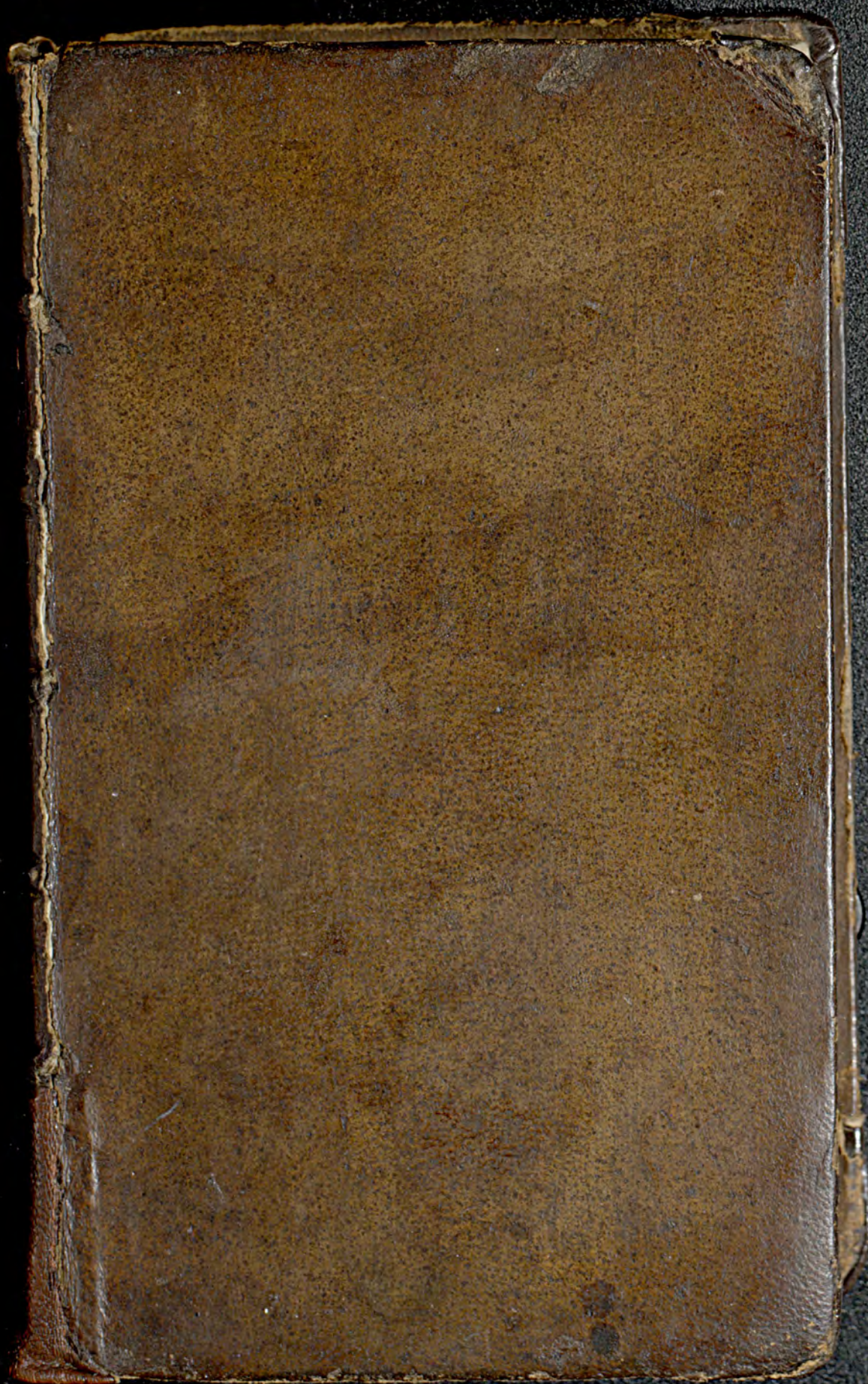




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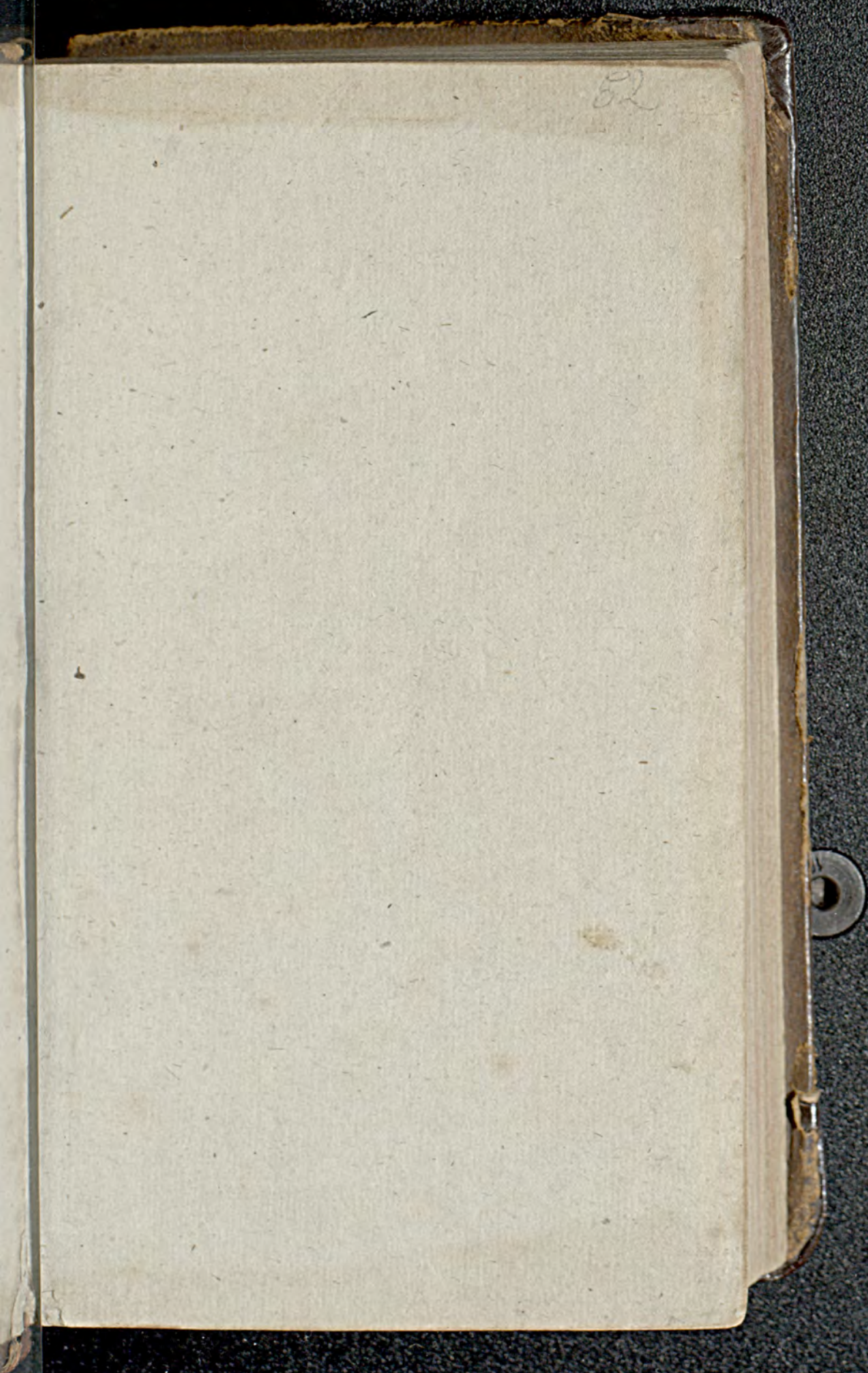
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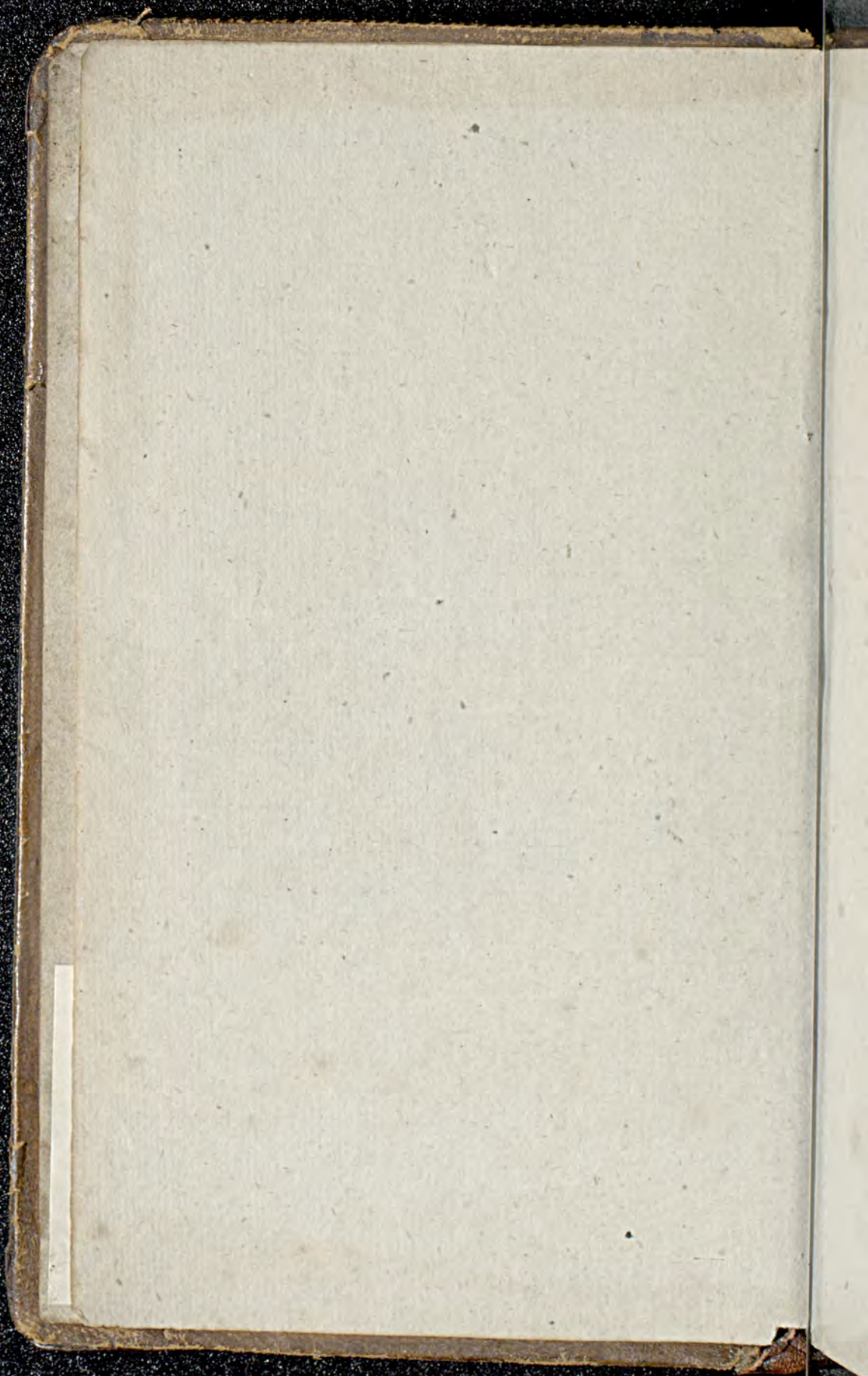


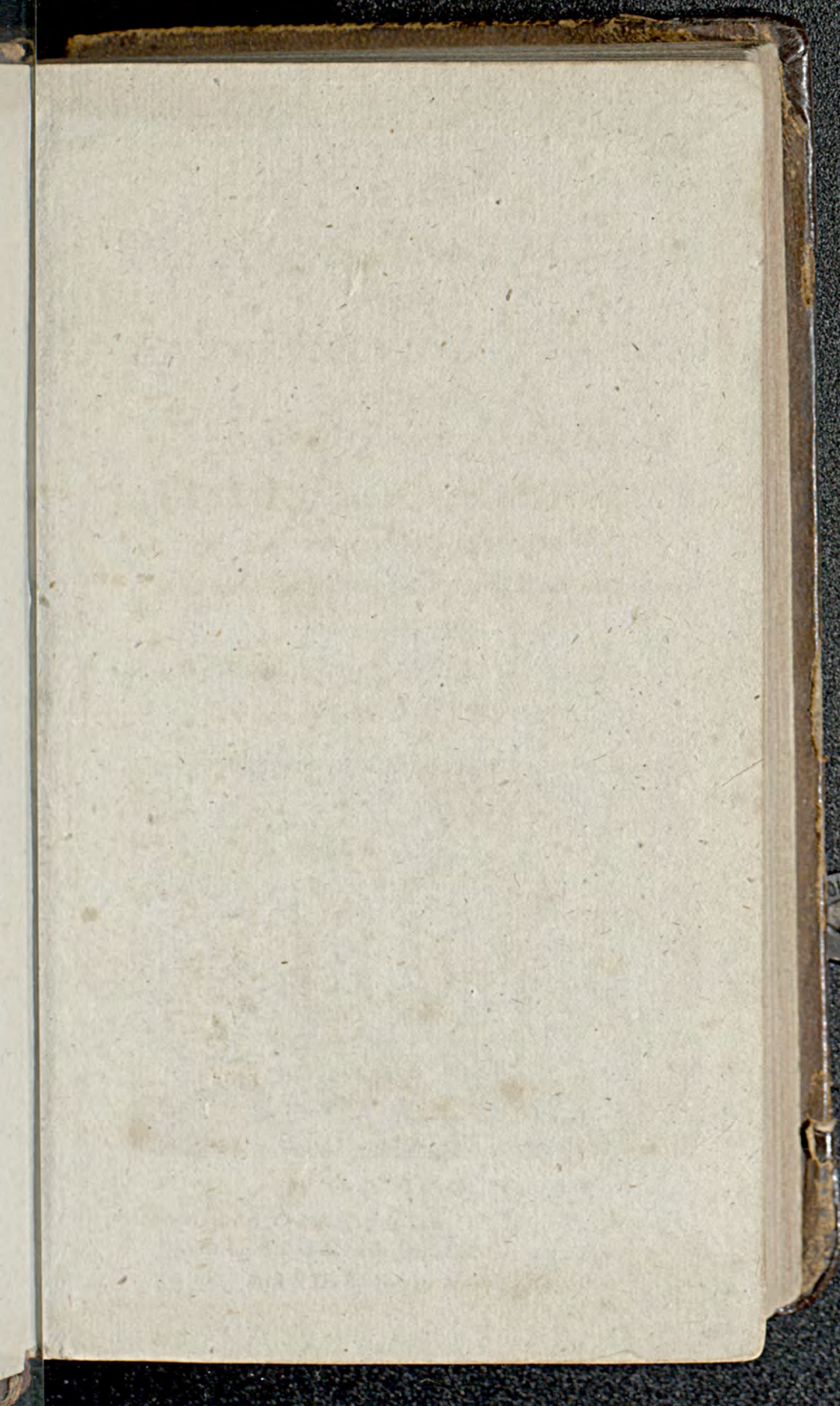
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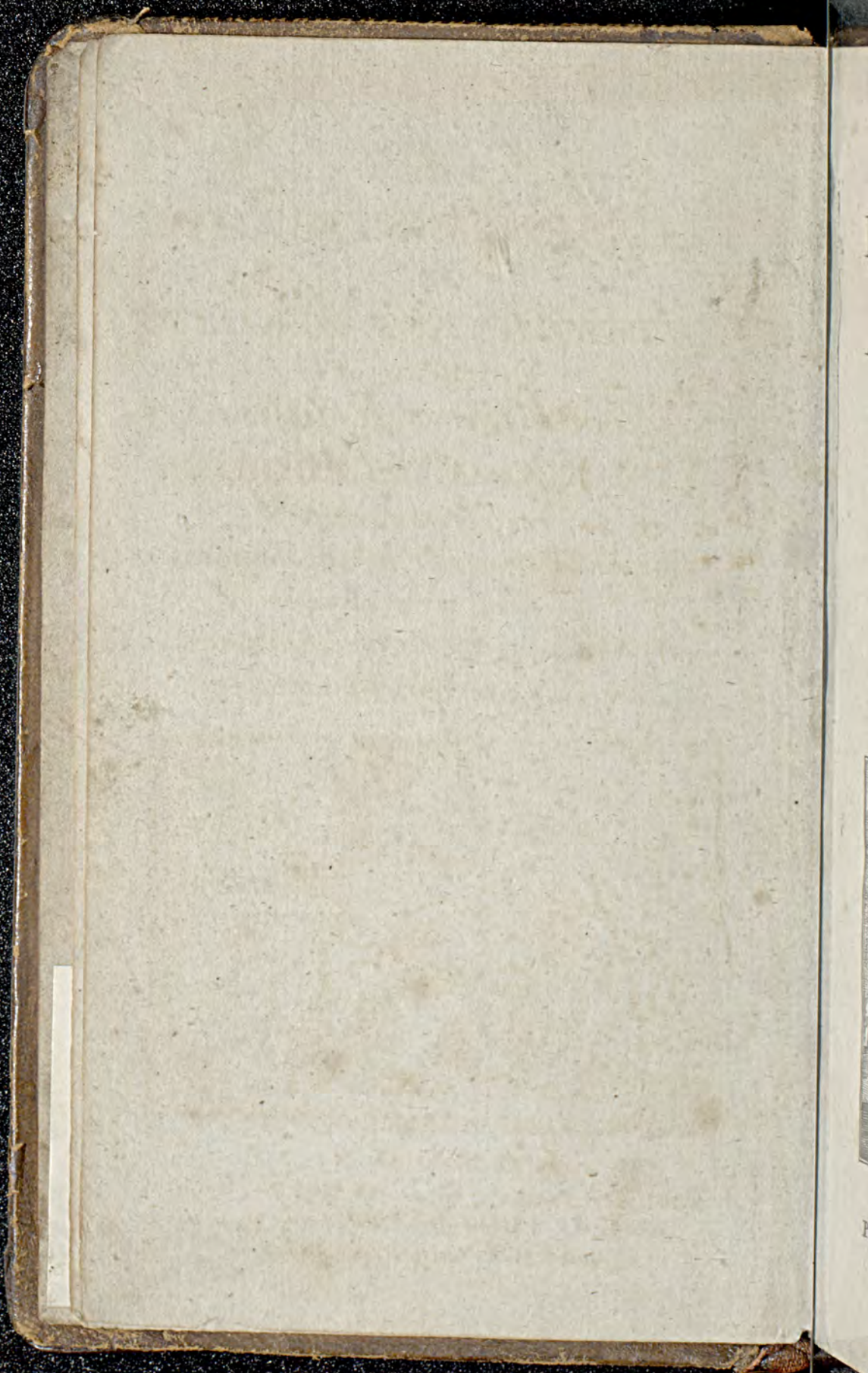
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THE
 PLEASING INSTRUCTOR
 OR
ENTERTAINING MORALIST
 consisting of
Select Essays, Relations,
 VISIONS, and ALLEGORIES
collected from
 The most Eminent English Authors
 to which are prefixed
New Thoughts on Education.
 A NEW EDITION.



L O N D O N.

Published Oct^r. 1785. as the Act directs by
 G. G. J & J Robinson, Paternoster Row
 and S Hodgson in Newcastle . .

T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE PLEASING INSTRUCTOR having been chiefly at first undertaken and since continued, with a View to exhibit a connected Plan of Morality, for the Instruction of Youth of both Sexes, free from that incoherent Jumble so remarkable in all Collections of this Kind which have hitherto been published; it is the Editor's sincere Hope its Lessons have not been without Effect on the Minds of youthful Readers.—The *utile dulci* has been the principal Object in View; thereby wishing to introduce Morality to the Acquaintance of Youth in her native Loveliness, with her Face bedecked in Smiles, and devoid of that unpleasing Formality with which she is too often disguised by partial and mistaken Pedants.—The several Relations, Eastern Stories, Dreams, &c. will, it is hoped, recommend it to Youth, whose Attentions being thereby particularly engaged, Morality will steal insensibly on their Minds, and make the more lasting and agreeable Impression.—Selections have been made from the Writings of our most elegant Authors, for the Purpose of forming this Collection; so that by being conversant with the following Essays, the young Reader will readily acquire a Stile of Ease and Elegance in
a writing

writing and speaking his native Tongue, which it is the great Object of Teachers to inculcate, as an Accomplishment of the most desirable Nature, and what so few of our merely English Scholars ever attain.

To improve the Mind and expand the Heart of Youth, is an Object of such Magnitude, that Authors of the first Consequence and Abilities have thought it a Subject not unworthy their Labours; to select from these, and combine in one Mass the interesting Lessons of Instruction contained in our best modern Authors, it is hoped will not be thought a superfluous or trifling Undertaking.——Though the Compiler disputes not the Palm of Honour with the Author, his Work is often equally useful;—and let us judge of every Thing by its Effects.——The Office has indeed been frequently undertaken by People of such Talents, as have fixed an almost indelible Disgrace on the Name; and this is perhaps more strikingly observable in the Collections formed for the Use of Schools, wherein the mere Accumulation of Words appears to have been the only Object in View; at least the Materials in general are such as Youth will never remember after read.

Though the Entertainment and Instruction of Youth at an English School were principally considered at the first Publication of the Pleasing Instructor, yet the Editor has had the Pleasure to find it has been honoured with the Attention and Approbation of those more advanced in Years, and selected by the Polite and Judicious throughout the
King-

Kingdom, insomuch that it has now acquired a Place in almost every Library and Parlour Window.

A. Tinker

☞ A wretched Piracy of this Book being now in Circulation, executed in the most paltry Manner, and so glaringly incorrect as scarcely to appear the same Book; the Public are requested to be cautious in purchasing only those printed for G. G. F. and J. Robinson, London, and S. Hodgson, Newcastle; and containing six Copper-plates, viz. the Title Page and Vignette, the Basket Maker, Santon Barsifa, the Hermit, the Aspers, and the Party-coloured Shield.

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A paltry, incorrect Piracy of this Book having been obtruded on the World by a Set of Printers and Booksellers, who would disgrace whatever Profession they belonged to; the Proprietors think it necessary to request the Public will be cautious in ordering the original Copy printed for *G. G. J. and J. Robinson, London, and S. Hodgson, Newcastle.*—The Injury sustained by the Proprietors from this Piracy is inconsiderable, when compared to that done to the Character of the Book by the incorrect and mutilated State in which it is printed.

Thoughts on Education,

BY WAY OF

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH Education be a subject that almost all authors, of all ages, have written upon; yet many have attempted it who were strangers, perhaps, to the most extensive definition of the word: Others have laid down very plausible rules, and apparently valuable systems, which, upon experience, have been found impracticable; from whence it may plainly be inferred, that different passions and dispositions require different management and application, to so endless a variety, that it is utterly impossible to enumerate methods for the proper correction of every enormity to which the human mind is subject, or to lay down rules for the best incitements to, and encouragement of, virtue and science: So that the main point, after all their prescriptions, must necessarily center in the tutors or governesses of schools and seminaries. Much learning and great abilities, (though material articles) are not the only essentials; he who has the most learning does not always convey it in the best and clearest manner to others; some cannot or will not be at the trouble to find out particular methods where general ones fail, to render what they would communicate intelligible to the various capacities of their pupils.

An austere or learned pedant has sometimes whipped *Latin, Greek, &c.* into a lad, whose very disgust to it increased, perhaps, with the acquisition thereof;

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but it is a manifest absurdity to maintain or imagine that any one can be awed into a love of learning and virtue. A boy is not at all cured of a fault, who only avoids it for fear of punishment; he must be influenced by a love of honour and credit, and with a laudable ambition to pursue them: Any master, who is himself a GOOD and DISCERNING man, will not be much at a loss how to confirm and ratify him in his choice, being capacitated as a good man, to communicate to him the secret impulses, the benign reflections of his own honest, and, therefore, happy mind; as a discerning man, to observe and remark to him what wild havock and varied desolation vice and folly never fail to bring on their votaries, which may be clearly demonstrated either by living examples among their acquaintances, or from books, by familiar relations, allegories, or essays, (such as are inserted in this collection) applied at proper times and on proper occasions, judiciously explained, and wisely inculcated: But an ILL man, though ever so learned, can never be a good schoolmaster; it being impossible he should, with a due sensibility, describe or enforce impulses of goodness he does not feel, or demonstrate to others with clearness and impartiality the effects of those vices and follies to which he himself is so particularly biased and attached; nay, even the very best precepts and documents (could a master of this stamp be capable of such) would fail of their due force and influence from the mouth of one whose own manners and dispositions are contradictions to them: Therefore a bad man, in the point of edification, *must* miscarry, and even a good man *may*; for as no man ought to be well bred (if a man can be well bred) at the expence of religion and virtue, so neither ought any man to practise them in so morose or surly a manner, as to deter others from imitation. I shall endeavour to explain myself yet more clearly by the two following characters, which I shall represent by the names of CANDIDUS and DENUNCIUS.

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CANDIDUS is a man of extensive learning, has an exact knowledge of human nature, a great experience of the world, and of those differences which result from constitution, age, received opinions, external fortune, education, custom, and conversation; manages the tempers of his pupils with indescribable artfulness, and consequently can adapt or address his admonitions or instructions to the most salutary ends, be his scholars ever so numerous, or their dispositions ever so various.

As to the qualities of his mind, he is mild, humane, affable, affectionate, and even invitingly accessible, encouraging his pupils in the display of all their little doubts, queries, and divided opinions; teaching them, at the same time, not to persist in an opinion, &c. because they had once avowed it, but to come frankly into conviction; and would frequently, with a condescending bow, smile, &c. thank a scholar for any little officious service or intended obligation; nay, frequently apologize, or ask pardon, for any omission, mistake, misapprehension, or similar modes of behaviour, such as frequently occur among the best bred and polite; and thus, by being treated as men, they become emulous of being such. Familiarities in a tyrant are observed to beget contempt, in him respect and gratitude; for as he has not even a thought that is ambitious, wrong, or malicious, he never was or can be seen by them in a little, mean, or ridiculous light; but his whole conduct is the living object of their imitation. Thus as his character is uniform, and his temper serene and steady, the influence acquired in his school is unlimited: He applauds with so much pleasure, and reproves with so much tender concern and affection, that they love him as a parent. So constantly devout and fervent in the duties of religion and morality, that they reverence him as a *Saint*, and consider him as a *Mentor*: They are awed by his virtues, not by his severities; and by

a constant attention to his doctrine, exemplified in his own life, his pupils frequently acquire “such a conviction of the consciousness of a Deity to all their thoughts, that every inordinate wish becomes secretly suppressed by the most scrupulous circumspections.”

Such is the amiable *Candidus*, and such the engaging and successful methods he makes use of,

———“To rear the tender thought,
 “To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 “To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,
 “To breathe th’ enliv’ning spirit, and to fix
 “The gen’rous purpose in the glowing breast.”

Denunciatus too is a man of learning, but not so notorious for his learning as the ostentation of it: Therefore of knowledge he cannot have much; because if he had, he would see so much weakness even in the perfection of human reason, that he would in consequence despise, not be proud of, his own miserable pittance: Watching and assisting the openings of little minds, enlarging their ideas, sowing the seeds of goodness, or weeding out enormities, though very essential points, are yet such as he is equally ignorant and unconcerned about, wanting that necessary discernment to deduce the actions of men to their minutest sources, or to infer consequences from their manners or actions; but his incapacity in this is not the least obstruction to his general acceptation, which my wisest readers will, on first thoughts, wonder at: But then let them consider, that there are hundreds of parents who can judge of a lad’s advancement in sounds, syllables, words, or languages, who are utterly incapable of discerning the enlargement of his mental faculties, and their wonder will cease. I have observed before, that he is vain and ostentatious: I should have added passionate, pedantic, arrogant, morose,

rose, and ill-natured, the natural produce of a narrow and ignorant mind. As passionate, he frequently opposes commotion with commotion: So that his scholars look upon his severities as revenge, or the gratification of his own contesting humour, not the necessary correction of their faults. His passion too drives him to such lengths, as often subject him to undue concessions, so that he destroys the authority and order of his school by his very endeavours to preserve them; in short, as his behaviour in the school is exactly the reverse to that of *Candidus*, so are its effects; for *Denuncius* is as heartily ridiculed and despised, as the other is revered and beloved. While their boys, though perhaps with the equal approbation of their several parents, leave their respective schools with this difference, *i. e.* The instruction and example of *Candidus* having dispelled from before his pupils the mist of ignorance, and enabled them to see clearly, and judge infallibly of the merits and demerits of good and evil, and of the natural consequences thereof, his young men are thereby enabled to guard against all incitements to the visionary pleasures of a guilty life, and to steer their course with security and credit through the world: Whereas those of *Denuncius*, not having had their senses and reasoning faculties exercised, or their judgments cultivated, but tyrannized into implicit obedience, and perhaps into an irreparable meanness, abjectness, and slavishness of spirit, fall forth into action and the wide world at random, ignorant of the road that leads to true honour and happiness, and unapprised of the latent dangers of vice and error, till they are perhaps surprised, swallowed up, or otherwise undone by their consequences.

Notwithstanding the reverseness of these two characters, they are almost always miserably confounded by the undiscerning world, who are ever liable to be deceived by false appearances. Narrow reserve and pedantic moroseness have passed for sound wisdom and

profound discretion: Instructors of youth have degenerated into the corruptors and depravers of it, authority into tyranny, and submission into slavery: Hence it is that the most despicable and worthless pretenders have laid claim to that veneration and esteem due only to men of ability and worth; and oftener men of ability and worth have been obliged to share the contempt due to knaves and dunces: By this means the most laudable and honourable profession in the world, *i. e.* the instructing of youth, is esteemed mean, dependent and servile; and thus, in far more instances than immediately relate to my purpose, a nice observer may discern, "That the boundaries of distinction between good and evil are almost lost in the world."

Grammatical learning is at present too much out of fashion, especially among the ladies. Most of our *English* Grammars are so dependent upon the *Latin*, that they appear only translations of them, introducing many needless perplexities; as superfluous cases, genders, moods, tenses, &c. peculiarities which our language is exempt from: Therefore it must proceed from ignorance or parade in any schoolmaster to teach, or pretend much advantage therefrom, to a merely *English* scholar; and, it is owing to this ignorance or unsuccessful pretence, that *English* Grammar is so much neglected, or so lightly esteemed as it is, even among men of learning; though it is generally allowed that none can speak or write properly who are ignorant of Grammar: Therefore it becomes necessary that a practical *English* Grammar* should be consistent with itself, and independent of the *Latin*, except in such articles as are common to both.

People can never display their talents to much advantage, either in writing or conversation, unless they have a taste for the beauty and propriety of their mother

* See FISHER's *English Grammar*.

ther tongue; and which they can never have without learning it, so as to know the nature and kinds of words, with their connections and dependencies upon one another. That many women read much, and yet not to edification, is chiefly because they are ignorant of those connections and dependencies, and thereby apply relatives to wrong antecedents, verbs to wrong names, particularly where there is a genitive case between a nominative word and the verb, mistake things for persons, and persons for things, and are thereby misled in the sense of what they are about to trace, especially in circumstantial authors, or such as the generality call dark and obscure writers, meaning those who, by transposition, &c. deviate from the general order of the language: They feel an entanglement, though they know not what or where, and are equally blind to the beauties and idioms of language. I could easily exemplify this; but it would be tedious to demonstrate it to those who know nothing of government or construction, and needless to those who do, and have experienced the want of it in others.

Girls being thus left lame in their learning, are in a great measure incapable of improving themselves further, in spite of all the pains that writers have taken, or may take, till the obstacle be removed: And still, to aggravate the case, they are mostly put under the care of some mistress, who is perhaps either utterly incapable of assisting them in the pursuit of knowledge, or wants time to point out or explain to them such places or subjects in books as are best adapted to their several wants, or even to direct them in the choice of books. These impediments are very lamentable, especially as they occur in the very nick of time a young lady should be taught to think, reflect, and form a taste of life in.

I do not mean to recommend READING at the expense of SEWING, and other domestic employments, but

but would only make a principle of the former. There are several governesses, doubtless, who are very capable of instructing young ladies in both, which would form an agreeable variety, by relaxing or relieving them from one by the other.

Those who have no taste for intellectual amusements will seize upon the next thing at hand, be it of ever so light or fantastical a kind. "A love for diversions, where it has once got a footing, steals upon persons insensibly, till it engrosses their whole time: It therefore becomes necessary to get the start of it, and prepossess them early with a love of useful learning."

In all the systems of Education I have seen, the *duty* of the *scholar* seems to be defined with the most scrupulous exactness. But in none do I find any hint given of the *duty of parents*; an object, in my opinion, of infinitely more concern and magnitude. An instance of filial ingratitude may cause a pang of exquisite anguish in a single breast; but the neglect of one boy's education may sow the seeds of whole races of depravity, and perpetuate darkness, error, and vice to a long posterity. There are few duties in the life of man equally important with that of the care and education of his children, and few so generally mistaken and neglected. Obedience is a doctrine inculcated with most indefatigable care, and it is seldom considered that it is of two kinds—a just obedience founded on respect, veneration, and affection;—or, the obedience of fear and servility. Unfortunately the latter kind is much more prevalent, and is generally the effect of the father's observing a distant, morose, and imperious behaviour towards his child; finding the boy's intellectual faculties and information inferior to his own, he seldom converses with him, and still more seldom endeavours to communicate information to him. The cultivation of his mind is left to the schoolmaster, who is expected to instil just notions of virtue

tue and honour, whilst he is ringing the changes on the alphabet, or conveying the wonderful information that *twice two make four*. At home, his time is spent chiefly in the kitchen among servants, from whom he imbibes a plentiful stock of every vice,—profaneness, lying, deceit, servility, ingratitude, &c. &c. When called before his parents, he disguises his natural disposition, and assumes that milkiness of behaviour and nudity of character they wished him to possess, till his return to the kitchen gives scope for the display of his various acquirements. Thus is he, who might, with proper cultivation, have commanded our armies, or been an ornament to the highest offices in the church, made the associate of servants and dependants, and thus is his mind stored with every thing that disgraces the gentleman and the man.



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THE
PLEASING INSTRUCTOR :
O R,
ENTERTAINING MORALIST.

The Practice of VIRTUE recommended.

*If Happiness be your Pursuit,
Plant Virtue,—and Content's the Fruit,*

GAY.

WHEN Hercules, says the divine Prodicus, was in that Part of his Youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what Course of Life he ought to pursue, he one Day retired into a Desert, where the Silence and Solitude of the Place very much favoured his Meditations. As he was musing on his present Condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the State of Life he should chuse, he saw two Women, of a larger Stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very notable Air, and graceful Deportment; her Beauty was natural and easy; her Person clean and unspotted; her Eyes cast towards the Ground, with an agreeable Reserve; her Motion and Behaviour full of Modesty; and her Raiment as white as Snow.—The other had a great Deal of Health and Floridness in her Countenance, which she had helped with an artificial White and Red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than

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ordinary in her Mien, by a Mixture of Affectation in all her Gestures. She had a wonderful Confidence and Assurance in her Looks, and all the Variety of Colours in her Dress that she thought were the most proper to show her Complexion to an Advantage. She cast her Eyes on herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the Figure she made in her own Shadow. Upon her nearer Approach to *Hercules*, she stepped before the other Lady, (who came forward with a regular composed Carriage) and running up to him, accosted him in the following Manner:

“My dear *Hercules*, (says she) I find you are very much divided in your own Thoughts upon the Way of Life that you ought to chuse: Be my Friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the Possession of Pleasure, and out of the Reach of Pain, and remove you from all the Noise and Disquietude of Business. The Affairs of either War or Peace shall have no Power to disturb you. Your whole Employment shall be to make your Life easy, and to entertain every Sense with its proper Gratifications. Sumptuous Tables, Beds of Roses, Clouds of Perfumes, Concerts of Music, Crowds of Beauties, are all in Readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this Region of Delights, this World of Pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to Care, to Pain, and to Business.”

Hercules, hearing the Lady talk after this Manner, desired to know her Name; to which she answered, “My Friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me *Happiness*; but my Enemies, and those who would injure my Reputation, have given me the Name of *Pleasure*.”

By this Time the other Lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young Hero in a very different Manner.

“*Hercules*, (says she) I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give Proofs of that Descent by your Love of Virtue, and
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Application to the Studies proper for your Age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal Reputation. But before I invite you into my Society and Friendship, I will be open and sincere with you; and must lay down this as an established Truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without Pain and Labour. The Gods have set a Price upon every real and noble Pleasure. If you would gain the Favour of the Deity, you must be at the Pains of worshipping him; if the Friendship of good Men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your Country, you must take Care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in War or Peace, you must become Master of all the Qualifications that can make you so. These are the only Terms and Conditions upon which I can propose Happiness." The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her Discourse: "You see, (said she) *Hercules*, by her own Confession, the Way to her Pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas! said the other Lady, (whose Visage glowed with a Passion made up of Scorn and Pity) what are the Pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are thirsty, sleep before you are tired, to gratify Appetites before they are raised, and raise such Appetites as Nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious Music, which is the Praise of one's Self; not saw the most beautiful Object, which is the Work of one's own Hands. Your Votaries pass away their Youth in a Dream of mistaken Pleasure, while they are hoarding up Anguish, Torment, and Remorse for old Age.

"As for me, I am the Friend of the Gods and of good Men, an agreeable Companion of the Artisan, a household Guardian to the Fathers of Families, a Patron and Protector of Servants, and an Associate in all true and generous Friendships. The Banquets of my Votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for

none eat and drink at them, who are not invited by Hunger and Thirst. Their Slumbers are sound, and their Wakings are chearful. My young Men have the Pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in Years; and those who are in Years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a Word, my Followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their Acquaintances, esteemed by their Country, and (after the Close of their Labours) honoured by Posterity."

We know, by the Life of this memorable Hero, to which of these two Ladies he gave up his Heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the Justice to approve his Choice.

I very much admire the Speeches of these Ladies, as containing in them the chief Arguments for a Life of Virtue, or a Life of Pleasure, that could enter into the Thought of an Heathen; but am particularly pleased with the different Figures he gives the two Goddesses. Our modern Authors have represented Pleasure and Vice with an alluring Face, but ending in Snakes and Monsters: Here she appears in all the Charms of Beauty, though they are false and borrowed; and by that Means compose a Vision entirely natural and easy.

I have translated this Allegory for the Benefit of the Youth of *Great-Britain*; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable State of Non-existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the World. Let my Embryos show the least Inclination to any single Virtue, and I shall allow it to be a Struggling towards Birth. I do not expect of them, that, like the Hero in the foregoing Story, they should go about as soon as they are born with a Club in their Hands, and a Lion's Skin on their Shoulders, to root out Monsters, and destroy Tyrants; but, as the finest Author of all Antiquity has said upon this very Occasion, though a Man has not the Abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining Parts of a great Character,
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he has certainly the Capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

ON IDLENESS.

*He who defers his Work from Day to Day,
Does on a River's Brink expecting stay,
Till the whole Stream which stopp'd him shall be gone,
Which, as it runs, for ever will run on.*

ANON.

IDLENESS is so general a Distemper, that I cannot but imagine a Speculation on this Subject will be of universal Use. There is hardly any one Person without some Alloy of it; and Thousands besides myself spend more Time in an idle Uncertainty, whether of two Affairs to begin first, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The Occasion of this seems to be the Want of some necessary Employment to put the Spirits in Motion, and to awaken them out of their Lethargy. If I had less Leisure, I should have more; for I should then find Time distinguished into Portions, some for Business, and others for the indulging of Pleasures: But now one Face of Indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no Land-mark to direct myself by. Were one's Time a little straitened by Business, like Water enclosed in its Banks, it would have some determined Course; but unless it be put into some Channel, it has no Current, but becomes a Deluge without either Use or Motion.

When Scanderberg, Prince of Epirus, was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the Force of his Arm in the Battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a Piece of his Bones near their Hearts, they should be animated with a Vigour and Force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little Use while I live, I am resolved to do what Good I can after my Decease; and have accordingly ordered my Bones to be disposed of in this Manner for the Good of my

Countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a Degree of Fire. All Fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short Time be brought to endure their Beds in a Morning, and perhaps even quit them with Regret at Ten: Instead of hurrying away to tease a poor Animal, and run away from their own Thoughts, a Chair or a Chariot would be thought the most desirable Means of performing a Remove from one Place to another. I should be a Cure for the unnatural Desire of *John Trott* for Dancing, and a Specific to lessen the Inclination *Mrs Fidget* has to Motion, and cause her always to give her Approbation to the present Place she is in. In fine, no *Egyptian Mummy* was ever half so useful in Physic, as I should be to those feverish Constitutions, to repress the violent Sallies of Youth, and to give each Action its proper Weight and Repose.

I can stifle any violent Inclination, and oppose a Torrent of Anger, or the Solicitations of Revenge, with Success. But Indolence is a Stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the Foundation of every Virtue. A Vice of a more lively Nature were a more desirable Tyrant than this Rust of the Mind, which gives a Tincture of its Nature to every Action of one's Life. It were as little Hazard to be tossed in a Storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: And it is to no Purpose to have within one the Seeds of a Thousand good Qualities, if we want the Vigour and Resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all Persons back to an Equality; and this Image of it, this Slumber of the Mind, leaves no Difference between the greatest Genius and the meanest Understanding: A Faculty of doing Things remarkably Praise-worthy thus concealed, is of no more Use to the Owner, than a Heap of Gold to a Man who dares not use it.

To-morrow is still the fatal Time when all is to be rectified: To-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the Shadow, whilst I lose the Reality;

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unmindful that the present Time alone is ours, the Future is yet unborn, and the Past is dead, and can only live (as Parents in their Children) in the Actions it has produced.

The Time we live ought not to be computed by the Number of Years, but by the Use which has been made of it; thus, it is not the Extent of Ground, but the yearly Rent, which gives the Value to the Estate. Wretched and thoughtless Creatures, in the only Place where Covetousness were a Virtue, we turn Prodigals! Nothing lies upon our Hands with such Uneasiness; nor has there been so many Devices for any one Thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no Purpose. A Shilling shall be hoarded up with Care, whilst that which is above the Price of an Estate, is flung away with Disregard and Contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a solicitous Improvement of every Part of Time; it is a Report that must be shunned as one tenders the Name of a Wit and a fine Genius, and as one fears the dreadful Character of a laborious Plodder: But notwithstanding this, the greatest Wits any Age has produced thought far otherwise; for who can think either *Socrates* or *Demosthenes* lost any Reputation by their continual Pains both in overcoming the Defects and improving the Gifts of Nature? All are acquainted with the Labour and Assiduity with which *Tully* acquired his Eloquence. *Seneca*, in his Letters to *Lucilius*, assures him, there was not a Day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomise some good Author; and I remember *Pliny*, in one of his Letters, where he gives an Account of the various Methods he used to fill up every Vacancy of Time, after several Employments which he enumerates; sometimes, says he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a Pocket-book, that whilst my Servants are busied in disposing of the Nets and other Matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to
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me in my Studies; and that if I miss of my Game, I may at least bring Home some of my own Thoughts with me, and not have the Mortification of having caught nothing all Day.

Thus, Sir, you see how many Examples I recal to Mind, and what Arguments I use with myself, to regain my Liberty: But as I am afraid it is no ordinary Persuasion that will be of Service, I shall expect your Thoughts on this Subject with the greatest Impatience, especially since the Good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal Use. For there are no Hopes of Amendment where Men are pleased with their Ruin, and whilst they think Laziness is a desirable Character: Whether it be that they like the State itself, or that they think it gives them a new Lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without Labour and Application, which others attain to but by the greatest Diligence.

SIMON SLOW.

On spending TIME.

*Time in Advance behind him hides his Wings,
And seems to creep decrepid with his Age;
Behold him when past by, what then is seen,
But his broad Pinions fleetier than the Wind.*

YOUNG.

WE all of us complain of the Shortness of Time, saith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our Lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the Purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our Days are few, and acting as though there would be no End of them. That noble Philosopher has described our Inconsistency with ourselves in this Particular, by all those various Turns of Expression and Thought which are peculiar to his Writings.

I often consider Mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a Point that bears some Affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the Shortness of Life in general, we are wishing every Period of it at an End. The Minor longs to be at Age, then to be a Man of Business, then to make up an Estate, then to arrive at Honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of Life is allowed by every one to be short, the several Divisions of it appear to be long and tedious. We are for lengthening our Span in general, but would fain contract the Parts of which it is composed. The Usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the Time annihilated that lies between the present Moment and next Quarter Day. The Politician would be content to lose three Years in his Life, could he place Things in the Posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a Revolution of Time. The Lover would be glad to strike out of his Existence all the Moments that are to pass away before the happy Meeting. Thus, as fast as our Time runs, we should be very glad, in most Parts of our Lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several Hours of the Day hang upon our Hands; nay, we wish away whole Years, and travel through Time as through a Country filled with many wild and empty Wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little Settlements, or imaginary Points of Rest, which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the Life of most Men into twenty Parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere Gaps and Chasms, which are neither filled with Pleasure nor Business. I do not, however, include in this Calculation, the Life of those Men who are in a perpetual Hurry of Affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in Scenes of Action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable Piece of Service to those Persons, if I point out to them certain Methods for the filling up their empty Spaces of Life. The Methods I shall propose to them are as follow :

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The first is the Exercise of Virtue, in the most general Acceptation of the Word. That particular Scheme which comprehends the social Virtues, may give Employment to the most industrious Temper, and find a Man Business more than the most active Station of Life. To advise the Ignorant, relieve the Needy, comfort the Afflicted, are Duties that fall in our Way almost every Day of our Lives. A Man has frequent Opportunities of mitigating the Fierceness of a Party; of doing Justice to the Character of a deserving Man; of softening the Envious, quieting the Angry, and rectifying the Prejudiced; which are all of them Employments suited to a reasonable Nature, and bring great Satisfaction to the Person who can busy himself in them with Discretion.

There is another Kind of Virtue that may find Employment for those retired Hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of Company and Conversation: I mean that Intercourse and Communication which every reasonable Creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his Being. The Man who lives under an habitual Sense of the Divine Presence, keeps up a perpetual Cheerfulness of Temper, and enjoys, every Moment, the Satisfaction of thinking himself in Company with his dearest and best of Friends. The Time never lies heavy upon him: It is impossible for him to be alone. His Thoughts and Passions are the most busied at such Hours, when those of other Men are the most inactive. He no sooner steps out of the World, but his Heart burns with Devotion, swells with Hope, and triumphs in the Consciousness of that Presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its Fears, its Sorrows, its Apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its Existence.

I have here only considered the Necessity of a
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Man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if I consider further, that the Exercise of Virtue is not only an Amusement for the Time it lasts, but that its Influence extends to those Parts of our Existence which lie beyond the Grave; and that our whole Eternity is to take its Colour from those Hours which we here employ in Virtue or in Vice, the Argument redoubles upon us, for putting in Practice this Method of passing away our Time.

When a Man has but a little Stock to improve, and has Opportunities of turning it all to good Account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen Parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his Ruin or Disadvantage? But because the Mind cannot be always in its Fervours, nor strained up to a Pitch of Virtue, it is necessary to find out proper Employments for it in its Relaxations.

The next Method therefore that I would propose to fill up our Time, should be useful and innocent Diversion. I must confess I think it is below reasonable Creatures to be altogether conversant in such Diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no Hurt in them. Whether any Kind of Gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see Persons of the best Sense passing away a dozen Hours together in shuffling and dividing a Pack of Cards, with no other Conversation but what is made up of a few Game Phrases, and no other Ideas but those of black or red Spots ranged together in different Figures. Would not a Man laugh to hear any one of this Species complaining that Life is short!

The Stage might be made a perpetual Source of the most noble and useful Entertainments, were it under proper Regulations.

But the Mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the Conversation of a well-chosen Friend. There
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is indeed no Blessing of Life that is any Way comparable to the Enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous Friend. It eases and unloads the Mind, clears and improves the Understanding, engenders Thought and Knowledge, animates Virtue and good Resolutions, soothes and allays the Passions, and finds Employment for most of the vacant Hours of Life.

Next to such an Intimacy with a particular Person, one would endeavour after a more general Conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are Qualities that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful Amusements of Life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might, on all Occasions, have Recourse to something, rather than suffer the Mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any Passion that chances to arise in it.

A Man that has a Taste for Music, Painting, or Architecture, is like one that has another Sense, when compared with such as have no Relish of those Arts. The Florist, the Planter, the Gardener, the Husbandman, when they are only as Accomplishments to the Man of Fortune, are great Reliefs to a Country Life, and many Ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

On the same SUBJECT.

*Live well, and then, how soon so'er you die,
Thou art of Age to claim Eternity.*

RANDOLPH.

THE human Species only, to the great Reproach of our Nature, are filled with Complaints, that *the Day hangs heavy on them*, that *they do not know what to do with themselves*, that *they are at a Loss how to pass away their Time*, with many of the like shameful Murmurs, which we often find in the Mouth of those who are stiled reasonable Beings. How monstrous are such Expressions among Creatures who have the Labours of the Mind, as well as those of the Body, to furnish them

them with proper Employment; who, besides the Business of their respective Callings and Professions, can apply themselves to the Duties of Religion, to Meditation, to the reading of useful Books, and to Discourse; in a Word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded Pursuits of Knowledge and Virtue, and every Hour of their Lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having for some Time been taken up with this Course of Thought, I diverted myself with a Book, according to my usual Custom, in order to unbend my Mind before I went to Sleep. The Book I made Use of on this Occasion was *Lucian*, where I amused my Thoughts for about an Hour among the Dialogues of the Dead, which in all Probability produced the following Dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the Entrance of the infernal Regions, where I saw *Rhadamanthus*, one of the Judges of the Dead, seated on his Tribunal. On his Left-hand stood the Keeper of *Erebus*, on his Right-hand the Keeper of *Elysium*. I was told he sat upon Women that Day, there being several of the Sex lately arrived, who had not yet their Mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same Question, *What had they been doing?* Upon this Question being proposed to the whole Assembly, they stared upon one another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he to the first of them, you have been upon the Earth about fifty Years: What have you been doing there all this While? Doing, says she, really I do not know what I have been doing; I desire I may have Time given me to recollect. After about half an Hour's Pause, she told him, that she had been playing at Crimp; upon which *Rhadamanthus* beckoned to the Keeper on his Left-hand, to take her into Custody. And you, Madam, says the Judge, that look with such a soft and languishing Air; I think you set out for this Place in your
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nine-and-twentieth Year, what have you been doing all this While? I had a great Deal of Business on my Hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve Years of my Life in dressing a jointed Baby, and all the remaining Part of it in reading Plays and Romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your Time to good Purpose indeed! Away with her. The next was a plain Country-woman: Well, Mistress, says *Rhadamanthus*, and what have you been doing? If it please your Worship, says she, I did not live quite forty Years; and in that Time brought my Husband seven Daughters, made him nine thousand Cheeses, and left my eldest Girl with him, to look after his House in my Absence, and whom I may venture to say is as pretty a Housewife as any in the Country. *Rhadamanthus* smiled at the Simplicity of the good Woman, and ordered the Keeper of *Elysium* to take her into his Care. And you, fair Lady, says he, what have you been doing these five-and-thirty Years? I have been doing no Hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, says he; but what Good have you been doing? The Lady was in great Confusion at this Question, and not knowing what to answer, the two Keepers leaped out to seize her at the same Time; the one took her by the Hand to convey her to *Elysium*, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to *Erebus*. But *Rhadamanthus* observing an ingenuous Modesty in her Countenance and Behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for Re-examination when he was more at Leisure. An old Woman, of a proud and sour Look, presented herself next at the Bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten Years in a very wicked World, and was so angry at the Behaviour of a Parcel of young Flirts, that I past most of my last Years in condemning the Follies of the Times; I was every Day blaming the silly Conduct of the People about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like Errors and Miscarriages. Very well, says *Rhadamanthus*,

thus, but did you keep the same watchful Eye over your own Actions? Why, truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the Faults of others, that I had no Time to consider my own. Madam, says *Rhadamanthus*, be pleased to file off to the Left, and make Room for the venerable Matron that stands behind you. Old Gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore: You have heard the Question, what have you been doing so long in the World? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done; but I had made a firm Resolution to have changed my Life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely End. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your Leader; and spying another of the same Age, interrogated her in the same Form; to which the Matron replied, I have been the Wife of a Husband, who was as dear to me in his old Age as in his Youth. I have been a Mother, and very happy in my Children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every Thing that was good. My eldest Son is blessed by the Poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own Family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. *Rhadamanthus*, who knew the Value of the old Lady, smiled upon her in such a Manner, that the Keeper of *Elysium*, who knew his Office, reached out his Hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her Wrinkles vanished, her Eyes sparkled, her Cheeks glowed with Blushes, and she appeared in full Beauty. A young Woman, observing that the Officer who conducted the Happy to *Elysium*, was so great a *Beautifier*, longed to be in his Hands; so that, pressing through the Crowd, she was the next who appeared at the Bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five-and-twenty Years that she had been in the World: I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to Years of Discretion, to make myself lovely, and to gain Admirers. For that Purpose, I passed my Time in bottling up *May Dew*, inventing white Washes, mixing Colours, cutting out Patches, consulting my Glafs, suiting my

Complexion, tearing off my Tucker, sinking my Stays — *Rhadamanthus*, without hearing her out, gave the Sign to take her off. Upon the Approach of the Keeper of *Erebus*, her Colour faded, her Face puckered up with Wrinkles, and her whole Person was lost in Deformity.

I was then surprized with a distant Sound of a whole Troop of Females that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the Reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that *Rhadamanthus* would spoil their Mirth: But at their nearer Approach, the Noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some Time, reflecting on the Oddness of this Dream, and could not forbear asking my own Heart what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my Readers make as good a Use of this Work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a Work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude with recommending to them the same short Self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his Hand upon his Heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious Moments of Life; lift up his Mind when it is running on in a Series of indifferent Actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those that are virtuous and laudable. In a Word, it will very much alleviate that Guilt, which the best of Men have Reason to acknowledge in their daily Confessions, of *leaving undone those Things which they ought to have done, and of doing those Things which they ought not to have done.*

On PRIDE.

*If aught on Earth th' immortal Pow'rs deride,
'Tis surely this — The Littleness of Pride.*

ANON.

IF there be any Thing which makes human Nature appear *ridiculous* to Beings of superior Faculties, it must be Pride. They know so well the Vanity of those imaginary Perfections that swell the Heart of Man, and of those little supernumerary Advantages, whether in Birth, Fortune, or Title, which one Man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a Mortal puffed up and valuing himself above his Neighbours on any of these Accounts, at the same Time that he is obnoxious to all the common Calamities of the Species.

To set this Thought in a true Light, we shall fancy, if you please, that yonder Mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable Creatures, and that every Pismire (his Shape and Way of Life only excepted) is endowed with human Passions. How should we smile to hear one give an Account of the Pedigrees, Distinctions, and Titles that reign amongst them? Observe how the whole Swarm divide, and make Way for the Pismire that passes through them! You must understand he is an Emmet of Quality, and has better Blood in his Veins than any Pismire in the Mole-hill. Do you not see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole Rabble of Ants keep their Distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little Eminence, and looking down on a long Row of Labourers. He is the richest Insect on this Side the Hillock: He has a Walk of Half a Yard in Length, and a Quarter of an Inch in Breadth; he keeps one Hundred menial Servants, and has at least fifteen Barley-corns in his Granary. He is now chiding and enslaving the Emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an Emmet as himself.

But here comes an Insect of Figure: Do not you take Notice of a little white Straw that he carries in his Mouth? That Straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest Tract about the Mole-hill: Did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the Ants of all Qualities and Conditions swarm about him. Should this Straw drop out of his Mouth, you would see all this numerous Circle of Attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded Insect, or run over his Back, to come at his Successor.

If now you have a Mind to see all the Ladies of the Mole-hill, observe first the Pismire that listens to the Emmet on her Left-hand, at the same Time that she seems to turn away her Head from him. He tells this poor Insect that she is a Goddess; that her Eyes are brighter than the Sun; that Life and Death are at her Disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little Airs upon it. Mark the Vanity of the Pismire on her Left-hand. She can scarcely crawl with Age; but you must know she values herself upon her Birth; and, if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her Reach. The little nimble Coquette that is running along the Side of her, is a Wit. She has broken many a Pismire's Heart. Do but observe what a Drove of Lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary Scene; but first of all, to draw the Parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that Death comes down upon the Mole-hill, in the Shape of a Cock-Sparrow, and picks up, without Distinction, the Pismire of Quality and his Flatterers, the Pismire of Substance and his Day-labourers, the White-Straw Officer and his Sycophants, with all the Goddesses, Wits, and Beauties of the Mole-hill.

May we not imagine that Beings of superior Natures and Perfections regard all the Instances of Pride and Vanity among our own Species, in the same Kind



The Basket Maker.

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and S. Hodgson.*

Kind of View, when they take a Survey of those who inhabit this Earth; or, in the Language of an ingenious *French* Poet, of those Pismires that people this Heap of Dirt, which human Vanity has divided into Climates and Regions.

The BASKET-MAKER. A Peruvian Tale.

The Pride of Blood, or high Birth decried.

*Worth makes the Man, and Want of it the Fellow,
The Rest is all but Leather and Prunello.*

POPE.

IN the Midst of that vast Ocean, commonly called the *South-Sea*, lie the *Islands of Solomon*. In the Centre of these lies one not only distant from the Rest, which are immensely scattered round it, but also larger beyond Proportion. An Ancestor of the Prince, who now reigns absolute in this central Island, has, through a long Descent of Ages, entailed the Name of *Solomon's Islands* on the Whole, by the Effect of that Wisdom wherewith he polished the Manners of his People.

A Descendant of one of the great Men of this happy Island, becoming a Gentleman to so improved a Degree as to despise the good Qualities which had originally ennobled his Family, thought of nothing but how to support and distinguish his Dignity by the Pride of an ignorant Mind, and a Disposition abandoned to Pleasure. He had a House on the Sea-side, where he spent great Part of his Time in hunting and fishing: But found himself at a Loss in Pursuit of those important Diversions, by Means of a long Slip of Marsh Land, overgrown with high Reeds, that lay between his House and the Sea. Resolving, at length, that it became not a Man of his Quality to submit to a Restraint in his Pleasures, for the Ease and Convenience of an obstinate Mechanic; and having often endeavoured, in vain, to buy out the Owner, who was an honest poor Basket-maker, and whose Livelihood

hood depended on working up the Flags of those Reeds, in a Manner peculiar to himself, the Gentleman took Advantage of a very high Wind, and commanded his Servants to burn down the Barrier.

The Basket-maker, who saw himself undone, complained of the Oppression, in Terms more suited to his Sense of the Injury, than the Respect due to the Rank of the Offender: And the Reward this Imprudence procured him, was the additional Injustice of Blows and Reproaches, and all Kinds of Insult and Indignity.

There was but one Way to a Remedy, and he took it: For going to the Capital, with the Marks of his hard Usage upon him, he threw himself at the Feet of the King, and procured a Citation for his Oppressor's Appearance; who, confessing the Charge, proceeded to justify his Behaviour by the poor Man's Unmindfulness of the Submission due from the Vulgar to Gentlemen of Rank and Distinction.

But pray, replied the King, what Distinction of Rank had the Grandfather of your Father, when, being a Cleaver of Wood in the Palace of my Ancestors, he was raised from among those Vulgar you speak of with such Contempt, in Reward for an Instance he gave of his Courage and Loyalty in Defence of his Master? Yet his Distinction was nobler than yours: It was the Distinction of Soul, not of Birth; the Superiority of Worth, not of Fortune! I am sorry I have a Gentleman in my Kingdom, who is base enough to be ignorant that Ease and Distinction of Fortune were bestowed on him but to this End, that, being at Rest from all Cares of providing for himself, he might apply his Heart, Head, and Hand, for the public Advantage of others.

Here the King, discontinuing his Speech, fixed an Eye of Indignation on a sullen Resentment of Mien which he observed in the haughty Offender, who muttered out his Dislike of the Encouragement this Way of thinking must give to the Commonalty, who,
he

he said, were to be considered as Persons of no Consequence, in Comparifon of Men who were born to be honoured. Where Reflection is wanting, replied the King, with a Smile of Difdain, Men muft find their Defects in the Pain of their Sufferings. *Yanbuma*, added he, turning to a Captain of his Gallies, ftrip the Injured and the Injurer; and, conveying them to one of the moft barbarous and remote of the Iflands, fet them afhore in the Night, and leave them both to their Fortune.

The Place in which they were landed was a Marsh; under Cover of thofe Flags the Gentleman was in Hopes of concealing himfelf, and giving the Slip to his Companion, whom he thought it a Difgrace to be found with: But the Lights in the Galley having given an Alarm to the Savages, a confiderable Body of them came down, and difcovered, in the Morning, the two Strangers in their Hiding-place. Setting up a difmal Yell, they furrounded them; and, advancing nearer and nearer with a Kind of Clubs, feemed determined to difpatch them, without Senfe of Hofpitality or Mercy.

Here the Gentleman began to difcover, that the Superiority of his Blood was imaginary: For, between the Confciousnefs of Shame and Cold, under the Nakednefs he had never been ufed to; a Fear of the Event from the Fiercenefs of the Savages' Approach; and the Want of an Idea whereby to foften or divert their Afperity, he fell behind the poor Sharer of his Calamity; and with an unfinewed, apprehenfive, unmanly Sneakingnefs of Mien, gave up the Poft of Honour, and made a Leader of the very Man whom he had thought it a Difgrace to confider as a Companion.

The Basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the Poverty of his Condition had made Nakednefs habitual; to whom a Life of Pain and Mortification represented Death as not dreadful; and whose Remembrance of his Skill in Arts, of which thefe Savages
were

were ignorant, gave him Hopes of becoming safe, from demonstrating that he could be useful, moved with bolder and more open Freedom; and, having plucked a Handful of the Flags, sat down without Emotion, and making Signs that he would shew them something worthy of their Attention, fell to Work with Smiles and Noddings; while the Savages drew near, and gazed with Expectation of the Consequence.

It was not long before he had wreathed a Kind of Coronet, of pretty Workmanship; and rising with Respect and Fearfulness, approached the Savage who appeared the Chief, and placed it gently on his Head; whose Figure, under this new Ornament, so charmed and struck his Followers, that they all threw down their Clubs, and formed a Dance of Welcome and Congratulation round the Author of so prized a Favour.

There was not one but shewed the Marks of his Impatience to be made as fine as the Captain: So the poor Basket-maker had his Hands full of Employment: And the Savages, observing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their service, took up Arms in Behalf of natural Justice, and began to lay on Arguments in Favour of their Purpose.

The Basket-maker's Pity now effaced the Remembrance of his Sufferings: So he arose and rescued his Oppressor, by making Signs that he was ignorant of the Art; but might, if they thought fit, be usefully employed in waiting on the Work, and fetching Flags to his Supply, as fast as he should want them.

This Proposition luckily fell in with a Desire the Savages expressed to keep themselves at Leisure, that they might crowd round, and mark the Progress of a Work they took such Pleasure in. They left the Gentleman therefore to his Duty in the Basket-maker's Service; and considered him, from that Time forward, as one who was, and ought to be treated as inferior to their Benefactor.

Men,

Men, Women, and Children, from all Corners of the Island, came in Drove for Coronets: And, setting the Gentleman to Work to gather Boughs and Poles, made a fine Hut to lodge the Basket-maker: And brought down daily from the Country such Provisions as they lived upon themselves, taking Care to offer the imagined Servant nothing till his Master had done eating.

Three Months Reflection in this mortified Condition, gave a new and just Turn to our Gentleman's improved Ideas; insomuch that, lying weeping and awake one Night, he thus confessed his Sentiments in Favour of the Basket-maker. I have been to blame, and wanted Judgment to distinguish between Accident and Excellence. When I should have measured Nature, I but looked to Vanity. The Preference which Fortune gives, is empty and imaginary: And I perceive, too late, that only Things of Use are naturally honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my Malice, to remember your Humanity: But if the Gods should please to call me to a Repossession of my Rank and Happiness, I would divide all with you in Atonement for my justly punished Arrogance.

He promised, and performed his Promise: For the King, soon after, sent the Captain who had landed them with Presents to the Savages; and ordered him to bring both back again. And it continues to this Day a Custom in that Island, to degrade all Gentlemen who cannot give a better Reason for their Pride, than that they were born to do nothing: And the Word for this due Punishment is, *Send him to the Basket-maker.*

On TRUTH and SINCERITY.

*I still shall hate that Man as Hell,
Who this can think, and that can tell.*

FRANCIS.

TRUTH and Reality have all the Advantages of Appearance, and many more. If the Show of any Thing be of any Value, I am sure Sincerity is better: For why does any Man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a Quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the Appearance of some real Excellency. Now the best Way in the World for a Man to seem to be any Thing, is really to be what he would seem to be: Besides, it is many Times as troublesome to make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as to have it; and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his Pains and Labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in Painting, which a skilful Eye will easily discern from native Beauty and Complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a Part long; for where Truth is not at the Bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one Time or another. Therefore, if any Man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his Goodness will appear to every Body's Satisfaction; so that, upon all Accounts, Sincerity is true Wisdom. Particularly as to the Affairs of this World, Integrity has many Advantages over all the fine and artificial Ways of Disimulation and Deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure Way of dealing in the World; it has less of Trouble and Difficulty, of Entanglement and Perplexity, of Danger and Hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest Way to our End, carrying us thither in a straight Line, and will hold out and last longest. The Arts of Deceit
and

and Cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to those that use them; whereas Integrity gains Strength by Use, and the more and longer any Man practiseth it, the greater Service it does him, by confirming his Reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest Trust and Confidence in him, which is an unspeakable Advantage in the Business and Affairs of Life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at Hand, and sits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a Lie is troublesome, and sets a Man's Invention upon the Rack, and one Trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false Foundation, which continually stands in Need of Props to shore it up, and proves at last to be more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial Building at first upon a true and solid Foundation; for Sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and, because it is plain and open, fears no Discovery: Of which the crafty Man is always in Danger, and when he thinks he walks in the Dark, all his Pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last Man that finds himself to be found out; and while he takes it for granted that he makes Fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that Sincerity is the most compendious Wisdom, and an excellent Instrument for the speedy Dispatch of Business; it creates Confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the Labour of many Enquiries, and brings Things to an Issue in a few Words: It is like travelling in a plain beaten Road, that commonly brings Men sooner to their Journey's End than Bye-ways, in which they often lose themselves. In a Word, whatsoever Convenience may be thought to be in Falsehood and Dissimulation, it is soon over; but the Inconvenience of

it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousy and Suspicion; so that he is not believed when he speaks the Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a Man hath once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his Turn, neither Truth nor Falschood.

And I have often thought, that God hath, in his great Wisdom, hid from Men of false and dishonest Minds the wonderful Advantages of Truth and Integrity, to the Prosperity even of their worldly Affairs; those Men are so blinded by their Covetousness and Ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present Advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by Ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remotest Consequences of a steady Integrity, and the vast Benefit and Advantage which it will bring a Man at last. Were but this Sort of Men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very Knavery, not out of any Love to Honesty and Virtue, but with a crafty Design to promote and advance more effectually their own Interests; and therefore the Justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest Point of Wisdom from their Eyes, that bad Men might not be upon equal Terms with the Just and Upright, and serve their own wicked Designs by honest and lawful Means.

Indeed, if a Man were only to deal in the World for a Day, and should never have Occasion to converse more with Mankind, never more to need their good Opinion or good Word, it were then no great Matter (speaking as to the Concerns of this World) if a Man spent his Reputation all at once, and ventured it at one Throw: But if he be to continue in the World, and would have the Advantage of Conversation whilst he is in it, let him make Use of Truth and Sincerity in all his Words and Actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the

the End: All other Arts will fail; but Truth and Integrity will carry a Man through, and bear him out to the last.

On DEFAMATION.

*All seems infected that th' Infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd Eye.*

POPE.

IT is a certain Sign of an ill Heart to be inclined to Defamation. They who are harmless and innocent, can have no Gratification that Way; but it ever arises from a Neglect of what is laudable in a Man's Self, and an Impatience of seeing it in another. Else why should Virtue provoke? Why should Beauty displease in such a Degree, that a Man given to Scandal never lets the Mention of either pass by him without offering something to the Diminution of it? A Lady the other Day on a Visit, being attacked somewhat rudely by one, whose own Character had been very roughly treated, answered a great Deal of Heat and Intemperance very calmly, *Good Madam, spare me, who am none of your Match; I speak Ill of no Body, and it is a new Thing for me to be spoken Ill of.* Little Minds think Fame consists in the Number of Votes, they have on their Side among the Multitude; whereas it is really the inseparable Follower of good and worthy Actions. Fame is as natural a Follower of Merit, as a Shadow is of a Body. It is true, when Crowds press upon you, this Shadow cannot be seen; but when they separate from around you, it will appear again. The Lazy, the Idle, and the Froward, are the Persons who are most pleased with the little Tales which pass about the Town, to the Disadvantage of the Rest of the World. Were it not for a Pleasure of speaking Ill, there are Numbers of People who are too lazy to go out of their own Houses, and too ill-natured to open their Lips in Conversation. It was

not a little diverting the other Day, to observe a Lady reading a Post Letter, and at these Words, *After all her Airs, he has heard some Story or other, and the Match is broken off*, give Orders, in the Midst of her Reading, *Put to the Horses*. That a young Woman of Merit had missed an advantageous Settlement, was News not to be delayed, lest some Body else should have given her malicious Acquaintance that Satisfaction before her. The Unwillingness to receive good Tidings is a Quality as inseparable from a Scandal-bearer, as the Readiness to divulge bad. But alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that State of Mind, that cannot be pleased but by what is the Subject of Lamentation. This Temper has ever been in the highest Degree odious to gallant Spirits. The *Persian Soldier*, who was heard reviling *Alexander the Great*, was well admonished by his Officer; 'Sir, you are paid to fight against *Alexander*, and not to rail at him.'

Cicero, in one of his Pleadings, defending his Client from general Scandal, says very handsomely, and with much Reason, 'There are many who have particular Engagements to the Prosecutor: There are many who are known to have Ill-will to him for whom I appear: There are many who are naturally addicted to Defamation, and envious of any Good to any Man, who may have contributed to spread Reports of this Kind: For nothing is so swift as Scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more Welcome, nothing diffuses itself so universally. I shall not desire, that if any Report to our Disadvantage has any Ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it: But if there be any Thing advanced by a Person, who cannot say whence he had it; or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it; or who had it from one of so little Consideration, that he did not then think it worth his Notice; all such Testimonies as these, I know you will think too slight to have any Credit against
the

‘ the Innocence and Honour of your Fellow Citizen.’ When an ill Report is traced, it very often vanishes among such as the Orator has here recited. And how despicable a Creature must that be, who is in Pain for what passes among so frivolous a People !

There is a Town in *Warwickshire* of good Note, and formerly pretty famous for much Animosity and Dissension, the chief Families of which have now turned all their Whispers, Backbitings, Envy, and private Malice, into Mirth and Entertainment, by Means of a peevish old Gentlewoman, known by the Title of *Lady Bluemantle*. This Heroine has for many Years together outdone the whole Sisterhood of Gossips in Invention, quick Utterance, and unprovoked Malice. This good Body is of a lasting Constitution, though extremely decayed in her Eyes, and decrepid in her Feet. The two Circumstances of being always at Home from her Lameness, and very attentive from her Blindness, make her Lodgings the Receptacle of all that passes in Town, good or bad ; but for the latter, she seems to have the better Memory. There is another Thing to be noted of her, which is, that, as is usual with old People, she has a livelier Memory of Things which passed when she was very young, than of late Years. Add to all this, that she does not only not love any Body, but she hates every Body. The Statue in *Rome* does not serve to vent Malice half so well, as this old Lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the Author of any Thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the Matter itself ; therefore, though she exposes all the whole Town, she offends no one Body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish, that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes, in a Freak, will instantly change her Habitation. To indulge this Humour, she is led about the Grounds belonging to the same House she is in, and the Persons to whom she is to remove, being in the Plot, are ready to receive her at her own Chamber again. At stated Times, the Gentlewoman

at whose House she supposes she is at the Time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common Custom. When they have a Mind to drive the Jest, she is immediately urged to that Degree, that she will board in a Family with which she has never yet been; and away she will go this instant, and tell them all that the Rest have been saying of them. By this Means she has been an Inhabitant of every House in the Place, without stirring from the same Habitation; and the many Stories which every Body furnish her with to favour that Deceit, make her the general Intelligencer of the Town, of all that can be said by one Woman against another. Thus groundless Stories die away, and sometimes Truths are smothered under the general Word: When they have a Mind to discountenance a Thing, Oh! that is in my Lady *Bluemantle's* Memoirs.

Whoever receives Impressions to the Disadvantage of others without Examination, is to be had in no other Credit for Intelligence than this good Lady *Bluemantle*, who is subjected to have her Ears imposed upon for Want of other Helps to better Information. Add to this, that other Scandal-bearers suspend the Use of those Faculties which she has lost, rather than apply them to do Justice to their Neighbours; and I think, for the Service of my fair Readers, to acquaint them that there is a voluntary Lady *Bluemantle* at every Visit in Town.

ON CALUMNY and REPROACH.

*Who steals my Purse, steals Trash; 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to Thousands:
But he who filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.*——

SHAKESPEARE.

WERE all the Vexations of Life put together, we should find that a great Part of them proceed from those Calumnies and Reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another. There

There is scarce a Man living who is not, in some Degree, guilty of this Offence; though at the same Time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking Ill of the Persons who are notorious in this Practice. It generally takes its Rise either from an Ill-will to Mankind, a private Inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an Ostentation of Wit, a Vanity of being thought in the Secrets of the World, or from a Desire of gratifying any of these Dispositions of Mind in those Persons with whom we converse.

The Publisher of Scandal is more or less odious to Mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing Motives. But whatever may be the Occasion of spreading these false Reports, he ought to consider, that the Effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the Person at whom they are aimed. The Injury is the same, though the Principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much Indulgence, when he passes a Judgment on his own Thoughts or Actions; and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable Proceeding, which is so universally practised, and, at the same Time, so universally blamed, I shall lay down three Rules, by which I would have a Man examine and search into his own Heart, before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil Disposition of Mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, Let him consider whether he does not take Delight in hearing the Faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening Accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured Side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such Reports as tend to the Disreputation of another.

These

These are the several Steps by which this Vice proceeds, and grows up into Slander and Defamation.

In the first Place, a Man who takes Delight in hearing the Faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true Relish of Scandal, and consequently the Seeds of this Vice within him. If his Mind is gratified with hearing the Reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same Pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same Manner with himself. A Man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his Mind this criminal Curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such Stories as tend to the Disreputation of others.

In the second Place, a Man should consult his own Heart, whether he is not apt to *believe* such little blackening Accounts; and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured Side.

Such a Credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a Man's Consciousness of his own secret Corruptions. It is a pretty Saying of *Thales*, Falsehood is just as far distant from Truth, as the Ears are to the Eyes. By which he would intimate, that a wise Man should not easily give Credit to the Reports of Actions which he has not seen. I shall under this Head mention two or three remarkable Rules to be observed by the Members of the celebrated Abbey of *La Trappe*, as they are published in a little *French Book*.

The Fathers are there ordered, never to give an Ear to any Accounts of base or criminal Actions; to turn off all such Discourse if possible; but in case they hear any Thing of this Nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal Action may have proceeded from a good Intention in him who is guilty of it. This is perhaps carrying Charity to an Extravagance; but

but it is certainly much more laudable than to suppose, as the ill-natured Part of the World does, that indifferent and even good Actions proceed from bad Principles and wrong Intentions.

In the third Place, a Man should examine his Heart, whether he does not find in it a secret Inclination to propagate such Reports, as tend to the Disreputation of another.

When the Disease of the Mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this Degree of Malignity, it discovers itself in its worst Symptoms, and is in Danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the Guilt in this last Particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of Humanity, or even common Discretion; I shall only add, whatever Pleasure any Man may take in spreading Whispers of this Nature, he will find an infinitely greater Satisfaction in conquering the Temptation he is under, by letting the Secret die within his own Breast.

On CHEARFULNESS.

——— *I look on Chearfulness
As on the Health of Virtue.*

YOUNG.

I HAVE always preferred Chearfulness to Mirth. The latter I consider as an Act, the former as an Habit of the Mind. Mirth is short and transient; Chearfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest Transports of Mirth, who are subject to the greatest Depressions of Malancholy. On the contrary, Chearfulness, though it does not give the Mind such an exquisite Gladness, prevents us from falling into any Depths of Sorrow. Mirth is like a Flash of Lightning, that breaks through a Gloom of Clouds, and glitters for a Moment; Chearfulness keeps up a Kind of Day-light in the Mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual Serenity.

Men

Men of austere Principles look upon Mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a State of Probation, and as filled with a certain Triumph and Insolence of Heart, that is inconsistent with a Life which is every Moment obnoxious to the greatest Dangers. Writers of this Complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great Pattern of Perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Chearfulness of Mind is not liable to any of these Exceptions; it is of a serious and composed Nature; it does not throw the Mind into a Condition improper for the present State of Humanity, and is very conspicuous in the Character of those who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as amongst those who have been deservedly esteemed as Saints and holy Men among Christians.

If we consider Cheerfulness in three Lights, with Regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our Being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of those Accounts. The Man who is possessed of this excellent Frame of Mind, is not only easy in his Thoughts, but a perfect Master of all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul: His Imagination is always clear, and his Judgment undisturbed: His Temper is even and unruffled, whether in Action or in Solitude. He comes with a Relish of all those Goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the Pleasures of the Creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full Weight of those accidental Evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in Relation to the Persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces Love and Good-will towards them. A cheerful Mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same Good-humour in those who come within its Influence. A Man finds himself pleased, he knows not why, with the Cheerfulness of his
Com-

Companions : It is like a sudden Sunshine, that awakens a secret Delight in the Mind without attending to it. The Heart rejoices of its own Accord, and naturally flows out into Friendship and Benevolence towards the Person who has so kindly an Effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful State of Mind in its third Relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual Gratitude to the great Author of Nature. An inward Chearfulness is an implicit Praise and Thanksgiving to Providence under its Dispensations. It is a Kind of Acquiescence in the State wherein we are placed, and a secret Approbation of the Divine Will in his Conduct towards Man.

There are but two Things, which, in my Opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this Chearfulness of Heart. The first of these is the Sense of Guilt. A Man who lives in a State of Vice and Impenitence, can have no Title to that Evenness and Tranquillity of Mind, which is the Health of the Soul, and the natural Effect of Virtue and Innocence. Chearfulness in an ill Man deserves a harder Name than Language can furnish us with, and is many Degrees beyond what we commonly call Folly and Madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a Disbelief of the Supreme Being, and consequently of a future State, under whatsoever Title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a Man of his Chearfulness of Temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human Nature in the Prospect of Non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent Writers, how it is possible for a Man to outlive the Expectation of it. For my own Part, I think the Being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only Truth we are sure of, and such a Truth as we meet with in every Object, in every Occurrence, and in every Thought. If we look into the Character of this Tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of Pride,
Spleen,

Spleen, and Cavil: It is indeed no Wonder that Men who are uneasy to themselves should be so to the Rest of the World; and how is it possible for a Man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, when he is in Danger every Moment of losing his entire Existence, and dropping into nothing.

The vicious Man and Atheist have therefore no Pretence to Chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour at it. It is impossible for any one to live in Good-humour, and enjoy his present Existence, who is apprehensive either of Torment or Annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great Principles, which are destructive of Chearfulness in their own Nature, as well as in right Reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy Temper from a virtuous Mind. Pain and Sicknes, Shame and Reproach, Poverty and Old-age, nay Death itself, considering the Shortness of their Duration, and the Advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the Name of Evils. A good Mind may bear up under them with Fortitude, with Indolence, and with Chearfulness of Heart. The Tossing of a Tempest does not discompose him who is sure it will bring him to a joyful Harbour.

A Man who uses his best Endeavours to live according to the Dictates of Virtue and right Reason, has two perpetual Sources of Chearfulness; in the Consideration of his own Nature, and of that Being on whom he has a Dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that Existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after Millions of Ages, will be still new, and still in its Beginning. How many Self-Congratulations naturally arise in the Mind when it reflects on this its Entrance into Eternity, when it takes a View of those improveable Faculties, which in a few Years, and even at his first setting out, have made so considerable

derable a Progress, and which will be still receiving an Increase of Perfection, and consequently an Increase of Happiness? The Consciousness of such a Being, spreads a perpetual Diffusion of Joy through the Soul of a virtuous Man, and makes him look upon himself every Moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second Source of Chearfulness to a good Mind, is its Consideration of that Being on whom we have our Dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint Discoveries of his Perfections, we see every Thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves everywhere upheld by his Goodness, and surrounded with an Immenfity of Love and Mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose Power qualifies him to make us happy by an Infinity of Means, whose Goodness and Truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose Unchangeableness will secure us in this Happiness to all Eternity.

Such Considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his Thoughts, will banish from us all that secret Heaviness of Heart, which unthinking Men are subject to when they lie under no real Affliction; all that Anguish which we may feel from any Evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add, those little Cracklings of Mirth and Folly that are apter to betray Virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and chearful Temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please.

The Advantage of CHEARFULNESS.

*Nor fell Despair, nor Noise invades the Ear;
But all serene and placid does appear.*

ANON.

Chearfulness is, in the first Place, the best Promoter of Health. Repinings and secret Murmurs of Heart, give imperceptible Strokes to those delicate Fibres of which the vital Parts are composed, and wear out the Machine insensibly; not to mention those violent Ferments which they stir up in the Blood, and those irregular, disturbed Motions which they raise in the animal Spirits. I scarce remember, in my own Observations, to have met with many old Men, or with such, who, (to use our *English* Phrase) *wear well*, that had not at least a certain Indolence in their Humour, if not a more than ordinary Gaiety and Cheerfulness of Heart. The Truth of it is, Health and Cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this Difference, that we seldom meet with a great Degree of Health which is not attended with a certain Cheerfulness, but very often see Cheerfulness where there is no great Degree of Health.

Chearfulness bears the same friendly Regard to the Mind as to the Body: It banishes all anxious Care and Discontent, soothes and composes the Passions, and keeps the Soul in a perpetual Calm. But having already touched on this last Consideration, I shall here take Notice, that the World, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable Objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy Temper of Mind.

If we consider the World in its Subserviency to Man, one would think it was made for our Use; but if we consider it in its natural Beauty and Harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our Pleasure. The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Universe, and produces all the Necessaries of
Life,

Life, has a particular Influence in chearing the Mind of Man, and making the Heart glad.

Those several living Creatures which are made for our Service or Sustenance, at the same Time either fill the Woods with their Music, furnish us with Game, or raise pleasing Ideas in us by the Delightfulness of their Appearance. Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers are as refreshing to the Imagination, as to the Soil through which they pass.

There are Writers of great Distinction, who have made it an Argument for Providence, that the whole Earth is covered with Green, rather than with any other Colour, as being such a right Mixture of Light and Shade, that it comforts and strengthens the Eye, instead of weakening or grieving it. For this Reason several Painters have a green Cloth hanging near them, to ease the Eye upon, after too great an Application to their Colouring. A famous modern Philosopher accounts for it in the following Manner: All Colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal Spirits which are employed in Sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure, do not give the animal Spirits a sufficient Exercise; whereas the Rays that produce in us the Idea of Green, fall upon the Eye in such a due Proportion, that they give the animal Spirits their proper Play, and by keeping up the Struggle in a just Balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable Sensation. Let the Cause be what it will, the Effect is certain; for which Reason the Poets ascribe to this particular Colour the Epithet of *cheerful*.

To consider farther this double End in the Works of Nature, and how they are at the same Time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important Parts in the vegetable World are those which are the most beautiful. These are the Seeds by which the several Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal Design, and

to be industrious in making the Earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great Work, and intent upon her own Preservation. The Husbandman after the same Manner is employed in laying out the whole Country into a Kind of Garden or Landscape, and making every Thing smile about him, whilst, in Reality, he thinks of nothing but of the Harvest, and the Increase which is to arise from it.

We may farther observe how Providence has taken Care to keep up this Chearfulness in the Mind of Man, by having formed it after such a Manner, as to make it capable of conceiving Delight from several Objects which seem to have very little Use in them; as from the Wildness of Rocks and Desarts, and the like grotesque Parts of Nature. Those who are versed in Philosophy, may carry this Consideration still higher, by observing, that if Matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real Qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable Figure; and why has Providence given it a Power of producing in us such imaginary Qualities, as Tastes and Colours, Sounds and Smells, Heat and Cold; but that Man, while he is conversant in the lower Stations of Nature, might have his Mind cheared and delighted with agreeable Sensations? In short, the whole Universe is a Kind of Theatre, filled with Objects that either raise in us Pleasure, Amusement, or Admiration.

The Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him the Vicissitude of Day and Night, the Change of Seasons, with all that Variety of Scenes which diversify the Face of Nature, and fill the Mind with a perpetual Succession of beautiful and pleasing Images.

I shall not here mention the several Entertainments of Art, with the Pleasures of Friendship, Books, Conversation, and other accidental Diversions of Life, because I would only take Notice of such Incitements to a chearful Temper, as offer themselves to Persons of all Ranks and Conditions, and which may sufficient-
ly

ly shew us that Providence did not design this World should be filled with Murmurs and Repinings, or that the Heart of Man should be involved in Gloom and Melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Chearfulness of Temper, as it is a Virtue in which our Countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other Nation. Melancholy is a Kind of Dæmon that haunts our Island, and often conveys itself to us in an easterly Wind. A celebrated *French* Novellist, in Opposition to those who begin their Romances with the flowery Season of the Year, enters on his Story thus: *In the gloomy Month of November, when the People of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate Lover walked out into the Fields, &c.*

Every one ought to fence against the Temper of his Climate and Constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those Considerations which may give him a Serenity of Mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little Evils and Misfortunes which are common to human Nature, and which, by a right Improvement of them, will produce a Satiety of Joy, and an uninterrupted Happiness.

At the same Time that I would engage my Reader to consider the World in its most agreeable Lights, I must own there are many Evils which naturally spring up amidst the Entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the Mind with Sorrow, or destroying that Chearfulness of Temper which I have been recommending. This Interspersion of Evil with Good, and Pain with Pleasure, in the Works of Nature, is very truly described by Mr *Locke*, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral Reason, in the following Words:

Beyond all this, we may find another Reason why God hath scattered up and down several Degrees of Pleasure and Pain, in all the Things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our Thoughts

and Senses have to do with; that we, finding Imperfection, Dissatisfaction, and Want of compleat Happiness in all the Enjoyments which the Creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the Enjoyment of Him, with whom there is Fulness of Joy, and at whose Right-hand are Pleasures for evermore.

ON HAPPINESS.

*Know then this Truth—enough for Man to know,
Virtue alone is Happiness below.*

POPE.

I Ought hourly to be looking up with Gratitude and Praise to the Creator of my Being, for having formed me of a Disposition that throws off every Particle of Spleen, and either directs my Attention to Objects of Chearfulness and Joy, or enables me to look upon their Contraries as I do on Shades in a Picture, which add Force to the Lights, and Beauty to the Whole. With this Happiness of Constitution, I can behold the Luxury of the Times, as giving Food and Cloathing to the Hungry and the Naked, extending our Commerce, and promoting and encouraging the liberal Arts. I can look upon the Horrors of War, as productive of the Blessings and Enjoyments of Peace; and upon the Miseries of Mankind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful Heart that my own Lot has been more favourable.

There is a Passage in that truly original Poem, called *The Spleen*, which pleases me more than almost any Thing I have read. The Passage is this:

*Happy the Man who, innocent,
Grieves not at Ills he can't prevent;
His Skiff dows with the Current glide,
Nor puffing pull'd against the Tide:
He, paddling by the scuffling Crowd,
Sees, unconcern'd, Life's Wager row'd;
And when he can't prevent foul Play,
Enjoys the Follies of the Fray.*

The

The laughing Philosopher has always appeared to me a more eligible Character than the weeping one; but before I sit down either to laugh or to cry at the Follies of Mankind, as I have publicly enlisted myself in their Service, it becomes me to administer every Thing in my Power to relieve or cure them. For this Purpose I shall here lay before my Readers some loose Hints on a Subject, which will, I hope, excite their Attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the Heart those malignant and fullen Humours, which destroy the Harmony of social Life.

If we make Observations on human Nature, either from what we feel in ourselves, or see in others, we shall perceive that almost all the Uneasinesses of Mankind owe their Rise to Inactivity, or Idleness of Body or Mind. A free and brisk Circulation of the Blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating Easiness and Good-humour; and is the only Means of securing us from a restless Train of idle Thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthen some to ourselves, and dissatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wisely provided for the Generality of Mankind, by compelling them to use that Labour, which not only procures them the Necessaries of Life, but Peace and Health to enjoy them with Delight. Nay further, we find how essentially necessary it is that the greatest Part of Mankind should be obliged to earn their Bread by Labour, from the ill Use that is almost universally made of those Riches which exempt Men from it. Even the Advantages of the best Education are generally found to be insufficient to keep us within the Limits of Reason and Moderation. How hard do the very best of Men find it, to force upon themselves that Abstinence or Labour which the Narrowness of their Circumstances does not immediately compel them to! Is there really one in ten, who by all the Advantages of Wealth and Leisure, is made more
happy

happy in Respect to himself, or more useful to Mankind! What Numbers do we daily see of such Persons, either rioting in Luxury, or sleeping in Sloth, for one who makes a proper Use of the Advantages which Riches give for the Improvement of himself, or the Happiness of others! And how many do we meet with, who, for their Abuse of the Blessings of Life, are given up to perpetual Uneasiness of Mind, and to the great Agonies of bodily Pain!

Whoever seriously considers this Point, will discover that Riches are by no Means such certain Blessings as the Poor imagine them to be: On the contrary, he will perceive that the common Labours and Employments of Life are much better suited to the Majority of Mankind, than Prosperity and Abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful Sentence which the Creator passed on Man for his Disobedience, *By the Sweat of thy Face thou shalt eat thy Bread*; for to the Punishment itself, he stands indebted for Health, Strength, and all the Enjoyments of Life. Though the first Paradise was forfeited for his Transgression, yet by the Penalty inflicted for that Transgression, the Earth is made into a Paradise again, in the beautiful Fields and Gardens which we see daily produced by the Labour of Man. And though the Ground was pronounced cursed for his Disobedience; yet is that Curse so ordered, as to be the Punishment chiefly, and almost solely, of those who, by Intemperance or Sloth, inflict it upon themselves.

Even from the Wants and Weaknesses of Mankind, are the Bonds of mutual Support and Affection derived. The Necessities of each, which no Man himself can sufficiently supply, compel him to contribute towards the Benefit of others; and while he labours only for his own Advantage, he is promoting the universal Good of all around him.

Health is the Blessing that every one wishes to enjoy; but the Multitude are so unreasonable, as to desire

desire to purchase it at a cheaper Rate than it is to be obtained. The Continuance of it is only to be secured by Exercise or Labour. But the Misfortune is, that the Poor are too apt to overlook their own Enjoyments, and to view with Envy the Ease and Affluence of their Superiors, not considering that the usual Attendants upon great Fortunes are Anxiety and Disease.

If it be true, that those Persons are the happiest who have the fewest Wants, the rich Man is more the Object of Compassion than Envy. However moderate his Inclinations may be, the Custom of the World lays him under a Kind of Necessity of living up to his Fortune. He must be surrounded by an useless Train of Servants; his Appetite must be palled with Plenty, and his Peace invaded by Crowds. He must give up the Pleasures and Endearments of domestic Life, to be the Slave of Party and Faction. Or if the Goodness of his Heart should incline him to Acts of Humanity and Benevolence, he will have the frequent Mortification of seeing his Charities ill bestowed; and by his Inability to relieve all, the constant one of making more Enemies by his Refusals, than Friends by his Benefactions. If we add to these Considerations a Truth, which I believe few Persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest Fortunes, by adding to the Wants of their Possessors, usually render them the most necessitous of Men, we shall find Greatness and Happiness to be at a wide Distance from one another. If we carry our Enquiries still higher; if we examine into the State of a King, and even enthrone him, like our own, in the Hearts of his People; if the Life of a Father be a Life of Care and Anxiety, to be the Father of a People is a Pre-eminence to be honoured, but not envied.

This Happiness of Life is, I believe, generally to be found in those Stations, which neither totally subject Men to Labour, nor absolutely exempt them
from

from it. Power is the Parent of Disquietude, Ambition of Disappointment, and Riches of Disease.

I will conclude these Reflections with the following Fable.

“ Labour, the Offspring of Want, and the Mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two Daughters in a little Cottage by the Side of a Hill, at a great Distance from Town. They were totally unacquainted with the Great, and had kept no better Company than the neighbouring Villagers: But having a Desire of seeing the World, they forsook their Companions and Habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along the Road, with Health on her Right-hand, who, by the Sprightliness of her Conversation, and Songs of Cheerfulness and Joy, softened the Toils of the Way; while Contentment went smiling on the Left, supporting the Steps of her Mother, and, by her perpetual Good-humour, encreasing the Vivacity of her Sister.

“ In this Manner they travelled over Forests, and through Towns and Villages, till at last they arrived at the Capital of the Kingdom. At their Entrance into the great City, the Mother conjured her Daughters never to lose Sight of her; for it was the Will of *Jupiter*, she said, that their Separation should be attended with the utter Ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a Disposition to regard the Counsel of Labour: She suffered herself to be debauched by Intemperance, and at last died in Childhood of Disease. Contentment, in the Absence of her Sister, gave herself up to the Enticements of Sloth, and was never heard of after: While Labour, who could have no Enjoyment without her Daughters, went every-where in Search of them, till she was at last seized by a Lassitude in her Way, and died in Misery.”

The ART of HAPPINESS.

*Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling Train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain.* POPE.

A Good Temper is one of the principal Ingredients of Happiness. This, it will be said, is the Work of Nature, and must be born with us: And so in a good Measure it is; yet oftentimes it may be acquired by Art, and always improved by Culture. Almost every Object that attracts our Notice, has its bright and its dark Side: He that habituates himself to look at the displeasing Side, will sour his Disposition, and consequently impair his Happiness; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright Side, insensibly meliorates his Temper, and in Consequence of it, improves his own Happiness, and the Happiness of all about him.

Arachne and *Melissa* are two Friends. They are both of them Women in Years, and alike in Birth, Fortune, Education, and Accomplishments. They were originally alike in Temper too; but by different Management, are grown the Reverse of each other. *Arachne* has accustomed herself to look only on the dark Side of every Object. If a new Play or Poem makes its Appearance, with a thousand Brilliances, and but one or two Blemishes, she slightly skims over the Passages that should give her Pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with Dislike. If you shew her a very excellent Portrait, she looks at some Part of the Drapery that has been neglected, or to a Hand or Finger which has been left unfinished. Her Garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great Neatness and Elegance; but if you take a Walk with her into it, she talks to you of nothing but Blights and Storms, of Snails and Caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the Litter of falling Leaves and Worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her Temples to enjoy

joy a delightful Prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much Wood, or too little Water; that the Day is too funny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry or windy; and finishes with a long Harangue upon the Wretchedness of our Climate. When you return with her to the Company, in hopes of a little chearful Conversation, she casts a Gloom over all, by giving you the History of her own bad Health, or of some melancholy Accident that has befallen one of her Daughter's Children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own Spirits, and the Spirits of all around her, and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her Friends are grave.

Melissa is the Reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright Side of Objects, she preserves a perpetual Chearfulness in herself, which, by a Kind of happy Contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any Misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an Escape. She rejoices in Solitude, as it gives her an Opportunity of knowing herself; and in Society, because she can communicate the Happiness she enjoys. She opposes every Man's Virtues to his Failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her Acquaintance. She opens every Book with a Desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a Heath or a Common, and she will discover numberless Beauties, unobserved before, in the Hills, the Dales, the Brooms, Brakes, and the variegated Flowers of Weeds and Poppies. She enjoys every Change of Weather and of Season, as bringing with it something of Health or Convenience. In Conversation, it is a Rule with her never to start a Subject that leads to any Thing gloomy or disagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own Grievances, or those of her Neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their Faults

Faults and Imperfections. If any Thing of the latter Kind be mentioned in her Hearing, she has the Address to turn it into Entertainment, by changing the most odious Railing into a pleasant Raillery. Thus *Melissa*, like the Bee, gathers Honey from every Weed; while *Arachne*, like the Spider, sucks Poison from the fairest Flowers. The Consequence is, that of two Tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and chearful: The one spreads an universal Gloom; the other a continual Sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our Attention than this Art of Happiness. In Conversation, as well as Life, Happiness very often depends upon the slightest Incidents. The taking Notice of the Badness of the Weather, a North-East Wind, the Approach of Winter, or any trifling Circumstance of the disagreeable Kind, shall insensibly rob a whole Company of its Good-humour, and fling every Member of it into the Vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that Happiness to all about us, these *Minutiae* of Conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The Brightness of the Sky, the Lengthening of the Days, the encreasing Verdure of the Spring, the Arrival of any little Piece of good News, or whatever carries with it the most distant Glimpse of Joy, shall frequently be the Parent of a social and happy Conversation. Good Manners exact from us this Regard for our Company. The Clown may repine at the Sunshine that ripens his Harvest, because his Turnips are burnt up by it; but the Man of Refinement will extract Pleasure from the Thunder Storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the Plenty and Refreshment which may be expected from such a Shower.

Thus does good Manners, as well as good Sense, direct us to look at every Object on the bright Side; and by thus acting, we cherish and improve both the one and the other. By this Practice it is that

Melissa is become the wisest and the best-bred Woman living: And by this Practice may every Man and Woman arrive at that easy Benevolence of Temper, which the World calls Good-nature, and the Scripture Charity, whose natural and never-failing Fruit is Happiness.

*On the INFLUENCE of INNOCENCE
and HONOUR.*

*When Innocence and Beauty both combine,
What Soul but melts?—Their Force is all divine.*

ANON.

A French Author, giving an Account of a very agreeable Man, in whose Character he mingles good Qualities and Infirmities, rather than Vices and Virtues, tells the following Story.

“ Our Author says, he was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all Faults. He had a loose Rogue for a Lacquey, not a little in his Favour, though he had no other Name for him when he spoke of him but *the Rascal*, or to him, but *Sirrah*. One Morning when he was dressing, *Sirrah*, says he, be sure you bring Home this Evening a pretty Wench. The Fellow was a Person of Diligence and Capacity, and had for some Time address’d himself to a decayed old Gentlewoman, who had a young Maiden to her Daughter, beauteous as an Angel, not yet sixteen Years of Age. The Mother’s extreme Poverty, and the Insinuations of this artful Lacquey, concerning the soft Disposition and Generosity of his Master, made her consent to deliver up her Daughter. But many were the Intreaties and Representations of the Mother to gain the Child’s Consent, to an Action, which she said she abhorred, at the same Time she exhorted her to it; but, Child, says she, can you see your Mother die for Hunger? The Virgin argued no longer, but bursting into Tears, said,

said, she would go any where. The Lacquey conveyed her with great Obsequiousness and Secrecy to his Master's Lodging, and placed her in a commodious Apartment till he came Home. The Knight, who knew his Man never failed of bringing in his Prey, indulged his Genius at a Banquet, and was in high Humour at an Entertainment with Ladies, expecting to be received in the Evening by one as agreeable as the best of them. When he came Home, his Lacquey met him with a saucy and joyful Familiarity, crying out, She is as handsome as an Angel, (for there is no other Simile on these Occasions) but the tender Fool has wept till her Eyes are swelled and bloated; for she is a Maid and a Gentlewoman. With that he conducted his Master to the Room where she was, and retired. The Knight, when he saw her bathed in Tears, said in some Surprise, Do you not know, young Woman, why you are brought hither? The unhappy Maid fell on her Knees, and with many Interruptions of Sighs and Tears, said to him, I know, alas! too well, why I am brought hither: My Mother, to get Bread for her and myself, has sent me to do what you pleased; but wish it would please Heaven I could die, before I am added to the Number of those miserable Wretches who live without Honour! With this Reflection she wept anew, and beat her Bosom. The Knight, stepping back from her, said, I am not so abandoned as to hurt your Innocence against your Will.

"The Novelty of this Accident surprized him into Virtue; and covering the young Maid with a Cloak, he led her to a Relation's House, to whose Care he recommended her for that Night. The next Morning he sent for her Mother, and asked her if her Daughter was a Maid: The Mother assured him, that when she delivered her to his Servant, she was a Stranger to Man. Are you not then, replied the Knight, a wicked Woman, to contrive the Debauchery of your own Child? She held down her Face with Fear and Shame, and in her Confusion uttered some broken

Words concerning her Poverty. Far be it, said the Gentleman, that you should relieve yourself from Want by a much greater Evil: Your Daughter is a fine young Creature; do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a Wife? The Mother answered, there is an honest Man in our Neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said he would marry her with Two Hundred Pounds. The Knight ordered his Man to reckon out that Sum, with an Addition of Fifty to buy the Bride Cloaths, and Fifty more as an Help to her Mother."

I appeal to all the Gallants in Town, whether possessing all the Beauties in Great-Britain could give half the Pleasure that this young Gentleman had in the Reflection of having relieved a miserable Parent from Guilt and Poverty, an innocent Virgin from public Shame, and bestowing a virtuous Wife upon an honest Man?

INGRATITUDE punished. An EASTERN TALE.

*He that's ungrateful has no Fault but one.
All other Crimes may pass for Virtues in him.*

YOUNG.

A Dervise, venerable by his Age, fell ill in the House of a Woman who had been long a Widow, and lived in extreme Poverty in the Suburbs of *Balsora*. He was so touched with the Care and Zeal with which she had assisted him, that at his Departure he said to her, I have remarked that you have wherewith to subsist alone, but that you have not Subsistence enough to share it with your only Son, the young *Abdallah*. If you will trust him to my Care, I will endeavour to acknowledge, in his Person, the Obligations I have to you for your Care of me. The good Woman received this Proposal with Joy; and the Dervise departed with the young Man, advertising her, that they must perform a Journey which would
last

last near two Years. As they travelled, he kept him in Affluence, gave him excellent Instructions, cured him of a dangerous Disease with which he was attacked; in fine, he took the same Care of him as if he had been his own Son. *Abdallah* a hundred Times testified his Gratitude to him for all his Bounties; but the old Man always answered, 'My Son, it is by Actions that Gratitude is proved; we shall see in a proper Time and Place, whether you are so grateful as you pretend.'

One Day, as they continued their Travels, they found themselves in a solitary Place, and the Dervise said to *Abdallah*, 'My Son, we are now at the End of our Journey; I shall employ my Prayers to obtain from Heaven, that the Earth may open and make an Entrance wide enough to permit thee to descend into a Place, where thou wilt find one of the greatest Treasures that the Earth incloses in her Bowels. Hast thou Courage to descend into this subterraneous Vault?' continued he. *Abdallah* swore to him, he might depend upon his Obedience and Zeal. Then the Dervise lighted a small Fire, into which he cast a Perfume; he read and prayed for some Moments, after which the Earth opened, and the Dervise said to him,—'Thou mayest now enter, my dear *Abdallah*; remember that it is in thy Power to do me a great Service; and that this is, perhaps, the only Opportunity thou canst ever have of testifying to me that thou art not ungrateful: Do not let thyself be dazzled by all the Riches thou wilt find there; think only of seizing upon an Iron Candlestick with twelve Branches, which thou wilt find close to a Door; that is absolutely necessary to me; come up immediately, and bring it to me.'—*Abdallah* promised every Thing, and descended boldly into the Vault. But forgetting what had been expressly recommended to him, whilst he was filling his Vest and his Bosom with Gold and Jewels, which this subterraneous Vault inclosed in prodigious Heaps, the Opening by which he entered closed

fed of itself. He had, however, Presence of Mind enough to seize on the Iron Candlestick, which the Dervise had so strongly recommended to him; and though the Situation he was in was very terrible, he did not abandon himself to Despair; and thinking only in what Manner he should get out of a Place which might become his Grave, he apprehended that the Vault had closed only because he had not followed the Order of the Dervise; he recalled to his Memory the Care and Goodness he had loaded him with; reproached himself with his Ingratitude, and finished his Meditation by humbling himself before God. At length, after much Pains and Inquietude, he was fortunate enough to find a narrow Passage which led him out of this obscure Cave; though it was not till he had followed it a considerable Way, that he perceived a small Opening covered with Briars and Thorns, through which he returned to the Light of the Sun. He looked on all Sides, to see if he could perceive the Dervise, but in vain; he designed to deliver him the Iron Candlestick he so much wished for, and formed a Design of quitting him, being rich enough with what he had taken out of the Cavern, to live in Affluence without his Assistance.

Not perceiving the Dervise, nor remembering any of the Places through which he had passed, he went on as Fortune had directed him, and was extremely astonished to find himself opposite to his Mother's House, which he imagined he was at a great Distance from. She immediately enquired after the holy Dervise. *Abdallah* told her frankly what had happened to him, and the Danger he had run to satisfy his unreasonable Desires; he afterwards shewed her the Riches with which he was loaded. His Mother concluded, upon the Sight of them, that the Dervise only designed to make Trial of his Courage and Obedience, and that they ought to make Use of the Happiness which Fortune had presented to them; adding, that doubtless such was the Intention of the holy Dervise.

Whilst

Whilst they contemplated upon these Treasures with Avidity; whilst they were dazzled with the Lustre of them, and formed a thousand Projects in Consequence of them, they all vanished away before their Eyes. It was then that *Abdallah* sincerely reproached himself for his Ingratitude and Disobedience; and, perceiving that the Iron Candlestick had resisted the Incantment, or rather the just Punishment which those deserve who do not execute what they promise, he said, prostrating himself,—‘What has happened to me is just; I have lost what I had no Design to restore, and the Candlestick which I intended to deliver to the Dervise, remains with me: It is a Proof that it rightly belongs to him, and that the rest was unjustly acquired.’ As he finished these Words, he placed the Candlestick in the Midst of their little House.

When the Night was come, without reflecting upon it, he placed the Light in the Candlestick. Immediately they saw a Dervise appear, who turned round for an Hour, and disappeared, after having thrown them an Asper. The Candlestick had twelve Branches. *Abdallah*, who was meditating all the Day upon what he had seen the Night before, was willing to know what would happen the next Night, if he put a Light in each of them; he did so, and twelve Dervises appeared that Instant; they turned round also for an Hour, and each of them threw an Asper, as they disappeared. He repeated every Day the same Ceremony, which had always the same Success, but he could never make it succeed more than once in twenty-four Hours. This trifling Sum was enough to make his Mother and himself subsist tolerably: There was a Time when they would have desired no more to be happy; but it was not considerable enough to change their Fortune: It is always dangerous for the Imagination to be fixed upon the Idea of Riches. The Sight of what he believed he should possess; the Projects he had formed for the Employment of it; all
the

these Things had left such profound Traces in the Mind of *Abdallah*, that nothing could efface them. Therefore seeing the small Advantage he drew from the Candlestick, he resolved to carry it back to the Dervise, in hopes that he might obtain of him the Treasure he had seen, or at least find again the Riches which had vanished from their Sight, by restoring to him a Thing for which he testified so earnest a Desire. He was so fortunate as to remember his Name, and that of the City where he inhabited. He departed therefore immediately for *Magrebi*, carrying with him his Candlestick, which he lighted every Night, and by that Means furnished himself with what was necessary on the Road, without being obliged to implore the Assistance and Compassion of the Faithful. When he arrived at *Magrebi*, his first Care was to enquire in what House, or in what Convent *Abounadar* lodged; he was so well known that every Body told him his Habitation. He repaired thither directly, and found fifty Porters who kept the Gate of his House, having each a Staff with a Head of Gold in their Hands: The Court of this Palace was filled with Slaves and Domestics; in fine, the Residence of a Prince could not expose to View greater Magnificence. *Abdallah*, struck with Astonishment and Admiration, feared to proceed. Certainly, thought he, I either explained myself wrong, or those to whom I addressed myself designed to make a Jest of me, because I was a Stranger: This is not the Habitation of a Dervise; it is that of a King. He was in this Embarrassment, when a Man approached him, and said to him, *Abdallah, thou art welcome; my Master, Abounadar, has long expected thee.* He then conducted him to an agreeable and magnificent Pavilion, where the Dervise was seated. *Abdallah*, struck with the Riches which he beheld on all Sides, would have prostrated himself at his Feet, but *Abounadar* prevented him, and interrupted him when he would have made a Merit of the Candlestick, which he presented to him. 'Thou art but an ungrateful Wretch, said he

‘ he to him: Dost thou imagine thou canst impose
‘ upon me? I am not ignorant of any one of thy
‘ Thoughts; and if thou hadst known the Value of
‘ this Candlestick, thou would never have brought it
‘ to me; I will make thee sensible of its true Use.’
Immediately he placed a Light in each of its Branches;
and when the twelve Dervises had turned round for
some time, *Abounadar* gave each of them a Blow
with a Cane, and in a Moment they were converted
into twelve Heaps of Sequins, Diamonds, and other
precious Stones. ‘ This, said he, is the proper Use to
‘ be made of this marvellous Candlestick. As to me,
‘ I never desired it, but to place it in my Cabinet, as a
‘ Talisman composed by a Sage whom I revere, and
‘ am pleased to expose it sometimes to those who come
‘ to visit me: And, to prove to thee, added he, that
‘ Curiosity was the only Occasion of my Search for
‘ it, here are the Keys of my Magazines, open them,
‘ and thou shalt judge of my Riches; thou shalt tell
‘ me whether the most insatiable Miser would not be
‘ satisfied with them.’ *Abdallah* obeyed him, and ex-
amined twelve Magazines of great Extent, so full of
all Manner of Riches, that he could not distinguish
what merited his Admiration most; they all deserved
it, and produced new Desires. The Regret of having
restored the Candlestick, and that of not having found
out the Use of it, pierced the Heart of *Abdallah*.
Abounadar seemed not to perceive it: On the contrary,
he loaded him with Caresses, kept him some Days in his
House, and commanded him to be treated as himself.
When he was at the Eve of the Day which he had fixed
for his Departure, he said to him, ‘ *Abdallah*, my Son,
‘ I believe, by what has happened to thee, thou art
‘ corrected of the frightful Vice of Ingratitude; how-
‘ ever, I owe thee a Mark of my Affection, for having
‘ undertaken so long a Journey, with a View of bring-
‘ ing me the Thing I had desired: thou may’st depart,
‘ I shall detain thee no longer. Thou shalt find To-
‘ morrow, at the Gate of my Palace, one of my Hor-
‘ ses

‘ses to carry thee; I make thee a Present of it, as well as of a Slave who shall conduct thee to thy House; and two Camels loaded with Gold and Jewels, which thou shalt chuse thyself out of my Treasures.’ *Abdallah* said to him all that a Heart sensible to Avarice could express, when its Passion was satisfied, and went to lie down till the Morning arrived, which was fixed for his Departure.

During the Night he was still agitated, without being able to think of any Thing but the Candlestick, and what it produced. ‘I had it, said he, so long in my Power; *Abounadar*, without me, had never been the Possessor of it: What Risks did I not run in the subterraneous Vault? Why does he now possess this Treasure of Treasures? Because I had the Probity, or rather the Folly, to bring it back to him: He profits by my Labour, and the Danger I have incurred in so long a Journey. And what does he give me in Return? Two Camels loaded with Gold and Jewels; in one Moment the Candlestick will furnish him with ten Times as much. It is *Abounadar* who is ungrateful: What Wrong shall I do him in taking this Candlestick? None certainly; for he is rich: And what do I possess?’ These Ideas determined him, at length, to make all possible Attempts to seize upon the Candlestick. The Thing was not difficult, *Abounadar* having trusted him with the Keys of his Magazines. He knew where the Candlestick was placed; he seized upon it, hid it in the Bottom of one of the Sacks, which he filled with Pieces of Gold and other Riches which he was allowed to take, and loaded it, as well as the rest, upon his Camels. He had no other Eagerness now than for his Departure; and after having hastily bid adieu to the generous *Abounadar*, he delivered him his Keys, and departed with his Horse, and Slave, and two Camels.

When he was some Days Journey from *Balfora*, he sold his Slave, resolving not to have a Witness of his former Poverty, nor of the Source of his present Riches.

Riches. He bought another, and arrived without any Obstacle at his Mother's, whom he would scarce look upon, so much was he taken up with his Treasure. His first Care was to place the Loads of his Camels and the Candlestick in the most private Room of the House; and, in his Impatience to feed his Eyes with his great Opulence, he placed Lights immediately in the Candlestick: The twelve Dervises appearing, he gave each of them a Blow with a Cane with all his Strength, lest he should be failing in the Laws of the Talisman: But he had not remarked, that *Abounadar*, when he struck them, had the Cane in his Left-hand. *Abdallah*, by a natural Motion, made Use of his Right; and the Dervises, instead of becoming Heaps of Riches, immediately drew from beneath their Robes each a formidable Club, with which they struck him so hard and so long, that they left him almost dead, and disappeared, carrying with them all his Treasure, the Camels, the Horse, the Slave, and the Candlestick.

Thus was *Abdallah* punished by Poverty, and almost by Death, for his unreasonable Ambition, which perhaps might have been pardonable, if it had not been accompanied by an Ingratitude as wicked as it was audacious, since he had not so much as the Resource of being able to conceal his Perfidies from the too piercing Eyes of his Benefactor.



The FORCE of HABIT.

*All Habits gather by unseen Degrees :
As Brooks run Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.*

DRYDEN.

THERE is not a common Saying which has a better Turn of Sense in it, than what we often hear in the Mouths of the Vulgar, that *Custom is a second Nature*. It is indeed able to form the Man anew, and give him Inclinations and Capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his History of *Staffordshire*, tells us of an Idiot, that chanced to live within the Sound of a Clock, and always amused himself with counting the Hour of the Day, whenever the Clock struck; the Clock being spoiled by some Accident, the Idiot continued to strike and count the Hour without the Help of it, in the same Manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the Truth of this Story, it is very certain that Custom has a mechanical Effect upon the Body, at the same Time that it has a very extraordinary Influence upon the Mind.

I shall in this Paper consider one very remarkable Effect which Custom has upon human Nature; and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful Rules of Life. What I shall here take Notice of in Custom, is its wonderful Efficacy in making every Thing pleasant to us. A Person who is addicted to Play or Gaming, though he took but little Delight in it at first, by Degrees contracts so strong an Inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only End of his Being. The Love of a retired or busy Life will grow upon a Man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some Time disused. Nay, a Man may smoke, drink, or take Snuff, till he is unable to pass away his Time without it; not

not to mention how our Delight in any particular Study, Art, or Science, rises and improves in Proportion to the Application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an Exercise, becomes at length an Entertainment. Our Employments are changed into our Diversions. The Mind grows fond of those Actions she is accustomed to, and is drawn with Reluctancy from those Paths in which she has been used to walk.

Not only such Actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as were painful, will, by Custom and Practice, become pleasant. Sir *Francis Bacon* observes in his Natural Philosophy, that our Taste is never pleased better than with those Things which at first created a Disgust in it. He gives particular Instances of Claret, Coffee, and other Liquors, which the Palate seldom approves upon the first Taste; but when it has once got a Relish of them, generally retains it for Life. The Mind is constituted after the same Manner, and after having habituated herself to any particular Exercise or Employment, not only loses her first Aversion towards it, but conceives a certain Fondness and Affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest Geniuses this Age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite Studies of Antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several Rolls and Records, that notwithstanding such an Employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible Pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The Reader will observe, that I have not here considered Custom as it makes Things easy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same Reflection, it is possible they may not have drawn those Uses from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining Part of this Paper.

If we consider attentively this Property of human Nature, it may instruct us in very fine Moralities.

In the first Place, I would have no Man discouraged with that Kind of Life, or Series of Action, in which the Choice of others, or his own Necessities, may have engaged him. It may, perhaps, be very disagreeable to him at first; but Use and Application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second Place, I would recommend to every one that admirable Precept which *Pythagoras* is said to have given to his Disciples, and which that Philosopher must have drawn from the Observation I have enlarged upon: *Optimum Vitæ Genus eligito, nam Consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*; ‘Pitch upon that Course of Life which is the most excellent, and Custom will render it the most delightful.’ Men, whose Circumstances will permit them to chuse their own Way of Life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their Judgment tells them is the most laudable. The Voice of Reason is more to be regarded than the Bent of any present Inclination: since, by the Rules above-mentioned, Inclination will at length come over to Reason, though we can never force Reason to comply with Inclination.

In the third Place, this Observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious Man to overlook those Hardships and Difficulties, which are apt to discourage him from the Prosecution of a virtuous Life. ‘The Gods, said *Hesiod*, have placed Labour before Virtue; the Way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy, the farther you advance in it.’ The Man who proceeds in it with Steadiness and Resolution, will, in a little Time, find that *her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and that all her Paths are Peace*.

To enforce the Consideration, we may further observe, that the Practice of Religion will not only be attended with that Pleasure, which naturally accompanies those Actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary Joys of Heart,
that

that arise from the Consciousness of such a Pleasure, from the Satisfaction of acting up to the Dictates of Reason, and from the Prospect of an happy Immortality.

In the fourth Place, we may learn from this Observation which we have made on the Mind of Man, to take particular Care, when we are once settled in a regular Course of Life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any of the most innocent Diversions and Entertainments, since the Mind may insensibly fall off from the Relish of virtuous Actions, and, by Degrees, exchange that Pleasure which it takes in the Performance of its Duty, for Delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable Nature.

The last Use which I shall make of this remarkable Property in human Nature, of being delighted with those Actions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain Habits of Virtue in this Life, if we would enjoy the Pleasures of the next. The State of Bliss we call Heaven, will not be capable of affecting those Minds which are not thus qualified for it; we must in this World gain a Relish of Truth and Virtue, if we would be able to taste that Knowledge and Perfection which are to make us happy in the next. The Seeds of those spiritual Joys and Raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the Soul to all Eternity, must be planted in her during this her present State of Probation. In short, Heaven is not to be looked upon as the Reward, but as the natural Effect of a religious Life.

On the other Hand, those evil Spirits, who, by long Custom, have contracted in the Body, Habits of Lust and Sensuality, Malice and Revenge, an Aversion to every Thing that is good, just, or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for Pain and Misery. Their Torments have already taken Root in them, they cannot be happy when divested of the Body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a Manner, create them anew, and work a Miracle in

the Rectification of their Faculties. They may, indeed, taste a Kind of malignant Pleasure in those Actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this Life; but when they are removed from all those Objects, which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own Tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful Habits of Mind which are called in Scripture Phrase, *The Worm which never dies*. This Notion of Heaven and Hell is so very conformable to the Light of Nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted Heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent Divines of the last Age, as in particular by Archbishop *Tillotson* and Dr *Sherlock*; but there is no one who has raised such noble Speculations upon it as Dr *Scott*, in the first Book of his *Christian Life*, which is one of the finest and most rational Schemes of Divinity, that is written in our Tongue or any other. That excellent Author has shewn how every particular Custom and Habit of Virtue will, in its own Nature, produce the Heaven, or a State of Happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it: As on the contrary, how every Custom or Habit of Vice, will be the natural Hell of him, in whom it subsists.

The ABSURDITY of EXTREMES.

*'Tis Education forms the youthful Mind:
Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.*

POPE.

I AM an humble Cousin to two Sisters, who though they are good-humoured good Sort of People, and (all Things considered) behave to me tolerably well; yet their Manners and Dispositions are so extremely opposite, that the Task of pleasing them is rendered very difficult and troublesome. The Elder of my Cousins is a very jolly, free-hearted Girl, and so great an Enemy to all Kinds of Form, that you
feldom

seldom see her with so much as a Pin in her Gown; while the Younger, who thinks in her Heart that her Sister is no better than a *Slattern*, runs into the contrary Extreme, and is, in every Thing she does, an absolute *Fidfad*. She takes up almost as much Time to put on her Gown, as her Sister does to dirty one. The Elder is too thoughtless to remember what she is to do; and the other is so tedious in doing it, that the Time is always elapsed in which it was necessary for it to be done. If you lend any Thing to the Elder, you are sure of having it lost; or if you would borrow any Thing of the Younger, it is Odds but she refuses it, from an Opinion, that you will be less careful of it than herself. Whatsoever Work is done by one Sister, is too slight to hang together for an Hour's Wear; and whatsoever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finished.

As they are constantly Bed-Fellows, the first Sleep of the Elder is sure to be broken by the Younger, whose usual Time of undressing and folding up her Cloaths, is at least an Hour and a Half, allowing a third Part of that Time for Hinderance, occasioned by her Elder Sister's Things, which lie scattered every where in her Way.

If they had Lovers, I know exactly how it would be: The Elder would lose her's by saying *Yes* too soon, and the Younger by saying *No* too often. If they were Wives, the one would be too hasty to do any Thing right, and the other too tedious to do any Thing pleasing: Or were they Mothers, the Daughters of the Elder would be playing at Taw with the Boys, and the Sons of the Younger dressing Dolls with the Misses.

I wish, Sir, you would be so kind to these Cousins of mine, as to favour them with your Advice. I have said already that they are both good-humoured; and if you could prevail upon the Elder to borrow from the Younger, to add to her Exactness a little of the careless Freedom of the Elder, you would make them

very amiable Women, and me the happiest of all humble Cousins.

On BEAUTY and FLATTERY.

*Beauties, like Princes, from their very Youth
Are perfect Strangers to the Voice Truth.*

POPE.

A Friend of mine has two Daughters, whom I will call *Latitia* and *Daphne*; the former is one of the greatest Beauties of the Age in which she lives, the latter no Way remarkable for any Charms in her Person. Upon this one Circumstance of their outward Form, the Good and Ill of their Lives seem to turn. *Latitia* has not, from her very Childhood, heard any Thing else but Commendations of her Features and Complexion, by which Means she is no other than Nature made her, a very beautiful Outside. The Consciousness of her Charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almost Twenty before one civil Thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some Accomplishments to make up for the Want of those Attractions which she saw in her Sister. Poor *Daphne* was seldom submitted to in a Debate wherein she was concerned; her Discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good Sense of it; and she was always under a Necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while *Latitia* was listened to with Partiality, and Approbation sat on the Countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say.

These Causes have produced suitable Effects, and *Latitia* is as insipid a Companion, as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Latitia*, confident of Favour, has studied no Arts to please; *Daphne*, despairing of any Inclination towards her Person, has depended only on her Merit. *Latitia* has always something in her Air
that

that is fullen, grave, and disconsolate. *Daphne* has a Countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned.

A young Gentleman saw *Letitia* this Winter at a Play, and became her Captive. His Fortune was such, that he wanted very little Introduction to speak his Sentiments to her Father. The Lover was admitted with the utmost Freedom into the Family, where a constrained Behaviour, severe Looks, and distant Civilities were the highest Favours he could obtain of *Letitia*; while *Daphne* used him with the Good-humour, Familiarity, and Innocence of a Sister: Insomuch, that he would often say to her, *Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Letitia!*—She received such Language with that ingenuous and pleasing Mirth which is natural to a Woman without Design. He still sighed in vain for *Letitia*, but found certain Relief in the agreeable Conversation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with the haughty Impertinence of *Letitia*, and charmed with the repeated Instances of Good-humour he had observed in *Daphne*, he one Day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with.—*Faith*, *Daphne*, continued he, *I am in Love with thee, and despise thy Sister sincerely.*—The Manner of his declaring himself gave his Mistress Occasion for a very hearty Laughter.—*Nay*, says he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your Father.* He did so; the Father received his Intelligence with no less Joy than Surprise, and was very glad he had now no Care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to Market at Leisure.

I do not know any Thing that has pleased me so much a great While, as the Conquest of my Friend *Daphne's*. All her Acquaintances congratulate her upon her Chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating Murderer, her Sister. As it is an Argument of a light Mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the Imperfections of our Persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the Advantages of them. The Female
World

World seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this Particular; for which Reason I shall recommend the following Extract out of a Friend's Letter to the professed Beauties, who are a People almost as insufferable as the professed Wits.

‘ Monsieur St. Evremont has concluded one of his
 ‘ Essays with affirming, that the last Sighs of a hand-
 ‘ some Woman are not so much for the Loss of her
 ‘ Life as of her Beauty. Perhaps this Railery is pur-
 ‘ sued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious
 ‘ Remark, that a Woman's strongest Passion is for her
 ‘ own Beauty, and that she values it as her favourite
 ‘ Distinction. From hence it is, that all Arts, which
 ‘ pretend to improve or preserve it, meet with so ge-
 ‘ neral a Reception among the Sex. To say nothing
 ‘ of many false Helps, and contraband Wares of Beau-
 ‘ ty, which are daily vended in this great Mart, there
 ‘ is not a Maiden Gentlewoman, of a good Family, in
 ‘ any County of *South-Britain*, who has not heard of
 ‘ the Virtue of *May-dew*, or is unfurnished with
 ‘ some Receipt or other in Favour of her Complex-
 ‘ ion; and I have known a Physician of Learning and
 ‘ Sense, after eight Years Study in the University, and
 ‘ a Course of Travels into most Countries in *Europe*,
 ‘ owe the first Rise of his Fortune to a Cosmetic
 ‘ Wash.

‘ This has given me Occasion to consider, how so
 ‘ universal a Disposition in Womankind, which springs
 ‘ from a laudable Motive, the Desire of pleasing, and
 ‘ proceeds from an Opinion not altogether groundless,
 ‘ that Nature, helped by Art, may be turned to their
 ‘ Advantage. And, methinks, it would be an accep-
 ‘ table Service to take them out of the Hands of Quacks
 ‘ and Pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon
 ‘ themselves, by discovering to them the true Secret
 ‘ and Art of improving Beauty.

‘ In order to do this, before I touch upon it directly
 ‘ it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary
 ‘ Maxims, viz.

‘ That

‘ That no Woman can be *Handsome* by the Force of Features alone, any more than she can be *Witty* only by the Help of Speech.

‘ That Pride destroys all Symmetry and Grace, and Affectation is a more terrible Enemy to fine Faces than the Small-Pox.

‘ That no Woman is capable of being *Beautiful*, who is not incapable of being *False*.

‘ And, what would be *Odious* in a Friend, is *Deformity* in a Mistress.

‘ From these few Principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true Art of assisting Beauty, consists in embellishing the whole Person, by the proper Ornaments of virtuous and commendable Qualities. By this Help alone it is, that those who are the favourite Work of Nature, or, as Mr *Dryden* expresses it, the Porcelain Clay of human Kind, become animated, and are in a Capacity of exerting their Charms: And those who seem to have been neglected by her, like Models wrought in Haste, are capable, in a great Measure, of finishing what she has left imperfect.

‘ It is, methinks, a low and degrading Idea of that Sex, which was created to refine the Joys and soften the Cares of Humanity, by the most agreeable Participation, to consider them merely as Objects of Sight. This is abridging them of their natural Extent of Power, to put them upon a Level with their Pictures at *Kneller’s*. How much nobler is the Contemplation of Beauty heightened by Virtue, and commanding our Esteem and Love, while it draws our Observation! How faint and spiritless are the Charms of a Coquette, when compared with the real Loveliness of *Sophronia’s* Innocence, Piety, Good-humour, and Truth; Virtues which add a new Softness to her Sex, and even beautify her Beauty! That Agreeableness which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest Virgin, is now preserved in the tender Mother, the prudent Friend, and the faithful Wife.

‘ Colours

‘ Colours artfully spread upon Canvas, may entertain
 ‘ the Eye, but not affect the Heart; and she, who takes
 ‘ no Care to add to the natural Graces of her Person
 ‘ any excelling Qualities, may be allowed still to amuse
 ‘ as a Picture, but not to triumph as a Beauty.

‘ When *Adam* is introduced by *Milton*, describing
 ‘ *Eve* in Paradise, and relating to the Angel the Impress-
 ‘ sions he felt upon seeing her at her first Creation, he
 ‘ does not represent her like a *Grecian Venus*, by her
 ‘ Shape or Features, but by the Lustre of her Mind,
 ‘ which shone in them, and gave them their Power of
 ‘ charming :

*Grace was in all her Steps, Heav’n in her Eye,
 In all her Gestures Dignity and Love.*

‘ Without this irradiating Power, the proudest Fair
 ‘ One ought to know, whatever her Glafs may tell her
 ‘ to the contrary, that her most perfect Features are
 ‘ uninformed and dead.

‘ I cannot better close this Moral, than by a short
 ‘ Epitaph written by *Ben Johnson*, with a Spirit which
 ‘ nothing could inspire but such an Object as I have
 ‘ been describing :

*Underneath this Stone doth lie
 As much Virtue as could die;
 Which, when alive, did Vigour give
 To as much Beauty as could live.*

ON AFFECTATION.

*But one Admirer has th' affected Lafs;
Nor meets that one—but in her Looking-glass.* YOUNG.

A Late Conversation which I fell into, gave me an Opportunity of observing a great Deal of Beauty in a very handsome Woman, and as much Wit in an ingenious Man, turned into Deformity in the one, and Absurdity in the other, by the mere Force of Affectation. The Fair One had something in her Person upon which her Thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to Advantage in every Look, Word, and Gesture. The Gentleman was as diligent to do Justice to his fine Parts, as the Lady to her beauteous Form. You might see his Imagination on the Stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her; while she writhed herself into as many different Postures to engage him. When she laughed her Lips were to sever at a greater Distance than ordinary to shew her Teeth: Her Fan was to point to something at a Distance, that in the Reach, she might discover the Roundness of her Arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own Folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her Tucker is to be adjusted, her Bosom exposed, and the whole Woman put into new Airs and Graces. While she was doing all this, the Gallant had Time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind Observation on some other Lady to feed her Vanity. These unhappy Effects of Affectation, naturally led me to look into that strange State of Mind which so generally discolours the Behaviour of most People we meet with.

The learned Dr *Burnet*, in his Theory of the Earth, takes Occasion to observe, that every Thought is attend-

tended with Consciousness and Representativeness: The Mind has nothing presented to it, but what is immediately followed by a Reflection or Conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This Act of the Mind discovers itself in the Gesture, by a proper Behaviour in those whose Consciousness goes no further than to direct them in the just Progress of their present Thought or Action; but betrays an Interruption in every second Thought, when the Consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a Man's own Conceptions; which Sort of Consciousness is what we call Affectation.

As the Love of Praise is implanted in our Bosom as a strong Incentive to worthy Actions, it is a very difficult Task to get above a Desire of it for Things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose Hearts are fixed upon the Pleasures they have in the Consciousness that they are the Objects of Love and Admiration, are ever changing the Air of their Countenances, and altering the Attitude of their Bodies, to strike the Hearts of their Beholders with new Sense of their Beauty. The dressing Part of our Sex, whose Minds are the same with the sillier Part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy Condition to be regarded for a well-tied Cravat, a Hat cocked with an unusual Briskness, a very well-chosen Coat, or other Instances of Merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

But this apparent Affectation, arising from an ill-governed Consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at, in such loose and trivial Minds as these: But when you see it reign in Characters of Worth and Distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some Indignation. It creeps into the Heart of the wise Man, as well as that of the Coxcomb. When you see a Man of Sense look about for Applause, and discover an itching Inclination to be commended, lay Traps for a little Incense, even from those
whose

whose Opinion he values in nothing but his own Favour; who is safe against this Weakness? Or, who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The best Way to get clear of such a light Fondness for Applause, is, to take all possible Care to throw off the Love of it upon Occasions that are not in themselves laudable; but, as it appears, we hope for no Praise from them. Of this Nature are all Graces in Men's Persons, Drefs, and bodily Deportments; which will naturally be winning and attractive if Men think not of them, but lose their Force in Proportion to our Endeavours to make them such.

When our Consciousness turns upon the main Design of Life, and our Thoughts are employed upon the chief Purpose either in Business or Pleasure, we shall never betray an Affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: But when we give the Passion for Praise an unbridled Liberty, our Pleasure in little Perfections robs us of what is due to us for great Virtues and worthy Qualities. How many excellent Speeches and honest Actions are lost, for Want of being indifferent where we ought! Men are oppressed with Regard to their Way of speaking and acting, instead of having their Thoughts bent upon what they should do or say; and by that Means bury a Capacity for great Things, by their Fear of failing in indifferent Things. This, perhaps, cannot be called Affectation; but it has some Tincture of it, at least, so far, as that their Fear of erring in a Thing of no Consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough Disregard to himself in such Particulars, that a Man can act with a laudable Sufficiency: His Heart is fixed upon one Point in View; and he commits no Error, because he thinks nothing an Error, but what deviates from that Intention.

The wild Havoc Affectation makes in that Part of the World which should be most polite, is visible

wherever we turn our Eyes: It pushes Men not only into Impertinencies in Conversation, but also in their premeditated Speeches. At the Bar it torments the Bench, whose Business it is to cut off all Superfluities in what is spoken before it by the Practitioner; as well as several little Pieces of Injustice which arise from the Law itself. I have seen it make a Man run from the Purpose before a Judge, who was, when at the Bar himself, so close and logical a Pleader, that, with all the Pomp of Eloquence in his Power, he never spoke a Word too much.

It might be borne even here, but it often ascends the Pulpit itself; and the Declaimer, in that sacred Place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last Day itself with so many quaint Phrases, that there is no Man who understands Railery, but must resolve to sin no more: Nay, you may behold him sometimes in Prayer, for a proper Delivery of the great Truth he is to utter, humble himself with so very well-turned a Phrase, and mention his own Unworthiness in a Way so very becoming, that the Air of the pretty Gentleman is preserved under the Lowliness of the Preacher.

I shall end this with a short Letter I writ the other Day to a very witty Man, over-run with the Fault I am speaking of.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I spent some Time with you the other Day, and must take the Liberty of a Friend to tell you of the insufferable Affectation you are guilty of in all you say or do. When I gave you a Hint of it, you asked me whether a Man is to be cold to what his Friends think of him? No; but Praise is not to be the Entertainment of every Moment: He that hopes for it, must be able to suspend the Possession of it until proper Periods of Life, or Death itself. If you would not rather be commended than be praise-worthy, con-

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temn little Merit; and allow no Man to be so free with you as to praise you to your Face. Your Vanity by this Means will want its Food. At the same Time your Passion for Esteem will be more fully gratified: Men will praise you in their Actions: Where you now receive one Compliment, you will then receive twenty Civilities. Until then, you will never have of either, further than,

S I R,

Your's, &c.

On MODESTY.

True Modesty is ashamed of every Thing that is criminal: False Modesty of every Thing that is unfashionable.

ADDISON.

MODESTY is not only an Ornament, but also a Guard to Virtue. It is a Kind of quick and delicate *Feeling* in the Soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every Thing that has Danger in it. It is such an exquisite Sensibility, as warns her to shun the first Appearance of every Thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the Place or Time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the History of ancient *Greece*, that the Women of the Country were seized with an unaccountable Melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The Senate, after having tried many Expedients to prevent this Self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an Edict, that if any Woman whomsoever should lay violent Hands upon herself, her Corpse should be exposed naked in the Street, and dragged about the City in the most public Manner. This Edict immediately put a Stop to the Practice which was before so common. We may see in this Instance the Strength of Female Modesty, which was able to overcome the

Violence even of Madness and Despair. The Fear of Shame, in the Fair Sex, was, in those Days, more prevalent than that of Death.

If Modesty has so great an Influence over our Actions, and is in many Cases so impregnable a Fence to Virtue; what can more undermine Morality than that Politeness which reigns among the unthinking Part of Mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous Part of our Behaviour; which recommends Impudence as Good-breeding, and keeps a Man always in Countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless?

Seneca thought Modesty so great a Check to Vice, that he prescribes to us the Practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary Occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the Meaning of his Precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest Solitudes, we should fancy that *Cato* stands before us, and sees every Thing we do. In short, if you banish Modesty out of the World, she carries away with her Half the Virtues that are in it.

After those Reflections on Modesty, as it is a Virtue, I must observe, that there is a vicious Modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those Persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well bred Confidence. This happens when a Man is ashamed to act up to his Reason, and would not, upon any Consideration, be surpris'd in the Practice of those Duties, for the Performance of which he was sent into the World. Many an impudent Libertine would blush to be caught in a serious Discourse, and would scarce be able to shew his Head, after having disclosed a religious Thought. Duplicity of Behaviour, all outward Shew of Virtue and Abhorrence of Vice, are carefully avoided by this Set of shamefaced People, as what would disparage their Gaiety of Temper, and infallibly bring them to Dishonour. This is such a Poorness of Spirit, such a despicable

despicable Cowardice, such a degenerate, abject State of Mind, as one would think human Nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent Instances of it in ordinary Conversation.

There is another Kind of vicious Modesty, which makes a Man ashamed of his Person, his Birth, his Profession, his Poverty, or the like Misfortunes, which it was not his Choice to prevent, and is not in his Power to rectify. If a Man appears ridiculous by any of the aforementioned Circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of Countenance for them. They should rather give him Occasion to exert a noble Spirit, and to palliate those Imperfections which are not in his Power, by those Perfections which are; or, to use a very witty Allusion of an eminent Author, he should imitate *Cæsar*, who, because his Head was bald, covered that Defect with Laurels.

VIRTUE under AFFLICTION, represented
in the Story of AMANDA.

*For Blessings ever await on virtuous Deeds;
And though a late—a sure Reward succeeds.*

CONGREVE.

I HAVE more than once had Occasion to mention a noble Saying of *Seneca* the Philosopher, That a virtuous Person struggling with Misfortunes, and rising above them, is an Object on which the Gods themselves may look down with Delight. I shall therefore set before my Readers a Scene of this Kind of Distress in private Life, for the Speculation of this Day.

An eminent Citizen, who had lived in good Fashion and Credit, was, by a Train of Accidents, and by an unavoidable Perplexity in his Affairs, reduced to a low Condition. There is a Modesty usually attend-

attending faultless Poverty, which made him rather chuse to reduce his Manner of Living to his present Circumstances, than solicit his Friends in order to support the Shew of an Estate when the Substance was gone. His Wife, who was a Woman of Sense and Virtue, behaved herself on this Occasion with uncommon Decency, and never appeared so amiable in his Eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample Fortune she had brought, or the many great Offers she had refused for his Sake, she redoubled all the Instances of her Affection, while her Husband was continually pouring out his Heart to her in Complaints that he had ruined the best Woman in the World. He sometimes came Home at a Time when she did not expect him, and surpris'd her in Tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an Air of Chearfulness to receive him. To lessen their Expences, their eldest Daughter (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was sent into the Country, to the House of an honest Farmer, who had married a Servant of the Family. This young Woman was apprehensive of the Ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a Friend in the Neighbourhood to give her an Account of what passed from Time to Time of her Father's Affairs. *Amanda* was in the Bloom of her Youth and Beauty, when the Lord of the Manor, who often called in at the Farmer's House as he followed his Country sports, fell passionately in Love with her. He was a Man of great Generosity; but, from a loose Education, had contracted a hearty Aversion to Marriage. He therefore entertained a Design upon *Amanda's* Virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent Creature, who never suspected his Intentions, was pleased with his Person; and having observed his growing Passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a Match she might quickly be in a Capacity of supporting her impoverished Relations. One Day as he called to see her, he found her in Tears over a Letter she had just received from her Friend, which
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gave an Account that her Father had lately been stripped of every Thing by an Execution. The Lover, who with some Difficulty found out the Cause of her Grief, took this Occasion to make her a Proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* Confusion, when she found his Pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her Hopes, and had no Power to speak: But rushing from him in the utmost Disturbance, locked herself up in her Chamber. He immediately dispatched a Messenger to her Father with the following Letter:

“ S I R,

“ I have heard of your Misfortunes, and have offered your Daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred Pounds a-Year, and to lay down the Sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you, that I do not intend Marriage: But if you are wise, you will use your Authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an Opportunity of saving you and your Family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c.”

This Letter came to the hands of *Amanda's* Mother; she opened and read it with great Surprise and Concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the Messenger; but desiring him to call again the next Morning, she wrote to her Daughter as follows:

“ *Dearest Child,*

“ Your Father and I have just now received a Letter from a Gentleman who pretends Love to you, with a Proposal that insults our Misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower Degree of Misery than any Thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous Man think, that the tenderest of Parents would be tempted to supply their Wants, by giving up the
best

best of Children to Infamy and Ruin? It is a mean and cruel Artifice, to make this Proposal at a Time when he thinks our Necessities must compel us to any Thing; but we will not eat the Bread of Shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the Snare which is laid for thy Virtue. Beware of pitying us; it is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All Things will yet be well, and I shall write my Child better News.

“ I have been interrupted: I know not how I was moved to say Things would mend. As I was going on I was startled by a Noise of one that knocked at the Door, and has brought us an unexpected Supply of a Debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is some Days I have lived almost without Support, having conveyed what little Money I could raise to your poor Father.—Thou wilt weep to think where he is: yet be assured he will be soon at Liberty. That cruel Letter would have broken his Heart; but I have concealed it from him. I have no Companion a present besides little *Fanny*, who stands watching my Looks as I write, and is crying for her Sister: She says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present Trouble is about you. But do not think that I would thus repeat my Sorrows to grieve thee: No, it is to intreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear chearfully an Affliction, which we have not brought upon ourselves; and remember, there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the Loss of thy Innocence—Heaven preserve my dear Child!

Thy affectionate Mother, ———

The Messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this Letter to *Amanda*, carried it first to his Master, whom he imagined would be glad to have an Opportunity of giving it into her Hands himself. His
Master

Master was impatient to know the Success of his Proposal; and therefore broke open the Letter privately to see the Contents. He was not a little moved at so true a Picture of Virtue in Distress: But at the same Time was infinitely surprized to find his Offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the Letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his Endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a Letter from her Mother. He would not part with it, but upon Condition that she would read it without leaving the Room. While she was perusing it he fixed his Eyes on her Face with the deepest Attention: Her Concern gave a new Softness to her Beauty; and when she burst into Tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a Part in her Sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the Letter, and was resolved to make Reparation for having been the Occasion of it. My Readers will not be displeased to see the second Epistle, which he now wrote to *Amanda's* Mother.

“ M A D A M,

“ I am full of Shame, and will never forgive myself if I have not your Pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my Intention to add Trouble to the Afflicted; nor could any Thing but my being a Stranger to you, have betrayed me into a Fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you Amends as a Son. You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your Daughter; nor shall be, if any Thing can prevent it, which is in the Power of,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant, ———”

This Letter he sent by his Steward, and soon after went up to Town himself, to complete the generous Act he had now resolved on. By his Friendship and Assistance *Amanda's* Father was quickly in a Condition
of

of retrieving his perplexed Affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double Satisfaction of having restored a worthy Family to their former Prosperity, and of making himself happy by an Alliance to their Virtues.

Preliminary Address, prefixed to the Pennsylvania Almanack for 1758: On Œconomy and Frugality.

*Spare not, nor spend too much; be this thy Care,
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare.*

RANDOLPH.

Courteous Reader,

I Have heard, that nothing gives an Author so great Pleasure as to find his Works respectfully quoted by so many learned Authors. This Pleasure I have seldom enjoyed; for though I have been, if I may say it without Vanity, an eminent Author (of Almanacks) annually, now a full Quarter of a Century, my Brother Authors in the same Way, for what Reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their Applauses, and no other Author has taken the least Notice of me; so that did not my Writings produce me some solid Pudding, the great Deficiency of Praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length, that the People were the best Judges of my Merit; for they buy my Works; and besides, in my Rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my Adages repeated, with *as poor Richard says*, at the End of it: This gave me some Satisfaction, as it shewed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some Respect for my Authority; and I own, that to encourage the Practice of remembering and repeating those wise Sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great Gravity.

Judge then how much I must have been gratified by an Accident I am going to relate to you. I stopt
my

my Horse lately where a great Number of People were collected at a Vendue of Merchants Goods. The Hour of Sale not being come, they were conversing on the Badness of the Times, and one of the Company called to a plain clean old Man, with white Locks, "Pray, Father *Abraham*, what think you of the Times? Will not these heavy Taxes quite ruin the Country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father *Abraham* stood up and replied, "If you would have my Advice, I will give it you in short; for a Word to the Wise is enough, and many Words will not fill a Bushel, *as poor Richard says*." They joined in desiring him to speak his Mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends, says he, and Neighbours, the Taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our Idleness, three Times as much by our Pride, and four Times as much by our Folly; and from these Taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any Abatement. However, let us hearken to good Advice, and something may be done for us. "God helps them that help themselves," *as poor Richard says*, in his Almanack for 1733.

"It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its People one-tenth Part of their Time, to be employed in its Service: But Idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute Sloth, or in doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle Employments or Amusements, that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on Diseases, absolutely shortens Life. "Sloth, like Rust, consumes faster than Labour wears, while the used Key is always bright," *as poor Richard says*. "But dost thou love Life, then do not squander Time, for this is the Stuff Life is made of," *as poor Richard says*. How much more

more than is necessary do we spend in Sleep! forgetting that, "the sleeping Fox catches no Poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the Grave," as *poor Richard* says. If Time be of all Things the most precious, wasting Time must be, as *poor Richard* says, the greatest Prodigality; since, as he elsewhere tells us, "Lost Time is never found again; and what we call Time enough, always proves little enough." Let us then be up and be doing, and doing to the Purpose; so by Diligence shall we do more with less Perplexity. "Sloth makes all Things difficult, but Industry easy," as *poor Richard* says; and "he that riseth late, must trot all Day, and shall scarce overtake his Business at Night. While Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him," as we read in *poor Richard*, who adds, "drive thy Business, let not that drive thee;" and "early to Bed, and early to rise, make a Man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

So that what signifies wishing and hoping for better Times? We may make these Times better if we bestir ourselves. "Industry needs not wish," as *poor Richard* says; and "he that lives upon Hope, will die fasting. There are no Gains without Pains; then help Hands, for I have no Lands; or if I have, they are smartly taxed." And, as *poor Richard* likewise observes, "He that hath a Trade, hath an Estate; and he that hath a Calling hath an Office of Profit and Honour; but then the Trade must be worked at, and the Calling well followed, or neither the Estate, nor the Office will enable us to pay our Taxes."—If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, as *poor Richard* says, "At the working Man's House, Hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the Bailiff or the Constable enter; for "Industry pays Debts, while Despair encreaseth them," says *poor Richard*:—What though you have found no Treasure, nor has any rich Relation left you a Legacy, "Diligence is the Mother of Good Luck," as *poor Richard* says, and God giveth all Things to Industry. "Then plough deep while Sluggards

gards sleep, and you shall have Corn to sell and to keep," *says poor Dick*. Work while it is called To-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered To-morrow; which makes *poor Richard* say, "One To-day is worth two To-morrows;" and farther, "Have you somewhat to do To-morrow, do it To-day." If you were a Servant, would you not be ashamed a good Master should catch you idle? Are you then your own Master, and not ashamed to catch yourself idle," *as poor Dick says*. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your Family, your Country, and your gracious King, be up by Peep of Day; let not the Sun look down and say, "inglorious here he lies." Handle your Tools without Mittens; "Remember that the Cat in Gloves catches no Mice," *as poor Dick says*. 'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily, and you will see great Effects, for "Constant Dropping wears away Stones; and by Diligence and Patience the Mouse eat into the Cable; and little Strokes fell great Oaks," *as poor Richard says* in his Almanack, the Year I cannot just now remember.

Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a Man afford himself no Leisure?" I will tell thee, my Friend, what *poor Richard* says: "Employ thy Time well, if thou meanest to gain Leisure; and since thou art not sure of a Minute, throw not away an Hour." Leisure is Time in doing something useful; this Leisure the diligent Man will obtain, but the lazy Man never; so that, *as poor Richard says*, "A Life of Leisure and a Life of Laziness are two Things." Do you imagine that Sloth will afford you more Comfort than Labour? No; for, *as poor Richard says*, "Trouble springs from Idleness, and grievous Toil from needless Ease. Many, without Labour, would live by their Wits only, but they break for Want of Stock. Whereas Industry gives Comfort, and Plenty, and Respect: Fly Pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent Spinner has a large Shift; and now I have a Sheep

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and a Cow, every Body bids me Good-morrow ;" all which is well said by *poor Richard*.

But with our Industry, we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own Affairs with our own Eyes, and not trust too much to others ; for, *as poor Richard says,*

" *I never saw an oft removed Tree,
Nor yet an oft removed Family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.*"

And again, " Three Removes are as bad as a Fire ;" and again, " Keep thy Shop, and thy Shop will keep thee ;" and again, " If you would have your Business done, go ; if not, send ;" and again,

" *He that by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.*"

And again, " The Eye of a Master will do more Work than both his Hands ;" and again, " Want of Care does us more Damage than Want of Knowledge ;" and again, " Not to oversee Workmen is to leave them your Purse open." Trusting too much to others Care is the Ruin of many ; for, as the Almanack says, " In the Affairs of this World, Men are saved, not by Faith, but by the Want of it ; but a Man's own Care is profitable ;" for, *says poor Dick,* " Learning is to the Studious, and Riches to the Careful, as well as Power to the Bold, and Heaven to the Virtuous." And further, " If you have a faithful Servant, and one that you like, serve yourself." And again, he adviseth to Circumspection and Care, even in the smallest Matters, because sometimes, " A little Neglect may breed great Mischief ; adding, for Want of a Nail the Shoe was lost ; for Want of a Shoe the Horse was lost ; and for Want of a Horse the Rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the Enemy ; all for Want of Care about a Horse-shoe Nail."

So

So much for Industry, my Friends, and Attention to one's own Business; but to these we must add Frugality, if we would make our Industry more certainly successful. A Man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his Nose all his Life at the Grindstone, and die not worth a Groat at the last. "A fat Kitchen makes a lean Will," as *poor Richard* says; and,

"Many Estates are spent in the Getting,
 "Since Women for Tea forsook Spinning and Knitting,
 "And Men for Punch forsook Hewing and Splitting."

"If you would be wealthy," says he, in another Almanack, "think of saving as well as getting: The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her Outgoes are greater than her Incomes." Away then with your expensive Follies, and you will not have so much Cause to complain of hard Times, heavy Taxes, and chargeable Families; for, as *poor Dick* says,

"Women and Wine, Game and Deceit,
 "Make the Wealth small, and the Wants great."

And farther, "What maintains one Vice, would bring up two Children." You may think, perhaps, that a little Tea, or a little Punch now and then, Diet a little more costly, Cloaths a little finer, and a little Entertainment now and then, can be no great Matter; but remember what *poor Richard* says, "Many a Little make a Mickle;" and farther, "Beware of little Expences; a small Leak will sink a great Ship;" and again, "Who Dainties love, shall Beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make Feasts, and wise Men eat them."

Here you are all got together at this Vendue of Finneries and Nicknacks. You call them Goods, but if you do not take Care, they will prove Evils to some of you. You may expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no Occasion for them, they must be dear to you.

Remember what *poor Richard* says, "Buy what thou hast no Need of, and e'er long thou shalt sell thy Necessaries." And again, "At a great Pennyworth pause a While:" He means, that the Cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the Bargain, by straitning thee by thy Business, may do thee more Harm than Good. For in another Place he says, "Many have been ruined in buying good Pennyworths." Again, *poor Richard* says, "'Tis foolish to lay out Money in a Purchase of Repentance;" and yet this Folly is practised every Day at Vendues, for Want of minding the Almanack. "Wife Men," as *poor Dick* says, "learn by others Harms, Fools scarcely by their own; but *felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum*." Many a one, for the Sake of Finery on the Back, have gone with a hungry Belly, and half-starved their Families: "Silks and Sattins, Scarlets and Velvets," as *poor Richard* says, "put out the Kitchen Fire." These are not Necessaries of Life; they can scarcely be called the Conveniencies; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial Wants of Mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and, as *poor Dick* says, "For one poor Person, there are an Hundred indigent." By these, and other Extravagancies, the Genteel are reduced to Poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who through Industry and Frugality have maintained their Standing: In which Case it appears plainly, that "A Ploughman on his Legs is higher than a Gentleman on his Knees," as *poor Richard* says. Perhaps they have had a small Estate left them, which they knew not the Getting of; they think, "it is Day, and will never be Night;" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding: "A Child and a Fool," as *poor Richard* says, "imagine twenty Shillings and twenty Years can never be spent; but, always taking out of the Meal Tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the Bottom;" then, as *poor Dick* says, "When the Well is dry, they know the Worth of Water."

Water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his Advice: "If you would know the Value of Money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing;" and indeed so does he that lends to such People, when he goes to get it again. *Poor Dick* farther advises, and says,

"*Fond Pride in Dress is sure a very Curse;
E'er Fancy you consult,—consult your Purse.*"

And again, "Pride is as loud a Beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy." When you have bought one fine Thing, you must buy ten more, that your Appearance may be all of a Piece; but *poor Dick* says, "It is easier to suppress the first Desire, than to satisfy all that follow it. And that it is as truly Folly for the Poor to ape the Rich, as the Frog to swell, in order to equal the Ox.

"*Great Estates may venture more,
But little Boats should keep near Shore.*"

It is however a Folly soon punished; for "Pride that dines on Vanity, sups on Contempt," as *poor Richard* says. And in another Place, "Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And after all, of what Use is the Pride of Appearance, for which so much is suffered? It cannot promote Health, or ease Pain; it makes no Increase of Merit in the Person; it creates Envy; it hastens Misfortune.

"*What is a Butterfly? At best
He's but a Catterpillar dress'd;
The gaudy Pop's his Picture just.*"

But what Madness must it be to run in Debt for these Superfluities! We are offered, by the Terms of this Vendue, six Months Credit; and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare

the ready Money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in Debt; you give to another Power over your Liberty. If you cannot pay at the Time, you will be ashamed to see your Creditor; you will be in Fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking Excuses, and by Degrees come to lose your Veracity, and sink into base downright Lying; for, *as poor Richard says*, "The second Vice is Lying, the first is running into Debt." And again, to the same Purpose, "Lying rides upon Debt's Back." Whereas a freeborn *Englishman* ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any Man living. But Poverty often deprives a Man of all Spirit and Virtue: "It is hard for an empty Bag to stand upright," *as poor Richard truly says*. What would you think of that Prince, or that Government, who would issue an Edict forbidding you to dress like a Gentleman, or Gentlewoman, on Pain of Imprisonment, or Servitude? Would you not say, that you are free, have a Right to dress as you please, and such an Edict would be a Breach of your Privileges, and such a Government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourselves under that Tyranny when you run in Debt for such Dress! Your Creditor has Authority at his Pleasure to deprive you of your Liberty, by confining you in a Jail for Life, or by selling you for a Servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your Bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of Payment; but "Creditors," *as poor Dick tells us*, "have better Memories than Debtors;" and in another Place says, "Creditors are a superstitious Sect, great Observers of set Days and Times." The Day comes round before you are aware, and the Demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it. Or, if you bear your Debt in Mind, the Term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added Wings to his Heels as well as his Shoulders. "Those have a short Lent," *said poor Richard*,
 who

who owe Money to be paid at *Easter*." Then since, as he says, "The Borrower is a Slave to the Lender, and the Debtor to the Creditor," disdain the Chain; preserve your Freedom; and maintain your Independency: Be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving Circumstances, and that you can bear a little Extravagance without Injury; but

"For Age and Want save while you may;
"No Morning Sun lasts a whole Day,"

As poor Richard says.—Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live, Expence is constant and certain; and "'tis easier to build two Chimnies, than to keep one in Fuel," *as poor Richard says.* "So rather go to Bed supperless than rise in Debt."

"Get what you can, and what's got fairly, hold;
"'Tis the Stone that will turn all your Lead into Gold,"

As poor Richard says.—And when you have got the Philosopher's Stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad Times, or the Difficulty of paying Taxes.

This Doctrine, my Friends, is Reason and Wisdom; but after all, do not depend too much upon your own Industry, and Frugality, and Prudence, though excellent Things, for they may all be blasted without the Blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that Blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that seem at present to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember *Job* suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

And now to conclude; "Experience keeps a dear School, but Fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give Advice, but we cannot give Conduct," *as poor Richard says*: However, remember this, "They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped," *as poor Richard says*: And farther,
"That

“That if you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your Knuckles.”

Thus the old Gentleman ended his Harangue. The People heard it, and approved the Doctrine; but immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common Sermon; for the Vendue opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his Cautions, and their own Fear of Taxes.—I found the good Man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on these Topics during the Course of five-and-twenty Years. The frequent Mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my Vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth Part of the Wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the Gleanings I made of the Sense of all Ages and Nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the Echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy Stuff for a new Coat, I went away resolving to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy Profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever,

Thine to serve thee,

July 7, 1677.

RICHARD SANDERS.

On CLEANLINESS.

'Tis Beauty points, but Neatness guides the Dart.

POPE.

I Had Occasion to go a few Miles out of Town, some Days since, in a Stage-Coach, where I had for my Fellow-Travellers, a dirty Beau, and a pretty young Quaker Woman. Having no Inclination to talk much, I placed myself backward with a Design to survey them, and to pick a Speculation out of my two Companions. Their different Figures were sufficient to draw my Attention. The Gentleman was dressed in a Suit, the Ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few Spaces that had escaped the Powder, which

was

was incorporated with the greatest Part of his Coat: His Perriwig, which cost no small Sum, was after so slovenly a Manner cast over his Shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the Year 1712; his Linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain *Spanish*, from the Chin to the lowest Button; and the Diamond upon his Finger (which naturally dreaded the Water) put me in Mind how it sparkled amidst the Rubbish of the Mine, where it was first discovered. On the other Hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the Elegance of Cleanliness. Not a Speck was to be found upon her. A clear, clean oval Face, just edged about with little thin Plaits of the purest Cambrie, received great Advantages from the Shade of her black Hood; as did the Whiteness of her Arms from that sober-coloured Stuff in which she had cloathed herself. The Plainness of her Dress was very well suited to the Simplicity of her Phrases; all which put together, though they could not give me a great Opinion of her Religion, they did of her Innocence.

This Adventure occasioned my throwing together a few Hints upon *Cleanliness*, which I shall consider as one of the *Half-virtues*, as *Aristotle* calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following Heads: At it is a Mark of Politeness; as it produces Love; and as it bears Analogy to Purity of Mind.

First, It is a Mark of Politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one unadorned with this Virtue, can go into Company without giving a manifest Offence. The easier or higher any one's Fortune is, this Duty arises proportionally. The different Nations of the World are as much distinguished by their Cleanliness, as by their Arts and Sciences. The more any Country is civilized, the more they consult this Part of Politeness. We need but compare our Ideas of a Female *Hottentot* and an *English* Beauty, to be satisfied of the Truth of what has been advanced.

In the next Place, Cleanliness may be said to be the
Foster-

Foster-mother of Love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that Passion in the Mind, but Cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent Face and Person, kept in perpetual Neatness, hath won many a Heart from a pretty Slatern. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied: Like a Piece of Metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more Pleasure than on a new Vessel that is cankered with Rust.

I might observe farther, that as Cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent Preservative of Health; and that several Vices, destructive both to Mind and Body, are inconsistent with the Habit of it. But these Reflections I shall leave to the Leisure of my Readers; and shall observe, in the third Place, that it bears a great Analogy to Purity of Mind, and naturally inspires refined Sentiment and Passions.

We find from Experience, that through the Prevalence of Custom, the most vicious Actions lose their Horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the Neighbourhood of good Examples, fly from the first Appearance of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same Manner, as to our Ideas. Our Senses, which are the Inlets of all the Images conveyed to the Mind, can only transmit the Impressions of such Things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied Thoughts are naturally suggested to the Mind, by those Objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their Kind.

In the East, where the Warmth of the Climate makes Cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one Part of their Religion: The *Jewish* Law (and the *Mahometan*, which in some Things copies after it) is filled with Bathings, Purifications, and other Rites of the like Nature. Though there is the above-named convenient Reason to be assigned for their Ceremonies, the chief Intention undoubtedly

doubtedly was to typify inward Purity and Cleanliness of Heart, by those outward Washings. We read several Injunctions of this Kind in the Book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this Truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they are only instituted for Convenience, in the Desert, which otherwise could not have been habitable for many Years.

I shall conclude this Essay with a Story which I have somewhere read in an Account of *Mahometan* Superstitions.

A *Dervise* of great Sanctity, one Morning, had the Misfortune, as he took up a crystal Cup, which was consecrated to the Prophet, to let it fall upon the Ground, and dash it to Pieces. His Son coming in some Time after, he stretched out his Hand to bless him, as his Manner was every Morning; but the Youth going out, stumbled over the Threshold, and broke his Arm. As the old Man wondered at these Events, a Caravan passed by in its Way from *Mecca*. The *Dervise* approached it to beg a Blessing; but as he stroked one of the holy Camels, he received a Kick from the Beast, that sorely bruised him. His Sorrow and Amazement increased upon him, till he recollected, that through Hurry and Inadvertency, he had that Morning come abroad without washing his Hands.



ON CHUSING COMPANY.

*If, with a Fool or Knave, I Carus see,
A Knave or Fool, Carus, I'll sentence thee.*

SANDYS.

TO be courteous to all, but familiar to few, is a Maxim which I once despised, as originally proceeding from a mean and contracted Mind, the frigid Caution of Weakness and Timidity. A tame and indiscriminate Civility I imputed to a Dread of the Contempt or the Petulance of others, to Fears from which the Wit and the Gentleman are exempted by a Consciousness of their own Dignity, by their Power to depress Insolence, and silence Ridicule; and a general Shyness and Reserve, I considered as the Reproach of our Country, as the Effect of an illiberal Education, by which neither a polite Address, an easy Confidence, nor a general Acquaintance with public Life are to be acquired. This Opinion, which continued to flatter the Levity and Pride that produced it, was strengthened by the Example of those whose Manner, in the Diffidence of Youth, I wished to imitate, who entered a mixed Company with an Air of serene Familiarity, accosted every Man like an old Acquaintance, and thought only of making Sport of the Rest, of any with whom their Caprice should happen to be offended, without Regard to their Age, Character, or Condition.

But now I wish that I had regulated my Conduct by the Maxims which I despised, for I should then have escaped a Misfortune which I shall never retrieve; and the Sense of which I am now endeavouring to suspend, by relating it to you as a Lesson to others, and considering my Loss of Happiness as an Acquisition of Wisdom.

While I was in *France* with a travelling Tutor, I received a Letter which acquainted me that my Father, who had been long declining, was dead; and that it was necessary I should immediately return to

Eng-

England, to take Possession of his Estate, which was not inconsiderable, though there were Mortgages upon it to near Half its Value.

When I arrived, I found a Letter which the old Gentleman had written and directed to me with his own Hand. It contained some general Rules for my Conduct, and some Animadversions upon his own: He took Notice of the Incumbrance under which he left me the paternal Inheritance, which had descended through many Generations; and expressed the most earnest Desire that it might yet be transmitted entire to Posterity: With this View, he said, he had negotiated a Marriage between me and the only Daughter of his old Friend, Sir *George Homestead*, of the North, an amiable young Lady, whose Alliance would be an Honour to my Family, and whose Fortune would much more than redeem my Estate.

He had given the Knight a faithful Account of his Affairs, who, after having taken some Time to consider the Proposals, and consult his Friends, had consented to the Match, upon Condition that his Daughter and I should be agreeable to each other, and that my Behaviour should confirm the Character that had been given of me. My Father added, that he hoped to have lived till this Alliance had taken Place; but as Providence had otherwise determined, he entreated as his last Request, that as soon as my Affairs should be settled, and Decency would permit, I would make Sir *George* a Visit, and neglect nothing to accomplish this Purpose.

I was touched with the Zeal and Tendernefs of paternal Affection, which was then directing me to Happiness, after the Heart that felt it had ceased to beat, and the Tongue that expressed it was mouldering in the Dust. I had also seen the Lady, not indeed since we were Children; but I remembered that her Person was agreeable, and her Temper sweet: I did not, therefore, hesitate a Moment, whether my Father's Injunctions should be obeyed. I proceeded to settle his Af-
I
fairs;

fairs; I took an Account of Debts and Credits, visited the Tenants, recovered my usual Gaiety, and at the End of about nine Months, set out for Sir George's Seat in the North; having before opened an epistolary Correspondence, and expressed my Impatience to possess the Happiness which my Father had so kindly secured.

I was better pleased to be well mounted, than to loll in a Chariot, or be jumbled in a Post-chaise; and I knew that Sir George was an old Sportsman, a plain hearty Blade, who would like me better in a Pair of Buckskin Breeches on the Back of a good Hunter, than in a trimmed Suit, and gaudy Equipage; I therefore set out on Horseback with only one Servant, and reached *Stilton* the first Night.

In the Morning, as I was mounting, a Gentleman, who had just got on Horseback before me, ordered his Servant to make some Enquiry about the Road, which I happened to overhear, and told him with great Familiarity, that I was going the same Way, and if he pleased we would travel together: To this he consented, with much Frankness, and as little Ceremony; and I set forward, greatly delighted that Chance had afforded me a Companion.

We immediately entered into Conversation, and I soon found that he had been abroad: We extolled the Roads and the Polity of *France*, the Cities, the Palaces, and the Villas, entered into a critical Examination of the most celebrated Seats in *England*, the Peculiarity of the Buildings and Situation, Crossways, Market Towns, the Imposition of Innkeepers, and the Sports of the Field: Topics by which we mutually recommended ourselves to each other, as we had both Opportunities to discover equal Knowledge, and to display Truth with such Evidence as prevented Diversity of Opinion.

After we had rode about two Hours, we overtook another Gentleman, whom we accosted with the same Familiarity that we had used to each other; we asked him

him how far he was going, and which Way, at what Rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other Questions of the same Kind. The Gentleman who appeared to be near Fifty, received our Address with great Coldness, returned short and indirect Answers to our Enquiries, and often looking with great Attention on us both, sometimes put forward that he might get before us, and sometimes checked his Horse that he might remain behind. But we were resolved to disappoint him; and finding that his Reserve increased, and he was visibly displeased, we winked at each other, and determined the old Put should afford us some Sport. After we had rode together upon very ill Terms more than half an Hour, my Companion, with an Air of ceremonious Gravity, asked him if he knew of any House upon the Road where he might be accommodated with a Wench. The Gentleman, who was, I believe, afraid of giving us a Pretence to quarrel, did not resent this Insult any otherwise than by making no Reply. I then began to talk to my Companion as if we had been old Acquaintances, reminding him that the Gentleman extremely resembled a Person from whom we had taken a Girl that he was carrying to the Bagnio, and indeed, that his present Reserve made me suspect him to be the same; but that as we were willing to ask his Pardon, we hoped it would be forgotten, and that we should still have the Pleasure of dining together at the next Inn. The Gentleman was still silent; but as his Perplexity and Resentment visibly increased, he proportionably increased our Entertainment, which did not, however, last long, for he suddenly turned down a Lane; upon which we set up a Horse-laugh, that continued till he was out of Hearing, and then, pursuing our Journey, we talked of the Adventure, which afforded us Conversation and Merriment for the Rest of the Day.

The next Morning we parted, and in the Evening I arrived at *Homestead-Hall*. The old Knight received me with great Affection, and immediately introduced

me to his Daughter, whom I now thought the finest Woman I had ever seen. I could easily discover that I was not unwelcome to her, merely upon her Father's Recommendation, and I enjoyed by Anticipation the Felicity which I considered as within my Grasp. But the pleasing Scene, in which I had suffered my Imagination to wander, suddenly disappeared as by the Power of Enchantment: Without any visible Motive, the Behaviour of the whole Family was changed; my Affiduities to the Lady were repressed; she was never to be found alone; the Knight treated me with a cold Civility; I was no longer a Party in their Visits, nor was willingly attended even by the Servants. I made many Attempts to discover the Cause of this Misfortune, but without Success; and one Morning, when I had drawn Sir *George* into the Garden by himself, and was about to urge him upon the Subject, he prevented me by saying, that his Promise to my Father, for whom he had the highest Regard, as I well knew, was conditional; that he had always resolved to leave his Daughter a free Choice; and that she had requested him to acquaint me, that her Affections were otherwise engaged, and to intreat that I would therefore discontinue my Addresses. My Surprize and Concern at this Declaration were such, as left me no Power to reply: And I saw Sir *George* turn from me, and go into the House, without making any Attempt to stop him, or to obtain a farther Explanation. Afterwards, indeed, I frequently expostulated, entreated, and complained; but, perceiving that all was ineffectual, I took my Leave, and determined that I would still solicit by Letter; for the Lady had taken such Possession of my Heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though I had been sure that her Father would immediately have left all his Fortune to a Stranger.

I meditated on my epistolary Project all the Way to *London*; and before I had been three Days in Town, I wrote a long Letter to Sir *George*, in which I conjured him, in the strongest Terms, to account for the Change

Change in his Behaviour; and insisted, that, on this Occasion, to conceal the Truth was in the highest Degree dishonourable to himself, and injurious to me.

To this Letter, after about ten Days, I received the following Answer:

“SIR,

“It is with great Reluctance that I reveal the Motives of my Conduct, because they are much to your Disadvantage. The Inclosed is a Letter which I received from a worthy Gentleman in the Country, and contains a full Answer to your Enquiries, which I had rather you should receive in any Hand than in mine.

I am your humble Servant,

GEO. HOMESTEAD.”

I immediately opened the Paper inclosed, in which, with the utmost Impatience, I read as follows:

“SIR,

“I saw a Person with your Family Yesterday at the Races, to whom I was soon after informed you intended to give your Daughter. Upon this Occasion, it is my indispenfible Duty to acquaint you, that if his Character is to be determined by his Company, he will inevitably entail Disease and Beggary upon his Posterity, whatever be the Merit of his Wife, or the Affluence of his Fortune. He overtook me on the Road from London, a few Weeks ago, in company with a Wretch, who by their Discourse appeared to be his old and familiar Acquaintance, and whom I well remember to have seen brought before my Friend Justice *Worthy*, when I was accidentally at his House, as the Keeper of a Brothel in *Covent-Garden*. He has since won a considerable Sum with a false Dice at the Masquerade, for which he was obliged to leave the Kingdom, and is still liable to a Prosecution. Be assured that I have a perfect Know-

ledge of both; for some Incidents, not necessary to mention, kept me near them so long on the Road, that it is impossible I should be mistaken. I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

JAMES TRUEMAN."

The Moment I had read this Letter, the Riddle was solved. I knew Mr *Trueman* to be the Gentleman, whom I had concurred with a Stranger, picked up by Accident, to insult without Provocation on the Road. I was in a Moment covered with Confusion; and though I was alone, could not help covering my Face with my Hands. I abhorred my Folly, which appeared yet more enormous every Time it was reviewed.

I courted the Society of a Stranger, and a Stranger I persecuted with Insult: Thus I associated with Infamy, and thus my Associate became known. I hoped, however, to convince Sir *George*, that I had no Knowledge of the Wretch whose Infamy I had shared, except that which I had acquired from the Letter of his Friend. But before I had taken proper Measures for my Justification, I had the Mortification to hear that the Lady was married to a neighbouring Gentleman, who had long paid his Addresses, and whom Sir *George* had before rejected in the Ardour of his Friendship for my Father.

How narrow, Sir, is the Path of Rectitude, and how much may be lost by the slightest Deviation!

I am, your humble Servant,

A B U L U S.

On the Justice of PROVIDENCE in the Distribution of
RICHES.

*To whom can Riches give Repute or Trust,
Content or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?*

POPE.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and a good Man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some Riches to his Son, consults the Oracle of *Apollo* upon the Subject. The Oracle bid him follow the first Man he should see upon his going out of the Temple. The Person he chanced to see was to Appearance an old, fordid, blind Man; but upon his following him from Place to Place, he at last found, by his own Confession, that he was *Plutus*, the God of Riches, and that he was just come out of the House of a Miser. *Plutus* further told him, that when he was a Boy he used to declare, that as soon as he came to Age, he would distribute Wealth to none but virtuous and just Men; upon which *Jupiter*, considering the pernicious Consequences of such a Resolution, took his Sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the World in the blind Condition *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed upon him to go to his House, where he met an old Woman in a tattered Raiment, who had been his Guest for many Years, and whose Name was *Poverty*. The old Woman refusing to turn out so readily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own House, but out of *Greece*, if she made any more Words upon the Matter. *Poverty* on this Occasion pleads her Cause very notably, and represents to her old Landlord, that should she be driven out of the Country, all their Trades, Arts, and Sciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those Pomps, Ornaments, and Conveniences of Life, which made Riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several Advantages which she bestowed upon her Votaries, in regard to
their

their Shape, their Health, and their Activity, by preserving them from Gouts, Dropsies, Unwieldiness, and Intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to move off. *Chremylus* immediately considered how he might restore *Plutus* to his Sight; and in order to do it, conveyed him to the Temple of *Esculapius*, who was famous for Cures and Miracles of this Nature. By this Means the Deity recovered his Eyes, and began to make a right Use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by Piety towards the Gods, and Justice towards Men; and at the same Time by taking away his Gifts from the Impious and Undeserving. This produced several merry Incidents, till in the last Act *Mercury* descends with great Complaints from the Gods, that since the good Men were grown rich, they had received no Sacrifices, which is confirmed by a Priest of *Jupiter*, who enters with a Remonstrance, that since these late Innovations, he was reduced to a starving Condition, and could not live upon his Office. *Chremylus*, who, in the Beginning of the Play, was religious in his Poverty, concludes with a Proposal which was relished by all the good Men, who were now grown rich as well as himself, (i. e.) that they should carry *Plutus* in solemn Procession to the Temple, and instal him in the Place of *Jupiter*. This Allegory instructed the *Athenians* in two Points; first, as it vindicated the Conduct of Providence in its ordinary Distribution of Wealth; and in the next Place, as it shewed the great Tendency of Riches to corrupt the Morals of those who possessed them.



On the FORCE of AFFECTION.

Tears of Compassion are Nature's Marks to know an honest Heart by.

VOLTAIRE.

A Young Gentleman and a Lady, of ancient and honourable Houses in *Cornwall*, had from their Childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble Passion, which had long been opposed by their Friends, by Reason of the Inequality of their Fortunes; but their Constancy to each other, and Obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their Relations, that those celebrated Lovers were at length joined in Marriage. Soon after the Nuptials, the Bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign Country to take Care of a considerable Fortune which was left him by a Relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate Circumstances. They received the Congratulations of all the Country upon this Occasion; and I remember it was a common Sentence in every one's Mouth, *You see how faithful Love is rewarded.*

He took his agreeable Voyage, and sent Home every Post fresh Accounts of the Success in his Affairs abroad; but at last (though he designed to return with the next Ship) he lamented in his Letters, that Business should detain him some Time longer from Home, because he would give himself the Pleasure of an unexpected Arrival.

The young Lady, after the Heat of the Day, walked every Evening on the Sea-shore, near which she lived, with a familiar Friend, her Husband's Kinswoman, and diverted herself with what Objects they met with there, or upon Discourse of the future Methods of Life, in the happy Change of their Circumstances. They stood one Evening on the Shore together in a perfect Tranquillity, observing the Setting of the Sun, the calm Face of the Deep, and the silent Heaving of the Waves, which gently rolled towards them, and
broke

broke at their Feet; when, at a Distance, her Kinswoman saw something floating on the Water, which she fancied was a Chest; and with a Smile told her, she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of Jewels, she had a Right to it. They both fixed their Eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the Subject of the Wreck, the Cousin still asserting her Right; but promising, if it was a Prize, to give her a very rich Coral for her Child, of which she was then big, provided she might be Godmother. Their Mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer Approach, that it was a human Body. The young Lady, who had a Heart naturally filled with Pity and Compassion, made many melancholy Reflections on the Occasion. Who knows (said she) but this Man may be the only Hope and Heir of a wealthy House, the Darling of indulgent Parents, who are now in impertinent Mirth, and pleasing themselves with the Thoughts of offering him a Bride they have got ready for him? Or, may he not be the Master of a Family that wholly depended on his Life? There may, for ought we know, be half a Dozen fatherless Children, and a tender Wife, now exposed to Poverty by his Death. What Pleasure might he have promised himself in the different Welcomes he was to have from her and them! But let us go away; it is a dreadful Sight! The best Office we can do is to take Care that the poor Man, whoever he is, may be decently buried. She turned away, when a Wave threw the Carcase on Shore. The Kinswoman immediately shrieked out, Oh, my Cousin! and fell upon the Ground. The unhappy Wife went to help her Friend, when she saw her own Husband at her Feet, and dropt in a Swoon upon the Body. An old Woman, who had been the Gentleman's Nurse, came out about this Time to call the Ladies in to Supper, and found her Child (as she always called him) dead on the Shore, her Mistress and Kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud Lamentations, and calling her young Master to Life, soon awakened the Friend

Friend from her Trance; but the Wife was gone for ever.

When the Family and Neighbourhood got together round the Bodies, no one asked any Questions, but the Objects before them told the Story.

Incidents of this Nature are the more moving, when they are drawn by Persons concerned in the Catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the Power of giving them a distinct Light, except we gather their Sorrow from their Inability to speak it.

I have two original Letters, written both on the same Day, which seem to me exquisite in their different Kinds. The Occasion was this: A Gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young Woman, and won her Heart, obtained also the Consent of her Father, to whom she was an only Child. The old Man had a Fancy that they should be married in the same Church where he himself was, in a Village in *Westmoreland*, and made them set out while he was laid up with the Gout at *London*. The Bridegroom took only his Man, and the Bride her Maid: They had the most agreeable Journey imaginable to the Place of Marriage; from whence the Bridegroom writ the following Letter to his Wife's Father.

March 18, 1672.

“ S I R,

“ After a very pleasant Journey hither, we are preparing for the happy Hour in which I am to be your Son. I assure you the Bride carries it in the Eye of the Vicar, who married you, much beyond her Mother; though, he says, your open Sleeves, Pantaloon, and Shoulder Knots, made a much better shew than the finical Drefs I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine Man this Village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before Night, because I shall write myself from thence,

Your most dutiful Son,

T. D.

“ The

“ The Bride gives her Duty, and is as handsome as an Angel.—I am the happiest Man breathing.”

The Villagers were assembled about the Church, and the happy Couple took a Walk in a private Garden. The Bridegroom's Servant knew his Master would leave the Place on a Sudden after the Wedding, and seeing him draw his Pistols the Night before, took this Opportunity to go into the Chamber and charge them. Upon their Return from the Garden, they went into the Room; and after a little fond Railery on the Subject of their Courtship, the Lover took up a Pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the Night before, and presenting it to her, said with the most graceful Air, while she looked pleased with his agreeable Flattery, Now, Madam, repent of all those Cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor Wretch freeze under your Casement; you shall die, you Tyrant! you shall die, with all those Instruments of Death and Destruction about you, with that enchanting Smile, those killing Ringlets of your Hair!—Give Fire, said she, laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his Condition? but he bore it so patiently as to call up his Man. The poor Wretch entered, and his Master locked the Door upon him. *Will*, said he, did you charge these Pistols? He answered, Yes. Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken Sobs, piercing Groans, and distracted Motions, he writ the following Letter to the Father of his dead Mistress.

“ S I R,

“ I, who two Hours ago told you truly I was the happiest Man alive, am now the most miserable. Your Daughter lies dead at my Feet, killed by my own Hands, through a Mistake of my Man's charging my Pistols unknown to me. Him I have murdered for it. Such is my Wedding-day.—I will immediately follow my

my Wife to her Grave: But before I throw myself upon my Sword, I command my Distraction so far as to explain my Story to you. I fear my Heart will not keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor good Man! —Remember, he that killed your Daughter, died for it: In the Article of Death, I give you my Thanks, and pray for you, though I do not for myself.—If it be possible, do not curse me."

On CRUELTY to ANIMALS.

*Take not away the Life you cannot give,
For all Things have an equal Right to live.* DRYDEN.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that Mankind are no less, in Proportion, accountable for the ill Use of their Dominion over Creatures of the lower Rank of Beings, than for the Exercise of Tyranny over their own Species. The more entirely the inferior Creation is submitted to our Power, the more answerable we should seem for our Mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very Condition of Nature renders these Creatures incapable of receiving any Recompense in another Life for their ill Treatment in this.

It is observable of those noxious Animals, which have Qualities more powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid Mankind, and never hurt us, unless provoked or necessitated by Hunger. Man, on the other Hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive Animals, on Purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some Reflection upon human Nature itself, that few People take Delight in seeing Beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this Temper has become almost a distinguishing Character of our own Nation, from the Ob-

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servation

servation which is made by Foreigners on our beloved Pastimes, *Bear-baiting*, *Cock-fighting*, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying any Thing that has Life, merely out of Wantonness; yet in this Principle our Children are bred up, and one of the first Pleasures we allow them is the License of inflicting Pain upon poor Animals: Almost as soon as we are sensible what Life is ourselves, we make it our Sport to take it from other Creatures. I cannot but believe a very good Use might be made of the Fancy which Children have for Birds and Insects. Mr *Locke* takes Notice of a Mother who permitted them to her Children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily Exercise of Humanity, and improving their very Diversion to a Virtue.

I fancy, too, some Advantage might be taken of the common Notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to destroy some Sorts of Birds, as *Swallows* or *Martins*; this Opinion might possibly arise from the Confidence these Birds seem to put in us by building under our Roofs, so that it is a Kind of Violation of the Laws of Hospitality to murder them. As for *Robin Redbreasts*, in particular, it is not improbable they owe their Security to the old Ballad of *The Children in the Wood*. However it be, I do not know, I say, why this Prejudice, well improved, and carried as far as it will go, might not be made to conduce to the Preservation of many innocent Creatures, which are now exposed to all the Wantonness of an ignorant Barbarity.

There are other Animals that have the Misfortune, for no Manner of Reason, to be treated as common Enemies, wherever found. The Conceit that a *Cat* has *nine Lives*, has cost at least nine Lives in ten of the whole Race of them: Scarce a Boy in the Street but has in this Point out-done *Hercules* himself, who was famous for killing a Monster that had but *three Lives*. Whether the unaccountable Animosity against this useful Domestic may be any Cause of the general Persecution

cution of *Owls* (who are a Sort of feathered Cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable Pique the Moderns have taken to a serious Countenance, I shall not determine; though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the whole Reason alleged for the Destruction of *Frogs*, is because they are like *Toads*. Yet amidst all the Misfortunes of these unfriendly Creatures, it is some Happiness that we have not yet taken a Fancy to eat them: For should our Countrymen refine upon the *French* never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of Torments *Owls*, *Cats*, and *Frogs* may yet be reserved.

When we grow up to Men, we have another Succession of sanguinary Sports; in particular *Hunting*. I dare not attack a Diversion which has such Authority and Custom to support it, but must have Leave to be of Opinion, that the Agitations of that Exercise, with the Example and Number of the Chasers, not a little contribute to resist those *Checks*, which Compassion would naturally suggest in Behalf of the Animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur *Fleury*, that this Sport is a *Remain of the Gothic Barbarity*; but I must animadvert upon a certain Custom yet in Use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the *Goths* or even the *Scythians*; I mean the savage Compliment our Huntsmen pass upon the Ladies of Quality, who are present at the Death of the Stag, when they put the Knife into their Hand to cut the Throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping Creature,

—That lies beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life.

But if our Sports are destructive, our Gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman Manner. *Lobsters roasted alive*, *Pigs whipt to Death*, *Fowls sewed up*, are Testimonies of our outrageous Luxury. Those who (as *Seneca* expresses it) divide their Lives betwixt an anxious Conscience and a nauseated Stomach, have

a just Reward of their Gluttony in the Disease it brings with it: For human Savages, like other wild Beasts, find Snares and Poisons in the Provisions of Life, and are allured by their Appetites to their Destruction. I know nothing more shocking or horrid than the Prospect of one of their Kitchens covered with Blood, and filled with the Cries of Creatures expiring in Tortures. It gives one an Image of the *Giant's Den* in a Romance, bestrewed with the scattered Heads and mangled Limbs of those who were slain by his Cruelty.

The excellent *Plutarch* (who has more Strokes of Good-nature in his Writings than I remember in any Author) cites a Saying of *Cato* to this Effect, 'That it is no easy Task to preach to the Belly, which has no Ears. Yet if (says he) we are ashamed to be so out of Fashion, as not to offend, let us at least offend with some Discretion and Measure. If we kill an Animal for our Provision, let us do it with the Meltings of Compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that it is in its own Nature Cruelty to put a living Creature to Death; we at least destroy a Soul that has Sense and Perception.' In the Life of *Cato* the Censor, he takes Occasion, from the severe Disposition in Man, to discourse in this Manner: 'It ought to be esteemed a Happiness to Mankind, that our Humanity has a wider Sphere to exert itself in, than bare Justice. It is no more than the Obligation of our very Birth to practise Equity to our Kind; but Humanity may be extended through the whole Order of Creatures, even to the meanest: Such Actions of Charity are the Overflowings of a mild Good-nature on all below us. It is certainly the Part of a well-natured Man to take Care of his Horses and Dogs, not only in Expectation of their Labour, while they are Foals and Whelps, but even when their old Age has made them incapable of Service.'

History tells of a wise and polite Nation that rejected a Person of the first Quality, who stood for a justiciary Office, only because he had been observed in his Youth

to take Pleasure in tearing and murdering Birds. And of another that expelled a Man out of the Senate, for dashing a Bird against the Ground which had taken Shelter in his Bosom.

Every one knows how remarkable the *Turks* are for their Humanity of this Kind: I remember an *Arabian* Author, who had written a Treatise, to shew how far a Man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert Island, without any Instruction, or so much as the Sight of any other Man, may, by the pure Light of Nature, attain the Knowledge of Philosophy and Virtue. One of the first Things he makes him observe is, that universal Benevolence of Nature in the Protection and Preservation of its Creatures. In Imitation of which, the first Act of Virtue he thinks this self-taught Philosopher would of Course fall into, is to relieve and assist all the Animals about him in their Wants and Distresses.

In *Dryden's Ovid* are some very tender and pathetic Lines applicable to this Occasion:

The Sheep was sacrific'd on no Pretence,
But meek and unresisting Innocence:
A patient, useful Creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd her
Murd'rer:

And daily to give down the Milk she bred
A Tribute for the Grass on which she fed.
Living, both Food and Raiment she supplies,
And is of least Advantage when she dies.
How did the toiling Ox his Death deserve?
A downright simple Drudge, and born to serve.
O Tyrant, with what Justice canst thou hope
The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop,
When thou destroy'd thy labouring Steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with Pain, thy else ungrateful Field!
From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck with which the surly Clods he broke;

And to the Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began.

What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin,
So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?
Deaf to the Calf that lies beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life.
Deaf to the harmless Kid, that, e'er he dies,
All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
And imitates in vain the Children's Cries.

Perhaps that Voice or Cry, so nearly resembling the human, with which Providence has endued so many different Animals, might purposely be given them to move our Pity, and prevent those Cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our Fellow Creatures.

The VISION of JUSTICE.

*At Dead of Night imperial Reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her Train loose Vigils keeps.*

DRYDEN.

I WAS last Week taking a solitary Walk in the Gardens of *Lincoln's Inn*, (a Favour that is indulged me by several of the Benchers who are my intimate Friends, and grown old with me in this Neighbourhood) when, according to the Nature of Men in Years, who have made but little Progress in the Advancement of their Fortunes or their Fame, I was repining on the sudden Rise of many Persons who are my Juniors, and indeed at the unequal Distribution of Wealth, Honour, and all other Blessings of Life. I was lost in this Thought, when the Night came upon me, and drew my Mind into a far more agreeable Contemplation. The Heaven above me appeared in all its Glories, and presented me with such a Hemisphere of Stars, as
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made the most agreeable Prospect imaginable to one who delights in the Study of Nature. It happened to be a freezing Night, which had purified the whole Body of Air into such a bright transparent Æther, as made every Constellation visible; and at the same Time gave such a particular Glowing to the Stars, that I thought it the richest Sky I had ever seen. I could not but behold a Scene so wonderfully adorned and lifted up, (if I may be allowed that Expression) without suitable Meditations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing Objects. For on these Occasions, Philosophy suggests Motives to Religion, and Religion adds Pleasure to Philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual Temper and Serenity of Soul, I retired to my Lodgings, with the Satisfaction of having passed away a few Hours in the proper Employment of a reasonable Creature; and promising myself that my Slumbers would be sweet, I no sooner fell into them but I dreamed a Dream, or saw a Vision, (for I know not which to call it) that seemed to rise out of my Evening's Meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I must confess the Wildness of Imagination (which in a Dream is always loose and irregular) discovers itself too much in several Parts of it.

Methought I saw the same azure Sky diversified with the same glorious Luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that Sign in the Heavens which is called by the Name of the *Balance*, when on a Sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary Light, as if the Sun should rise at Midnight. By its encreasing in Breadth and Lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the Earth; and at length could discern something like a Shadow hovering in the Midst of a great Glory, which in a little Time after I distinctly perceived to be the Figure of a Woman. I fancied at first it might have been the Angel, or Intelligence that guided the

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Constellation from which it descended; but upon a nearer View, I saw about her all the Emblems with which the Goddess of Justice is usually described. Her Countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose Eyes were strong enough to behold it; her Smiles transported with Rapture, her Frowns terrified to Despair. She held in her Hand a Mirror, endowed with the same Qualities as that which the Painters put into the Hand of Truth.

There streamed from it a Light, which distinguished itself from all the Splendor that surrounded her, more than a Flash of Lightning shines in the Midst of Day-light. As she moved it in her Hand, it brightened the Heavens, the Air, or the Earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by Mortals, to make the Pomp of her Appearance more supportable, she threw Darkness and Clouds about her, that tempered the Light into a Thousand beautiful Shades and Colours, and multiplied that Lustre, which before was too strong and dazzling, into a Variety of milder Glories.

In the mean Time the World was in an Alarm, and all the Inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious Plain; so that I seemed to have the whole Species before my Eyes. A Voice was heard from the Clouds, declaring the Intention of this Visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The Fear and Hope, Joy and Sorrow, which appeared in that great Assembly after this solemn Declaration, are not to be expressed. The first Edict was then pronounced, *That all Titles and Claims to Riches and Estates, or to any Part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful Owner.* Upon this, the Inhabitants of the Earth held up the Instruments of their Tenures, whether in Parchment, Paper, Wax, or any other Form of Conveyance; and as the Goddess moved the Mirror of Truth, which she held in her Hand, so that the Light which flowed from it fell
upon

upon the Multitude, they examined the several Instruments by the Beams of it: The Rays of the Mirror had a particular Quality of setting Fire to all Forgery and Falshood. The Blaze of Papers, the Melting of Seals, and the Crackling of Parchments, made a very odd Scene. The Fire very often ran through two or three Lines only, and then stopped. Though I could not but observe the Flames chiefly broke out among the Interlineations, and Codicils; the Light of the Mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark Corners and Recesses of the Universe, and by that Means detected many Writings and Records, which had been hidden or buried by Time, Chance, or Design. This occasioned a wonderful Revolution among the People. At the first Time, the Spoils of Extortion, Fraud, Robbery, with all the Fruits of Bribery and Corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious Pile, that almost reached to the Clouds, and was called *the Mount of Restitution*; to which all injured Persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see Crowds of People in tattered Garments come up, and change Cloaths with others that were dressed with Lace and Embroidery. Several who were Plumbs, or very near it, became Men of moderate Fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in Wealth and Possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my Concern most, was to see a certain Street of the greatest Credit in *Europe*, from one End to the other become bankrupt.

The next Command was for the whole Body of Mankind to separate themselves into their proper Families: Which was no sooner done, but an Edict was issued out, requiring all Children *to repair to their true and natural Fathers*. This put a great Part of the Assembly in Motion; for as the Mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural Instinct, as directed them to their real Parents. It was a very melancholy

lancholy Spectacle to see the Fathers of very large Families become childless, and Bachelors undone by a Charge of Sons and Daughters. You might see a presumptuous Heir of a great Estate ask Blessings of his Coachman; and a celebrated Toast paying her Duty to a Valet de Chambre. Many, under Vows of Celibacy, appeared surrounded with a numerous Issue. The Change of Parentage would have caused great Lamentation, but that the Calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their Children had the Satisfaction of seeing them put into the Hands of their dearest Friends. Men were no sooner settled in their Right to their Possessions and their Progeny, but there was a third Order proclaimed, *that all the Posts of Dignity and Honour in the Universe should be conferred on Persons of the greatest Merit, Abilities, and Perfections.* The Handsome, the Strong, and the Wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the Splendor of the Mirror which played upon their Faces, they immediately fell back upon the Crowd: But as the Goddess tried the Multitude by her Glass, as the Eagle does its young ones by the Lustre of the Sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his Face from it, who had not distinguished himself either by Virtue, Knowledge, or Capacity in Business, either military or civil. This select Assembly was drawn up in the Centre of a prodigious Multitude, which was diffused on all Sides, and stood observing them, as idle People use to gather about a Regiment that was exercising their Arms. They were drawn up in three Bodies: In the first were the Men of Virtue; in the second, the Men of Knowledge; and in the third, the Men of Business. It was impossible to look at the first Column without a secret Veneration, their Aspects were so sweetened with Humanity, raised with Contemplation, emboldened with Resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable Airs, which are those that proceed from secret Habits of Virtue. I could not but take Notice, that there were many Faces among them
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which were unknown, not only to the Multitude, but even to several of their own Body.

In the second Column, consisting of the Men of Knowledge, there had been great Disputes before they fell into their Ranks, which they did not do at last without the positive Command of the Goddesses who presided over the Assembly. She had so ordered it, that Men of the greatest Genius and strongest Sense were placed at the Head of the Column: Behind these were such as had formed their Minds very much on the Thoughts and Writings of others. In the Rear of the Column were Men who had more Wit than Sense, or more Learning than Understanding. All living Authors of any Value were ranged in one of these Classes; but I must confess I was very much surprised to see a great Body of Editors, Critics, Commentators, and Grammarians, meet with so very ill a Reception. They had formed themselves into a Body, and with a great deal of Arrogance demanded the first Station in the Column of Knowledge; but the Goddesses, instead of complying with their Request, clapped them all into Liveries, and bid them know themselves for no other but the Lackies of the Learned.

The third Column were Men of Business, and consisted of Persons of military and civil Capacities. The former marched out from the Rest, and placed themselves in the Front; on which the other shook their Heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the Post with them. I could not but make several Observations upon this last Column of People; but I have certain private Reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the Public. In order to fill up all the Posts of Honour, Dignity, and Profit, there was a Draught made out of each Column of Men, who were Masters of all the three Qualifications in some Degree, and were preferred to Stations of the first Rank. The second Draught was made out of such as were possessed of any two of the Qualifications, who were disposed of in Stations of a second Dignity. Those who were left, and
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were endowed only with one of them, had their suitable Posts. When this was over, there remained many Places of Trust and Profit unfilled, for which there were fresh Draughts made out of the surrounding Multitude, who had any Appearance of those Excellencies, or were recommended by those who possessed them in Reality.

All were surpris'd to see so many new Faces in the most eminent Dignities; and for my own Part, I was very well pleas'd to see all my Friends either keep their present Posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having fill'd my Paper with those Particulars of my Vision which concern the Male Part of Mankind, I must reserve for another Occasion the Sequel of it, which relates to the Fair Sex.

A Continuation of the VISION.

*Dreams are but Interludes which Fancy makes,
When Monarch Reason sleeps,—this Mimic wakes :
Compounds a Medley of disjointed Things,
A Court of Coblers—and a Mob of Kings.*

DRYDEN.

THE Male World were dismissed by the Goddess of Justice and disappeared, when on a Sudden the whole Plain was covered with Women. So charming a Multitude fill'd my Heart with unspeakable Pleasure; and as the celestial Light of the Mirror shone upon their Faces, several of them seem'd rather Persons that descended in the Train of the Goddess, than such as were brought before her for their Trial. The Clack of Tongues, and Confusion of Voices, in this new Assembly, were so very great, that the Goddess was oblig'd to command Silence several Times, and with some Severity, before she could make them attentive to the Edicts. They were all sensible, that the most important Affair among Womankind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the Point of Place.

Place. This had raised innumerable Disputes among them, and put the whole Sex into a Tumult. Every one produced her Claim, and pleaded her Pretensions. Birth, Beauty, Wit, or Wealth, were Words that rang in my Ears from all Parts of the Plain. Some boasted of the Merit of their Husbands; others of their own Power in governing them. Some pleaded their unspotted Virginity; others their numerous Issue. Some valued themselves as they were the Mothers, and others as they were the Daughters of considerable Persons. There was not a single Accomplishment unmentioned or unpractised. The whole Congregation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, speaking, smiling, fighting, fanning, frowning, and all those other irresistible Arts which Women put in Practice to captivate the Hearts of reasonable Creatures. The Goddesses, to end the Dispute, caused it to be proclaimed, that every one should take Place according as she was more or less beautiful.

This Declaration gave great Satisfaction to the whole Assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its Beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their Motions, found an Occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false Step, that they might shew their Persons in the most becoming Air. Such as had fine Necks and Bosoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the Heads of the Multitude, and observe the most distant Parts of the Assembly. Several clapped their Hands on their Foreheads, as helping their Sight to look upon the Glories that surrounded the Goddesses, but in Reality to shew fine Hands and Arms. The Ladies were yet better pleased when they heard, that in the Decision of this great Controversy, each of them should be her own Judge, and take her Place according to her own Opinion of herself, when she consulted her Looking-glass.

The Goddesses then let down the Mirror of Truth in a Golden Chain, which appeared larger in Proportion as it descended and approached nearer to the Eyes of

the Beholders. It was the particular Property of this Looking-glass to banish all false Appearances, and shew People what they really are. The whole Woman was represented, without Regard to the usual external Features, which were made entirely conformable to their real Characters. In short, the most accomplished (taking the whole Circle of Female Perfections) were the most beautiful; and the most defective, the most deformed. The Goddesses so varied the Motion of the Glass, and placed it in so many different Lights, that each had an Opportunity of seeing herself in it.

It is impossible to describe the Rage, the Pleasure, or Astonishment, that appeared in each Face upon its Representation in the Mirror; Multitudes started at their own Form, and would have broken the Glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming Features wither as they looked upon them, and their Self-admiration turned into a Loathing and Abhorrence. The Lady who was thought so agreeable in her Anger, and was so often celebrated for a Woman of Fire and Spirit, was frightened at her own Image, and fancied she saw a Fury in the Glass. The interested Mistress beheld a Harpy, and the subtle Jilt a Sphynx. I was very much troubled in my own Heart to see such a Destruction of fine Faces; but at the same Time had the Pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest Master-pieces of Nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surpris'd at their own Charms; and that many a one, who had lived in the Retirement and Severity of a Vestal, shone forth in all the Graces and Attractions of a Syren. I was ravished at the Sight of a particular Image in the Mirror, which I thought the most beautiful Object that my Eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her Countenance: Her Eyes were so full of Light, that they seemed to beautify every Thing they looked upon. Her Face was enlivened with such a florid Bloom, as did not so properly seem the Mark of Health, as of Immortality.

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Her Shape, her Stature, and her whole Mien, were such as distinguished her even there, where the whole fair Sex were assembled.

I was impatient to see the Lady represented by so divine an Image, whom I found to be the Person that stood at my Right-hand, and in the same Point of View with myself. This was a little old Woman, who in her Prime had been about five Feet high, though at present shrunk to about three Quarters of that Measure: Her natural Aspect was puckered up with Wrinkles, and her Head covered with grey Hairs. I had observed all along an innocent Chearfulness in her Face, which was now heightened into Rapture, as she beheld herself in the Glass. It was an odd Circumstance in my Dream, (but I cannot forbear relating it) I conceived so great an Inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discoursing her upon the Point of Marriage, when on a Sudden she was carried from me; for the Word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own Images, should separate, and place themselves at the Head of their Sex.

This Detachment was afterwards divided into three Bodies, consisting of Maids, Wives, and Widows; the Wives being placed in the Middle, with the Maids on the Right, and the Widows on the Left; though it was with Difficulty that these two last Bodies were hindered from falling into the Center. This Separation of those who liked their Real-selves, not having lessened the Number of the main Body so considerably as it might have been wished, the Goddess, after having drawn up her Mirror, thought fit to make new Distinctions among those who did not like the Figures which they saw in it. She made several wholesome Edicts, which are slipped out of my Mind; but there were two which dwelt upon it, as being very extraordinary in their Kind, and executed with great Severity. Their Design was, to make an Example of two Extremes in the Female World; of those who were very severe on the Conduct of others, and of those who were very re-

gardless of their own. The first Sentence therefore the Goddess pronounced, was, that all Females addicted to Cenforiousness and Detraction, should lose the Use of Speech; a Punishment which would be most grievous to the Offender, and, what should be the End of all Punishments, effectual for rooting out the Crime. Upon this Edict, which was as soon executed as published, the Noise of this Assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy Spectacle to see so many who had the Reputation of rigid Virtue, struck dumb. A Lady who stood by my, and saw my Concern, told me, she wondered how I could be concerned for such a Pack of ———. I found by the shaking of her Head, she was going to give me their Characters; but by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the Command of her Tongue. This Calamity fell very heavy upon that Part of Women who are distinguished by the Name of Prudes, a courtly Word for Female Hypocrites, who have a short Way of being virtuous, by shewing that others are vicious. The second Sentence was then pronounced against the loose Part of the Sex, that all should immediately be pregnant, who in any Part of their Life had run the Hazard of it. This produced a very goodly Appearance, and revealed so many Misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb, repine more than ever at their Want of Utterance; though at the same Time (as Afflictions seldom come single) many of the Mutes were also seized with this new Calamity. The Ladies were now in such a Condition, that they would have wanted Room, had not the Plain been large enough to let them divide their Ground, and extend their Lines on all Sides. It was a sensible Affliction to me, to see such a Multitude of Fair Ones either dumb or big-bellied. But I was something more at Ease, when I found that they agreed upon several Regulations to cover such Misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established Maxim in all Nations, that a Woman's first Child might come in to the World within six Months after the Acquaintance with

with her Husband; and that Grief might retard the Birth of her last till fourteen Months after his Disease.

This Vision lasted till my usual Hour of waking, which I did with some Surprize to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole Night in so prodigious a Multitude. I could not but reflect with Wonder, at the Partiality and Extravagance of my Vision; which, according to my Thoughts, had not done Justice to the Sex. If Virtue in Men is more venerable, it is in Women more lovely; which *Milton* has very finely expressed in his *Paradise Lost*, where *Adam*, speaking of *Eve*, after having exerted his own Pre-eminence, as being *first* in Creation and internal Faculties, breaks out in the following Rapture:

——— Yet when I approach

Her Loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher Knowledge in her Presence falls
Degraded. Wisdom in Discourse with her
Loses, discountenanc'd, and like Folly shews.
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally: And, to consummate all,
Greatness of Mind and Nobleness, their Seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an Awe
About her, as a Guard angelic plac'd.



No Life pleasing to G O D, that is not useful to Man.

An Eastern STORY.

*Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.*

POPE.

IT pleased the mighty Sovereign *Abbas Carascan*, from whom the Kings of the Earth derive Honour and Dominion, to set *Mirza* his Servant over the Province of *Tauris*. In the Hand of *Mirza*, the Balance of Distribution was splendid with Impartiality; and under his Administration the Weak were protected, the Learned received Honour, and the Diligent became rich: *Mirza*, therefore, was beheld by every Eye with Complacency, and every Tongue pronounced Blessings on his Head. But it was observed that he derived no Joys from the Benefits which he diffused; he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his Leisure in Solitude; in his Palace he sat motionless upon a Sofa; and when he went out, his Walk was slow, and his Eyes were fixed upon the Ground: He applied to the Business of State with Reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the Toils of Government, of which he could no longer enjoy the Reward.

He therefore obtained Permission to approach the Throne of his Sovereign; and being asked what was his Request, he made this Reply, "May the Lord of the World forgive the Slave whom he has honoured, if *Mirza* presume again to lay the Bounty of *Abbas* at his Feet. Thou hast given me the Dominion of a Country, fruitful as the Gardens of *Damascus*; and of a City, glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the Splendor of thy Presence. But the longest Life is a Period scarce sufficient to prepare for Death: All other Business is vain and trivial, as the
Toil

Toil of Emmets in the Path of the Traveller, under whose Foot they perish for ever; and all Enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the Colours of the Bow that appear in the Interval of a Storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the Approach of Eternity; let me give up my Soul to Meditation; let Solitude and Silence acquaint me with the Mysteries of Devotion; let me forget the World, and by the World be forgotten, till the Moment arrives in which the Veil of Eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the Bar of the Almighty."—*Mirza* then bowed himself to the Earth, and stood silent.

By the Command of *Abbas* it is recorded, that at these Words he trembled upon that Throne, at the Footstool of which the World pays Homage: He looked round upon his Nobles; but every Countenance was pale, and every Eye was upon the Earth. No Man opened his Mouth; and the King first broke Silence, after it had continued an Hour.

"*Mirza*, Terror and Doubt are come upon me: I am alarmed, as a Man who suddenly perceives that he is near the Brink of a Precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible Force; but yet I know not whether my Danger is a Reality or a Dream.—I am as thou art, a Reptile on the Earth; my Life is a Moment; and Eternity, in which Days, and Years, and Ages are nothing, Eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: But by whom then must the Faithful be governed? By those only who have no Fear of Judgment? By those alone whose Life is brutal; because, like Brutes, they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the Faithful? Are the busy Multitudes that crowd the City, in a State of Perdition? And is the Cell of the Dervise alone the Gate of Paradise? To all, the Life of a Dervise is not possible: To all, therefore, it cannot be a Duty. Depart to the House which has in the City been prepared for thy Residence; I shall meditate the Reason of thy Request; and may he who illumines the Mind

of

of the Humble, enable me to determine with Wisdom!"

Mirza departed; and on the third Day, having received no Commands, he again requested an Audience, and it was granted. When he entered the Royal Presence, his Countenance appeared more chearful; he drew a Letter from his Bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his Right-hand.

"My Lord, said he, I have learned by this Letter, which I received from *Cofrou* the Iman, who now stands before thee, in what Manner Life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with Pleasure, and forward with Hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the Shadow of thy Power at *Tauris*, and to keep those Honours which I so lately wished to resign."—The King, who had listened to *Mirza* with a Mixture of Surprize and Curiosity, immediately gave the Letter to *Cofrou*, and commanded that it should be read. The Eyes of the Court were at once turned on the hoary Sage, whose Countenance was suffused with an honest Blush; and it was not without some Hesitation that he read these Words.

"To *Mirza*, whom the Wisdom of *Abbas* our mighty Lord has honoured with Dominion, be everlasting Health! When I heard thy Purpose to withdraw the Blessings of thy Government from the Thousands of *Tauris*, my Heart was wounded with the Arrow of Affliction, and my Eyes became dim with Sorrow. But who shall speak before the King, when he is troubled? And who shall boast of Knowledge, when he is distressed by Doubt? To thee I will relate the Events of my Youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those Truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee.

"Under the Instruction of the Physician *Aluazer*, I obtained an early Knowledge of his Art. To those who were smitten with Disease, I could administer
Plants,

Plants, which the Sun had impregnated with the Spirit of Health. But the Scenes of Pain, Languor, and Mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the Grave open at my Feet; I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the Regions beyond it, and to despise every Acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an Opinion, that as there was no Merit but a voluntary Poverty, and silent Meditation, those who desired Money were not proper Objects of Bounty; therefore Money was despised. I buried mine in the Earth; and renouncing Society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered Part of the Country; my Dwelling was a Cave by the Side of a Hill; I drank the running Water from the Spring, and eat such Fruits and Herbs as I could find. To increase the Austerity of my Life, I frequently watched all Night, sitting at the Entrance of the Cave with my Face to the East, resigning myself to the secret Influences of the Prophet, and expecting Illumination from above. One Morning after my nocturnal Vigil, just as I perceived the Horizon glow at the Approach of the Sun, the Power of Sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the Entrance of my Cell; that the Dawn increased, and that as I looked earnestly for the first Beam of Day, a dark Spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in Motion; it increased in Size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an Eagle. I still kept my Eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small Distance, where I now descried a Fox, whose two Fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this Fox the Eagle laid Part of a Kid, which it had brought in its Talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my Forehead upon the Ground, and blessed the Prophet for the Instruction of the Morning. I reviewed my Dream, and said thus to myself, "*Confess* thou hast done well to renounce the Tumult, the Business, and the Vanities of Life; but thou hast as yet

yet only done it in Part: Thou art still every Day busied in the Search of Food; thy Mind is not wholly at Rest, neither is thy Trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this Vision? If thou hast seen an Eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a Fox that is lame shall not the Hand of Heaven also supply thee with Food; when that which prevents thee from procuring it to thyself, is not Necessity but Devotion? I was now so confident of a miraculous Supply, that I neglected to walk out for my Repast, which, after the first Day, I expected with an Impatience that left me little Power of attending to any other Object: This Impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my Resolution; but my Eyes at length began to fail me and my Knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my Weakness would soon increase to Insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the Voice of an invisible Being, who pronounced these Words: "*Cofrou*, I am the Angel who, by the Command of the Almighty, have registered the Thoughts of thy Heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. Whilst thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy Folly has perverted the Instructions which were vouchsafed to thee. Art thou disabled as the Fox? Hast thou not rather the Powers of the Eagle? Arise, let the Eagle be the Object of thy Emulation. To Pain and Sicknefs be thou again the Messenger of Ease and Health. Virtue is not Rest but Action. If thou dost Good to Man, as an Evidence of thy Love to God, thy Virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that Happiness, which is the Pledge of Paradise, will be thy Reward upon Earth."

"At these Words I was not less astonished than if a Mountain had been overturned at my Feet. I humbled myself in the Dust; I returned to the City; I dug up my Treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My Skill in restoring Health to the Body, gave me frequent Opportunities of curing the Diseases of the Soul.

Soul. I put on the sacred Vestments; I grew eminent beyond my Merit; and it was the Pleasure of the King that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no Knowledge that I have not received: As the Sands of the Desert drink up the Drops of Rain, or the Dew of the Morning; so do I also, who am but Dust, imbibe the Instructions of the Prophet. Believe, then, that it is he who tells thee, all Knowledge is prophane which terminates in thyself; and by a Life wasted in Speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the Gates of Paradise are thrown open before thee, thy Mind shall be irradiated in a Moment; here thou canst little more than pile Error upon Error; there thou shalt build Truth upon Truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious Vision; and in the mean Time emulate the Eagle. Much is in thy Power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give Virtue; yet, as a Prince, thou mayest stimulate those to Beneficence who act from no higher Motive than immediate Interest; thou canst not produce the Principle, but mayest enforce the Practice. The Relief of the Poor is equal, whether they receive it from Ostentation, or Charity; and the Effect of Example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the Favour of God or Man. Let thy Virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with Reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewel. May the Smile of *Him* who resides in the Heaven of Heavens be upon thee! And against thy Name in the Volume of *His* Will, may Happiness be written!"

The King, whose Doubts, like those of *Mirza*, were now removed, looked up with a Smile that communicated the Joy of his Mind. He dismissed the Prince to his Government; and commanded those Events to be recorded, to the End that Posterity may know, "That no Life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to Man!"

The

The JUDGMENT of COMMON SENSE.

A VISION.

*No Gloss or Colouring will avail,
But Truth and Justice here prevail.*

R.

I WAS the other Day buried in the deepest Contemplation, on reading that Paper of the *Guardian*, in which we are represented with a View of that impartial Court of Justice in the infernal Regions where Mankind (according to the ancient Mythology) are supposed to be dealt with in Proportion to their good or evil Actions while on Earth: In the Midst of this Reverie, I was seized with a profound Sleep, when methought I was in that Part of the lower Regions I had been reading of. The great Hurry and Fatigue of Business, made *Minos* (who then sat as Judge) to be desirous of some Respite; for which Reason he left *Common Sense*, lately arrived from the upper World, to officiate in his Room.

The first who appeared before this new Substitute of *Minos*, was a Figure that approached with an easy Assurance in his Countenance; he smiled on the Court with a seeming Complacency, and laid Claim to *Elysium*, from the many generous and friendly Actions of his Life. No public Subscription was attempted, but he was among the first to encourage it; no Acquaintance in Distress, but he contributed to their Relief: In short, he was looked upon, while on Earth, as a humane, generous Man, beloved by his Neighbours, and esteemed by his Acquaintances;—but on further Examination it was proved, that this very Person was mean enough to become Slave to a Party for a Pension; thattho' seemingly humane to Individuals, he was a Betrayer and Ruiner of his Country's Interest, and that his

his seeming Virtues proceeded not from any Goodness of Heart, but an Ostentation to keep up the empty Show of consequential Grandeur; on which *Common Sense*, with a Look of Severity, telling him, that of all Cruelty, that towards the Public was the most unpardonable, nodded towards a black Officer on the Left to take him into Custody; which was no sooner done, than another Ghost was brought forward, who amazed the whole Court with his unaccountable indolent Behaviour. When asked to what Purpose he had lived fifty-three Years and some odd Months; in the most careless pick-tooth Manner, with his Eyes half shut, he replied, None: And being told that was not a satisfactory Answer, he retorted with a Gape,—Perhaps so. In a word, he was found to be such a one as *Prior* describes,

*He soundly slept the Night away,
And just did nothing all the Day.*

This pretty Gentleman being informed that Indolence was not the Road to *Elysium*, was ordered to cast off to the Left. To him succeeded a first Minister of State: But it being proved on his Trial, that Nature had designed him for a Juggler, and that he had by Mistake been forced to animate the wrong Body, he was remanded back again to Earth, to shine in his proper Sphere. I was buried in Thought for some Time at what I saw, when I awaked out of my *Reverie* at the Appearance of a Ghost with a bloated Countenance, who, on being asked what Sort of a Life he had led, answered a very harmless one; that from the Moment he had come to his Estate, he had never known what it was to be thoroughly sober; and that he had consequently been a great Friend to his Country by promoting the Excise; and as it was his Fortune to be taken off in a drunken Fit, he humbly hoped he might be ranked among those who died in the Service of their Country. The Court was some Time puzzled to find

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out a proper Punishment for a Life so scandalously mispent: They knew Flames would be thrown away upon him; but at length, his Station was fixed among the Suicides, the most dismal, melancholy Spot in Hell.

Quite different from the former, was the next that was called upon: It was a young Creature with an unspeakable Innocence and Sweetness in her Countenance, attended with a Melancholy and Wane, which seemed deeply rooted in her. When the usual Question was put, instead of answering, she burst into a Flood of Tears, nor was she able to utter one Word; but a neighbouring Ghost, who happened to arrive about the same Time, informed *Common Sense* that she had an unblemished Character, and was universally esteemed for her Good-nature and Sense, till unfortunately she had given Credit to the Protestations of a young Gentleman, who had vowed in the most sacred Manner to make her his Bride; but after gaining his Ends, had basely deserted her, which flung her into a Melancholy that soon put an End to her Life. The whole Court was moved at the Relation; but *Common Sense* telling her she had already sufficiently expiated for her Credulity, and that the Villain who betrayed her was principally to answer for the Crime, ordered the Keeper of *Elysium* to take her into his Protection; which he had no sooner done, than Sorrow fled away, her Bloom returned, and Modesty and Loveliness shone with the most becoming Sweetness. Upon seeing this, a whole Shoal of Coquettes flocked to their Trials, not doubting to meet with the same good Fortune; but their Gambols had no other Effect on *Common Sense*, than to hasten their filing off to the Left. As for Fops, Methodists, Jansenists, Humbuggers, and others of the same Species, as they were known Enemies to *Common Sense*, their Trials were deferred till the Return of *Minos*, lest Justice from him might seem partial. What seemed to me remarkable was, that *Common Sense* often mistook Methodists for Jansenists, and Jansenists for Methodists;

dists; so greatly seemed to him the Resemblance between those two Sectaries.

Room was now made for a Lady of Figure, who pressed forward with an easy Freedom in her Air, that bespoke her used to the best of Company. The Question being put, she declared she had led a Life quite gay and polite: That Drums, Routs, Balls, Intrigues, Drefs, &c. had taken up her whole Time, and that in the End she had died a Martyr to her Politeness, by a violent Cold she had got at a Masquerade. On being demanded what Good she had done? What Charities bestowed, &c. &c.? What Good, what Charities! replied she; these are very odd Sort of Questions; why, my dear, dear Sir, do you think we fine Ladies can have Time to think of such Things? No, no, our whole Life is taken up with the more important Articles of Cards, Scandal, Drefs, &c. Away with her, cries *Common Sense*; to the Left with her; make Room for her Ladyship. Hey-day, what have we got here? continues he to a *Harlequin*, who entered playing his antic Tricks, to the great Emolument, as he expected, of the Spectators: But no sooner did the Keeper of *Tartarus* spy him, than (without waiting for Orders) he laid his Clutches on him, and poor *Lunn* was immediately dragged from the Bar, amidst the repeated Hisses of the whole Court. Pray, Friend, says *Common Sense* to the next, why that dejected Countenance? I lived 37 Years a Farmer, (answered the Ghost) had three Sons and one Daughter, by a Wife whom I tenderly loved, as I did my poor Children, whose Education I was particularly careful of, and should have been the happiest of Mankind, had not the Distemper among the Cattle, in a few Weeks, deprived me of my whole Stock: My Landlord threw me into Prison for a Debt he knew it was impossible for me at that Time to pay. In this Situation I did what I could to contribute to the Maintenance of my Family, by making Nets, Purfes, &c. but it was insufficient, and I died for Want of

common Necessaries.* Pray take Care of him, cried *Common Sense* to the *Elysium* Keeper, and convince him, that the more unfortunate Virtue is in the other World, the greater the Reward here; and though your Children are deprived of you, they are more particularly the Care of a superior Power and better Parent, who never fails sooner or latter to reward Goodness. The Keeper of *Elysium*, smiling, bid him enter the happy Portal; telling him he would meet with his Wife there, whom, it seems, a broken Heart had kindly delivered from a troublesome World about six Months before.

The next who mounted was a grave-looking Gentleman, who no sooner mentioned his being of the sacerdotal Order, than *Common Sense* cut him short, by telling him, it was a Rule of Court, when a Band of Cassocks appeared, to have Enquiry made through *Elysium*, if any were in the least indebted to the Reverend Claimant for the Happiness they enjoyed, and if such Evidence appeared in his Behalf, he was to be admitted; if not, he was obliged to take the contrary Road. Upon his Dismission, appeared two Duellists, who had honourably expired in their Vocation; no sooner were they known, than *Common Sense* acquainted the black Officer that Duellists were always his Property, and desired he would lend them his Hand. On their disappearing, a gay young Fellow was introduced, halloing and shouting, with the most impudent Stare and settled Assurance imaginable, in his Contenance: Hey-day, says *Common Sense*, who have we got here? Pray, good bashful Sir, who may you be; D——e, old Gentleman, returns the Spark, do you know what a Buck, what a Wit is? But I cannot answer impertinent Questions now: I have kept a long Fast, d——'s. Can you help me to a fresh Bit of Game? Z——ns! I wish I had a few Brother Bucks here, we would soon
shew

* This was exactly the Case of a poor Farmer, who died in a miserable Condition in *York Castle*.

shew them we could play Hell and the Devil as well as the best of them below Stairs. Pray, good Mr *Buck*, cries *Common Sense*, move off to the Left; and you, Sir, (speaking to the black Officer) let his Buckship be well hunted when you get him into the dark Regions.

Well, Friend, says *Common Sense* to a Ghost who thrust forward, what may your Passport be to *Elysium*? I have been, replied the Ghost, all my Life-time, a most zealous Churchman, a true orthodox Believer, a staunch Advocate.——Look you, Friend, replies *Common Sense*, we never in this Court enquire into the Faith, but into the Actions of those who appear before us; how did you spend the 53 Years you were confined to the upper World? In shewing my Zeal, replies the Ghost, to the *True Religion*; by reviling, slandering, and persecuting all Unbelievers, and forcing into the Pale of the Church all who were in the wrong Road to———Hold, hold, cries *Common Sense*, you have been in the wrong Road yourself all your Life-time; Charity and Benevolence are the sure Guides to *Elysium*, as Persecution and fiery Zeal never fail leading their Followers to *Tartarus*; move off, pray — away with him.

The next called up was a Ghost who boasted much of his Ingenuity and superior Talents, and gloried in several Inventions which were of the utmost Consequence (as he said) to Mankind. I hope, cries *Common Sense*, the World is at present reaping the Benefit of your Ingenuity. It did while I lived, answered the Ghost; but as I did not care to publish those Secrets in my Life-time, they died with me. Wretch, cries *Common Sense*, to imagine superior Qualifications were granted by Heaven, but for the Good of the Society in which they were placed! Wise Men are designed to be Vehicles of Blessings from above: Nor are Misers of any Sort so detestable as those, who through mean, selfish Views bury in Oblivion what might prove a public and lasting Benefit to their Fellow Creatures: Take him away.

On this Gentleman's Disappearance, a Ghost advanced, who brought a Copy of his Epitaph (by Way of Credentials) with him from the other World, in which he was extolled beyond the Skies for a loving Husband, a tender Father, a sincere Friend, &c. &c. which is as much as to say, cries *Common Sense*, that you died rich, and your Heirs were glad to dismiss you with a fulsome Compliment: What say your Actions for you? On Examination, this loving Husband was found to have kept a Brace of Mistresses, for whose Support he had abridged his Wife of the common Necessaries of Life. This tender Father took such Care of his Children, that they were unacquainted with every Kind of Knowledge, but a few of the fashionable Vices: And as for Friendship, though it was a Word often in his Mouth, he never knew any strong enough to withstand the least Impulse of Interest: He was profuse to Extravagance, and yet the greatest of Misers where Merit in Indigence or Distress called for his Assistance. *Common Sense*, on this, beckoned to the Keeper of *Tartarus*, who without Ceremony enlisted him among his sinister Acquaintance.

The Court about this Time was interrupted by a Noise at a Distance, occasioned by a Dispute between *Charon* and a Sailor, who had, unperceived by him, slipped into his Boat, and when he landed, refused to pay the usual Fare. The blunt Tar, without paying much Regard to those he was before, called *Charon* an old Fool, and swore he had not a drop of Sailor's Blood in his whole Carcase, or he would have known better than to have asked a Brother for Passage Money: That for his Part, it had been his Fortune to be killed in a naval Engagement, fighting against the Enemies of his Country, and had left all above Stairs at Sixes and Sevens; yet that nothing vexed him so much, as that a Fellow, who wore Trowsers, should have a mercenary Temper. *Common Sense*, who knew the Value of his blunt Honesty, ordered him, with a Smile, to veer off to the *Elysium* Side, to make Way for a Ghost who had been

been born to a good Estate, but had foolishly squandered it away among Parasites and sharpening Gamesters, and left behind him a numerous Progeny of Beggars. This Wretch was condemned to wear long Asses' Ears, a Fool's Coat, and a Rattle with Dice; to be the Scoff and Jest of all Hell, and in short, to be the most despicable among the Damned: Nor was this all; for the Sins of his Posterity, whom he by his Folly had reduced to the Necessity of committing many Crimes, were to be doubly punished in him. No sooner was he taken into Custody, than I was called to the Bar; but my Conscience accusing me of a Multitude of unrepented Crimes, threw me into such a Fright, that, luckily for me, it put an End to my Dream.



CARAZAN's VISION: Or, SOCIAL LOVE and
BENEFICENCE recommended.

*Grasp the whole World of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close System of Benevolence;
Happier, as kinder, in whate'er Degree,
A Height of Bliss is Height of Charity.*

POPE.

CARAZAN, the Merchant of *Bagdat*, was eminent throughout all the East for his Avarice and his Wealth: His Origin was obscure as that of the Spark, which by the Collision of Steel and Adamant is struck out of Darkness; and the patient Labour of persevering Diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inflexibly just. But whether in his Dealings with Men he discovered a Perfidy which tempted him to put his Trust in Gold; or whether in Proportion as he accumulated Wealth, he discovered his own Importance by Increase, *Carazan* prized it more as he used it less: He gradually lost the Inclination to do Good, as he acquired the Power; and as the Hand of Time scattered Snow upon his Head, the freezing Influence extended to his Bosom.

But though the Door of *Carazan* was never opened by Hospitality, nor his Hand by Compassion, yet Fear led him constantly to the Mosque at the stated Hours of Prayer: He performed all the Rites of Devotion with the most scrupulous Punctuality, and had thrice paid his Vows at the Temple of the Prophet. That Devotion which rises from the Love of God, and necessarily includes the Love of Man, as it connects Gratitude with Beneficence, and exalts that which was mortal to divine, confers new Dignity upon Goodness, and is the Object not only of Affection but Reverence. On the contrary, the Devotion of the Selfish, whether it be thought to avert the Punishment which every one wishes to be in-

inflicted, or to insure it by the Complication of Hypocrisy with Guilt, never fails to excite Indignation and Abhorrence. *Carazan*, therefore, when he had locked his Door, and, turning round with a Look of circumspective Suspicion, proceeded to the Mosque, was followed by every Eye with silent Malignity; the Poor suspended their Supplications when he passed by: though he was known by every Man, yet no Man saluted him.

Such had long been the Life of *Carazan*, and such was the Character which he had acquired, when Notice was given by Proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent Building in the Centre of the City; that his Table should be spread for the Hungry, and that the Stranger should be welcome to his Bed. The Multitude soon rushed like a Torrent to his Door, where they beheld him distributing Bread to the Hungry, and Apparel to the Naked, his Eye softened with Compassion, and his Cheek glowing with Delight. Every one gazed with Astonishment at the Prodigy; and the Murmur of innumerable Voices increasing like the Sound of approaching Thunder, *Carazan* beckoned with his Hand; Attention suspended the Tumult in a Moment, and he thus gratified the Curiosity which procured him Audience:

“To him who touches the Mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the most Merciful, be everlasting Honour! He hath ordained Sleep to be the Minister of Instruction, as his Visions have reproved me in the Night. As I was sitting alone in my Haram, with my Lamp burning before me, computing the Product of my Merchandize, and exulting in the Increase of my Wealth, I fell into a deep Sleep, and the Hand of him who dwells in the third Heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of Death coming forward like a Whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the Blow. At the same Moment I found myself lifted from the Ground, and transported with astonishing Rapi-

Rapidity through the Regions of the Air. The Earth was contracted to an Atom between; and the Stars glowed round me with a Lustre that obscured the Sun. The Gate of Paradise was now in Sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden Brightness which no human Eye could behold: The irrevocable Sentence was now to be pronounced; my Duty of Probation was past, and from the Evil of my Life nothing could be taken away, nor could any Thing be added to the Good. When I reflected that my Lot for Eternity was cast, which not all the Powers of Nature could reverse, my Confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with Confusion, and chilled with Horror, I was thus addressed by the Radiance that flamed before me:

“*Carazan*, thy Worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by the Love of God; neither can thy Righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by the Love of Man: For thy own Sake only hast thou rendered to every Man his Due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with Gratitude, nor round thee with Kindness. Around thee thou hast indeed beheld Vice and Folly; but if Vice and Folly could justify thy Parsimony, would they not condemn the Bounty of Heaven? If not upon the Foolish and the Vicious, where shall the Sun diffuse his Light, or the Clouds distil their Dew? Where shall the Lips of the Spring breathe Fragrance, or the Hand of Autumn diffuse Plenty? Remember, *Carazan*, that thou hast shut Compassion from thy Heart, and grasped thy Treasures with an Hand of Iron: Thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the Light of Heaven, and from the Society of all Beings, shalt thou be driven; Solitude shall protract the lingering Hours of Eternity, and Darknes aggravate the Horror of Despair.”

At

“ At this Moment I was driven, by some secret and irresistible Power, through the glowing System of Creation, and passed innumerable Worlds in a Moment. As I approached the Verge of Nature, I perceived the Shadows of total and boundless Vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful Region of eternal Silence, Solitude, and Darknefs! Unutterable Horror seized me at the Prospect, and this Exclamation burst from me with all the Vehemence of Desire. *Oh! that I had been doomed for ever to the common Receptacle of Impenitence and Guilt! There Society would have alleviated the Torment of Despair, and the Rage of Fire could not have excluded the Comfort of Light. Or, if I had been condemned to reside on a Comet, that would return but once in a Thousand Years to the Regions of Light and Life; the Hope of those Periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary Interval of Cold and Darknefs, and the Vicissitude would divide Eternity into Time.* While this Thought passed over my Mind, I lost Sight of the remotest Star, and the last Glimmering of Light was quenched into utter Darknefs. The Agonies of Despair encreased every Moment, as every Moment augmented my Distance from the last habitable World. I reflected with intolerable Anguish, that when Ten Thousand Thousand Years had carried me beyond the Reach of all but that Power who fills Infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense Abyfs of Darknefs, through which I should still drive without Succour and without Society, farther and farther still, for ever and ever. I then stretched out my Hands towards the Regions of Existence, with an Emotion that awakened me. Thus have I been taught to estimate Society, like every other Blessing, by its Loss. My Heart is warmed to Liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the Happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the Society of one Wretch, whom in the Pride of Prosperity I would have spurned from my Door, would, in the dreadful Solitude to which I was condemned, have been

been more highly prized than the Gold of *Afric*, or the Gems of *Golconda*."

At this Reflection upon his Dream, *Carazan* became suddenly silent, and looked upwards in an Extasy of Gratitude and Devotion. The Multitude was struck at once with the Precept and the Example; and the Caliph, to whom the Event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the Power of Gold, commanded it to be recorded for the Benefit of Posterity.

On CREATION and the ANIMAL WORLD.

*Range where you please, in Water, Earth, and Air,
God is in ev'ry Thing, and ev'ry where.* R.

THOUGH there is a great Deal of Pleasure in contemplating the material World, by which I mean that System of Bodies into which Nature has so curiously wrought the Mass of dead Matter, with the several Relations which those Bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in Contemplations on the World of Life, by which I mean all those Animals with which every Part of the Universe is furnished. The material World is only the Shell of the Universe: The World of Life are its Inhabitants.

If we consider those Parts of the material World which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our Observations and Enquiries, it is amazing to consider the Infinity of Animals with which it is stocked. Every Part of Matter is peopled: Every green Leaf swarms with Inhabitants. There is scarce a single Humour in the Body of Man, or of any other Animal, in which our Glasses do not discover Myriads of living Creatures. The Surface of Animals is also covered with other Animals, which are in the same Manner the Basis of other Animals, that live upon them;

them; nay, we find in the most solid Bodies, as in Marble itself, innumerable Cells and Cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible Inhabitants, as are too little for the naked Eye to discover. On the other Hand, if we look into the more bulky Parts of Nature, we see the Seas, Lakes, and Rivers teeming with numberless Kinds of living Creatures: We find every Mountain and Marsh, Wilderness and Wood, plentifully stocked with Birds and Beasts, and every Part of Matter affording proper Necessaries and Conveniences for the Livelihood of Multitudes which inhabit it.

The Author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good Argument from this Consideration for the *Peopling* of every Planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the Analogy of Reason, that if no Part of Matter which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great Bodies which are at **such** a Distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with Beings adapted to their respective Situations.

Existence is a Blessing to those Beings only which are endowed with Perception, and is in a Manner thrown away upon dead Matter, any farther than as it is subservient to Beings which are conscious of their Existence. Accordingly we find, from the Bodies which lie under our Observation, that Matter is only made as the Basis and Support of Animals; and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary to the Existence of the other.

Infinite Goodness is of so communicative a Nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of Existence upon every Degree of perceptive Being. As this is a Speculation which I have often pursued with great Pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge further upon it, by considering that Part of the Scale of Being which comes within our Knowledge.

There are some living Creatures which are raised but just above dead Matter. To mention only that

Species of Shell-fish, which are formed in the Fashion of a Cone, that grow to the Surface of several Rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the Place where they grow. There are many other Creatures but one Remove from these, which have no other Sense besides that of Feeling and Taste. Others have still an additional one of Hearing; others of Smell, and others of Sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual Progress the World of Life advances through a prodigious Variety of Species, before a Creature is formed that is complete in all its Senses; and even among these there is such a different Degree of Perfection in the Sense which one Animal enjoys, beyond what appears in another, that though the Sense in different Animals be distinguished by the same common Denominations, it seems almost of a different Nature. If after this we look into the several inward Perfections of Cunning and Sagacity, or what we generally call Instinct, we find them rising after the same Manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional Improvements according to the Species in which they are implanted. This Progress in Nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior Species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing Goodness of the Supreme Being, whose Mercy extends to all his Works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little Matter, at least what falls within our Knowledge, that does not swarm with Life: Nor is his Goodness less seen in the Diversity, than in the Multitude of living Creatures. Had he only made one Species of Animals, none of the Rest would have enjoyed the Happiness of Existence; he has, therefore, *specified* in his Creation every Degree of Life, every Capacity of Beings. The whole Chain of Nature, from a Plant to a Man, is filled up with divers Kinds of Creatures, rising one over another, by such

a gentle and easy Ascent, that the little Transitions and Deviations from one Species to another, are almost insensible. This intermediate Space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a Degree of Perception which does not appear in some one Part of the World of Life. Is the Goodness or Wisdom of the Divine Being more manifested in this his Proceeding?

There is a Consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing Considerations. If the Scale of Being rises by such a regular Progress so high as Man, we may, by a Parity of Reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those Beings which are of a superior Nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater Space and Room for different Degrees of Perfection between the Supreme Being and Man, than between Man and the most despicable Insect. This Consequence of so great a Variety of Beings which are superior to us, from that Variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr *Locke*, in a Passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite Room between Man and his Maker for the creative Power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite Gap or Distance between the highest created Beings and the Power which produced them.

“ That there should be more *Species* of intelligent Creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence, That in all the visible corporeal World, we see no Chasms, or no Gaps. All quite down from us, the Descent is by easy Steps, and a continued Series of Things, that each Remove differs very little one from the other. There are Fishes that have Wings, and are no Strangers to the airy Region: And there are some Birds, that are Inhabitants of the Water, whose Blood is cold as Fishes, and their Flesh so like in Taste, that the Scrupulous are al-

lowed them on Fish-Days. There are Animals so near a-kin both to Birds and Beasts, that they are in the Middle between both: Amphibious Animals link the Terrestrial and Aquatic together: Seals live at Land and at Sea, and Porpoises have the warm Blood and Entrails of a Hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of Mermaids, or Sea-men. There are some Brutes, that seem to have as much Knowledge and Reason, as some that are called Men; and the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of the one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great Difference between them: And so on, until we come to the lowest and the most inorganical Parts of Matter, we shall find every where that the several Species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible Degrees. And when we consider the infinite Power and Wisdom of the Maker, we have Reason to think, that it is suitable to the magnificent Harmony of the Universe, and the great Design and infinite Goodness of the Architect, that the *Species* of Creatures should also, by gentle Degrees, ascend upwards from us towards his infinite Perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downwards: Which, if it be probable, we have Reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more *Species* of Creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in a Degree of Perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest State of Being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct *Species*, we have no clear, distinct *Ideas*."

In this System of Being, there is no Creature so wonderful in its Nature, and which so much deserves our particular Attention, as Man, who fills up the middle Space between the animal and the intellectual Nature, the visible and invisible World, and is that Link in the Chain of Beings, which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque Mundi*. So that he who in
one

one Respect is associated with Angels and Archangels, may look upon a Being of infinite Perfection as his Father, and the highest Order of Spirits as his Brethren; may in another Respect say to Corruption, *thou art my Father; and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and my Sister.*

On the DEITY, and the wonderful FRAME of
HUMAN and ANIMAL BODIES.

*God first made Angels bodyless. pure Minds;
Then, other Things which mindless Bodies be :
Last, he made Man, th' Horizon 'twixt both Kinds,
In whom we do the World's Abridgement see.* DAVIS.

THOSE who were skilled in Anatomy among the Ancients, concluded, from the outward and inward Make of a human Body, that it was the Work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As the World grew more enlightened in this Art, their Discoveries gave them fresh Opportunities of admiring the Conduct of Providence in the Formation of a human Body. Galen was converted by his Dissections; and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a Survey of this his Handy-Work. There were, indeed, many Parts of which the old Anatomists did not know the certain Use; but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable Art to their several Functions, they did not question but those, whose Uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same Wisdom, for respective Ends and Purposes. Since the Circulation of the Blood has been found out, and many other great Discoveries have been made by our modern Anatomists, we see new Wonders in the human Frame, and discern several important Uses for those Parts, which Uses the Ancients knew nothing of. In short, the Body of Man

is such a Subject as stands the utmost Test of Examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest Wisdom, upon the most superficial Survey of it, it still mends upon the Search, and produces our Surprise and Amazement in Proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of a human Body, may be applied to the Body of every Animal which has been the Subject of anatomical Observation.

The Body of an Animal is an Object adequate to our Senses. It is a particular System of Providence, that lies in a narrow Compass. The Eye is able to command it, and by successive Enquiries can search into all its Parts. Could the Body of the whole Earth, or indeed the whole Universe, be thus submitted to the Examination of our Senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our Enquiries, too unweildy for the Management of the Eye and Hand, there is no Question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a Frame as that of the human Body. We could see the same Concatenation and Subservience, the same Necessity and Usefulness, the same Beauty and Harmony in all and every of its Parts, as what we discover in the Body of every single Animal.

The more extended our Reason is, and the more able to grapple the immense Objects, the greater still are those Discoveries which it makes of Wisdom and Providence in the Works of the Creation. A *Sir Isaac Newton*, who stands up as the Miracle of the present Age, can look through a whole planetary System; consider it in its Weight, Number, and Measure; and draw from it as many Demonstrations of infinite Power and Wisdom, as a more confined Understanding is able to deduce from the System of a human Body.

But to return to our Speculations on Anatomy. I shall here consider the Fabric and Texture of the Bodies of Animals, in one particular View; which, in my Opinion, shews the Hand of a thinking and all-

all-wise Being in their Formation with the Evidence of a Thousand Demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestible Principle, that Chance never acts in a perpetual Uniformity and Consistency with itself. If one should always sling the same Number with ten Thousand Dice, or see every Throw just five Times less, or five Times more in Number than the Throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible Power which directs the Cast? This is the Proceeding which we find in the Operations of Nature. Every Kind of Animal is diversified by different Magnitudes, each of which gives Rise to a different Species. Let a Man trace the Dog or Lion Kind, and he will observe how many of the Works of Nature are published, if I may use the Expression, in a Variety of Editions. If we look into the Reptile World, or into those different Kinds of Animals that fill the Element of Water, we meet with the same Repetitions among several Species, that differ very little from one another, but in Size and Bulk. You find the same Creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several Proportions, and ending in Miniature. It would be tedious to produce Instances of this regular Conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural History of Animals. The magnificent Harmony of the Universe is such, that we may observe innumerable *Divisions* running upon the same *Ground*. I might also extend this Speculation to the dead Parts of Nature, in which we may find Matter disposed into many *similar* Systems, as well in our Survey of Stars and Planets, as of Stones, Vegetables, and other sublunary Parts of the Creation. In a Word, Providence has shewn the Richness of its Goodness and Wisdom, not only in the Production of many original Species, but in the Multiplicity of Descents, which it has made on every original Species in particular.

But to pursue this Thought still farther: Every living

living Creature, considered in itself, has many very complicated Parts that are exact Copies of some other Parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same Manner. One Eye would have been sufficient for the Subsistence and Preservation of an Animal; but, in order to better his Condition, we see another placed with a mathematical Exactness in the same most advantageous Situation, and in every Particular of the same Size and Texture. Is it possible for Chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her Operations? Should a Million of Dice turn up twice together the same Number, the Wonder would be nothing in Comparison of this. But when we see this Similitude and Resemblance in the Arm, the Hand, the Fingers; when we see one Half of the Body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute Strokes, without which a Man might very well have subsisted; nay, when we often see a single Part repeated an hundred Times in the same Body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate Weavings of numberless Fibres, and those Parts differing still in Magnitude, as the Convenience of their particular Situation requires; sure a Man must have a strange Cast of Understanding, who does not discover the Finger of God in so wonderful a Work. The Duplicates in those Parts of the Body, without which a Man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain Demonstration of an all-wise Contriver; as those more numerous Copyings, which are found among the Vessels of the same Body, are evident Demonstrations that they could not be the Work of Chance. This Argument receives additional Strength, if we apply it to every Animal and Insect within our Knowledge, as well as to those numberless living Creatures that are Objects too minute for a human Eye: And if we consider how the several Species in this whole World of Life resemble one another in very many Particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective States

States of Existence; it is much more probable that an hundred Million of Dice should be casually thrown a hundred Million of Times in the same Number, than that the Body of any single Animal should be produced by the fortuitous Concourse of Matter. And that the like Chance should arise in innumerable Instances, requires a Degree of Credulity that is not under the Direction of common Sense. We may carry this Consideration yet farther, if we reflect on the two Sexes in every living Species, with their Resemblances to each other, and those particular Distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up this great World of Life.

There are many more Demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent Wisdom, Power, and Goodness in the Formation of the Body of a living Creature; for which I refer my Readers to other Writings, particularly to the sixth Book of the Poem, entitled *Creation*, where the Anatomy of the human Body is described with great Perspicuity and Elegance.

On the ATTRIBUTES of GOD, and the
STARRY HEAVENS.

*Hail sovereign Goodness, great productive Mind!
In all thy Works, thyself inscrib'd we find.*

BLACKLOCK.

I Was Yesterday about Sun-set walking in the open Fields, till the Night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the Richness and Variety of Colours which appeared in the western Parts of Heaven: In Proportion as they faded away and went out, several Stars and Planets appeared one after another, until the whole Firmament was in a Glow. The Blueness of the Ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the Season of the
Year,

Year, and by the Rays of all those Luminaries that passed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful White. To complete the Scene, the full Moon rose at length in that clouded Majesty, which *Milton* takes Notice of, and opened to the Eye a new Picture of Nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer Lights, than that which the Sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the Moon walking in her Brightness, and taking her Progress among the Constellations, a Thought arose in me, which, I believe, very often perplexes and disturbs Men of a serious and contemplative Nature. *David* himself fell into it in that Reflection, *When I consider the Heavens, the Work of thy Finger, the Moon and the Stars, which thou hast ordained; what is Man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou regardest him?* In the same Manner, when I consider that infinite Host of Stars, or to speak more philosophically, of Suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable Sets of Planets or Worlds, which were moving round their respective Suns; when I still enlarged the Idea, and supposed another Heaven of Suns and Worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior Firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at so great a Distance, that they may appear to the Inhabitants of the former as the Stars do to us: In short, whilst I pursued this Thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant Figure which I myself bore amidst the Immensity of God's Works.

Were the Sun, which enlightens this Part of the Creation, with all the Hosts of planetary Worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a Grain of Sand upon the Sea-shore. The Space they possess is so exceedingly little, in Comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a *Blank* in the Creation. The Chasm would be imperceptible to an Eye that could take

take in the whole Compass of Nature, and pass from one End of the Creation to the other, as it is possible there may be such a Sense in ourselves hereafter, or in Creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many Stars, by the Help of Glasses, which we do not discover with our naked Eye? and the finer our Telescopes are, the more still are our Discoveries. *Huygenius* carries this Thought so far, that he does not think it impossible but there may be Stars whose Light is not yet travelled down to us since their first Creation. There is no Question but the Universe has certain Bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the Work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodness, with an infinite Space to exert itself in, how can our Imagination set any Bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first Thought; I could not but look upon myself with secret Horror, as a Being that was not worthy the smallest Regard of one who had so great a Work under his Care and Superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the Immensity of Nature, and lost among that infinite Variety of Creatures, which, in all Probability, swarm through all those immeasurable Regions of Matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying Thought, I considered that it took its Rise from those narrow Conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different Objects at the same Time. If we are careful to inspect some Things, we must of Course neglect others. This Imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an Imperfection which cleaves in some Degree to Creatures of the highest Capacities, as they are Creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited Natures. The Presence of every created Being is confined to a certain Measure of Space, and consequently his Observation is stinted to a certain Number of Objects. The Sphere in which we move, and
act,

act, and understand, is of a wider Circumference to one Creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the Scale of Existence. But the widest of these our Spheres has its Circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this Imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some Measure ascribing it to Him, in whom there is no Shadow of Imperfection. Our Reason, indeed, assures us, that his Attributes are infinite; but the Poorness of our Conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting Bounds to every Thing it contemplates, until our Reason comes again to our Succour, and throws down all those little Prejudices which arise in us unawares, and are natural to the Mind of Man.

We should therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy Thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the Multiplicity of his Works, and the Infinity of those Objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider in the first Place, that he is Omnipresent; and in the second, that he is Omniscient.

If we consider him in his Omnipresence: His Being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole Frame of Nature. His Creation, and every Part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His Substance is within the Substance of every Being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that Being is to itself. It would be an Imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one Place into another, or to withdraw himself from any Thing he has created, or from any Part of that Space which is diffused and spread abroad to Infinity. In short, to speak of him in the Language of the old Philosopher, He is a Being whose Center is every where, and his Circumference no where.

In the second Place, he is Omniscient as well as
Omni-

Omnipresent. His Omniscience indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his Omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every Motion that arises in the whole material World, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every Thought that is stirring in the intellectual World, to every Part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moralists have considered the Creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own Hand, and which is filled with his Presence. Others have considered infinite Space as the Receptacle, or rather the Habitation of the Almighty: But the noblest and most exalted Way of considering this infinite Space, is that of Sir *Isaac Newton*, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and Men have their *Sensoriola*, or little *Sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the Presence, and perceive the Actions of a few Objects that lie contiguous to them. Their Knowledge and Observation turn within a very narrow Circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every Thing in which he resides, infinite Space gives Room to infinite Knowledge, and is, as it were, an Organ to Omniscience.

Were the Soul separated from the Body, and with one Glance of Thought should start beyond the Bounds of the Creation, should it for Millions of Years continue its Progress through infinite Space with the same Activity, it would still find itself within the Embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the Immenity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the Body, he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* says *Job*. *Behold I go forward, but he is not there! and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the Left-hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: He hideth himself on the Right-hand that I cannot see him.* In short, Reason as well as Revelation, assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this Consideration of God Almighty's Omnipresence and Omniscience, every uncomfortable Thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every Thing that has Being, especially such of his Creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their Thoughts, and to that Anxiety of Heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this Occasion: For as it is impossible he should overlook any of his Creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an Eye of Mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his Notice, and in an unfeigned Humility of Heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

On the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

*When my freed Soul to its bright Sphere shall fly,
Through boundless Orbs eternal Regions spy,
And like the Sun be all one glorious Eye.*

SHAKESPEAR.

I WAS Yesterday walking alone in one of my Friend's Woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably; as I was running over in my Mind the several Arguments that establish the great Point, which is the Basis of Morality, and the Source of all the pleasing Hopes and secret Joys that can arise in the Heart of a reasonable Creature, viz. the Immortality of the Soul, I considered the several Proofs drawn,

First from the Nature of the Soul itself, and particularly its Immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the Eternity of its Duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a Demonstration.

Secondly, From its Passions and Sentiments, as particularly from its Love of Existence, its Horror of Annihilation, and its Hopes of Immortality; with that

that secret Satisfaction which it finds in the Practice of Virtue, and that Uneasiness which follows in it upon the Commission of Vice.

Thirdly, From the Nature of the Supreme Being, whose Justice, Goodness, Wisdom, and Veracity, are all concerned in this great Point.

But among these and other excellent Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual Progress of the Soul to its Perfection; without a Possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a Hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this Subject, though it seems to me to carry a great Weight with it. How can it enter into the Thought of Man, that the Soul, which is capable of such immense Perfections, and receiving new Improvements to all Eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such Abilities made for no Purpose? A Brute arrives at a Point of Perfection that he can never pass: In a few Years he has all the Endowments he is capable of; and were he to live Ten Thousand more, would be the same Thing he is at present. Were a human Soul thus at a Stand in its Accomplishments, were its Faculties to be full blown, and capable of no further Enlargement, I would imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a State of Annihilation. But can we believe a thinking Being, that is in a perpetual Progress of Improvement, and travelling on from Perfection to Perfection, after having just looked abroad into the Works of its Creator, and made a few Discoveries of his infinite Goodness, Wisdom, and Power, must perish at its first setting out, and in the very Beginning of its Enquiries?

Man, considered in his present State, seems only sent into the World to propagate his Kind. He provides himself with a Successor, and immediately quits his Post to make Room for him. He does not seem born to enjoy Life, but to deliver it down to others.

This is not surprising to consider in Animals which are formed for our Use, and can finish their Business in a short Life. The Silk-worm, after having spun her Task, lays her Eggs, and dies. But Man can never have taken in his full Measure of Knowledge, has not Time to subdue his Passions, establish his Soul in Virtue, and come up to the Perfection of his Nature, before he is hurried off the Stage. Would an infinite wise Being make such glorious Creatures for so mean a Purpose? Can he delight in the Production of such abortive Intelligences, such short-lived reasonable Beings? Would he give us Talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are not to be gratified? How can we find that Wisdom, which shines through all his Works, in the Formation of Man, without looking on this World as only a Nursery for the next, and believing that the several Generations of rational Creatures, which rise and disappear in such quick Succession, are only to receive their first Rudiments of Existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may spread and flourish to all Eternity.

There is not, in my Opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant Consideration in Religion, than this of the perpetual Progress which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from Strength to Strength; to consider that it is to shine for ever with new Accessions of Glory, and brighten to all Eternity; that it will still be adding Virtue to Virtue, and Knowledge to Knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that Ambition which is natural to the Mind of Man. Nay, it must be a Prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his Creation for ever beautifying in his Eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater Degrees of Resemblance.

Methinks this single Consideration of the Progress of a finite Spirit to Perfection, will be sufficient to ex-
tinguish

tinguish all Envy in inferior Nature, and all Contempt in superior. The Cherubim which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well that the Period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul will be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when it shall look down upon that Degree of Perfection, as much as it now falls short of it. It is true, the higher Nature still advances, he by that Means preserves the Distance and Superiority in the Scale of Beings; but he knows, how high soever the Station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same Degree of Glory.

With what Astonishment and Veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are such hidden Stores of Virtue and Knowledge, such inexhausted Sources of Perfection? We know not yet what we shall be; nor will it ever enter into the Heart of Man to conceive the Glory that will be always in Reserve for him. The Soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical Lines that may draw nearer to one another to all eternity, without a Possibility of touching: And can there be a Thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual Approaches to him, who is not only the Standard of Perfection, but of Happiness?



On the VICISSITUDE of MATERIAL BEINGS.

*Where is the Dust that has not been alive?
The Spade, the Plough, disturb our Ancestors;
From human Mould we reap our daily Bread.*

YOUNG.

IN a late Conversation among some of the Great and the Wise, *Theron*, a Man of Wealth and Figure, but unacquainted with philosophic Science, sat in the Midst of his Friends of both Sexes in a stately Room, with rich Variety of Furniture. *Theron* complained, that he had often heard it said, *how much we were all indebted to the Country and the Plough*. But for his Part, he knew no Obligation that we had to that low Rank of Mankind, whose Life is taken up in the Fields, the Woods, and the Meadows; but that they paid their Rents well, that the Gentlemen might live at their Ease. *Crito* was pleased to seize the Occasion, and entertained the gay Audience with a surprising Lecture of Philosophy.

“Permit me, *Theron*, said he, to be an Advocate for the Peasant; and I can draw up a long Account of Particulars for which you are indebted to the Field and the Forest, and to the Men that cultivate the Ground, and are engaged in rural Business. Look around you on all the Furniture of the Room, survey your own Cloathing, cast your Eyes on all the splendid Array of *Iherina* and *Perfis*, and the other Ladies near them, and you will find, that except a few glittering Stones, and a little Gold and Silver which were dug out of the Bowels of the Earth, you can scarce see any Thing that was not once growing green upon the Ground, through the various Labours of the Planter and the Ploughman. Whence came the Floor you tread on, Part whereof is inlaid with Wood of different Colours? Whence these fair Pannels of Wainscot, and the Cornice that encompasses and adorns the Room? Whence this lofty Room of Cedar, and the carved Ornaments of it? Are they not all the Spoils of the Trees of the Forest? Were not these
once

once the verdant Standard of the Grove or the Mountain? What are your Hangings of gay Tapestry? Are they not owing to the Fleece of the Sheep, which borrowed their Nourishment from the Grass of the Meadows? Thus the Finery of your Parlour once was Grass; and should you favour me with a Turn into your Bed-chamber, I could shew that the Curtains, and the Linen and costly Coverings, where you take your nightly Repose, were some Years ago all growing in the Fields.

But I need not retire from the Place where we are seated, to give you abundant Discoveries of this Truth: Is not the Hair of Camels a Part of the Materials which compose those rich Curtains which hang down by the Windows, and the easy Chairs which accommodate your Friends? And if you think a little, you will find that Camels with their Hair were made of Grass, as well as the Sheep with their Wool. What are the Books that lie in the Window, and the little Implements of Paper and Wax, Pens and Wafers, which, I presume, may be found in the Escritoire? They have all the same Original; they were once mere Vegetables. Paper and Books owe their Being to the Tatters of Linen which were woven of the Threads of Flax, or Hemp: The Pasteboard Covers are composed of Paper, and the Leather is the Skin of the Calf, that drew its Life and Sustenance from the Meadows. The Pen that you write with was plucked from the Wing of a Goose, which lived upon the Grass of the Common: The Inkhorn was borrowed from the Front of the grazing Ox: The Wafer is made of the Paste of Bread-Corn; and the Wax is originally plundered from the Bee, who stole it out of a Thousand Flowers.

Permit me, Ladies, said the Philosopher, to mention your Dress; too nice a Subject indeed for a Scholar to pretend any Skill in: But I persuade myself your Candour will not resent my naming the rich Materials, since I leave those more important
Points,

Points, the Fashion and the Air, to be decided entirely by your superior Skill. Shall I enquire, then, who gave *Perfis* the silken Habit which she wears? Did she not borrow it from the Worm that spun those shining Threads? And whence did the Worm borrow it? From the Leaves of the Mulberry Tree, which was planted and nourished for that Purpose by the Country Swain. May I ask again, how came *Therina* by the fine Linen which she is pleased to appear in, and the costly Lace of *Flanders* that surrounds it? Was it not made of the Stalks of Flax that grew up in the Field like other Vegetables? And are not the finest of your Muslins owing to the *Indian Cotton Tree*? Nor can you tell me, *Theron*, one upper Garment you have, whether Coat, Cloak, or Night-Gown, from your Shoulders to your very Feet, as rich and as new as you think it, which the Sheep or the poor Silk-worm has not worn before you. It is certain the Beaver bore your Hat upon his Skin; that soft Fur was his Covering before it was yours: And the Materials of your very Shoes, both the upper Part and the Soles of them, covered the Calf or the Heifer before they were put on your Feet: All this was Grass at first; for we have seen that all the Animal World owes its Being to Vegetables.

Give me Leave, Madam, said he to *Therina*, without Offence, to lead you into further Wonder. You have seen that the Furniture of the Place where we are, as well as the precious Attire in which you are dressed, were lately the Production, and the Ornament of the Forest, the Meadow, or the Garden. But could you forgive me, if I should attempt to persuade you, that this beautiful Body of yours, those lovely Limbs, were once growing also in the Fields and the Meadows: I see, Ladies, you are a little shocked and surpris'd at the Thought. I confess the Ideas and Sentiments of Philosophy are not always so courtly and so favourable to human Nature, as to be addressed

addressed to the tender Sex: But pardon me, *Therina*, if I enquire, was not your Infancy nursed with Milk and Bread-corn? Have you not been fed with Wheat, though it was of the finest Kind? and your Drink, what has it been but either the Infusion of Barley, or the Juice of the Grape; or, for Variety, perhaps the Cyder Grove has supplied you? The Flesh with which you have been nourished to such a well-proportioned Stature, belonged to four-footed Animals, or to the Fowls of the Air; and each of these have been either fed with Corn or Grass. Whence, then, Madam, has your Body been supported, and what do you think it is made of?

But it is safer to transfer the Argument to myself. These Limbs of mine, *Therina*, owe themselves entirely to the animal and vegetable Food, to the Roots, or the Stalks, or the Leaves, or the Fruit of Plants, or the Flesh of the Brute Creatures, which have passed through my Mouth for these fifty Years, or the Mouths of my Parents before me. This Hand would have been worn to a mere Skeleton, my Arms had been dry Bones, and my Trunk and Ribs the Statue of Death, had they not all received perpetual Recruits from the Field. These Lips which now address you, are of the same Materials, and they were once growing like the Grass of the Earth. This very Flesh, which I call mine now, did belong to the Sheep or the Ox before it was Part of me; and it served to clothe their Bones before it covered mine. You know, *Theron*, you are a Gentleman who delight in rural Sports, when you reside at your Country Seat, and you love to feast on the Game that you have pursued. Did you ever suppose that any Part of yourself was once hurried through the Air in the Breast of a frightened Partridge, which came before Night into your Net? Or that any Piece of you was driven through the Fields before the full-mouthed Hounds on the Legs of a hunted Hare, which was the next Day pre-

prepared for your Table? Had you ever so strange a Thought as this? And can you believe it now? Or, upon a Survey of that Argument, can you tell how to deny it? And what are Hares and Partridges made of, but growing Herbage, or shattered Corn?

It is true, you have sometimes tasted Fish, either from the Sea or Rivers, but even those in their Original are also Sorts of Grass; they have been fed partly by Sea-weeds, and partly by lesser Fish, which they have devoured, whose prime and natural Nourishment was from some vegetable Matter in the watery World. In short, Sir, I am free to declare, that whether I have eaten Cheese or Butter, Bread or Milk, whether I have fed on the Ox or the Sheep, or the Fowls of the Air, I am certain that this Body and these Limbs of mine, even to my Teeth and Nails, and the Hairs of my Head, are all borrowed originally from the vegetable Creation. Every Thing of me, that is not a *thinking Power*, that is not *Mind* or *Spirit*, was once growing like Grass on the Ground, or was made of the Roots which supported some green Herbage.

And now, *Theron*, what do you think of all these Paradoxes? Which of them do you cavil at? Which leaves you Room for Doubt or Question? Is not Philosophy an entertaining Study, that teaches us our Original, and the astonishing Operations of divine Wisdom and Providence? But it teaches us also to have humble Thoughts of ourselves, and to remember whence we came."—*Theron*, to conclude the Discourse, confessed his Surprise and Conviction; he acknowledged the Justice of *Crito's* whole Argument, gave him hearty Thanks for his instructive Lecture, and resolved to remember those amazing Scenes of the Operations of Nature, and the adorable Wisdom of God his Maker. Nor shall I ever forget, said he, the strange and unexpected Dependance of Man on all the meaner Parts of the Creation. I am convinced, that *Pride was never made for Man*, when I see how
much

much a-kin his Body is to the Fowls of the Air, and Brutes of the Earth. And I think, said he, I am more indebted to my Tenants than ever I could have imagined; nor will I cast such a scornful Eye again on the Grazier and the Farmer, since this Flesh and Blood of mine, as well as the Furniture of my House, and the Cloaths I wear, were once growing in the Fields or the Woods, under their Care and Cultivation; and I find I am nearer a-kin to them, since this Self of mine, with all the Finery that covers it, was made originally of the same Materials with them, and their coarser Coverings.

On the CHOICE of present and future HAPPINESS and MISERY.

*The wintry Blasts of Death
Kill not the Buds of Virtue : No, they spread
Beneath the heav'nly Beams of brighter Suns,
Thro' endless Ages, into brighter Powers.*

THOMPSON.

A Lewd young Fellow seeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, says he, *you are in a very miserable Condition, if there is not another World.* True, Son, said the Hermit, *but what is thy Condition, if there is?* Man is a Creature designed for two different States of Being, or rather for two different Lives. His first Life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting.——The Question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two Lives is it our chief Interest to make ourselves happy? Or, in other Words, whether we should endeavour to secure ourselves the Pleasures and Gratifications of a Life which is uncertain and precarious, and in its utmost Length of a very inconsiderable Duration; or to secure to ourselves the Pleasures of a Life which is fixed
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and settled, and will never end? Every Man, upon the first hearing of this Question, knows very well which Side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in Theory, it is plain that in Practice we adhere to the wrong Side of the Question. We make Provision for this Life, as though it were never to have an End; and for the other Life, as though it were never to have a Beginning.

Should a Spirit of superior Rank, who is a Stranger to human Nature, accidentally alight upon the Earth, and take a Survey of its Inhabitants, what would his Notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a Species of Beings made for quite different Ends and Purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine, that we are placed in this World to get Riches and Honours? Would not he think that it was our Duty to toil after Wealth, and Station, and Title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden Poverty by Threats of eternal Punishment, and enjoined to pursue our Pleasures under Pain of Damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a Scheme of Duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an Imagination, he must conclude, that we are a Species of the most obedient Creatures in the Universe; that we are constant to our Duty; and that we keep a steady Eye on the End for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his Astonishment, when he learned that we were Beings not designed to exist in this World above threescore and ten Years; and that the greatest Part of this busy Species falls short even of that Age? How would he be lost in Horror and Admiration, when he should know that this Set of Creatures, who lay out all their Endeavours for this Life, which scarce deserves the Name of Existence, when, I say, he should know that this Set of Creatures are to exist to all Eternity in another

ther Life for which they make no Preparations? Nothing can be a greater Disgrace to Reason, than that Men, who are persuaded of these two different States of Being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a Life of Threescore and Ten Years, and neglecting to make Provision for that, which after many Myriads of Years, will be still new, and still in its Beginning; especially when we consider that our Endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our Happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other Life, we are sure that our Endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our Hope.

The following Question is started by one of the Schoolmen. Supposing the whole Body of the Earth were a great Ball or Mass of the finest Sand, and that a single Grain or Particle of this Sand should be annihilated every Thousand Years. Supposing then that you had it in your Choice to be happy all the While this prodigious Mass of Sand was consuming by this slow Method, till there was not a Grain of it left, on Condition you should be miserable for ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on Condition you should be miserable till the whole Mass of Sand were annihilated at the Rate of one Grain in a Thousand Years: Which of these two Cases would you make your Choice?

It must be confessed, in this Case, so many Thousands of Years are to the Imagination as a Kind of Eternity, though in Reality they do not bear so great a Proportion to that Duration which is to follow them, as an Unit does to the greatest Number which you can put together in Figures, or as one of those Sands to the supposed Heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any Matter of Hesitation, which would be the better Part in this Choice. However, as I have before intimated, our Reason might in such a Case be so over-

set by the Imagination, as to dispose some Persons to sink under the Consideration of the great Length of the first Part of this Duration, and of the great Distance of that second Duration which is to succeed it. The Mind, I say, might give itself up to that Happiness which is at Hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the Choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuse to be happy for the Space of only threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten Years, I might say of only a Day or an Hour, and miserable to all Eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short Term of Years, and happy for a whole Eternity: What Words are sufficient to express that Folly and Want of Consideration, which in such a Case would make a wrong Choice?

I here put a Case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a Course of Virtue makes us miserable in this Life: But if we suppose (as it generally happens) that Virtue would make us more happy, even in this Life, than a contrary Course of Vice; how can we sufficiently condemn the Stupidity or Madness of those Persons who are capable of making so absurd a Choice?

Every wise Man, therefore, will consider this Life only as it may conduce to the Happiness of the other, and chearfully sacrifice the Pleasures of a few Years to those of an Eternity.

The MOUNTAIN of MISERIES: A VISION.

—By outward Show,
Men judge of Happiness and Woe:
Seek Virtue,—and of that possess,
To Providence resign the Rest.

GAY.

IT is a celebrated Thought of *Socrates*, That if all the Misfortunes of Mankind were cast into a public Stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole

whole Species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the Share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a Division. *Horace* has carried this Thought a great Deal further; which implies, that the Hardships or Misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other Person would be, in Case we should change Conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two Remarks, and seated in my Elbow Chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a Sudden, methought there was a Proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every Mortal should bring in his Grievs and Calamities, and throw them together in a Heap. There was a large Plain appointed for this Purpose. I took my Stand in the Center of it, and saw with a great deal of Pleasure the whole human Species marching one after another, and throwing down their several Loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious Mountain, that seemed to rise above the Clouds.

There was a certain Lady of a thin airy Shape, who was very active in this Solemnity. She carried a magnifying Glass in one of her Hands, and was cloathed in a loose flowing Robe, embroidered with several Figures of Fiends and Spectres, that discovered themselves in a Thousand chimerical Shapes, as her Garment hovered in the Wind: There was something wild and distracted in her Looks. Her Name was *Fancy*. She led up every Mortal to the appointed Place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his Pack, and laying it upon his Shoulders. My Heart melted within me to see my Fellow Creatures groaning under their respective Burdens, and to consider that prodigious Bulk of human Calamities which lay before me.

There were however several Persons who gave me great Diversion upon this Occasion. I observed one bringing in a Fardel very carefully concealed under

an old embroidered Cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the Heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great Deal of Puffing, threw down his Luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his Wife.

There were Multitudes of Lovers saddled with very whimsical Burdens, composed of Darts and Flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their Hearts would break under these Bundles of Calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the Heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint Efforts, shook their Heads, and marched away, as heavy loaded as they came. I saw Multitudes of old Women throw down their Wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny Skin. There were very great Heaps of red Noses, large Lips and rusty Teeth. The Truth of it is, I was surpris'd to see the greatest Part of the Mountain made up of bodily Deformities. Observing one advance towards the Heap with a larger Cargo than ordinary upon his Back, I found, upon his nearer Approach, that it was only a natural Hump, which he disposed of with great Joy of Heart, among this Collection of human Miseries. There were likewise Distempers of all Sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real.

One little Packet I could not but take Notice of, which was a Complication of all the Diseases incident to human Nature, and was in the Hands of a great many fine People: This was called the Spleen. But what most of all surpris'd me was a Remark I made, that there was not a single Vice or Folly thrown into the whole Heap: At which I was very much astonish'd, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this Opportunity of getting rid of his Passions, Prejudices, and Frailties.

I took Notice in particular of a very profligate Fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his Crimes;

Crimes; but upon searching into his Bundle, I found that instead of throwing his Guilt from him, he had only laid down his Memory. He was followed by another worthless Rogue, who flung away his Modesty instead of his Ignorance.

When the whole Race of Mankind had thus cast down their Burdens, the *Fantome*, which had been so busy on this Occasion, seeing me an idle Spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her Presence, when on a Sudden she held her magnifying Glass full before my Eyes. I no sooner saw my Face in it, but I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in the utmost Aggravation. The immoderate Breadth of the Features made me very much out of Humour with my own Countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a Mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his Visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful Length: I believe the very Chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole Face. We had both of us an Opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the Contributions being now brought in, every Man was at Liberty to change his Misfortunes for those of another Person. But as there arose many new Incidents in the Sequel of my Vision, I shall reserve them for the Subject of my next Paper.

The VISION continued.

*All-gracious Providence is good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies.*

POPE.

IN my last Paper I gave my Readers a Sight of that Mountain of Miseries, which was made up of those several Calamities that afflict the Minds of Men. I saw, with unspeakable Pleasure, the whole Species

thus delivered from its Sorrows; though at the same Time, as we stood round the Heap, and surveyed the several Materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a Mortal, in this vast Multitude, who did not discover what he thought Pleasures and Blessings of Life; and wondered how the Owners of them ever came to look upon them as Burdens and Grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this Confusion of Miseries, this Chaos of Calamity, *Jupiter* issued out a second Proclamation, that every one was now at Liberty to change his Affliction, and to return to his Habitation with any other such Bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, *Fancy* began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole Heap with incredible Activity, recommended to every one his particular Packet. The Hurry and Confusion at this Time was not to be expressed. Some Observations which I made upon this Occasion, I shall communicate to the Public. A venerable grey-headed Man, who had laid down the Cholic, and who I found wanted an Heir to his Estate, snatched up an undutiful Son, that had been thrown into the Heap by an angry Father. The graceless Youth, in less than a Quarter of an Hour, pulled the old Gentleman by the Beard, and had like to have knocked his Brains out; so that meeting the true Father, who came towards him in a Fit of the Gripes, he begged him to take his Son again, and give him back his Cholic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the Choice they had made. A poor Galley-slave, who had thrown down his Chains, took up the Gout in their Stead; but made such wry Faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great Gainer by the Bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several Exchanges that were made, for Sicknes against Poverty, Hunger against Want of Appetite, and Care against Pain.

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The Female World were very busy among themselves in bartering for Features; one was trucking a Lock of grey Hairs for a Carbuncle; another was making over a short Waist for a Pair of round Shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad Face for a lost Reputation: But on all these Occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new Blemish, as soon as she had got it into her Possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same Observation on every other Misfortune or Calamity, which every one of the Assembly brought upon himself, in Lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the Evils which befall us, are in some Measure suited and proportioned to our Strength, or that every Evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my Heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed Gentleman mentioned in the former Paper, who went off a very well-shaped Person with a Stone in his Bladder; nor the fine Gentleman who had struck up a Bargain with him, that limped through the whole Assembly of Ladies who used to admire him, with a Pair of Shoulders peeping over his Head.

I must not omit my own particular Adventure.— My Friend with the long Visage had no sooner taken upon him my short Face, but he made such a grotesque Figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own Face out of Countenance. The poor Gentleman was so sensible of the Ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: On the other Side, I found that I myself had got no great Reason to triumph; for as I went to touch my Forehead, I missed the Place, and clapped my Finger upon my upper Lip. Besides, as my Nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unluckly Knocks, as I was playing my Hand about my Face, and aiming at some
other

other Part of it. I saw two other Gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous Circumstances.— These had made a foolish Swap between a Couple of thick bandy Legs, and two long Trap-sticks that had no Calves to them. One of those looked like a Man walking upon Stilts, and was so lifted up into the Air above his ordinary Height, that his Head turned round with it; while the other made such aukward Circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new Supporters: Observing him to be a very pleasant Kind of a Fellow, I struck my Cane into the Ground, and told him I would lay a Bottle of Wine, that he did not march up to it in a Line, that I drew for him, in a Quarter of an Hour.

The Heap was at last distributed among the two Sexes, who made a most piteous Sight, as they wandered up and down under the Pressure of their several Burdens. The whole Plain was filled with Murmurs and Complaints, Groans and Lamentations. *Jupiter* at length, taking Compassion upon the poor Mortals, ordered them a second Time to lay down their Loads, with a Design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great Deal of Pleasure; after which, the *Fantome*, which had led them into such gross Delusion, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her Stead a Goddess of quite different Figure: Her Motions were steady and composed, and her Aspect serious and chearful. She every now and then cast her Eyes towards Heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter*. Her Name was *Patience*. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole Heap sunk to such a Degree, that it did not appear a third Part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every Man his own proper Calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious Manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased

pleased that he had not been left to his own Choice, as to the Kind of Evils which fell to his Lot.

Besides the several Pieces of Morality to be drawn out of this Vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own Misfortunes, or to envy the Happiness of another, since it is impossible for any Man to form a right Judgment of his Neighbour's Sufferings; for which Reason also I have determined, never to think too lightly of another's Complaints, but to regard the Sorrows of my Fellow-Creature with Sentiments of Humanity and Compassion.

The VISION of ALMET: An EASTERN
S T O R Y.

*Fortune her Gifts may variously dispose ;
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
But Heaven's just Balance equal will appear,
While these are plac'd in Hope, and those in Fear.*

POPE.

ALMET, the Dervise, who watched the sacred Lamp in the Sepulchre of the Prophet, as he one Day rose up from the Devotions of the Morning, which he had performed at the Gate of the Temple, with his Body turned towards the East, and his Forehead upon the Earth, saw before him a Man in splendid Apparel, attended by a long Retinue, who gazed steadfastly on him, with a Look of mournful Complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The Dervise, after a short Silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm Dignity which Independence confers upon Humility, requested that he would reveal his Purpose.

" Almet, said the Stranger, thou seest before thee a Man, whom the Hand of Prosperity has overwhelmed with Wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the Means of Happiness, I now possess ; but

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I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the Lapse of Time, because it glides away without Enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the Future but the Vanities of the Past, I do not wish that the Future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my Heart sinks when I anticipate the Moment, in which Eternity shall close over the Vacuity of my Life, like the Seas upon the Path of a Ship, and leave no Traces of my Existence more durable than the Furrow which remains after the Waves have united. If in the Treasures of thy Wisdom there is any Precept to obtain Felicity, vouchsafe it to me: For this Purpose am I come; a Purpose which yet I fear to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed."

Almet listened with Looks of Astonishment and Pity, to this Complaint of a Being, in whom Reason was known to be a Pledge of Immortality: But the Serenity of his Countenance soon returned; and, stretching out his Hands towards Heaven, "Stranger," said he, "the Knowledge which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee:

"As I was sitting once at the Porch of the Temple, pensive and alone, mine Eyes wandering among the Multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the Weariness and Solitude which was visible in every Countenance, I was suddenly struck with a Sense of their Condition. Wretched Mortals! said I, to what Purpose are you busy? If to produce Happiness, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the Linens of *Egypt*, and the Silks of *Persia*, bestow Felicity on those who wear them, equal to the Wretchedness of yonder Slaves, whom I see leading the Camels that bring them? Is the Fineness of the Texture, or the Splendour of the Tints, regarded with Delight by those to whom Custom has rendered them familiar? Or, can the Power of Habit render others insensible of Pain, who live only to traverse the Desert; a Scene of dreadful Uniformity, where a barren
Level

Level is bounded only by the Horizon; where no Change of Prospect, nor Variety of Images, relieve the Traveller from a Sense of Toil and Danger; of Whirlwinds, which in a Moment may bury him in the Sand; and of Thirst, which the Wealthy have given Half their Possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary Diamonds sparkle with unregarded Lustre, gain from the Possession what is lost by the Wretch who seeks them in the Mine; who lives excluded from the common Bounties of Nature; to whom even the Vicissitude of Day and Night is not known; who sighs in perpetual Darkness, and whose Life is one mournful Alternative of Insensibility and Labour? If those are not happy who possess, in Proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a Dream is the Life of Man! And if there is indeed such Difference in the Value of Existence, how shall we acquit of Partiality the Hand by which this Difference has been made?

“While my Thoughts thus multiplied, and my Heart burnt within me, I became sensible of a sudden Influence from above. The Streets and the Crowds of *Mecca* disappeared. I found myself sitting on the Declivity of a Mountain, and perceived at my Right-hand an Angel, whom I knew to be *Azoran*, the Minister of Reproof. When I saw him I was afraid. I cast my Eyes upon the Ground, and was about to deprecate his Anger, when he commanded me to be silent. “*Almet*, said he, thou hast devoted thy Life to Meditation, that thy Counsel might deliver Ignorance from the Mazes of Error, and deter Presumption from the Precipice of Guilt; but the Book of Nature thou hast read without Understanding: It is again open before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise.”

“I looked up, and beheld an Inclosure, beautiful as the Gardens of Paradise, but of a small Extent. Through the Middle there was a green Walk; at the End a wild Desert; and beyond, impenetrable
Dark-

Darkness. The Walk was shaded with Trees of every Kind, that were covered at once with Blossoms and Fruit; innumerable Birds were singing in the Branches; the Grass was intermingled with Flowers, which impregnated the Breeze with Fragrance, and painted the Path with Beauty: On the one Side flowed a gentle transparent Stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden Sands that sparkled at the Bottom; and on the other were Walks and Bowers, Fountains, Grottos, and Cascades, which diversified the Scene with endless Variety, but did not conceal the Bounds.

“ While I was gazing in a Transport of Delight and Wonder on this enchanting Spot, I perceived a Man stealing along the Walk with a thoughtful and deliberate Pace: His Eyes were fixed upon the Earth, and his Arms crossed on his Bosom; he sometimes started as if a sudden Pang had seized him; his Countenance expressed Solicitude and Terror; he looked round with a Sigh, and having gazed a Moment on the Desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible Power: His Features, however, soon settled again into a calm Melancholy; his Eyes were again fixed on the Ground, but he went on as before, with apparent Reluctance, but without Emotion. I was struck with this Appearance; and turning hastily to the Angel, was about to enquire, what could produce such Infelicity in a Being, surrounded with every Object that could gratify every Sense; but he prevented my Request: “ The Book of Nature, said he, is before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise.” I looked and beheld a Valley between two Mountains that were craggy and barren: On the Path there was no Verdure, and the Mountains afforded no Shade: The Sun burnt in the Zenith, and every Spring was dried up: But the Valley terminated in a Country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with Woods, and adorned with Buildings,

ings. At a second View, I discovered a Man in this Valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his Countenance was chearful, and his Deportment active: He kept his Eyes fixed upon the Country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret Influence: Sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden Expression of Pain, and sometimes he stopped short as if his Foot was pierced by the Asperities of the Way; but the Sprightliness of his Countenance instantly returned, and he passed forward without Appearance of Repining or Complaint.

I turned again towards the Angel, impatient to enquire from what secret Source Happiness was derived, in a Situation so different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my Request: "*Almet*, said he, remember what thou hast seen, and let this Memorial be written upon the Tablet of thy Heart. Remember, *Almet*, that the World in which thou art placed is but the Road to another; and that Happiness depends not upon the Path, but the End: The Value of this Period of thy Existence, is fixed by Hope and Fear. The Wretch who wished to linger in the Garden, who looked round upon its Limits with Terror, was destitute of Enjoyment, because he was destitute of Hope, and was perpetually tormented by the Dread of losing that which he did not enjoy. The Song of the Birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the Flowers had so often recurred that their Beauty was not seen; the River glided by unnoticed, and he feared to lift his Eye to the Prospect, lest he should behold the Waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the Valley was happy, because he looked forward with Hope. Thus, to the Sojourner upon the Earth, it is of little Moment, whether the Path he treads be strewed with Flowers or with Thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those Regions, in Comparison of which the Thorns and the Flowers of this Wilderness lose their

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Distinction, and are both alike impotent to give Pleasure or Pain.

“What then has eternal Wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every Station happy, and without which every Station must be wretched, is required by Virtue; and Virtue is possible to all. Remember, *Almet*, the Vision which thou hast seen; and let my Words be written on the Tablet of thy Heart, that thou mayest direct the Wanderer to Happiness, and justify God to Man.”

While the Voice of *Azoran* was yet sounding in my Ear, the Prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the Porch of the Temple. The Sun was gone down, the Multitude was retired to Rest, and the solemn Quiet of Midnight concurred with the Resolution of my Doubts to complete the Tranquillity of my Mind.

Such, my Son, was the Vision which the Prophet vouchsafed me, not for my Sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought Felicity in temporal Things; and therefore thou art disappointed. Let not Instruction be lost upon thee; but go thy Way, let thy Flock cloath the Naked, and thy Table feed the Hungry; deliver the Poor from Oppression, and let thy Conversation be above. Thus shalt thou *rejoice in Hope*, and look forward to the End of Life, as the Consummation of thy Felicity.

Almet, in whose Breast Devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the Temple, and the Stranger departed in Peace.



On O M E N S.

*Alas! you know the Cause too well:
The Salt is spilt, to me it fell:
Then, to contribute to my Loss,
The Knife and Fork were laid across.
Last Night, I vow to Heav'n 'tis true,
Bounce from the Fire a Coffin flew.*

GAY.

GOING Yesterday to dine with an old Acquaintance, I had the Misfortune to find his whole Family very much dejected. Upon asking him the Occasion of it, he told me that his Wife had dreamt a very strange Dream the Night before, which they were afraid portended some Misfortune to themselves or to their Children. At her coming into the Room, I observed a settled Melancholy in her Countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little While, "My Dear, says she; turning to her Husband, you may now see the Stranger that was in the Candle last Night." Soon after this, as they began to talk of Family Affairs, a little Boy at the lower End of the Table told her, that he was to go into Joining-hand on *Thursday*: "*Thursday!*" says she, no, Child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon *Childermas-day*; tell your Writing-Master that *Friday* will be soon enough."

I was reflecting within myself on the Oddness of her Fancy, and wondering that any Body would establish it as a Rule to lose a Day in every Week. In the Midst of these my Musings, she desired me to reach her a little Salt upon the Point of my Knife, which I did in such a Trepidation and Hurry of Obedience, that I let it drop by the Way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the Concern of the whole Table, began to consider myself, with some Confusion, as a Person that had brought Disaster upon

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the Family. The Lady, however, recovering herself, after a little Space said to her Husband with a Sigh, "My Dear, Misfortunes never come single." My Friend, I found, acted but an Under-part at his Table, and being a Man of more Good-nature than Understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the Passions and Humours of his Yoke-fellow: "Do you remember, Child, said she, that the Pigeon-house fell the very Afternoon that our careless Wench spilt the Salt on the Table? Yes, says he, my Dear, and the next Post brought us an Account of the Battle of *Almanza*." The Reader may guess at the Figure I made, after having done all this Mischief. I dispatched my Dinner as fast as I could, with my usual Taciturnity; when, to my utter Confusion, the Lady seeing me quitting my Knife and Fork, and laying them across one another upon my Plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that Figure, and place them Side by Side. What the Absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I supposed there was some traditionary Superstition in it; and therefore, in Obedience to the Lady of the House, I disposed of my Knife and Fork in two Parallel Lines, which is a Figure I shall always lay them in for the Future, though I do not know any Reason for it.

It is not difficult for a Man to see that a Person has conceived an Aversion to him. For my own Part, I quickly found, by the Lady's Looks, that she regarded me as a very odd Kind of a Fellow, with an unfortunate Aspect: For which Reason I took my Leave immediately after Dinner, and withdrew to my own Lodgings. Upon my return Home, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Evils that attend those superstitious Follies of Mankind; how they subject us to imaginary Afflictions, and additional Sorrows, that do not properly come within our Lot. As if the natural Calamities of Life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent Circumstances into Misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling Accidents,

dents, as from real Evils. I have known the Shooting of a Star spoil a Night's Rest; and have seen a Man in Love grow pale and lose his Appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A Screech Owl at Midnight has alarmed a Family more than a Band of Robbers; nay, the Voice of a Cricket has struck more Terror than the Roaring of a Lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an Imagination filled with Omens and Prognostics. A rusty Nail, or crooked Pin, shoots up into Prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed Assembly, that was full of Noise and Mirth, when on a Sudden an old Woman unluckily observed there was thirteen of us in Company. This Remark struck a panic Terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the Room; but a Friend of mine taking Notice that one of our Female Companions was big with Child, affirmed there were fourteen in the Room, and that instead of portending that one of the Company should die, it plainly foretold that one of them should be born. Had not my Friend found this Experiment to break the Omen, I question not but Half the Women in the Company would have fallen sick that very Night.

An old Maid, that is troubled with the Vapours, produces infinite Disturbances of this Kind among her Friends and Neighbours. I know a Maiden Aunt of a great Family, who is one of those antiquated *Sybils*, that forbodes and prophesies from one End of the Year to the other. She is always seeing Apparitions, and hearing Death-Watches; and was the other Day almost frightened out of her Wits by the great House Dog, that howled in the Stable at the Time when she lay ill of the Tooth-ach. Such an extravagant Cast of Mind engages Multitudes of People not only in impertinent Terror, but in supernumerary Duties of Life; and arises from that Fear and Ignorance which are natural to the Soul of Man. The Horror with which we entertain the Thoughts of Death, (or indeed

of any future Evil) and the Uncertainty of its Approach, fill a melancholy Mind with innumerable Apprehensions and Suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the Observation of such groundless Prodigies and Predictions. For as it is the chief Concern of wise Men, to retrench the Evils of Life by the Reasonings of Philosophy; it is the Employment of Fools to multiply them by the Sentiments of Superstition.

For my own Part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining Quality, though it should inform me truly of every Thing that can befall me; I would not anticipate the Relish of any Happiness, nor feel the Weight of any Misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one Way of fortifying the Soul against these gloomy Prefages and Terrors of Mind; and that is, by securing to myself the Friendship and Protection of that Being, who disposes of Events, and governs Futurity. He sees at one View, the whole Thread of my Existence, not only that Part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the Depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his Care; when I awake, I give myself up to his Direction. Amidst all the Evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for Help, and question not but he will either avert, or turn them to my Advantage. Though I know neither the Time nor the Manner of the Death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

ON GHOSTS and APPARITIONS.

*When Apparitions fill the Mind,
The Soul's unnerv'd, and Reason's blind.*

R.

I Remember last Winter there were several young Girls of the Neighbourhood sitting about the Fire with my Landlady's Daughters, and telling Stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the Door, the young Women broke off their Discourse; but my Landlady's Daughter telling them that it was Nobody but the Gentleman, (for that is the Name I go by in the Neighbourhood as well as in the Family) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the Candle that stood on a Table at one End of the Room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my Pocket, heard several dreadful Stories of Ghosts as pale as Ashes that had stood at the Foot of a Bed, or walked over a Church-yard by Moon-light: And of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for disturbing People's Rest, and drawing their Curtains at Midnight; with many other old Woman's Fables of the like Nature. As one Spirit raised another, I observed that at the End of every Story, the whole Company closed their Ranks, and crowded about the Fire: I took Notice, in particular, of a little Boy, who was so attentive to every Story, that I am mistaken if he ventured to go to Bed by himself these twelve Months. Indeed they talked so long, that the Imaginations of the whole Assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the Girls, that had looked upon me over her Shoulder, asking the Company how long I had been in the Room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some Apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself, if I did not retire; for which Reason I took the Candle in my Hand, and went into my Chamber, not with-

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out wondering at this unaccountable Weakness in reasonable Creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a Father, I should take particular Care to preserve my Children from these little Horrors of Imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in Years. I have known a Soldier that has entered a Breach, affrighted at his own Shadow, and look pale at a little Scratching at his Door, who the Day before had marched up against a Battery of Cannon. There are Instances of Persons who have been terrified even to Distraction at the Figure of a Tree, or the Shaking of a Bulrush. The Truth of it is, I look upon a sound Imagination as the greatest Blessing of Life, next to a clear Judgment and a good Conscience. In the mean Time, since there are very few whose Minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful Thoughts and Apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the Dictates of Reason and Religion, *to pull the old Woman out of our Hearts*, and extinguish those impertinent Notions, which we imbibed at a Time when we were not able to judge of their Absurdity.

*The IMPORTANCE of the early CHOICE of a
CALLING, and the Perseverance in it.*

*Be well advis'd, and wary Counsel make,
Ere thou dost any Business undertake;
When undertaken, thy Endeavours lend
To bring thy Actions to a perfect End.*

IT is never without very melancholy Reflections, that we can observe the Misconduct or Miscarriage of those Men, who seem by the Force of Understanding, or Extent of Knowledge, exempted from the general Frailties of human Nature, and privileged from the common Infelicities of Life. Though the
World

World is crowded with Scenes of Calamity, we look for the most Part upon the general Mass of Wretchedness with very little Regard, and fix our Eyes upon the State of particular Persons, whom the Eminence of their Qualities marks out from the Multitude: As, in reading the Account of a Battle, we seldom reflect on the vulgar Heaps of Slaughter, but follow the Hero with our whole Attention through all the Varieties of his Fortunes, without a Thought of the Thousands that are falling round him.

With the same Kind of anxious Veneration I have for many Years been making Observations on the Life of *Polyphilus*; a Man whom all his Acquaintances have, from his first Appearance in the World, feared for the Quickness of his Discernment, and admired for the Multiplicity of his Attainments; but whose Progress in Life, and whose Usefulness to Mankind, have perhaps been hindered by the Superfluity of his Knowledge, and the Celerity of his Mind.

Polyphilus was remarkable at the School for surpassing all his Companions, without any visible Application: And at the University was distinguished equally for his successful Progress, as well through the rough and thorny Mazes of Science, as the smooth and flowery Parts of politer Literature; without any strict Confinement to Hours of Study, or any remarkable Forbearance of the common Amusements of young Men.

When *Polyphilus* was at the Age in which Men usually chuse their Profession, and prepare to enter into a public Character, every academical Eye was fixed upon him; and all were curious to enquire what this universal Genius would fix upon for the Employment of Life: And no Doubt was made but that he would leave all his Cotemporaries behind him, and mount to the highest Honours of that Class in which he should enlist himself, without those Delays and Pauses which must always be endured by meaner Abilities.

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Polyphilus, though by no Means insolent and assuming, had been sufficiently encouraged by uninterrupted Success, to place great Confidence in his own Parts; and was not below his Companions in the Indulgence of his Hopes, and Expectations of the Astonishment with which the World would be struck, when first his Lustre should break out upon it; nor could he help (for whom does not constant Flattery intoxicate?) to join sometimes in the Mirth of his Friends, at the sudden Disappearance of those, who, having shone a While, and drawn the Eyes of the Public upon their feeble Lustre, were now doomed to fade away before him.

It is natural for Man to catch advantageous Notions of the Condition, which those with whom he converses are striving to attain. *Polyphilus*, in a Ramble to *London*, fell accidentally among the Physicians; and was so much pleased with the Prospect of turning Philosophy to Profit, and so highly delighted with a new Theory of Fevers, which darted into his Imagination, and which, after having considered, in a few Hours he found himself able to maintain against all the Advocates for the ancient System, that he resolved to apply himself to Anatomy, Botany, and Chemistry; and to leave no Part unconquered, either of the animal, mineral, or vegetable Kingdoms.

He therefore read Authors, constructed Systems, and tried Experiments. But unhappily, as he was going to see a new Plant of Flowers at *Chelsea*, he met, in crossing *Westminster* to take the Water, the Chancellor's Coach. He had the Curiosity to follow him into the Hall, where a remarkable Cause happened to be tried; and found himself able to produce so many Arguments which the Lawyers had omitted on both Sides, that he determined to quit Physic for a Profession in which he found it would be so easy to excel; and which promised higher Honours and larger Profits, without melancholy Attendance upon Misery, mean Submission

sion to Peevishness, and continual Interruption to Rest and Pleasure.

He immediately took Chambers in the *Temple*, bought a Common-place Book, and confined himself for some Months to the Perusal of the Statutes, Year-Books, Pleadings, and Reports. He was a constant Hearer of the Proceedings in the Courts, and began to put Cases with reasonable Accuracy.— But he soon discovered, by considering the Fortune of Lawyers, that Preferment was not to be got by Acuteness, Learning, and Eloquence. He was perplexed by the Absurdities of Attornies, and Misrepresentations made by his Clients of their own Causes; by the useless Anxiety of one, and the incessant Importunity of another. He began to repent of having devoted himself to a Study, which was so narrow in its Comprehension, which would never carry his Name to any other Country; and thought it unworthy of a Man of Parts, to sell his Life only for Money. The Barrenness of his Fellow Students forced him generally into other Company, at his Hours of Entertainment; and, among the Varieties of Conversation through which his Curiosity was daily wandering, he, by Chance, mingled at a Tavern, with some intelligent Officers of the Army. A Man of Letters was easily dazzled with the Gaiety of their Appearance, and softened into Kindness by the Politeness of their Address. He therefore cultivated this new Acquaintance; and when he saw how readily they found, in every Place, Admission and Regard, and how familiarly they mingled with every Rank and Order of Men, he began to feel his Heart beat for military Honours; and wondered how the Prejudices of the University should have made him so long insensible of that Ambition, which had fired so many Hearts in every Age; and negligent of that Calling, which is above all others universally and invariably illustrious, and which gives, even to the exterior Appearance of its Professors, a Dignity

nity and Freedom unknown to the Rest of Mankind.

These favourable Impressions were made still deeper by his Conversation with the Ladies; whose Regard for Soldiers he could not observe without wishing himself one of that happy Fraternity, to which the Female World seem to have devoted all their Charms and their Kindness. The Love of Knowledge, which was still his predominant Inclination, was gratified by the Recital of Adventures, and Accounts of foreign Countries; and therefore he thought there was no Way of Life in which all his Views could so completely concenter, as in that of a Soldier. In the Art of War he thought it not difficult to excel, having observed his new Friends not very much versed in the Principles of Tactics or Fortification; and therefore he studied all the military Writings, both ancient and modern; and, in a short Time, could tell how to have gained every remarkable Battle that had been lost from the Beginning of the World. He often showed at Table how *Alexander* should have been checked in his Conquests, what was the fatal Error at *Pharsalia*, how *Charles* of *Sweden* might have escaped his Ruin at *Pultowa*, and *Marlbrough* might have been made to repent his Temerity at *Blenheim*. He entrenched Armies upon Paper, so that no Superiority of Numbers could force them; and modelled in Clay many impregnable Fortresses, on which the present Arts of Attack would be exhausted without Effect.

Polyphilus in a short Time obtained a Commission; but before he could rub off the Solemnity of a Scholar, and gain the true Air of military Vivacity, a War was declared, and Forces sent to the Continent. Here *Polyphilus* unhappily found, that Study alone would not make a Soldier: For, being much accustomed to think, the Sense of Danger sunk into his Mind, and he felt at the Approach of an Action that Terror which a Sentence of Death would have brought

brought upon him. He saw that instead of conquering their Fears, the Endeavours of his gay Friends were only to escape them: but his Philosophy chained his Mind to its Object; and rather loaded him with Shackles, than furnished him with Arms. He however suppressed his Misery in Silence, and passed through the Campaign with Honour; but found himself utterly unable to support another.

He then had Recourse again to his Books, and continued to range from one Study to another. As I usually visit him once a Month, and am admitted to him without previous Notice, I have found him within this last Half Year decyphering the *Chinese* Language, making a Farce, collecting a Vocabulary of the obsolete Terms of the *English* Law, writing an Enquiry concerning the ancient *Corinthian* Brasses, and forming a new Scheme of the Variations of the Needle.

Thus this powerful Genius, which might have extended the Sphere of any Science, or benefited the World in any Profession, is dissipated in a boundless Variety, without any Profit to others or himself. He makes sudden Irruptions into the Regions of Knowledge, and sees all Obstacles give Way before him; but he never stays long enough to complete his Conquest, to establish Laws, or bring away the Spoils.

Such is often the Folly of those Men, whom Nature has enabled to obtain Skill and Knowledge on Terms so easy, that they have no Sense of the Value of the Acquisition; who are qualified to make such speedy Progress in Learning, that they think themselves at Liberty to loiter in the Way; and often, by turning aside after every new Object, like *Atalanta*, lose the Race to slower Competitors, who press diligently forward, and whose Force is directed to a single Point.

I have often thought them happy that have been
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fixed, from the first Dawn of Thought, in a Determination to some State of Life, by the Choice of one whose Authority may preclude Caprice, and whose Influence may prejudice them in Favour of his Opinion. The general Precept of consulting the Genius, is of little Use; unless we are told how the Genius can be known. If it is to be discovered only by Experiment, Life will be lost before the Resolution can be fixed; if any other Inclinations are to be found, they may perhaps be very easily discerned. At least, if to miscarry in an Attempt be a Proof of having mistaken the Direction of the Genius, Men appear not less frequently deceived with Regard to themselves than to others: And therefore no one has much Reason to complain, that his Life was planned out by Friends; or, to be confident, that he should have had either more Honour or Happiness, by being abandoned to the Chance of his own Fancy.

It was said of the learned *Sanderfon*, that when he was preparing his Lectures, he hesitated so much, and rejected so often, that at the Time of reading, he was often forced to produce, not what was best, but what happened to be at Hand. This will be the State of every Man, who, in the Choice of his Employment, balances all the Arguments on every Side. The Complication is so intricate, the Motives and Objections so numerous; there is so much Play for the Inclination, and so much remains in the Power of others, that (Reason forced at last to rest in Neutrality) the Decision devolves into the Hands of Chance; and after a great Part of Life spent in Enquiries which can never be resolved, the Rest must often pass in repenting the unnecessary Delay; and can be useful to few other Purposes, than to warn others against the same Folly; and to show that of two States of Life equally consistent with Religion and Virtue, he who chuses earliest, and perseveres in it, chuses best.

It is therefore of the utmost Importance, that all
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who have any Intention of doing well for themselves or others, and of acquiring a Reputation superior to the common Names which are hourly sinking into Oblivion, and swept away by Time among the Refuse of Fame, should add to their Reason and Spirit the Power of persisting in their Purpose; since all the Performances of human Art, at which we look with Praise or Wonder, are Instances of the resistless Force of Perseverance. It is by this that the Quarry becomes a Pyramid, and that distant Countries are united by Canals. If a Man were to compare the Effects of a single Stroke of the Pick-ax, or of one Impression of the Spade, with the general Design and last Effect, he would be overwhelmed by the Sense of their Disproportion: Yet those petty Operations, incessantly continued, at last surmount the greatest Difficulties; and Mountains are levelled, and Oceans bounded, by the slender Force of human Beings.

On INCITEMENT to Enterprize and Emulation.

Story of the Admirable CRICHTON.

*He who desparing in dull Languor lies,
To glorious Deeds will never, never rise;
Like a dull Weed, he vegetates and dies.*

I Have sometimes heard it disputed in Conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable that a Man should think too highly or too meanly of himself: It is on all Hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly; but since a fallible Being will always make some Deviations from exact Rectitude, it is not wholly useless to enquire towards which Side it is safer to incline.

The Prejudices of Mankind seem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own Powers; he is considered as a modest and harmless Member of Society, not
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likely

likely to break the Peace by Competition, to endeavour after such Splendor of Reputation as may dim the Lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the Enjoyment of themselves; he is no Man's Rival, and therefore may be every Man's Friend.

The Opinion which a Man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate Discussion of this Question, as it relates to Persons or to Things. To think highly of ourselves in Comparison with others, to assume by our own Authority that Precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our Powers high in Proportion to Things, and imagine ourselves equal to great Undertakings, while we leave others in Possession of the same Abilities, cannot with equal Justice provoke Censure.

It must be confessed, that Self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own Favour; but who is hurt by the Mistake? If we are incited by this vain Opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the Labour, and ours is the Disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good Effects of his Confidence will then appear in great Attempts and great Performances: If he should not fully complete his Design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easy Task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with Honour.

But from the opposite Error, from torpid Despondency, can come no Advantage; it is the Frost of the Soul, which binds up all its Powers, and congeals Life in perpetual Sterility. He that has no Hopes of Success, will make no Attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing will be done.

Every Man should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable Opinion of the Powers of the human Mind; which are, perhaps, in every Man, greater than they appear, and might, by diligent Cultivation,

tivation, be exalted to a Degree beyond what their Possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any Man but has found himself able, at the Instigation of Necessity, to do what in a State of Leisure and Deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our Species have signalized themselves by such Achievements, as prove that there are few Things above human Hope.

It has been the Policy of all Nations to preserve, by some public Monuments, the Memory of those who have served their Country by great Exploits; there is the same Reason for continuing or reviving the Names of those whose extensive Abilities have dignified Humanity. An honest Emulation may be alike excited, and the Philosopher's Curiosity may be inflamed by a Catalogue of the Works of *Boyle* or *Bacon*, as *Themistocles* was kept awake by the Trophies of *Miltiades*.

Among the Favourites of Nature that have from Time to Time appeared in the World, enriched with various Endowments and Contrarieties of Excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common Rate of Humanity, than the Man known about two Centuries ago by the Appellation of the *Admirable CRICHTON*; of whose History, whatever we may suppose as surpassing Credibility, yet we shall upon incontestible Authority relate enough to rank him among Prodigies.

Virtue, says *Virgil*, is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing Form. The Person of *Crichton* was eminently beautiful; but his Beauty was consistent with such Activity and Strength, that in Fencing he would spring at one Bound the Length of twenty Feet upon his Antagonist; and he used the Sword in either Hand with such Force and Dexterity, that scarce any one had Courage to engage him.

Having studied at *St Andrew's*, in *Scotland*, he went to *Paris*, in his twenty-first Year, and affixed on the

Gate of the College of *Navarre*, a Kind of Challenge to the Learned of that University, to dispute with them on a certain Day; offering to his Opponents, whoever they might be, the Choice of ten Languages, and of all the Faculties and Sciences. On the Day appointed, three thousand Auditors assembled, when four Doctors of the Church and fifty Ministers appeared against him; and one of his Antagonists confesses that the Doctors were defeated: That he gave Proofs of Knowledge above the Reach of Man; and that an hundred Years, passed without Food or Sleep, would not be sufficient for the Attainment of his Learning. After a Disputation of nine Hours, he was presented by the President and Professors with a Diamond and a Purse of Gold, and dismissed with repeated Acclamations.

From *Paris* he went away to *Rome*, where he made the same Challenge, and had in the Presence of the Pope and Cardinals the same Success. Afterwards he contracted, at *Venice*, an Acquaintance with *Aldus Manutius*, by whom he was introduced to the Learned of that City; then visited *Padua*, where he engaged in another public Disputation, beginning his Performance with an extempore Poem in Praise of the City and the Assembly then present, and concluding with an Oration equally unpremeditated in Commendation of Ignorance.

He afterwards published another Challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the Errors of *Aristotle* and all his Commentators, either in the common Forms of Logic, or in any which his Antagonists should propose, of an hundred different Kinds of Verse.

These Acquisitions of Learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the Expence of any Pleasure which Youth generally indulges, or by the Omission of any Accomplishment in which it becomes a Gentleman to excel: He practised in great Perfection the Arts of Drawing and Painting; he was an eminent Per-

Performer in both vocal and instrumental Music; he danced with uncommon Gracefulness; and on the Day after his Disputation at *Paris*, exhibited his Skill in Horsemanship before the Court of *France*, where, at a public Match of Filting, he bore away the Ring upon his Lance fifteen Times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic Games of less Dignity and Reputation; and in the Interval between his Challenge and Disputation at *Paris*, he spent so much of his Time at Cards, Dice, and Tennis, that a Lampoon was fixed upon the Gate of the *Sorbonne*, directing those who would see this Monster of Erudition, to look for him at the Tavern.

So extensive was his Acquaintance with Life and Manners, that in an *Italian* Comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the Court of *Mantua*, he is said to have personated fifteen different Characters; in all which he might succeed without great Difficulty, since he had such Power of Retention, that once hearing an Oration of an Hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the Recital follow the Speaker through all the Variety of Tone and Gesticulation.

Nor was his Skill in Arms less than in Learning, or his Courage inferior to his Skill: There was a Prize-fighter at *Mantua*, who, (travelling about the World, according to the barbarous Custom of that Age, as a general Challenger) had defeated the most celebrated Masters in many Parts of Europe; and in *Mantua*, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The Duke repented that he had granted him his Protection; when *Crichton*, looking on his sanguinary Success with Indignation, offered to stake fifteen Hundred Pistoles, and mount the Stage against him. The Duke, with some Reluctance, consented; and on the Day fixed, the Combatants appeared: Their Weapons seemed to have been the single Rapier, which was then newly introduced into *Italy*. The Prize-fighter advanced with great Violence and Fierceness, while *Crichton* contented himself calmly to ward
his

his Passes, and suffered him to exhaust his Vigour by his own Fury. *Crichton* then became the Assailant; and pressed upon him with such Force and Agility, that he thrust him thrice through the Body, and saw him expire. He then divided the Prize he had won among the Widows whose Husbands had been killed.

The Death of this wonderful Man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every Reader will enquire curiously after that fatal Hour, which is common to all human Beings, however distinguished from each other by Nature or Fortune.

The Duke of *Mantua* having received so many Proofs of his various Merit, made him Tutor to his Son *Vincentio di Gonzaga*, a Prince of loose Manners and turbulent Disposition. On this Occasion it was that he composed the Comedy, in which he exhibited so many different Characters with exact Propriety. But his Honour was of short Continuance; for as he was one Night in the Time of *Carnival* rambling about the Streets with his Guittar in his Hand, he was attacked by six Men masked. Neither his Courage nor Skill at this Exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such Activity and Spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their Leader, who, throwing off his Mask, discovered himself to be the Prince his Pupil. *Crichton*, falling upon his Knees, took his own Sword by the Point, and presented it to the Prince, who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by Jealousy, according to others only by drunken Fury and brutal Resentment, thrust him through the Heart.

Thus was the admirable *Crichton* brought into that State, in which he could excel the meanest of Mankind only by a few empty Honours paid to his Memory: The Court of *Mantua* testified their Esteem by a public Mourning; the cotemporary Wits were profuse of their Encomiums; and the Palaces of *Italy* were adorned with Pictures, representing him on Horseback, with a Lance in one Hand, and a Book in the other.

On LABOUR and EXERCISE.

*The Wise, for Health, on Exercise depend:
God never made his Works for Man to mend.*

DRYDEN.

BODILY Labour is of two Kinds; either that which a Man submits to for his Livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his Pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exercise, but differs only from ordinary Labour as it rises from another Motive.

A Country Life abounds in both these Kinds of Labour, and for that Reason gives a Man a greater Stock of Health, and consequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himself, than any other Way of Life. I consider the Body as a System of Tubes and Glands; or, to use a more rustic Phrase, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a Manner, as to make a proper Engine for the Soul to work with. This Description does not only comprehend the Bowels, Bones, Tendons, Veins, Nerves, and Arteries, but every Muscle, every Ligature, which is a Composition of Fibres, that are so many imperceptible Tubes or Pipes, interwoven on all Sides with invincible Glands or Strainers.

The general Idea of a human Body, without considering it in the Niceties of Anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary Labour is for the right Preservation of it. There must be frequent Motions and Agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that Infinitude of Pipes and Strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid Parts a more firm and lasting Tone. Labour or Exercise ferment the Humours, casts them into their proper Channel, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in those
secret

seeret Distributions, without which the Body cannot subsist in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Chearfulness.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Understanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining those Spirits that are necessary for the proper Exertion of our intellectual Faculties, during the present Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular that we must ascribe the Spleen, which is so frequent in Men of studious and sedentary Tempers; as well as the Vapours, to which those of the other Sex are so often subject.

Had not Exercise been absolutely necessary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body so proper for it, by giving such an Activity to the Limbs, and such a Plenity to every Part, as necessarily produce these Compressions, Extensions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other Kinds of Motions, that are necessary for the Preservation of such a System of Tubes and Glands, as has been before-mentioned. And that we might not want Inducement to engage us in such an Exercise of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is so ordered, that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at, without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brow. Providence furnishes Materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The Earth must be laboured before it gives its Increase; and when it is forced into its several Products, how many Hands must they pass through before they are fit for Use! Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the Rest of Mankind, unless they indulge themselves in
that

that voluntary Labour, which goes by the Name of Exercise.

As I am a Compound of Soul and Body, I consider myself as obliged to a double Scheme of Duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the Business of the Day, when I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exercise, as well as the other in Contemplation and Study.

On TEMPERANCE.

*'Tis to thy Rules, O Temperance! that we owe
All Pleasures which from Health or Strength can flow:
Vigour of Body, Purity of Mind,
Unclouded Reason, Sentiment refin'd.*

CHANDLER.

THERE is a Story in the *Arabian Nights Tales*, of a King who had long languished under an ill Habit of Body, and had taken Abundance of Remedies to no Purpose. At length, says the Fable, a Physician cured him by the following Method: He took a hollow Ball of Wood, and filled it with several Drugs; after which he closed it so artificially, that nothing appeared. He likewise took a Mallet, and after having hollowed the Handle and that Part which strikes the Ball, he inclosed in them several Drugs after the same Manner as in the Ball itself. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his Patient, to exercise himself early in the Morning with these rightly prepared Instruments, till such Time as he should sweat. When, as the Story goes, the Virtue of the Medicaments perspiring through the Wood, had so good an Influence on the Sultan's Constitution, that they cured him of an Indisposition which all the Compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eastern Allegory is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily Labour is to Health, and that Exercise is the most effectual Physic.

fic. I shall in this Place recommend another great Preservative of Health, which in many Cases produces the same Effects as Exercise, and may, in some Measure, supply its Place, where Opportunities of Exercise are wanting. The Preservative I am speaking of is Temperance, which has those particular Advantages above all other Means of Health, that it may be practised by all Ranks and Conditions, at any Season, or in any Place. It is a Kind of Regimen into which every Man may put himself, without Interruption to Business, Expence of Money, or Loss of Time. If Exercise throw off all Superfluities, Temperance prevents them; if Exercise clear the Vessels, Temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if Exercise raise proper Ferments in the Humours, and promote the Circulation of the Blood, Temperance gives Nature her full Play, and enables her to exert herself in all her Force and Vigour; if Exercise dissipate a growing Distemper, Temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most Part, is nothing else but the Substitute of Exercise or Temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute Distempers, that cannot wait the slow Operations of these two great Instruments of Health; but did Men live in an habitual Course of Exercise and Temperance, there would be but little Occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those Parts of the World are the most healthy, where they subsist by the Chace; and that Men lived longest when their Lives were employed in Hunting, and when they had little Food besides what they caught. Blistering, Cupping, and Bleeding are seldom of Use, but to the Idle and Intemperate; as all those inward Applications, which are so much in Practice among us, are for the most Part nothing else but Expedients to make Luxury consistent with Health. The Apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the Cook and the Vintner. It is said of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young Man

Man who was going to a Feast, he took him up in the Street and carried him Home to his Friends, as one who was running into imminent Danger, had not he been prevented. What would the Philosopher have said, had he been present at the Gluttony of a modern Meal? Would not he have thought the Master of a Family mad, and have begged his Servants to tie down his Hands, had he seen him devour Fowl, Fish, and Flesh; swallow Oil and Vinegar, Wines and Spices; throw down Sallads of twenty different Herbs, Sauces of an hundred Ingredients, Confections and Fruits of numberless Sweets and Flavours? What unnatural Motions and Counterferments must such a Medley of Intemperance produce in the Body! For my Part, when I behold a fashionable Table set out in all its Magnificence, I fancy that I see Gouts and Dropsies, Fevers and Lethargies, with other innumerable Distempers, lying in Ambuscade among the Dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple Diet. Every Animal, but Man, keeps to one Dish. Herbs are the Food of this Species, Fish of that, and Flesh of a third. Man falls upon every Thing that comes in his Way; not the smallest Fruit or Excrecence of the Earth, scarce a Berry or a Mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate Rule for Temperance, because what is Luxury in one may be Temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any Time in the World, who are not Judges of their own Constitution, so far as to know what Kinds and what Proportions of Food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my Readers as my Patients, and to prescribe such a Kind of Temperance as is accommodated to all Persons, and such as is particularly suited to our Climate and Way of Living, I would copy the following Rules of a very eminent Physician. Make your whole Repast out of one Dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid
S drink-

drinking any Thing strong until you have finished your Meal: At the same Time abstain from all Sauces, or at least from such as are not the most plain and simple. A Man could not well be guilty of Gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy Rules. In the first Case there would be no Variety of Tastes to solicit his Palate, and occasion Excess; nor in the second any artificial Provocatives to relieve Satiety, and create a false Appetite. Were I to prescribe a Rule for Drinking, it would be formed upon a Saying quoted by Sir *William Temple*; *the first Glass for myself, the second for my Friends, the third for Good-humour, and the fourth for my Enemies.* But because it is impossible for one who lives in the World to diet himself always in so philosophical a Manner, I think every Man should have his Days of Abstinence, according as his Constitution will permit. These are great Reliefs to Nature, as they qualify it for struggling with Hunger and Thirst, whenever any Distemper or Duty of Life may put it upon such Difficulties; and at the same Time give it an Opportunity of extricating itself from its Oppressions, and recovering the several Tones and Springs of its distended Vessels. Besides, that Abstinence well timed often kills a Sickness in the Embryo, and destroys the first Seeds of an Indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient Authors, that *Socrates*, notwithstanding he lived in *Athens* during the great Plague, which has made so much Noise throughout all Ages, and has been celebrated at different Times by such eminent Hands: I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the Time of this devouring Pestilence, he never caught the least Infection, which those Writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted Temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an Observation which I have often made, upon reading the Lives of the Philosophers, and comparing it with any Series of
Kings

Kings or great Men of the same Number. If we consider these ancient Sages, a great Part of whose Philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious Course of Life, one would think the Life of a Philosopher and the Life of a Man were of two different Dates: For we find the Generality of the wise Men were nearer an hundred than sixty Years of Age at the Time of their respective Deaths.

The Benefits arising from a temperate Course of Life are set in a still more striking Light in the following Allegory of

THE INFALLIBLE ELIXIR.

ESCULAPIUS, after his Deification or Admittance among the Gods, having revisited his native Country, and being one Day (as Curiosity led him a-rambling) in Danger of being benighted, made the best of his Way to a House he saw at some Distance, where he was hospitably received by the Master of it. *Cremes*, for that was the Master's Name, though but a young Man, was infirm and sickly.—Of several Dishes served up to Supper, *Cremes* observed that his Guest eat but of one, and that the most simple; nor could all his Intreaties prevail on him to do otherwise. He was, notwithstanding, highly delighted with *Esculapius's* Conversation, in which he observed a Chearfulness and Knowledge superior to any Thing he had hitherto met with. The next Morning *Esculapius* took his Leave, but not till he had engaged his good-natured Host to pay him a Visit at a small Villa, a few Miles from thence, where he informed him of his Dwelling. *Cremes* came accordingly, and was most kindly received; but how great was his Amazement, when Supper was served up, to see nothing but Milk, Honey, and a few Roots, dressed in the plainest but neatest Manner,

ner, to which Hunger, Chearfulness, and good Sense, were the only Sauces! *Esculapius* seemed to eat with Pleasure, while *Cremes* scarce tasted of them. On which a Repast was ordered, more suitable to our Guest's Taste. Immediately there succeeded a Banquet composed of the most artful Dishes that Luxury could invent, with great Plenty and Variety of the richest and most intoxicating Wines. These too were accompanied by Damsels of bewitching Beauty. It was now *Cremes* gave a Loose to his Appetites, and every Thing he tasted raised Extasies beyond what he had ever known. During the Repast, the Damsels sung and danced to entertain them; their Charms enchanted the enraptured Guest, already flustered with what he had drunk; his Senses were lost in extatic Confusion. Every Thing round him seemed Elysium, and he was on the Point of indulging the most boundless Freedoms, when on a Sudden their Beauty, which was but a Vizard, fell off, and discovered Forms the most hideous and forbidding imaginable.—Lust, Revenge, Folly, Murder, meagre Poverty, and Despair, now appeared in the most odious Shapes, and the Place instantly became a most dire Scene of Misery and Confusion. How often did *Cremes* wish himself far distant from such a diabolical Company, and now dreaded the fatal Consequence which threatened him. His Blood ran chill at his Heart; his Knees smote each other with Fear, and Joy and Rapture were perverted to Amazement and Horror! When *Esculapius* perceived it had made sufficient Impression on his Guest, he thus addressed him: “ Know, *Cremes*, it is *Esculapius* who has thus entertained you, and what you have here beheld is a true Image of the Deceitfulness and Misery inseparable from Luxury and Intemperance. Would you be happy, be temperate; Temperance is the Parent of Health, Virtue, Wisdom, Plenty, and every Thing that can make you happy in this, or the World to come. It is indeed the *true* Luxury of Life, for without it, Life cannot be enjoyed.” This said, he disappeared, and left

left *Cremes* (instead of an elegant Apartment) in an open Plain, full of Ideas quite different from those he had brought with him. On his Return Home, from the most luxurious he became one of the most temperate Men, by which wise Method he soon regained Health. Frugality produced Riches; and from an infirm and crazy Constitution, and almost ruined Estate, by Virtue of this *Infallible Elixir*, he became one of the happiest Men breathing, and lived to a healthy old Age, revered as an Oracle for his Wisdom throughout all *Greece*.

On the VANITY of some MEN'S WISHES and PRAYERS.

*When to Almighty Jove our Prayers we move,
May Virtue guide, and Heaven our Suit approve.* R.

MENNIPUS, the Philosopher, was a second Time taken up into Heaven by *Jupiter*, when for his Entertainment he lifted up a Trap-door, that was placed by his Footstool. At its Rising there issued through it such a Din of Cries as astonished the Philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, *Jupiter* told him they were the Prayers that were sent up to him from the Earth. *Mennipus*, amidst the Confusion of Voices, which was so great that nothing less than the Ear of *Jove* could distinguish them, heard the Words *Riches, Honour, and long Life*, repeated in several different Tones and Languages. When the first Hubbub of Sounds was over, the Trap-door being left open, the Voices came up more separate and distinct. The first Prayer was a very odd one; it came from *Athens*, and desired *Jupiter* to increase the Wisdom and the Beard of his humble Suppliant. *Mennipus* knew it, by the Voice, to be the Prayer of his Friend *Lycander*, the Philosopher. This was succeeded by the Petition of one who had just laden a Ship, and promised *Jupiter*, if he took Care of it, and returned

it Home again full of Riches, he would make him an Offering of a silver Cup. *Jupiter* thanked him for nothing; and bending down his Ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a Voice complaining to him of the Cruelty of an *Ephesian* Widow, and begging him to breed Compassion in her Heart: This, says *Jupiter*, is a very honest Fellow. I have received a great Deal of Incense from him; I will not be so cruel to him as to hear his Prayers. He was then interrupted with a whole Volly of Vows, which were made for the Health of a tyrannical Prince by his Subjects, who prayed for him in his Presence. *Mennipus* was surprised, after having listened to Prayers offered up with so much Ardour and Devotion, to hear low Whispers from the same Assembly, expostulating with *Jove* for suffering such a Tyrant to live, and asking how his Thunder could lie idle? *Jupiter* was so offended at these prevaricating Rascals, that he took down the first Vows, and puffed away the last. The Philosopher seeing a great Cloud mounting upwards, and making its Way directly to the Trap-door, enquired of *Jupiter* what it meant. This, says *Jupiter*, is the Smoke of a whole Hecatomb that is offered me by the General of an Army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand Men that are drawn up in Array against him: What does the impudent Wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a Sacrifice of so many Mortals as good as himself, and all this to his Glory, forsooth? But hark, says *Jupiter*, there is a Voice I never heard but in Time of Danger; it is a Rogue that is shipwrecked in the *Ionian* Sea; I saved him upon a Plank but three Days ago, upon his Promise to mend his Manners; the Scoundrel is not worth a Groat, and yet has the Impudence to offer me a Temple if I will keep him from sinking.——But yonder, says he, is a special Youth for you; he desires me to take his Father, who keeps a great Estate from him, out of the Miseries of human Life. The old Fellow shall live till he makes his

his Heart ache, I can tell him that for his Pains. This was followed by the soft Voice of a pious Lady, desiring *Jupiter* that she might appear amiable and charming in the Sight of her Emperor. As the Philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary Petition, there blew a gentle Wind through the Trap-door, which he at first mistook for a Gale of *Zephyrs*, but afterwards found it to be a Breeze of Sighs: They smelt strong of Flowers and Incense, and were succeeded by most passionate Complaints of Wounds and Torments, Fires and Arrows, Cruelty, Despair, and Death. *Mennipus* fancied that such lamentable Cries arose from some general Execution, or from Wretches lying under the Torture; but *Jupiter* told him, they came to him from the Isle of *Paphos*, and that he every Day received Complaints of the same Nature from that whimsical Tribe of Mortals who are called Lovers. I am so trifled with, says he, by this Generation of both Sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their Petitions, that I shall order a Western Wind for the future to intercept them in their Passage, and blow them at Random upon the Earth. The last Petition I heard was from a very aged Man, near a hundred Years old, begging but for one Year more of Life, and then promised to die contented. This is the rarest old Fellow, says *Jupiter*; he has made this Prayer to me for above twenty Years together. When he was but fifty Years old he desired only that he might live to see his Sons settled in the World; I granted it. He then begged the same Favour for his Daughter, and afterwards that he might see the Education of a Grandson. When all this was brought about, he put up a Petition that he might live to finish a House he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old Cur, and never wants an Excuse; I will hear no more of him. Upon which he flung down the Trap-door in a Passion, and was resolved to give no more Audiences that Day.

Not-

Notwithstanding the Levity of this Fable, the Moral of it very well deserves our Attention. The Vanity of Men's Wishes, which are the natural Prayers of the Mind, as well as many of those secret Devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other Reasons for set Forms of Prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this Means the Folly and Extravagance of Men's Desires may be kept within due Bounds, and not to break out in absurd and ridiculous Petitions on so great and solemn an Occasion.

On AERIAL CASTLE-BUILDING.

*He dreams of Riches, Grandeur, and a Crown:
He wakes, and finds himself a simple Clown.*

ROWE.

ALNASCHAR was a very idle Fellow, that never would set his Hand to any Business during his Father's Life. When his Father died, he left him to the Value of an hundred Drachmas in *Persian* Money. *Alnaschar*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in Glasses, Bottles, and the finest earthen Ware. These he piled up in a large open Basket, and having made Choice of a very little Shop, placed the Basket at his Feet, and leaned his Back against the Wall, in Expectation of Customers. As he sat in this Posture, with his Eyes upon the Basket, he fell into a most amusing Train of Thought, and was overheard by one of the Neighbours, as he talked to himself, in the following Manner: "This Basket, says he, cost me at the Wholesale Merchant's an hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the World; I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in Retail. These two hundred Drachmas will in a very little Time rise to four hundred, which of Course will amount in Time to four thousand. Four thousand Drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by
this

this Means I am Master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my Trade as a Glassman, and turn Jeweller. I shall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all Sorts of rich Stones. When I have got together as much Wealth as I can well desire, I will make a Purchase of the finest House I can find, with Lands, Slaves, Eunuchs, and Horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a Noise in the World. I will not, however, stop there, but continue my Traffic till I have got together an hundred thousand Drachmas. When I have thus made myself Master of an hundred thousand Drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the Foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Visir's Daughter in Marriage, after having represented to that Minister the Information which I have received of the Beauty, Wit, Discretion, and other high Qualities which his Daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the same Time, that it is my Intention to make him a Present of a thousand Pieces of Gold on our Marriage Night. As soon as I have married the Grand Visir's Daughter, I will buy her ten black Eunuchs, the youngest and the best that can be got for Money. I must afterwards make my Father-in-Law a Visit with a great Train and Equipage. And when I am placed at his Right-hand, which he will do in Course, if it be only to honour his Daughter, I will give him the thousand Pieces of Gold which I promised him; and afterwards, to his great Surprise, I will present him with another Purse of the same Value, with some short Speech; as, *Sir, you see I am a Man of my Word: I always give more than I promise.*

“ When I have brought the Princess to my House, I shall take particular Care to breed in her a due Respect for me, before I give the Reins to Love and Dalliance. To this End I shall confine her to her own Apartment, make her a short Visit, and talk but little to her. Her Women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by Reason of my Unkindness, and beg me with Tears to care for her, and let her sit down by me; but

but I will still remain inexorable, and will turn my Back upon her all the first Night: Her Mother will then come and bring her Daughter to me, as I am seated on my Sofa. The Daughter, with Tears in her Eyes, will fling herself at my Feet, and beg of me to receive her into my Favour. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough Veneration for my Person, draw up my Leg and spurn her from me with my Foot in such a Manner, that she shall fall down several Paces from the Sofa."

Alnaschar was intirely swallowed up in this chimerical Vision, and could not forbear acting with his Foot what he had in his Thoughts: So that unluckily striking his Basket of brittle Ware, which was the Foundation of all his Grandeur, he kicked his Glasses to a great Distance from him into the Street, and broke them into ten thousand Pieces.

This is a humorous Ridicule upon the foolish Vanity of building Castles in the Air, and idly wasting that Time in empty flattering Schemes, which might have been usefully employed in attending our proper Business.

On CHARITY.

*The Soul that feels for other's Woe,
From Heav'n its Origin doth show.*

R.

ZACCHOR and ESREFF, two Youths, begged the Dervise *Morat*, their Tutor, who was a Seer, and blessed by *Mahomet* with the Knowledge of future Events, to permit them to visit the Curiosities of *Aleppo*, to which Place they were but lately come for the Advantage of the wise and holy Man's Instructions, and who had undertaken their Education: He gave each of them a few *Aspers* on going forth, to expend on whatever their Inclinations prompted to; and on their Return, he enquired how they had disposed of



The Aspers.

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of the Money. I, said *Zacchor*, cast my Eyes on some of the finest Dates *Syria* ever produced; I laid out my *Aspers*, and indulged in what perhaps I shall never meet the like again. And I, said *Esreff*, met a poor helpless Wretch with an Infant at her Breast, whose Cries pierced my Soul: She was reduced to the very utmost Extremity; the *Angel of Death* seemed to glare forth at her Eyes, and she had scarce Strength left to beg the Assistance my Heart yearned to give her, and which our Prophet commands all *Mussulmen* to bestow on Misery like her's. She had my *Aspers*, and I grieved I had not more to bestow. The Money, said *Morat* to *Zacchor*, which you exchanged for the Dates, will in a few Hours be converted into the most odious of Substances, mere Excrement: But, *Esreff*, said he, turning to the other, besides the Pleasure you must enjoy whenever you reflect on what you have done, know, that your well-beloved *Aspers* will produce a never-fading Fruit, and contribute to your Happiness both in this World and the World to come; and, moreover, know, that the Infant whose Life you have saved, and who without your Assistance must with its Mother have perished, will (so Heaven has decreed) live to repay your Goodness, by saving your Life many Years hence, and rescuing you from the most imminent of Dangers.



PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

An ALLEGORY.

*As Physic's for the Body's Good assign'd,
Misfortunes are the Physic of the Mind.*

R.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY, the Daughters of PROVIDENCE, were sent to the House of a rich Phœnician Merchant, named *Velasco*, whose Residence was at *Tyre*, the capital City of that Kingdom.

Prosperity, the elder, was beautiful as the Morning, and chearful as the Spring: But *Adversity* was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two Sons, *Felix* and *Uranio*. They were both bred to Commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their Infancy in the strictest Harmony and Friendship. But Love, before whom all the Affections of the Soul are as the Traces of a Ship upon the Ocean, which remain only for a Moment, threatened in an evil Hour to set them at Variance; for both were become enamoured with the Beauties of *Prosperity*. The Nymph, like one of the Daughters of Men, gave Encouragement to each by Turns; but, to avoid a particular Declaration, she avowed a Resolution never to marry, unless her Sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same Time.

Velasco, who was no Stranger to the Passions of his Sons, and who dreaded every Thing from their Violence, to prevent Consequences, obliged them by his Authority to decide their Pretensions by Lot; each previously engaging in a solemn Oath to marry the Nymph that should fall to his Share. The Lots were accordingly drawn; and *Prosperity* became the Wife of *Felix*, and *Adversity* of *Uranio*.

Soon after the Celebration of these Nuptials, *Velasco*

Iasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest Son *Felix* the House wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest Part of his large Fortune and Effects.

The Husband of *Prosperity* was so transported with the gay Disposition and enchanting Beauties of his Bride, that he cloathed her in Gold and Silver, and adorned her with Jewels of inestimable Value. He built a Palace for her in the Wood; he made Rivers in his Gardens, and beautified their Banks with Temples and Pavilions. He entertained at his Table the Nobles of the Land, delighting their Ears with Music, and their Eyes with Magnificence. But his Kindred he beheld as Strangers, and the Companions of his Youth passed by him unregarded. His Brother also became hateful in his Sight, and in Process of Time, he commanded the Doors of his House to be shut against him.

But as the Stream flows from its Channel, and loses itself among the Valleys, unless confined by Bounds; so also will the Current of Fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by Oeconomy. In a few Years the Estate of *Felix* wasted by Extravagance, his Merchandise failed him by Neglect, and his Effects were seized by the merciless Hands of Creditors. He applied himself for Support to the Nobles and great Men, whom he had feasted and made Presents to: But his Voice was as the Voice of a Stranger, and they remembered not his Face. The Friends whom he had neglected, derided him in their Turn; his Wife also insulted him, and turned her Back upon him and fled. Yet was his Heart so bewitched with her Sorceries, that he pursued her with Entreaties, till by her Haste to adandon him, her Mask fell off, and discovered to him a Face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards, Tradition does not relate with Certainty. It is believed that he fled into *Egypt*, and lived precariously on the scanty Benevolence of a few Friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short Time, wretched and an Exile.

T

Let

Let us now return to *Uranio*, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of Doors by his Brother *Felix*. *Adversity*, thought hateful to his Heart, and a Spectre to his Eyes, was the constant Attendant upon his Steps: And to aggravate his Sorrow, he received certain Intelligence that his richest Vessel was taken by a *Sardinian* Pirate; that another was lost upon the *Lybian Syrtes*; and, to complete all, that the Banker with whom the greatest Part of his ready Money was entrusted, had deserted his Creditors, and retired into *Sicily*. Collecting therefore the small Remains of his Fortune, he bid Adieu to *Tyre*; and, led by *Adversity* through unfrequented Roads and Forests overgrown with Thickets, he came at last to a small Village at the Foot of a Mountain: Here they took up their Abode some Time; and *Adversity*, in Return for all the Anxiety he had suffered, softening the Severity of her Looks, administered to him the most faithful Counsels, weaning his Heart from the immoderate Love of earthly Things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole Trust and Happiness in their Government and Protection. She humanized his Soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the Distresses of his Fellow Creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

“ I am sent, said she, by the Gods, to those only whom they love: For I not only train them up by my severe Discipline to future Glory, but also prepare them to receive with greater Relish all such moderate Enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probationary State. As the Spider, when assailed, seeks Shelter in its inmost Web; so the Mind which I afflict contracts its wandering Thoughts, and flies for Happiness to itself. It was I who raised the Characters of *Cato*, *Socrates*, and *Timoleon* to so divine a Height, and set them up as Guides and Examples to every future Age. *Prosperity*, my smiling but treacherous Sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel Followers, *Anguish* and *Despair*:

While

While *Adversity* never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the blissful Habitations of *Tranquility* and *Content*."

Uranio listened to her Words with great Attention; and as he looked earnestly on her Face, the Deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle Degrees his Aversion to her abated; and at last he gave himself wholly up to her Counsel and Directions. She would often repeat to him the wise Maxims of the Philosopher, "That those who want the fewest Things, approach nearest to the Gods, who want nothing." She admonished him to turn his Eyes to the many Thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in Pomp and Splendor; and in his Addresses to the Gods, instead of supplicating for Riches and Popularity, to pray only for a virtuous Mind, a quiet State, an unblemished Life, and a Death full of good Hopes.

Finding him to be every Day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her Face, nor delighted with her Society, she at last addressed him in the following Manner:

"As Gold is purged and refined from Dross by the Fire, so is *Adversity* sent by Providence to try and improve the Virtue of Mortals. The End obtained, my Task is finished; and I now leave you to go and give an Account of my Charge. Your Brother, whose Lot was *Prosperity*, and whose Condition you so much envied, after having experienced the Error of his Choice, is at last released by Death from the most wretched of Lives. Happy has it been for *Uranio*, that his Lot was *Adversity*, whom, if he remember as he ought, his Life will be honourable, and his Death happy."

As she pronounced these Words, she vanished from his Sight. But though her Features at that Moment, instead of inspiring their usual Horror, seemed to display a Kind of languishing Beauty, yet as *Uranio*, in Spite of his utmost Efforts, could not prevail on himself to love her, he neither regretted her Departure, nor wished for her Return. But though he rejoiced in

her Absence, he treasured up her Counsels in his Heart, and grew happy by the Practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to Merchandise; and having in a short Time acquired a Competency sufficient for a real Enjoyment of Life, he retreated to a little Farm which he had bought for that Purpose, and where he determined to continue the Remainder of his Days. Here he employed his Time in Planting, Gardening, and Husbandry, in quelling all disorderly Passions, and in forming his Mind by the Lessons of *Adversity*. He took great Delight in a little Cell or Hermitage in his Garden, which stood under a Tuft of Trees, encompassed with Eglantine and Honey-suckles. Adjoining it was a cold Bath, formed by a Spring issuing from a Rock, and over the Door was written in large Characters the following Inscription:

*Beneath this moss-grown Roof, within this Cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.
Say, you who dare this happy Place disdain,
What splendid Palace boasts so fair a Train?*

He lived to a good old Age; and died honoured and lamented.



On CONVERSATION.

*There are whom Heav'n has blest with Store of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it:
Words are like Leaves, and where they most abound,
Much Fruit of Sense beneath is rarely found.* POPE.

THE Faculty of interchanging our Thoughts with one another, or what we express by the Word *Conversation*, has always been represented by moral Writers as one of the noblest Privileges of Reason, and which more particularly sets Mankind above the Brute Part of the Creation.

Though nothing gains so much upon the Affections as this *extempore Eloquence*, which we have constantly Occasion for, and are obliged to practise every Day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The Conversation of most Men is disagreeable, not so much for Want of Wit and Learning, is of Good-breeding and Discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular Vanity or Passion of your own, but always with a Design either to divert or inform the Company. A Man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his Discourse. He is never out of Humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best Judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest Person seldom fails to gain the Goodwill of those he converses with, because no Body envies a Man, who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our Faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied Virtues. Our private and domestic Affairs are no less improper to be introduced in Conversation. What

does it concern the Company how many Horses you keep in your Stable? Or whether your Servant is more Knave or Fool?

A Man may equally affront the Company he is in, by engrossing all the Talk, or by observing a contemptuous Silence.

Before you tell a Story, it may be generally not amiss to draw a short Character, and give the Company a true Idea of the principal Persons concerned in it. The Beauty of most Things consists not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular Person, or on such a particular Occasion.

Notwithstanding all the Advantages of Youth, few young People please in Conversation; the Reason is, that Want of Experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a Design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that Age itself will make many Things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the Mouth of one much younger.

Nothing however is more insupportable to Men of Sense, than an empty formal Man, who speaks in Proverbs, and decides all Controversies with a short Sentence. This Piece of Stupidity is the most insufferable, as it puts on the Air of Wisdom.

A prudent Man will avoid talking much of any particular Science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, a handsomer Thing said of Mr Cowley, in his whole Life, than that none but his intimate Friends ever discovered that he was a great Poet by his Discourse: Besides the Decency of this Rule, it is certainly founded in good Policy. A Man who talks of any Thing he is already famous for, has nothing to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a Subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other Matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Wo-

Women are frightened at the Name of Argument, and are sooner convinced by a happy Turn, or a witty Expression, than by Demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your Reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the Approbation of a Man of Sense from the Flattery of Sycophants, and the Admiration of Fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the whole Company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the Person rallied.

Though Good-humour, Sense, and Discretion can seldom fail to make a Man agreeable, it may be no ill Policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular Manner for Conversation, by looking a little further than your Neighbours into whatever is become a reigning Subject. If your Armies are besieging a Place of Importance Abroad, or our House of Commons debating a Bill of Consequence at Home, you can hardly fail of being heard with Pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the Strength, Situation, and History of the former, or of the Reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same Effect if when any single Person begins to make a Noise in the World, you can learn some of the smallest Incidents in his Life or Conversation; which, though they are too fine for the Observation of the Vulgar, give more Satisfaction to Men of Sense, (as they are the best Openings to a real Character) than the Recital of his most glaring Actions. I know but one ill Consequence to be feared from this Method, namely, that coming full charged into Company, you should resolve to unload whether a handsome Opportunity offers itself or not.

Though the asking of Questions may plead for itself the specious Name of Modesty, and a Desire of Information, it affords little Pleasure to the Rest of the Company who may not be troubled with the same Doubts; besides which, he who asks a Question, would do well to consider, that he lies wholly at the Mercy of another before he receives an Answer.

No-

Nothing is more filly than the Pleasure some People take in what they call *speaking their Minds*. A Man of this Make will say a rude Thing for the mere Pleasure of saying it, when an opposite Behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his Friend, or made his Fortune.

It is not impossible for a Man to form to himself as exquisite a Pleasure in complying with the Humours and Sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain Sign of a superior Genius, that can take and become whatever Dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learnt but in the Company of the Polite. The Virtues of Men are catching as well as their Vices; and your own Observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands Attention in one Man, and makes you tired and displeased with the Discourse of another.

The PARTY-COLOURED SHIELD.

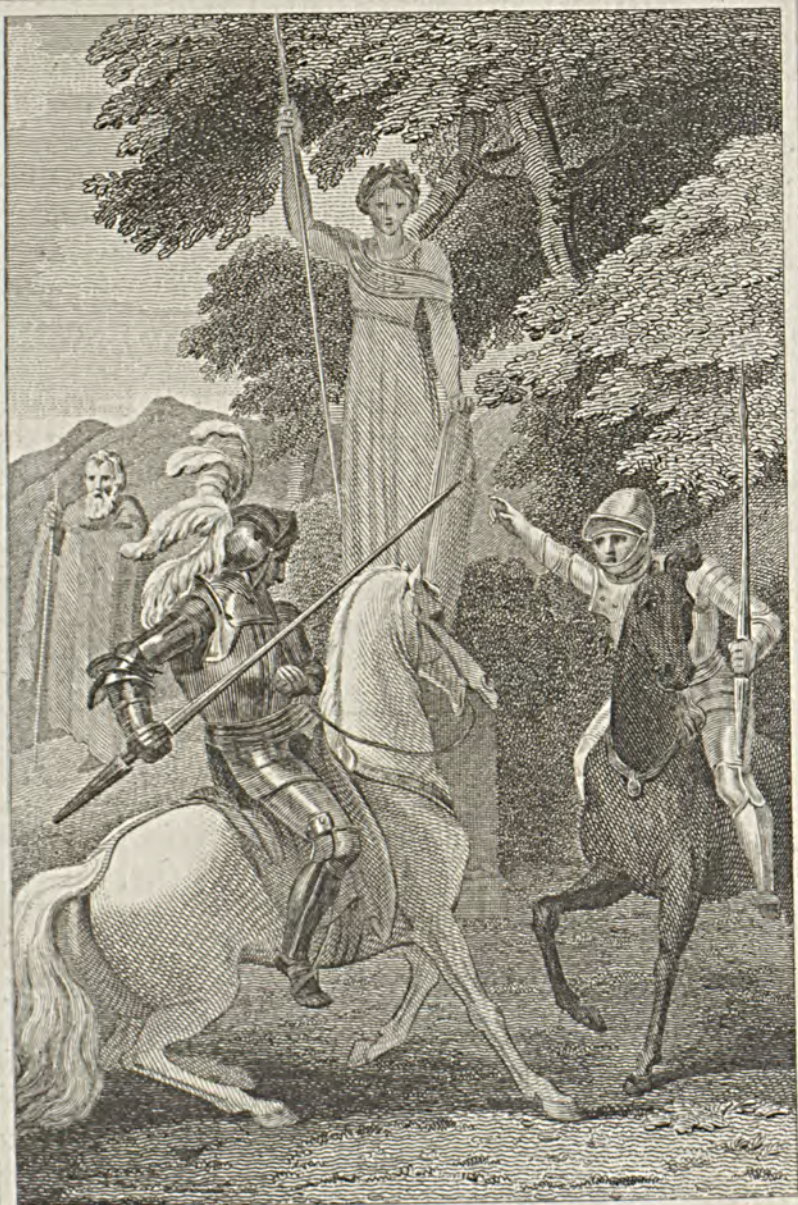
A Story on the same Subject.

*With hasty Judgment ne'er decide :
First hear what's said on either Side.*

R.

IN the Days of Knight-errantry and Paganism, one of our old *British* Princes set up a Statue to the Goddess of Victory, in a Point where four Roads met together. In her Right-hand she held a Spear, and rested her Left upon a Shield: The Outside of this Shield was of *Gold*, and the Inside of *Silver*. On the former was inscribed, in the old *British* Language, *To the Goddess ever favourable*; and on the other, *For four Victories obtained successively over the Picts and other Inhabitants of the Northern Islands*.

It



The Party Coloured Shield.

Published Nov: 11788 as the Act directs by G.G.J & J. Robinson.

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It happened one Day that two Knights completely armed, the one in *black* Armour, and the other in *white*, arrived from opposite Parts of the Country at this Statue, just about the same Time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the Inscriptions, and observe the Excellence of its Workmanship. After contemplating on it for some Time, this *golden* Shield, says the *black* Knight,—*golden* Shield, cried the *white* Knight, (who was as strictly observing the opposite Side) why, if I have my Eyes, it is Silver. I know nothing of your Eyes, replied the *black* Knight, but if ever I saw a *golden* Shield in my Life, this is one: Yes, returned the *white* Knight, smiling, it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a Shield of Gold in so public a Place as this: For my Part, I wonder even a Silver one is not too strong a Temptation for the Devotion of some People that pass this Way; and it appears by the Date, that this has been here above three Years. The *black* Knight could not bear the Smile with which this was delivered, and grew so warm in the Dispute, that it soon ended in a Challenge; they both therefore turned their Horses, and rode back so far as to have sufficient Space for their Career, then fixed their Spears in their Rests, and flew at each other with the greatest Fury and Impetuosity. Their Shock was so rude, and the Blow on each Side so effectual, that they both fell to the Ground, much wounded and bruised, and lay there for some Time, as in a Trance. A good *Druid*, who was travelling that Way, found them in this Condition. The *Druids* were the Physicians of those Times, as well as the Priests. He had a sovereign Balsam about him, which he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the Plants that grew in the Fields or in the Forests; he staunched their Blood, applied his Balsam to their Wounds, and brought them as it were from Death to Life again. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he began to enquire into the Occasion of their Quarrel. “Why, this Man, cried the *black* Knight, will have it, that that Shield
yonder

yonder is Silver." "And he will have it, replied the *white Knight*, that it is Gold," and then told him all the Particulars of the Affair. "Ah! said the *Druid*, with a Sigh, you are both of you, my Brethren, in the Right, and both of you in the Wrong; had either of you given himself Time to look upon the opposite Side of the Shield, as well as that which first presented itself to View, all this Passion and Bloodshed might have been avoided; however, there is a very good Lesson to be learned from the Evils that have befallen you on this Occasion. Permit me therefore to intreat you by all our Gods, and by this Goddess of Victory in particular, *Never to enter into any Dispute for the Future, till you have fairly considered both Sides of the Question.*

On GAMING.

*You'll find, at least, this Maxim true,
Fools are the Game that Knaves pursue.*

GAY.

IT is observable, that *Mahomet*, in a most particular Manner, forbid Gaming and Drunkenness to his Followers, when at the same Time he indulged them with Plurality of Women: The last he looked upon as a Passion, the Seeds of which are implanted as it were in our Nature; whereas Gaming and Drunkenness he absolutely forbid, as acquired and unnatural Vices: As Vices productive of the most dreadful Consequences. I will not at present examine the Justness of the Compliment paid to amorous Libertinism, which he certainly carried too far; but shall observe, that his strict Commands in Regard to Gaming and Drunkenness, have contributed more than any of his other Injunctions, to the Happiness of his Followers.

Gaming

Gaming (which I shall at present consider) seems to me, of all Vices, the greatest Enemy of Happiness: Its inseparable Attendants are Envy, Deceit, Profuseness, Impiety, and a whole Train of diabolical Associates. Health, Peace of Mind, Love, Family, Friends, Country, and, in short, every Thing valuable or desirable, are sacrificed to it: And to what are they sacrificed? Why, to Avarice: Avarice, the meanest of Vices! The Love of Gaming is nothing more than the Love of other People's Money. It is not the Avarice of a Miser; it is the Avarice of a Thief, a Robber; or rather the cowardly Avarice of a Pick-pocket. It is Avarice and Profusion joined together; a most unnatural Conjunction, and productive of more terrible Consequences than either of them singly can possibly be: Like *Aaron's Rod*, it absorbs, it swallows up, and contains within itself all other Vices, and may justly among Vices be stiled *Legion*; and of all Baits made Use of by the grand Enemy of Mankind, to tempt us from our Duty, and make us unhappy hereafter, Gaming seems the most dangerous, and the best calculated to answer his diabolical Ends.

It is ridiculous to hear the Votaries of Gaming term it an Amusement, an inoffensive Relaxation, &c. those who so miscall it, must notwithstanding allow it to be an irrational, an unimproving Diversion; and that at the best it is but murdering Time. But upon Examination, every Observer may find, that dallying with the Temptation draws on imperceptibly to the most destructive Consequences. But what shall be said of those who take no Delight in Gaming, yet give into it on almost every Occasion? Surely Complaisance is a poor Excuse for doing a foolish or a wicked Action, and that every Gamester is a Knave or a Fool, is a most palpable Truth. A certain Nobleman hearing a Gentleman spoken of, who was said to be a great Gamester; he is a most incorrigible Blockhead, cries my Lord; but on being assured

fured he was a Man of very brilliant Parts; if so, replies my Lord, he must be a rank Scoundrel: Not so, my Lord, replies the other, he bears the Character of a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour. "That cannot be, retorts the Nobleman; every Gamester is either a *Rogue* or *Fool*, *Pike* or *Gudgeon*; and Honour never makes a nearer Approach to the Heart of such a one, than the *Tip of his Tongue*."

All Conversation, all Improvement, is put a Stop to, the Moment Gaming commences: Friendship and Society, Benevolence and Humanity cease, and nothing further is thought of, but the Ruin of those you are in Company with; the Ruin of those you often make the strongest Protestations of Friendship to: The Gamester's Happiness (like the Devil's) depends on the Misery of others; and like Satan too, he smiles on those who, in his Heart, he devotes to Destruction.

The Life of a Gamester is a Life of Uncertainty, consequently of Unhappiness; he can never properly call any Thing his own, not being assured of its Possession one Moment longer than till his next sitting down to the Gaming Table. The thriving Gamester, (how precarious is his Thriving!) is the worst of Robbers; and the Unfortunate, the worst of Self-Murderers: A Murderer who involves all those Innocents, who unfortunately have any Connection with him, in the dismal Gulph of Beggary and wretched Dependence.

If Covetousness of another's Property, and Discontent of our own, be a Breach of the Divine Command, "*Thou shalt not covet thy Neighbour's Goods*," &c. the Gamester is ever and superlatively guilty. The late Duke of A——e, who had an Aversion for all Sorts of Gaming, being urged to no Purpose by a Nobleman, to sport a little Money; *Sure, my Lord*, cries the Nobleman, *you must love your Money vastly, to be afraid of venturing a Trifle of it.*——

It

It is true, my Lord, (replies his Grace) I do love my own Money; yet no Person had ever Reason to say I was fond of another Man's.

The Male Part of Mankind who give into this Vice, prostitute their Talents to the most vicious Purposes; they become entirely absorbed by it; they stand like Slaves in the Market, to be bought and sold; for Necessity often stares them in the Face, and betrays them to Venality.

If married, how can they reflect on the Hazards to which they expose the Happiness of Wives, Children, Friends? And when oppressed by ill Fortune, how often are they so cowardly as to have Recourse to a Pistol, and by Suicide leave those Innocents to confront a Danger they themselves are afraid of facing? But when Gaming seizes the Female Breast, to all the above-mentioned Misfortunes we may justly add *Loss of Beauty*, which is ever the Consequence of late Hours, ruffled Passions, and a corroding Heart. Her Honour, her Chastity, can no longer be called her own, when she commences Gamester. The Mansion of Gracefulness and Beauty is converted into a foul and darksome Dungeon. Attracting Softness and Modesty (the amiable Characteristics of the Sex) are changed for unbecoming Fierceness and Acerbity of Temper, and the whole Picture brings to our Mind the different Situations and Figure of *Satan* before and after the Fall. These Reflections (loose and indigested as they are) were occasioned by the two following Relations, which lately happened, and which probably several of my Readers know to have but too much Truth in them.

In one of the principal Cities in *England* lived *Lucius* and *Sapphira*, blessed with a moderate Fortune, Health, Love, Peace of Mind, and two little Darlings, a Son and a Daughter. They seemed to want for nothing as an Addition to their Happiness, nor were they insensible of what they enjoyed; but with Gratitude to Heaven, were Instruments of Good to all

U

about

about them. Towards the Close of last Summer, *Lucius* happening to be in Company with some neighbouring Gentlemen, who proposed to waste an Hour or so at Cards, he consented more in Compliance with others' Taste than his own: Like other Sporters, he met with a Variety of Fortune, (a Variety more seducing than a Continuance either of good or bad) and warmed with Liquor, he was inconsiderately drawn in before the Company broke up to involve himself more than his Fortune could bear. The next Day, on sober Reflection, he could not support the Thoughts of the Distress his Folly had brought on his *Sapphira* and the little Innocents; he had not Courage to acquaint her with what had happened; and whilst in the Midst of Pangs he had hitherto been a Stranger to, he was visited again, and again tempted by one of the last Night's Company to try Fortune once more. In order to drown Reflection, and in Hopes of recovering his Loss, he flew to the fatal Place, nor did he leave it till he had lost his All. The Consequence of which was, that the next Day, in Despair indescribable, after writing a Letter to acquaint *Sapphira* with what had happened, he shot himself through the Head; the News of which deprived *Sapphira* of her Senses: She is at present confined in a Mad-house, and the two little Innocents, destitute of Parents and Fortune, have a troublesome World to struggle through, and are likely to feel all the Miseries that Poverty and servile Dependence entail on the Wretched.

A young Lady who lived in the North, was on the Point of Marriage with a young Gentleman whom she was doatingly fond of, and by whom she was as greatly beloved: She was at the same Time admired by a Person of high Rank, but whose Passion, as he was already married, was consequently dishonourable. He was determined however at any Rate, to indulge his vicious Flame; but as she was a Person of the strictest Honour, he was obliged to act cautiously, and keep his

Love

Love a Secret.—Knowing her Propensity to Gaming, he laid a Snare for her, into which she fell, to the great Diminution of her Fortune.—This he took Care to have represented with the most aggravating Circumstances to the Gentleman to whom she was engaged. His Friends painted to him the dreadful Inconvenience of his taking a Gamester to Wife: Poverty, Disease, and probably Dishonour to his Bed, were the likely Consequences: In a Word, they managed Matters so as to break off the Match. The Villian who occasioned the Breach between the Lovers, notwithstanding misfired his wicked Ends; his Addresses and Proposals met with Contempt and Abhorrence; yet though she preserved her Chastity, (a Circumstance very uncommon among Female Gamesters) the Loss of her intended Spouse, whom she was distractedly fond of, threw her into a Decline, which in a few Months put an End to her Life.

On DRUNKENNESS.

*O! that Men should put an Enemy into their Mouths to steal
away their Brains.*

SHAKESPEAR.

THE following is a Letter from a Father to his only Son, in which he lays open the detestable Crime of Drunkenness, and its shocking Consequences, in striking Colours. As the Subject of the Letter is a Vice not very uncommon in *England*, I hope the inserting of it will need no farther Apology.

“ Dear To M,

“ IT is with the greatest Concern I hear you have lately (more than once) been guilty of getting fuddled in Company with some of your youthful Companions;

U 2

you

you can scarcely think what a Shock this Account gave me. I know, my dear Boy, you have a great Flow of Spirits, a lively Imagination, and great Good-nature; but those Qualities, instead of guarding you against that odious Fault, are, I am afraid, most likely to hurry you into it: Other Vices generally have their Rise, and take deepest Root in the meanest Dispositions. Drunkenness, on the contrary, is often, too often, observed to flourish in the richest and most promising Soils: This, *Tom*, is a principal Reason why I fear for you. A social, good-natured Youth is drawn in by Degrees; if he be lively, smart, and witty, his Company is sought for by others; if Wit in another captivates him, the Company he doats on draws him to the Tavern, and though he steps cautiously at first, he soon from Habit and Example loses all Sense of what he is doing; the Sense of Danger daily wears off; Fondness of Company by Degrees draws on a Fondness for Liquor; he becomes more fottish, and consequently more stupid, till at last his Understanding, (an Understanding that might have done Honour to his Country, and benefited his Fellow-creatures) becomes clouded and muddled, and instead of the promising Expectations that his Youth afforded, he becomes a Burden to himself, and despicable to all the World.

“Drunkenness, *Tom*, stupifies the Senses, destroys the Memory, blunts the Understanding, fills Men with Diseases, and makes them incapable of Business of any Kind: That this is the Consequence of habitual Drunkenness, too many Instances in every Part of the Kingdom will evince. What a despicable Character that of a Sot is I need not describe to you, and depend upon it, every Person who is fond of the Company of Topers, is in a fair Way of becoming a Sot. If your Inclination tends that Way, check it immediately, nor deceive yourself with the Hopes of having the Power to conquer it whenever you please; in such a Case Habit daily adds new Strength to the

the vicious Bent: The brute Part of us (Appetite) soon possesses the whole Man, and Reason, which may be called the angelic Part, becomes quite smothered and destroyed: You know, my Lad, it is a common Expression to say, he is as drunk as a Beast. We do not suppose that Beasts get drunk; we mean by it, that Man by Inebriation drowns his Understanding; and when his Reason is gone, he is upon a Level with, nay really far beneath the irrational, brute Creation. Brutes are certainly equally rational with such a Wretch, if not more so, with the superior Advantage of a sound Body, and an Instinct to guide them.

“I am not afraid, *Tom*, of your giving into Vices which flow from an illiberal Genius or Stupidity, as Swearing for Example, which shows a Barrenness of Understanding, and a Want of Words; a Want in Reality of Common Sense in the Blasphemer. This, my dear Boy, thank God, is far from being the Case with you at present; yet should you ever become an habitual Drunkard, the Company you must then be often reduced to herd with, and the Loss of your Understanding, will, you may depend upon it, bring on that stupid Vice as an additional Odium to your Character.

“I know the World is apt to laugh at the Apprehension of any Danger accruing from getting fuddled now and then; they think the Consequences innocent and trifling, but they soon find themselves woefully mistaken. Getting fuddled is the high Road to habitual Drunkenness; the oftner you are guilty of it, the more you prejudice your Health and Understanding; and the less capable you are to guard against that abominable Vice: It steals upon you insensibly, and you are seldom conscious of the Danger till you are incapable of resisting it.

“Consider, my dear Lad, the first Deviation from the level Paths of Virtue, is the gradual imperceptible Descent; The Entrance is bewitching, as it lies

through the flowery Regions of Pleasure; but as you advance, the Way soon becomes rougher and less pleasing: The Prospect by Degrees grows dreary, gloomy, and frightful: Each Step you advance grows steeper and steeper; your Power of Resistance grows fainter and fainter; and you are hurried down, in Spite of the feeble Efforts you are then capable of making, into the Gulph of Shame and everlasting Destruction.

“ A Drunkard is the worst of Suicides; he is a deliberate, determined Self-murderer; he hurries himself out of the World; and for the short Time he crawls on the Earth, he makes himself miserable, by loading himself with racking Distempers: Company, which he was so fond of, avoid and despise him, when he can no longer contribute to their irrational Mirth; (for you must never trust to Friendship commenced over a Bottle) and the only faint Glimmering of Pleasure he then enjoys, is when he is pouring down that liquid Poison which first occasioned, and still increases his Disorder.

“ A certain People among the ancient *Greeks* (the *Locrians*, I think) punished with double Rigour any Crime committed in Liquor; first and principally, for getting drunk; and secondly, for the Crime committed; for certainly he who eradicates his Reason deliberately, as Drunkards do, is much more guilty of what is committed for Want of that Reason, destroyed by his own Fault, than he whose Reason is overcome by any accidental Attack of Passion.

“ You seem, *Tom*, to have some Ambition in you, a laudable Ambition, I hope, to distinguish yourself, and cut a Figure in the World: All that, my dear Boy, is over with you, if once you suffer Drunkenness to become your Master: That Emulation which might have made you illustrious, will of Course be reversed into an Abasement that must degrade you below Rationality; and scarcely, as I have hinted before, leave you

you on a Level with the lowest Order of grovelling Brutes.

“ Whenever you hear any Person brag in Company (which Drunkards generally do with great Pleasure and Self-consequence) that he got drunk, most damnably drunk, set that Fellow down for a Fool at the best.—It is a foolish, nay a wicked Way of priding himself, of what he should be ashamed of. What then must we think of Company, who by their Behaviour seem to approve such Folly? And as to the ridiculous Custom of drinking Healths, nothing certainly can be a greater Enemy to Health than it is. I am sure it were as absurd to applaud a Person for eating to Excess, as for drinking to Excess; they are equally despicable, gluttonous, mean, and hoggish.

“ A Man may enjoy Company infinitely to more Advantage, in walking, riding, &c. than in a Tavern over a Bottle. Moderate Exercise contributes to Health and Improvement of the Faculties; and Conversation at such Times must be more edifying from the Variety of Scenes that are continually presenting themselves to the Eye: Or if the Weather will not permit that, enjoy yourself in your own or your Friend’s Chamber, with an agreeable Companion or two, which must be much preferable to fuddling in a Tavern or an Alehouse, where the longer you remain, the less entertaining and improving must the Conversation be. Besides, I know you have a Taste both for Music and Painting, and certainly any Person so endowed, can never be at a Loss for a pleasing Relaxation from Study.—I am far, *Tom*, from being one of that rigid Class of Mortals, who decry Chearfulness and Mirth; I love Mirth, you know I do; and Chearfulness (as the *Spectator* says) is the very Health of the Soul; to preserve which, is one great Reason why I would have you avoid Drinking; for Drinking is in Reality an Enemy to Chearfulness, Good-nature, and Mirth. In Drinking it is hard, nay it is almost impossible, to stop at a certain Mark, and when you once go beyond it, you are hurried you know
not

not whither; Quarrelling, Gaming, Debauchery of all Kinds; nay often Murder, are the dreadful Fruits of Drinking; and in regard to Conversation, *Tom*, I would appeal to yourself, whether from the little you have seen of Drinking, (I sincerely hope it is but little) whether in your cool Moments you would not have been ashamed of the Words and Actions which you applauded when warm with Liquor? In a Word, unless you most carefully guard against Drunkenness in your Youth, it will insensibly steal on you; it will make you miserable both in Body and Mind; it will prove an insuperable Bar to your becoming eminent in any Profession; it will make you odious to yourself, and despicable to others; it will lay a perpetual Opening to the grand Tempter to make you miserable both here and hereafter; and indeed, and in Truth, I would rather hear of your being no more, than your becoming a Drunkard.—You know I love you, *Tom*; yet the more I love you, the more desirous I would be of your descending to the Grave, than to hear of your giving Way to that scandalous, mean, detestable Vice.—I shall conclude my Letter with a little Story I have somewhere read, and which I think much to the Purpose.

“ A certain young Fellow had been drawn into a Contract with the Devil, that in Consideration of some important Services from his diabolical Majesty, the young Fellow was to comply with one of three Requests the Devil should think proper to make him. It is to be observed, the Devil had before often tempted him in vain to commit several Crimes; but the young Fellow had hitherto withstood his Temptations, and was still determined to refuse him in every Thing, but the one Request he was obliged by his Contract to comply with: When it came to *Belzebub's* Turn to command, he left it to the Youth's Choice, either to murder his Father, debauch his own Sister, or get drunk. The young Man chose the last, as by far the least shocking; but when he had got drunk, the Devil took that Opportunity

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In London, 1785.

Santon Barfisa

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and S. Hedgeson.*

portunity of tempting him (which till he was drunk he never could effectually do) to commit both the other Crimes. Thus he was drawn in to commit all the Devil wanted; whereas if either of the other had been his Choice, he would probably have escaped so complicated a Guilt."

The HISTORY of SANTON BARSISA: Showing the fatal Effects of encouraging bad Thoughts.

*Short is the Course of every lawless Pleasure,
Grief like a Shade on all its Footsteps waits,
Scarce visible in Joy's Meridian Height:
But downwards as its Blaze declining spreads,
The dwarfish Shadow to a Giant grows.*

MILTON.

THERE was formerly a *Santon*, whose Name was *Barsisa*, who for the Space of an hundred Years very frequently applied himself to Prayer; and scarcely ever went out of the Grotto in which he made his Residence, for Fear of exposing himself to the Danger of offending God. He fasted in the Day-time, and watched in the Night; all the Inhabitants of the Country had so great a Veneration for him, and so highly valued his Prayers, that they commonly applied to him when they had any Favours to beg of Heaven. When he made Vows for the Health of a sick Person, the Patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the Daughter of the King of that Country fell into a dangerous Distemper, the Cause of which the Physicians could not discover, yet they continued prescribing Remedies by Guess; but instead of helping the Princess, they only augmented her Disease. In the mean Time the King was inconsolable, for he passionately loved his Daughter; Wherefore one Day, finding all human Assistance vain, he declared it his Opinion, that the Princess ought to be sent to the *Santon Barsisa*.

All

All the *Beys* applauded his Sentiment, and the King's Officers conducted her to the *Santon*; who, notwithstanding his frozen Age, could not see such a Beauty, without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with Pleasure; and the Devil taking this Opportunity, whispered in his Ear thus: Oh *Santon*! do not let slip such a fortunate Minute: Tell the King's Servants, that it is requisite for the Princess to pass this Night in the Grotto, to see whether it will please God to cure her; that you will put up a Prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her To-morrow.

How weak is Man! The *Santon* followed the Devil's Advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the Officers before they would yield to leave the Princess, sent one of their Number to know the King's Pleasure. That Monarch, who had an entire Confidence in *Barfisa*, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his Daughter with him. *I consent*, said he, *that she stay with that holy Man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases; I am wholly satisfied on that Head.*

When the Officers had received the King's Answer, they retired, and the Princess remained alone with the Hermit. Night being come, the Devil presented himself to *Santon*, saying, "Canst thou let slip so favourable an Opportunity with so charming a Creature? Fear not her telling of the Violence you offer to her; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The Court, the City, and all the World, are too much prepossessed in thy Favour, to give any Credit to such a Report. You may do any Thing unpunished, when armed by the great Reputation for Wisdom which you have acquired." The unfortunate *Barfisa* was so weak as to harken to the Enemy of Mankind. He approached the Princess, took her in his Arms, and in a Moment cancelled a Virtue of an hundred Years' Duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated the Crime, than a thousand avenging Horrors haunted him Night and Day. He thus accosted the Devil: "Oh Wretch,
says

says he, it is thou who hast destroyed me! Thou hast encompassed me for a whole Age, and endeavoured to seduce me; and now thou hast at last gained thy End.” “Oh *Santon*! answered the Devil, do not reproach me with the Pleasures thou hast enjoyed. Thou mayst repent: But what is most unhappy for thee is, that the Princess is impregnate, and thy Sin will become public: Thou wilt become the Laughing-stock of those who admire and reverence thee at present, and the King will put thee to an ignominious Death.”

Barfisa, terrified by this Discourse, says to the Devil, “What shall I do to prevent the Publication of my Shame?” “To hinder the Knowledge of your Crime, you ought to commit a fresh one, answered the Devil. Kill the Princess, bury her in the Corner of the Grotto, and when the King’s Messengers come Tomorrow, tell them you have cured her, and that she went from the Grotto very early in the Morning: They will believe you, and search for her all over the City and Country; and the King her Father will be in great Pain for her; but after several vain Searches it will wear off.”

The Hermit, abandoned by God, pursuant to this Advice, killed the Princess, buried her in a Corner of the Grotto, and the next Day told the Officers what the Devil bade him say. They made diligent Enquiry for the King’s Daughter; but not being able to hear of her, they despaired of finding her, when the Devil told them that all their Searches for the Princess were in vain; and relating what had passed betwixt her and the *Santon*, he told them the Place where she was interred. The Officers immediately went to the Grotto, seized *Barfisa*, and found the Princess’ Body in the Place to which the Devil had directed them; whereupon they took up the Corpse, and carried that and the *Santon* to the Palace.

When the King saw his Daughter dead, and was informed of the whole Event, he broke into Tears and bitter Lamentation; and assembling the Doctors, he laid

laid the *Santon's* Crime before them, and asked their Advice how he should be punished. All the Doctors condemned him to Death; upon which the Gibbet was erected; when the Hermit went up the Ladder, and he was going to be turned off, the Devil whispered in his Ear these Words: "O *Santon!* if you will worship me, I will extricate you out of this Difficulty, and transport you two thousand Leagues from hence into a Country where you shall be revered by Men, as much as you were before this Adventure." "I am content, says *Barfisa*, deliver me, and I will worship thee." "Give me first a Sign of Adoration," replied the Devil; whereupon the *Santon* bowed his Head, and said, "I give myself to you." Then the Devil raising his Voice, said, "Oh *Barfisa*, I am satisfied; I have obtained what I desired:" And with these Words, spitting in his Face, he disappeared; and the deluded *Santon* was hanged.

From this may be inferred, that evil Thoughts will sometimes start up even in the best of Minds, which when checked as soon as noticed, can never be deemed criminal, but ought to be carefully stifled in *Embryo*, as the first Incitements to Sin; for Vice naturally begets Vice, and the least Digression from Virtue is frequently succeeded by such a Train of Evils, as leads on imperceptibly to certain Ruin.



On the imperceptible Deviation to VICE, and the Remonstrances of CONSCIENCE.—The Story of AMURATH, an Eastern Monarch.

*When Conscience pleads, turn not away;
'Tis Heav'n that speaks and points the Way.*

R.

BY which of the *Indian Sages* of Antiquity the following Story was written, or whether the People of the *East* have any remote Tradition upon which it is founded, is not known: But it was probably related in the first Person, to give it an Air of greater Dignity, and render its Influence more powerful: Nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible to People among whom *Metempsychosis* is an Article of Faith, and the visible Agency of *superior Beings* admitted without Scruple.

Amurath, Sultan of the *East*, the Judge of Nations, the Disciple of Adversity, records the Wonders of his Life: Let those who presumptuously question the Ways of *Providence*, blush in Silence, and be wise; let the Proud be humble, and obtain Honour; and let the Sensual reform, and be happy.

The Angel of Death closed the Eyes of the Sultan *Abradin*, my Father, and his Empire descended to me in the eighteenth Year of my Age. At first my Mind was awed to Humility, and softened with Grief; I was insensible to the Splendor of Dominion; I heard the Addresses of Flattery with Disgust, and received the Homage of dependent Greatness with Indifference. I had always regarded my Father not only with Love but Reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting Instances of his Tendernefs, and reviewing the solemn Scene, in which he recommended me to Heaven in imperfect Language, and grasped my Hand in the Agonies of Death.

One Evening, after having concealed myself all
X Day

Day in my Chamber, I visited his Grave; I prostrated myself on his Tomb; Sorrow overflowed my Eyes, and Devotion kindled in my Bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the Shoulder as with a Rod; and looking up, I perceived a Man whose Eyes were piercing as Light, and his Beard whiter than Snow. "I am, said he, the Genius *Sydarac*, the Friend of thy Father *Abradin*, who was the Fear of his Enemies, and the Desire of his People; whose Smile diffused Gladness like the Lustre of the Morning, and whose Frown was dreadful as the gathering of a Tempest: Resign thyself to my Influence, and thou shalt be like him." I bowed myself to the Earth in Token of Gratitude and Obedience, and he put a Ring on the middle Finger of my Left-hand, in which I perceived a Ruby of a deep Colour and uncommon Brightness. "This Ring, said he, shall mark out to thee the Boundaries of Good and Evil; that, without weighing remote Consequences, thou mayest know the Nature and Tendency of every Action. Be attentive therefore to the silent Admonition: And when the Circle of Gold shall by a sudden Contraction press thy Finger, and the Ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that Action in thy Memory as a Transgression of the Rule of Right: Keep my Gift as a Pledge of Happiness and Honour, and take it not off for a Moment." I received the Ring with a Sense of Obligation which I strove to express, and an Astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The *Genius* perceived my Confusion, and turning from me with a Smile of Complacency, immediately disappeared.

During the first Moon I was so cautious and circumspect, that the Pleasure of reflecting that my Ring had not once indicated a Fault, was lessened by a Doubt of its Virtue. I applied myself to the public Business. My Melancholy decreased, as my Mind was diverted to other Objects; and, lest the Youth of my Court should

should think that Recreation was too long suspended, I appointed to hunt the Lion. But though I went out to the Sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual Ardour returned in the Field; I grew warm in the Pursuit, I continued the Chace, which was unsuccessful, too long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the Seraglio, I was met by a little Dog that had been my Father's, who expressed his Joy at my Return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my Hand: But as I was not disposed to receive his Caresses, I struck him in the Fretfulness of my Displeasure so severe a Blow with my Foot, that it left him scarce Power to crawl away, and hide himself under a Sofa in the Corner of the Apartment. At this Moment I felt the Ring press my Finger, and looking upon the Ruby, I perceived the Glow of its Colour abated.

I was at first struck with Surprize and Regret; but Surprize and Regret quickly gave Way to Disdain. "Shall not the Sultan *Amurath*, said I, to whom a thousand Kings pay Tribute, and in whose Hand is the Life of Nations, shall not *Amurath* strike a Dog that offends him, without being reproached for having transgressed the Rule of Right?" My Ring again pressed my Finger, and the Ruby became more pale: Immediately the Palace shook with a Burst of Thunder, and the Genius *Syndarac* again stood before me.

"*Amurath*, said he, thou hast offended against thy Brother of the Dust; a Being who, like thee, has received from the ALMIGHTY a Capacity of Pleasure and Pain: Pleasure which Caprice is not allowed to suspend, and Pain which Justice only has a Right to inflict. If thou art justified by Power in afflicting inferior Beings, I should be justified in afflicting thee: But my Power yet spares thee, because it is directed by the Laws of Sovereign Goodness, and because thou mayst yet be reclaimed by Admonition. But yield not to the Impulse of quick Resentment, nor indulge

in Cruelty the Frowardness of Disgust, lest by the Laws of Goodness I be compelled to afflict thee; for he that scorns Reproof, must be reformed by Punishment, or lost for ever."

At the Presence of *Syndarac* I was troubled, and his Words covered me with Confusion: I fell prostrate at his Feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder Accent, "Expect not henceforth that I should answer the Demands of Arrogance, or gratify the Curiosity of Speculation: Confide in my Friendship, and trust implicitly to thy Ring."

As the Chace had produced so much Infelicity, I did not repeat it, but invited my Nobles to a Banquet, and entertained them with Dancing and Music. I had given Leave that all Ceremony should be suspended, and that the Company should treat me not as a Sovereign but as an Equal, because the Conversation would otherwise be incumbered or restrained; and I encouraged others to Pleasantry, by indulging the Luxuriancy of my own Imagination. But though I affected to throw off the Trappings of Royalty, I had not sufficient Magnanimity to despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary Deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at *Alibeg*, my Visir, who endeavoured to prevail upon the Assembly to enjoy the Liberty that had been given them, and was himself an Example of the Conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the Object of my Raillery, the Man who alone deserved my Approbation: He believed my Condescension to be sincere, and imagined that he was securing my Favour, by that Behaviour which had incurred my Displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his Pain, and was elated at my Success; but my Attention was suddenly called to my Ring, and I perceived the Ruby change Colour. I desisted for a Moment; but some of my Courtiers having discovered and seconded my Intention, I felt my Vanity and my

Re-

Resentment gratified; I endeavoured to wash away the Remembrance of my Ring with Wine; my Satire became more bitter, and *Alibeg* discovered yet greater Distress. My Ring again reproached me; but I still persevered. The *Visir* was at length roused to his Defence; probably he had discovered and despised my Weakness: His Replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from Raillery to Inveective: At length, disguising the Anguish of his Mind with a Smile, "*Amurath*, said he, if the *Sultan* should know, that after having invited your Friends to Festivity and Merriment, you had assumed this Authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with the Familiarity of Friendship, you would certainly fall under his Displeasure." The Severity of this Sarcasm, which was extorted by long Provocations from a Man warmed with Wine, stung me with intolerable Rage; I started up, and spurning him from the Table, was about to draw my Poignard; when my Attention was again called to my Ring, and I perceived, with some Degree of Regret, that the Ruby had fallen almost to a perfect White.

But, instead of being resolved to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent Reproof, I comforted myself, that the *Genius* would no more alarm me with his Presence. The Irregularities of my Conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the Intimations of my Ring became proportionably more frequent, though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was pleased with Servility; Servility was therefore practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a Pension, and sometimes with a Place. Thus the Government of my Kingdom was left to petty Tyrants, who oppressed the People to enrich themselves. In the mean Time, I filled my Seraglio with Women, among whom I abandoned myself to Sensuality, without enjoying the pure Delight of

that Love which arises from Esteem. But I had not yet stained my Hands with Blood, nor dared to ridicule the Laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My Resentment against *Alibeg*, however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect Hatred; I degraded him from his Office; but I still kept him at Court, that I might imbitter his Life by perpetual Indignities, and practise against him new Schemes of Malevolence.

Selima, the Daughter of this Prince, had been intended by my Father for my Wife; and the Marriage had been delayed only by his Death: But the Pleasure and the Dignity that *Alibeg* would derive from this Alliance had now changed my Purpose. Yet such was the Beauty of *Selima*, that I gazed with Desire; and such was her Wit, that I listened with Delight. I therefore resolved, that I would, if possible, seduce her to voluntary Prostitution; and that when her Beauty should yield to the Charms of Variety, I would dismiss her with Marks of Disgrace. But in this Attempt I could not succeed; my Solicitations were rejected sometimes with Tears, and sometimes with Reproaches. I became every Day more wretched, by seeking to bring Calamities upon others; I considered my Disappointment as the Triumph of a Slave, whom I wished, but did not dare to destroy; and I regarded his Daughter as the Instrument of my Dishonour. Thus the Tenderness, which before had shaken my Purpose, was weakened; my Desire for Beauty became as selfish and as sordid an Appetite as my Desire for Food; and as I had no Hope of obtaining the complete Gratification of my Lust and my Revenge, I determined to enjoy *Selima* by Force, as the only Expedient to alleviate my Torment.

She resided by my Command in an Apartment of the Seraglio, and I entered her Chamber at Midnight by a private Door, of which I had the Key; but with inexpressible Vexation I found it empty. To be thus dif-

disappointed in my last Attempt, at the very Moment in which I thought I had insured Success, distracted me with Rage; and instead of returning to my Chamber, and concealing my Design, I called for her Women. They ran in pale and trembling: I demanded the Lady; they gazed at me astonished and terrified, and then looking upon each other, stood silent: I repeated my Demand with Fury and Execration, and to enforce it, called aloud for the Ministers of Death: They then fell prostrate at my Feet, and declared with one Voice, that they knew not where she was; that they had left her when they were dismissed for the Night, sitting on a Sofa pensive and alone; and that no Person had since, to their Knowledge, passed in or out of her Apartment.

The STORY of AMURATH continued.

*Of mortal Justice if thou scorn the Rod,
Believe and tremble—thou art judg'd of God.*

R.

IN this Account, however incredible, they persisted without Variation; and having filled the Palace with Alarm and Confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any Intelligence by what Means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my Resentment. I reviewed the Transactions of the Night with Anguish and Regret, and bewildered myself among the innumerable Possibilities that might have produced my Disappointment. I remembered that the Windows of *Selima's* Apartments were open, and I imagined that she might that Way have escaped into the Gardens of the Seraglio. But why should she escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by Day. Had she an Affliction? And did she intend to return, without being known to have been absent? This Supposition increased my Torment; because, if it was true, *Selima* had granted

granted to my Slave that which she refused to me. But as all these Conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her Absence a Pretence to destroy her Father.

In the Morning I gave Orders that he should be seized and brought before me; but while I was yet speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my Accusation: "May the Sultan *Amurath*, in whose Wrath the Angel of Death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the Smiles of Heaven! Let the wretched *Alibeg* perish; but let my Lord remember *Selima* with Mercy; let him dismiss the Slave in whom he ceases to delight." I heard no more, but cried out, "Darest thou to mock me with a Request, to dismiss thy Daughter whom thou hast stolen? Thou, whose Life has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared! Restore her within an Hour, or affronted Mercy shall give thee up." "Oh! said he, let not the mighty Sovereign of the *East* sport with the Misery of the Weak. If thou hast doomed us to Death, let us die together."

Though I was now convinced that *Alibeg* believed I had confined *Selima*, and decreed her Death, yet I resolved to persist in requiring her at his Hands; and therefore dismissed him with a Repetition of my Command, to produce her within an Hour, upon Pain of Death.

My Ring, which during this Series of Events had given perpetual Intimation of Guilt, which was always disregarded, now pressed my Finger so forcibly, that it gave me great Pain, and compelled my Notice. I immediately retired, and gave Way to the Discontent that swelled my Bosom. "How wretched a Slave is *Amurath* to an invisible Tyrant! A Being, whose Malevolence or Envy has restrained me in the Exercise of my Authority as a Prince, and whose Cunning has contrived perpetually to insult me, by intimating that every Action of my Life is a Crime! How long shall I groan under this intolerable Oppression!

pression! This accursed Ring is the Badge and the Instrument of my Subjection and Dishonour: He who gave it, is now perhaps in some remote Region of the Air; perhaps he rolls some Planet in its Orbit, agitates the Southern Ocean with a Tempest, or shakes some distant Region with an Earthquake: But wherever he is, he has surely a more important Employ than to watch my Conduct. Perhaps he has contrived this Talisman, only to restrain me from the Enjoyment of some Good, which he wishes to with-hold; I feel that my Desires are controuled; and to gratify these Desires is to be happy." As I pronounced these Words I drew off the Ring, and threw it to the Ground with Disdain and Indignation: Immediately the Air grew dark; a Cloud burst in Thunder over my Head, and the Eye of *Syndaric* was upon me. I stood before him motionless and silent: Horror thrilled in my Veins, and my Hair stood upright. I had neither Power to deprecate his Anger nor to confess my Faults. In his Countenance there was a calm Severity; and I heard him pronounce these Words: "Thou hast now, as far as in thy own Power, thrown off Humanity, and degraded thy Being: Thy Form therefore shall no longer conceal thy Nature, nor thy Example render thy Vices contagious." He then touched me with his Rod; and while the Sound of his Voice yet vibrated in my Ear, I found myself in the Midst of a Desert, not in the Form of a Man, but of a Monster, with the fore Parts of my Body like a Wolf, and the hinder Parts like a Goat. I was still conscious to every Event of my Life, and my intellectual Powers were continued, though my Passions were irritated to Frenzy. I now rolled in the Sand in an Agony not to be described; and now hastily traversed the Desert, impelled only by the vain Desire of flying from myself; I now bel-lowed with Rage, and now howled in Despair; this Moment I breathed Execration against the *Genius*, and the next reproached myself for having forfeited his Friendship.

By

By this violent Agitation of Mind and Body, the Powers of both were soon exhausted: I crawled into a Den which I perceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a State of Insensibility. I slept; but Sleep, instead of prolonging, put an End to this Interval of Quiet. The *Genius* still terrified me with his Presence; I heard his Sentence repeated, and felt again all the Horrors of my Transformation. When I awaked I was not refreshed: Calamity, though it compelled me to admit Slumber, can yet exclude Rest. But I was now roused with Hunger; for Hunger, like Sleep, is irresistible.

I went out in Search of Prey; and if I felt any Alleviation of Misery, besides the Hope of satisfying my Appetite, it was in the Thought of tearing to Pieces whatever I should meet, and inflicting some Part of the Evil which I endured; for though I regretted my Punishment, I did not repent of my Crimes; and as I imagined *Syndaric* would now neither mitigate nor increase my Sufferings, I was not restrained, either by Hope or Fear, from indulging my Disposition to Cruelty and Revenge. But while I was thus meditating the Destruction of others, I trembled, lest by some stronger Savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the Midst of this Variety of Torment, I heard the Cry of Dogs, the Trampling of Horses, and the Shouts of the Hunters; and such is the Love of Life, however wretched, that my Heart sunk within me at the Sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first they gazed on me with Wonder, and doubted whether they should advance: But at length a Slave threw a Net over me, and I was dragged to the City.

I now entered the Metropolis of my Empire, amidst the Noise and Tumult of the Rabble, who, the Day before, would have hid themselves at my Presence. I
heard

heard the Sound of Music at a Distance : The Heralds approached, and *Alibeg* was proclaimed in my Stead. I was now deserted by the Multitude, whose Curiosity was diverted by the Pomp of the Procession; and was conducted to the Place where other Savages are kept, which Custom has considered as Part of the Regalia.

My Keeper was a black Slave, whom I did not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal Presumption to have stood before me. After he had given me Food, and the Vigour of Nature was restored, he discovered in me such Tokens of Ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many Hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this Delay, that forgetting my Dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me : So that he found it necessary to add Blows to Hunger, that he might gain such an Ascendency over me, as was suitable to his Office. By this Slave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished, till the Fierceness of my Disposition being suppressed by Fear and Langour, a mild Temper insensibly stole upon me; and a Demeanor that was begun by Constraint, was continued by Habit.

I was now treated with less Severity, and strove to express something like Gratitude, that might encourage my Keeper to yet greater Kindness. His Vanity was flattered by my Submission; and, to show as well his Courage as the Success of his Discipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the Presence of those whose Curiosity brought them to see me. A Kind of Friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some Degree of the Affection that I had feigned.

It happened that a Tiger, which had been lately taken, broke one Day into my Den while my Keeper was giving me my Provision, and, leaping upon him, would instantly have torn him to Pieces, if I had not seized

seized the Savage by the Throat, and dragged him to the Ground: The Slave presently dispatched him with his Dagger, and turned about to caress his Deliverer; but starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with Astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a Monster, but a Dog.

I was myself conscious of the Change which had again passed upon me, and leaping out of my Den, escaped from my Confinement. This Transformation I considered as a Reward for my Fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in the first Moments of my Escape; for I reflected, that as a Dog my Liberty was not only restored, but insured; I was no longer suspected of Qualities which rendered me unfit for Society; I had some faint Resemblance of human Virtue which is not found in other Animals, and therefore hoped to be more generally caressed. But it was not long before this Joy subsided in the Remembrance of that Dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable Distance. Yet I lifted up my Heart in Gratitude to the Power who had once more brought me within the Circle of Nature. As a Brute I was more thankful for a Mitigation of Punishment, than as a King I had been for Offers of the highest Happiness and Honour. And who, that is not taught by Affliction, can justly estimate the Bounties of Heaven?

As soon as the first Tumult of my Mind was past, I felt an irresistible Inclination once more to visit the Apartments of my Seraglio. I placed myself behind an Emir, whom I knew to have been the Friend of *Alibeg*, and was permitted to follow him into the Presence. The Persons and the Place, the Retrospection of my Life which they produced, and the Comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the Garden, and lay down under the Shade of an Almond Tree, that I might indulge those Reflections which

which though they oppressed me with Melancholy, I did not wish to lose.

I had not been long in this Place, before a little Dog, which I knew to be the same I had spurned from me when he caressed me at my Return from Hunting, came and fawned at my Feet. My Heart now smote me, and I said to myself, "Dost thou know me under this Disguise? Is thy Fidelity to thy Lord unshaken? Cut off as I am from the Converse of Mankind, hast thou preserved for me an Affection, which I once so slightly esteemed, and requited with Evil? This Forgetfulness of Injury, and this steady Friendship, are they less than human, or are they more?" I was not prevented by these Reflections from returning those Caresses that I received; and *Alibeg*, who just entered the Garden, took Notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

In the Seraglio, I soon learned, that a Body which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the Chamber; and that *Alibeg* had been chosen to succeed me, by the unanimous Voice of the People. But I gained no Intelligence of *Selima*, whose Apartment I found in the Possession of another, and for whom I had searched every Part of the Palace in vain. I became restless; every Place was irksome; a Desire to wander prevailed; and one Evening I went out at the Garden Gate, and travelling till Midnight, I lay down at the Foot of a Sycamore Tree and slept.

In the Morning, I beheld with Surprise a Wall of Marble that seemed to reach to Heaven, and Gates that were sculptured with every Emblem of Delight. Over the Gate was inscribed in Letters of Gold,—
"Within this Wall Liberty is unbounded, and Felicity complete: Nature is not oppressed by the Tyranny of Religion, nor is Pleasure awed by the Frown of Virtue. The Gate is obedient to thy Wish, whosoever thou art: Enter therefore, and be happy."

When I read this Inscription, my Bosom throbbed

Y

with

with tumultuous Expectation : But my Desire to enter was repressed by the Reflection that I had lost the Form, in which alone I could gratify the Appetites of a Man. Desire and Curiosity were notwithstanding predominant : The Door immediately opened inward : I entered, and it closed after me.

The STORY of AMURATH concluded.

*Scarcely an Ill to human Life belongs,
But what our Follies cause, or mutual Wrongs ;
Or if some Stripes from Providence we feel,
He strikes with Pity, and but wounds to heal.*

DODSLEY.

BUT my Ears were now stunned with the Dissonance of Riot, and my Eye sickened at the Contortions of Misery : Disease was visible in every Countenance, however otherwise impressed with the Character of Rage, of Drunkenness, or of Lust ; Rape and Murder, Revelling and Strife, filled every Street and every Dwelling.

As my Retreat was cut off, I went forward with Timidity and Circumspection ; for I imagined, that I could not otherwise escape Injury, than by eluding the Notice of Wretches, whose Propensity to Ill was restrained by no Law ; and I perceived too late, that to punish Vice is to promote Happiness.

It was now Evening ; and that I might pass the Night in greater Security, I quitted the public Way, and perceiving a House that was encircled by a Mote, I swam over to it, and chose an obscure Corner of the Area for my Asylum. I heard from within, the Sound of Dancing and Music : But after a short Interval, was alarmed with the Menaces of Rage, the Shrieks of Terror, and the Wailings of Distress. The Window of the Banqueting Room flew open, and some Venison

was

was thrown out which fell just at my Feet. As I had eaten nothing since my Departure from the Seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate Accident; and after the Pleasure of an unexpected Repast, I again lay down in Expectation of the Morning, with Hope and Fear: But in a short Time many Persons rushed from the House with Lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the Venison which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the same Time perceiving me, they judged I had devoured it. I was immediately seized and led into the House: But as I could not discover that I was the Object either of Malignity or Kindness, I was in Doubt what would be the Issue of the Event. It was not long before this Doubt was solved; for I soon learned from the Discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten Poison, which had been intended for another, and was secured, that the Effect might either remove or confirm the Suspicion. As it was not suspected that the Poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in a Room by myself, where I reflected upon the Cause and Event of my Confinement with inexpressible Anguish, Anxiety, and Terror.

In this gloomy Interval, a sudden Light shone round me, and I found myself once more in the Presence of the *Genius*; I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterly without Hope. "Yet a few Moments, said he, and the Angel of Death shall teach thee, that the Wants of Nature cannot be supplied with Safety, where the inordinate Appetites of Vice are not restrained. Thy Hunger required Food; but the Lust and Revenge of others have given thee Poison." My Blood grew chill as he spake, I discovered and abhorred my Folly: But while I wished to express my Contrition, I fell down in an Agony? my Eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired.

That Spark of immaterial Fire, which no Violence can quench, rose up from the Dust which had thus

been restored to the Earth, and now animated the Form of a Dove. On this new State of Existence I entered with inexpressible Delight; I imagined that my Wings were not only a Pledge of Safety, but of the Favour of *Syndarac*, whom I was now more than ever solicitous to please. I flew immediately from the Window, and turning towards the Wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever a Place in which Guilt and Wretchedness were complicated in every Object, and which I now detested as much as I before had desired. But over this Region a sulphurous Vapour hovered like a thick Cloud, which I had no sooner entered than I fell down panting for Breath, and had scarce Strength to keep my Wings sufficiently extended to break my Fall. It was now Midnight, and I alighted near the Mouth of a Cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint Glimmerings of Light. Into this Place I entered without much Apprehension; as it rather appeared to be the Retreat of Penitence, than the Recess of Luxury: But least the Noise of my Wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous Inhabitant of this gloomy Solitude, I entered in Silence and upon my Feet. As I went forward, the Cave grew wider; and by the Light of a Lamp which was suspended from the Roof, I discovered a Hermit listening to a young Lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the Events which she was relating. Of the Hermit I had no Knowledge; but the Lady I discerned to be *Selima*. I was struck with Amazement at this Discovery; I remembered with the deepest Contrition my Attempts upon her Virtue, and I now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual: I watched her Lips with the utmost Impatience of Curiosity, and she continued her Narrative.

“ I was sitting on a Sofa one Evening after I had been caressed by *Amurath*, and my Imagination kindled as I mused. Why, said I aloud, should I give up the

the Delights of Love with the Splendor of Royalty? Since the Presumption of my Father has prevented my Marriage, why should I not accept the Blessings that are still offered? Why is Desire restrained by the Dread of Shame? And why is the Pride of Virtue offended by the Softness of Nature? Immediately a thick Cloud surrounded me; I felt myself lifted up, and conveyed through the Air with incredible Rapidity. I descended, the Cloud dissipated, and I found myself sitting in an Alcove, by the Side of a Canal that encircled a stately Edifice and a spacious Garden. I saw many Persons pass along; but discovered in all either something dissolute or wretched, something that alarmed my Fears, or excited my Pity. I suddenly perceived many Men with their Swords drawn, contending for a Woman, who was forced almost irresistibly by the Crowd, which moved directly towards the Place in which I was sitting. I was terrified, and looked round me with Eagerness to see where I should retreat for Safety. A Person, richly dressed, perceived my Distress, and invited me into the House which the Canal surrounded. Of this Invitation I hastily accepted with Gratitude and Joy: But I soon remarked several Incidents, which filled me with new Perplexity and Apprehension. I was welcomed to a Place, in which Infamy and Honour were equally unknown; where every Wish was indulged without the Violation of any Law, and where the Will was therefore determined only by Appetite. I was presently surrounded by Women, whose Behaviour covered me with Blushes; and though I rejected the Caressees of the Person into whose Power I was delivered, yet they became jealous of the Distinction with which he treated me. My Expostulations were not heard, and my Tears were treated with Merriment: Preparations were made for Revelling and Jollity; I was invited to join the Dance, and upon my Refusal, was entertained with Music. In this dreadful Situation, I sighed thus to myself:

How severe is that Justice which transports those who form licentious Wishes, to a Society in which they are indulged without Restraint! Who shall deliver me from the Effects of my own Folly? Who shall defend me against the Vices of others? At this Moment I was thus encouraged by the Voice of some invisible Being:—The Friends of *Virtue* are mighty; reject not their Protection, and thou art safe.—As I renounced the presumptuous Wish which had once polluted my Mind, I exulted in this Intimation with an Assurance of Relief; and when Supper was set before me, I suffered the principal Lady to serve me with some Venison; but the friendly Voice having warned me that it was poisoned, I fell back in my Seat and turned pale: The Lady enquired earnestly what had disordered me; but instead of making a Reply, I threw the Venison from the Window, and declared that she had intended my Death. The Master of the Table, who perceived the Lady to whom I spoke change Countenance, was at once convinced that she had indeed attempted to poison me, to preserve that Interest which, as a Rival, she feared I should subvert. He rose up in a Rage, and commanded the Venison to be produced; a Dog that was supposed to have eaten it was brought in: But before the Event could be known, the Tumult was become general; and my Rival, after having suddenly stabbed my Patron, plunged the same Poignard in her Bosom.

“In the Midst of this Confusion, I found Means to escape, and wandered through the City in Search of some obscure Recess, where, if I received not the Assistance which I hoped, Death at last might secure my Person from Violence, and close mine Eyes on those Scenes, which, wherever I turned, filled me not only with Disgust, but with Horror. By that benevolent Power, who, as a Preservative from Misery, has placed us in a secret and irresistible Disapprobation of Vice, my Feet have been directed to thee,

thee, whose Virtue has participated in my Distress, and whose Wisdom may effect my Deliverance."

I gazed upon *Selima*, while I thus learned the Ardour of that Affection which I had abused, with Sentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the most bitter Remorse, for having produced one Wish that could stain so amiable a Mind; and abhorred myself for having used the Power which I derived from her Tendernefs, to effect her Destruction. My Fondness was not less ardent, but it was more chaste and tender; Desire was not extinguished, but it was almost absorbed in Esteem. I felt a Passion, to which, till now, I had been a Stranger; and the Moment Love was kindled in my Breast, I resumed the proper Form of Nature in which alone it can subsist, and *Selima* beheld *Amurath* at her Feet. At my sudden and unexpected Appearance, the Colour faded from her Cheeks, the Powers of Life were suspended, and she sunk into my Arms. I clasped her to my Breast, and looking towards the Hermit for his Assistance, I beheld in his Stead the friendly *Genius*, who had taught me Happiness by Affliction. At the same Instant, *Selima* recovered. "Arise, said *Syndarac*, and look round." We looked round; the Darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the Road to *Golconda*, and the Spires of the City sparkling before us. "Go, said he, *Amurath*, henceforth the Husband of *Selima*, and the Father of thy People! I have revealed thy Story to *Alibeg* in a Vision; he expects thy Return, and the Chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, *Amurath*, the Sultan of the East, the Judge of Nations, the taught of Heaven; *Amurath*, whose Ring is equal to the Ring of *Solomon*, returns to reign with Wisdom, and diffuse Felicity." I now lifted up my Eyes, and beheld the Chariots coming forward. We were received by *Alibeg* with Sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the People with the loudest Acclamations: *Syndarac* pro-

proclaimed our Return in Thunder, that was heard through all the Nations of my Empire; and has prolonged my Reign in Prosperity and Peace.

For the World I have written, and by the World let what I write be remembered: For to none who hears of the Ring of *Amurath* shall its Influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy Heart a Witness, thou whose Eye drinks Instruction from my Pen? Hast thou not a Monitor who reproaches thee in Secret, when thy Foot deviates from the Path of Virtue? Neglect not the first Whispers of this Friend to thy Soul; it is the Voice of a greater than *Syndarac*, to resist whose Influence is to invite Destruction.

On the VANITY of HUMAN LIFE.

The VISION of MIRZA.

*Oh, what is Life, that thoughtless Wish of all!
A DROP of Honey in a DRAUGHT of Gall.*

R.

ON the fifth Day of the Moon, which, according to the Custom of my Forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the high Hills of *Bagdad*, in order to pass the Rest of the Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here airing myself on the Top of the Mountains, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity of human Life; and passing from one Thought to another, surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow, and Life a Dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my Eye towards the Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a musical Instrument in his Hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The Sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a Variety of Tones that were inexpressibly melodious, and

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altogether different from any Thing I had ever heard. This put me in Mind of those heavenly Airs that are played to the departed Souls of good Men upon their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the Impressions of their Agonies, and to qualify them for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in secret Rapture.

I had often been told that the Rock before me was the Haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with Music who had passed by it, but never heard that the Musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my Thoughts, by those transporting Airs which he played, to taste the Pleasures of his Conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his Hand directed me to approach the Place where he sat. I drew near with that Reverence which is due to a superior Nature; and as my Heart was entirely subdued by the captivating Strains I had heard, I fell down at his Feet, and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that familiarised him to my Imagination, and at once dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the Ground, and, taking me by the Hand, *Mirza*, said he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placed me at the Top of it: Cast thine Eye Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley, and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling through it. The Valley that thou seest, said he, is the Vale of Misery; and the Tide of Water that thou seest is Part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a thick Mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching

ing from the Beginning of the World to its Consummation. Examine now, said he, this Sea that is thus bounded with Darknes at both Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge thou seest, said he, is human Life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely Survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire Arches, with several broken Arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the Number about an Hundred. As I was counting the Arches, the Genius told me, that this Bridge consisted at first of a Thousand Arches; but that a great Flood swept away the Rest, and left the Bridge in the ruinous Condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see Multitudes of People passing over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on each End of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the Passengers dropping through the Bridge into the great Tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further Examination, perceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Passengers no sooner trod upon, than they fell through them into the Tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden Pit-falls were set very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, so that Throngs of People no sooner broke through the Cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the Middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

There were indeed some Persons, but their Numbers were very small, that continued a Kind of hobbling March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a Walk.

I passed some Time in the Contemplation of this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which it presented. My Heart was filled with a deep Me-

Melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the Midst of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every Thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking upwards towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, and in the Midst of a Speculation stumbled and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in the Prospect of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes, and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the Reach of them, their Footing failed, and down they sunk. In this Confusion of Objects I observed some with Scymetars in their Hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon the Bridge, thrusting several Persons on Trap-doors, which did not seem to lie in their Way, and which they might have escaped, had they not thus been forced upon them.

The Genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine Eye off the Bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any Thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, these great Flights of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, and settling upon it, from Time to Time? I see Vultures, Harpies, Ravens, Cormorants, and among many other feathered Creatures, several little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon the Middle Arches. These, said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infest human Life.

I here fetched a deep Sigh: Alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to Misery and Mortality, tortured in Life, and swallowed up in Death! The Genius being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a Prospect. Look no more, said he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eye on that thick Mist into which the Tide bears the several Generations of Mortals that

that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part of the Mist that was before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) saw the Valley opening at the further End, and spreading forth into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant running through the Midst of it, and dividing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested on one Half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast Ocean, planted with innumerable Islands, that were covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with a Thousand little shining Seas that ran among them. I could see Persons dressed in glorious Habits, with Garlands upon their Heads, passing among the Trees, lying down by the Sides of Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers; and could hear a confused Harmony of singing Birds, falling Waters, human Voices, and musical Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the Wings of an Eagle that I might fly away to those happy Seas: But the Genius told me there was no Passage to them, except through the Gates of Death, that I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge.

The Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea-shore. There are Myriads of Islands beyond those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine Eye, or even thine Imagination can extend itself. These are the Mansions of good Men after Death, who according to the Degrees and Kinds of Virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among those several Islands, which abound with Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suitable to the Relishes and Perfections of those who are settled in them: Every Island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective Inhabitants,

tants. Are not these, O *Mirza*, Habitations worth contending for? Does Life appear miserable, that gives thee Opportunities of earning such a Reward? Is Death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an Existence? Think not Man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy Islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid under those dark Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other Side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second Time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the Vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdad*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides of it.

On SICKNESS.

*Our Life is nothing but our Death begun;
As Tapers waste the Instant they take Fire.*

YOUNG:

IT has been observed by many Writers, that nothing makes a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's Life, than the Disparity we often find in him, sick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate Constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable Example of the Weakness of his Mind, or of his Body, in their Turns. I have had frequent Opportunities of late to consider myself in these different Views, and hope I have received some Advantage by it. If what *Mr Waller* says be true, that

*The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light through Chinks that Time has made,*

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Then

Then surely Sickness, contributing no less than old Age to the shaking down this Scaffolding of the Body, may discover the inclosed Structure more plainly.— Sickness is a Sort of early old Age; it teaches us a Diffidence in our earthly State, and inspires us with the Thoughts of a future, better than a thousand Volumes of Philosophers and Divines. It gives so warning a Concussion to those Props of our Vanity, our Strength and Youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little Dependence on our Outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a Betrayer of human Life in a gentler and smoother Manner than Age: It is like a Stream that nourishes a Plant upon its Bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the Sight, but at the same Time is undermining at the Root in Secret. My Youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded me several Prospects of my Danger, and given me an Advantage not very common to young Men, that the Attractions of the World have not dazzled me very much; and I began when most People end, with a full Conviction of the Emptiness of all Sorts of Ambition, and the unsatisfactory Nature of all human Pleasures.

When a small Fit of Sickness tells me this scurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest *Hibernian*, who (being in Bed in a great Storm some Years ago, and told the House would tumble over his Head) made Answer, *What care I for the House? I am only a Lodger.* I fancy it is the best Time to die when one is in the best Humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with Conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the Thought that many Men, whom I never had any Esteem for, are likely to enjoy this World after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little Atom every single Man is, with Respect to the whole Creation, methinks it is a Shame to be concerned at the Removal of so trivial an Animal as I am. In the Morning after my

Exit,

Exit, the Sun will rise as bright as ever, the Flowers
finell as sweet, the Plants spring as green, the World
will proceed in its old Course, People will laugh as
heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do.
The Memory of Man (as it is elegantly expressed in the
Wisdom of Solomon) *passeth away as the Remembrance of*
a Guest that tarrieth but one Day. There are Reasons
enough, in the fourth Chapter of the same Book, to
make any young Man contented with the Prospect of
Death. *For honourable Age is not that which standeth*
in Length of Time, or is measured by a Number of Years ;
but Wisdom is the grey Hair to Man, and an unspotted
Life is old Age. He was taken away speedily, lest that
Wickedness should alter his Understanding, or Deceit be-
guile his Soul.

RELIGION and SUPERSTITION contrasted.

A VISION.

*Religion with a graceful Mien,
All lovely, smiling, and serene.*

R.

I Had lately a very remarkable Dream, which made
so strong an Impression on me, that I remember it
every Word; and if you are not better employed, you
may read the Relation of it as follows.

Methought I was in the Midst of a very entertaining
Set of Company, and extremely delighted in attending
to a lively Conversation, when on a Sudden, I per-
ceived one of the most shocking Figures Imagination
can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed
in Black; her Skin was contracted into a thousand
Wrinkles; her Eyes deep sunk in her Head; and her
Complexion pale and livid as the Countenance of
Death. Her Looks were filled with Terror and unre-
lenting Severity; and her Hands armed with Whips

and Scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid Frown, and a Voice that chilled my very Blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed; and she led me through rugged Paths, beset with Briars and Thorns, into a deep solitary Valley. Wherever she passed, the fading Verdure withered beneath her Steps, her pestilential Breath infected the Air with malignant Vapours, obscured the Lustre of the Sun, and involved the fair Face of Heaven in universal Gloom. Dismal Howlings resounded through the Forest from every baleful Tree; the Night Raven uttered his dreadful Note, and the Prospect was filled with Desolation and Horror. In the Midst of this tremendous Scene, my execrable Guide addressed me in the following Manner:

“Retire with me, O rash, unthinking Mortal! from the vain Allurements of a deceitful World, and learn that Pleasure was not designed the Portion of human Life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched: This is the Condition of all below the Stars; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in Contradiction to the Will of Heaven. Fly then from the fatal Enchantments of Youth and social Delight, and here consecrate the solitary Hours to Lamentation and Woe. Misery is the Duty of all sublunary Beings; and every Enjoyment is an Offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the Mortification of every Sense of Pleasure, and the everlasting Exercise of Sighs and Tears.”

This melancholy Picture of Life quite sunk my Spirits, and seemed to annihilate every Principle of Joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted Yew, where the Winds blew cold and dismal round my Head, and dreadful Apprehensions chilled my Heart. Here I resolved to lie till the Hand of Death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an End to the Miseries of a Life so deplorably wretched. In this sad Situation, I espied on one Hand of me a deep muddy River, whose heavy Waves rolled on in flow, fullen Murmurs.

Here

Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the Brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surpris'd by the Sight of the loveliest Object I had ever beheld. The most engaging Charms of Youth and Beauty appeared in all her Form; effulgent Glories sparkled in her Eyes, and their awful Splendors were softened by the gentlest Looks of Compassion and Peace. At her Approach, the frightful Spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the Horrors she had caused. The gloomy Clouds brightened into chearful Sunshine, the Groves recovered their Verdure, and the whole Region looked gay and blooming as the Garden of *Eden*. I was quite transported at this unexpected Change, and reviving Pleasure began to gladden my Thoughts; when, with a Look of inexpressible Sweetness, my beauteous Deliverer thus uttered her divine Instructions:

“My Name is *Religion*. I am the Offspring of *Truth* and *Love*, and the Parent of *Benevolence*, *Hope*, and *Joy*. That Monster, from whose Power I have freed you, is called *Superstition*: She is the Child of *Discontent*, and her Followers are *Fear* and *Sorrow*. Thus, different as we are, she has often the Insolence to assume my Name and Character, and seduces unhappy Mortals to think us the same, till she at length drives them to the Borders of *Despair*, that dreadful Abyss into which you were just going to sink.

“Look round, and survey the various Beauties of this Globe, which Heaven has destined for the Seat of the human Race; and consider whether a World thus exquisitely framed, could be meant for the Abode of Misery and Pain. For what End has the lavish Hand of Providence diffused such innumerable Objects of Delight, but that all might rejoice in the Privilege of Existence, and be filled with Gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the Blessings he has sent, is *Virtue* and *Obedience*; and to reject them

merely as Means of Pleasure, is pitiable Ignorance, or absurd Perverseness. Infinite Goodness is the Source of created Existence. The proper Tendency of every rational Being, from the highest Order of raptured Seraphs, to the meanest Rank of Men, is to rise incessantly from lower Degrees of Happiness to higher. They have each Faculties assigned them for various Orders of Delights."

"What! (cried I) is this the Language of *Religion*? Does she lead her Votaries through flowery Paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious Life? Where are the painful Toils of Virtue, the Mortifications of Penitents, and the self-denying Exercises of Saints and Heroes?"

"The true Enjoyments of a reasonable Being (answered she, mildly) do not consist in unbounded Indulgence, or luxurious Ease, in the Tumult of Passions, the Langour of Indolence, or the Flutter of light Amusements. Yielding to immoral Pleasures corrupts the Mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debase it; both in their Degrees disqualify it for its genuine Good, and consign it over to Wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular Exercise of his superior Powers his chief Attention; adoring the Perfections of his Maker, expressing Good-will to his Fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward Rectitude. To his lower Faculties he must allow such Gratifications as will, by refreshing them, invigorate his nobler Pursuits. In the Regions inhabited by angelic Natures, unmingled Felicity for ever blooms; Joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant Stream, nor needs there any Mound to check its Course. Beings conscious of a Frame of Mind originally diseased, as all the human Race has Cause to be, must use the Regimen of a stricter Self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary Excesses, must patiently submit both to the painful Workings of Nature, and needful Severities of Medicine, in order to his Cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate Share of whatever
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alleviating Accommodations this fair Mansion of his merciful Parent affords, consistent with his Recovery. And, in Proportion as his Recovery advances, the liveliest Joy will spring from his secret Sense of an amended and improved Heart.——So far from the Horrors of Despair is the Condition even of the Guilty.——Shudder, poor Mortal, at the Thoughts of the Gulph into which thou wast just now going to plunge.

“ While the most faulty have every Encouragement to amend; the more innocent Soul will be supported with still sweeter Consolations, under all its Experience of human Infirmities, supported by the gladdening Assurance, that every sincere Endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowest Self-abasement is but a deep-laid Foundation for the most elevated Hopes; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled, under my Conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the Hero are inseparable; and to the Aspirings of unassuming Trust and filial Confidence, are set no Bounds. To him who is animated with a View of obtaining Approbation from the Sovereign of the Universe, no Difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in his Pursuit of every needful Aid, his Conflict with the severest Pains and Trial, is little more than the vigorous Exercises of a Mind in Health. His patient Dependence on that Providence which looks through all Eternity, his silent Resignation, his ready Accommodation of his Thoughts and Behaviour to its inscrutable Ways, is at once the most excellent Sort of Self-denial, and Source of the most exalted Transports. Society is the true Sphere of human Virtue. In social, active Life, Difficulties will perpetually be met with; Restraints of many Kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in Respect of these, is a Discipline of the human Heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no Duty, but where it
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is necessary to avoid Guilt, or to do Good; nor Pleasure a Crime, but where it strengthens the Influence of bad Inclinations, or lessens the generous Activity of Virtue. The Happiness allotted to Man in his present State, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal Prospect and noble Capacities: But yet, whatever Portion of it the distributing Hand of Heaven offers to each Individual, is a needful Support and Refreshment for the present Moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining his final Destination.

“Return then with me from continual Misery, to moderate Enjoyment, and grateful Alacrity; return from the contracted Views of Solitude, to the proper Duties of a relative and dependant Being. *Religion* is not confined to Cells and Closets, nor restrained to sullen Retirement. These are the gloomy Doctrines of *Superstition*, by which she endeavours to break those Chains of Benevolence and social Affection, that link the Welfare of every Particular with that of the Whole. Remember that the greatest Honour you can pay the Author of your Being, is such a chearful Behaviour as discovers a Mind satisfied with its own Dispensations.”

Here my Preceptress paused; and I was going to express my Acknowledgments for her Discourse, when a Ring of Bells from the neighbouring Village, and the new-risen Sun darting his Beams through my Windows, awakened me.

To begin NOTHING, of which you have not well considered the END.

*Think well, ere you resolve, weigh each Event,
Lest, when too late, in Sorrow you repent.*

R.

A Certain *Cham* of *Tartary* going a Progress with his Nobles, was met by a Dervise, who cried with a loud Voice, *Whoever will give me a hundred Pieces*

Pieces of Gold, I will give him a Piece of Advice. The Cham ordered him the Sum: Upon which the Dervise said, Begin Nothing of which thou hast not well considered the End.

The Courtiers, upon hearing this plain Sentence, smiled, and said with a Sneer, "The Dervise is well paid for his Maxim." But the King was so well satisfied with the Answer, that he ordered it to be written in golden Letters in several Places of his Palace, and engraved on all his Plate. Not long after, the King's Surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned Lancet at the Time he let him blood. One Day, when the King's Arm was bound, and the fatal Lancet in the Surgeon's Hand, he read on the Bason, *Begin Nothing of which thou hast not well considered the End.* He immediately started, and let the Lancet fall out of his Hand. The King observed his Confusion, and enquired the Reason: The Surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole Affair, and was pardoned, and the Conspirators died. The Cham, turning to his Courtiers who heard the Advice with Contempt, told them, "That Counsel could not be too much valued, which had saved a King's Life."

*On the FOLLY of being dissatisfied with our present
CIRCUMSTANCES.*

*Fortune a Goddess is to Fools alone,
The Wise are always Masters of their own.*

DRYDEN.

FOR the Benefit of those who are dissatisfied with their present Situation, and to illustrate the Folly and Madness of their Ambition, I beg Leave to offer the Narrative of my own Life.

I am the Son of a younger Brother of a good Family, who, at his Decease, left me a little Fortune of a Hundred a Year. I was put early to *Eton School*,
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where I learned *Latin* and *Greek*, from whence I went to the University, where I learned not totally to forget them. I came to my Fortune when I was at College; and having no Inclination to follow any Profession, I removed myself to Town, and lived for some Time, as most young Fellows do, by spending four Times my Income. But it was my Happiness, before it was too late, to fall in love with, and to marry, a very amiable young Creature, whose Fortune was just sufficient to repair the Breach made in my own. With this agreeable Companion I retreated to the Country, and endeavoured, as well as I was able, to square my Wishes to my Circumstances. In this Endeavour I succeeded so well, that excepting a few private Hankerings after a little more than I possessed, and now and then a Sigh when a Coach and Six happened to drive by me in my Walks, I was a happy Man.

I can truly assure you, Sir, that though our Family Oeconomy was not much to be boasted of, and in Consequence of it we were frequently driven to great Straits and Difficulties, I experienced more real Satisfaction in this humble Situation, than I have ever done since in more enviable Circumstances.—We were sometimes indeed a little in Debt, but when Money came in, the Pleasure of discharging what we owed was more than an Equivalent for the Pain it put us to; and though the Narrowness of our Circumstances subjected us to many Cares and Anxieties, it served to keep the Body in Action as well as the Mind: For as our Garden was somewhat large, and required more Hands to keep it in Order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourselves, and drew Health from our Necessities.

I had a little Boy who was the Delight of my Heart, and who probably might have been spoiled by Nursing, if the Attention of his Parents had not been otherwise employed. His Mother was naturally of a sickly Constitution, but the Affairs of her Family,

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as they engrossed all her Thoughts, gave her no Time for Complaint. The ordinary Troubles of Life, which to those who have nothing else to think of, are almost insupportable, were less terrible to us than to Persons of easier Circumstances; for it is a certain Truth, however your Readers may please to receive it, that where the Mind is divided among many Cares, the Anxiety is lighter than when there is only one to contend with. Or even in the happiest Situation, in the Midst of Ease, Health, and Affluence, the Mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itself, losing the immediate Enjoyment of those invaluable Blessings, by the painful Suggestion that they are too great for Continuance.

These are the Reflections that I have made since; for I do not attempt to deny that I sighed frequently for an Addition to my Fortune. The Death of a distant Relation, which happened five Years after our Marriage, gave me this Addition, and made me for a Time the happiest Man living. My Income was now increased to Six Hundred a Year; and I hoped, with a little Oeconomy, to be able to make a Figure with it. But the ill Health of my Wife, which in less easy Circumstances had not touched me so nearly, was now constantly in my Thoughts, and soured all my Enjoyment. The Consciousness too of having such an Estate to leave my Boy, made me so anxious to preserve him, that instead of suffering him to run at Pleasure when he pleased, and to grow hardy by Exercise, I almost destroyed him by Confinement. We now did nothing in our Garden, because we were in Circumstances to have it kept by others: But as Air and Exercise were necessary for our Healths, we resolved to abridge ourselves in some unnecessary Articles, and to set up an Equipage. This in Time brought with it a Train of Expences, which we had neither Prudence to foresee, nor Courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the Circuit of our Visits, it greatly increased our Acquaintance,

quaintance, and subjected us to the Necessity of making continual Entertainments at Home, in Return for all those which we were invited to Abroad. The Charges that attended this new Manner of living, were much too great for the Income we possessed; in-
somuch that we found ourselves in a very short Time more necessitous than ever. Pride would not suffer us to lay down our Equipage; and to live in a Manner suitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the Debts I had contracted, I was soon forced to mortgage, and at last to sell the best Part of my Estate; and as it was utterly impossible to keep up the Parade any longer, we thought it adviseable to remove of a Sudden, to sell our Coach in Town, and to look out for a new Situation, at a greater Distance from our Acquaintance.

But, unfortunately for my Peace, I carried the Habit of Expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to absolute Want, when by the unexpected Death of an Uncle and his two Sons, who died within a few Weeks of each other, I succeeded to an Estate of Seven Thousand Pounds a Year.

And now, Sir, both you and your Readers will call me a very happy Man; and so indeed I was: I set about the Regulation of my Family with the most pleasing Satisfaction: The Splendor of my Equipage, the Magnificence of my Plate, the Crowd of Servants that attended me, the Elegance of my House and Furniture, the Grandeur of my Park and Gardens, the Luxury of my Table, and the Court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpressible Delight, so long as they were Novelties; but no sooner were they become habitual to me, than I lost all Manner of Relish for them; and discovered, in a very little Time, that by having nothing to wish for, I had nothing to enjoy. My Appetite grew palled by Satiety, a perpetual Crowd of Visitors robbed me of all Domestic Enjoyments,

ment, my Servants plagued me, and my Steward cheated me.

But the Curse of Greatness did not end here. Daily Experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than for myself. My Uncle had been a great Party Man, and a zealous Opposer of all ministerial Measures; as his Estate was the largest of any Gentleman in the Country, he supported an Interest in it beyond any of his Competitors. My Father had been greatly obliged to the Court Party, which determined me, in Gratitude, to declare myself on that Side; but the Difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me, insomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almost every Thing I have undertaken. To desert the Cause I have embarked in, would disgrace me: and to go greater Lengths in it, will almost undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual State of Warfare with the principal Gentry of the County, and am cursed by my Tenants and Dependants for compelling them at every Election to vote (as they are pleased to tell me) contrary to their Consciences.

My Wife and I had once pleased ourselves with the Thoughts of being useful to the Neighbourhood, by dealing out our Charity to the Poor and Industrious; but the perpetual Hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for Objects ourselves; and the Agents we entrusted are either pocketing our Bounty, or bestowing it upon the Undeserving. At Night, when we retire to Rest, we are venting our Complaints on the Miseries of the Day, and praying heartily for the Return of that Peace, which was the only Companion of our humblest Situation.

Where Pain, Sicknes, and absolute Want are out of the Question, no external Change of Circumstances can make a Man more lastingly happy than he was before. It is to an Ignorance of this Truth, that the universal Dissatisfaction of Mankind is principally to be ascribed. Care is the Lot of Life; and he that

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aspires to Greatness in Hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himself into a Furnace to avoid the Shivering of an Ague.

The only Satisfaction I can enjoy in my present Situation is, that it has not pleased Heaven in its Wrath to make me a King.

On GENEROSITY and disinterested HONESTY.

How far that little Candle darts its Beams ;

So shines a good Deed in this naughty World. SHAKESPEAR.

A Certain *Cardinal*, who for the Multitude of his generous Actions was stiled the Patron of the Poor, had a constant Custom, once or twice a Week, of giving public Audience to all indigent People in the Hall of his Palace, and to relieve every one according to their various Necessities, or the Motives of his own Bounty.

One Day a poor Woman, encouraged by the Fame of his Generosity, came into the Hall of this *Cardinal*, with her only Daughter, a beautiful Maid, about fifteen Years of Age. When her Turn came to be heard, among the Crowd of Petitioners, the *Cardinal*, discerning the Marks of an extraordinary Modesty in her Face and Carriage, as also in her Daughter's, encouraged her to tell her Wants freely. She, blushing, and not without Tears, thus addressed herself to him: " My Lord, I owe for the Rent of my House five Crowns, and such is my Misfortune that I have no other Means to pay it, save that which would break my Heart, since my Landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, to prostitute this my only Daughter, whom I have hitherto with great Care educated in Virtue, and an Abhorrence of that odious Crime. What I beg of your Eminence is, that you would please to interpose your sacred Authority, and protect us from the

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Violence of this cruel Man, till by our honest Industry we can procure the Money for him "

The *Cardinal*, moved with Admiration of the Woman's Virtue and innocent Modesty, bid her be of good Courage. Then he immediately wrote a Billet, and giving it into the Widow's Hands, " Go, said he, to my Steward with this Paper, and he shall deliver thee five Crowns to pay thy Rent."

The poor Woman overjoyed, and returning the *Cardinal* a thousand Thanks, went directly to the Steward, and gave him the Note; which, when he had read, he told her out fifty Crowns. She, astonished at the Meaning of it, and fearing this was only the Steward's Trick to try her Honesty, refused to take above five, saying, " She asked the *Cardinal* for no more, and she was sure it was a Mistake."

On the other Hand, the Steward insisted on his Master's Order, not daring to call it in Question. But all the Arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five Crowns. Whereupon, to end the Controversy, he offered to go back with her to the *Cardinal*, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent Prince, and he was fully informed of the Business; " It is true, said he, I mistook in writing fifty Crowns; give me the Paper, and I will rectify it." Thereupon he wrote again, saying thus to the Woman: " So much Candour and Virtue deserve a Recompense; here, I have ordered you five hundred Crowns; what you can spare of it, lay it up as a Dower to give with your Daughter in Marriage."

If I mistake not, this *Cardinal* was called *Farnese*: But, whatever was his Name, this was an Action truly heroic, and which has but few Parallels.

The STORY of FLAVILLA.

*Tho' all is Innocence within,
'Tis Guilt to wear the Garb of Sin.*

GAY.

THE following is so striking an Instance of the dreadful Consequences which often attend Female Levity, that we hope our fair Readers will peruse it with more than common Attention.

FLAVILLA, just as she had entered her fourteenth Year, was left an Orphan to the Care of her Mother, in such Circumstances, as disappointed all the Hopes which her Education had encouraged. Her Father, who lived in great Elegance upon the Salary of a Place at Court, died suddenly, without having made any Provision for his Family, except an Annuity of one hundred Pounds, which he had purchased for his Wife with Part of her Marriage Portion; nor was he possessed of any Property, except the Furniture of a large House in one of the new Squares, an Equipage, a few Jewels, and some Plate.

The greater Part of the Furniture and the Equipage was sold to pay his Debts; the Jewels, which were not of great Value, and some useful Pieces of the Plate, were reserved; and *Flavilla* removed with her Mother into Lodgings.

But notwithstanding this Change in their Circumstances, they did not immediately lose their Rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite Acquaintance; and though some gratified their Pride by assuming an Appearance of Pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their Distress by the Whine of Condolence, and a minute Comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving Presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel Frugality; they were

still

still considered as People of Fashion, and treated by those of a lower Class with distant Respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in the Sphere to which she had no Claim; she was remarkably tall for her Age, and was celebrated not only for her Beauty but her Wit: These Qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the Favour of others, but as a Pledge of possessing them in her own Right by an advantageous Marriage.

There was a fashionable Levity in her Carriage and Discourse, which her Mother, who knew the Danger of her Situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with Anger, and sometimes with Tears, but always without Success. *Flavilla* was ever ready to answer, that she neither did nor said any Thing of which she had Reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere Courtesy to Envy, which it was an Honour to provoke; or to Slander, which it was a Disgrace to fear.

In Proportion as *Flavilla* was more flattered and caressed, the Influence of her Mother became less; and though she always treated her with Respect from a Point of Good-breeding, yet she secretly despised her Maxims, and applauded her own Conduct.

Flavilla at Eighteen was a celebrated Toast; and, among other gay Visitants who frequented her Tea-Table, was *Clodio*, a young Baronet, who had just taken Possession of his Title and Estate. There were many Particulars in *Clodio's* Behaviour, which encouraged *Flavilla* to hope that she should obtain him for a Husband; but she suffered his Assiduities with such apparent Pleasure, and his Familiarities with so little Reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his Intention, and make her, what he thought, a very genteel Proposal of another Kind: But, whatever were the Artifices with which it was introduced, or the Terms in which it was made, *Flavilla* rejected it with the utmost Indignation and Disdain. *Clodio*, who, notwithstanding his Youth, had long known

and often practised the Arts of Seduction, gave Way to the Storm, threw himself at her Feet, imputed his Offence to the Frenzy of his Passion, flattered her Pride by the most abject Submission and extravagant Praise, intreated her Pardon, aggravated his Crime, but made no Mention of Atonement by Marriage. This Particular, which *Flavilla* did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: But her Vanity and her Ambition were still predominant; she still hoped to succeed in her Project. *Clo-dio's* Offence was tacitly forgiven, his Visits were permitted, his Familiarities were again suffered, and his Hopes revived. He had long entertained an Opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable that his own Vanity and her Indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this Opinion, though it implied the strongest Obligation to treat her with Generosity and Tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her Ruin, as it encouraged him with a Probability of Success. Having therefore resolved to obtain her as a Mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a Resolution, justifying it by some plausible Sophistry, and give her some Time to deliberate upon a final Determination. With this View he went a short Journey into the Country; having put a Letter into her Hand at parting, in which he acquainted her,

“ That he had often reflected, with inexpressible
“ Regret, upon her Resentment to his Conduct in a
“ late Instance; but that the Delicacy and the Ardour
“ of his Affections were insuperable Obstacles to his
“ Marriage: That where there was no Liberty, there
“ could be no Happiness: That he should become in-
“ different to the Endearments of Love, when it could
“ no longer be distinguished from the Officiousness of
“ Duty: That while they were happy in the Posses-
“ sion of each other, it would be absurd to suppose
“ they

“ they would part; and if this Happiness should cease,
“ it would not only ensure but aggravate their Misery
“ to be inseparably united: That this Event was less
“ probable, in Proportion as their Cohabitation was
“ voluntary; but that he would make such Provision
“ for her upon the Contingency, as a Wife would expect
“ upon his Death.”

Flavilla had too much Understanding as well as Virtue to deliberate a Moment upon this Proposal. She gave immediate Orders that *Clodio* should be admitted no more. But his Letter was a Temptation to gratify her Vanity, which she could not resist; she showed it first to her Mother, and then to the whole Circle of her Female Acquaintance, with all the Exultation of a Hero who exposes a vanquished Enemy at the Wheels of his Chariot in a Triumph; she considered it as an indisputable Evidence of her Virtue, as a Reproof to all who had dared to censure the Levity of her Conduct, and a License to continue it without Apology or Restraint.

It happened that *Flavilla*, soon after this Accident, was seen in one of the Boxes of the Play-house by *Mercator*, a young Gentleman who had just returned from his first Voyage, as a Captain of a large Ship in the *Levant* Trade, which had been purchased for him by his Father, whose Fortune enabled him to make a genteel Provision for five Sons, of whom *Mercator* was the youngest, and who expected to share his Estate, which was personal, in equal Proportions at his Death.

Mercator was captivated with her Beauty, but discouraged by the Splendour of her Appearance, and the Rank of her Company. He was urged, rather by Curiosity than Hope, to enquire who she was; and he soon gained such a Knowledge of her Circumstances, as relieved him from Despair.

As he knew not how to get Admission into her Company, and had no Design upon her Virtue, he
wrote

wrote, in the first Ardour of his Passion, to her Mother; giving a faithful Account of his Fortune and Dependence, and entreating that he might be permitted to visit *Flavilla* as a Candidate for her Affections. The old Lady, after having made some Enquiries, by which the Account that *Mercator* had given her was confirmed, sent him an Invitation, and received his first Visit alone. She told him, that as *Flavilla* had no Fortune, and as a considerable Part of his own was dependent upon his Father's Will, he ought therefore to obtain his Consent, before any other Step was taken. To this Counsel, so salutary, *Mercator* was hesitating what to reply, when *Flavilla* came in, an Accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. *Flavilla* was not displeased either with his Person or his Address; the Frankness and Gaiety of her Disposition soon made him forget that he was a Stranger; a Conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the Difficulties of a first Visit, he thought no more of the old Lady, as he believed her Auspices were not necessary to his Success.

His Visits were often repeated, and he became every Hour more impatient of Delay: A Thought of his Father would now and then indeed intervene; but being determined to gratify his Wishes at all Events, he concluded, with a Sagacity almost universal upon these Occasions, that of two Evils, to marry without his Consent, was less than to marry against it; and one Evening after the Lovers had spent the Afternoon by themselves, they went out in a Kind of Frolic, which *Mercator* had proposed in the Vehemence of his Passion, and to which *Flavilla* had consented in the Giddiness of her Indiscretion, and were married at *May-Fair*.

In the first Interval of Recollection after this precipitate Step, *Mercator* considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his Father of the new Alliance

Alliance which had been made in his Family : But as he had not Fortitude enough to do it in Person, he expressed it in the best Terms he could conceive by a Letter ; and after such an Apology for his Conduct as he had been used to make for himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his Wife for the parental Benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his Felicity.

The old Gentleman, whose Character I cannot better express than in the fashionable Phrase which has been contrived to palliate false Principles and dissolute Manners, had been a gay Man, and was well acquainted with the Town. He had often heard *Flavilla* toasted by Rakes of Quality, and had often seen her at public Places. Her Beauty and her Dependence, the Gaiety of her Dress, and Multitude of her Admirers, the Levity of her Conduct, and all the Circumstances of her Situation, had concurred to render her Character suspected ; and he was disposed to judge of it with less Charity, when she had offended him by marrying his Son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose Misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate but increase ; a Resolution by which Fathers, who have foolish and disobedient Sons, usually display their own Kindness and Wisdom. As soon as he had read *Mercator's* Letter, he cursed him for a Fool, who had been gulled by the Artifice of a Strumpet, to screen her from public Infamy, by fathering her Children, and securing her from a Prison by appropriating her Debts. In Answer to his Letter, which he wrote only to gratify his Resentment, he told him, that “ if he had taken *Flavilla* into keeping, he would have overlooked it ; and if her Extravagance had distressed him, he would have satisfied his Creditors ; but that his Marriage was not to be forgiven ; that he should never have another Shilling of his Money ; and that he was determined to see him no more.”

Mer-

Mercator, who was more provoked by this Outrage than grieved at his Loss, disdained to reply; and believing that he had now most Reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a Reconciliation.

He hired a genteel Apartment for his Wife of an Upholsterer, who, with a View to let Lodgings, had taken and furnished a large House near *Leicester-Fields*, and in about two Months left her to make another Voyage.

He had received Visits of Congratulation from her numerous Acquaintance, and had returned them as a Pledge of his Desire that they should be repeated. But a Remembrance of the gay Multitude, which while he was at Home, had flattered his Vanity, as soon as he was absent alarmed his Suspicion: He had, indeed, no particular Cause of Jealousy; but his Anxiety arose merely from a Sense of the Temptations to which she was exposed, and the Impossibility of his superintending her Conduct.

In the mean Time *Flavilla* continued to flutter round the same giddy Circle in which she had shone so long; the Number of her Visitants was rather increased than diminished; the Gentlemen attended her with greater Assiduity, and she continued to encourage their Civility by the same indecent Familiarity: She was one Night at the Masquerade, and another at the Opera; sometimes at a Rout, and sometimes rambling in a Party of Pleasure in short Excursions from Town; she came Home sometimes at Midnight, sometimes in the Morning, and sometimes she was absent several Nights together.

This Conduct was the Cause of much Speculation and Uneasiness to the good Man and Woman of the House. At first they suspected that *Flavilla* was no better than a Woman of Pleasure; and that the Person who had hired the Lodgings for her as his Wife, and had disappeared upon Pretence of a Voyage to Sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing

cealing her Character, in order to obtain such Accommodations for her as she could not so easily have procured had it been known: But as these Suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many Ladies by whom she was visited, were of good Character and Fashion. Her Conduct, however, supposing her to be a Wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered her Credit and Subsistence: Hints were often dropped by the Neighbours to the Disadvantage of her Character; and an elderly Maiden Lady, who lodged in the second Floor, had given Warning; the Family was disturbed at all Hours in the Night, and the Door was crowded all Day with Messengers and Visitants to *Flavilla*.

One Day, therefore, the good Woman took an Opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful Terms, and with the utmost Diffidence and Caution. She told *Flavilla*, "That she was a fine young Lady; that her Husband was abroad; that she kept a great Deal of Company; and that the World was censorious: She wished that less Occasion for Scandal was given; and hoped to be excused the Liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those Slanders which could have no Influence upon the Great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to avoid."

This Address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. *Flavilla*, proud of her Virtue, and impatient of Controul, would have despised the Counsel of a Philosopher, if he had implied an Impeachment of her Conduct: Before a Person so much her Inferior, therefore, she was under no Restraint; she answered with a Mixture of Contempt and Indignation, "That those only who did not know her, would dare to take any Liberty with her Character; and warned her to propagate no scandalous Report, at her Peril." *Flavilla* immediately rose from her Seat, and the Woman

man departed without Reply, though she was scarce less offended than her Lodger; and from that Moment she determined when *Mercator* returned to give him Warning.

Mercator's Voyage was prosperous, and after an Absence of about ten Months, he came back. The Woman, to whom her Husband left the whole Management of the Lodgings, and who persisted in her Purpose, soon found an Opportunity to put it in Execution. *Mercator*, as his Part of the Contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some Cause to be offended, and insisted to know her Reasons for compelling him to leave her House. These his Hostess, who was indeed a very friendly Woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his Question, he became more solicitous to obtain an Answer. After much Hesitation, which perhaps had a worse Effect than any Tale which Malice could have invented, she told him, that "Madam kept a great Deal of Company, and had often staid out very late; that she had always been used to Quiet and Regularity; and was determined to let her Apartments to some Person in a more private Station."

At this Account *Mercator* changed Countenance, for he inferred from it just as much more than Truth as he believed it to be less. After some Moments of Suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an Emotion which convinced her she had already said too much. She then assured him, "That he had no Reason to be alarmed; for that she had no Exception to his Lady, but those Gaieties which her Station and the Fashion sufficiently authorized." *Mercator's* Suspicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a Confidante, whom it would be his Interest to trust: He therefore, in the Folly of his Jealousy, confessed, that "He had some Doubts concerning his Wife, which it was of the utmost
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“ Importance to his Honour, and his Peace to resolve
 “ he intreated her that he might continue in the A-
 “ partment another Year; that as he should again
 “ leave the Kingdom in a short Time, she would suf-
 “ fer no Incident, which might confirm either his
 “ Hopes or his Fears, to escape her Notice in his
 “ Absence; and that at his Return, she would give
 “ him such an Account as would at least deliver him
 “ from the Torment of Suspense, and determine his
 “ future Conduct.”

Mercator, however, concealed his Suspicions from his Wife; and, indeed, in her Presence they were forgotten. Her Manner of Life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her Temper, in which great Sweetness was blended with a high Spirit, he would not embitter the Pleasure of a short Stay by Altercation, Chiding, and Tears: But when her Mind was melted into Tenderness at his Departure, he clasped her in an Extasy of Fondness to his Bosom, and entreated her to behave with Reserve and Circumspection: “ Because, said he, I know that my
 “ Father keeps a watchful Eye upon your Conduct,
 “ which may, therefore, confirm or remove his Dis-
 “ pleasure, and either intercept or bestow such an In-
 “ crease in our Fortune as will prevent the Pangs of
 “ Separation, which must otherwise so often return,
 “ and in a short Time unite us to part no more.”

To this Caution she had then no Power to reply; and they parted with mutual Protestations of unalterable Love.

The Story of FLAVILLA concluded.

FLAVILLA, soon after she was thus left in a Kind of Widowhood a second Time, found herself with Child; and within somewhat less than eight Months after *Mercator's* Return from his first Voyage,

She happened to stumble as she was going up Stairs, and being immediately taken ill, she was brought to Bed before the next Morning. The Child, though its Birth had been precipitated more than a Month, was not remarkably small, nor had any Infirmary which endangered its Life.

It was now necessary that the Vigils of Whist and the Tumults of Balls and Visits should, for a While, be suspended; and in this interval of Languor and Retirement, *Flavilla* first became thoughtful. She often reflected on *Mercator's* Caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible Impression upon her Mind, though it had produced no Alteration in her Conduct: Notwithstanding the Manner in which it was expressed, and the Reason on which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by Jealousy. The Birth, therefore, of her first Child in his Absence, at a Time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an Accident which greatly alarmed her: But there was yet another, for which it was still less in her Power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some Civilities which she received from a Lady who sat next her at an Opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a Conversation which so greatly delighted her, that she gave her a pressing Invitation to visit her: This Invitation was accepted, and in few Days the Visit was paid. *Flavilla* was not less pleased at the second Interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other Enquiry concerning the Lady, than where she lived, took the first Opportunity to wait upon her. The Apartment in which she was received was the Ground Floor of an elegant House, at a small Distance from St. James's. It happened that *Flavilla* was placed near the Window; and a Party of the Horse-Guards riding through the Streets, she expected to see some of the Royal Family, and hastily threw up the Sash. A

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Gentleman who was passing by at the same Instant, turned about at the Noise of the Window, and *Flavilla* no sooner saw his Face, than she knew him to be the Father of *Mercator*. After looking first steadfastly at her, and then glancing his Eye at the Lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous Sneer, and went on. *Flavilla*, who had been thrown into some Confusion, by the sudden and unexpected Sight of a Person whom she knew considered her as the Disgrace of his Family, and the Ruin of his Child, now changed Countenance, and hastily retired to another Part of the Room: She was touched both with Grief and Anger at this silent Insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the Cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the Father of *Mercator* would no where have looked upon her with Complacency; but as soon as he saw her Companion, he recollected that she was the favourite Mistress of an old Courtier, and that this was the House in which he kept her in great Splendor, though she had been by Turns a Prostitute to many others. It happened that *Flavilla*, soon after this Accident, discovered the Character of her new Acquaintance; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her Company, without the utmost Regret and Apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less Circle, and with more Circumspection. In the mean Time her little Boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his Appearance, that he had been born too soon. His Mother frequently gazed on him till her Eyes overflowed with Tears; and though her Pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced, should destroy them. After much Deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the Child's Age from its Father, believing it prudent to prevent Suspicion, which, however ill-founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her Justification would depend wholly upon the Testimony

of her Dependants; and her Mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have Reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the State of *Flavilla's* Mind, and her little Boy was six Months old, when *Mercator* returned. She received him with Joy indeed, but it was mixed with a visible Confusion; their Meeting was more tender, but on her Part it was less chearful; she smiled with inexpressible Complacency, but at the same Time the Tears gushed from her Eyes, and she was seized with an universal Tremor. *Mercator* caught the Infection; and caressed first his *Flavilla*, and then his Boy, with an Excess of Fondness and Delight that before he had never experienced. The Sight of the Child made him more than ever wish a Reconciliation with his Father; and having heard at his first Landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately, and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to Supper. He had, in the Midst of his Caresses, more than once enquired the Age of his Son, but the Question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no Notice, nor did it produce any Suspicion.

He was now hastening to enquire after his Father; but as he passed through the Hall, he was officiously laid hold of by the Landlady. He was not much disposed to enquire how she had fulfilled his Charge; but perceiving by her Looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own Opinion of Importance, he suffered her to take him into her Parlour. She immediately shut the Door, and reminded him that she had undertaken an Office with Reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a Promise; that she was exceeding sorry to communicate her Discoveries; but that he was a worthy Gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, "That the Child was born with-

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“ in less than eight Months after his last Return
“ from Abroad; that it was said to have come be-
“ fore its Time, but that having pressed to see it, she
“ was refused.” This, indeed, was true, and con-
firmed the good Woman in her Suspicion; for *Fla-
villa*, who had still resented the Freedom which she
had taken in her Remonstrance, had kept her at a
great Distance; and the Servants, to gratify their
Mistress, treated her with the utmost Insolence and
Contempt.

At this Relation *Mercator* turned pale. He now
recollected that his Questions concerning the Child's
Birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had
been shedding Tears of Tenderness and Joy over a
Strumpet and a Bastard, who had robbed him of his
Patrimony, his Honour, and his Peace. He started
up with a furious Wildness of sudden Frenzy; but
she with great Difficulty prevailed upon him not to
leave the Room. He sat down, and remained some
Time motionless, with his Eyes fixed on the Ground,
and his Hands locked in each other. In Proportion as
he believed his Wife to be guilty, his Tenderness for
his Father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater
Zeal, to prosecute his Purpose of immediately attempt-
ing a Reconciliation.

In this State of Confusion and Distress, he went
to the House, where he learnt that his Father had
died early in the Morning, and that his Relations
were then assembled to read his Will. *Fulvius*, a
Brother of *Mercator*'s Mother, with whom he had
always been a Favourite, happening to pass from one
Room to another, heard his Voice. He accosted
him with great Ardour and Friendship; and soothing
him with Expressions of Condolence and Affection,
insisted to introduce him to the Company. *Mercator*
tacitly consented: He was received at least with Civi-
lity by his Brothers, and sitting down among them,
the Will was read. He seemed to listen like the
Rest; but was, indeed, musing over the Story which

he had just heard, and lost in the Speculations of his own Wretchedness. He awakened as from a Dream, when the Voice of the Person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the Company.

Of the Will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: But his Uncle believing that he was moved with Grief and Resentment at the Manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the Bequest only of a Shilling, took him into another Room; and, to apologize for his Father's Unkindness, told him, "That the Resentment which he expressed at his Marriage, was every Day increased by the Conduct of his Wife, whose Character was now become notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen at the Lodgings of a known Prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted." This Account threw *Mercator* into another Agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his Uncle, who, as the only Expedient by which he could retrieve his Misfortune, and soothe his Distress, proposed that he should no more return to his Lodgings, but go Home with him; that he would himself take such Measures with his Wife, as would scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate Maintenance, assume another Name, and trouble him no more. *Mercator*, in the Bitterness of his Affliction, consented to his Proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean Time, was expected by *Flavilla* with the most tender Impatience. She had put her little Boy to Bed, and decorated a small Room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his Absence; she counted the Moments as they passed, and listened to every Carriage and every Step that she heard. Supper was now ready: Her Impatience was increased; Terror was at length mingled with Regret, and her Fondness

was

was only busied to afflict her; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologised, and she wept. In the Height of these eager Expectations and this tender Distress, she received a Billet which *Mercator* had been persuaded by his Uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest Terms with abusing his Confidence, and dishonouring his Bed: "Of this, he said, he had now obtained sufficient Proof to do Justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more."

To those whose Hearts have not already acquainted them with the Agony which seized *Flavilla* upon the Sight of the Billet, all Attempts to describe it would not only be ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the Night without Sleep, and the next Day without Food, disappointed in every Attempt to discover what was become of *Mercator*, and doubting if she could have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her Innocence; the violent Agitation of her Mind produced a slow Fever, which, before she considered it as a Disease, she communicated to the Child while she cherished it at her Bosom, and wept over it as an Orphan whose Life she was sustaining with her own.

After *Mercator* had been absent about ten Days, his Uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some Friends to a Country Seat at the Distance of near sixty Miles, went to his Lodgings in order to discharge the Rent, and try what Terms he could make with *Flavilla*, whom he hoped to intimidate with Threats of a Prosecution and Divorce; but when he came, he found that *Flavilla* was sinking very fast under her Disease, and that the Child was dead already. The Woman of the House, into whose Hands she had just put her repeating Watch and some other Ornaments, as a Security for her Rent, was so touched with her Distress, and so firmly persuaded of her Innocence by the Manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm Solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had

had been traduced, that as soon as she had discovered *Fulvius's* Business, she threw herself on her Knees, and intreated, that if he knew where *Mercator* was to be found, he would urge him to return, that, if possible, the Life of *Flavilla* might be preserved, and the Happiness of both be restored by her Justification. *Fulvius*, who still suspected Appearances, or at least was in Doubt of the Cause that had produced them, would not discover his Nephew; but after much Entreaty and Expostulation, at last engaged upon his Honour for the Conveyance of a Letter. The Woman, as soon as she obtained his Promise, ran up and communicated it to *Flavilla*, who, when she had recovered from the Surprise and Tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her Bed, and in about Half an Hour, after many Efforts, and many Intervals, wrote a short Billet, which was sealed, and put into the Hands of *Fulvius*.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the Post, resolving that in a Question so doubtful and of such Importance, he would no farther interpose.—*Mercator*, who the Moment he cast his Eye upon the Letter, knew both the Hand and Seal, after pausing a few Moments in Suspense, at length tore it open, and read these Words.

“ Such has been my Folly, that, perhaps, I should
 “ not be acquitted of Guilt in any Circumstances, but
 “ those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for
 “ your Sake, wish them otherwise than they are. The
 “ dear Infant, whose Birth has undone me, now lies
 “ dead at my Side, a Victim to my Indiscretion and
 “ your Resentment. I am scarce able to guide my
 “ Pen. But I must earnestly entreat to see you, that
 “ you at least may have the Satisfaction to hear me
 “ attest my Innocence with the last Sigh, and seal our
 “ Reconciliation on my Lips, while they are yet sensible of the Impression.”

Mercator, whom an Earthquake would less have af-

affected than this Letter, felt all his Tendernefs revive in a Moment, and reflected with unutterable Anguish upon the Rashnefs of his Resentment. At the Thought of his Distance from *London*, he started as if he had felt a Dagger in his Heart: He lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, with a Look that expreffed at once an Accufation of himfelf and a Petition for her; and then rufhing out of the Houfe, without taking Leave of any, or ordering a Servant to attend him, he took Post-horfes at a neighbouring Inn, and in lefs than fix Hours was in *Leicefter-Fields*. But notwithstanding his Speed, he arrived too late; *Flavilla* had fuffered the laft Agony, and her Eyes could behold him no more. Grief and Difappointment, Remorfe and Defpair now totally fubverted his Reason. It became neceffary to remove him by Force from the Body; and after a Confinement of two Years in a Madhoufe, he died.

May every Lady on whose Memory Compaffion fhall record thefe Events, tremble to affume the Levity of *Flavilla*; for, perhaps, it is not in the Power of any Man in *Mercator's* Circumftances to be lefs jealous than *Mercator*.

MIRTH and FALSHOOD *inconfiftent*.

*Who, for the poor Renown of being fmart,
Would flick a Dagger to his Brother's Heart?* YOUNG.

DURING the laft War, a Sea-faring Man courted a young Woman at *Lime-houfe*, whom he got with Child; foon after which he went to Sea and left her: He faved fome Money in the *West-Indies*, where he ftayed about two Years, but could not be eafy in his Mind on Account of ruining the young Woman. He left the Ship and fome Wages that were due to him, and came Home, with a Defign to marry her: Going into a Public-houfe at *Lime-houfe*, which he had
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formerly frequented, and enquiring after the young Woman, the Landlord said she was alive and well, and had a charming Boy; but (by Way of Hum, as 'tis called) told him too, that she was *married*.—Immediately on this, the poor Seaman left the House, rambling about he knew nor cared not whither, and was picked up by a Press-gang, and sent aboard a Tender, where he hanged himself the very first Night.—The News of this affected the young Woman so much, that she died soon after, and the poor Child was left on the Parish; nor did the Landlord, who was in Reality a good-natured Man, ever enjoy a Moment's Peace of Mind during the few Years he lived.

On DISINGENUITY.

*With soothing Wiles he won my easy Heart;
He sigh'd and vow'd—but ah, he feign'd the Smart;
Sure of all Fiends the blackest we can find,
Are those Ingrates who stab our Peace of Mind.*

R.

IF Penitence can lay Claim to Pardon, and to confess our Crimes is any Kind of Atonement for them, the following true Narrative may plead in my Behalf to an injured Woman, reconcile me to myself, and restore that Tranquillity of Mind, which I have so lately forfeited by my own Folly and Indiscretion.

You must know that I am the Son of an honest Tradesman, was by him brought up at a public School, and from thence went to the University. Soon after my Arrival there, a Gentleman came down with his Family to enter his Son, who had been my School-fellow at one of the Colleges: They sent for me, and desired I would show them the University; a Request which I readily complied with, as it gratified my Vanity of being seen with his Daughter, a young Lady of great Beauty and Fortune; Advantages which often supply the Want of every other real Good, but served,

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in her, only to adorn the superior Qualities of the Mind, and to set off the Charms of Virtue.

I strove to make their Time as agreeable as possible, by that Assiduity which never fails to please, and all those little Services which are sure to conciliate Affection; I waited on my fair Visitor, as you may imagine, with more than ordinary Diligence, gratified her Curiosity by the Sight of every Thing that I thought worthy of her Attention, and endeavoured, by being useful, to make myself agreeable. I succeeded so well, in short, with the whole Family, that when they left the Place, I received a pressing Invitation from the Father to spend a Week with them in *London*. Accordingly I waited on them, and was received with great Politeness; the Morning we chiefly spent in Diversions within Doors, and in the Evening went to the Play. This gave me an Opportunity of frequent Interviews with the young Lady, in which I could not help paying that Tribute of Praise to her Accomplishments which I knew she deserved, and which I imagined she expected; I spoke the Language of Love, without feeling the Power of it, and insensibly raised a Passion in her Breast, which was as yet Stranger to my own. Little did I indeed at that Time imagine, that with an Intention merely to amuse, I was laying Snares to deceive; and that whilst I thought myself only playing the innocent Part of a fine Gentleman, I was undermining the Peace of an amiable Woman, and destroying the future Happiness of a whole innocent Family.

When I took my Leave, my Friends told me they would not consent to part with me so soon, unless I would promise, on the first Leisure I had, to return; with which Proposal I readily acquiesced. As I had no great Desire to change a Scene of Gaiety and Pleasure for the Gloom of a College, the Reflection of it threw a Melancholy on my Features, which the Lady attributed to a different Cause. I fetched a deep Sigh at parting, and retired from her with a silent Sorrow, which

which I afterwards found had left a stronger Impression on her Heart than all the fine Things I had said; and confirmed her in the Opinion she had conceived of my inviolable Attachment to her. I returned to the University, where my Attention was soon called off to other Views, and my Thoughts fixed on Objects of a very different Nature; nor should I, perhaps, from that Hour, have called to Mind the now forgotten Fair One, had not a Letter, which I received from her about three Months afterwards, greatly surprised and disturbed me. "She would not, she there informed me, have broken through the prescribed Forms of her Sex, but that, as she well knew my Designs were honourable, and nothing but my own Diffidence had concealed them, she looked on herself as bound in Honour to let me know that it would be acceptable to her; that it would appear like Affectation in her to suppose I had meant merely to flatter and amuse her; and as she had spared me the Confusion of first mentioning this, she hoped I would soon come to a more clear Explanation." In a Postscript she added, "that her Father was a Man who had, what we call, seen the World, was determined to marry her, at all Events, up to her Rank; and chose rather to see her splendidly miserable, than obscurely happy: That unless I saved her, she was ruined; and that a short Time must determine her Fate."

I need not tell you how I was confounded, to find myself involved in an Intrigue, before I had so much as once thought seriously upon it: I therefore answered her in the most submissive Manner I could; represented to her, that it would be the highest Ingratitude in me to marry the Daughter of a Man who had shown me such uncommon Civilities, without his Consent; besides, that the Disparity of our Fortunes must be an insurmountable Obstacle to a thinking Person; that she might one Day or other reproach me with Breach of Trust herself, or insult me on Account of that very Inequality which she now seemed

to

to disregard; that in such a Case, the Desire of pleasing must sink into the Fear of offending, and thus put an End to all her visionary Schemes of lasting Happiness; that I was sorry she had so mistaken my Behaviour as to attribute that to Love which is but the Effect of Gallantry. I then talked to her of a Priest and Marriage in the Language of *Lothario*; and concluded by advising her, for both our Sakes, to think no more of it.

This, you may imagine, was an Answer, which, whilst my Hand wrote it, my Heart very severely reproached me for. I could not but tacitly blame myself for that particular Regard and Attachment to her, which I had formerly expressed, and was not determined, whether I should not make a little serious Love to her the very next Opportunity; when, in the Midst of these Reflections, I received the following Letter, which best can tell the Story of her Misfortune, and expose the Weakness of my past Conduct.

“ It is over, and I am a Slave! yet the only Hour that I can call my own, I give to you, the only one that a Husband’s Authority has not a Right to interrupt. To sum up all my Miseries in a Word, know, my Father has this Morning given me up to Sorrow and Mr ———. Alas! what delusive Visions of Felicity did not your flattering Tongue once give me Leave to form? Such as no Turn of Fortune can again recal. I tremble to think what a Husband’s Rage may not inflict, when he finds, instead of the Happiness he expected, so poor an Entertainment as Love compelled will afford him. It is impossible for different Masters to share one poor Heart: With me he might enjoy as much as the unwilling Victim to brutal Violence, and have as warm a Return of Fondness from the sheeted Dead. But what am I saying, and to whom? To him that has robbed me of my Peace! Can he now dry up those Tears which himself alone could bid to flow? Or, can he heal those Wounds which himself has made? But the worst is past; all the Passions that have racked me since I received your last, are hushed; and what
C c little

little Spirit remains will soon give Way to the silent eating Sorrow that must follow this. Think that you have robbed me of what not all my Fortune can purchase for me, nor the whole World beside hath Power to bestow. Ever since I was taught to form a Wish, it was that of being a happy Mother, and a tender Wife. I may now have a Child whom its Father's Vices will exclude from that Excess of Fondness which I would otherwise have poured over it; and you know too well his Character to hope any Alteration in him: And yet this Man my Religion henceforward bids me to be true to, and obey. Farewell; and know, however I condemn your Conduct, that would my Brother, jealous of his Honour as he is, this Moment revenge me, I had rather forgive than resent it. Live then, and be happy; and may that Happiness never be suspended a Moment by the Remembrance of her whom your Falshood has made for ever miserable."

If your Heart has not already informed you what I felt on this, it will be needless to tell you how severely I now accuse my own weak Conduct; nor can I soon forgive myself the wanton Sacrifice of Youth, Innocence, Beauty, and Virtue, to fashionable Levity, and polite Perfidiousness. It is I that have given the Wound inflicted by her Father a deeper Smart, though it is himself who has made that Misery lasting. I can only wish this may be a useful Lesson to warn all young Gentlemen, my Fellow-profligates, never to express a particular Regard where they have not serious Thoughts of Love; and to teach Parents whom Heaven has blest with dutiful Children, rather to make them happy than great; or by their Authority never to violate those Hearts which they have only a Right to guide.

On the JUSTICE of PROVIDENCE.

*All Nature is but Art unknown to thee,
 All Chance Direction which thou canst not see ;
 All Discord Harmony not understood,
 A' partial Evil universal Good :
 And Spite of Pride, in erring Reason's Spite,
 One Truth is clear—whatever is, is right.*

POPE.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of *Egypt*, had dwelt securely for many Years in the silken Pavilions of Pleasure, and had every Morning anointed his Head with the Oil of Gladness, when his only Son *Aboram*, for whom he had crowded his Treasures with Gold, extended his Dominions with Conquests, and secured them with impregnable Fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an Arrow from an unknown Hand, and expired in the Field.

Bozaldab, in the Distraction of Grief and Despair, refused to return to his Palace, and retired to the gloomiest Grotto in the neighbouring Mountains: He there rolled himself in the Dust, tore away the Hairs of his hoary Head, and dashed the Cup of Consolation, that *Patience* offered him, to the Ground. He suffered not his Minstrels to approach his Presence; but listened to the Screams of the melancholy Birds of Midnight, that flit through the solitary Vaults and echoing Chambers of the Pyramids. “Can that God be benevolent, he cried, who thus wounds the Soul, as from an Ambush, with unexpected Sorrows, and crushes his Creatures in a Moment with irremediable Calamity? Yelying *Imans*, prate to us no more of the Justness, of the Kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable Sons of Men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest Flowerets in the Garden of Hope; and, like a malignant Giant, to beat down the strongest Towers of Happiness with the Iron Mace of

Anger. If this Being possessed the Goodness and the Power, with which flattering Priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those Evils which render the World a Dungeon of Distress, a Vale of Vanity and Woe.—I will continue in it no longer!

At this Moment he furiously raised his Hand, which *Despair* had armed with a Dagger, to strike deep into his Bosom; when suddenly thick Flashes of Lightning shot through the Cavern, and a Being of more than human Beauty and Magnitude, arrayed in azure Robes, crowned with Amaranth, and waving a Branch of Palm in his Right-hand, arrested the Arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said with a majestic Smile, "Follow me to the Top of this Mountain.

"Look from hence, said the awful Conductor: I am *Caloc*, the Angel of *Peace*; look from hence into the Valley."

Bozaldab opened his Eyes, and beheld a barren, sultry, and solitary Island, in the Midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly Figure: It was a Merchant just perishing with Famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild Berries nor a single Spring in this forlorn uninhabited Desert; and begging the Protection of Heaven against the Tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last Fuel he had collected to make nightly Fires to affright them. He then cast a Casket of Jewels on the Sand, as Trifles of no Use; and crept feeble and trembling to an Eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every Evening, to watch the setting Sun, and to give a Signal to any Ship that might happily approach the Island.

"Inhabitant of Heaven, cried *Bozaldab*, suffer not this Wretch to perish by the Fury of wild Beasts."—"Peace, said the Angel, and observe."

He looked again, and beheld a Vessel arrive at the desolate Isle. What Words can paint the Rapture of the starving Merchant, when the Captain offered to transport

transport him to his native Country, if he would reward him with Half the Jewels of his Casket? No sooner had this pitiful Commander received the stipulated Sum, than he held a Consultation with the Crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining Jewels, and leave the unhappy Exile in the same helpless and lamentable Condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated, and implored in vain.

"Will Heaven permit such Injustice to be practised!" exclaimed *Bozaldab*. "Look again, said the Angel, and behold the very Ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the Merchant might embark, dashed in Pieces on a Rock: Dost thou not hear the Cries of the sinking Sailors? Presume not to direct the *Governor* of the *Universe* in the Disposal of Events. The Man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary Solitude, but not by the Method thou wouldst prescribe. His Vice was Avarice, by which he became not only abominable but wretched; he fancied some mighty Charm in Wealth, which, like the Wand of *Abdiel*, would gratify every Wish, and obviate every Fear. This Wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor: He cast his Jewels upon the Sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered Part of them to the Mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now learned, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the Situation and Temper of the Possessor. Happy is he whom Distress has taught Wisdom! But turn thine Eyes to another and more interesting Scene."—The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent Palace, adorned with Statues of his Ancestors wrought in Jasper; the Ivory Doors of which, turning on Hinges of the Gold of *Golconda*, discovered a Throne of Diamonds, surrounded by the Rajas of fifty Nations, and with Ambassadors in various Habits and of different Complexions; on which sat *Aboram*, the much-lamented Son of *Bozaldab*, and by his Side a Princess fairer than a *Houri*.

"Gracious *Alla!*———It is my Son! cried the *Caliph*, O let me hold him to my Heart?" "Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial Vision, replied the Angel: I am now showing thee what would have been the Destiny of thy Son, had he continued longer on the Earth." "And why, returned *Bozaldab*, why was he not permitted to continue? Why was he not suffered to be a Witness of so much Felicity and Power?" "Consider the Sequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth Heaven. *Bozaldab* looked earnestly, and saw the Countenance of his Son, on which he had been used to behold the placid Smile of Simplicity, and the vivid Blushes of Health, now distorted with Rage, and now fixed in the Insensibility of Drunkenness: It was again animated with Disdain, it became pale with Apprehension, and appeared to be withered with Intemperance; his Hands were stained with Blood, and he trembled by Turns with Fury and Terror. The Palace, so lately shining with oriental Pomp, changed suddenly into the Cell of a Dungeon, where his Son lay stretched out on a cold Pavement, gagged and bound, and his Eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his Side, enter with a Bowl of Poison, which she compelled *Aboram* to drink, and afterwards married the Successor to his Throne.

"Happy, said *Caloc*, is he whom Providence has by the Angel of Death snatched from Guilt! from whom that Power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater Misery than it could make upon others."

"It is enough, cried *Bozaldab*: I adore the inscrutable Schemes of Omniscience!———From what dreadful Evil has my Son been rescued, by a Death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature! A Death of Innocence and Peace, which has blessed his Memory on Earth, and transmitted his Spirit to the Skies."

"Cast away the Dagger, replied the heavenly Mes-

Messenger, which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own Heart. Exchange Complaint for Silence, and Doubt for Adoration. Can a Mortal look down without Giddiness and Stupefaction, into the vast Abyss of eternal Wisdom? Can a Mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any Thing amongst an Infinity of Objects, mutually relative? Can the Channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual Inundation of the *Nile*, contain the Waters of the Ocean? Remember that perfect Happiness cannot be conferred on a Creature, for perfect Happiness is an Attribute as incommunicable as perfect Power and Eternity."

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his Pinions to fly back to the Empyreum, and the Flutter of his Wings was like the Rushing of a Cataract.

NO FRIENDSHIP among the WICKED.

*The Bliss of Friendship Vice can never know;
From Virtue's Fount alone that Stream must flow.* R.

THREE Villains having made a considerable Booty at a small Distance from a Country Town, agreed (as it was not expedient for all three to enter the Town together) that *one* of them only should go and buy Provisions, and bring them to a Place of Rendezvous in a Wood. Whilst he was gone, the two who were left consulted together, and in order to enlarge their Share of the Booty, determined to kill their Comrade, as soon as he should return with their Food. This was executed; but their murdered Companion, who had formed precisely the same Design against *them*, had, after satisfying his own Appetite, poisoned the Food he brought them. Thus they all died by the Treachery of each other.

SELECT THOUGHTS.

FEW take Care to live *well*, but many to live *long*; though it is in every Body's Power to do the former, but in no Man's Power to do the latter.

The first Requisite in Conversation is Truth; the second Sense; the third Good-humour; and the fourth Wit.

Slanderers are like Flies; they pass over the good Parts of a Man, and indulge on his Sores.

Keen Glances of Censure proceed generally from a dark involved Temper, like Flashes of Lightning from a gloomy Sky.

Those who blow the Coals of other's Strife, may chance to have the Sparks fly in their own Faces.

Words are like Arrows, and should not be shot at Random.

The Poor are seldomer sick for Want of Food, than the Rich are by the Excess of it.

Those who are of Opinion that Money will do every Thing, may reasonably be suspected to do every Thing for Money.

A good Conscience is to the Soul what Health is to the Body.

Content is natural Wealth, and Luxury is artificial Poverty.

A Liar is a Coward to Man, and a Bravo to his God.

King *Henry* the Fourth of *France* (to recommend Affability and Good-nature) used to say, that one Drop of Honey attracted more Flies than a Spoonful of Vinegar.

It is easier to praise People into Virtue than rail them out of Vice.

A sure Way to please in Company is to seem pleased with your Company.

Politeness consists in being easy yourself, and making others so.

We

We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.

None are so *empty* as those who are *full* of themselves.

Despise not Advice even of the meanest: The Cackling of Geese preserved the *Roman* State.

Ill Habits are easier conquered To-day than To-morrow.

A Knave may gain more than an honest Man for a Day; but the honest Man will gain more than the Knave in the Year.

If a Coat be ever so fine that a Fool wears, it is still but a Fool's Coat.

Despise not an Enemy though ever so weak; but consider that the Lion may perish by the Puncture of the Asp.

In Courts and Cities we are entertained with the Works of *Men*, in the Country with the Works of *God*: One is the Province of *Art*, the other of *Nature*.

They worship God best, who resemble him most.

Passions are the Gales of Life; and it is our Part to take Care they do not rise into a Tempest.

To be angry is to revenge the Faults of others upon ourselves.

Point not at the Faults of others with a foul Finger.

If the Devil catches a Man idle, he generally sets him to Work.

If we did not flatter ourselves, Flattery from others would have no Effect.

When Men grow virtuous in their old Age, they only make a Sacrifice to God of the Devil's Leavings.

The Caresses of bad Men resemble the Fawning of a Greyhound, which, while he shows his Love, fouls you with his Paws.

Envy is a certain Acknowledgement of Superiority in the Person envied:—Of all Vices, 'tis the basest and meanest:—And the Breast of the envious Man ever contains a Hell.

We

We should never despise People for Want of natural Parts, but for making a wrong Use of them; thus, if a Man *walk* lame, he is to be pitied; if he *dances* lame, he is to be laughed at.

Some Persons are so very *obliging* that they never *oblige*.

A malignant Praise has always been the most successful Vehicle to insinuate Slander, as Poison is never more artfully conveyed than in Perfume.

[*Part of an Epitaph.*] What I possessed is left to others; what I gave to the Poor remains with me.

Wisdom's best School is *Adversity*: *Prosperity* was painted by the Ancients like an Harlot, quite blind, on the Brink of a frightful Precipice.

The voluptuous Man stands in the Market to be bought and sold.

Procrastination is the Thief of Time.

Industry is the true *Philosopher's Stone*.

He that injures one, threatens an Hundred.

Tongues are like Race-Horses, which run the faster the less Weight they carry.

When *Socrates* was told that his Judges had sentenced him to Death, and hath not Nature (said he) passed the same Sentence upon them?

Every Person has just as much Pride as he wants Sense.

He who *swears*, tells us his bare Word is not to be credited.

True Modesty is ashamed of every Thing that is criminal; *false Modesty* of every Thing that is *unfashionable*.

When *Compliments* were less in Fashion, *Sincerity* was more esteemed.

Nature has wisely furnished us with *two* Ears and but *one* Tongue; a most useful Lesson, if rightly attended to.

Those who fear God the *most*, fear Men the *least*.

Living *high* brings Men *low*.

A Desire of appearing witty is the most certain Method of preventing it.

He

He keeps the best Table who has the most valuable Company at it.

A Head, like a House, when crammed too full, and no regular Order observed in the placing what is in it, is only littered, instead of being furnished.

The ancient *Grecians* used to punish with *double* Severity Crimes done in Drunkenness; first, for debasing themselves below the Brute Creation; and, secondly, for the Crime committed.

It is remarkable, that the most *docile* and *sensible* of all Animals (the Elephant) is the most *temperate* and *abstemious*; as, on the contrary, the most *stupid* and *forbidding* (the Swine) is the most *gluttonous* and *voracious*.

Those who boast of the *Light within*, are generally dark and gloomy without; and may justly be compared to dark *Lanthorns*.

There is a great Difference between *praying* and *saying* one's Prayers.

I never knew a *proud* Man that was not *ill-natured*, nor an *ill-natured* Man that was not *proud*.

Bigots of all Kinds, whether Professors of the *Christian*, *Jewish*, or *Mahometan* Religion, differ in nothing but the Name; for though at first Setting-out, they seem to take quite different Ways; yet, like Travellers in a Circle, notwithstanding they set forward Back to Back, they soon meet and join in the opposite Part of the Circle.

It is usual in *Turkey*, by Way of Reproach, to blacken the Front of those Persons' Houses who are notorious for *Tale-bearing*, or propagating *Falshood*: I wish that were the Case with us, what a *disfmal* Figure would most of the Towns in England make!

Nothing can be *honourable* that is not *virtuous*: Among the *Romans*, the Entrance to the Temple of *Honour* always lay through the Temple of *Virtue*.

Example is a Lesson all can read.

No Man can be said to die suddenly who has lived long.

If

If we do not govern our Passions, we may be sure our Passions will govern us.

Those who are given to tell *all* they know, generally tell *more* than they know.

The man who loves not Praise, will scarce do any Thing to deserve it.

We should not talk to please ourselves, but those who hear us.

Obstinate People are never so much so, as when they are in the Wrong.

Of all Brutes, none are so very brutish as *human* Brutes.

To please, we must resemble the *Willow*, and not the *Oak*.

He who is *fond* of giving Advice, wants it *himself*.

Advice should fall as the *Dew*, not overwhelm as a *Shower*.

We feel what we *fear*, much more than what we *really suffer*.

Hard to be *pleased*, and easy to be *displeased*, is an odious Character.

The meanest Way of *praising ourselves*, is *finding Fault with others*.

The Man who is ashamed of being *poor*, would be *proud* if he were *rich*.

When we speak of the *Dead*, we should tread softly over their *Graves*.

Praise Children for being *pretty*, and they will endeavour to be *beautiful*: Praise them for being *good*, and they will endeavour to be *virtuous*.

Avarice is of all Characters the most opposite to that of the *Almighty*; whose alone it is to *give*, and not to *receive*.

Those who give No-body a good Word, deserve No-body's good Word.

An affected *Gravity* that covers Folly, is like a washed Shilling that passes for a Guinea, till it comes to be tried.



The Hermit.

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and S. Hodgson.*



T H E
H E R M I T.

*—I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the Ways of God to Man.*

MILTON.

FAR in a Wild, unknown to public View,
From Youth to Age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The Moss his Bed,—the Cave his humble Cell,
His Food the Fruits, his Drink the crystal Well.
Remote from Man, with God he pass'd his Days;
Pray'r all his Business, all his Pleasure Praise.

A Life so sacred, such serene Repose,
Seem'd Heav'n itself, till one Suggestion rose;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey;
This sprung some Doubt of Providence's Sway.
His Hopes no more a certain Prospect boast,
And all the Tenor of his Soul is lost.
So when a smooth Expanse receives impress'd
Calm Nature's Image on its wat'ry Breast,
Down bend the Banks, the Trees impending grow,
And Skies beneath with answering Colours glow.
But if a Stone the gentle Sea divide,
Swift rustling Circles curl on ev'ry Side:
And glimm'ring Fragments of a broken Sun;
Banks, Trees, and Skies in thick Disorder run

To clear this Doubt, to know the World by Sight,
To find if Books or Swains report it right,
(For yet by Swains alone the World he knew,
Whose Feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly Dew)

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He quits his Cell; the Pilgrim's Staff he bore,
And fix'd the Scallop in his Hat before;
Then with the rising Sun a Journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each Event.

The Morn was wafted in the pathless Grass,
And long and lonesome was the Wild to pass:
But when the southern Sun had warm'd the Day,
A Youth came posting o'er a crossing Way;
His Raiment decent, his Complexion fair,
And soft in graceful Ringlets wav'd his Hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And hail, my Son! the rev'rend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd Words, from Question Answer flow'd,
And Talk of various Kinds deceiv'd the Road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their Age they differ, join in Heart:
Thus stands an aged Elm in Ivy bound,
Thus youthful Ivy clasps an Elm around.
But here the Youth enjoin'd the eager Sire,
Who into hidden Truths did much enquire,
If he'd in Silence each Event behold,
He wou'd to him some wond'rous Things unfold.
Agreed;—and now the closing Hour of Day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober Grey;
Nature in Silence bids the World repose;
When near the Road a stately Palace rose:
There by the Moon, thro' Ranks of Trees they pass,
Whose Verdure crown'd their sloping Sides of Grass.
It chanc'd, the noble Master of the Dome
Still made his House the wand'ring Stranger's Home.
Yet still his Kindness, from a Thirst of Praise,
Prov'd the vain Flourish of expensive Ease.
The Pair arriv'd, the livery'd Servants wait;
Their Lord receives them at the pompous Gate;
The Table groans with costly Piles of Food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to Rest, the Day's long Toil they drown,
Deep sunk in Sleep, and Silk, and Heaps of Down.

At length 'tis Morn, and at the Dawn of Day
Along the wide Canals the Zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay Parterres the Breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring Wood to banish Sleep:
Up rise the Guests, obedient to the Call;
An early Banquet deck'd the splendid Hall;
Rich luscious Wine a golden Goblet grac'd;
When the kind Master forc'd his Guests to taste:
Then pleas'd and thankful from the Porch they go,
And, but the Landlord, none had Cause for Woe;
His Cup was vanish'd; for in secret Guise
The younger Guest purloin'd the glittering Prize.
Now on they pass—when far upon the Road,
The wealthy Spoil the wily Partner show'd.

As one who spies a Serpent in his Way,
Glist'ning and basking in the Summer Ray,
Disorder'd stops, to shun the Danger near,
Then walks with Faintness on, and looks with Fear:
So seem'd the Sire; he walk'd with trembling Heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part*:
Murm'ring, he lifts his Eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous Actions meet a base Reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his Glory shrouds,
The changing Skies hang out their sable Clouds;
A Sound in Air presag'd approaching Rain,
And Beasts to Covert scud across the Plain.
Warn'd by the Signs, the wand'ring Pair retreat,
To seek for Shelter at a neighb'ring Seat:
'Twas built by Turrets on a rising Ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around:
Its Owner's Temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a Desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy Door they drew,
Fierce rising Gusts with sudden Fury blew;
The nimble Lightning mix'd with Show'rs began,
And o'er their Heads loud rolling Thunder ran.

* On Account of the Promise at first setting out.

Here long they knock'd, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the Wind, and batter'd by the Rain.
 At length some Pity warm'd the Master's Breast :
 ('Twas then his Threshold first receiv'd a Guest.)
 Slow creaking turns the Door with jealous Care,
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring Pair ;
 One frugal Faggot lights the naked Walls,
 And Nature's Fervour through their Limbs recalls.
 Bread of the coarsest Sort, with dead Small-beer,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both for Cheer ;
 And when the Tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready Warning bid them part in Peace.

With still Remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
 In one so rich, a Life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost Wealth a Thousand want beside ?
 But what new Marks of Wonder soon took Place
 In every setting Feature of his Face,
 When from his Vest the young Companion bore
 That Cup the gen'rous Landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious Bowl
 The stinted Kindness of his churlish Soul !
 Just sunk to Earth, the Miser in Surprise,
 Receiv'd the glitt'ring Gift with startled Eyes ;
 But ere he could recover from his Fright,
 The gen'rous Guests were gone quite out of Sight.

Now the brisk Clouds in airy Tumults fly,
 The Sun emerging opes another Sky ;
 A fresher Green the smelling Leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the Day.
 While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's Bosom wrought
 With all the Travail of uncertain Thought ;
 His Partner's Acts without their *Cause* appear*,
 'Twas there a Vice, but seem'd a Madness here.

* To steal a Cup from a generous Man, and give it to a Wretch
 that would scarce admit them within his Gate.

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various Shows.

Now Night's dim Shades again involve the Sky, }
Again the Wand'ers want a Place to lie,
Again they search, and find a Mansion nigh. }
The Soil improv'd around, the Mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its Master's Turn of Mind,
Content, and (not for Praise, but Virtue) kind.

Hither the Walkers turn their weary Feet,
Then blest the Mansion, and the Master greet;
Their Greeting fair, bestow'd with modest Guise,
The courteous Master hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging Heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a Part:
From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly Cheer.
He spoke, and bade the welcome Table spread;
Then talk'd of Virtue till the Time of Bed;
When the grave Household round the Hall repair,
Warn'd by a Bell, and close the Hour with Pray'r.

At length the World, renew'd by calm Repose,
Was strong for Toil, the dapple Morn arose;
Before the Pilgrims part, the Younger crept
Near the clos'd Cradle, where an Infant slept,
And writh'd his Neck; the Landlord's little Pride,
O strange Return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of Horrors! what! his only Son?
How look'd our Hermit when the Fact was done!
Not Hell, tho' Hell's black Jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue Fire, could more assail his Heart.

Confus'd, and struck with Silence at the Deed,
He flies,—but trembling, fails to fly with Speed.
His Steps the Youth pursues; the Country lay
Perplex'd with Roads, a Servant show'd the Way;
A River cross'd the Path; the Passage o'er
Was nice to find; the Servant went before;

Long Arms of Oak an open Bridge supply'd,
And deep the Waves beneath them bending glide:
The Youth, who seem'd to watch a Time to sin,
Approach'd the careless Guide and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his Head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the Dead.

Wild sparkling Rage inflames the Hermit's Eyes,
He bursts the Bands of Fear, and wildly cries,
"Detested Wretch!"—but scarce his Speech began,
When the strange Partner seem'd no longer Man;
His youthful Face grew more serenely sweet,
His Robes turn'd white, and flow'd about his Feet:
Fair Rounds of radiant Points invest his Hair;
Celestial Odours breathe in purpled Air;
And Wings, whose Colours glitter'd like the Day,
Wide at his Back their dazzling Plumes display.
The Form ethereal bursts upon his Sight,
And moves in all the Majesty of Light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's Passion grew;
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprize in secret Chains his Words suspends,
And in a Calm his settling Temper ends.
But Silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The Voice of Music ravish'd as he spoke.)

"Thy Pray'r, thy Praise, thy Life to Vice unknown,
In sweet Memorial rise before the Throne;
Their Charms Success in our bright Region find,
And forc'd an Angel down to calm thy Mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the Sky;
Nay, cease to kneel,—thy Fellow-servant, I.

Then know the Truth of Government divine,
And let the Scruples be no longer thine.

The Master justly claims that World he made;
In this the Right of Providence is laid:

Its

Its sacred Majesty through all depends.
On using second Means* to work his Ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in State from human Eye,
The Pow'r exerts its Attributes on high;
Your Actions uses, nor controuls your Will,
And bids the doubting Sons of Men be still.

What strange Events can strike with more Surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring Eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great vain Man, who far'd on costly Food,
Whose Life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his Ivory Stands with Goblets shine,
And forc'd his Guests to Morning Draughts of Wine,
Has with the Cup the graceless Custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of Cost.

The mean suspicious Wretch, whose bolted Door
Ne'er mov'd in Pity to the wand'ring Poor;
With him I left the Cup, to teach his Mind
That Heav'n can bless, if Mortals will be kind;
Conscious of wanting Worth, he views the Bowl,
And feels Compassion touch his grateful Soul.
Thus Artists melt the fullen Oar of Lead,
By heaping Coals of Fire upon its Head;
In the kind Warmth the Metal learns to glow,
And loose from Dross the Silver runs below.

Long had our pious Friend in Virtue trod,
But now the Child half-wean'd his Soul from God;
(Child of his Age†) for him he liv'd in Pain,
And measur'd back his Steps to Earth again.

To

* Second Means—God often appoints wicked and abandoned Wretches to be his Instruments of Justice upon others, for some Ends tending to public Good, though unperceived by human Eyes.

† Child of his Age—a Child born to him when in Years, on whom he doated too fondly.

To what Excesses had his Dotage run!
 But God, to save the Father, took the Son.
 'To all but thee, in Fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my Ministry to deal the Blow.)
 The poor fond Parent, humbled in the Dust,
 Now owns in Tears the Punishment was just.

But how had all his Fortune felt a Wreck,
 Had the false Servant sped in Safety back!
 This very Night, (by secret Plot contriv'd)
 Of Life and Wealth his Master he'd depriv'd;
 Had he in this Conspiracy prevail'd,
 What Funds of Charity would then have fail'd?*

Thus Heav'n instructs thy Mind: This Trial o'er,
 Depart in Peace, resign, and sin no more."

On founding Pinions here the Youth withdrew,
 The Sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.

Thus look'd *Elisba*, when to mount on high
 His Master took the Chariot of the Sky;
 The fiery Pomp ascending left the View;
 The Prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a Pray'r begun,
 "Lord! as in Heav'n, on Earth thy Will be done?"
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient Place,
 And spent a Life of Piety and Peace.

TRUTH and FALSHOOD.

A F A B L E.

SOON as the Iron Age on Earth began,
 And Vice found easy Entrance into Man:
 While from his tow'ring Height the flaming Sun,
 Fierce on the pendent Globe directly shone,
 Forth from her Cave infernal *Falshood* came;
Falshood, the Hate of Gods, of Men the Shame.

A filken

* He gave largely to the Poor.

A filken Robe she wore of various Hue,
Its Colour changing with each different View;
Studious to cheat, and eager to beguile,
She mimic'd *Truth*, and ap'd her heav'nly Smile;
But mimic'd *Truth* in vain: The varied Vest
To every searching Eye the Fiend confest.
At length she saw celestial *Truth* appear,
Serene her Brow, and chearful was her Air:
Her Silver Locks with shining Fillets bound,
With Laurel Wreaths her peaceful Temples crown'd;
A lily Robe was girded round her Waist,
And o'er her Arms a radiant Mantle cast;
With decent Negligence it hung behind,
And loofely flowing, wanton'd in the Wind:
Thus *Truth* advanc'd, unknowing of Deceit,
And *Falshood*, bowing low, began the Cheat.

“Hail, charming Maid, bright as the Morning Star,
Daughter of *Jove*, and Heaven's peculiar Care;
'Tis thine to weigh the World in equal Scales,
And chide the conscious Soul when Vice prevails;
Dispensing Justice with impartial Hand,
The mightiest Pow'rs submit to thy Command;
E'en Gods themselves, tho' in their Actions free,
Consult, resolve, and act as you decree.
Great Sovereign *Jove*, the first ethereal Name,
Advis'd with thee to form the heav'nly Frame:
As *Truth* approv'd, he bade the Fabric rise,
And spread the azure Mantle of the Skies;
Plac'd every Planet in its proper Sphere,
Nor rolls this Orb too wide, nor that too near:
But why thus walk we mindless of our Ease,
Expos'd beneath the Sun's meridian Blaze?
Better retire, and shun the scorching Ray,
Till fanning Zephyrs cool our Evening Way.
Hear how yon limpid Streams run murm'ring by,
And tuneful Birds their sylvan Notes apply:
See fragrant Shrubs along the Border grow,
And waving Shades beneath the Poplar-bough.

All

All these invite us to the River Side,
 To bathe our Limbs, and sport within the Tide:
 So cool the Stream, the flow'ry Banks so sweet,
Diana's self might covet the Retreat;
 Nor can a short Diversion check your Haste;
 Fresh Strength will soon succeed such welcome Rest;
 As rapid Currents held a while at Bay,
 With swifter Force pursue their liquid Way."

So spake the Fantom, and with friendly Look,
 Supporting what she said, approach'd the Brook:
Truth follow'd, artless, unsuspicious Maid,
 And, in an evil Hour, the Voice obey'd:
 Both at the crystal Stream arriv'd, unbound
 Their different Robes; both cast them on the Ground;
 The Fiend upon the Margin ling'ring stood,
 The naked Goddess leapt into the Flood;
 Sporting she swims the liquid Surface o'er,
 Unmindful of the matchless Robe she wore.
 Not *Falshood* so—she, hasty, seiz'd the Vest;
 And with the beauteous Spoils herself she drest:
 Then wing'd with Joy, out flew the swiftest Wind,
 Her own infernal Robe far left behind.
 Straight she aspires above her former State,
 And gains Admission to the Rich and Great;
 Nay, such her daring Pride, that some report,
 When thus equip'd, she boldly went to Court;
 There spoke and look'd with such a graceful Air,
 Mistaken Fame pronounc'd her wise and fair.
 She fill'd the Wanton's Tongue with specious Names,
 To deal in Wounds and Deaths, in Darts and Flames;
 She prefac'd all her lewd Attempts with Love,
 And Fraud prevail'd where Reason could not move.
 At length she mingled with the learned Throng,
 And tun'd the Muses' mercenary Song.
 In all the Labyrinths of Logic skill'd,
 She taught the subtle Reasoner not to yield:
 Instructed how to puzzle each Dispute,
 And boldly baffle Men—tho' not confute:

Now

Now at the Bar she play'd the Lawyer's Part,
And shap'd out Wrong and Right by Rules of Art;
Now in the Senate rais'd her pompous Tone,
Talk'd much of public Good, but meant her own.
Oft to th' *Olympian* Field she turn'd her Eyes,
And taught the Racers how to gain the Prize.
In Schools and Temples too, she claim'd a Share,
While *Falshood's* self admir'd her Influence there.

Deluded *Truth* observ'd the Fraud too late,
Nor knew she to repair the Loss so great:
In vain her heav'nly Robes she fighting seeks,
In vain the humid Pearls bedew her Cheeks;
In vain she tears the Laurel from her Hair,
While Nature seems to sympathize her Care:
The glowing Flow'rs, that crown the enamell'd Meads,
Weep fragrant Dews, and hung their drooping Heads:
The sylvan Choirs, as conscious of her Pains,
Deplore the Loss in melancholy Strains.
Thus pensive and uncloth'd, upon the Shore
She stands, and sees the Robe which *Falshood* wore:
Detested Sight! no longer now she mourns,
But, Grief to Rage transform'd, with Anger burns;
Into the Stream the hellish Robe she tost,
And scorn'd a Habit so unlike the lost.

Hence *Truth* now naked roves, as in Disgrace;
None but the Wise and Virtuous see her Face:
From Cities far she modestly retreats,
From busy Scenes of Life to peaceful Seats:
Is chiefly found in lonely Fields and Cells,
Where Silence reigns, and Contemplation dwells.
Hence *Falshood* cheats us in the fair Disguise,
And seems *Truth's* Self to all unwary Eyes;
Triumphs and thrives, in Pow'r and Wealth, and Fame,
And builds her Glory on her Rival's Name:
With Safety dares to flatter, fawn, and sooth;
For who knows *Falshood* when array'd like *Truth*?

LUXURY and WANT. A VISION.

AS late I mus'd on Fortune's Ebb and Flow,
 Life's airy Pleasures, and substantial Woe,
 The thoughtless Mirth that laughs in Pleasure's Eye,
 The Boast of Vice, and Pride of Vanity;
 O'er nodding Reason downy Slumbers stole,
 And Fancy's Vision open'd to my Soul;
 Aloft, on proud *Ionic* Columns rear'd,
 A sumptuous Dome in ruin'd Pomp appear'd;
 A baseless Pillar here, with Moss o'ergrown,
 Press'd Earth's green Bosom with a Length of Stone;
 There, a tall Portal, sculptur'd once so gay,
 Records no Story but its own Decay.

I enter'd—Crowds, who blush'd to be descry'd,
 With famish'd Looks, thro' mould'ring Arches glide;
 I paus'd, and curious as I gaz'd around,
 Saw a lean Hag lie stretch'd along the Ground;
 Round either Arm a tatter'd Rag she drew,
 Her Shape conceal'd with Rags of various Hue;
 A Cloth her Forehead bound, her Legs were bare,
 And foul and clotted was her grizzled Hair.

“Whence and what art thou, Wretch?” surpriz'd,
 I cry'd;
 “*Want* is my Name, well known, the Wretch reply'd;
 The Work of *Luxury*, this Lofty Dome,
 So righteous *Jove* ordains, is now my Home.
 Time was, this Roof return'd the dulcet Voice
 Of Music, blended with a Critic's Choice.
 Dependent thence a thousand Tapers glow'd,
 The Vine's rich Juice from Silver Fountains flow'd;
 An hundred Dainties o'er the Board were spread,
 And all *Arabia's* spicy Fragrance shed.
 The Velvet Couches, and the cushion'd Chair,
 Swell'd high with Down, as soft as Summer's Air;
 And Female Beauty, smiling o'er the Scene,
 Spread Joy around, of every Joy the Queen!

“Then

"Then at these Doors by Hunger and by Grief
 Oppress'd, with suppliant Voice I sought Relief:
 Relief I sought, alas! but sought in vain,
 With poignant Taunt rebuk'd, and sour Disdain.
 The batt'ning Priest, with supercilious Face,
 Infer'd with Indigence the Want of Grace.
 The Lawyer, in quaint Terms, with Looks demure,
 Gave Hints of Statutes against vagrant Poor.
 Unmov'd and cool the garter'd Statesman cry'd,
 For *me*, fit Refuge Colonies supply'd.
 I sigh'd in Secret, and to Heav'n my Heart
 Ascending, Heav'n in Pity took my Part.
 Loud Thunder roll'd—the Fabric from its Base
 Shook, and proud *Lux'ry* vanish'd from the Place.
 Th' astonish'd Crowd their Patron's Fall deplore,
 And pale and trembling issue from the Door.
 I enter'd, prompted by a Voice divine,
 Which thrice repeated—*Want!* this Pile is thine;
 For know, by *Jove* and Fate it stands decreed,
 Where *Lux'ry* riots, thou shalt still succeed.
 Here unmolested from that Hour I reign,
 And all the Court of *Lux'ry* forms my Train;
 Here still receiv'd by me, as hither driv'n,
 By keen Necessity, the Scourge of Heav'n:
 These are the Wretches which around me throng;
 To me the Lawyer, Statesman, Priest belong."

She ceas'd; her Words such strong Emotions bred,
 They wak'd me trembling, and the Vision fled.
 Save me from *Lux'ry*, gracious Heav'n, I pray'd,
 That *Want's* drear Haunts my Steps may ne'er invade.

The HUSBANDMAN'S MEDITATION in the Field.

WITH toilsome Steps when I pursue,
 O'er breaking Clods, the Ploughshare's Way,
 Lord, teach my mental Eye to view
 My native dissoluble Clay.

E c

And

And when with Seed I strew the Earth,
 To Thee all Praises let me give,
 Whose Hand prepar'd me for the Birth,
 Whose Breath inform'd, and bade me live.
 Pleas'd I behold the stately Stem
 Support its bearded Honour's Load:
 Thus, Lord, sustain'd by thee, I came
 To Manhood, thro' Youth's dangerous Road.
 Purging from noxious Herbs the Grain,
 Oh! may I learn to purge my Mind
 From Sin, rank Weed of deepest Stain,
 Nor leave one baneful Root behind.
 When Blight destroys the opening Ear,
 Life, thus replete with various Woe,
 Warns me to shun with studious Care
 Pride, my most deadly, latent Foe.
 When Harvest comes, the yellow Crop
 Prone to the Reaper's Sickle yields;
 And I beneath Death's Scythe must drop,
 And soon or late forsake these Fields.
 When future Crops in silent Hoards,
 Sleep for a While, to Service dead;
 Thy Emblem this, Oh Grave! affords
 The Path of Life, which all must tread.

ODE to SPRING.

YOUTH of the Year, delightful Spring!
 Thy blest Return on genial Wing
 Inspires my languid Lays:
 No more I sleep in Sloth supine,
 When all Creation at thy Shrine
 Its annual Tribute pays.
 Escap'd from Winter's freezing Pow'r,
 Each Blossom greets thee, and each Flow'r;
 And, foremost of the Train,
 By Nature—(artless Handmaid!)—drest,
 The Snow-drop comes in lily'd Vest,
 Prophetic of thy Reign.

The

The Lark now strains her tuneful Throat,
And ev'ry loud and sprightly Note
Calls Echo from her Cell:
Be warn'd, ye Maids, that listen round,
A beauteous Nymph became a Sound,
The Nymph, who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd Sun, with Warmth benign,
Bids Tree, and Shrub, and swelling Vine,
Their infant Buds display:
Again the Streams refresh the Plains,
Which Winter bound in icy Chains,
And sparkling blest his Ray.

Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around,
And instant glows th' enamell'd Ground,
With Nature's varied Hue;
Not so returns our Youth decay'd,
Alas, nor Air, nor Sun, nor Shade
The Springs of Life renew.

The Sun's too quick revolving Beam
Apace dissolves the human Dream,
And brings th' appointed Hour;
Too late we catch the parting Ray,
And mourn the idly-wasted Day
No longer in our Power.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd Sight
Pursues, by Virtue's constant Light,
A Hope beyond the Skies;
Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,
But rosy Spring for ever bloom,
And Suns eternal rise.

An ELEGY,

Written in a Country Church-yard.

THE Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
 The lowing Herd winds slowly o'er the Lea,
 The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
 And leaves the World to Darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering Landskip on the Sight,
 And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds;
 Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
 Or drowsy Tinkling lulls the distant Folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled Tower
 The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret Bower,
 Molest her ancient—solitary Reign.

Beneath these rugged Elms—that Yew-tree's Shade,
 Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,
 Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the Hamlet sleep.

The breezy Call of Incense-breathing Morn,
 The Swallow twitt'ring from her Straw-built Shed,
 The Cock's shrill Clarion, or the echoing Horn
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
 Or Busy Housewife ply her Evening Care,
 No Children run to lisp their Sire's Return,
 Or climb his Knees the envied Kifs to share.

Oft did the Harvest to their Sickle yield,
 Their Harrow oft the stubborn Glebe had broke,
 How jocund did they drive their Team afield!
 How bow'd the Woods beneath their sturdy Stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful Toil,
 Their homely Joys, and Destiny obscure,
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful Smile,
 The short and simple Annals of the Poor.

The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Pow'r,
 And all that Beauty—all that Wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable Hour;
 The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

Nor

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to those the Fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tombs no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn Isle and fretted Vault,
The pealing Anthem swells the Note of Praise.

Can story'd Urn, or animated Bust,
Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's Voice provoke the silent Dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold Ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid,
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire;
Hands that the Reins of Empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to Extacy the living Lyre.

But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page,
Rich with the Spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of their Soul.

Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a Flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its Sweetness on the Desert Air.

Some Village *Hampden*, that with dauntless Breast,
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious *Milton* here may rest;
Some *Cromwell*, guiltless of his Country's Blood.

The Applause of list'ning Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land,
And read their Hist'ry in a Nation's Eyes,

Their Lot forbade: Nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' Slaughter to a Throne,
And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind.

The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
With Incense kindled at the Muses' Flame.

Far from the madding Croud's ignoble Strife,
Their sober Wishes never learn'd to stray;

Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life,
They kept the noiseless Tenor of their Way.

Yet e'en these Bones from Insult to protect,
Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth Rhymes and shapeless Sculpture deck'd;
Implores the passing Tribute of a Sigh.

Their Name, their Years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The Place of Fame and Elegy supply;
And many a holy Text around the strews,
To teach the rustic Moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a Prey,
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm Precincts of the chearful Day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring Look behind!

On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drop the closing Eye requires;
Ev'n from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these Lines their artless Tale relate,
If Chance by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy Fate;

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the Peep of Dawn
Brushing with hasty Steps the Dews away,
To meet the Sun upon the upland Lawn :

There at the Foot of yonder nodding Beach,
That wreaths its odd fantastic Roots so high,
His listless Length at Noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the Brook that babbles by :

Hard by yon Wood, now smiling as in Scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward Fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with Care, or cross'd in hopeless Love :

One Morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd Hill,
Along the Heath, and near his fav'rite Tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the Rill,
Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he :

The

The next, with Dirges due, in sad Array,
Slow thro' the Church-way Path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the Lay
Grav'd on the Stone beneath yon aged Thorn.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the Year,
By Hands unseen, are Showers of Violets found;
The Redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little Footsteps lightly print the Ground."

The E P I T A P H.

*HERE rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere;
Heav'n did a Recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery (all he had) a Tear:
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a Friend.*

*No further seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
The Bosom of his Father and his God.*

The PANTHER, the HORSE, and other BEASTS.

A F A B L E.

THE Man who seeks to win the Fair
(So Custom says) must Truth forbear;
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raise the Goddess to the Sky;
For Truth is hateful to her Ear,
A Rudeness which she cannot bear——
A Rudeness!—Yes—I speak my Thoughts;
For Truth upbraids her with her Faults.

How

How wretched, *Chloe*, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie!
And still, to make you less my Friend,
I strive your Errors to amend.
But shall the senseless Fop impart
The softest Passion to your Heart,
While he who tells you honest Truth,
And points to Happiness your Youth,
Determines, by his Care, his Lot,
And lives neglected and forgot?

Trust me, my Girl, with greater Ease,
Your Taste for Flattery I could please,
And Similies in each dull Line,
Like Glow-worms in the Dark, should shine:
What if I say your Lips disclose
The Freshness of the opening Rose;
Or that your Cheeks are Beds of Flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing Show'rs;
Yet, certain as these Flow'rs shall fade,
Time every Beauty shall invade:
The Butterfly, of various Hue,
More than the Flow'r resembles you:
Fair, fluttring, fickle, busy Thing,
To Pleasure ever on the Wing,
Gaily coquetting for an Hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.

Wou'd you the Bloom of Youth should last?
'Tis Virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy Carriage, wholly free
From sour Reserve, or Levity;
Good-natur'd Mirth, an open Heart,
And Looks unskill'd in any Art;
Humility enough to own
The Frailties which a Friend makes known;
And decent Pride, enough to know
The Worth that Virtue can bestow.

These

These are the Charms which ne'er decay,
Tho' Youth and Beauty fade away;
And Time, which all Things else removes,
Still heightens Virtue, and improves.

You'll frown, and ask to what Intent
This blunt Address to you is sent?
I'll spare the Question, and confess
I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude when you are vain.

Beneath a Lion's peaceful Reign,
When Beasts met friendly on the Plain,
A Panther of majestic Port,
(The vainest Female of the Court)
With spotted Skin and Eyes of Fire,
Fill'd every Bosom with Desire;
Where'er she mov'd, a servile Crowd
Of fawning Creatures cring'd and bow'd:
Assemblies ev'ry Week she held,
(Like modern Balls with Coxcombs fill'd)
Where Noise and Nonsense, and Grimace,
And Scandal echo'd round the Place.

Behold the gay, fantastic Thing,
Encircled by a spacious Ring:
Low-bowing, with important Look,
As first in Rank, the Monkey spoke:
"Gad take me, Madam, but I swear,
"No Angel ever look'd so fair——
"Forgive my Rudeness, but I vow,
"You were not quite divine till now;
"Those Limbs! that Shape! and then those Eyes——
"O, close them, or the Gazer dies!"

Nay, gentle Pug, for Goodness hush,
I vow and swear, you make me blush!

I shall

I shall be angry at this Rate——
'Tis so like Flattery—which I hate.

The Fox, in deeper Cunning vers'd,
The Beauties of her Mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of Knowledge, Taste, and Sense,
To which the Fair have vast Pretence;
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain;
And play'd so cunningly his Part,
That Pug was rival'd in his Art.

The Goat avow'd his amorous Flame,
And burnt—for what he durst not name;
Yet hop'd a Meeting in the Wood
Might make his Meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold Address,
She frown'd; but yet she must confess,
Such Beauties might inflame his Blood,
But still his Phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her Neatness much admir'd;
The formal Ass her Sweetness fir'd;
Thus all to feed her Folly strove,
And by their Praises shar'd her Love.

The Horse, whose gen'rous Heart disdain'd
Applause, by servile Flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful Courage Silence broke,
And thus with Indignation spoke:
When flatt'ring Monkeys fawn and prate,
They justly raise Contempt and Hate;
For Merit's turn'd to Ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning Fool.
The artful Fox your Wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish Ends;
From the vile Flatt'rer turn away,
For Knaves make Friendship to betray.

Dismiss

Dismiss the Train of Fops and Fools,
And learn to follow Wisdom's Rules;
Such Beauties might the Lion warm,
Did not your Folly break the Charm;
For who would court that lovely Shape,
To be the Rival of an Ape?

He said; and snorting in Disdain,
Spurn'd at the Crowd, and fought the Plain.

The SPIDER and the BEE. A FABLE.

THE Nymph who walks the public Streets,
And sets her Cap at all she meets,
May catch the Fool who turns to stare;
But Men of Sense avoid the Snare.

As on the Margin of the Flood,
With filken Line my *Lydia* stood,
I smil'd to see the Pains you took,
'To cover o'er the fraudulent Hook.
Along the Forest as we stray'd
You saw the Boy his Lime-twigg spread;
Guess'd you the Reason of his Fear,
Left, heedless, we approach too near!
For as behind the Bush we lay,
The Linnet flutter'd on the Spray.

Needs there such Caution to delude
The scaly Fry, and feather'd Brood?
And think you with inferior Art,
To captivate the human Heart?

The Maid, who modestly conceals
Her Beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a Glimpse, and Fancy draws
Whate'er the *Grecian Venus* was.
From *Eve's* first Fig-leaf to Brocade,
All Dress was meant for Fancy's Aid,

Which

Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful Nymph conceals.

When *Celia* struts in Man's Attire,
She shows too much to raise Desire;
But from the Hoop's bewitching Round,
Her very Shoe has Pow'r to wound.

The roving Eye, the Bosom bare,
The forward Laugh, the wanton Air,
May catch the Fop; for Gudgeons strike
At the bare Hook and Bait alike,
While Salmon play regardless by;
'Tis Art, like Nature, forms the Fly.

Beneath a Peasant's homely Thatch,
A Spider long had laid her Watch;
From Morn to Night, with restless Care,
She spun her Web, and wove her Snare:
Within the Limits of her Reign,
Lay many heedless Captives slain,
Or flutt'ring struggled in the Toils
To burst the Chains, and shun her Wiles.

A straying Bee that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful Eye,
And thus began: Mean Thing, give o'er,
And lay thy slender Threads no more;
A thoughtless Fly or two at most,
Is all the Conquest thou canst boast;
For Bees of Sense thy Arts evade,
We see so plain the Nets are laid.

The gaudy Tulip that displays
Her spreading Foliage to the Gaze,
That points her Charms at all the fees,
And yields to ev'ry wanton Breeze,
Attracts me not. Where blushing grows,
Guarded with Thorns, the modest Rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant Bosom lie;

Reluctant she my Ardour meets,
And, bashful, renders up her Sweets.

To wiser Heads Attention lend,
And learn this Lesson from a Friend:
She who with Modesty retires,
Adds Fuel to her Lover's Fires:
While such incautious Jilts as you,
By Folly your own Schemes undo.

ADVICE to BELINDA.

THE Counsels of a Friend, *Belinda*, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a Lady's Ear;
Unlike the Flatt'ries of a Lover's Pen,
Such Truths as Women seldom learn from Men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What Female Vanity might fear to know;
Some Merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
But greater your's Sincerity to hear.

Hard is the Fortune that your Sex attends;
Women, like Princes, find no real Friends:
All who approach them, their own Ends pursue,
Lovers and Ministers are never true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted Guide the most betrays:
Hence by fond Dreams of fancy'd Pow'r amus'd,
When most you've tyranniz'd, you're most abus'd.

What is your Sex's earliest, latest Care,
Your Heart's supreme Ambition? To be fair.
For this the Toilet ev'ry Thought employs,
Hence all the Toils of Dress, and all the Joys:
For this Hands, Lips, and Eyes are put to School,
And each instructed Feature has its Rule:
And yet how few have learn'd, when this is giv'n,
Not to disgrace the partial Boon of Heav'n!
How few, with all their Pride of Form, can move!
How few has lovely Nature fram'd for Love!

F f

Do

Do you, my Fair, endeavour to possess
 An Elegance of Mind, as well as Dress;
 Be that your Ornament, and know to please
 By graceful Nature's unaffected Ease.

Nor make to dang'rous Wit a vain Pretence,
 But wisely rest content with modest Sense;
 For Wit, like Wine, intoxicates the Brain,
 Too strong for feeble Woman to sustain;
 Of those who claim it, more than Half have none,
 And Half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your Sex's Arts,
 Nor think Dishonesty a Proof of Parts;
 For you, the plainest is the wisest Rule;
 A cunning Woman is a knavish Fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's Shame
 Can raise your Merit, or adorn your Fame:
 Prudes rail at Whores, as Statesmen in Disgrace
 At Ministers, because they wish their Place.

Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
 Without all Beauty, and all Peace within:
 'The Honour of a Prude is Rage and Storm,
 'Tis Ugliness in its most frightful Form;
 Fiercely it stands defying Gods and Men,
 As fiery Monsters guard a Giant's Den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
 A Woman's noblest Station is Retreat;
 Her fairest Virtues fly from public Sight,
 Domestic Worth still shuns too strong a Light.

To rougher Men Ambition's Task resign;
 'Tis our's in Senates or in Courts to shine:
 To labour for a sunk, corrupted State,
 Or dare the Rage of Envy, and be great.
 One only Cause *your* gentle breasts should move,
 'Th' important Business of your Life is Love:
 To this great Point direct your constant Aim,
 This makes your Happiness, and this your Fame.

Be

Be never cool Reserve with Passion join'd :
Love not at all, or else be fondly kind ;
In this, Extremes alone can truly bless,
The Virtue of a Lover is Excess.

Contemn the little Pride of giving Pain,
Nor think that Conquest justifies Disdain :
Short is the Period of insulting Pow'r ;
Offended *Cupid* finds his vengeful Hour,
Soon will resume the Empire which he gave,
And soon the Tyrant will become the Slave.

Blest is the Maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose Soul's entire by him she loves possess ;
Feels ev'ry Vanity in Fondness lost,
And asks no Pow'r but that of pleasing most :
Her's is the Bliss in sweet Return to prove
The honest Warmth of undissembled Love ;
For her inconstant Man might cease to range,
And Gratitude forbid Desire to change.

Thus I, *Belinda*, would your Charms improve,
And form your Heart to all the Arts of Love ;
The Task were harder to secure my own,
Against the Pow'r of those already known ;
For well you twist the secret Chains that bind
With gentle Force the captivated Mind ;
Skill'd ev'ry soft Attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring Hope, and each alluring Joy ;
I own your Genius, and from you receive
The Rules of pleasing which to you I give.

The Story of PALEMON and LAVINIA.

THE lovely young *Lavinia* once had Friends,
 And Fortune smil'd deceitful on her Birth;
 For in her helpless Years depriv'd of all,
 Of every Stay, save Innocence and Heav'n,
 She with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a Cottage, far retir'd
 Among the Windings of a woody Vale;
 By Solitude and deep surrounding Shades,
 But more by bashful Modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shun'd the cruel Scorn
 Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
 From giddy Fashion and low-minded Pride:
 Almost on Nature's common Bounty fed,
 Like the gay Birds that sing them to Repose,
 Content, and careless of To-morrow's Fare.

Her Form was fresher than the Morning Rose,
 When the Dew wets its Leaves; unstain'd and pure
 As is the Lily, or the Mountain Snow;
 The modest Virtues mingled in her Eyes,
 Still on the Ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid Beams into the blooming Flowers:
 Or when the mournful Tale her Mother told
 Of what her faithless Fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her Thought, they, like the dewy Star
 Of Evening, shone in Tears. A native Grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd Limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple Robe, their best Attire,
 Beyond the Pomp of Dress; for Loveliness
 Needs not the foreign Aid of Ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most;
 Thoughtless of Beauty, she was Beauty's Self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering Woods
 As in the hollow Breast of *Appennine*:
 Beneath the Shelter of encircling Hills,
 A Myrtle rises far from human Eyes,
 And breathes its balmy Fragrance o'er the Wild;

So

So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet *Lavinia*; till at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme Command,
 With smiling Patience in her Looks, she went
 To glean *Palemon's* Fields. The Pride of Swains
Palemon was,—the Gen'rous, and the Rich,
 Who led the rural Life in all its Joy
 And Elegance; such as *Arcadian* Song
 Transmits from ancient, uncorrupted Times,
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the Mode.
 He then, his Fancy with autumnal Scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his Reaper-train
 To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his Eye,
 Unconscious of her Pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected Blushes from his Gaze;
 He saw her charming, but he saw not Half
 The Charms her downcast Modesty conceal'd.
 That very Moment, Love and chaste Desire
 Sprung in his Bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the World prevail'd, and its dread Laugh,
 Which scarce the firm Philosopher can scorn,
 Should his Heart own a Gleaner in the Field:
 And thus in secret to his Soul he sigh'd:

“ What Pity! that so delicate a Form,
 “ By Beauty kindled, where enliv'ning Sense,
 “ And more than vulgar Goodness, seem to dwell,
 “ Should be devoted to the rude Embrace
 “ Of some indecent Clown? She looks, methinks,
 “ Of old *Acasto's* Line; and to my Mind
 “ Recals that Patron of my happy Life,
 “ From whom my liberal Fortune took its Rise,
 “ Now to the Dust gone down; his Houses, Lands,
 “ And once fair-spreading Family dissolv'd.
 “ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure Retreat,
 “ Urg'd by Remembrance sad, and decent Pride,
 “ Far from those Scenes which knew their better Days,
 “ His aged Widow and his Daughter live,

“ Whom yet my fruitless Search could never find :
 “ Romantic Wish! Would this the Daughter were!”

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the Daughter of his Friend,
 Of bountiful *Acasto*; who can speak
 The mingled Passions that surpriz'd his Heart,
 And thro' his Nerves in shiv'ring Transports ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd Flame, avow'd and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once.
 Confus'd and frighten'd at his sudden Tears,
 Her rising Beauties flush'd a higher Bloom;
 And thus *Palemon*, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious Rapture of his Soul:

“ And art thou then *Acasto's* dear Remains;
 “ She whom my restless Gratitude has sought
 “ So long in vain? Oh yes! the very same,
 “ The soften'd Image of my noble Friend;
 “ Alive his every Feature, every Look,
 “ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring;
 “ Thou sole surviving Blossom from the Root
 “ That nourish'd up my Fortune, say, ah where,
 “ In what sequester'd Desert hast thou drawn
 “ The kindest Aspect of delighted Heav'n,
 “ Into such Beauty spread, and blown so fair,
 “ Tho' Poverty's cold Winds, and crushing Rain,
 “ Beat keen and heavy on thy tender Years?
 “ O let me now into a richer Soil
 “ Transplant thee safe! where vernal Suns and Show'rs
 “ Diffuse their warmest, largest Influence;
 “ And of my Garden be the Pride and Joy!
 “ It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
 “ *Acasto's* Daughter, his, whose open Stores,
 “ Tho' vast, were little to his ample Heart,
 “ The Father of a Country, thus to pick
 “ The very Refuse of those Harvest Fields,
 “ Which from his bounteous Friendship I enjoy.
 “ Then

“ Then throw that shameful Pittance from thy Hand,
 “ But ill applied to such a rugged Task;
 “ These Fields, the Master, all, my Fair, are thine;
 “ If to the various Blessings which thy House
 “ Has on me lavish’d, thou wilt add that Bliss,
 “ The dearest Bliss, the Pow’r of blessing thee.”

Here ceas’d the Youth; yet still his speaking Eye
 Express’d the sacred Triumph of his Soul,
 With conscious Virtue, Gratitude, and Love,
 Above the vulgar Joy divinely rais’d;
 Nor waited he Reply. Won by the Charm
 Of Goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet Disorder lost, she blush’d Consent.
 The News immediate to her Mother brought,
 While, pierc’d with anxious Thought, she pin’d away
 The lonely Moments for *Lavinia’s* Fate;
 Amaz’d, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz’d her wither’d Veins, and one bright Gleam
 Of setting Life shone on her Evening Hours;
 Not less enraptur’d than the happy Pair,
 Who flourish’d long in tender Bliss, and rear’d
 A numerous Offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the Grace of all the Country round.

The LADY’S LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I, the other Day,
 Walk’d o’er the Sand-hills to the Sea;
 The setting Sun adorn’d the Coast,
 His Beams entire, his Fierceness lost;
 And on the Surface of the Deep,
 The Winds lay only not asleep;
 The Nymph did like the Scene appear,
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
 Soft flew her Words, as flew the Air.

With

With secret Joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one Day
A Walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the Change! the Winds grew high;
Impending Tempests charge the Sky;
The Lightning flies, the Thunder roars,
And big Waves lash the frighten'd Shores;
Struck with the Horror of the Sight,
She turns her Head, and wings her Flight;
And trembling vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the Shore, or view the Main.

Once more at least look back, said I;
Thyself in that large Glass descry:
When thou art in Good-humour drest,
When gentle Reason rules thy Breast,
The Sun upon the calmest Sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with Delight I rove
Upon the boundless Depth of Love;
I bless my Chain, I hand my Oar,
Nor think on all I left on Shore.

But when vain Doubts and groundless Fear
Do *Celia's* lovely Bosom tear;
When the big Lip and wat'ry Eye
Tell me the rising Storm is nigh;
'Tis then thou art yon angry Main,
Deform'd by Winds, and dash'd by Rain;
And the poor Sailor, that must try
Its Fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back;
Forc'd to doat on in thy own Way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretch'd when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

The GARLAND.

THE Pride of every Grove I chose,
The Violet sweet, and Lily fair,
The dappled Pink, and blushing Rose,
To deck my charming *Chloe's* Hair.

At Morn the Nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her Brow the various Wreath;
The Flow'rs less blooming than her Face,
The Scent less fragrant than her Breath.

The Flow'rs she wore along the Day;
And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said,
That in her Hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native Bed.

Undress'd at Evening, when she found
Their Odours lost, their Colour past,
She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground
Her Garland and her Eye she cast.

That Eye dropt Sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's Tongue could speak;
When from its Lid a pearly Tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous Cheek.

Dissembling, what I knew too well,
My Love, my Life, said I, explain
This Change of Humour: Prithee tell,
The falling Tear—what does it mean?

She sigh'd; she smil'd; and to the Flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely Mor'list said:
See, Friend, in some few fleeting Hours,
See yonder, what a Change is made!

Ah me! the blooming Pride of *May*
And that of Beauty are but one;
At Morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at Evening, pale and gone.

At Dawn poor *Stella* danc'd and sung!
 The am'rous Youth around her bow'd;
 At Night her fatal Knell was rung;
 I saw and kifs'd her in her Shroud.

Such as she is, who dy'd To-day,
 Such I, alas! may be To-morrow;
 Go, *Damon*, bid thy Muse display
 The Justice of thy *Chloe's* Sorrow.

The MERRY ANDREW.

SLY *Merry Andrew*, the last *Southwark* Fair,
 (At *Barthol'mew* he did not much appear,
 So peevish was the Edict of the Mayor :)
 At *Southwark*, therefore, as his Tricks he shew'd,
 To please our Masters, and his Friends the Crowd,
 A huge Neat's Tongue he in his Right-hand held,
 His Left was with a good Black-pudding fill'd:
 With a grave Look, in this odd Equipage,
 The clownish Mimic traverses the Stage:
 Why how now, *Andrew*, cries his Brother Droll,
 To-day's Conceit, methinks, is somewhat dull:
 Come on, Sir, to our worthy Friends explain,
 What does your emblematic Worship mean?
 Quoth *Andrew*, honest *English* let us speak,
 Your Emblem—(what do you call't) is heathen *Greet*.
 To Tongue or Pudding thou hast no Pretence,
 Learning thy Talent is, but mine is Sense.
 That busy Fool I was which thou art now,
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how;
 With very good Design, but little Wit,
 Blaming or praising Things as I thought fit.
 I for this Conduct had what I deserv'd:
 And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
 But, Thanks to my indulgent Stars, I eat,
 Since I have found the Secret to be great.

O dearest

O dearest *Andrew*, says the humble Droll,
 Henceforth may I obey and thou controul,
 Provided thou impart'ft thy useful Skill;
 Bow then, says *Andrew*, and for once I will.—
 Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er he says;
 Sleep very much, think little, and talk less;
 Mind neither Good nor Bad, nor Right nor Wrong;
 But eat your Pudding, Slave, and hold your Tongue.

A rev'rend Prelate stopp'd his Coach and fix,
 To laugh a little at our *Andrew's* Tricks;
 But when he heard him give this golden Rule,
 Drive on, he cry'd, this Fellow is no Fool.

AMBITION and CONTENT. A FABLE.

WHILE yet the World was young, and Men
 were few,
 Nor lurking Fraud, nor tyrant Rapine knew;
 In Virtue rude, the gaudy Arts they scorn'd,
 Which, Virtue lost, degenerate Times adorn'd:
 No sumptuous Fabrics yet were seen to rise,
 Nor gushing Fountains taught t' invade the Skies;
 With Nature Art had not begun the Strife,
 Nor swelling Marble rose to mimic Life:
 No Pencil yet had learn'd t' express the Fair:
 The bounteous Earth was all their homely Care.

Then did *Content* exert her genial Sway,
 And taught the peaceful World her Pow'r t' obey;
Content, a Female of celestial Race,
 Bright and complete in each celestial Grace;
 Serenely fair she was, as rising Day,
 And brighter than the Sun's meridian Ray;
 Joy of all Hearts, Delight of ev'ry Eye,
 Nor Grief nor Pain appear'd when she was by;
 Her Presence from the Wretched banish'd Care,
 Dispers'd the swelling Sigh, and stopt the falling Tear.
 Long

Long did the Nymph her regal State maintain,
 As long Mankind were blest beneath her Reign;
 Till dire *Ambition*, hellish Fiend! arose,
 To plague the World, and banish Man's Repose:
 A Monster sprung from that rebellious Crew,
 Which mighty *Jove's* Phlegæran Thunder flew,
 Resolv'd to dispossess the Royal Fair,
 On all her Friends he threaten'd open War:
 Fond of the Novelty, vain, fickle Man,
 In Crowds to his infernal Standard ran;
 And the weak Maid, defenceless left alone,
 T' avoid his Rage, was forc'd to quit the Throne.

It chanc'd as wand'ring thro' the Fields she stray'd,
 Forsook of all, and destitute of Aid,
 Upon a rising Mountain's flow'ry Side,
 A pleasant Cottage, roof'd with Turf, she spy'd:
 Fast by a gloomy venerable Wood
 Of shady Planes, and ancient Oaks, it stood:
 Around, a various Prospect charm'd the Sight:
 Here waving Harvest clad the Fields with White:
 Here a rough shaggy Rock the Clouds did pierce,
 From which a Torrent rush'd with rapid Force:
 Here Mountain Woods diffus'd a dusky Shade,
 Here Flocks and Herds in flow'ry Valleys play'd,
 While o'er the matted Grass the liquid Chrystal stray'd.
 In this sweet Place there dwelt a chearful Pair,
 Tho' bent beneath the Weight of many a Year;
 Who wisely flying public Noise and Strife,
 In this obscure Retreat had pass'd their Life;
 The Husband *Industry* was call'd, *Frugality* the Wife.
 With tenderest Friendship mutually blest,
 No household Jars had e'er disturb'd their Rest.
 A num'rous Offspring grac'd their homely Board,
 That still with Nature's simple Gifts was stor'd.
 The Father rural Business only knew,
 The Sons the same delightful Art pursue:
 An only Daughter, as a Goddess fair,
 Above the Rest was the fond Mother's Care:

Plenty

Plenty; the brightest Nymph of all the Plain,
Each Heart's Delight, ador'd by every Swain.

Soon as *Content* this charming Scene espy'd,
Joyful, within herself the Goddess cry'd,
This happy Sight my drooping Heart doth raise,
The Gods, I hope, will grant me better Days;
When with Prosperity my Life was blest,
In yonder House I've been a welcome Guest;
There now, perhaps, I may Protection find,
For Royalty is banish'd from my Mind:
I'll thither haste: How happy shou'd I be,
If such a Refuge were reserv'd for me!

Thus spoke the Fair, and straight she bent her Way
To the tall Mountain where the Cottage lay:
Arriv'd, she makes her chang'd Condition known;
Tells how the Rebels drove her from the Throne:
What painful, dreary Wilds she'd wander'd o'er,
And Shelter from the Tyrant doth implore.

The faithful aged Pair at once were seiz'd
With Joy and Grief, at once were pain'd and pleas'd.
Grief for their banish'd Queen their Hearts possess,
And Joy succeeded for their future Guest:
And if you'll deign, bright Goddess, here to dwell,
And with your presence grace our humble Cell,
Whate'er the Gods have giv'n with bounteous Hand,
Our Harvests, Fields, and Flocks, our All command.

Meanwhile *Ambition* on his Rival's Flight,
Sole Lord of Man, attain'd his Wish's Height;
Of all Dependence on his Subjects ceas'd,
He rang'd without a Curb, and did whate'er he pleas'd;
As some wild Flame, driv'n on by furious Winds,
Wide spreads Destruction, nor Resistance finds;
So rush'd the Fiend, destructive o'er the Plain,
Defac'd the Labours of th' industrious Swain;

G g

Polluted

Polluted every Stream with human Gore,
And scatter'd Plagues and Death from Shore to Shore.

Great *Jove* beheld it from th' *Olympian* Tow'rs,
Where Fate assembled all the heav'nly Pow'rs;
Then with a Nod that shook th' empyrean Throne,
Thus the *Saturnian* Thunderer began:
You see, immortal Inmates of the Skies,
How this vile Wretch almighty Pow'r defies:
His daring Crimes, the Blood which he has spilt,
Demand a Torment equal to his Guilt:
Then, *Cyprian* Goddess, let thy mighty Boy
Swift to the Tyrant's guilty Palace fly;
There let him chuse his sharpest, hottest Dart,
And with his former Rival wound his Heart.
And thou, my Son, (the God to *Hermes* said)
Snatch up thy Wand, and plume thy Heels and Head;
Dart thro' the yielding Air with all thy Force,
And down to *Pluto's* Realms direct thy Course;
There rouse *Oblivion* from her sable Cave,
Where dull she sits by *Lethæ's* sluggish Wave;
Command her to secure the sacred Bound,
Where lives *Content* retir'd; and all around
Diffuse the deepest Gloom of *Stygian* Night,
And screen the Virgin from the Tyrant's Sight,
That the vain Purpose of his Life may try
Sill to explore, what still eludes his Eye.
He spoke; loud Praises shake the bright Abode,
And all applaud the Justice of the God.

A H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these
 Are but the *varied* God. The rolling Year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy Beauty walks, thy Tendernefs and Love.
 Wide flufh the Fields, the foft'ning Air is balm;
 Echo the Mountains round; the Forest fmiles;
 And every Sense, and every Heart is Joy.
 Then comes *thy* Glory in the Summer Months,
 With Light and Heat refulgent. Then *thy* Sun
 Shoots full Perfection thro' the swelling Year:
 And oft thy Voice in dreadful Thunder fpeaks;
 And oft at Dawn, deep Noon, or falling Eve,
 By Brooks and Groves, in hollow-whifpering Gales.
Thy Bounty fhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And fpreads a common Feaft for all that live.
 In Winter, awful *Thou!* with Clouds and Storms
 Around *Thee* thrown, Tempeft o'er Tempeft roll'd,
 Majeflic Darknefs! on the Whirlwind's Wings,
 Riding fublime, *Thou* bidft the World adore,
 And humbleft Nature with *thy* Northern Blaft.

Mysterious Round! what Skill, what Force divine,
 Deep felt in thefe appear! a fimple Train,
 Yet fo delightful mix'd, with fuch kind Art,
 Such Beauty and Beneficence combin'd,
 Shade, unperceiv'd, fo foft'ning into Shade,
 And all fo forming an harmonious Whole,
 That as they ftill fucceed, they ravifh ftill.
 But wand'ring oft, with brute unconfcious Gaze,
 Man marks not *Thee*, marks not the mighty Hand,
 That, ever bufy, wheels the filent Spheres;
 Works in the fecret Deep, fhots, fteaming thence,
 The fair Profufion that o'erspreads the Spring:
 Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day;
 Feeds every Creature, hurls the Tempeft forth;

And, as on Earth this grateful Change revolves,
With Transport touches all the Springs of Life.

Nature, attend! join every living Soul,
Beneath the spacious Temple of the Sky,
In Adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general Song! To him, ye vocal Gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your Freshness breathes:
Oh talk of him in solitary Glooms!
Where o'er the Rock, the scarcely-waving Pine
Fills the brown Shade with a religious Awe.
And ye, whose bolder Note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd World, lift high to Heav'n
Th' impetuous Song, and say from whom ye rage.
His Praise, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong Torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye foster Floods, that lead the humid Maze
Along the Vale; and thou, majestic Main,
A secret World of Wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous Praise; whose greater Voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your Roarings fall.
Soft roll your Incense, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flow'rs,
In mingled Clouds to him; whose Sun exalts,
Whose Breath perfumes you, and whose Pencil paints.
Ye Forests, bend; ye Harvests, wave to him;
Breathe your still Song into the Reaper's Heart,
As Home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
Ye that keep Watch in Heav'n, as Earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest Beams.
Ye Constellations, while your Angels strike,
Amid the spangled Sky, the silver Lyre:
Great Source of Day! best Image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From World to World, the vital Ocean round,
On Nature write with every Beam his Praise.
The Thunder rolls: Be hush'd the prostrate World:
While Cloud to Cloud returns the solemn Hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye Hills; ye mossy Rocks,

Retain

Retain the Sound : The broad responsive Low,
Ye Vallies, raise, for the *Great Shepherd* reigns,
And his *unsuffring* Kingdom yet will come.
Ye Woodlands, all awake : A boundless Song
Burst from the Groves ; and when the restless Day,
Expiring, lays the warbling World asleep,
Sweetest of Birds ! sweet *Philomela*, charm
The listening Shades, and teach the Night his Praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole Creation smiles,
At once the Head, the Heart, and Tongue of all,
Crown the great Hymn ! In swarming Cities vast,
Assembled Men to the deep Organ join
The long-resounding Voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn Pauses, through the swelling Base ;
And, as each mingling Flame increases each,
In one united Ardour rise to Heav'n :
Or, if you rather chuse the rural Shade,
And find a Fane in every sacred Grove,
There let the Shepherd's Flute, the Virgin's Lay,
The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's Lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling Theme,
Whether the Blossoms blow, the Summer Ray
Rustles the Plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the black'ning East,
Be my Tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to Joy, forget my Heart to beat !

Should Fate command me to the farthest Verge
Of the green Earth, to distant barb'rous Climes,
Rivers unknown to Song ; where first the Sun
Gilds *Indian* Mountains, or his setting Beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* Isles ; 'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void Waste, as in the City full ;
And where he vital breathes, there must be Joy.
When ev'n at last the solemn Hours shall come,
And wing my mystic Flight to future Worlds,
I chearful will obey. There with new Powers,
Will rising Wonders sing : I cannot go

Where *Universal Love* not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon Orbs and all their Suns;
From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite Progression.—— But I lose
Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his Praise!

MIND *superior to* BODY.

WHAT is the blooming Tincture of the Skin,
To Peace of Mind, and Harmony within?
What the bright Sparkling of the finest Eye,
To the soft Soothing of a calm Reply?
Can Comeliness of Form, or Shape, or Air,
With Comeliness of Words or Deeds compare?
No;—those at first th' unwary Heart may gain;
But these,—these only, can the Heart retain.

CONTENT: A PASTORAL.

O'ER Moorlands and Mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young Shepherdess fees my Despair,
And leads me,—o'er Lawns—to her Home.
Yellow Sheaves, from rich CERES, her Cottage had
crown'd,
Green Rushes were strew'd on her Floor,
Her Casement sweet Woodbines crept wantonly
round,
And deck'd the Sod Seats at her Door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling Repast:
Fresh Fruits! and she cull'd me the best;
While thrown from my Guard by some Glances she
cast,
Love slyly stole into my Breast:

Itold

I told my soft Wishes; she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye Virgins, her Voice was divine!)
I've rich Ones rejected, and great Ones deny'd,
But take me, fond Shepherd—I'm thine.

Her Air was so modest, her Aspect so meek!
So simple, yet sweet were her Charms;
I kiss'd the ripe Roses that glow'd on her Cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd Maid in my Arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few Sheep;
And if, by yon Prattler, the Stream,
Reclin'd on her Bosom, I sink into Sleep,
Her Image still softens my Dream.

Together we range o'er the flow rising Hills,
Delighted with pastoral Views,
Or rest on the Rock whence the Streamlet distils,
And point out new Themes for my Muse.
To Pomp or proud Titles she ne'er did aspire,
The Damsel's of humble Descent;
The Cottager, PEACE, is well known for her Sire,
And Shepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.

The FOX and the CAT: A FABLE.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travell'd one Day,
With moral Discourses cut shorter the Way:
'Tis great, says the Fox, to make Justice our Guide!
'How Godlike is Mercy!' Grimalkin reply'd.

While thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the Wood,
Impatient of Hunger, and thirsting for Blood,
Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull Shepherd asleep,
And seiz'd for his Supper an innocent Sheep.
In vain, wretched Victim, for Mercy you bleat,
When Mutton's at Hand, says the Wolf, I must eat.

Gri-

Grimalkin's astonish'd—The Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell Beast at his bloody Repast.

'What a Wretch,' says the Cat---'Tis the vilest of
Brutes:

'Does he feed upon Flesh when there's Herbage and
Roots?'

Cries the Fox---'While our Oaks give us Acorns so
good,

'What a Tyrant is this, to spill innocent Blood!
Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd still,
Till they came where some Poultry pick'd Chaff by a
Mill:

Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous Eyes,
And made (Spite of Morals) a Pullet his Prize.
A Mouse too, that chanc'd from her Covert to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secured as her Prey.

A Spider that sat in her Web on the Wall,
Perceiv'd the poor Victims, and pity'd their Fall;
She cry'd—'of such Murders how guiltless am I!
So ran to regale on a new-taken Fly.

M O R A L.

The Faults of our Neighbours with Freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, tho' we practise the same.

On TAKING of BIRDS-NESTS.

I HAVE found out a Gift for my Fair,
I have found where the Wood-Pigeons breed:
But let me that Plunder forbear!
She will say 'tis a barbarous Deed.

He ne'er can be true, she averr'd,
Who can rob a poor Bird of its Young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such Tendernefs drop from her Tongue.

An

An ELEGY on a BLACKBIRD.

THE Sun had chas'd the Winter Snow,
And kindly loos'd the Frost-bound Soil;
The melting Streams began to flow,
And Ploughmen urg'd their annual Toil.

'Twas then amidst the vernal Throng,
Whom Nature wakes to Mirth and Love,
A BLACKBIRD rais'd his amorous Song,
And thus it echo'd thro' the Grove.

' O! fairest of the feather'd Train,
' For whom I sing, for whom I burn;
' Attend with Pity to my Strain,
' And grant my Love a kind Return.

' See, see the Winter Storms are flown,
' And Zephyrs gently fan the Air!
' Let us the genial Influence own!
' Let us the vernal Pastime share.

' The Raven plumes his jetty Wing,
' To please his croaking Paramour;
' The Larks responsive Love-tales sing,
' And tell their Passion as they soar.

' But trust me, Love, the Raven's Wing
' Is not to be compar'd with mine;
' Nor can the Lark so sweetly sing
' As I, who Strength with Sweetness join.

' With thee I'll prove the Sweets of Love,
' With thee divide the Cares of Life;
' No fonder Husband in the Grove,
' Nor none than thee a happier Wife.

' I'll lead thee to the clearest Rill,
' Whose Streams among the Pebbles stray;
' There will we sit and sip our Fill,
' Or on the flow'ry Border play.

' I'll

- ' I'll guide thee to the thickest Brake,
- ' Impervious to the School-Boy's Eye;
- ' For thee, the plaster'd Nest I'll make,
- ' And on thy downy Pinions lie.
- ' To get thee Food I'll range the Fields,
- ' And cull the best of every Kind;
- ' Whatever Nature's Bounty yields,
- ' Or Love's assiduous Care can find.
- ' And when my lovely Mate would stray,
- ' To taste the Summer Sweets at large,
- ' At Home I'll wait the live-long Day,
- ' And tend at Home our infant Charge.
- ' When prompted by a Mother's Care,
- ' Thy Warmth shall form th' imprison'd Young,
- ' With thee the Task I'll fondly share,
- ' Or chear thy Labours with my Song.'

He ceas'd his Song. The melting Dame,
 With tender Pity heard his Strain;
 She felt, she own'd a mutual Flame,
 And hasten'd to relieve his Pain.

He led her to the Nuptial Bow'r,
 And nestled closely by her Side,
 The happiest Bridegroom in that Hour,
 And she the most enamour'd Bride.

Next Morn he wak'd her with a Song—
 ' Arise! behold the new-born Day!
 ' The Lark his matin Peal has rung;
 ' Arise, my Love, and come away.'

Together through the Fields they stray'd,
 And at the verdant Riv'let's Side,
 Renew'd their Vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
 With honest Joy and decent Pride.

But O! my Muse with Pain relates
 The mournful Sequel of my Tale;
 Sent by an Order of the Fates,
 A Gunner met them in the Vale.

Alarm'd,

Alarm'd, the Lover cry'd, ' My Dear,

' Haste, haste away! from Danger fly!

' Here, Gunner, turn thy Vengeance here!

' O! spare my Love, and let *me* die.'

At him the Gunner took his Aim;

The Aim he took was much too true:

O! had he chose some other Game,

Or shot as he had us'd to do!*

Divided Pair! forgive the Wrong,

While I with Tears your Fate rehearse;

I'll join the Widow's plaintive Song,

And save the Lover in my Verse.

* Having never killed any Thing before or since.

The L A D L E.

TWO Gods long since came from above,

One *Mercury*, the other *Jove*;

The Humour was, it seems, to know,

If all the Favours they bestow,

Could from our own Perverseness ease us,

And if our Wish enjoy'd, would please us.

Discoursing largely on this Theme,

O'er Hills and Dales their Godships came;

'Till well nigh tir'd, at almost Night,

They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, and 'tis as true as odd is,

That, in Disguise, a God or Goddess

Exerts no supernat'ral Powers;

But acts on Maxims just like ours.

They spy'd at last a Country Farm,

Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;

For Woods before, and Hills behind,

Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind:

Large Oxen in the Field were lowing;

Good Grain was sown; good Fruit was growing;

Of last Year's Corn in Barn great Store;
 Fat Turkies gobbling at the Door:
 And Wealth, in short, with Peace consented,
 That People here should live contented:
 But did they in Effect do so?—
 Have Patience, Friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest Farmer and his Wife,
 To Years declin'd, from Prime of Life,
 Had struggled with the Marriage Noose,
 (As almost ev'ry Couple does:)
 Sometimes my Plague, sometimes my Darling!
 Kissing To-day, To-morrow snarling:
 Jointly submitting to endure
 That Evil which admits no Cure.

Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd;
 Our Farmer met them in the Yard:
 Thought they were Folk that lost their Way,
 And ask'd them civilly to stay:
 Told them for Supper or for Bed,
 They might go on and be worse sped.
 So said, so done; the Gods consent,
 All three into the Parlour went:
 They compliment, they sit, they chat,
 Fight o'er the Wars, reform the State;
 A thousand knotty Points they clear,
 Till Supper and my Wife appear.

Well then.—Things handsomely were serv'd,
 My Mistress for the Strangers carv'd:
 How strong the Beer, how good the Meat,
 How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
 In Epic sumptuous would appear,
 Yet shall be pass'd in Silence here:
 For I should grieve to have it said,
 That by a fine Description led,
 I made my Episode too long,
 Or tir'd my Friends to grace my Song.

The Grace-cup serv'd, the Cloth away,
 Jove thought it Time to show his Play:

Land-

Landlord and Landlady, he cry'd,
Folly and Jestings laid aside,
That ye thus hospitably live,
And Strangers with good Cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your Betters,
And makes ev'n Gods themselves your Debtors.
To give this *Thesis* plainer Proof,
You have To-night beneath your Roof
A Pair of Gods; nay, never wonder,
This Youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm *Jupiter*, and he *Mercurius*,
My Page, my Son indeed, but spurious.
Form then three Wishes, you and Madam,
And, sure as you already had 'em,
The Things desir'd, in half an Hour,
Shall all be here, and in your Power.

Thank ye, great Gods, the Woman says;
O may your Altars ever blaze:
A Ladle for our silver Dish
Is what I want—is what I wish.——
A Ladle! cries the Man,—a Ladle!
Odzooks, *Corisca*, you have pray'd ill;
What should be great you turn to Farce,
I wish the Ladle in your A—e.

With equal Grief and Shame, my Muse
The Sequel of the Tale pursues:
The Ladle fell into the Room,
And stuck in old *Corisca's* Bum:
Our Couple weep two Wishes past,
And kindly join to form the last;
To ease the Woman's awkward Pain,
And wish the Ladle out again.

The MORAL.

This Commoner has Worth and Parts,
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts;
His Head aches for a Coronet;
And who is blest'd that is not great?

Hh

Some

Some Sense, and more Estate, kind Heav'n
To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n:
What then? He must have Rule and Sway;
And all is wrong, till he's in Play.

The Miser must make up his Plum;
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum.
The sickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his last Dregs of Life.
Against our Peace we arm our Will,
Amidst our Plenty, *Something* still,
For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.

The cruel *Something* unpossess'd
Corrodes and leavens all the Rest:
That *Something* if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
'Tis all a *Wish*, and all a *Ladle*.

The EXPERIMENT: A TALE.

VIRTUE and Vice, two mighty Powers,
Who rule this motley World of ours,
Disputed once which govern'd best,
And whose Dependents most were blest;
They reason'd, rally'd, crack'd their Jokes,
Succeeding much like other Folks;
Their Logic wasted and their Wit,
Nor one nor t'other would submit;
But both the doubtful Point consent
To clear by fair *Experiment*:

For this some Mortal, they declare,
By Turns shall both their Bounties share:
And either's Power to bless him try'd,
Shall then the long Dispute decide,

On *Hodge* they fix, a country Boor,
As yet rough, ign'rant, careless, poor:
Vice first exerts her Power to bless,
And gives him *Riches* to Excess:

With

With Gold she taught him to supply
 Each rising Wish of Luxury :
Hodge grew at length polite and great,
 And liv'd like Minister of State :
 He swore with Grace, got nobly drunk,
 And kept in Pomp his twentieth Punk.

One Morning as in easy Chair
Hodge sat with ruminating Air,
Vice, like a Lady fair and gay,
 Approach'd, and thus was heard to say,
 (Behind her *Virtue* all the while
 Stood slyly list'ning with a Smile)
 ' Know, favour'd Mortal, know, that I
 ' The Pleasures of thy Life supply ;
 ' I rais'd thee from the Clay-built Cell,
 ' Where *Want*, *Contempt*, and *Slavery* dwell ;
 ' And (as each Joy on Earth is sold)
 ' To purchase *all*, I gave thee Gold ;
 ' This made the Charms of *Beauty* thine,
 ' This blest'd thee with the Joys of *Wine* ;
 ' This gave thee, in the rich Repast,
 ' Whate'er can please the tutor'd Taste !
 ' Confess the Blessings I bestow,
 ' And pay the grateful Thanks you owe.
 ' My Name is *Vice* !—Cry'd *Hodge*, and leer'd,
 ' Long be your mighty Name rever'd !
 ' Forbid it, Heav'n ! thus blest'd by you,
 ' That I should rob you of your Due ;
 ' To *Wealth*, 'twas you that made me Heir,
 ' And gave, for which I thank you, *Care* ;
 ' *Wealth* brought me *Wine*, 'twas past a Doubt,
 ' And *Wine*—see here's a Leg!—the *Gout* :—
 ' To *Wealth* my *French Ragout* I owe,
 ' Whence *Scurvy*, *Pains*, and *Asthrmas* flow ;
 ' And now to show how much I prize
 ' The Joys which from your Bounties rise,
 ' Each coupled with so dear a Brother,
 ' I'll give you *one* to take the *other*.
 ' Avaunt ! depart from whence you came,
 ' And thank your Stars that I am lame.'

En.

Enrag'd and griev'd, away she flew,
And with her Gifts from *Hodge* withdrew.

Now in this sad repentant Hour,
Celestial Virtue try'd her Pow'r;
For *Wealth* *CONTENT* the Goddess gave,
Th' unenvy'd Treasure of the Slave!
From wild *Desires* she set him free,
And fill'd his Breast with *CHARITY*!
No more loud Trumpets *Riot* breeds,
And *TEMP'RANCE* *Gluttony* succeeds.

Hodge, in his native Cot at Rest,
Now *Virtue* found, and thus address'd:

' Say, for 'tis yours by Proof to know,
' Can *Virtue* give thee Bliss below?
' *Content* my Gift, and *Temp'rance* mine,
' And *Charity*, tho' meek, divine!

With blushing Cheeks, and kindling Eyes,
The Man transported thus replies:

' My Goddess! on this favour'd Head,
' The Life of Life, thy Blessings, shed!
' My annual Thousands when I told,
' Infatiate still, I sigh'd for Gold;
' You gave *Content*, a boundless Store,
' And rich, indeed! I sigh'd no more.
' With *Temp'rance* came, delightful Guest!
' *Health*, *tasteful Food*, and *balmy Rest*;
' With *Charity*'s seraphic Flame,
' Each gen'rous *social* Pleasure came;
' Pleasures which in Possession rise,
' And retrospective Thoughts supplies!
' Long to attest it may I live,
' That, all *Vice* promises, you give.'

Vice heard, and swore that *Hodge* for Hire,
Had giv'n his Verdict like a Lawyer;
And *Virtue*, turning with Disdain,
Vow'd ne'er to speak to *Vice* again.

The ATHEIST and ACORN.

MEtinks the World seems oddly
made,

And ev'ry Thing amiss,
A dull complaining Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath the Shade,
And instanced in this.

Behold, quoth he, that mighty Thing,
A Pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little String
Which upwards cannot make its Spring,
Nor bear it from the Ground.

While on this Oak an Acorn small,
So disproportion'd grows;
That whoso'er surveys this all,
This universal casual Ball,
Its ill Contrivance knows.

My better Judgment would have hung
The Pumpkin on the Tree;
And left the Acorn slightly strung,
Among things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be.

No more the Cavalier cou'd say,
No further Faults decry;
For upwards gazing as he lay,
An Acorn loosen'd from its Spray,
Fell down upon his Eye.

The wounded Part with Tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for the Sin:
Fool! had that Bough a Pumpkin bore,
Thy Whimfies must have work'd no more,
Nor Skull have kept 'em in.

A CONTEMPLATION on NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the Gloom of Night I stray,
Or my glad Eyes enjoy revolving Day,
Still Nature's various Face informs my Sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay Sun first breaks the Shades of Night,
And streaks the distant eastern Hills with Light,
Colour returns, the Plains their Liv'ry wear,
And a bright Verdure cloathes the smiling Year;
The blooming Flow'rs with opening Beauties glow,
And grazing Flocks their milky Fleeces show;
The barren Cliffs with chalky Fronts arise,
And a pure Azure arches o'er the Skies.
But when the gloomy Reign of Night returns,
Stripp'd of her fading Pride, all Nature mourns:
The Trees no more their wonted Verdure boast,
But weep in dewy Tears their Beauty lost;
No distant Landscapes draw our curious Eyes,
Wrapp'd in Night's Robe the whole Creation lies.
Yet still, e'en now, while Darkness cloathes the Land,
We view the 'Traces of th' Almighty Hand;
Millions of Stars in Heaven's wide Vault appear,
And with new Glories hang the boundless Sphere;
The silver Moon her eastern Couch forsakes,
And o'er the Skies her nightly Circle makes;
Her solid Globe beats back the sunny Rays,
And to the World her borrow'd Light repays.

Whether those Stars, that twinkling Lustre send,
Are Suns, and rolling Worlds those Suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new Schemes declare,
Yet all his Systems but Conjectures are;
But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this Universe from Nothing spring,
Can at his *Word* bid numerous Worlds appear,
And rising Worlds th' all-powerful *Word* shall hear.

When to the western Main the Sun descends,
To other Lands a rising Day he lends,
The spreading Dawn another Shepherd spies,
The wakeful Flocks from their warm Folds arise:

Re-

Refresh'd, the Peasant seeks his early Toil,
 And bids the Plough correct the fallow Soil;
 While we in Sleep's Embraces waste the Night,
 The Climes oppos'd enjoy meridian Light;
 And when those Lands the busy Sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy Morning wakes;
 In lazy Sleep the Night rolls swift away,
 And neither Clime laments his absent Ray.
 When the pure Soul is from the Body flown,
 No more shall Night's alternate Reign be known:
 The Sun no more shall rolling Light bestow,
 But from th' Almighty Streams of Glory flow.
 Oh, may some nobler Thought my Soul employ
 Than empty, transient, sublunary Joy!
 The Stars shall drop, the Sun shall lose his Flame,
 But thou, O God, for ever shin'st the same.

The UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry Age,
 In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my Sense confin'd
 To know but this,—that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me in this dark Estate,
 To see the Good from Ill;
 And binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the Human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than Hell to shun,
 That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;

For

For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing Hand
Presume thy Bolts to throw,
Or deal Damnation round the Land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, O teach my Heart
Still in the Right to stay;
If I am wrong, thy Grace impart,
To find the better Way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Faults I see;
The Mercy I to others shew,
That Mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this Day's Life or Death.

This Day be Bread and Peace my Lot;
All else beneath the Sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy Will be done.

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies;
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

