison; both ordered to fast and pray, every method being previously used to the purpose of the truth. After taken possession, the prior, according to the common custom of the place, took upon himself the duty of inquiring who it was that had bewitched her. The gentlemen who was present asked him, unless they are put by a bishop, and to those is obliged to reply. A bishop therefore was sent for, and now the whole case came out into the light of the public person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confided upon their knees; and after the ceremony the rest was made by the clergy and conduct of the parties. As the champion on which the prior had pitched upon had fought six or eight times upon similar occassions, it was no way extraordinary to his vanities in the present contract. In short, the husband was disconsol; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped to his shirt, and after one of his legs had been cut off, as just means in such cases, he was engaged as a terror to future offenders. These were the times, Mr. Rigmarole; you see how much more just, wise, and valiant, our ancestors were than —"

"I rather fancy, madam, that the times then were pretty much like our own; whereas the multitude of laws gives a judge as much power as a warrant of law, and he is ever sure to find among the number some to connive at his partiality."

"Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The houses of worship, the prior was made a bishop, and three Wickhills were burned in the illuminations and fire-works that were made at the present occasion. Our convent new began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of hating heretics so much as ours: Indies of the first distinction chose from our convent their confesseurs. In short, it succeeded, which might have frustrated to this hour, but for a fatal accident which terminated in its overthrow. This lady, whom the prior placed in a nunery, and whom he conceived to be a great saint, being found in such a posture, was —"

"But perhaps you are desirous of knowing what were the peculiar qualifications of a woman of fashion at that period? In a description of the present ladies you will not take the pains of all the rest. This lady was the daughter of a nobleman, and received such an education in the country as to become her beauty, style, and great excellences; and such as made herself envied or desired. She was so faire that she was not always up early, and said breakfast served in the great hall at six o’clock. At this same season of fecundity, she generally received her guests in novel by telling her dreams, relating stories of spirits, several of which she herself had seen and one of which she was reported to have been seen with black-balled Okes. Hence she usually went to make pastry in the kitchen, and she was followed by her servants, who were much helped by the ladies because they were much occupied. About ten, Miss generally went to play at hot-cockles and blind-man’s buff in the park of —

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That they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, then it can ask questions, which is made by the ‘—’ and not made by the ‘—’ of a mandy’s imprisonment, the hair of such was cut, the bodies assisted with oil, the field of battle appointed and guarded by soldiers, while his suspect secret came out in the light of the public person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confided upon their knees; and after the ceremony the rest was made by the clergy and conduct of the parties. As the champion on which the prior had pitched upon had fought six or eight times upon similar occasions, it was no way extraordinary to his vanities in the present contract. In short, the husband was disconsol; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped to his shirt, and after one of his legs had been cut off, as just means in such cases, he was engaged as a terror to future offenders. These were the times, Mr. Rigmarole; you see how much more just, wise, and valiant, our ancestors were than —"

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when the young folks (for they seldom played at hot-cockles when grown old) were tired of such amusements, the gentleman entertained them with cards, which he increased by the addition of a few flower-pieces, and victuars at cuckold-playing. If the weather was fine, they ran at the ring, shot at bats, while Miss held in her hand a rhind, and called for her confessor, for her father's sake. Her mental qualifications were exactly fitted to her external accomplishments. Before she was fifteen she could tell the story of Jack the King's Cooper, could name every misdeed, and was able to repeat it verbatim. The small ruffian was turned round her mouth, so that her head seemed like that of John the Baptist placed in a charger. In short, when completely equipped, her appearance was so modest, that she discovered little more than her nose. These were the times, Mr. Rigmarole; when every lady that had a good nose might set up for a beauty; when every woman that could tell stories might be cried up for a wit. — I am as much displaced at those dresses which conceal too much, as at those which discover too much; I am equally an enemy to a female dress and a female pedant. You may be sure that Miss chose her husband with qualifications resembling her own; she hitched her fate to a man whose nose was as straight as her own, who drank and dined, and who had given several proofs of his great vivacity among the daughters of his tenants and domestics. They fell in love at first sight (for each was the galaxy of the times), were married, came to court, and Madam appeared with superior qualifications. The king was struck with her beauty. All property was at the king's command; the husband was exiled to resign all kingdom in his will to the sovereign, whom God had anointed to commit adultery where he thought proper. The king loved her for some time; but at length perplexed with the love of the whole court, as a principle of conscience recommended her to his leisure to the bar of this tavern, and took a new mistress in her stead. Let it not surprise you to behold the mistress of a king degraded to so humble an office. As the ladies had no moral accomplishments, a good face was enough to raise them to the royal court, and she who this day a royal mistress, might the next, when her beauty pulled upon enjoyment, be doomed to infancy and want. The current of this lady the tavern gave great reputation; the couriers had not yet learned to gauge, but they paid it off by drinking drunknesses in the vogue of a barbarian, and going to a tavern across the street. We will stop here, and talk of the lady of the house, that is, the lady of the tavern, who was the partake of mankind, your ancestors will be found infinitely more gross, servile, and even dishonorable than you. A more romantic history, we only have to spend his whole fortune at a single feast, a king to mortgage his dominions to furnish out the flipper of a tournament. There were certain ladies in the city, which adored him, and called for his wine, and that at such times was refused. Kings themselves set the example; and I have seen men in this mean drunk before the entertainment was half concluded. There were the times, sir, when kings kept mistresses, and got drunk in public; they were too plain and simple in those happy times to hide their veins, and act the hypocrite now. — Lord, Mrs. — finished her, I expected to have a story, and here you are going to tell me I know not what of times and vis; please let me extend these once more indulgent, and give thy history without deviation.

"No lady upon earth," continued my heroine correspondent, "knows how to put off her damaged vis or appear with more art than she. When those great flat, or those pulpy, it was but changing the names: the wine became excellent, and the vis was perfectly shaped and ex- drawing her, the shock under the chin, winked at a double entendre, could mix the opportunity of calling for something comfortable, and perfectly without detectable for hunting them to draw. The gullible of these times pretty much resembled the bloods of ours; they were fond of pleasure, but quite ignorant of the art of refining upon it; they did not know how to draw the common low-lived humor of a modern beggar. Witness, ye powers of debauchery, how often I have been present at the various excursions of drunkenness, run by the young ladies of the house, and for the expense of which, it might be a sin to speak. A tavern is the true picture of human infamy; in history we find only one side of the vis exhibited to our view; but in the accounts of a tavern we are every age equally heard and equally vicious."

"Upon this lady's decease, the tavern was successively occupied by adventurers, bunglers, players, and speculators. Towards the conclusion of the reign of Henry VIl. gaming was more universal practised in England than even now. Kings themselves have been known to play off at Prinse, this is just, I am not only the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in chimeras. The last Henry played away, in this very room, not only the four great bells of St. Paul's cathedral, but the fine image of St. Peter, which stood at the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and sold them by auction. Have you then any cause to regret that you were not in the times of which we speak, or you still believe that human nature continues to run on delineating every age? I will observe the actions of the busy part of mankind, your ancestors will be found infinitely more gross, servile, and even dishonorable than you. A more romantic history, we only have to spend his whole fortune at a single feast, a king to mortgage his dominions to furnish out the flipper of a tournament. There were certain ladies in the city, which adored him, and called for his wine, and that at such times was refused. Kings themselves set the example; and I have seen men in this mean drunk before the entertainment was half concluded. There were the times, sir, when kings kept mistresses, and got drunk in public; they were too plain and simple in those happy times to hide their veins, and act the hypocrite now. — Lord, Mrs. — finished her, I expected to have a story, and here you are going to tell me I know not what of times and vis; please let me extend these once more indulgent, and give thy history without deviation.

"The last hostess of mine I found upon record was Jane Rous. She was born among the lowest ranks of the people; and by fraud andextreme mischievous tricks, she obtained the keep of two taverns; a man would have been killed, and made her own the keep of two taverns. A man would have been killed, and made her own the keep of two taverns; she was often alone in her look and appearance; she was often alone in her look and appearance; and I am well known to have come of victorians. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times: the fascination of a lady's eyes at present is regarded as a compliment; but if a lady formerly should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it was much better for her soul and body that she had no eyes at all. In short, Jane was then most excellent of vis, and about her could be said to have drawn the common low-lived humor of a modern beggar. Witness, ye powers of debauchery, how often I have been present at the various excursions of drunkenness, run by the young ladies of the house, and for the expense of which, it might be a sin to speak. A tavern is the true picture of human infamy; in history we find only one side of the vis exhibited to our view; but in the accounts of a tavern we are every age equally heard and equally vicious.

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But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar; Calver’s best entertainments Chang-pan’s highest songs and Pinzell’s latest love. Toker, the fisherman of joy, joy, my blood, though our estate lie now herein, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Corneval, I am not afraid to lose it. I have seen worse. A man, as he says, that makes me no quarrel; I am no Jew.
The fellows in a victory, joined to his poverty, even raise upon the deed of his infamy a certain sort of the circumstances, and I esteemed that he would indulge my desire. 'That I will, sir,' said he; 'and welcome! I only let you drink to prevent our eloquence, for the rest is left to the light of the sun. I have it my father; and this is a man, or he would be laughed at no otherwise; but let us have another tankard; for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full!

'You must know, then, that I am very well defended, my ancestors have made some noise in the world for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum. I am told we have even some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot show so respectable a genealogy; but that is neither here nor there; as I was only their child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of drummer to a papal band. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Dunch and King Solomon in all his glory. But though my father and mother were on the point of contracting me in beating all the matches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music; so, at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier.

'So I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman; besides, I was obliged by my captain to keep his will, have wine, and you have yours; nor I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another’s.

'The life of a soldier soon therefore gave me the spleen; I asked leave to quit the service; but as I was tall and strong, my captain dismissed me for my bad disposition, and said, because he had no regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal parting letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge; but the good man was so fond of drinking as I was (air, my service to you), and those who were fond of drinking never pay for other people’s discharges; in short, I had neither letter nor money.

'So I took what little I had and, as I lacked, I paid for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way; and that must be by running away; I was a glib speaker, and was able to inveigle in the bagging, which had been overturned in a narrow way; I offered my assistance, which they accepted; and soon became so well acquainted, that there was no secret which I did not know a very bit as if I had bought the discharge.

'Well, I was not far from my military employment; I sold my soldier’s clothes, bought were
coming off like a prodigy; and such was my success, that I could raise the ladies even from a snort of town. The young gentlemen and ladies of this town came to see me, after the play was over, to compli-
ment me upon my success; one praised my voice, another my person; upon my word, says the latter, 'you will be as great in Europe, as you were in London.' An audience of the finest actors and actresses, which was to secure the gen-
eral's triumph in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical inferno. I opened my snuff-
box, and took snuff; the lady was solemn, and so was I. I broke my silence with a sentence,
'Smugger's back is still gloomy, melancholy, all the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders; I at-
tempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile; but a direct look could perceive wrinkles into sympathy. I found it would not do.
All my good humour now became forced; my laugh was changed into a boisterous grin; and, for the poor gentlemen, my spirit, my eye showed the agony of my heart; short, the lady came with an in-
tention to be displeased, and displayed her wrath; my eyes expressed I am here, and—this taskish
is no mercy.'

**ESSAY VII.**

Wives Catharina Alexander, was made emp-
ress of Russia, the queen of an actual state of monop-
y, but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe; she after-
that the women's dress by substituting the fashionable
of England; instead of the common mode of
of taffeta and damask; and coronets and com-
onds instead of caps of plate. The women now
found themselves no longer shut up in separate
the same respect, and were present at every entertainment.
But the laws to this effect were directed to a
scientific people. It is amazing enough to see the
which the empresses ran. Assemblies were
quite unknown among them; the empress was
with introducing them, for she found it
impossible to render them polite. An empress
was therefore published according to their notions
of breeding, which, as it is a curiosity, and has
never before been printed that we know of, we
shall give our readers a specimen of the empresses.

I. The person at whose house the assembly is
be kept, shall signify the same by hanging out
of his house, or by giving some other public notice,
by the death of any advertisement to persons of both sexes.
II. The assembly shall not be open sooner
five or six o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue
ten hours longer than ten at night.
III. The master of the house shall not be
obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or
keep them company; but, though he is exempt
from all the more than he has—be it in the form of a
chaser of clericals, weats, or anything else which he
believed would be a trial to his patience, and
ever the least perilous to his health. He was
on the move the whole time, and was never
more than seven days in the same place.

**ESSAY VIII.**

SUGGESTED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE ORDINARY OF

Mankind is in a most prolific, incapable of divorc-
ing his steps, unacquainted with what is suitable
to his life and manners. The mind is in a
fixed, and the last half of a century, yet such a per-
severing uniformity of conduct, appears in all that
was done in his short span, that the whole may be
found in my other papers on the subject on every
action of his life was matter of wonder and surprise, and
he never was a master of astonishment.

This gentleman was born of a great family; parents,
offices; and as a great deal of good learning, so that he could read
and write before he was sixteen. However, he early
discovered an inclination to follow liberal courses;
for he refused to take the advice of his parents, and
and pursued the best of his institution; he played at
street-crier, for he was but a boy; but when he had
bought his mother and humours; and even
in these early days his father was frequently heard to
compare him with the great. At
As he advanced in years, he grew more fond of
silence, for all the business of a day, though
he begged the guineas that bought it and was
not once known to give three pounds for a plate of
greasy soup, which he had collected over-night
charity for a friend in distress; he ran into debt
with every body that would trust him, and
in the end, he was no better off than he was at
the beginning. This

There are three ways of getting into debt; first,
by pushing a fishe; 'tis true, Mr. Leastring,
he send me home six yards of that phalangy, damask;
but, harken, don't think I ever listened to you
for dinner.' At this the mectors laughs heart-
ly, cuts off the phalangy, and sends it home;
or he is till too late, surprised to find the gentle-
man had said nothing but truth, and kept his
word.
The second method of running into debt is called
financing, which is getting goods made up in such
fashions as to be sold for even less than the cost, and
and if the tradesman refuses to give them credit,
then threat to leave them upon his hands.
The third and best method is called 'Being the
good customer.' The gentleman first buys
some trines, and pays for it in ready money; he
comes a few days after with nothing about him
but bank bills, and loans, we will suppose, a
six pence-twocents and a shilling, we are free to
change, as he promises to return punctually
the day after and pay for what he has bought. In
this premise he is permitted, and this is reg-
ular manner in which, till his face is well known.
and he has put at last the character of a good cus-
tomer: by this means he gets credit for something
considerable, and then never pays for it.
In all this, the young man who is the unhappy
subject of our present reflection was very expert,
and could fines, and bring custom to a shop
inventive; any man in England
in England; and his companions could exceed him in this; and his
companions at last said, that The—would be hanged.
As he grew old he grew sweeter, the bette-
how to be a street-crier when he could get it, and al-
ways thought his own hands best when he got them for no
thing, or which was just the same, or which he bought
ESSAY IX.

I saw the liberty to communicate to the public a few loose thoughts upon a subject, which, though often handled, has not yet in my opinion been fully discussed: I mean national concord, or unanimity, which in this kingdom has been generally considered as a matter of course, that existed nowhere but in speculation. Such a union is perhaps not to be expected nor wished for in a country, whose liberty depends rather upon the graces of the people than upon the manners of which they are capable, more than in any other government which has taken in a constitutional way for the guard and preservation of this inestimable blessing.

There is a very honest gentleman with whom I have been acquainted these thirty years, of whom, during which time he has not ever given one speech uttered against the ministry in parliament, nor strung at an election for a place to serve in the House of Commons, nor a pamphlet published in opposition to any measure of the administration, nor even a private opinion passed in his hearing upon the measures of those most concerned in public affairs, he is immediately alarmed, and loudly execises against such factional devices, in order to set the people by the ears together at such a delicate juncture. At any other time (say he,) such an opinion might not be improper, and I don't question the facts that are alleged; but at this crisis, to influence the nation—the man deserves to be punished as a traitor to his country. In a word, according to this gentleman's opinion, the nation has been in a violent crisis at any time these thirty years; and were it more than he dare to live another century, he would never find any period, at which a man might with safety laughe the insubility of a minister.

Yet no more than this: my honest friend has invested his whole fortune in the stocks, on Government security, and trembles at every whisper of popular discontent. Were every British subject of them upon this: thus the old man kept up the voice of the youth, and what he wanted in power he took up by his soul, so that all the world thought, that old—would be hanged.

And now, reader, I have brought him to his last scene: a scene, wherein, perhaps, my duty should have led me also to intercede. You expect, perhaps, the dying words, and the tender farewell be his of his wife and children; you expect an account of his coffin and white gloves, his pious ejaculations, and the paper the remains stood behind. In this I cannot indulge your curiosity. For, oh! the mysteries of Fate, Thee—was done.

Horace says, "cause and passion; and passion and the cause—of what we know the day and may be!"

ESSAY X.

I have spent the greater part of my life in making observations on men and things, and in projecting schemes for the lubricity of my country; and, though my labours were met with an ungrateful return, I still persist in my endeavours for its service, like that very patient, unmoved, and neglected subject, Mr. Kemble, Henryk, who, though of the Hebrew nation, hath exhibited a shining example of Christian fortitude and perseverance. And how my conscience urges me to confess, that the hint upon which the following proposals are built, was taken from an advertisement of the said patriot Henryk, in which he gave the public the true state of the situation, and indulged him with the seven blessed daughters. Blessed they are, no doubt, on account of their own and their father's virtues; but more blessed may they be, if the scheme I offer should be adopted by the legislature.

The proportion which the number of females born in these kingdoms bears to the male children, is, I think, supposed to be thirteen to fourteen, but as women are not an object of the same consequence to accidents and intermarriages, in proportion to the males we shall find the balance on the female side. If, in calculating the numbers of the people, we take it for granted that the population of the earth, and the nature of the soil, differ not much in a country where the face of the objects and the principles of the human mind are the same, the number of females born, will be about the same in all countries. Hence we may conclude that the number of women will be about the same as the number of men, and that the proportion of females to males will be about the same.

I am well aware, as some of my friends have been, that the question of liberty and property is the great question of the age, and that the ideas of liberty and property are the same thing. But I am not of opinion that the idea of liberty and property is the same thing, as the idea of liberty and property is the same thing. The idea of liberty and property is the same thing, as the idea of liberty and property is the same thing. The idea of liberty and property is the same thing, as the idea of liberty and property is the same thing.
military character? That strength of body is often equal to the courage of mind implanted in the fair sex, will not be denied by those who have seen the women of the Low Countries. The female dressers of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; the fish-women of Billingsgate; the needlewomen, pedlars, and hoppers, who work in the streets; and the burners who swagger in the streets of London; not to mention the indefatigable tolls who follow the camp, and keep up with the line of march, though laden with burdens and other baggage.

There is scarcely a sheet in this metropolis without one or more viragoes, who discipline their husbands and demonstration over the whole neighborhood. Every mouth-watering plot shaped since I first witnessed a pitched battle between two athletic females, who fought with equal skill and fury until one of them gave out, after having sustained seven falls on the hard stones. They were bedecked to the under-petticoat; their breasts were carefully swathed with handkerchiefs; and no vestiges of features were to be seen in either when I came up. I imagined the combats were of the other sex, until a bystander assured me of the contrary, giving me to understand, that the conqueror had lain in about five weeks of two taunts, beg, or beget; and the second was an Irish maiden. When I saw the avenues of the Strand beset every night with troops of fierce Amazons, who, with dreadful imprectations, spout and beat and plague passing passions. I must say, that in so many of them I was surprised to the public; and that those who are so loaded with temporal fire, and so little afraid of eternal fire, should, instead of being the leaders of the higher entertain-ment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these my late maelstrom, I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair; the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to let me know, I then drew up in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared, that the Dutch were a parcel of virtuous wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken oafs, and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants; but that in bravery, generosity, cleanliness, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the rest of the world. This veiled and jesting remark was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your humble servant; whose endeavors to keep my gravity up, and who is I trust in my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been reading on something else than the conversation. I have been known to attend to the discussions of the learned, and the reasoning of the very AESP, by my paradoxical method of avoiding the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his merit.

But my paradox-patrician had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to make me feel the inefficacy of every attempt to speak. I was in the company of a female patriot, addressing herself to me with an air of inexorable confidence; she asked me if I were not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable; so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a mark to shock my new sentiments. Therefore told him, that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain, unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of those to whom I was speaking, and who, besides having the quality of patriotism, was ignorant of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

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ESSAY XII.

Although the frivolous pursuits and pernicious dissipations of the present age, a respect for the qualities of the understanding still prevails to such a degree, that almost every individual pretends to have a taste for the Belles Lettres. The sanguine "pretension sets up for a critic, and the panicky bourgeois pretend to be a connoisseur. Without assigning causes for this universal presumption, we shall proceed to observe, that if it was attended with no other inconvenience than that of expelling the pretender to the minds of those few who can still his pretensions, it might be unnecessary to unseat the public, or to endeavour at the reforming of innocent folly, productive of no evil to the community. But in reality this folly is productive of manifold evils to the community. If the reputation of taste can be acquired, without the least assistance of learning, by reading modern poetry, or modern plays, what perils can deny himself the pleasures of such an easy qualification? Hence the youth of both sexes are devoted to diversion, and seduced from much more profitable occupations into idle amusements after literary fame; and a superficial false taste, founded on ignorance and conceit, takes possession of the public. The acquisition of learning, the study of nature, and the neglect of superstition; and the best faculties of the mind remain unexercised, and indeed unopened, by the power of thought and reflection. False taste will not only diffuse vices, but open all our amusements, but even influence our moral and political conduct; for what is false taste, but want of perception to discern propriety and distinguishing beauty? It has been often alleged, that taste is a natural talent, as independent of art as strong eyes, or a delicate sense of smell: and, without all doubt, the principal ingredient in the composition of taste is a natural sensibility, without which it can exist; but it differs from the senses in this particular, that they are limited by nature, whereas taste can be brought to perfection without proper cultivation; for taste pretends to judge not only of nature but also of art, and that judgment is founded upon observation and comparison. When men have said of genius is still more applicable to taste.

Noc male quid posse videatur (pro rum: ab artes). Alienus spectat opus; non alienus spectat.

Tamen Arti. Post.

This long digression, whether panic cause From art or nature their best right to fame Yet art not voided by nature voids Art unvoided bact; but when in friendship jointed A trivial success to each other finds.

We have seen genius shine without the help of art, yet taste must be cultivated by art, before it will produce agreeable fruit. This, however, we must still illustrate with Quintilian, that study, literature, and observation are necessary to the assistance of nature: Natura formam sperserit, vitii proteptus artes naturae, nisi inadjuvatus nature.

Yet even though taste has done her part, by embellishing the seeds of taste, great pains must be taken, and great skill exerted, in mining them to a proper pebble of beauty. The jealous taste must gradually and tenderly unfold the mental faculties of the youthful committed to his charge. He must cherish his delicate perception; store his mind with proper ideas; point out the different effects of nature on mankind; and, to conduct objects, to establish the limits of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood to distinguish beauty from trash, and grace from affectation; in a word, to strengthen and improve his judgment, his experience, and instruction, those natural powers of feeling and capacity which constitute the faculty called taste, and enable the professor to enjoy the delights of the Belles Lettres. We can not agree in opinion with those who imagine, that nature has been equally favorable to all men, in conferring upon them a fundamental capacity, which may be improved to all the refinement of taste and criticism. Every one's experience convinces us of the contrary. Of two youths education was the same, and those faculties and disposition, that in one case, and cultivated with the same assiduity, one shall not only comprehend, but even anticipate the lessons of his master, by dint of natural discernment, while the other labors in vain to imitate the least tincture of instruction. Such indeed is the distinction between genius and stultitude, which every man has an opportunity of seeing among his friends and acquaintances. Not that we ought too hastily to decide upon the natural capacities of children, before we have maturely considered the peculiarity of disposition, and the bias by which genius may be strangely warped from the common path of education. A youth incapable of retaining one rule of grammar, or of acquiring the least knowledge of the cipher, may nevertheless make great progress in mathematics; he may have a strong genius for the mathematics without being able to comprehend a demonstration of Euclid, because his mind conceives in a peculiar manner, and is unfixed upon centres, playing the subject in one particular point of view, that he cannot perceive it in any other. We have known instances of a boy, who, while his master, by a verse or an anecdote, to comprehend the properties of a right-angled triangle, had actually, in private, by the power of his genius, formed a mathematical system of his own discovery, which he applied his deductions to practical machines of surprising construction. Besides, in the education of youth, we ought to remember, that some capableness may be discovered in poetry and song; they soon blow and then again attain to all that degree of maturity which they are capable of acquiring; while, on the other hand, the utmost ease of soul growth, that is late in budding the bud, and long in ripening. Yet the first shall yield a faint blossom and insipid fruit; whereas the produce of the other shall be distinguished and admired for its well-connected juice and excellent flavour. We have known a boy of five years of age surprise every body by playing on the violin in such a manner as seemed to promise a prodigy in music. He had all the assistance that art could afford; by the age of ten his genius was at the same pace; yet, after that period, notwithstanding the most fervent solicitation, he never gave the least signs of improvement. At six he was admired as a mimic of music; at six-and-twenty he was neglected as an ordinary fellow. The celebrated Demetrius Lewis, a remarkable instance in the other extreme. He was long considered as an incorrigible dunce, and did not obtain his degree at the University but ex speciali gratia: yet when his powers began to be organized by education, he discovered the whole of his superiority of genius. When a youth, therefore, appears dull of apprehension, and is unable to derive any advantage from study and instruction, he must be supposed to exercise his genius in discovering whether the will be absolutely barren, or even with seed repugnant to its nature, or of such a genius as we are to expect repeated cultures and length of time to set its juices in fermentation. These observations, however, relate to capacity in general, which we ought carefully to distinguish from taste. Capacity implies the power of performing a certain work, when the working instinct is received; taste is the power of selecting or rejecting whatever is offered for the entertainment of the imagination. A man may have capacity to acquire some science without being called learning and philosophy; but he must have also sensibility, because he feels those emotions with which taste reveals the most precious beauty. Natural taste is not to be seduced and deceived by vicious precepts and bad example. There is a dangerous threat in false taste, by which the unwary mind and young imagination are often misled. Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing, simplicity in the axioms, and exemplification in the apology than either the classic of the Greeks, or the simplicity of the Latin; for it imply beauty. It is the utmost effort after Demez in Pindar, the concision amiss ostentation of Homer, and the just measure by one word, materia, in the French language. It is, in fact, no other than beautiful nature, without affectation or extravagance of expression, and this is the Venus of Medea; in architecture, this is the Parthenon. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the instances of this natural simplicity that occur in ancient or modern writers. We shall only mention two examples of it, the beauty of which consists in the pathos.

Anagnoscopic the philosopher, and prosopener of Democritus, being told that both his sons were dead, laid his hand upon his heart, and after a short pause, exclaimed himself with a reflection composed in three words, "Non est in ipsis, "I knew they were mortal." The other instance we select from the tragedy of Macbeth. The gallant Macduff, being informed that his wife and children were murdered by the tyrant, turned his hat over his eyes, and his internal agony bursts out into an exclamation of four words, the most expressive perhaps that ever were intimated: "He has no children." He has no children. There is the beauty of simple nature, which is now grown into dispute. By the present mode of education, we are forcibly whirled from the bias of nature, and all our abilities in manners are rejected. We are taught to disguise and distort our sentiments, until the family of thinking is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish, and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation. Our perception is increased, and even our senses are perverted. Our nature is changed into their native face and flavour. The imagination, elevated by artificial fire, produces nothing but rapid flames. The genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, exerts its branches on every side, and bearing delicious fruit, resembles a stunted twig; twisted into some wretched form, projecting no shady displaying no sweet influence, yielding no fruit, and'affording nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

This debauched from nature, how can we revive their genuine productions? As well might a man distinguish objects through a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a man taste in this kind, who is only skilled in the biscuit too cinder. It has been often alleged, that the passions can never be wholly depressed; and
that, by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers; but even these passions are weak, and sometimes are extinguished, by sensuous admiration, and disposition and acquired insensibility.

How often at the theatre the tear of sympathy and the burst of laughter reported by a rival passion is a species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and removing society with the audience! This secular insensibility is not owing to any bad quality.

Nature has stretched the string, though it has long ceased to vibrate. It may have been displaced and distracted by the violence of pride; it may have been soothed through affection, which has united the passions of the imagination discharged; and the judgment, of consequences, unknown. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It will pretend to feed on the last of Lee to the tenderness of Owyang. The soul sinks into a kind of sleepy listlessness, and is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most estimable vanity. It is sustained by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glint and dance before the eye; and, like an insect, is kept awake and inspired by the sound of a single note. It must not only be distempered, but also chaste, hurried, and perplexed, by the arts of deception, business, intrigue, and intrigue: a kind of low juggle, which may turn the legerdemains of genius.

In this state of depravity the mind can not enjoy, not indeed disregard, all the charms of natural and moral beauty and decency. The ingenious blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary sacrifice, of nation, or station, the virtues of beneficence, extended even to the brute creation, may the very common glow of health, and swelling lines of beauty, are discarded, rejected, cursed, or, to a sense of all that might be expected, but also chastened, hurried, and perplexed, by the arts of deception, business, intrigue, and intrigue: a kind of low juggle, which may turn the legerdemains of genius.

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But in the case of this well-thought, the airy juggle, and the amusement of the people were so loudly distinguished. The sense of smelling, that delights in the scent of exotical animals, pieces, such as musk, civet, and violets, and, with the fragrance of new-sown flowers, the sweet-flower, the honey-cuckoo, and the rose. The blossoms, that are fragrant with the taste of soily flesh fed into a paltry, common food, and that give the charms of new-sown flowers, the sweet-flower, the honey-cuckoo, and the rose. The blossoms, that are fragrant with the taste of soily flesh fed into a paltry, common food, and that give the charms of new-sown flowers, the sweet-flower, the honey-cuckoo, and the rose.

Thus we see taste is composed of nature improved by the arts of feeding tendered by instruction.

*His real name was Quintus Fabius.*
beauty, as they may chance to occur in the classics that are used for his instruction. In reading Cornelia Népia, and Philador's Lives, even with a view of interesting him only, he will insensibly imbibe, and learn to compare ideas of greater importance. He will become enamoured of virtue and patriotism, and acquire a detestation for vice and corruption. The pith of the Roman story. The world of Plato, Scalpet, Livy, and Tacitus, will irresistibly engage his attention, expand his conception, cherish his memory, or exercise his judgment, and warm him with a noble spirit of emulation. He will contemplate with love and admiration the disinterested candour of Aristocles, the immensity of The Just, whom the veil of profoundest mystery Themiades enticed from his ungrateful country, by a seduction of Oenone. He will be surprised to learn, that one of his fellow-countrymen, an illiterate person, had the courage to meet him in the street without knowing his person, desired he would write Aristocles on his shield (which was the method those plebeians used to vote against delinquents), when the intemperate patriot wrote his own name without complaint or opposition. He will with equal astonishment applaud the indefatigable integrity of Plautus, who preferred the poverty of innocents to all the pomp of influences, with which Pyrrhus endeavored to seduce him from the arms of his country. He will approve with transport the nobleness of his character, while rejecting the proposal of that prince's physician, who offered to take him off by poison, and sending the fatal bowl to his sovereign, whom he would have so basely and cruelly betrayed.

In reading the ancient authors, even for the purpose of school education, the unformed taste will begin to relish the irrational energy, greatness, and magnanimity of Homer; the serene simplicity, the melody, and pathos of Virgil; the tenderness of Sappho and Theocritus; the dignity and propriety of Terence; the grace, vivacity, unity, and sentiment of Cicero. Nothing will more conduce to the improvement of the scholar in his knowledge of the languages, as well as in taste and morality, than his being obliged to translate choice parts and passages of the most approved classics, both poetry and prose, especially the latter; such as the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, the treatise of Longinus on the Sublime, the Commentaries of Cæsar, the Epistles of Cicero and the younger Pliny, and the two celebrated speeches of the Gallican commanders Biteric and Salibus. By this practice he will gradually become more intimate with the beauties of the writing, and the idioms of the language, from which he will abstract, at the same time, the art of translating, by his own talent of expression, make him a more perfect master of his mother tongue.

Cicero tells us, that in translating two orations, which the most celebrated orators of Greece pronounced against each other, he was not as a servile interpreter, but as an erator, preserving the sentiments, forms, and figures of the original, but adapting the expression to the taste and manners of the Roman oration. "Etiam vero nactus habito reddere, et genus causae vobiscum simile servare; in quo id non ita think it was not necessary to translate Literally word for word, but I preserved the natural and full scope of the whole." Of the same opinion was Horace, who says, in his Art of Poetry,

"Nec verba verbo ratio revera est.

Nec verba verbo ratio revera est.

Therefore, in translating the Homerian poems, we must be ready to meet our即使 extremest expectations; and, as far as lies in our power, we must endeavor to maintain the whole spirit of the original. Nevertheless, in taking the liberty here granted, we must be ready to meet the criticism of those, who may object, that we have not rendered the original language. The object of the translator is not to render the language, but to convey the ideas. We are not confined to the exactness of the original; we are not bound to preserve its form and style; we are not constrained to use the same words and phrases. Our aim is to render the meaning as accurately as possible, without sacrificing the spirit of the original. In this manner the preceptor will soon see the excellency of that taste, which will soon germinate, rise, blossom, and produce perfect fruit by the use of future care and cultivation.

In the same manner may the claim of the young imagination, which is apt to run riot, to enslave the stock of ideas, exercise the reason, and ripen the judgment, the pupil must be engaged in the severer study of sciences. He must learn geometry, which Plato recommends for strengthening the mind, and enabling it to think with precision. He must be made acquainted with geography and chronology, and trace philosophy through all the branches. Without geography and chronology, he will not be able to acquire a distinct idea of history; nor judge of the propriety of many interesting scenes, and a thousand allusions, that present themselves in the works of genius. Nothing opens the mind so much as the researches of philosophy, they instruct us with the conquests of the Caeots, and subject, as it were, all nature to our command. These bestow that liberal turn of thinking, and in a great measure contribute to that universality, in learning, by which a man of taste ought to be eminently distinguished. But history is the inexhaustible source from which he will derive his most useful knowledge respecting the progress of the human mind, the constitution of government, the rise and decline of empires, the revolution of arts, the variety of character, and the vicissitudes of fortune.

The knowledge of history enables the poet not only to paint characters, but also to describe magnificent and interesting scenes of battle and adventure.

But not that the poet or painter ought to be restrained to the letter of historical truth. History represents what has really happened in nature; the other arts exhibit what might have happened, with some degree of probability and fiction. . . .

There are many who suppose that three scenes should be painted ever so naturally, and all the world must allow that the scenes were taken from nature, because the merit of the invention would be greatly diminished by the false choice of the artist. There are nevertheless many scenes of Laurie, which please in the representation of what is not possible, from a certain degree of greatness, we shall endeavour to explain, when we come to consider the ambition.

Were we to judge every production by the rigorous rule of nature, we should not only be degenerates, we should also be miserable degenerates, we should also be miserable degenerates. We should condemn the Hercules of Sophocles, and the Minot of Meousse, because we never knew a hero so strong as the one, or a wretch so odious as the other. But if we consider poetry as an elevation of natural dialogues, as a delightful vehicle for conveying the noblest sentiments of human and patriotic virtues, to regret the sense with which the sound of mergers and sonorities is reeded, with enchanting images, and the heart warmed to rupture and censure, we must allow that poetry is a perfection to which nature would gladly aspire; and that those who deviate from her, provided the characters are marked with propriety and sustained by genuine character, therefore, both in poetry and painting, may be considered as being in a little overcharged and enlivening violence to nature; not, they must be exaggerated in order to be striking and to preserve the idea of imitation. In the true and masterly style, the reader, and spectator derive in many instances their chief delight. If we meet a common acquaintance in the street, we see him without emotion; but should we chance to say his portrait well enough, we may have a great deal more pleasing admiration. In this case the pleasure arises entirely from the imitation. We daily hear mentioned the names of Ireland and Scotland, speaking their own dialects; but should an English listener mistake it, we are apt to burst out into a loud laugh of applause, being surprised and tickled by the imitation alone; though, at the same time, we cannot but allow it to be altogether a pleasing imitation.

We are not more affected by reading Shakespeare's delineation of Dover Cliff, and Otway's picture of the Old Hag, than we should be were we actually placed on the scene of the action, with such a landscape as the other; because in reading those descriptions we refer to our own experience, and partake with surprise the circumstances of the imagination. But if it is so close as to be mistaken...
ing, sculpture, music, eloquence, and architecture.
All these are founded on imitation; and all of them
mutually assist and illustrate each other. But as
painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, can
not be perfectly attained without long practice of
manual operation, we shall distinguish them from
poetry and eloquence, which depend entirely on
the faculties of the mind ; and on these last, as on
the arts which immediately constitute the Belles
Lettres, employ our attention in the present in­
quiry : or if it should run to a greater length than
we propose, it shall be confined to poetry alone ; a
subject that comprehends in its full extent the
province of taste, or what is called polite literature ;
and differs essentially from eloquence, both in its
end and origin.
Poetry sprang from ease, and was consecrated
to pleasure ; whereas eloquence arose from neces­
sity, and aims at conviction. When we say poetry
sprang from ease, perhaps we ought to except that
species of it which owed its rise to inspiration and
enthusiasm, and properly belonged to the culture
of religion. In the first ages of mankind, and even
in the original state of nature, the unlettered mind
must have been struck with sublime conceptions,
with admiration and awe, by those great phenome­
Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
na, which, though every day repeated, can never
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
be viewed without internal emotion. Those
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
would break forth in exclamations expressive of
Desinat in piscem, mulier Formosa superné :
the passion produced, whether surprise or grati­
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici ?
tude, terror or exultation. The rising, the ap­
Suppose a painter to a human head
parent course, the setting, and seeming renova­
Should join a horse’s neck, and wildly spread
tion of the sun ; the revolution of light and dark­
The various plumage of the feather’d kind
ness; the splendour, change, and circuit of the
O’er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join’d;
moon, and the canopy of heaven bespangled with
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid
Above the waist with every charm array’d;
stars, must have produced expressions of wonder
Should a foul fish her lower parts unfold,
and adoration.
“0 glorious luminary! great
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold!
eye of the world! source of that light which guides
The magazine of nature supplies all those images my steps! of that heat which warms me when
which compose the most beautiful imitations. This chilled with cold! of that influence which cheers
the artist examines occasionally, as he would con­ the face of nature! whither dost thou retire every
sult a collection of masterly sketches; and selecting evening with the shades ? whence dost thou spring
particulars for his purpose, mingles the ideas with every morning with renovated lustre, and never
a kind of enthusiasm, or to -S-g/oy, which is that gift fading glory? Art not thou the ruler, the creator,
of Heaven we call genius, and finally produces the god, of all I behold? I adore thee, as thy child,
such a whole as commands admiration and ap­ thy slave, thy suppliant ! I crave thy protection,
and the continuance of thy goodness! Leave me
plause.
not to perish with cold, or to wander solitary in
utter darkness! Return, return, after thy wonted
absence, drive before thee the gloomy clouds that
ESSAY XIV.
would obscure the face of nature. The birds begin
to warble, and every animal is filled with gladness
The study of polite literature is generally sup­ at thy approach : even the trees, the herbs, and the
posed to include all the liberal arts of poetry, paint- flowers, seem to rejoice with fresher beauties, and
send forth a grateful incense to thy power, whence
* Eff"-7rom
xcu # tjjc 'rpayaJ'w womvts, vri ft their origin is derived !” A number of individuals
MOUuil'X MU M
K'll THQ O.VKl'VWlf >1 inspired with the same ideas, would join in these
7rKsto-» K'U
7rct<ra.i a-TO'y^avcuatv cuxai orisons, which would be accompanied with corres­
ponding gesticulations of the body. They would
nc to cruvokov.

for nature, the pleasure then will cease, because
the
or imitation no longer appears.
Aristotle says, that all poetry and music is imi­
tation,* whether epic, tragic, or comic, whether
vocal or instrumental, from the pipe or the lyre.
He observes, that in man there is a propensity to
imitate even from his infancy ; that the first per­
ceptions of the mind are acquired by imitation ; and
seems to think, that the pleasure derived from imi­
tation is the gratification of an appetite implanted
by nature. We should rather think the pleasure
it gives arises from the mind’s contemplating that
excellency of art which thus rivals nature, and
seems to vie with her in creating such a striking
resemblance of her works. Thus the arts may be
justly termed imitative, even in the article of in­
vention : for in forming a character, contriving an
incident, and describing a scene, he must still keep
nature in view, and refer every particular of his
invention to her standard ; otherwise his produc­
tion will be destitute of truth and probability,
without which the beauties of imitation can not
subsist. It will be a monster of incongruity, such
as Horace alludes to, in the beginning of his Epistle
to the Pisos :

be improved by practice, and grow regular from deified, were found to be still actuated by the most
repetition. The sounds and gestures would natu­ brutal passions of human nature; and in all proba­
rally fall into measured cadence. Thus the song bility their votaries were glad to find such exam­
and dance will be produced ; and, a system of ples, to countenance their own vicious inclinations.
worship being formed, the muse would be conse­ Thus fornication, incest,, rape, and even bestiality,
were sanctified by the amours of Jupiter, Pan,
crated to the purposes of religion.
Hence those forms of thanksgivings, and lita­ Mars, Venus and Apollo. Theft was patronized
nies of supplication, with which the religious rites by Mercury; drunkenness by Bacchus ; and cru ­
of all nations, even the most barbarous, are at this elty by Diana. The same heroes and legislators,
day celebrated in every quarter of the known world. those who delivered their country, founded cities,
Indeed this is a circumstance in which all nations established societies, invented useful arts, or con­
surprisingly agree, how much soever they may tributed in any eminent degree to the security and
differ in every other article of laws, customs, man­ happiness of their fellow-creatures were inspired by
ners, and religion. The ancient Egyptians cele­ the same lusts and appetites which domineered
brated the festivals of their god Apis with hymns among the inferior classes of mankind; therefore
and dances. The superstition of the Greeks, part­ every vice incident to human nature was celebrat
ly derived from the Egyptians, abounded with po­ ed in the worship of one or other of these divini­
etical ceremonies, such as choruses and hymns, ties, and every infirmity consecrated by public
sung and danced at their apotheoses, sacrifices, feast and solemn sacrifice.' In these institutions
games, and divinations. The Romans had their the poet bore a principal share.. It was his genius
carmen seculare, and Salian priests, who on cei- that contrived the plan, that executed the form of
tain festivals sung and danced through the streets worship, and recorded in verse the origin and ad­
of Rome. The Israelites were famous for. this kind ventures of their gods and demi-gods. Hence
of exultation : “ And Miriam the prophetess, the the impurities and horrors of certain rites; the
sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all groves of Paphos and Baal Peor; the orgies oi
the women went out after her, with timbrels and Bacchus; the human sacrifices to Moloch and
with dances, and Miriam answered them, Sing ye Diana. Hence the theogony of Hesiod; the
to the Lord,” etc.—“ And David danced before the theology of Homer; and tho^e innumerable max­
Lord with all his might.”—The psalms composed ims scattered through the ancient poets, invit­
by this monarch, the songs of Deborah and Isaiah, ing mankind to gratify their sensual appetites, in
are further confirmations of what we have ad vanced. imitation of the gods, who were certainly the best
From the Phcenicians the Greeks borrowed the judges of happiness. It is well known, that Plato
cursed Orthyan song, when they sacrificed their expelled Homer from his commonwealth on account
children to Diana. The poetry of the bards con­ of the infamous characters by which he has distin­
stituted great part of the religious ceremonies among guished his deities, as well as for some depraved
the Gauls and Britons, and the carousals of the sentiments which he found diffused through the
Goths were religious institutions, celebrated with course of the Iliad and Odyssey. Cicero enters into
songs of triumph. The Mahometan Dervise dances the spirit of Plato, and exclaims, in his first book,
to the sound of the flute, and whirls himself round “De Natura Deorum:”—Nec multa absurdiora
until he grows giddy, and falls into a trance. The sunt ea, qua, poetarumvocibus fusa, ipsa suavitate
Marabous compose hymns in praise of Allah. The nocuerunt: qui, et ira injlammatos, et libidinefuChinese celebrate their grand festivals with pro­ rentes, induxerunt Deos, feceruntque ut eorum
cessions of idols, songs, and instrumental music. bella, pugnas, prcelia, vulnera vidercmus: odia
The Tartars, Samoiedes, Laplanders, Negroes, praterea, dissidia, discordias, ortus, interritus,
even the Caffres called Hottentots, solemnize their querelas, lamenlationes, effusas in omni intemworship (such as it is) with songs and dancing ; perantia libidines, adulteria, vincula, cum huma­
so that we may venture to say, poetry is the uni­ no genere concubitus, morialesque ex immortali
versal vehicle in which all nations have expressed procrcatos. “Nor are those things much more ab­
surd, which, flowing from the poet’s tongue, have
their most sublime conceptions.
Poetry was, in all appearance, previous to any done mischief, even by the sweetness of his expres­
concerted plan of worship, and to every establish­ sion. The poets have introduced gods inflamed
ed system of legislation. When certain individuals, with anger, and enraged with lust; and even pro­
by dint of superior prowess or understanding, had duced before our eyes their wars, their wrangling»,
- acquired the veneration of their fellow-savages, and their duels, and their wounds. They have ex­
erected themselvss into divinities on the ignorance posed, besides, their antipathies, animosities, and
and superstition of mankind ; then mythology took dissensions; their origin and death; their com­
place, and such a swarm of deities arose as pro­ plaints and lamentations; their appetites, indulged
duced a religion replete with the most shocking ab­ to all manner of excess, their adulteries, their fet­
surdities. Those whom their superior talents had ters, their amorous commerce with the human spe-


great improvement was Aristophanes, of whom the same critic says,

Post humum poema pauper hominis
Aristophani, sors antiqua, magnus se est; sed
Eloquium magnumque legum, etiam cotidie.

Then Aristophanes a decent vein used;
But the meaner sort, from the comic, in
language some emblems were many moods,
And in the general bounds read the songs.

The dialogue which Thespis introduced was
called the *drama*, because it was an addition to
the former subject, namely, the praising of Bacchus;
so that now tragedy consisted of two distinct parts, independent of each other, the oil re-
ferred to the bust, the drapery to the rest of the
the gods; and the *epidrome*, which turned upon
the adventures of some hero. This episode being
found very agreeable to the people, Aristophanes, who
lived about half a century after Thespis, still im-
proved the drama, united the choruses to the episode,
so as to make both parts or members of one
whole; multiplied the actors, contrived the stage,
and introduced the descriptions of the theatre; so that
Sophocles, who succeeded Aristophanes, had but one
step to surmount in order to bring the drama to
perfection. Thus tragedy was not gradually detached
from its original institution, which was entirely
religious. The priests of Bacchus loudly com-
plained of this innovation by means of the episodes,
which took the intention of the chorus away;
and hence arose the proverbs of *Ad № Di Pimpier;
"Nothing to the purpose." Platonic himself
mentions the episode as a perversion of tragedy
from the purpose of the gods in the pantomime of
Dionysus, assuming the application of comedy when it
was transferred into cities, and represented with a
little more decorum in a cart or wagon that stood
waiting at the public place, or was carried in
by some men in a cart; and so a new
poem, deriving from *Aesop* a street, and
*also* a street. To this origin Homer alludes in these lines:

Dicit et pulsat ventre poeta Thespis,
Quem tunc ait, si deorum defuncta solebat,
Thespis, inventor dea musici,
Preceded his recitation thus:
"Highly, indeed, the ecstatic art ap- proach,
And glad and strong, with lion's heart and
forcible voice,"

Thespis is called the inventor of the *drama*,
because he raised the subject of imitation
in another art, and that to the character and
exempla of some hero; he improved the language and versification,
and relieved the chorus by the dialogue of two
characters. He improved Archer, extending the little
contrivance more to the height of his name, and
so introduced the follies and feasts of each
other on public occasions of worship and festivity.

The first regular plan of comedy is said to have
been established by *Menander* of Dionysus,
who, on his own account, and in contradiction to
the tragic muse; for in the beginning they were
the same. The foundation upon which comedy was
built, we have already explained to be the practice
of the *Muses* in imitation, in which individual
characters, the follies and feasts of each
other in public occasions of worship and festivity.

The first regular plan of comedy is said to have
been established by *Menander* of Dionysus,
who, on his own account, and in contradiction to
the tragic muse; for in the beginning they were
the same. The foundation upon which comedy was

Cheese, and from innocent parents derived a mortal
offending."

The chief divinities of the gods necessarily produced
good cheer, which often carried to rout and
debauchery, mischief of consequence prevailed; and
this was always attended with insobriety. Thespis
and his labours, and every mere effort to improve
was necessary; and individuals would contend for
the victory in wit and genius. These contests
would in time be reduced to some regulations,
for the entertainment of the people thus assembled,
and some prize would be decreed to him who was
judged to exceed his rivals. The candidates for
drama and poet, being thus stimulated, would
their art, and labours, and every mere effort to improve
was necessary; and individuals would contend for
the victory in wit and genius. These contests
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drama and poet, being thus stimulated, would
their art, and labours, and every mere effort to improve
was necessary; and individuals would contend for
the victory in wit and genius. These contests
would in time be reduced to some regulations,
for the entertainment of the people thus assembled,
towards constipation, genius, and disposition. Athens was a free state like England, that portion of the world in which the influences of the democracy, like England, its wealth and strength depended upon its maritime power: and it generally acted as an imp.

The people of Athens, like those of England, were remarkably ingenious, and made great progress in the arts and sciences. They excelled in poetry, history, philosophy, mechanics, and manufactures; they were daring, discriminating, fickle, wavering, rash, and combustible, and, above all other nations in Europe, addicted to idleness; a character which the English inherit in a very remarkable degree.

If we may judge from the writings of Aristotle, his chief aim was to gratify the spleen and circulate the blood of his audience; of an audience, too, that would seem to have been infatuated by taste, and altogether ignorant of decorum; for his pages are replete with the most extravagant absurdities, virulent invective, impurity, and low buffoonery. The comic note, not intended with being allowed to make free with the gods and philosophers, applied her savagery so severely to the rubbish, that it is represented, and, with that it was thought proper to restrain her within bounds by a law, enacting that no person should be branded as an author, his work, instead of being burned and destroyed, was given to the public; in order to abate the penalty of this law, and gratify the taste of the people, the poets began to substitute fictitious names, under which they exhibited particular characters in such lively and entertaining manners, that the resemblance could not possibly be mistaken or overlooked. This practice gave rise to what is called the middle comedy, which was but of short duration; for the legislature, perceiving that the first law had not the effect it was intended, on the contrary, it was determined to make it more notorious by means of which it was provided, issued a second ordinance, forbidding, under severe penalties, any real or fancy characters or persons to be represented, under the title of comic poets; and the immediate causes of improving comedy into a general mirror, held forth to the varieties of folly and foolishness incident to human nature; a species of writing called the new comedy, introduced by Phileus and Momander, of whose works nothing but a few fragments remain.

ESSAY XV.

Having communed our sentiments touching the origin of poetry, by tracing tragedy and comedy to their common source, we shall now endeavour to illustrate it in the different species by which it has been embellished from every other species of writing. It is common with other arts, such as statuary and painting; it comprehends invention, invention, composi-

—Abraham's one peculium
Non humanum, sed divinitatis opus.

But God, and man, and nature's pure delight,
Are equally the objects of the poet's praise.

Thus is that beautiful ode, beginning with Jur.

The eyes that beams upon the euro and the sun
Are equally the objects of the poet's praise.

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Thus is that beautiful ode, beginning with Jur.
This indeed is a figure, which has been copied by Virgil, and almost all the poets of every age—

paragraphs

sentiment

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ESSAY XVI.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

Of all the implements of poetry, the metaphor is the most generally and successfully used, and indeed may be termed the Muse's endowment, by the power of which she enchants all nature. The metaphor is a word, simile, or rather a kind of
"misperception," by which the same idea is expressed in the most different appearances. Thus the word
"recklessness" which originally belongs to animals, is
"recklessly" used in the meaning of a leap at an object, and the effects of all ages upon the human conscience—

"Thoughts are the bosom of the dead—

And that thought pleased his venerable form.

Almost every word, noun substituting, or term of art in any language, may be in this manner applied to a variety of subjects with admirable effect; but the art is in using metaphor too thick so as to discount the imagination of the reader, and incite the imputation of derision, nature, it is certain, to attempt nothing of this kind. Every day provides poems of all kinds, so indulged with metaphor, that they may be compared to the muddy bubbles blown up from a solution of soap. Longinus is of opinion, that a multitude of metaphors is never excusable, except in those cases where the passions are nursed, and, like a winter torrent rush down impetu-
sous, covering them with collective force along. He gives an instance of the following quotation from Horace, which "Moroe" says he, "profus-
ly misapplied, and trifles, who, having se-
"mily upon the boughs of their country, at
"ought betrayed her liberty, first to Philip, and
"now to Alexander, who placing the chief digni-
"ty of life in the indulgence of hourly lusts and
"opinions, overturned in the dust that freedom and
"independence which was the chief aim and end of
"all earthly ancestors."* Aristarchus and Theophrastus seem to think it is
"rather too bold and hazardous to use metaphors so freely, without interspersing some qualifying phrase such as "It may be allowed the expression," or some equivalent excuse. At the same time Longi-
inus finds fault with Plato for hazarding some metaphors, which indeed appear to be equally af-
"fected and extravagant, when he says, "The gov-
"ernment of a state should not resemble a heap of
"hot burning wine, but a cool and moderate be

* ἡ ἀρχὴ ἐν ἀγριοτητική διδασκαλία, οὐ σαφείς ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδή ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδή ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδή ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδή ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδή ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδή ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδη ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδή ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδη ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδη ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδὴ ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδη ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδη ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδη ἄλλη μεταφορά, ἐπειδη ἄλλη μεταφο-
ing, and indeed the only meaning that can be
inferred from these words.

Whether his reason in the mind, to suffer
Theings and try some dangerous fortune;
Or to bear arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them.

He now drops this idea, and revives to his
reasoning on death in the conception which he owns
himself deserted from suicide by the thoughts of what
may follow death;

—The dread of something after death,—
The unfixed and unshaken rest from whose
No mov’d remains.

This might be a good argument in a Hamlet
or Falstaff, and such indeed Hamlet really was; but
Shakespeare has already represented him as a good
Catholic, who must have been acquainted with the
truths of revealed religion, and says expressly in
this very play;

—How rare the sounding steel
Hisazon gaudenci utterance.

Moreover, he had just been conversing with his
father’s spirit piping his from purgatory, which
we presume is not within the bounds of this
world. The sound of man may happen after death, says
he,

Make us rather bear these ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

This declaration at least implies some knowledge
of the other world, and expressly asserts, that there
must be ills in that world, though what kind of ills
they are, we do not know. The argument, therefore,
may be reduced to this lemma: this world abounds with ills which I feel the other world
abounds with ills; the nature of which I do not
know; therefore, I will rather bear these ills I have,
"than fly to others which I know not of." Here
the conclusion is no more warranted by the
premise. "I am more afflicted in this life;" but
I will rather bear the afflictions of this life, than
myself plebeian the afflictions of another life; ergo, conscience makes cowards of us all.
But this conclusion would justly perish the
egotists in saying and negating consequences; for it is entirely
detracted both from the minor and major propor
tion.

This soliloquy is not less exceplorable in the
propriety of expression, than in the chain of argu
tion. "To die—to sleep—no more," contains
an ambiguity, which the art of punctuation
cannot remove: for it may signify that "to
die, is to sleep no more;" or the expression "no
more," may be considered as an about asperity in
thinking, as if he meant to say "no more of that
reflection."

"Ay, there’s the rub," is a vulgarism beneath
the dignity of Hamlet’s character, and the words
that follow have the same imperfection.

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

Not the dreams that might come, but the fear of
what dreams might come, occasioned the pause or
hesitation. Respect in the same line may be allowed
to pass for consideration; but

The speaker’s wrong, the proud man’s correct.

According to the invariable acceptance of the
wording and context, can signify nothing but the
extreme sustained by the oppressor, and the
compliance of some thrown upon the proud man;
thought it is plain that Shakespeare used them in
different sense: neither is the word spurs a subst
stantive, yet as such he has inserted it here.

The honesty of others, and the opus,
shall we find them jumbled together in a strange
confusion.

If the metaphors were reduced to painting, we
should find a deeper hidden task, if not altogether
impracticable, to represent with any propriety out
rageous fortune using her slings and arrows, be
 tween which indeed there is not sort of analogy in
nature. Neither can any figure be more ridiculous
absurd than that of man taking arms against a
sea, exclusive of the inconceivable number of slings,
and arrows, and seem juxta within the compass of
one reflection. What follows is a strange clazyly
of broken images of sleeping, dreaming, and shifting
off a coil, which last conveys no idea that can
be represented on a canvas. A man may be ex
hibited shifting off his garments or his chains:
but he should shuffle off of all, which is oth
term for noise and tumult, we cannot com
prehend. There we have "dubious and
spoken words and with white scars;" and
patient merit spared at an unworthiness" and
illarity with a base calling going to make his own
passions, which in the next line is but a mean metaphor
what else? These are followed by figures of "sweating under
feathers of turkerns," "puzzled with doubts," "shak
with fears," and "flying from evils." Finally, we see
resolution shed under with pale thought:
this a conception like that of representing health by
sickness; and a "current of path turned away so
to lose the name of action," which is both an
error of sense, and a solecism in sense. In a
word, this soliloquy may be compared to the
Aegi pannus, and the Tubus, cycus some fum
gener species.

But while we can sense the chaos of broken,
incongruous metaphors, we might also to caution the
young poet against the opposite extreme of pursu
ing a metaphor, until the spirit is quite exhausted in
a succession of cold conceits; such as we see in
the following letter, sent to be sent by Tamerlane
to the Turkish emperor Rejester. "Where is the
monarch that dare oppose our arm? Where is
the potentate who doth not glory in being number
among our vassals? As for them, descended from a
Turcoman master, since the vessel of the
unembarked thing hath been wrecked in the
gulf of thy self love, it would be proper that thou
shuddest fur the sues of thy temerity, and cast

the anchor of repentance in the port of sincer
ity and justice, which is the harborage of safety; lest the
ignis of our vengeance make thee perish in the
sea of that punishment thou hast deserved.

But if those laboured conceits are ridiculous in
poetry, they are still more in increase in prose
such as we find them frequently occur in Strada’s
Bellum Belgicum. Cesare descendent à protéter
Cesar; ob dira fida coarlos in parte per
poeas: cunabulis honesti perennitum honorabili
magnum nescemus, emplius Cesarum Caroli
fugatim fortunae. "Cesar had scarcely set his feet
on shore, when a terrible tempest arising, shatter
ed the first even in the barrows, and sent to the
bottom the proteranian ship, as if he resolved it
should no longer carry Caesar and his fortunes."

Yet this is modest in comparison of the follo
wing flower: Alii a quie ferae bratae deline
scarpatae, dimidiat corpora quapugnant et
suparinis, ac percutiunt porti ulterius. "Others
discovered and eat in twain by chain-shot, fought
with one-half of their bodies that remained, in re
venge of the other half that was slain."

Homer, Horace, and even the chaste Virgil
is not free from conceits. The latter, speaking of a
man’s death, says;

To desine seco, Latins, disem quae
Sequelles teannatae salut, fortunam remittere
enduring the unspotted hand with sense and
volition. This, to be sure, is a visible figure, and
had been justly condemned by some accurate cri
tics; but we think they are too severe in extending
the objection to some other passages in the
most admired authors.

Virgil, in his sixth Eclogues, says;

Osca quia, Phazo nocool medios, locaus,
Ambit pulvinus, junctus silvestre lusus,

Whereas, when Phoebus kiss’d the Arcadian plain
Elean rooted and taught his boys the arts.
The senate rose.

And Pope has copied the conceit in his Pastorals.

Thou hast numbered him as he stood along,
And bade his whisper mean the morning song.

With these begins his first Eclogues.

Delici, qui nunc, et luminosa versu remans,
Becgrum magnum tumescentem emans
Krcien perniciis qui nesciamus, quam

Say, byword now, that youthful eyes behol
Debte, ye daughters of the sunk
And in the world of night

Racine adopts the same bold figure in his Phed

Le fest qui Vespasian concer exprompt

The wave that bore him, backwashed shrunk opu

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Some say that Milton has indulged himself in the same line of expression:

As when in those who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past;
Cruising at it seven weeks within an hour.

Swell, swell, swell, on the sally shore:
When pleased they slack their course, and many a beacon,
Closed with the gainful wind, old ocean signifies.

Shakespeare says:

I've seen
This glare of ocean swell, and rags, and foam,
To exhibit the dazzling clouds.

And indeed more correct writers, both ancient and modern, abound with the same kind of figure, which is resonant to propriety, and even invested with beauty, by the efficacy of the personages which personifies the object. Thus, when Virgil says Ennius bade the sons of Apollo, he raises up, as by enchantment, the isle of a river god adorned with veldges, his head raised above the stream, and in his countenance the expressions of pleased attention. By the same magic we see, in the compleat quoted from Pope's Fables, old father Thomas having upon his arm, and listening to the poet's strain.

Thus in the regions of poetry, all nature, even the fanciful and effusions of the mind, may be personified into picturesque figures for the entertainment of the reader. Ocean smiles or frowns, as the sea is calm or tempestuous; a Titan roars, or slumbers, as he reclines upon his couch in Nymph, every stream its Naiad; every tree its Hamadryad; and every art its Genius. We can therefore assure those who conceive Thomson as licences for using the following figure:

O vale of Erte! O lovely swelling hill!
O which the power of exaltation has,
And joy to see the verdant tree, it fills!

We can conceive a more beautiful image than that of the genius of agriculture distinguished by the improvements of his art, invested with labour, glowing with health, crowned with a garland of foliage, flowers, and fruit, lying stretched at his ease on the brow of a gentle swelling hill, and extending to the happy pleasure the effect of his own industry.

Neither can we join issue against Shakespeare for this comparison, which hath likewise exercised the fancy of the critic.

The noble state of Populous,
The moon of Hyperion on the title,
That's caused by the first from forest now,
And isangs to Darius' neat.

This is no more than illustrating a quality of the mind, by comparing it with a sensible object.

If there is no impropriety in saying such a man is true as a sound, firm as a rock, indissoluble as an oak, unstained as the sea; or in describing a disposition held also the most beautiful by the wind—well, it may be, and all the expressions are justified by constant practice—we shall hazard an assertion, that the companion of a chast woman to translate is proper and picturesque, as it obtains only in the circumstances of cold and purity: but that the addition of its being cursed from the present, and hanging on the temple of Diana, the patrician of virginity, heightens the whole a very respectable and salutary idea of the character in question.

The whole is no more than an extended metaphor, introduced to illustrate and beautify the subject; it ought to be apt, strikingly performed, and adorned with all the graces of poetical melody. But a simile of this kind, which never to proceed from the mouth of a person under any great agitation of spirit; such as a tragic character overwhelmed with grief, distracted by contending cares, or agonizing in the verge of death. The language of passion will not admit simile; which is always the result of study and deliberation. We will not allow a hero the privilege of a dying swan, which is said to exalt the spirit, and effecting a change in the most melodious strain; and therefore nothing can be more maliciously unnatural, than the representations of a dying stage upon the stage with a heroised simile in his mouth.

The orientals, whose language was extremely figurative, have been very careless in the choice of their similes; provided the resemblance obtained in one circumstance, they did not whether they disagreed with the subject in every respect. Many instances of this defect in concreteness may be called from the most sublime parts of Persia.

Homer has been blamed for the bad choices of his similes on some particular occasions. He compares Ajax to an ox in the blind, and Ulysses to a sinking being on the rock in the Odyssey. His admirers have endeavoured to excuse him, by reminding us of the simplicity of the age in which he wrote; but they have not been able to prove that any ideas of dignity or importance were, even in those days, affixed to the character of an ox, or the quality of a beef-eating; therefore, they were very improper illustrations for any situation, in which a hero ought to be represented.

Virgil has degraded the wife of king Latinus, by comparing her, when she was accosted by the Fury, to a top which the boys lash for diversion. This degrades a low image, though in other respects the comparison is not destitute of propriety; but he much more justly counsels the following simile, which has no sort of reference to the subject. Speaking of Turnus he says,

Medius agitans agrum
Verborumque timor, et numinum spectat armum.

One simile may be juggled thus:

Onus imperitus, non pugnae horridus nitidus,
Cunctum simulque, et demum invidia.

But Turnus, chief among the warrior heroes,
If thou wouldst speak the color of the plains,
The rivers than by means rich streams supplied,
A mighty race descends in alien pride:
Thus Niobe from her inward secrets
Flows from the sides of lower great streams issuing.

These no doubt are majestic images; but they bear no sort of resemblance to a hero glorifying in an hour at the head of his forces. It has been occasionally by some absurd critics for this comparison, which, however, we think is more defensible than the former. Addressing himself to Municeps Flaccus, he says:

Allesut chimnoe, subele minde cote
Per seco sequitur dum ad susa numere,
Plebeius, virgo, bove.

But as a writer from some not so high
Over the main current the boundless eye;
Through such a space of air with thundering sound
At every leap in animal recount bound.

The celerity of this goddess seems to be a favourite idea with the poet; for in another place he proves it to the thinking mind by revolving in his mind the different places he had seen, and passing through them in imagination more swift than the lightning flashes, or the mountain wind.

Homer's best similes have been copied by Virgil, and almost every succeeding poet, however they may have varied in the manner of expression. In the third book of the Iliad, Menelaus seeing Paris, is compared to a hungry lion snuffing a hand or a goat:

Wine, wine, thou god deceived; as an infant
Enjoy a nurse's frolic, or a sheep, or cow.

So they say the god, if a branching deer
Or mountain gazelle bullocks立即 appear;
In vain the youthful spring, the modest boy,
The lovely morning would the feeding prey.
Those fond of verses with a hunting sound
In changing strains he was upon the ground.

The Mantuan bard, in the tenth book of the Iliad, applies the same simile to Menacinus, when he beholds Aeneas in the battle.

Infers that match his eye some seraphic
Gazer, and other fiery forms prefixed.
In vain the yon'st appeal, the royall eye,
With the two bright orbs, the musketeers, round;
The lovely morning would the feeding prey.
Those fond of verses with a hunting sound
In changing strains he was upon the ground.

The Mantuan bard, in the tenth book of the Iliad, applies the same simile to Menacinus, when he beholds Aeneas in the battle.
The reader will perceive that Virgil has improved the simile in one particular, and in another fallen short of his original. The description of the lion shewing his mane, opening his hideous jaws distended with the blood of his prey, is great and picturesque; but on the other hand, he has omitted, contrary to Homer, the expression of its movement, without being beleaguered, or restrained by the dogs and youths that surround him; a circumstance that adds greatly to our idea of his strength, intrepidity, and importance.

ESSAY XVII.

Or all the figures in poetry, that called the hyperbole, is managed with the greatest difficulty. The hyperbole is an exaggeration with which the muse is indulged for the better illustration of her subject, when she is warmed into enthusiasm. Quintilian calls it an ornament of the boisterous kind. Denotis Phaedrus is still more severe. Says he, the hyperbole is of all forms of speech the most figural; is always a representation of the, and is not intended to express anything specifically; they are designed to strike the reader's imagination; but they generally serve as marks of the author's sinking under his own ideas, who, apprehensive of injuring the greatness of his own conception, is hurried into excess and exaggeration.

Quintilian allows the use of hyperbole, when words are wanting to express anything in its just strength or due energy; then, he says, it is better to exceed in expression than fall short of the conception; but he likewise observes, that there is no desire for hyperbole in the art of Erichthonius running over the standing corn without breaking off the heads, because the whole is considered as whole, and the north wind as presented as their siren, but the imagination is a little straitened, when Virgil, in imitation of this hyperbole, exhibits Camilla as flying over it with less even touching the tops:

The red harvest reigns per manum autem vestris.

Quintilian.

The elegant author, we are afraid, has often, on some other occasions degenerated into the figid, in striving to improve upon his great master. Homer in the Odyssey, a work which Longinus does not approve to change with bearing the marks of old age, describes a storm in which all the winds were concerned together.

"In aëris Boreas cum Sagittariorum ferumae vento latus,

Astra Veneris ad mediumque finem duxit animas.

We shall not that a contention of contrary blues could not possibly exist in nature; for even in hurricanes the winds blow alternately from different points of the compass. Nevertheless Virgil adopts the description, and adds to its exaggeration:

"Interim frons hostium, et formosae sinuos

Mare pugnaest Serpentum c results, concurrens pretioris

Here the winds not only blow together, but they turn the whole body of the ocean top-saety:

East, west, north, and south, engage with furious storm.

And from its lowest look up through the roaring deeps.

The north wind, however, is still more mischievous:

Suis auro orbe victa, vices innumera

Vulnus adversis, insaniae at olim bella

The northern Boreas swells with hideous cry, and while the rattling flies to the air.

Sagittariorum ferumae

The motion of the sea between Scylla and Charybdis is still more magnified; and Estia is exhibited as throwing out volumes of flame, which brushes the storm. Such exaggerations as these are not intended to express anything specifically; they are designed to strike the reader's imagination; but they generally serve as marks of the author's sinking under his own ideas, who, apprehensive of injuring the greatness of his own conception, is hurried into excess and exaggeration.

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If the chaste Virgil has thus trespassed upon poetical probability, what can we expect from bawdy but hyperbolical even more ridiculously extravagant? He represents the winds in contest, the sea in suspense, doubt to which it shall give way. He affirms, that this motion would have been so violent as to produce a second deluge, had not Jupiter kept it under by the clouds; and as to the ship during this dreadful uproar, the sails touch the clouds, while the keel strikes the ground.

"Spes est, inipi astra, in belli metus.

Till men in extremis egen, procul, et Acidam Bibliotheca ad unionem lineacnunc.

Of the other, Arcades gyroes summoramus, at adem humilis

This image of dashing water at the stars, Sir Richard Blackmore has produced in his colossus tragi-comedy of Dido, among many other parts, when the hero is speaking of boiling whales in his violent passion:

Prince Arthur, he remarks the following comparison:

"Like some prodigious wave-enraged steeds

To play on heaven, if the storm burnet invade.

The great fault in all these instances is a deviation from propriety, arising to the erroneous judgment of the writer, who, endeavoring to carry the admiration with novelty, very often cheats the understanding with extravagances. Of this nature is the whole description of the Cyclops, both in the Odyssey of Homer, and in the Enfeled of Virgil. It must be owned, however, that the Latin poet, with all his merit, is more apt than his great original to dazzle us with false fire, and practice upon the imagination with gay conceits, that will not bear the critic's examination. There is not in any of Homer's works now submitted such an example of the false sublime, as Virgil's description of the thunderbolts glaring under the hammer of the Cyclops.

The hideous and tall, the rude envoys

Adveniant nullius satis stilo Amor.

Three rays of written rain, on three more

Of winged northern winds, and deathly storms.

As many Age, as doth continuo fames

Dryden.

This is a altogether a fantastic piece of affection, of which we cannot form any sensible image; and serves to chill the fancy, rather than warm the admiration of a judicious reader.

Every hyperbole is a word that grows in great plenty through the works of our admired Shakespeare. In the following description, which hath been much celebrated, one sees he has an eye:

To its thunderbolts.

Of the sea which with both hands with you,

She with fairest modesty, and the coarse

Is shape no longer than imagination.

On the frame of an altogether

Dressed with a tower of little stoves.

Widow of Bedal, in the arts of heaven;

The veil, of the god of the west.

What is it, the manner poesy which:

The colossus of the merchant's worthy bawm, etc.

Even in describing fantastic beings there is a propriety to be observed; but surely nothing can be more novel than to commonly, thus; than this manner of the excesse-bolts among the other impro
sions of queen Malvah's banner, which, though exceedingly dense and diminutive, are nevertheless objects of the touch, and may be conceived equal

ESSAY XVIII.

Venetian and Venetian, such exaggerations suit the impetuous warmth of the one; and in the other have a good effect in exposing folly, and exciting horror or love.

The ode and satyr adalst of the boldest hy-

perbolæ, such exaggerations suit the impetuous warmth of the one; and in the other have a good effect in exposing folly, and exciting horror or love.
modern poetry has no feet, is a ridiculous absurdity. The fact that principally enter into the construction of verse, either by the late Mr. Collins, much more beautiful, and Mr. Wraxton, with some others, has happily succeeded in divers occasional pieces, that are free of this restraint: but the number in all of these depends upon the syllables, and not upon the feet.

It is generally supposed that the general principles of the English language will not admit of Greek or Latin measure; but this, we apprehend, is a mistake. How many combinations are impossible that the same measure, composed of the same syllables, should have a good effect upon the ear in modern Latin, and a bad effect in another. The truth is, we believe it is from our vanity to the numbers of English poetry, and the very sound and signification of the words dispose the ancients for the primitive accent; so that its disappearance must be attended with a displeasing sensation. In imitating the first methods of education we acquire, as it were, another ear for the numbers of Greek and Latin poetry, and this being reserved entirely for the sounds and significations of the words, these dead syllables, will not easily accommodate itself to the sounds of our vernacular tongue, though conveyed in the same time and measure. In a word, Latin and Greek have accustomed to them the ideas of the ancient measure, from which they are not easily disjoined. But we wish to add, that we find it difficult to be astonished by an effort of attention and a little patience; and in that case we should in time be most pleased with English as

Sir Philip Sidney is said to have miscarried in his essays; but his miscarriage was no more than that of falling in an attempt to introduce a new fashion. The failure was not owing to any defect or imperfection in the scheme, but to the want of taste, the translation and ignorance of the public. Without doubt the ancient measure, so different from that of modern poetry, must have appeared remarkably unpoetical to the common, who were ignorant of the chuses; and nothing but the perseverance and patience of the learned could reconcile them to the alteration. We have seen several late specimens of English hexameters and sapphics, so happily compos'd, that by attaching them to the ideas of ancient measure, we found them in all respects as admirable and agreeable to the ear as the works of Virgil and Aristotle.

Though the number of syllables distinguishes the nature of the English verse from that of the Greek and Latin, it constitutes neither harmony, or concordance, or even grace, but by inimitably affecting the thought of the words, the sense of the accent, the pause, and the cadence. The second, or tone, is understood to be an elevation or sinking of the voice in a particular person, the pause being divided into two parts, each of them called a hemistich. The pause and accent in English poetry vary occasionally, according to the meaning of the words, so that the hemistich does not always consist of an equal number of syllables, and this variety is approved, as it prevents a dull repetition of regular steps, like those in the French versification, every line of which is divided by a pause exactly in the middle, and in which the prosecutor understands that punctual style which animates every line, that propriety which gives strength and expression, and resembles the sound of the smoothest, flowing, and harmonious utterance, which marks the passion, and in many cases makes the sound an echo to the sense. The Greek and Latin languages, in being so remote and ductile, are exempt from the diversity of cadences, which the living languages will not admit of; and of these a reader of any ear will judge for himself.

ESSAY XIX.

A school in the polite arts properly signifies that science, which is born of some eminently masterly, either by hearing the tongue, or by studying his works, and consequently imitates his manner either through design or from habit. Musicians seem agreed in making only three principal schools in number; namely, that of the ancients, of Ferguson in Italy, of Lully in France, and of Handel in England.

It is accounted as making Ramus the founder of a new school, distinct from those of the ancients, and as the inventor of beauties peculiar to himself. Without all doubt, Pergolesi's music deserves the first rank; though excelling rather in variety of movements, not of unexpected flights, yet he is universally allowed to be the musical Raphael of Italy. This great master's principal merit consisted in knowing how to excite our passions by sounds, which, being perfectly opposite to the passion they would express: by slow solemn sounds he is sometimes known to throw us into all the rage of battle; and even by faster movements he excites melancholy in every heart that sounds are capable of affecting. This is a talent which seems born with the artist. We are unable to tell why such sounds affect us; they seem no way imitative of the passion they would express, but operate upon us by an inexplicable sympathy: the arts of making us feel is as incoherent as the criteria of life itself. To this excellence he adds another, in which he is superior to every other artist of the profession, the happy transition from one passion to another. No dramatic poet better knew to prepare his incidents than he; the audience is pleased in those intervals of passion with the delicate, the simple harmony, if I may so express it, in which the parts are all thrown into

figures, or often are barely union. His melodies nowhere, where a passion is expressed, give equal pleasure from the delicate simplicity and I need only instance the happy conclusion of which begins La serva padrona, as one of the finest instances of excellence in the flute.

The Italian artists in general have followed their master, Yet some few have endeavored to reconcile the delicacy of the original. Their style in music seems somewhat to resemble that of Seneca in writing, where there are some beautiful stanzas of thought; but the whole is filled with studied elegance and unpretending affectation.

Lully in France first attempted the improvement of their music, which in general resembles our old solemn church harmony. The modern sprightliness of nation is remarked for having the slowest music; and those whose character it is to be melancholy, are pleased with the most brisk and airy movements. Thus in France, Poland, Ireland, and Switzerland, the national music is slow, melancholy, and solemn; in Italy, England, Spain, and Germany, it is faster, proportionately as the people are given over to martial manners; in which he found, he was a bad one of his own. His drayage pieces are played still to the most elevated and tender, both by precept and example, yet what improvements French music may still affect of has, at least in the manner, his music seems to have been entertained by his countrymen. It is meet, therefore, that the ornament of the arts should be admired, and as we are unable to say why such sounds affect us; the art is itself, it is still prevalent in their best performances.

The English school was first planned by Purcell: he attempted to unite the Italian manner; that reigned in his time, with the ancient Celtic canto and the Scotch harp, which probably had also its origin in Italy; for some of the best Scotch balas, "The Harmonious Blacksmith," are still ascribed to David Rizzio. But he that as he, his manner was something peculiar to the English; and he might have continued as long as the English school, had not his merits been early eclipsed by Handel. Handel, though originally a German, yet adopted the English manner; he had long labored to please by Italian composition, but without success; and though his English operas are executed with great perfection, his performances are not yet capable of being sung, though executed by few performers; he requires the full
composed, excepted, he but never understood harmony so well as he did in melody he has been exceeded by several.

The following Offices to the preceding Essay having been addressed to Dr. Sloket (as Editor of the British Magazine, in which it first appeared), that gentleman, with equal candour and politeness, communicated the MS. to Dr. Goldsmith, who returned his answer to the objector in the notes annexed.— END.

Pursue me to object against some things advanced in the paper on the Subject of The Rights of the European Muse. The author of this article seems too busy in defending the harmonious Purcell from the head of the English school, to erect in his room a foreigner (Handel), who has not a notion of any harmony. The gentleman, when he comes to consider his thoughts upon the different schools of painting, may as well place Rubens at the head of the English painters, because he left some monuments of his art in England.

...Handel was, however, a genius; but by a long residence in England, he might have been looked upon as an accomplished artist in the country. He is told by many that his genius had been cultivated in that country, and that he had been placed in the Levant. Those who had seen several other composers, were of opinion that his genius was cultivated, and that he was prepared to show his talents in those countries, which being in some measure destitute of an institution and culture, might prove his ability in the liberal arts. Handel was, indeed, a genius.

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...to the subject with the least degree of attention.

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ESSAYS XX.

There can be perhaps no greater entertainment than to compare the rule of the Caledonian school with the modern refinements. Books, however, seem little published of furnishing the parallel; and to be acquainted with the modern schools would be impossible for any one to be

...his genius was cultivated, and that he was prepared to show his talents in those countries, which being in some measure destitute of an institution and culture, might prove his ability in the liberal arts. Handel was, indeed, a genius.
standing round him, occupied at the demand, en-

dowered to persuade him to this contrary; but he 

replied: ‘I am aware the star was brought to him 

he had, and the water to drink, but could not; wherefore, 

giving away the bow, he observed with a smile, that 

would be hard if two such friends as he and the 

ship could part at least without hinting; and this had 

expected.

ESSAY XXI.

All men who form any illusions of distant 

happiness, perhaps a poet is the most sagacious. 

Surely a genius of that description, that sh ve 

fears sufficient power to equal actual enjoyment, 

and feels more in expectation than actual fruition. I have often 

regarded a character of this kind with some degree of 

every. A man possessed of such warm imagi-

nation commands all nature, and arrogates posses-

sions of which the owner has a blunter relish. 

While life continues, the altering prospect fees be-

fore him, he travels in the path with confidence, 

and resigns it only with his last breath.

It is this happy confidence which gives life its 

true relish, and keeps up our spirits amidst every 

cross and disaster. He felt it, and perhaps it was 

more than would be done, if a man knew how little he can 

dow. Wretched a creature would he be, if he 

saw the end as well as the beginning of his pro-

jects. The innkeeper might justly be set down in 

torpid disparity, and exchange employment for 

actual contumacy.

I was led into this train of thinking upon home 

visiting the beautiful garden of the late Mr. 

Sheenstone, who was himself a poet, and possessed 

of that warm imagination, which made him ever 

foremost in the pursuit of dying happiness. Could he 

but have foreseen the end of all the schemes, for 

which he was improving, and what changes his 
destiny was to undergo, he would have 

wished to impress his innocent life with what 

for several years employed him in a most harmless 

manner, and shrivelled his scanty fortune. At the 

progress of this improvement is a true picture of 

subordinate visibleness. I could not help calling up 

my imagination, which, while I walked pensively 

along, suggested the following reverie.

As I was turning my lace upon a beautiful 

stream of water endowed with cascades and rock-

work, and entering a dark walk by which ran a 

prating brook, the Genius of the place appeared 

before me, but more resembling the God of Time, 

than having more part appointed to the care of 

gardens. Instead of shoes he bore a scythe; and 

he appeared rather with the implements of 

husbandry, than those of a modern gardener. Having 

remembered this place in its pristine beauty, I 
could not help concluding with him on the present 

ruinous situations of the edifices, and the 

alterations which had been made and all for the 

worse; of many shadeles which had been taken 
away, of the bowers that were destroyed by ap-

propriation, and the hedge-covers that were 

stripped. The Genius with a sigh received his 

condolence, and assured me that he was equally 

martyr to ignorance and taste, to refinement and 

rudeness, among the dealers of knowing further, 

he went on:

“You see, in the place before you, the paternal 
hand of a poet, and a man content with little, 

feels sufficient power to equal actual enjoyment, 

and feels more in expectation than actual fruition. I have often 

regarded a character of this kind with some degree of 

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before me, but more resembling the God of Time, 
than having more part appointed to the care of 
gardens. Instead of shoes he bore a scythe; and 
he appeared rather with the implements of 
husbandry, than those of a modern gardener. Having 

covered up by the luxuriance of nature: the wind-

ing walks were grown dark, the bow was grown 

ruinous; the stone seats were covered with moss. 

Nothing now remained but to enjoy the 

beauties of the place, when the poor poet died, and 
his garden was left to the care of more superior 

genius.

The beauties of the place had new for some 
time been celebrated as well in prose as in verse; 
and all sort of taste which, for so envied a spot, 
whereby every gar was marked with the poet’s pen-

et, and every walked genius and meditation.

The first purchaser was one Mr. Trium-

phs, a button-maker, who was possessed of three 
thousand pounds, and was willing also to be pos-

sessed of taste and genius.

As the poet’s ideas were for the natural wild-

ness of the landscape, the button-makers were for 

the more regular productions of art. He conceiv-

ed, perhaps, that as it is a beauty in a button to be 
of a regular pattern, so the same regularity ought 
to obtain in a landscape. He thus as it will, he em-
ployed the shears to some purpose; he clipped up 
the hedges, cut down the glossy walks, made vis-
tions upon the stables and hedges, and did show his 
depth of knowledge and skill.

The next candidate for taste and genius was a 
captain of a ship, who bought the garden because 
the former possessor could not find nothing more 
worthy of the inheritance. The ball which was 
ribbon exhibited could not retire; the garden had 
been made for the owner, and though it was be-
come unfit for him he could not willingly resign it 
to another. Thus the first idea of its beauties con-
tributing to the happiness of his life was found un-
falling; so that, instead of looking within for satis-
faction, he began to think of having recourse to 
the mimes of those who came to visit his improve-
ment.

In consequence of this hope, which now took 
possession of his mind, the gardener were opened 
to a man, who, to a very great extent, and the con-
duct and all the followers of his taste left by no means such strong marks of 

archit, as the obvious did of their malignity. All the windows of his temples, and 
the walls of his retreats, were impressed with the 

impressions of pretentious grandeur; and obscuri-

city, his hedges were broken, his statues and urns 
taken, and his lawn were bare. It was now 

necessary therefore to shut up the gardens once 
more, the present state of the place, which had 

been to cease to be his own.

In this situation the poet continued for a time 

in the character of a jealous lover, fond of the beau-
ty which he kept, unable to bear the extravagance 
of every demand. The garden by this time was 

completely grown and finished; the ruined art was

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from which he fell. On the contrary, we do not so strongly sympathize with one born in humble circumstances, by natural accident, destitute of the accidents of fortune. The price of the toy, the other sentiment. Distress, therefore, is the proper object of tragedy, since the great cajolery our pity by their fall; but not equally so of comedy, since the actors employed in it are always, so we think, they think but little by their fall.

Since the first origin of the stage, tragedy and comedy have run in distinct channels, and never till late encroached upon the provinces of each other. Tragedy, who seems to have chosen his nearest approach, always judiciously stops short before he comes to the downright pathetick; yet he is even reproached by Cesar for wanting the spirit comic. All the other comic writers of any quality aim only at rendering fally or side ridiculous, rather than exalt characters into baskets, or make what Voltaire humorously calls the tradesman's tragedy.

Yet, notwithstanding this weight of authority and the universal practice of former ages, a new species of dramatic composition has been introduced under the name of sentiment comic, in which the writers of private life are, rather than the devices exposed; and the distresses rather than the faults of mankind make our interest in the piece. These comedies have of late great success, perhaps from their novelty, and also from their flattering every man in his favourite fiction. In these plays almost all the characters are good, and exceedingly generous; they are less hereafter of their money on the stage; and through they want humour, have abundance of sentiment and feeling. If they happen to have faults or foibles, the spectator is called to join, and the comedy aims at touching our passions without the power of being truly pathetic. In this manner we are likely to lose our great source of entertainment on the stage; for while the comic poet is invading the province of the tragic muse, he leaves her lovely sister quite neglected. Of this, however, he is no way solicitous, as he measures his fame by his profits.

But it will be said, that the theatre is formed to amuse mankind, and that it matters little, if this end be not fully answered. If not, they are to be commended for their successes, and if they are delightful, they are good. Their success will be, in a mark of their more, and it is only abhorrent to us, our happiness to deny us an inestimable amusement.

These objections, however, are rather specious than solid. It is true, that amusement is a great object of the drama; we have, in fact, that those sententious pieces do often amuse us; but the question is, whether the true comedy would not amuse us more? The question is, whether a character supported throughout a piece, with its ridiculous still attending, would not give us more delight than this species of bastard tragedy, which only is applauded because it is new?

A fine of mine was sitting unmoved at one of the sentimental pieces, was asked how he could bo so indifferent. "Why, truly," says he, "as the hero is but a tradesman, it is indifferent to me whether he be turned out of his cunning house on Fish-street-Hill, since he will still have enough left to open shop in St. Giles'."

The other objection is equally fallacious; for though we should give these pieces another name, it will not mend their efficacy. It will continue a kind of salutiferous production, with all the defects of the opposite parent, and marked with sterility. If we are permitted to make comedy weep, we have an equal right to make tragedy laugh, and to set down in blank verse the jests and repartees of all the attendants in a funeral procession.

But there is one argument in favour of sentiment comedy which will keep it on the stage in spite of all that can be said against it. It is of all others the most easily written. Those abilities that can hammer out a novel, are fully sufficient for the production of a sentimental comedy. It is only necessary to raise the characters a little; to deck out a situation with a tinsel title then to put an impudic dialogue, without character or humour, into their mouths, give them mighty good hearts, very fine clothes, furnish a new set of scenes, make a pathetic scene or two with a sprinkling of tender melancholy conversation through the whole; and there is no doubt but all the ladies will cry, and all the gentlemen applaud.

Humour at present seems to be departing from the stage, and it will soon happen that our comick players will have nothing left for it but a fine cast and a song. It depends upon the audience whether they will actually drive those poor merry creatures from the stage, or sit at play as gloomy as at the opera. It is easy to raise upon this occasion some laud, and it is but a just punishment, that when, by our being too fastidious, we have banished humour from the stage, we should ourselves be deprived of the art of laughing.

ESSAY XXIII.

As I see you are fond of gallantry, and seem willing to not young people together as soon as you can, I can not help leading my assistance to your endeavours, as I am greatly concerned in the attempt. They know, indeed, that I am able, he could exceed the whip on somebody else besides the horses.

Miss Meetly, though all compliances to the will of her lover, could not persuade him to the change of his attention. It seems he married her supposing she had a large fortune; but being deceived in their expectations, they parted; and now they have neither gold nor silver to keep separate garments, nor the wishes for greater happiness, not one of my customers but seems gloomy and out of temper. The gentlemen are all sullen, and the ladies discontented.

But if it be—sh— down, how is it with them coming back? Is my been for a fortnight so, are they then mighty good company to be sure. It is then the truest and most just description of her in the face, and the gentleman himself finds that much is to be done before the money comes in.

For my own part, sir, I was married in the town, but not in St. Giles. The marriage was confirmed with great ceremony from the tolerable to the bed; and I do not find that it anywhere diminished my happiness with my husband, while poor man was concerned with me. For my part, I am entirely for doing things in the old family way; I hate your new-fashioned manners, and never loved an oval-shaped marriage in my life.

As we have had numbers call at my house, you may be sure I was not idle in inquiring who they were, and how they did in the world after they left me. I cannot say that I ever heard such good stories of them; and of a history of twenty-five that I met do in my ledger, I do not know a single couple that would not have been as happy if they had not been the pain to work, and asked the consent of their parents. To convince you of it, I will mention the names of a few, and refer the rest to some future opportunity.

Intrigue, Miss Jenny Hastings went down to Scotland with a tailor, who, to be sure, for a tailor, was a very agreeable sort of a man. But I do not know, he did not meet with anything of the young lady's disposition; they quarrelled at my house on their return; so she left him for a corset of dragoons, and he went back to his shop-board.

Miss Rose went off with a gentleman; they spent all their money together; so that he carried her down in a post-chaise, and coming back she helped to carry his knapsack.
ESSAY XXIV.

Masked have ever been prone to expatiate in the praise of human nature. The dignity of man
is a subject that has always been the favourite theme of humanity: they have declaimed with that enthu-
siasm which usually accompanies such a subject; they have obtained victories because there were none to oppose. Yet from all I have ever read or seen, men appear more apt to err by having too high, than by having too
despicable an opinion of their nature; and by attempting to exalt their original place in the creation, de‐
press their real value in society. The most ignorant nations have always been found to think most highly of themselves. The
Dutch has ever been thought particularly concerned in their glory and preservation; to have fought
their battles, and inspired their teachers: their warriors are said to have been at war with heaven, and
the hero has a gavel of angels as well as men to attend him. When the Portuguese first came
to the wretched inhabitants of the coast of Afri-
can, these savage nations readily allowed the strangers more skill in navigation and war; yet still consid-
ered them at best but as useful servants, brought to their coast, by their guardian serpent, to supply
them with luxuries they could have lived without.

Though they could grant the Portuguese more riches, they could never allow them to have such a
kingdom to themselves, who were a breed of masters round his neck, and whose legs were covered with ivory.

In this manner examine a scheme in the history of his court and government, you ever find his
warriors able to conquer armies, and his sages ac-
quainted with more than possible knowledge; hu-
man nature is to him an unknown country; he
conceives to be done, he allows to be possible, and whatever is possible his conjectures must have been
done. He never measures the actions and power of others by what himself is able to perform, nor
makes a proper estimate of the greatness of his
fellow by bringing it to the standard of his own
inability. He is satisfied with being one of a country
where mighty things have been; and imagines the
incredible power of others reflects a lustre on himself. Thus by degrees he loses the idea of his own
significance in a confused notion of the extraordinary
power of humanity, and is willing to grant extraordinary gifts to every pretender, because un
acquainted with their claims.

This is the reason demi-gods and heroes have ever been erected in times or countries of ig
nance and barbarity: they addressed a people who had high opinions of human nature, because they
were ignorant how far it could extend; they ad
ressed a people who were willing to allow that
men should be gods, because they were yet imper
fectly acquainted with God and with man. Those
impostors know, that all men are naturally fond
of seeing something very great made from the little
materials of humanity; that ignorant nations are
not more proud of building a tower to reach heaven,
or a pyramid to last for ages, than of raising up a
demi-god of their own country and creation. The
same pride that erects a column or a pyramid, in
stalls a god or a hero; but though the adoring sav
age can raise his column to the clouds, he can ex
alt the hero not one inch above the standard of hu
manity: incapable, therefore, of raising the idol
he deifies himself, and falls prostrate before him.

When man has thus acquired an erroneous idea of the dignity of his species, he and the gods be
come perfectly intimate; men are but angels, angels
are but men; say, but servants that stand in wait
ing, to execute human commands. The Persians,
for instance, address the prophet Hairy: "I wa
s unto thee, glorious Creator, of whom the sun is but
the shadow. Masterpiece of the Lord of human
creatures, Great Star of Justice and Religion. The
sea is not rich and liberal, but by the gifts of thy
magnificent hands. The angel treasures of Heaven
people his harvest in the fertile gardens of the
purity of thy nature. The primum mobile would never
dart the ball of the sun through the trunk of Hea
ven, were not to serve the morning sun of the
extreme love she has for thee. The angel Gabriel,
mediator of truth, every day kisses the ground
ed of thy gait. Were there a place more exalted than
the most high throne of God, I would affirm it to
be thy place, O master of the faithful Gabriel,
with all his art and knowledge, is but a more schol
ar to thee." Thus, my friend, rain think power to
trust angels; but if indeed there be such an order of
beings, with what a degree of spiritual content
ment they listen to the songs of little mortals thus
flattering such other than to see creatures, who are
indeed not the monkey, and more active than the

EYESS.

THE END.