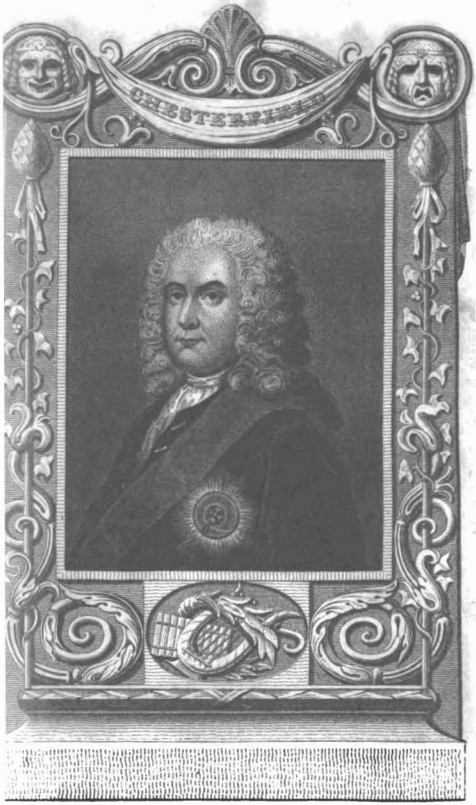

E. Gallaudet sc.

THE

BEAUTIES

OF

CHESTERFIELD,

CONSISTING OF

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WORKS.

BY ALFRED HOWARD, ESQ.

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CHESTERFIELD.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

WHAT is commonly called an absent man, is commonly either a very weak, or a very affected man: but, be he which he will, he is, I am sure, a very disagreeable man in company. He fails in all the common offices of civility; he seems not to know those people to-day, with whom yesterday he appeared to live in intimacy. He takes no part in the general conversation; but, on the contrary, breaks into it, from time to time, with some start of his own, as if he waked from a dream. This (as I said before) is a sure indication either of a mind so weak that it is not able to bear above one object at a time; or so affected, that it would be supposed to be wholly engrossed by, and directed to some very great and important objects. Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Locke, and (it may be) five or six more, since the creation of the world, may have had a right to absence, from that intense thought which the things they were investigating required. But if a young man, and a man of the world, who has no such avocations to plead, will claim and exercise that

right of absence in company, his pretended right should, in my mind, be turned into an involuntary absence, by his perpetual exclusion out of company. However frivolous a company may be, still, while you are among them, do not show them, by your inattention, that you think them so; but rather take their tone, and conform in some degree to their weakness, instead of manifesting your contempt for them. There is nothing that people bear more impatiently, or forgive less, than contempt: and an injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult. If therefore you would rather please than offend, rather be well than ill spoken of, rather be loved than hated, remember to have that constant attention about you, which flatters every man's little vanity; and the want of which, by mortifying his pride, never fails to excite his resentment, or at least his ill-will.

* * * * * * * * *

I know no one thing more offensive to a company than inattention and *distraction*. It is showing them the utmost contempt; and people never forgive contempt. No man is *distrait* with the man he fears, or the woman he loves; which is a proof that every man can get the better of that *distraction*, when he thinks it worth his while to do so; and, take my word for it, it is always worth his while. For my own part, I would rather be in company with a dead man, than with an absent one; for, if the dead man gives me no pleasure, at least he

shows me no contempt; whereas, the absent man, silently indeed, but very plainly, tells me that he does not think me worth his attention. Besides, can an absent man make any observations upon the characters, customs, and manners of the company? No. He may be in the best companies all his lifetime (if they will admit him, which, if I were they, I would not), and never be one jot the wiser. I never will converse with an absent man; one may as well talk to a deaf one. It is, in truth, a practical blunder, to address ourselves to a man who, we see plainly, neither hears, minds, nor understands us. Moreover, I aver, that no man is, in any degree, fit for either business or conversation, who cannot, and does not, direct and command his attention to the present object, be that what it will.

AN ABSENT MAN.

You have often seen, and I have as often made you observe, L**'s distinguished inattention and awkwardness. Wrapped up, like a Laputan, in intense thought, and, possibly, sometimes in no thought at all (which, I believe, is very often the case with absent people), he does not know his most intimate acquaintance by sight, or answers them as if he were at cross purposes. He leaves his hat in one room, his sword in another, and would leave his shoes in a third, if his buckles, though awry, did not

save them: his legs and arms, by his awkward management of them, seem to have undergone the *Question extraordinaire;* and his head, always hanging upon one or other of his shoulders, seems to have received the first stroke upon a block. I sincerely value and esteem him for his parts, learning, and virtue; but, for the soul of me, I cannot love him in company.

INDISPENSABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

I here subjoin a list of all those necessary, ornamental accomplishments (without which no man living can either please, or rise in the world), which hitherto I fear you want, and which only require your care and attention to possess.

To speak elegantly, whatever language you speak in; without which nobody will hear you with pleasure, and consequently you will speak to very little purpose.

An agreeable and distinct elocution; without which nobody will hear you with patience. This every body may acquire, who is not born with some imperfection in the organs of speech. You are not; and therefore it is wholly in your power. You need take much less pains for it than Demosthenes did.

A distinguished politeness of manners and address; which common sense, observation, good company, and imitation, will infallibly give you, if you will accept of it.

A genteel carriage and graceful motions, with the air of a man of fashion. A good dancing-master, with some care on your part, and some imitation of those who excel, will soon bring this about.

To be extremely clean in your person, and perfectly well dressed, according to the fashion, be that what it will. Your negligence of dress, while you were a school-boy, was pardonable, but would not be so now.

Upon the whole, take it for granted, that, without these accomplishments, all you know, and all you can do, will avail very little.

AFFECTATION IN THE MALE SEX.

Monsieur de la Rochefoucault very justly observes, that people are never ridiculous from their real, but from their affected characters: they cannot help being what they are, but they can help attempting to appear what they are not. A hump-back is by no means ridiculous, unless it be under a fine coat; nor a weak understanding, unless it assumes the lustre and ornaments of a bright one. Good nature conceals and pities the inevitable defects of body or mind, but is not obliged to treat acquired ones with the least indulgence. Those who would pass upon the world talents which they have not, are as guilty, in the common course of society, as those who, in the way of trade, would put off false money, knowing it to

be such; and it is as much the business of ridicule to expose the former, as of the law to punish the latter.

I do not mean here to consider the affectation of moral virtues, which comes more properly under the definition of hypocrisy, and justly excites our indignation and abhorrence, as a criminal deceit; but I shall confine myself now to the affectation of those lesser talents and accomplishments, without any of which a man may be a very worthy, valuable man, and only becomes a very ridiculous one by pretending to them. These people are the proper, and, it may be, the only proper objects of ridicule; for they are above fools, who are below it, and below wise men, who are above it. They are the coxcombs Lord Rochester describes as self-created, and of whom he says, that God never made one worth a groat. Besides, as they are rebels and traitors to common sense, whose natural born subjects they are, I am justified in treating them with the utmost rigour.

I cannot be of the general opinion, that these coxcombs have first imposed upon themselves, and really think themselves what they would have others think them. On the contrary, I am persuaded that every man knows himself best, and is his own severest censor; nay, I am convinced that many a man has lived and died with faults and weaknesses, which nobody but himself ever discovered. It is true, they keep

their own secret inviolate, which makes people believe they have not found it out. Why do we discern the failings of our friends sooner and better than we do other people's, but because we interest ourselves more in them? By the same rule, we feel our own still sooner. And possibly, in this case alone, we are kinder to our friends than to ourselves; since I very much question if a man would love his friend so well if he were faultless, and he would certainly like himself the better for being so. If this supposition be true, as I think it is, my coxcombs are both the more guilty, and the more ridiculous, as they live in a constant course of practical lying, and in the absurd and sanguine hopes of passing undetected.

Fatuus, the most consummate coxcomb of this or any other age or country, has parts enough to have excelled in almost any one thing he would have applied himself to. But he must excel in all. He must be at once a wit, a lover, a scholar, and a statesman; yet, conscious of the impracticability of the undertaking, he parcels out his accomplishments, and compounds to have the several branches of his merits admired in separate districts.

Hence, he talks politics to his women, wit to ministers of state, displays his learning to beaux, and brags of his success in gallantry to his country neighbours. His caution is a proof of his guilt, and shows that he does not deceive himself, but only hopes to impose upon others.

Fatuus's parts have undone him, and brought him to a bankruptcy of common sense and judgment; as many have been ruined by great estates, which led them into expenses they were not able to support.

There are few so universal coxcombs as Fatuus, to whom I therefore gave the post of honour; but infinite are the number of minor coxcombs, who are coxcombs *quoad hoc*, and who have singled out certain accomplishments, which they are resolved to possess in spite of reluctant nature. Their most general attempts are at wit and women, as the two most shining and glittering talents in the *beau monde*.

Thus Protervus, who has a good serious understanding, continues to pass almost for a fool, because he will be a wit. He must shine; he admires and pursues the lustre of wit, which, like an ignis fatuus, leads him out of his way into all sorts of absurdities. He is awkwardly pert, he puns, twists words, inverts sentences, and retails in one company the scraps he has picked up in another; but still, conscious of his own insufficiency, he cautiously seeks to shine where he hopes he may dazzle, and prudently declines the encounter of the strongest eyes. How often have I seen his unnatural alacrity suddenly confounded, and shrinking into silence, at the appearance of somebody of avowed and unquestioned wit!

Ponderosus has a slow, laborious understanding, a good memory, and, with application,

might succeed in business; but truly he must be a fine man, and succeed with women. He exposes his clumsy figure by adorning it, makes declaration of love with all the form and solemnity of a proclamation, and ridiculously consumes in revels the time he might usefully employ at the desk. He cannot be ignorant of his ill success; he feels it, but endeavours to impose upon the world, by hinting, in one set of company, his successes in another; and by whispering, in public places, with an air of familiarity, such indifferent trifles, as would not justify the woman in refusing to hear them. But how have I seen him skulk at the approach of the real favourite, and betray his consciousness of his affected character! Be it known to Ponderosus, and all those of his turn, that this vanity, besides the absurdity of it, leads them into a most immoral attempt; and that this practical defamation of a woman more justly deserves an action at law, than a coarse word rashly uttered.

Garrulus hopes to pass for an orator, without either words or matter; it is plain he knows his own poverty, by his laborious robbery of authors. He passes the nights in book-breaking, and puts off in the day-time the stolen goods as his own; but so awkwardly and unskilfully, that they are always brought back to their true owners.

Bavius, ballasted with all the lead of a German, will rise into poetry, without either ear

or invention: he recites what he calls his verses, to his female relations, and his city acquaintance, but never mentions them to Pope.

Perplexus insists upon being a man of business, and, though formed, at best, for a letter carrier, will be a letter writer; but, conscious that he can neither be necessary nor useful, endeavours to be tolerated by an implicit conformity to men and times.

In short, there are as many species of coxcombs, as there are desirable qualifications and accomplishments in life; and it would be endless to give instances of every particular vanity and affectation, by which men either make themselves ridiculous, or, at least, depreciate the other qualities they really possess. Every one's observation will furnish him with examples enough of this kind. But I will now endeavour to point out the means of avoiding these errors; though, indeed, they are so obvious in themselves, that one should think it unnecessary, if one did not daily experience the contrary.

It is very certain, that no man is fit for every thing; but it is almost as certain too, that there is scarce any one man, who is not fit for something; which something nature plainly points out to him, by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. I look upon common sense to be to the mind what conscience is to the heart, the faithful and constant monitor of what is right or wrong. And I am convinced that no man commits either a crime or a folly, but

against the manifest and sensible representations of the one or the other. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education,—for they are hard to distinguish,—a peculiar bent and disposition to some particular character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labour of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation, he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way at least: whereas, if he departs from it, he will at best be inconsiderable, probably ridiculous. Mankind, in general, have not the indulgence and good nature to save a whole city for the sake of five righteous, but are more inclined to condemn many righteous for the sake of a few guilty. And a man may easily sink many virtues by the weight of one folly, but will hardly be able to protect many follies by the force of one virtue. The players, who get their parts by heart, and are to simulate for three hours, have a regard, in choosing those parts, to the natural bent of their genius. Pinkethman never acted Cato, nor Booth Scrub; their invincible unfitness for those characters would inevitably have broken out, in the short time of their representation. How then shall a man hope to act with success, all his life long, a borrowed and ill-suited character? In my mind, Pinkey got more credit by acting Scrub well, than he would have got by acting Cato ill; and I would much rather be an excellent shoemaker, than a ridiculous and inef-

minister of state. I greatly admire our industrious neighbours, the Germans, for many things, but for nothing more than their steady adherence to the voice of Nature: they indefatigably pursue the way she has chalked out to them, and never deviate into any irregularities of character. Thus many of the first rank, if happily turned to mechanics, have employed their whole lives in the incatenation of fleas, or the curious sculpture of cherry stones; while others, whose thirst of knowledge leads them to investigate the secrets of nature, spend years in their elaboratory, in pursuit of the philosopher's stone: but none, that I have heard of, ever deviated into an attempt at wit. Nay, even due care is taken in the education of their princes, that they may be fit for something; for they are always instructed in some other trade besides that of government; so that, if their genius does not lead them to be able princes, it is ten to one but they are excellent turners.

I will conclude my remonstrance to the coxcombs of Great Britain with this admonition and engagement, that "they disband their affectations, and common sense* shall be their friend." Otherwise, I shall proceed to further extremities, and single out, from time to time, the most daring offenders.

* Several of Lord Chesterfield's Essays were originally published in the paper which was denominated "Common Sense."

I must observe, that the word *coxcomb* is of the common gender, both masculine and feminine, and that the male coxcombs are equalled in number by the female ones, who shall be the subject of my next paper.

AFFECTATION IN THE FEMALE SEX.

Having, in my former paper, censured, with freedom, the affectations and follies of my own sex, I flatter myself, that I shall meet with the indulgence of the ladies, while I consider, with the same impartiality, those weaknesses and vanities, to which their sex is as liable as ours, and, if I dare say so, rather more, as their sphere of action is more bounded and circumscribed. Man's province is universal, and comprehends every thing, from the culture of the earth to the government of it; men only become coxcombs, by assuming particular characters, for which they are particularly unfit, though others may shine in those very characters. But the case of the fair sex is quite different; for there are many characters, which are not of the feminine gender, and, consequently, there may be two kinds of woman coxcombs; those who affect what does not fall within their department, and those who go out of their own natural characters, though they keep within the female province.

I should be very sorry to offend, where I only mean to advise and reform; I therefore

hope the fair sex will pardon me, when I give ours this preference. Let them reflect, that each sex has its distinguishing characteristic: and if they can with justice, as certainly they may, brand a man with the name of a cot-quean, if he invades a certain female detail, which is unquestionably their prerogative, may not we with equal justice, retort upon them, when, laying aside their natural characters, they assume those which are appropriated to us? The delicacy of their texture, and the strength of ours, the beauty of their form, and the coarseness of ours, sufficiently indicate the respective vocations. Was Hercules ridiculous and contemptible with his distaff? Omphale would not have been less so at a review or a council board. Women are not formed for great cares themselves, but to soothe and soften ours: their tenderness is the proper reward for the toils we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the labours of study and business. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic offices; and when they stray beyond them, they move eccentrically, and consequently without grace.

Agrippina, born with an understanding and dispositions which could, at best, have qualified her for the sordid help-mate of a pawnbroker or usurer, pretends to all the accomplishments that ever adorned man or woman, without the possession, or even the true knowledge, of a

one of them. She would appear learned, and has just enough of all things, without comprehending any one, to make her talk absurdly upon every thing. She looks upon the art of pleasing as her master-piece, but mistakes the means so much, that her flattery is too gross for self-love to swallow, and her lies too palpable to deceive for a moment; so that she shocks those she would gain. Mean tricks, shallow cunning, and breach of faith, constitute her mistaken system of politics. She endeavours to appear generous at the expense of trifles, while an indiscreet and unguarded rapaciousness discovers her natural and insatiable avidity. Thus mistaking the perfections she would seem to possess, and the means of acquiring even them, she becomes the most ridiculous, instead of the most complete, of her sex.

Eudosia, the most frivolous woman in the world, condemns her own sex for being too trifling. She despises the agreeable levity and cheerfulness of a mixed company; she will be serious, that she will, and emphatically intimates, that she thinks reason and good sense very valuable things. She never mixes in the general conversation, but singles out some one man, whom she thinks worthy of her good sense, and in a half voice, or *sotto voce*, discusses her solid trifles in his ear, dwells particularly upon the most trifling circumstances of the main trifle, which she enforces with the proper inclinations of head and body, and with the most

expressive gesticulations of the fan, modestly confessing, every now and then, by way of parenthesis, that possibly it may be thought presumption in a woman to talk at all upon these matters. In the mean time, her unhappy hearer stifles a thousand gapes, assents universally to whatever she says, in the hope of shortening the conversation, and carefully watches the first favourable opportunity, which any motion in the company gives him, of making his escape from this excellent solid understanding. Thus deserted, but not discouraged, she takes the whole company in their turns, and has, for every one, a whisper of equal importance. If Eudosia would content herself with her natural talents, play at cards, make tea and visits, talk to her dog often, and to her company but sometimes, she would not be ridiculous, but bear a very tolerable part in the polite world.

Sydasia had beauty enough to have excused, while young, her want of common sense. But she scorned the fortuitous and precarious triumphs of beauty. She would conquer only by the charms of her mind. A union of hearts, a delicacy of sentiments, a mental adoration, a sort of tender quietism, were what she long sought for, and never found. Thus nature struggled with sentiment till she was five-and-forty, but then got the better of it in such a degree, that she made very advantageous proposals to an Irish ensign of one-and-twenty; ridiculous in her age and in her youth.

Canidia, withered by age, and shattered by infirmities, totters under the load of her misplaced ornaments, and her dress varies according to the freshest advices from Paris, instead of conforming itself, as it ought, to the directions of her undertaker. Her mind, as weak as her body, is absurdly adorned: she talks politics and metaphysics, mangles the terms of each, and, if there be sense in either, most infallibly puzzles it; adding intricacy to politics, and darkness to mysteries; equally ridiculous in this world and the next.

I shall not now enter into an examination of the lesser affectations (most of them are pardonable, and many of them are pretty, if their owners are so); but confine my present animadversions to the affectations of ill-suited characters, for I would by no means deprive my fair countrywomen of their genteel little terrors, antipathies, and affections. The alternate panics of thieves, spiders, ghosts, and thunder, are allowable to youth and beauty, provided they do not survive them. But what I mean is, to prevail with them to act their own natural parts, and not other people's; and to convince them, that even their own imperfections will become them better than the borrowed perfections of others.

Should some lady of spirit, unjustly offended at these restrictions, ask what province I leave to their sex, I answer, that I leave them whatever has not been peculiarly assigned by nature

to ours. I leave them a mighty empire—Love. There they reign absolute, and by unquestioned right, while beauty supports their throne. They have all the talents requisite for that soft empire, and the ablest of our sex cannot contend with them in the profound knowledge and conduct of those *arcana*. But, then, those who are deposed by years or accidents, or those who by nature were never qualified to reign, should content themselves with the private care and economy of their families, and the diligent discharge of domestic duties.

I take the fabulous birth of Minerva, the goddess of arms, wisdom, arts, and sciences, to have been an allegory of the ancients, calculated to show, that women of natural and usual births must not aim at those accomplishments. She sprang armed out of Jupiter's head, without the co-operation of his consort Juno; and, as such only, had those great provinces assigned her.

I confess one has read of ladies, such as Semiramis, Thalestris, and others, who have made very considerable figures in the most heroic and manly parts of life; but, considering the great antiquity of those histories, and how much they are mixed up with fables, one is at liberty to question either the facts, or the sex. Besides that, the most ingenious and erudite Conrad Wolfgang Laboriosus Nugatorius, of Hall in Saxony, has proved to a demonstration, in the fourteenth volume, page 2981, of his

learned treatise *De Hermaphroditis*, that all the reputed female heroines of antiquity were of this Epicene species, though, out of regard to the fair and modest part of my readers, I dare not quote the several facts and reasonings with which he supports this assertion; and as for the heroines of modern date, we have more than suspicions of their being at least of the Epicene gender. The greatest monarch that ever filled the British throne, till very lately, was queen Elizabeth, of whose sex we have abundant reason to doubt, history furnishing us with many instances of the manhood of that princess, without leaving us one single symptom or indication of the woman; and thus much is certain, that she thought it improper for her to marry a man. The great Christina, queen of Sweden, was allowed by every body to be above her sex, and the masculine was so predominant in her composition, that she even conformed, at last, to its dress, and ended her days in Italy. I therefore require that those women, who insist upon going beyond the bounds allotted to their sex, should previously declare themselves in form hermaphrodites, and be registered as such in their several parishes; till when I shall not suffer them to confound politics, perplex metaphysics, and darken mysteries.

How amiable may a woman be, what a comfort and delight to her acquaintance, her friends, her relations, her lover, or her husband,

in keeping strictly within her character! She adorns all female virtues with native female softness. Women, while untainted by affectation, have a natural cheerfulness of mind, tenderness and benignity of heart, which justly endear them to us, either to animate our joys, or soothe our sorrows; but how are they changed, and how shocking do they become, when the rage of ambition, or the pride of learning, agitates and swells those breasts, where only love, friendship, and tender care, should dwell! Let Flavia be their model, who, though she could support any character, assumes none, never misled by fancy or vanity, but guided singly by reason; whatever she says or does is the manifest result of a happy nature, and a good understanding; though she knows whatever women ought, and, it may be, more than they are required to know, she conceals the superiority she has, with as much care as others take to display the superiority they have not; she conforms herself to the turn of the company she is in, but in a way of rather avoiding to be distanced, than desiring to take the lead. Are they merry? she is cheerful. Are they grave? she is serious. Are they absurd? she is silent. Though she thinks and speaks as a man would do, she effeminates, if I may use the expression, whatever she says, and gives all the graces of her own sex to the strength of ours; she is well bred without the troublesome ceremonies and frivolous forms of

those who only affect to be so. As her good breeding proceeds jointly from good nature and good sense, the former inclines her to oblige, and the latter shows her the easiest and best way of doing it. Woman's beauty, like man's wit, is generally fatal to the owners, unless directed by a judgment which seldom accompanies a great degree of either: her beauty seems but the proper and decent lodging for such a mind; she knows the true value of it, and, far from thinking that it authorizes impertinence and coquetry, it redoubles her care to avoid those errors, that are its usual attendants. Thus she not only unites in herself all the advantages of body and mind, but even reconciles contradictions in others; for she is loved and esteemed, though envied by all.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON AFFECTATION.

Most people complain of Fortune, few of Nature; and the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injustice of the former.

Why have not I the riches, the rank, the power, of such and such? is the common expostulation with Fortune: but why have not I the merit, the talents, the wit, or the beauty, of such and such others? is a reproach rarely or never made to Nature.

The truth is, that Nature, seldom profuse, and seldom niggardly, has distributed her gifts

more equally than she is generally supposed to have done. Education and situation make the great difference. Culture improves, and occasions elicit, natural talents. I make no doubt but there are potentially, if I may use that pedantic word, many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Cæsars, Cromwells, and Marlboroughs, at the plough tail, behind counters, and, perhaps, even among the nobility; but the soil must be cultivated, and the seasons favourable, for the fruit to have all its spirit and flavour.

If sometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the scales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due counterpoise of vanity, which never fails to set all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one man would, without reserve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus satisfied with the dispensations of Nature, how few listen to her voice! how few follow her as a guide! In vain she points out to us the plain and direct way to truth; vanity, fancy, affectation, and fashion, assume her shape, and wind us through fairy ground to folly and error.

These deviations from nature are often attended by serious consequences, and always by ridiculous ones; for there is nothing truer than the trite observation, "that people are never ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting what they really are not.

Affectation is the only source, and at the same time the only justifiable object, of ridicule. No man whatsoever, be his pretensions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous: it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without some industry; which, perhaps, is the reason why so many people are so jealous and tenacious of it. Even some people's vices are not their own, but affected and adopted, though at the same time unenjoyed, in hopes of shining in those fashionable societies, where the reputation of certain vices gives lustre. In these cases, the execution is commonly as awkward as the design is absurd; and the ridicule equals the guilt.

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of some rank and fortune, just let loose from the university, resolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to assume the shining character of, what he called, a rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profession, he frequented the theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noisy. Being one night at the representation of that most absurd play, the *Libertine destroyed*, he was so charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece, that, to the edification of the audience, he swore many oaths that he would be the libertine *destroyed*. A discreet friend of his, who sat by him, kindly represented to him, that to be the *libertine* was a laudable design,

which he greatly approved of; but that to be the libertine *destroyed*, seemed to him an unnecessary part of his plan, and rather rash. He persisted, however, in his first resolution, and insisted upon being the libertine, and *destroyed*. Probably he was so; at least the presumption is in his favour. There are, I am persuaded, so many cases of this nature, that, for my own part, I would desire no greater step towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years than that our people should have no vices but their own.

The blockhead, who affects wisdom, because nature has given him dulness, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character; whereas he might have stagnated unobserved in his native mud, or perhaps have engrossed deeds, collected shells, and studied heraldry, or logic, with some success.

The shining coxcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon every thing, because nature has given him pertness. The degree of parts and animal spirits, necessary to constitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him useful in many parts of life; but his affectation and presumption make him useless in most, and ridiculous in all.

The septuagenary fine gentleman might probably, from his long experience and knowledge of the world, be esteemed and respected in the several relations of domestic life, which, at his age, nature points out to him: he will

most ridiculously spin out the rotten thread of his former gallantries. He dresses, languishes, ogles, as he did at five-and-twenty; and modestly intimates that he is not without a *bonne fortune*, which *bonne fortune* at last appears to be the prostitute he had long kept, not to himself, whom he marries and owns, because "the poor girl was so fond of him, and so desirous to be made an honest woman."

The sexagenary widow remembers that she was handsome, but forgets that it was thirty years ago, and thinks herself so, or, at least, very *likeable*, still. The pardonable affectations of her youth and beauty unpardonably continue, increase even with her years, and are doubly exerted in hopes of concealing the number. All the gaudy, glittering parts of dress, which *rather degraded* than adorned her beauty in its bloom, now expose to the highest and justest ridicule her shrivelled or her overgrown carcass. She totters or sweats under the load of her jewels, embroideries, and brocades, which, like so many Egyptian hieroglyphics, serve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her august mummy. Her eyes dimly twinkle tenderness, or leer desire; their language, however inelegant, is intelligible, and the half-pay captain understands it. He addresses his vows to her vanity, which assures her they are sincere. She pities him, and prefers him to credit, decency, and every social

duty. He tenderly prefers her, though not without some hesitation, to a jail.

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and useful sentiment. It is, in truth, social love too, as Mr. Pope has very justly observed: it is the spring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But self-flattery is only the ape or caricature of self-love, and resembles it no more than to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is the most profusely bestowed and greedily swallowed, where it is the best deserved. I will conclude this subject with the substance of a fable of the ingenious Monsieur De La Motte, which seems not inapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was *wisdom*; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersion, declared another lottery for mortals, singly and exclusively of the gods. The prize was *folly*. They got it, and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The loss of *wisdom* was neither regretted nor remembered; *folly* supplied its place, and those who had the largest share of it thought themselves the wisest.

A STANDING ARMY SATIRIZED.

Some inventions have been improved, ages after their first discovery, and extended to uses

so obvious, and so nearly resembling those for which they were at first intended, that it is surprising how they could have so long escaped the sagacity of mankind. For instance, printing, though used but within these few centuries, has in reality been invented thousands of years; and it is astonishing that it never occurred to those, who first stamped images and inscriptions upon metals, to stamp likewise their thoughts upon wax, boughs of trees, or whatever else they wrote upon.

This example should hinder one from thinking any thing brought to its *ne plus ultra* of perfection, when so plain an improvement lay for many ages undiscovered.

The scheme I am now going to offer to the public is of this nature, so very plain, obvious, and of such evident emolument, that I am convinced my readers will be both surprised and concerned that it did not occur to every body, and that it was not put in practice many years ago.

I took the first hint of it from an account a friend of mine gave me, of what he himself had seen practised with success at a foreign court; but I have extended it considerably, and I flatter myself that it will, upon the strictest examination, appear to be the most practicable and useful, and, at this time, necessary project, that has, it may be, ever been submitted to the public.

My friend, having resided some time at a very considerable court in Germany, had there contracted an intimacy with a German prince, whose dominions and revenues were as small as his birth was great and illustrious; there are some few such in the august Germanic body. This prince made him promise that, whenever he should return to England, he would take him in his way, and make him a visit in his principality. Accordingly, some time afterwards, about two years ago, he waited upon his serene highness; who, being apprized a little beforehand of his arrival, resolved to receive him with all possible marks of honour and distinction.

My friend was not a little surprised to find himself conducted to the palace, through a line of soldiers, resting their firelocks, and the drums beating a march. His highness, who observed his surprise, and who, by the way was a wag, after the first compliments usual upon such occasions, spoke very gravely to him thus:

"I do not wonder that you, who are well informed of the narrowness both of my territories and my fortune, should be astonished at the number of my standing forces; but I must acquaint you, that the present critical situation of my affairs would not allow me to remain defenceless, while all my neighbours were arming around me. There is not a prince

sure me that has not made an augmentation in his forces, some of four, some of eight, and some even of twelve men; so that you must be sensible it would have been consistent neither with my honour nor safety, not to have increased mine. I have therefore augmented my army up to forty effective men, from but eight-and-twenty, that there were before; but, in order not to overburthen my subjects with taxes, nor oppress them by the quartering and insolence of my troops, as well as to remove the least suspicion of my designing any thing against their liberties, to tell you the plain truth, my men are of wax, and exercise by clock-work. You will easily perceive," added he, smiling, "that, if I were in any real danger, my forty men of wax are just as good a security to me, as if they were of the very best *flesh and blood in* Christendom: as for dignity and show, *they* answer the purpose full as well, and in the mean time they cost me so little that our dinner will be much the better for it."

My friend respectfully signified to him his sincere approbation of his wise and prudent measures, and assured me that he had never in his life seen finer bodies of men, better sized, nor more warlike countenances.

The ingenious contrivance of this wise and warlike potentate struck me immediately, as a hint that might be greatly improved to the public advantage, and without any one inconveniency, at least that occurred to me. I have

turned it every way in my thoughts, with the utmost care, and shall now present it to my readers, willing however to receive any further lights and assistance from those who are more skilled in military matters than I am.

I ask but two *postulata*, which I think cannot be denied me; and then my proposal demonstrates its own utility.

First, that, for these last five-and-twenty years, our land forces have been of no use whatsoever, nor even employed, notwithstanding the almost uninterrupted disturbances that have been in Europe, in which our interests have been as nearly concerned as ever they are likely to be for these five-and-twenty years to come.

Secondly, that our present army is a very great expense to the nation, and has raised jealousies and discontents in the minds of many of his majesty's subjects.

I therefore humbly propose, that, from and after the 25th day of March next, 1736, the present numerous and expensive army be totally disbanded, the commissioned officers excepted, and that proper persons be authorized to contract with Mrs. Salmon for raising the same number of men in the best of wax.

That the said persons be likewise authorized to treat with that ingenious mechanic, Myn Heer Von Pinchbeck, for the clock-work necessary for the said number of land forces.

It appears from my first *postulatum*, that this future army will be, to all intents and purposes, as useful as ever our present one has been; and how much more beneficial it will be, is what I now beg leave to show.

The curious are often at great trouble and expense to make imitations of things, which things are to be had easier, cheaper, and in greater perfection themselves. Thus infinite pains have been taken of late, but, alas! in vain, to bring up our present army to the nicety and perfection of a waxen one: it has proved impossible to get such numbers of men, all of the same height, the same make, with their own hair, timing exactly together the several motions of their exercise, and, above all, with a certain military fierceness, that is not natural to British countenances: even some very considerable officers have been cashiered for wanting *some of the properties of wax.*

By my scheme, all these inconveniences will be entirely removed; the men will be all of the same size, and, if thought necessary, of the same features and complexion: the requisite degree of fierceness may be given them, by the proper application of whiskers, scars, and such like indications of courage, according to the tastes of their respective officers; and their exercise will, by the skill and care of Myn Heer Von Pinchbeck, be in the highest German taste, and may possibly arrive at the *one motion* that great *desideratum* in our dis-

cipline. The whole, thus ordered, must certainly furnish a more delightful spectacle than any hitherto exhibited, to such as are curious of reviews and military exercitations.

I am here aware that the grave Mrs. Osborne* will seriously object, that this army, not being alive, cannot be useful; and that the more lively and ingenious Mr. Walsingham* may possibly insinuate, that a waxen army is not likely to stand fire well.

To the lady, I answer thus beforehand, that if, in the late times of war, our present army has been of no more use than a waxen one, a waxen one will now, in time of peace, be as useful as they; and, as to any other reasons, that she or her whole sex may have, for preferring a live standing army to this, they are considerations of a private nature, and must not weigh against so general and public a good.

To the pleasant squire I reply, that this army will stand its own fire very well; which is all that seems requisite.

But give me leave to say, too, that an army thus constituted will be very far from being without its terror, and will doubtless strike all the fear that is consistent with the liberties of a free people; wax, it is well known, being the most natural and expressive imitation of life, as it unites in itself the different advantages of painting and sculpture.

* Writers in the ministerial papers.

Our British monarchs in the Tower are never beheld but with the profoundest respect and reverence; and that bold and manly representation of Henry VIII. never fails to raise the most submissive images of one kind or another in its beholders of both sexes. Such is the force of divine right, though but in wax, upon the minds of all good and loyal subjects.

Nobody ever saw the court of France lately exhibited here in wax-work, without a due regard; insomuch that an habitual good courtier was observed respectfully bowing to their most Christian majesties, and was at last only convinced of his error by the silence of the crowd. An army of the same materials will certainly have still a stronger effect, and be more than sufficient to keep the peace, without the power of breaking it.

My readers will observe, that I only propose a reduction of the private men, for, upon many accounts, I would by no means touch the commissions of the officers. In the first place, they most of them deserve very well of the public; and in the next place, as they are all in parliament, I might, by proposing to deprive them of their commissions, be suspected of political views, which I protest I have not. I would therefore desire, that the present set of officers may keep the keys, to wind up their several regiments, troops, or companies; and that a master key to the whole army be lodged in the hands of the general in chief for the

time being, or, in default of such, in the hands of the prime minister.

From my second *postulatum*, that the present army is expensive, and gives uneasiness to many of his majesty's good subjects, the advantages of my scheme will appear.

The chief expense here will be only the prime cost: and I even question whether that will exceed the price of live men, of the height, proportions, and tremendous aspects, that I propose these should be of. But the annual saving will be so considerable, that I will appeal to every sensible and impartial man in the kingdom, if he does not think this nation would be now much more flourishing and powerful, if, for these twenty years last past, we had had no other army.

Another considerable advantage consists in the great care and convenience with which these men will be quartered in the counties; where, far from being an oppression or disturbance to the public houses, they will be a genteel ornament and decoration to them; and, instead of being inflicted as a punishment upon the disaffected, will probably be granted as a favour to such innkeepers as are supposed to be the most in the interest of the administration, and that too possibly with an exclusive privilege of showing them. So that I question whether a certain great city may not be eloquently threatened with having no troops at all.

A- I am never for carrying my project too , I would, for certain reasons, not extend this, at pr"ent, to Gibraltar, but would leave the garri- H there alive as long as it can keep p.

Let nobody put the Jacobite upon me, and ay, that I am paving the way for the pretender, by disbanding this army. That argument is worn threadbare; besides, let those take the Jacobite to themselves, who would exchange the affections of the people for the fallacious security of an unpopular standing army.

But, as I know I am suspected by some people to be no friend to the present ministry, I would most carefully avoid inserting any thing in this project that might look peevish, or like a design to deprive them of any of the necessary means of carrying on the government. I have therefore already declared, that I did not propose to affect the commissions of any of the officers, though a very great saving would arise to the public thereby. And I would further provide, that, in the disbanding the present army, an exact account should be taken of every soldier's right of voting in elections, and where, and that the like number of votes, and for the same places, shall be reserved to every regiment, troop, or company, of this new army; these votes to be given collectively, by the officers of the said regiment, troop, or company, in as free and uninfluenced a man-

ner as hath at any time been practised with these last twenty years.

Moreover, I would provide, that Mann and Day* shall, as at present, have the entire clothing of this new army, so scrupulous am I distressing the administration.

People are generally fond of their own projects, and it may be I look upon this with the partiality of a parent; but I protest I cannot find any one objection to it. It will save an immense expense to the nation, remove the fears that at present disturb the minds of many, and answer every one of the purposes to which our present army has been applied. The numbers will sound great and formidable abroad; the individuals will be gentle and peaceable at home; and there will be an increase to the public of above 50,000 hands for labour and manufactures, which at present are either idle, or but scurvily employed.

I cannot, I own, help flattering myself, that this scheme will prevail, and the more so from the very great protection and success wax-work has lately met with; which, I imagine, was only as an essay or *tentamen* to some greater design of this nature. But, whatever be the event of it, this alternative I will venture to assert, that, by the 25th of March next, either the army or another body of men must be of wax.

* Two very considerable woollen drapers in the Strand.

THE PRIDE OF BIRTH.

The notion of *birth*, as it is commonly called and established by custom, is, like duelling, the manifest result of *the prejudices of the many, and of the designs of a few.* It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that industrious pander, Self-Love. It is surely the strongest instance, and the weakest prop, of human vanity. If it means any thing, it means a long lineal descent from a founder, whose industry or good fortune, whose merit, or perhaps whose guilt, has enabled his posterity to live useless to society, and to transmit to theirs their pride and their patrimony. However, this extravagant notion, this chimerical advantage, the effect of blind chance, where prudence and option cannot even pretend to have the least share, is that FLY, which, by a kind of Egyptian superstition, custom all over Europe has deified, and at whose tawdry shrine good sense, good manners, and good nature, are daily sacrificed.

The vulgar distinction between people of *birth* and people of *no birth* will probably puzzle the critics and antiquaries of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries, when, in their judicious or laborious researches into the customs and manners of these present times, they shall have reason to suppose, that, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the island of Great Britain was inhabited by two

sorts of people, some *born*, but much the greater part *unborn*. The fact will appear so *incredible*, that it will certainly be *believed;* the only difficulty will be how to account for it; and that, as it commonly does, will engross the attention of the learned. The case of Cadmus's men will doubtless be urged as a case in point, to prove the possibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the university of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn person, called for that reason *Terræ Filius*, annually entertained that university with an oration in the theatre.

I therefore take with pleasure this opportunity of explaining and clearing up this difficulty to my remotest successors in the republic of letters, by giving them the true meaning of the several expressions of *great* birth, *noble birth*, and *no birth at all.*

Great and illustrious birth is ascertained and authenticated by a pedigree, carefully preserved in the family, which takes at least an hour's time to unroll, and, when unrolled, discloses twenty intermarriages of valiant and puissant Geoffreys and Hildebrands, with as many chaste and pious Blanches and Mauds, before the Conquest, not without here and there a dash of the Plantagenets. But if unfortunately the insolent worms should have devoured the pedigree as well as the persons of the illustrious family that defect may be supplied by the authentic ·ds of the ·herald's office, that inestimable

repository of good sense and useful knowledge. If this great birth is graced with a peerage, so much the better; but if not, it is no great matter; for, being so solid a good in itself, it wants no borrowed advantages; and is unquestionably the most pleasing sentiment that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.

Noble birth implies only a peerage in the family. Ancestors are by no means necessary for this kind of birth; the patent is the midwife of it, and the very first descent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and mantle; but the family livery is sometimes, for very good reasons, laid aside.

Birth, singly, and without any epithet, extends, I cannot possibly say how far, but negatively it stops where useful arts and industry *begin*. Merchants, tradesmen, yeomen, farmers, and ploughmen, are not *born*, or at least in so mean a way as not to deserve that name; and it is perhaps for that reason, that their mothers are said to be *delivered*, rather than *brought to bed* of them. But baronets, knights, and esquires, have the honour of being *born*.

I must confess that, before I got the key to this fashionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myself with the distinction between *birth* and *no birth*; and, having no other guide than my own weak reason, I mistook the matter most grossly. I foolishly imagined, that *well-born* meant born with a sound mind in a sound body; a healthy, strong constitution,

joined to a good heart and a good understanding. But I never suspected that it could possibly mean the shrivelled, tasteless fruit of an old genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information to my late worthy and curious friend, the celebrated *Mrs.* Kennon, whose valuable collection of fossils and minerals, lately sold, sufficiently proves her skill and researches in the most recondite parts of nature. She, with that frankness and humanity which were natural to her, assured me that it was all a vulgar error, in which, however, the nobility and gentry prided themselves, but that in truth she had never observed the children of the quality to be wholesomer and stronger than others, but rather the contrary; which difference she imputed to certain causes, which I shall not here specify. This natural, and I dare say, to the best of her observation, true account, confirmed me in my former philosophical error. But still, not thoroughly satisfied with it, and thinking that there must be something more in what was so universally valued, I determined to get some farther information, by addressing myself to a person of vast, immense, prodigious *birth*, and descended *stemmate regibus*, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly on that subject, it was very easy for me to set him a-going upon it, inasmuch that, upon some few doubts which I humbly

suggested to him, he spoke to me in the following manner:

"I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you are not, for nobody is, ignorant of the antiquity of my family, which by authentic records I can trace to king Alfred, some of whose blood runs at this moment in my veins, and I will not conceal from you that I find infinite inward comfort and satisfaction in that reflection. Let people of *no birth* laugh as much as they please at these notions; they are not imaginary; they are real; they are solid; and whoever is *well born*, is glad that he is so. A merchant, a tradesman, a yeoman, a farmer, and such sort of people, may perhaps have common honesty and vulgar virtues; but, take my word for it, the more refined and generous sentiments of honour, courage, and magnanimity, can only flow in ancient and noble blood. What shall animate a tradesman, or any mean-born man, to any great and heroic virtues? Shall it be the examples of his ancestors? He has none. Or shall it be that impure blood that rather stagnates than circulates in his veins? No; *ancient birth* and *noble blood* are the only true sources of great virtues. This truth appears even among brutes, who, we observe, never degenerate, except in cases of misalliances with their inferiors. Are not the pedigrees of horses, cocks, &c. carefully preserved, as the never-failing proofs of their swiftness and courage? I repeat it again, *birth* is an ines-

timable advantage, not to be adequately understood but by those who have it."

My friend was going on, and, to say the truth, growing dull, when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by acknowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the self-evidence of his facts, had entirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unspeakable advantages of illustrious birth, and unfortunately I added that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in consequence of my being lineally descended from the first man. Upon this my friend looked grave, and seemed rather displeased; whether from a suspicion that I was jesting, or upon an apprehension that I meant to *out-descend* him, I cannot determine; for he contented himself with saying, "That is not a necessary consequence, neither, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since I have read somewhere or other of pre-Adamites; which opinion did not seem to me an absurd one."

Here I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the astonishing power of self-love, that can extract comfort and pleasure from such groundless, absurd, and extravagant prejudices. In all other respects my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational subject. But such is the inconsistency both of the human mind and the human heart, that one must not form a general judgment of either, from one glaring error, or one shining excellence.

CHARACTER OF LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Lord Bolingbroke has both a tongue and a pen to persuade; his manner of speaking in private conversation is full as elegant as his writings; whatever subject he either speaks or writes upon, he adorns it with the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care perhaps at first) is become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would bear the press, without the least correction either as to method or style. If his conduct, in the former part of his life, had been equal to all his natural and acquired talents, he would most justly have merited the epithet of all-accomplished. He is himself sensible of his past errors: those violent passions, which seduced him in youth, have now subsided by age; and, take him as he is now, the character of all-accomplished is more his due than any man's I ever knew in my life.

But he has been a most mortifying instance of the violence of the human passions, and of the weakness of the most exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast. Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours; and both rendered more striking from their proximity. Im-

petuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterized not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storms of pleasure, in which he most licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination has often been heated and exhausted with his body, in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic Bacchanals. Those passions were interrupted but by a stronger, Ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character, but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He has noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed reflected principles of good-nature and friendship; but they are more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He receives the common attentions of civility as obligations, which he returns with interest; and resents with passion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repays with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject would provoke, and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he has an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which, from the clearest and quickest conception, and happiest memory, that ever man was blessed with, he always car-

ries about him. It is his pocket-money, and he never has occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excels more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative political and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, are better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he has pursued the latter, in his public conduct, his enemies, of all parties and denominations, tell with joy.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself in business; and his penetration was almost intuition. I am old enough to have heard him speak in parliament. And I remember, that, though prejudiced against him by party, I felt all the force and charms of his eloquence. Like Belial, in Milton, "he made the worse appear the better cause." All the internal and external advantages and talents of an orator are undoubtedly his. Figure, voice, elocution, knowledge, and, above all, the purest and most florid diction, with the justest metaphors and happiest images, had raised him to the post of secretary at war at four-and-twenty years old; an age at which others are hardly thought fit for the smallest employments.

During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristical ardour; and there he formed and chiefly executed the plan of a great philosophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge are too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination.

He must go *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics; which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination; where endless conjectures supply the defect of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and influence.

He has had a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners; he has all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so few, in this country at least, really have.

He professes himself a deist; believing in a general Providence, but doubting of (though by no means rejecting, as is commonly supposed,) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

Upon the whole of this extraordinary man what can we say, but, Alas! poor human nature!

CEREMONIES.

All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things; but yet a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of manners and decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence, which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony; true good-breeding not being a sufficient barrier against

them. The knowledge of the world teaches one to deal with different people differently, and according as characters and situations require. The *versatile ingenium* is a most essential point; and a man must be broke to it while he is young.

CORRECTION OF CHILDREN.

As for my godson, who, I assure you without compliment, enjoys my next warmest wishes, you go a little too fast, and think too far beforehand. No plan can possibly be now laid down for the second seven years. His own natural turn and temper must be first discovered, and your then situation will and ought to decide his destination. But I will add one consideration with regard to these first seven years. It is this. *Pray let* my godson never know what a blow or a whipping is, unless for those things for which, were he a man, he would deserve them; such as lying, cheating, making mischief, and meditated malice. In any of those cases, however young, let him be most severely whipped. But either to threaten or whip him, for falling down, or wetting himself, or not standing still to have his head combed and his face washed, is a most unjust and absurd severity; and yet all these are the common causes of whipping. This hardens them to punishment, and confounds them as to the causes of it; for if a poor child is to be equally whipped for

telling a lie, or for a snotty nose, he must ... course think them equally criminal. Re... him, by fair means, out of all those things ... which he will not be the worse man; and ... him severely for those things only for wh... the law would punish him as a man.

COMMON-PLACE OBSERVATIONS.

Having mentioned common-place observa... tions, I will particularly caution you again... either using, believing, or approving the... They are the common topics of *witlings* a... coxcombs; those who really have wit *have* ... utmost contempt for them, and scorn even ... laugh at the pert things that those would-... wits say upon such subjects.

Religion is one of their favourite topics; *it* ... all priest-craft; and an invention contrived an... carried on by priests, of all religions, for thei... own power and profit: from this absurd and... false principle flow the common-place, insipi... jokes and insults upon the clergy. With thes... people, every priest, of every religion, is eithe... a public or concealed unbeliever, drunkard... and whoremaster. Whereas I conceive tha... priests are extremely like other men, and nei... ther the better nor the worse for wearing ... gown or surplice; but, if they are differen... from other people, probably it is rather on the... side of religion and morality, or at least decen... cy, from their education and manner of life.

Another common topic for false wit, and cold raillery, is matrimony. Every man and his wife hate each other cordially; whatever they may pretend, in public, to the contrary. The husband certainly wishes his wife at the devil, and the wife certainly cuckolds her husband. Whereas I presume that men and their wives neither love nor hate each other the more, upon account of the form of matrimony which has been said over them. The cohabitation, indeed, which is the consequence of matrimony, *makes* them either love or hate more, accordingly as they respectively deserve it; but that would be exactly the same between any man and woman who lived together without being married.

These and many other common-place reflections upon nations, or professions, in general (*which are at least* as often false as true), are the poor refuge of people who have neither wit nor invention of their own, but endeavour to shine in company by second-hand finery. I always put these pert jackanapeses out of countenance, by looking extremely grave, when they expect that I should laugh at their pleasantries; and by saying, *Well, and so?* as if they had not done, and that the sting were still to come. This disconcerts them; as they have no resources in themselves, and have but one set of jokes to live upon. Men of parts are not reduced to these shifts, and have the utmost contempt for them; they find proper

subjects enough for either useful or lively conversations; they can be witty without satire or common-place, and serious without being dull.

IRONICAL CONDOLENCE WITH LADIES OF FASHION, ON THEIR ANNUAL RUSTICATION.

Though the separation of the parliament generally suspends the vigour of political altercations, I doubt it creates domestic ones, not less sharp and acrimonious; and, possibly, the individuals of both houses may find as warm debates at home as any they have met with during the course of the session.

Their motion for adjourning into the country is, I believe, seldom seconded by their wives and daughters; and if at last they carry it, it is more by the exertion of their authority, than by the cogency of their reasoning.

This act of power, so strenuously withstood at first, and so unwillingly submitted to at last, lays but an indifferent foundation of domestic harmony during their retirement; and I am surprised that the throne, which never fails, at the end of the session, to recommend to both houses certain wholesome and general rules for their behaviour and conduct, when scattered in their respective counties, should hitherto have taken no notice of their ladies, nor have made them the least excuse for the disagreeable consequences which result to them from the recess

Nay, even in the female reigns of queen Elizabeth and queen Anne, I cannot discover that any advice, or application of this nature, has ever been directed to the fair sex; as if their uneasiness and dissatisfaction were matters of no concern to the peace and good order of the kingdom in general.

For my own part, I see this affair in a very different light, and I think I shall do both my country and the ministry good service, if, by any advice and consolation I can offer to my fair countrywomen, in this their dreadful time of trouble and trial, I can alleviate their misfortunes, and mitigate the horrors of their retirement; since it is obvious, that the people in the country, who see things but at a distance, will never believe that matters go right, when they observe a general discontent in every one but the master of the family, whose particular tranquillity they may, possibly, ascribe to particular reasons, and not to the happy state of the public. Besides that, my real concern and regard for the fair sex excites my compassion for them, and I sympathize with them in that scene of grief and despair, which the prospect of their six months' exile presents to them.

I own I have been so sensibly touched, as I have gone along the streets, to see, at the one pair of stairs windows, so many fine eyes, bathed in tears, and dismally fixed upon the fatal wagons loading at their doors, that I re-

solved my endeavours should not be wanting, to administer to them whatever amusement or comfort I could think of under their present calamity.

The ancient philosophers have left us most excellent rules for our conduct, under the various afflictions to which we are liable. They bid us not be grieved at misfortunes, nor pleased with prosperity; and undeniably prove, that those imaginary ills of old age, sickness, the loss of friends, fortune, &c. would really not be ills, if we were but wise enough not to be affected by them. But I have nowhere found, in their writings, any consolation offered to the fair sex, to support and strengthen them under the rigours of a country life. Whether this barbarous custom of confining the ladies half the year in the country was not practised among the ancients, whether the case was not looked upon as above comfort or below attention, or whether the Goths and Vandals may not have deprived the learned world of those valuable treatises, I cannot tell; but this is certain, that I know no case of greater compassion, and few of greater consequence, than that of a fine woman, hurried, not only by her husband, but *with* her husband, from all the joys of London to all the horrors of the mansion-seat in the country; where, not to mention many other circumstances of this tyranny, in one particular, I fear it too often resembles the Mezentian cruelty of tying a living body to a dead one.

I first address myself to those ladies, whose distinguished beauty, delicacy, and accomplishments, justly place them at the head of the pleasures and fashion of the town. Their will is the law, and their example the model, of the polite world; possessed, one half of the year, of more than imperial sway, the other half, they groan under the usurped power of their husbands. Nay, even the superior beauty of many ladies, like the superior merit of many illustrious Athenians, has often both caused and prolonged their exile. Can kings deposed and imprisoned experience a more cruel reverse of fortune than this? Their case is certainly above comfort; and I own I am at a loss what to recommend to them. *Succedanea* there are none: I shall only endeavour to suggest lenitives.

I am not absurd enough even to hint the usual rural recreations, of fetching a walk, a horse race, an assize ball, or a sillabub under the red cow; which must all of them be exceedingly shocking to their delicacy. Besides, I know, that, at their first arrival in the country, they entirely give up all hopes, not only of pleasure, but of comfort, and, from a just contempt of whatever they are to see or hear, plunge themselves into an august melancholy, and a sullen despair, like captive princesses in a tragedy.

I wish I could procure them a six months' sleep or annihilation; but, as that is not in my power, the best advice I can give them is, to carry down a provision of the tenderest books,

which will at once improve their style, nourish all the delicacy of their sentiments, and keep imagination awake.

The most voluminous romances are the most serviceable, and wear the best in the country, since four or five of them will very near hold out the season. Besides that, the *pleasing* descriptions of the flowery vales, where the tender heroines so often bewailed the absence of their much-loved heroes, may, by the help of a little imagination and an elegant sympathy, render the solitary prospect of the neighbouring fields a little more supportable.

This serious study may sometimes be diversified by short and practical novels, of which the French language furnishes great abundance. Here the catastrophe comes sooner, and nature has its share, as well as sentiment; so that a lady may exactly fit the humour she happens to be in.

If a gentle languor only inspires tender sentiments, she may find, in the clearest light, whatever can be said upon *le cœur et l'esprit* (the heart and the mind), to indulge those thoughts; or, if intruding nature breaks in with warmer images, she will likewise find, in those excellent manuals, suitable and corresponding passages.

Some time, too, may be employed in epistolary correspondence with distressed, sympathizing friends, in the same situation, pathetically describing all the disagreeable circumstances

of the country; with this just exception only, "that one could bear with it well enough for two or three months in the summer, with the company one liked, and without the company one disliked."

As for the more secret and tender letters, which are to go under two or three directions, and as many covers, the uppermost to be directed by trusty Betty, and by her given into the postman's own hand, they of course furnish out the most pleasing moments of confinement; and I dare say I need neither recommend them, nor the attentive and frequent perusal of the answers returned to them.

But, as these occupations will necessarily meet with some interruption, and as there will be intervals in the day, when thoughts will *claim* their share, as at dinner with my lord or his neighbours, or on Sundays at church, I advise that they should be turned as much as possible from the many disagreeable, to the few agreeable prospects, which the country affords.

Let them reflect, that these absences, however painful for the time, revive and animate passions, which, without some little cessation, might decay and grow languid. Let them consider how propitious the chapter of accidents is to them in the country, and what charming events they may reasonably flatter themselves with, from the effusion of strong beer and port, and the friendly interposition of

hedges, ditches, and five-barred gates; not to mention another possible contingency, of their husbands meeting with Acteon's fate from their own hounds, which, whether probable or not, they know best.

With these prospects, and these dissipations, I should hope they may pass, or rather *kill*, the tedious time of their banishment, without very great anxiety; but, if that cannot be, there is but one expedient more which occurs to me, and which I have often known practised with success, that is, the colic, and pains of the stomach, to such a degree as absolutely to require the assistance of the Bath. The colic, in the stomach I mean, is a clean, genteel distemper, and by no means below women of the first condition, and they should always keep it by them, to be used as occasion requires; for, as its diagnostics are neither visible nor certain, it is pleadable against husbands, neighbours, and relations, without any possibility of being traversed.

As for those ladies who move but in a second sphere in town, their case is far from being so compassionate, their fall from London to the country being by no means so considerable; nay, in some particulars, I am not sure if they are not gainers by it; for they are indisputably in the country, what they never are in town, the first. They give currency to fashions and expressions; they are stared at, admired, and consulted; and the female district forms itself

upon their model. They are likewise of a more accommodating temper, and can let themselves down to country recreations; they do not disdain the neighbouring assembly, nor the captain of dragoons who commands at it. They can swallow a glass of red wine and a macaroon, in the evening, when hospitably tendered them by the squire's lady, or the parson's wife; and, upon a pinch, can make up a country dance at night, with the help of the butler, the housekeeper, and a couple of chairs.

It is true, these are but condescensions too, which they would be horribly ashamed of, should they be detected in the fact by any of their London acquaintance; but still, with these helps, the summer goes off tolerably well, till bad roads, bad weather, and long evenings, change the scene. Then comes the dire domestic struggle; the lady exposes with satire and contempt the rustic pleasures that detain them in the country; the husband retorts the pleasures of a different nature, which, he conceives, invite her ladyship up to town: warmth ensues, the lady grows eloquent, the husband coarse, and from that time, till the day is fixed for going to London, peace is banished the family.

The Bath would be of sovereign efficacy in this case too, and, like the waters of Lethé, would wash away the remembrance of these disagreeable incidents; but, if that cannot be compassed, the last resort I can recommend

to these ladies is, by the alternate and proper use of clamour and sullenness, invectives and tears, to reduce their husbands to seek for quiet in town.

How useful these my endeavours for the service of my fair countrywomen may prove, I cannot pretend to say; but I hope, at least, they will be acceptable to them, and that, in return for my good intentions, they will admit my paper, with their tea-tables, to dissipate some of the tedious moments of their retirements.

DECORUM.

We are accused by the French, and perhaps but too justly, of having no word in our language, which answers to their word *police*, which therefore we have been obliged to adopt, not having, as they say, the thing.

It does not occur to me, that we have any one word in our language, I hope not from the same reason, to express the ideas which they comprehend under their word *les mœurs*. *Manners* are too little, *morals* too much. I should define it thus: a general exterior decency, fitness, and propriety of conduct, in the common intercourse of life.

Cicero, in his Offices, makes use of the word *decorum*, in this sense, to express what the Greeks signified by their word (I will not shock the eyes of my polite readers with Greek types) *to prepon*.

The thing, however, is unquestionably of importance, by whatever word it may be dignified or degraded, distinguished or mistaken; it shall therefore be the subject of this paper to explain and recommend it; and upon this occasion I shall adopt the word *decorum*.

But, as I have some private reasons for desiring not to lessen the sale of these my lucubrations, I must premise, that, notwithstanding this serious introduction, I am not going to preach either religious or moral duties. On the contrary, it is a scheme of interest, which I mean to communicate, and which, if the supposed characteristic of the present age be true, must, I should apprehend, be highly acceptable to the generality of my readers.

I take it for granted that the most sensible and informed part of mankind, I mean people of *fashion*, pursue singly their own interests and pleasures; that they desire, as far as possible, to enjoy them exclusively, and to avail themselves of the simplicity, the ignorance, and the prejudices, of the vulgar, who have neither the same strength of mind, nor the same advantages of education. Now it is certain that nothing would more contribute to that desirable end than a strict observance of this *decorum*, which, as I have already hinted, does not extend to religious or moral duties, does not prohibit the enjoyment of vice, but only throws a veil of decency between it and the vulgar, conceals part of its native deformity,

and prevents scandal and bad example. It is a sort of pepper-corn quitrent paid to virtue, as an acknowledgment of its superiority; but, according to our present constitution, is the easy price of freedom, not the tribute of vassalage.

Those who would be respected by others must first respect themselves. A certain exterior purity and dignity of character commands respect, procures credit, and invites confidence; but the public exercise and ostentation of vice has all the contrary effects.

The middle class of people in this country, though generally straining to imitate their betters, have not yet shaken off the prejudices of their education; very many of them still believe in a Supreme Being, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and retain some coarse, home-spun notions of moral good and evil. The rational system of materialism has not yet reached them, and, in my opinion, it may be full as well it never should; for, as I am not of levelling principles, I am for preserving a due subordination from inferiors to superiors, which an equality of profligacy must totally destroy.

A fair character is a more lucrative thing than people are generally aware of; and I am informed that an eminent money-scrivener has lately calculated with great accuracy the advantage of it, and that it has turned out a clear profit of thirteen and a half per cent

in the general transactions of life; which advantage, frequently repeated, as it must be in the course of the year, amounts to a very considerable object.

To proceed to a few instances. If the courtier would but wear the appearance of truth, promise less, and perform more, he would acquire such a degree of trust and confidence, as would enable him to strike on a sudden, and with success, some splendid stroke of perfidy, to the infinite advantage of himself and his party.

A patriot, of all people, should be a strict observer of this *decorum*, if he would, as it is to be presumed he would, bear a good price at the court market. The love of his dear country, well acted and little felt, will certainly get him into good keeping, and perhaps procure him a handsome settlement for life; but, if his prostitution be flagrant, he is only made use of in cases of the utmost necessity, and even then only by cullies. I must observe, by the by, that of late the market has been a little glutted with patriots, and consequently they do not sell quite so well.

Few masters of families are, I presume, desirous to be robbed indiscriminately by all their servants; and as servants in general are more afraid of the devil, and less of the gallows, than their masters, it seems to be as imprudent as indecent to remove that wholesome fear, either by their examples, or their philosophical

dissertations, exploding in their presence, though ever so justly, all the idle notions of future punishments, or of moral good and evil. At present, honest, faithful servants rob their masters conscientiously only in their respective stations: but, take away those checks and restraints which the prejudices of their education have laid them under, they will soon rob indiscriminately, and out of their several departments; which would probably create some little confusion in families, especially in numerous ones.

I cannot omit observing, that this *decorum* extends to the little trifling offices of common life; such as seeming to take a tender and affectionate part in the health or fortune of your acquaintance, and a readiness and alacrity to serve them, in things of little consequence to them, and of none at all to you. These attentions bring in good interest; the weak and the ignorant mistake them for the real sentiments of your heart, and give you their esteem and friendship in return. The wise, indeed, pay you in your own coin, or by a truck of commodities of equal value, upon which, however, there is no loss; so that, upon the whole, this commerce, skilfully carried on, is a very lucrative one.

In all my schemes for the general good of mankind, I have always a particular attention to the utility that may arise from them to my fellow subjects, for whom I have the ten-

decent and most unfeigned concern; and I lay hold of this opportunity most earnestly to recommend to them the strictest observance of this *decorum*. I will admit that a fine woman of a certain rank cannot have too many real vices; but, at the same time, I do insist upon it, that it is essentially her interest, not to have the appearance of any one. This decorum, I confess, will conceal her conquests, and prevent her triumphs; but, on the other hand, if she will be pleased to reflect that those conquests are known, sooner or later, always to end in her total defeat, she will not upon an average find herself a loser. There are, indeed, some husbands of such humane and hospitable dispositions, that they seem determined to share all their happiness with their friends and acquaintance: so that, with regard to such husbands singly, this decorum were useless: but the far greater number are of a churlish and uncommunicative disposition, troublesome upon bare suspicions, and brutal upon proofs. These are capable of inflicting upon the fair delinquent the pains and penalties of exile and imprisonment at the dreadful mansion-seat, notwithstanding the most solemn protestations and oaths, backed with the most moving tears, that nothing really criminal has passed. But it must be owned that, of all negatives, that is much the hardest to be proved.

Though deep play be a very innocent and even commendable amusement in itself, it is,

however, as things are yet constituted, a great breach, nay, perhaps the highest violation possible, of the *decorum* in the fair sex. If generally fortunate, it induces some suspicion of dexterity; if unfortunate, of debt; and in this latter case, the ways and means for raising the supplies necessary for the current year are sometimes supposed to be unwarrantable. But what is still more important is, that the agonies of an ill run will disfigure the finest face in the world, and cause most ungraceful emotions. I have known a bad game suddenly produced upon a good game, for a deep stake at bragg or commerce, almost make the vermilion turn pale, and elicit from lips where the sweets of Hybla dwelt, and where the loves and graces played, some murmured oaths, which, though minced and mitigated a little in their termination, seemed to me, upon the whole, to be rather unbecoming.

Another singular advantage, which will arise to my fair countrywomen of distinction, from the observance of this *decorum*, is, that they will never want some creditable led-captain to attend them, at a minute's warning, to operas, plays, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall; whereas I have known some women of extreme condition, who, by neglecting the *decorum*, had slatterned away their characters to such a degree, as to be obliged, upon those emergencies, to take up with mere toad eaters of very equivocal rank

and character, who by no means graced their entry into public places.

To the young, unmarried ladies, I beg leave to represent, that this *decorum* will make a difference of at least five-and-twenty, if not fifty per cent. in their fortunes. The pretty men, who have commonly the honour of attending them, are not in general the marrying kind of men; they love them too much, or too little, know them too well, or not well enough, to think of marrying them. The husband-like men are a set of awkward fellows with good estates, and who, not having got the better of vulgar prejudices, lay some stress upon the characters of their wives, and the legitimacy of the heirs to their estates and titles. These are to be caught only by *les mœurs;* the hook must be baited with the *decorum;* the naked one will not do.

I must own that it seems too severe to deny young ladies the innocent amusements of the present times, but I beg of them to recollect that I mean only with regard to outward appearances; and I shall presume that *tête à têtes* with the pretty men might be contrived and brought about in places less public than Kensington gardens, the two parks, the high roads, or the streets of London.

Having thus combined, as I flatter myself I have, the solid enjoyments of vice with the useful appearances of virtue, I think myself entitled to the thanks of my country in general,

and to that just praise which Horace gives to the author, *qui miscuit utile dulci*, or, in English, who joins the useful with the agreeable.

THE DRAMA.

I could wish there were a treaty made between the French and the English theatres, in which both parties should make considerable concessions. The English ought to give up their notorious violations of all the unities; and all their massacres, racks, dead bodies, and mangled carcasses, which they so frequently exhibit upon their stage. The French should engage to have more action, and less declamation; and not to cram and crowd things together to almost a degree of impossibility, from a too scrupulous adherence to the unities. The English should restrain the licentiousness of their poets, and the French enlarge the liberties of theirs: their poets are the greatest slaves in their country, and that is a bold word; ours are the most tumultuous subjects in England, and that is saying a good deal. Under such regulations, one might hope to see a play, in which one should not be lulled to sleep by the length of a monotonical declamation, nor frightened and shocked by the barbarity of the action;—The unity of time extended occasionally to three or four days, and the unity of place broken into, as far as the same street, or sometimes the same town: both which, I will

affirm, are as probable as four-and-twenty hours and the same room.

More indulgence too, in my mind, should be shown, than the French are willing to allow, to bright thoughts, and to shining images; for though, I confess, it is not very natural for a Hero or a Princess to say fine things in all the violence of grief, love, rage, &c. yet I can as well suppose that, as I can that they should talk to themselves for half an hour; which they must necessarily do, or no tragedy could be carried on, unless they had recourse to a much greater absurdity, the choruses of the ancients. Tragedy is of a nature, that one must see it with a degree of self-deception; we must lead ourselves, a little, to the delusion; and I am very willing to carry that complaisance a little farther than the French do.

Tragedy must be something bigger than life, or it would not affect us. In Nature the most violent passions are silent; in Tragedy they must speak, and speak with dignity too. Hence the necessity of their being written in verse, and, unfortunately for the French, from the weakness of their language, in rhymes. And for the same reason, Cato, the Stoic, expiring at Utica, rhymes masculine and feminine at Paris; and fetches his last breath at London, in most harmonious and correct blank verse.

It is quite otherwise with Comedy, which should be mere common life, and not one jot bigger. Every character should speak upon

the stage, not only what it would utter in the situation there represented, but in the same manner in which it would express it. For which reason I cannot allow rhymes in Comedy, unless they were put into the mouth, and came out of the mouth of a mad poet. But it is impossible to deceive one's self enough (nor is it the least necessary in Comedy) to suppose a dull rogue of an usurer cheating, or *gros Jean* blundering, in the finest rhymes in the world.

As for Operas, they are essentially too absurd and extravagant to mention: I look upon them as a magic scene, contrived to please the eyes and the ears, at the expense of the understanding; and I consider singing, rhyming, and chiming Heroes, and Princesses, and Philosophers, as I do the hills, the trees, the birds, and beasts, who amicably joined in one common country dance, to the irresistible tune of Orpheus' lyre. Whenever I go to an Opera, I leave my sense and reason at the door with my half guinea, and deliver myself up to my eyes and my ears.

DRESS.

Your dress (as insignificant a thing as dress is in itself) is now become an object worthy of some attention; for, I confess, I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress; and I believe most

people do as well as myself. Any affectation whatsoever in dress implies, in my mind, a flaw in the understanding. Most of our young fellows here display some character or other by their dress; some affect the tremendous, and wear a great and fiercely cocked hat, an enormous sword, a short waistcoat, and a black cravat; these I should be almost tempted to swear the peace against, in my own defence, if I were not convinced that they are but meek asses in lions' skins. Others go in brown frocks, leather breeches, great oaken cudgels in their hands, their hats uncocked, and their hair unpowdered; and imitate grooms, stage-coachmen, and country bumpkins so well, in their outsides, that I do not make the least doubt of their resembling them equally in their insides. A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake; but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion of the place where he is. If he dresses better, as he thinks, that is, more than they, he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent: but, of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off, with a little age and reflection but, if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and stink at fifty years old Dress yourself fine, where others are fine,

and plain, where others are plain: but take care always, that your clothes are well made, and fit you, for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air. When you are once well dressed for the day, think no more of it afterwards; and, without any stiffness for fear of discomposing that dress, let all your motions be easy and natural, as if you had no clothes on at all. So much for dress, which I maintain to be a thing of consequence in the polite world.

THE DRINKING CLUB.

An old friend and fellow student of mine at the university called on me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Symposion. I laid down my book to receive him, which, after the first usual compliments, he took up, saying, "You will give me leave to see what was the object of your studies."—"Nothing less than the divine Plato," said I, "that amiable philosopher"—"with whom," interrupted my friend, 'Cicero declares that he would rather be in the wrong, than in the right with any other." —"I cannot," replied I, "carry my veneration for him to that degree of enthusiasm; but yet, whenever I understand him, for I confess I do not every where, I prefer him to all the ancient philosophers. His Symposion more particularly engages and entertains me, as I see there the manners and characters of the most emi-

ment men, of the politest times, of the politest city of Greece. And, with all due respect to the moderns, I much question whether an account of a modern Symposion, though written by the ablest hand, could be read with so much pleasure and improvement."—"I do not know that," replied my friend; "for, though I revere the ancients as much as you possibly can, and look upon the moderns as pygmies, when compared to those giants, yet, if we come up to or near them in any thing, it is in the elegance and delicacy of our convivial intercourse.

I was the more surprised at this doubt of my friend's, because I knew that he implicitly subscribed to, and superstitiously maintained, all the articles of the classical faith. I therefore asked him, "whether he was serious." He answered me, "that he was: that, in his mind, Plato spun out that silly affair of love too fine and too long; and that, if I would but let him introduce me to the club of which he was an unworthy member, he believed I should at least entertain the same doubt, or perhaps even decide in favour of the moderns." I thanked my friend for his kindness, but added that, in whatever society he was an unworthy member, I should be still a more unworthy guest. That, moreover, my retired and domestic turn of life was as inconsistent with the engagements of a club, as my natural taciturnity among strangers would be misplaced in the midst of all that festal mirth and gayety. "You

mistake me," answered my friend; "every member of our club has the privilege of bringing one friend along with him, who is by no means thereby to become a member of it; and as for your taciturnity, we have some silent members, who, by the way, are none of our worst. Silent people never spoil company; but, on the contrary, by being good hearers, encourage good speakers."—"But I have another difficulty," answered I, "and that, I doubt, a very solid one, which is, that I drink nothing but water."—"So much the worse for you," replied my friend, who, by the by, loves his bottle most academically; "you will pay for the claret you do not drink. We use no compulsion; every one drinks as little as he pleases"—"which, I presume," interrupted I, "is as much as he can."—"That is just as it happens," said he; "sometimes, it is true, we make pretty good sittings, but, for my own part, I choose to go home always before eleven: for, take my word for it, it is the sitting up, and not the drink, that destroys the constitution." As I found that my friend would have taken a refusal ill, I told him that for this once I would certainly attend him to the club, but desired him to give me previously the outlines of the characters of the sitting members, that I might know how to behave myself properly. "Your precaution," said he, "is a prudent one; and I will make you so well acquainted with them beforehand, that you shall not seem a stranger

when among them. You must know, then, that our club consists of at least forty members when complete. Of these, many are now in the country; and, besides, we have some vacancies, which cannot be filled up till next winter. Palsies and apoplexies have of late, I do not know why, been pretty rife among us, and carried off a good many. It is not above a week ago, that poor Tom Toastwell fell on a sudden under the table, as we thought only a little in drink; but he was carried home, and never spoke more. Those whom you will probably meet with to-day are, first of all, Lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable sense, a true fine gentleman, and, for a man of quality, a pretty classic. He has lived rather fast formerly, and impaired his constitution by sitting up late, and drinking your thin, sharp wines. He is still what you call nervous, which makes him a little low spirited and reserved at first; but he grows very affable and cheerful, as soon as he has warmed his stomach with about a bottle of good claret.

"Sir Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy north-country baronet, of a good estate, and one who was before-hand in the world, till, being twice chosen knight of the shire, and having, in consequence, got a pretty employment at court, he ran out considerably. He has left off housekeeping, and is now upon a retrieving scheme. He is the heartiest, honestest fellow living; and, though he is a man of very few words, I can

assure you he does not want sense. He had a university education, and has a good notion of the classics. The poor man is confined half the year at least with the gout, and has besides an inveterate scurvy, which I cannot account for no man can live more regularly; he eats nothing but plain meat, and very little of that; he drinks no thin wines, and never sits up late, for he has his full dose by eleven.

"Colonel Culverin is a brave, old, experienced officer, though but a lieutenant-colonel of foot. Between you and me, he has had great injustice done him, and is now commanded by many, who were not born when he first came into the army. He has served in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar, and would have been in all the late battles in Flanders, had the regiment been ordered there. It is a pleasure to hear him talk of war. He is the best natured man alive, but a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt to be in a passion; but that is soon over, and then he is sorry for it. I fear he is dropsical, which I impute to his drinking your champaigns and burgundies. He got that ill habit abroad.

"Sir George Pliant is well-born, has a genteel fortune, keeps the very best company and is, to be sure, one of the best bred men alive: he is so good-natured, that he seems to have no will of his own. He will drink as little or as much as you please, and no matter of what. He has been a mighty man with the ladies

formerly, and loves the crack of the whip still. He is our newsmonger; for, being a gentleman of the privy chamber, he goes to court every day, and consequently knows pretty well what is going forward there. Poor gentleman! I fear we shall not keep him long; for he seems far gone in a consumption, though the doctors say it is only a nervous atrophy.

"Will Sitfast is the best natured fellow living, and an excellent companion, though he seldom speaks; but he is no flincher, and sits every man's hand out at the club. He is a very good scholar, and can write very pretty Latin verses. I doubt he is in a declining way; for a paralytical stroke has lately twitched up one side of his mouth so, that he is now obliged to take his wine diagonally. However, he keeps up his spirits bravely, and never shams his glass.

"Doctor Carbuncle is an honest, jolly, merry parson, well affected to the government, and much of a gentleman. He is the life of our club, instead of being the least restraint upon it. He is an admirable scholar, and I really believe has all Horace by heart; I know he has him always in his pocket. His red face, inflamed nose, and swelled legs, make him generally thought a hard drinker by those who do not know him; but I must do him the justice to say, that I never saw him disguised with liquor in my life. It is true he is a very large man, and can hold a great deal, which

makes the colonel call him, pleasantly enough, *a vessel of election.*

"The last and least," concluded my friend, "is your humble servant, such as I am; and, if you please, we will go and walk in the park till dinner-time." I agreed, and we set out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I should let him walk on a little, while I give his character. We were of the same year at St. John's college in Cambridge: he was a younger brother of a good family, was bred to the church, and had just got a fellowship in the college, when, his elder brother dying, he succeeded to an easy fortune, and resolved to make himself easy with it, that is, to do nothing. As he had resided long in college, he had contracted all the habits and prejudices, the laziness, the soaking, the pride, and the pedantry of the cloister, which, after a certain time, are never to be rubbed off. He considered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words as the utmost effort of the human understanding, and a glass of good wine in good company as the highest pitch of human felicity. Accordingly, he passes his mornings in reading the classics, most of which he has long had by heart, and his evenings in drinking his glass of good wine, which, by frequent filling, amounts at least to two, and sometimes three, bottles a day. I must not omit mentioning that my friend is tormented with the stone, which misfortune he imputes to his having once drunk

water for a month, by the prescription of the late Doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at least two quarts of claret a day, for these last thirty years. To return to my friend: "I am very much mistaken," said he, as we were walking in the park, "if you do not thank me for procuring you this day's entertainment; for a set of worthier gentlemen, to be sure, never lived." —"I make no doubt of it," said I, "and am therefore the more concerned, when I reflect that this club of worthy gentlemen might, by your own account, be not improperly called a hospital of incurables, as there is not one among them who does not labour under some chronical and mortal distemper."—"I see what you would be at," answered my friend; "you would insinuate that it is all owing to wine: but let me assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that wine, especially claret, if rich and good, can hurt no man." I did not reply to this aphorism of my friend's, which I knew would draw on too long a discussion, especially as we were just going into the club room, where I took it for granted it was one of the great constitutional principles.

My friend presented me to the company in what he thought the most obliging manner; but which, I confess, put me a little out of countenance. "Give me leave, gentlemen," said he, "to present to you my old friend Mr. Fitz-Adam, the ingenious author of The World." The word author instantly attracted the attention of the whole company, and drew all their

eyes upon me: for people, who are not apt to write themselves, have a strange curiosity to see a live author. The gentlemen received me in common with those gestures that intimate welcome; and I, on my part, respectfully muttered some of those nothings, which stand instead of the something one should say, and perhaps do full as well.

The weather being hot, the gentlemen were refreshing themselves, before dinner, with what they called a cool tankard; in which they successively drank to me. When it came to my turn, I thought I could not decently decline drinking the gentlemen's healths, which I did aggregately: but how was I surprised, when upon the first taste I discovered that this cooling and refreshing draught was composed of the strongest mountain wine, lowered indeed with a very little lemon and water, but then heightened again by a quantity of those comfortable aromatics, nutmeg and ginger! Dinner, which had been called for more than once with some impatience, was at last brought up, upon the colonel's threatening perdition to the master and all the waiters of the house, if it was delayed two minutes longer. We sat down without ceremony, and we were no sooner sat down, than every body, except myself, drank every body's health, which made a tumultuous kind of noise. I observed, with surprise, that the common quantity of wine was put into glasses of an immense size and weight;

but my surprise ceased when I saw the tremulous hands that took them, and for which I supposed they were intended as ballast. But even this precaution did not protect the nose of Dr. Carbuncle from a severe shock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel, who observed this accident, cried out pleasantly, "Why, doctor, I find you are but a bad engineer. While you aim at your mouth, you will never hit it, take my word for it. A floating battery, to hit the mark, must be pointed something above, or below it. If you would hit your mouth, direct your four-pounder at your forehead, or your chin." The doctor good humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promised him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where he owned that he had seen many a good glass of port spilt for want of it. Sir Tunbelly almost smiled, Sir George laughed, and the whole company, somehow or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But, alas! things soon took a less pleasant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled salt beef, which had succeeded the soup, proved not to be sufficiently corned for Sir Tunbelly, who had bespoke it, and at the same time Lord Feeble took a dislike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the same that they had drank the day before; it "had not silkiness, went rough off the tongue," and his lordship shrewdly suspected that it was mixed with "Benecarlo, or some of those black wines." This was

a common cause, and excited universal attention. The whole company tasted it seriously and every one found a different fault with it The master of the house was immediately sent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbelly reproached him with the freshness of the beef, while at the same time all the others fell upon him for the badness of his wine, telling him that it was not fit usage for such good customers as they were, and, in fine, threatening him with a migration of the club to some other house. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promised to turn away and attested heaven and earth, that the wine was the very same which they had all approved of the day before, and, as he had a soul to be saved, was true Chateau Margoux. "Chateau devil!" said the colonel with some warmth "it is your d—d rough chaos (Cahors) wine." Will Sitfast, who thought himself obliged to articulate upon this occasion, said, he was not sure it was a mixed wine, but indeed it drank *down*. "If that is all," interrupted the doctor, "let us even drink it *up* then; or, if that will not do, since we cannot have the true *Falernum*, let us take up for once with the *vile Sabinum*. What say you, gentlemen, to good honest port, which I am convinced is a much wholesomer stomach wine?" My friend, who in his heart loves port better than any other wine in the world, willingly seconded the doctor's motion,

and spoke very favourably of your *Portugal* wines in general, if neat. Upon this some was immediately brought up, which I observed my friend and the doctor stuck to the whole evening. I could not help asking the doctor if he really preferred port to lighter wines. To which he answered, "You know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that use is second nature, and port is in a manner mother's milk to me; for it is what my *Alma Mater* suckles all her numerous progeny with." I silently assented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadversions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were still continued, though at the same time they continued to drink it. I hinted my surprise at this to Sir Tunbelly, who gravely answered me, and in a moving way: "Why, what can we do?"—"Not drink it," replied I, "since it is not good."—"But what will you have us do, and how shall we pass the evening?" rejoined the baronet.—"One cannot go home at five o'clock."—"That depends a great deal upon use," said I.—"It may be so to a certain degree," said the doctor.—"But give me leave to ask you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, who drink nothing but water, and live much at home, how do you keep up your spirits?" Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raising his voice and indignation against the burgundy and the champaign, swearing that the former was ropy and the latter upon the fret, and not without

some suspicion of cider and sugar-candy: notwithstanding which, he drank, in a bumper of it, "Confusion to the town of Bristol and the bottle act." It was a shame, he said, that gentlemen could have no good burgundies and champaigns, for the sake of some increase of the revenue, the manufacture of glass bottles and such sort of stuff. Sir George confirmed the same, adding that it was scandalous; and the whole agreed, that the new parliament would certainly repeal so absurd an act the very first session; but, if they did not, they hoped they would receive instructions to that purpose from their constituents. "To be sure," said the colonel.—"What a d——d rout they made about the repeal of the Jew bill, for which nobody cared one farthing! But, by the way," continued he, "I think every body has done eating, and therefore had not we better have the dinner taken away, and the wine set upon the table." To this the company gave an unanimous ay. While this was doing, I asked my friend, with seeming seriousness, whether no part of the dinner was to be served up again, when the wine should be set upon the table. He seemed surprised at my question, and asked me if I was hungry. To which I answered, no; but asked him in my turn, if he was dry. To which he answered, no. "Then pray," replied I, "why not as well eat without being hungry, as drink without being dry?" My friend was so stunned

with this, that he attempted no reply, but stared at me with as much astonishment as he would have done at my great ancestor Adam, in his primitive state of nature.

The cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glasses, and dish-clouts, put upon the table, when Will Sitfast, who, I found, was perpetual toast-maker, took the chair, of course, as the man of application to business. He began the king's health in a bumper, which circulated in the same manner, not without some nice examinations of the chairman as to day-light. The bottle standing by me, I was called upon by the chairman, who added, that, though a water-drinker, he hoped I would not refuse that health in wine. I begged to be excused, and told him that I never drank his majesty's health at all, though no one of his subjects wished it more heartily than I did; that hitherto it had not appeared to me that there could be the least relation between the wine I drank and the king's state of health; and that, till I was convinced that impairing my own health would improve his majesty's, I was resolved to preserve the use of my faculties and my limbs, to employ both in his service, if he should ever have occasion for them. I had foreseen the consequences of this refusal, and, though my friend had answered for my principles, I easily discovered an air of suspicion in the countenances of the company, and I overheard the

colonel whisper to Lord Feeble, "This author is a very odd dog!"

My friend was ashamed of me, but, however, to help me off as well as he could, he said to me aloud, "Mr. Fitz-Adam, this is one of those singularities, which you have contracted by living so much alone." From this moment, the company gave me up to my oddnesses, and took no farther notice of me. I leaned silently upon the table, waiting for, though, to say the truth, without expecting, some of that festal gayety, that urbanity, and that elegant mirth, of which my friend had promised so large a share; instead of all which, the conversation ran chiefly into narrative, and grew duller and duller with every bottle. Lord Feeble recounted his former achievements in love and wine; the colonel complained, with some dignity, of hardships and injustice; Sir George hinted at some important discoveries, which he had made, that day, at court, but cautiously avoided naming names; Sir Tunbelly slept between glass and glass; the doctor and my friend talked over college matters, and quoted Latin; and our worthy president applied himself wholly to business, never speaking but to order; as, "Sir, the bottle stands with you; sir, you are to name a toast; that has been drunk already; here, more claret!" &c. In the height of all this convivial pleasantry, which I plainly saw was come to its zenith, I stole away at about nine

o'clock, and went home; when reflections upon the entertainment of the day crowded into my mind, and may perhaps be the subject of some future paper.

THE FOLLY OF IMMODERATE DRINKING.

The entertainment, I do not say the diversion, which I mentioned in my last paper, tumbled my imagination to such a degree, and suggested such a variety of indistinct ideas to my mind, that, notwithstanding all the pains I took to sort and digest, I could not reduce them to method. I shall therefore throw them out in this paper without order, and just as they occurred to me.

When I considered that, perhaps, two millions of my fellow subjects passed two parts in three of their lives in the very same manner in which the worthy members of my friend's club passed theirs, I was at a loss to discover that attractive, irresistible, and invisible charm, for I confess I saw none, to which they so deliberately and assiduously sacrificed their time, their health, and their reason; till, dipping accidentally into Monsieur Pascal, I read, upon the subject of hunting, the following passage: "What, unless to drown thought," says that excellent writer, "can make men throw away so much time upon a silly animal, which they may buy much cheaper in the market? It hinders us from looking into ourselves, which

is a view we cannot bear." That this is often one motive, and sometimes the only one, of hunting, I can easily believe. But then it must be allowed, too, that, if the jolly sportsman, who thus vigorously runs away from himself, does not break his neck in his flight, he improves his health, at least, by his exercise. But what other motive can possibly be assigned for the soaker's daily and seriously swallowing his own destruction, except that of "drowning thought, and hindering him from looking into himself, which is a view he cannot bear?"

Unhappy the man who cannot willingly and frequently converse with himself; but miserable in the highest degree is the man who dares not! In one of these predicaments must that man be, who soaks and sleeps away his whole life. Either tired of himself for want of any reflections at all, or dreading himself for fear of the most tormenting ones, he flies for refuge from his folly or his guilt to the company of his fellow-sufferers, and to the intoxication of strong liquors.

Archbishop Tillotson asserts, and very truly that no man can plead, in defence of swearing that he was born of a swearing constitution. I believe the same thing may with equal truth be affirmed of drinking. No man is born a drinker. Drinking is an acquired, not a natural, vice. The child, when he first tastes strong liquors, rejects them with evident signs of disgust, but is insensibly brought first to

bear, and then to like them, by the folly of his parents, who promise them as an encouragement, and give them as a reward.

When the coroner's inquest examines the body of one of those unhappy wretches who drown themselves in a pond or river, with commonly a provision of lead to make the work the surer, the verdict is either *felo de se*, or lunatic. Is it then the water, or the suddenness of the plunge, that constitutes either the madness or the guilt of the act? Is there any difference between a water and a wine suicide? If there be, it is evidently in favour of the former, which is never so deliberate and premeditated as the latter. The soaker jogs on with a gentler pace indeed, but to as sure and certain destruction, and, as a proof of his intention, would, I believe, upon examination, be generally found to have a good deal of lead about him too. He cannot allege, in his defence, that he has not warning, since he daily sees, in the chronical distempers of all his fellow soakers, the fatal effects of that slow poison which he so greedily guzzles; for I defy all those honest gentlemen, that is, all the hard drinkers in England, a numerous body I doubt, to produce one single instance of a soaker, whose health and faculties are not visibly impaired by drinking. Some, indeed, born much stronger than others, hold it out longer, and are absurdly quoted as living proofs even of the salutary effects of drinking; but, though they have not yet any of the most

distinguished characteristics of their profession about them, though they have not yet lost one half of themselves by a *hemiplegia*, nor the use of all their limbs by the gout, though they are but moderately mangy, and though the impending dropsy may not yet appear, I will venture to affirm, that the health they boast of is at best but an awkward state between sickness and health: if they are not actually sick, they are not actively well, and you will always find some complaint or other, inadvertently dropped from the triumphant soaker, within half an hour after he has assured you that he is neither sick nor sorry. My wife, who is a little superstitious, and perhaps too apt to point out and interpret judgments, otherwise an excellent woman, firmly believes, that the dropsy, of which most soakers finally die, is a manifest and just judgment upon them; the wine they so much loved being turned into water, and themselves drowned at last in the element they so much abhorred.

A rational and sober man, invited by the wit and gayety of good company, and hurried away by an uncommon flow of spirits, may happen to drink too much, and perhaps accidentally to get drunk; but then these sallies will be short, and not frequent; whereas the soaker is an utter stranger to wit and mirth, and no friend to either.

His business is serious, and he applies himself seriously to it; he steadily pursues the

numbing, stupifying, and petrifying, not the animating and exhilarating, qualities of the wine. Gallons of the Nepenthé would be lost upon him. The more he drinks the duller he grows; his politics become more obscure, and his narratives more tedious and less intelligible; till at last, *maudlin*, he employs what little articulation he has left, in relating his doleful tale to an insensible audience. I fear my countrymen have been too long noted for this manner of drinking, since a very old and eminent French historian, (Froissart,) speaking of the English, who were then in possession of Aquitain, the promised land of claret, says, "Ils se saoulerent grandement, et se divertirent moult tristement à la mode de leur païs.

A very skilful surgeon of my acquaintance assured me, that, having opened the body of a soaker, who died of an apoplexy, he had found all the finer tubes and vessels plugged up with the tartar of the wine he had swallowed, so as to render the circulation of the blood absolutely impossible, and the folds of the stomach so stiffened with it, that it could not perform its functions. He compared the body of the deceased to a syphon, so choked up with the tartar and dregs of the wine that had run through it, as to be impervious. I adopted this image, which seemed to me a just one, and I shall for the future typify the soaker by the syphon, suction being equally the business of both. An object, viewed at once, and in its full extent,

will sometimes strike the mind, when the several parts and gradations of it, separately seen, would be but little attended to. I shall therefore here present the society of syphons with a calculation, of which they cannot dispute the truth, and will not, I believe, deny the moderation; and yet, perhaps, they will be surprised when they see the gross sums of wine they suck, of the money they pay for it, and of the time they lose, in the course of seven years only.

I reckon that I put a stanch syphon very low, when I put him only at two bottles a day, one with another. This in seven years amounts to four thousand four hundred and ten bottles,* which makes twenty hogsheads and seventy bottles.

Supposing this quantity to cost only four shillings a bottle, which I take to be the lowest price of claret, the sum amounts to eight hundred and eighty-two pounds. Allowing every syphon but six hours a day to suck his two bottles in, which is a short allowance, that time amounts to six hundred and thirty-eight days, eighteen hours, one full quarter of his life, for the above-mentioned seven years. Can any rational being coolly consider these three gross sums, of wine, and consequently distempers swallowed, of money lavished, and time lost, without shame, regret, and a resolution of reformation?

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* This is incorrect. The number of bottles is 5110.

I am well aware that the numerous society of syphons will say, like Sir Tunbelly, "What would this fellow have us do?" To which I am at no loss for an answer. Do any thing else. Preserve and improve that reason, which was given you to be your guide through this world, and to a better. Attend to, and discharge, your religious, your moral, and your social duties. These are occupations worthy of a rational being; they will agreeably and usefully employ your time, and will banish from your breasts that tiresome listlessness, or those tormenting thoughts, from which you endeavour, though in vain, to fly. Is your retrospect uncomfortable? Exert yourselves in time to make your prospect better; and let the former serve as a back ground to the latter. Cultivate and improve your minds, according to your several educations and capacities. There are several useful books suited to them all. True religion and virtue give a cheerful and happy turn to the mind, admit of all true pleasures, and even procure the truest.

Cantabrigius drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in the year than the keenest sportsman, and with almost equal velocity. The former keeps his head clear, the latter his body in health. It is not from himself that he runs, but to his acquaintance, a synonymous term for his friends. Internally safe, he seeks no sanctuary from himself, no intoxication for his mind. His penetration makes him discover

and divert himself with the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expose with the truest ridicule, though always without personal offence: cheerful abroad, because happy at home; and thus happy, because virtuous!

DUELLING.

The custom of duelling is most evidently "the result of the passions of the many, and of the designs of a few;" but here the definition stops; since, far from being "the ape of reason," it prevails in open defiance of it. It is the manifest offspring of barbarity and folly, a monstrous birth, and distinguished by the most shocking and ridiculous marks of both its parents.

I would not willingly give offence to the politer part of my readers, whom I acknowledge to be my best customers, and therefore I will not so much as hint at the impiety of this practice; nor will I labour to show how repugnant it is to instinct, reason, and every moral and social obligation, even to the fashionable fitness of things. Viewed on the criminal side, it excites horror; on the absurd side, it is an inexhaustible fund of ridicule. The guilt has been considered and exposed by abler pens than mine, and indeed ought to be censured with more dignity than a fugitive weekly paper can pretend to: I shall therefore content myself with ridiculing the folly of it.

The ancients must certainly have had very imperfect notions of *honour*, for they had none of duelling. One reads, it is true, of murders committed every now and then among the Greeks and Romans, prompted only by interest or revenge, and performed without the least Attic politeness, or Roman urbanity. No letters of gentle invitation were sent to any man to come and have his throat cut the next morning; and we may observe that Milo had not the common decency to give Clodius, the most profligate of men, the most dangerous of citizens, and his own inveterate enemy, an equal chance of destroying him.

This delicacy of sentiment, this refinement of manners, was reserved for the politer Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Vandals, &c. to introduce, cultivate, and establish. I must confess that they have generally been considered as barbarous nations; and to be sure there are some circumstances which seem to favour that opinion. They made open war upon learning, and gave no quarter even to the monuments of arts and sciences. But then it must be owned, on the other hand, that upon those ruins they established the honourable and noble science of *homicide*, dignified, exalted, and ascertained *true honour*, worshipped it as their deity, and sacrificed to it hecatombs of human victims.

In those happy days, honour, that is, single combat, was the great and unerring test of civil rights, moral actions, and sound doctrines.

It was sanctified by the church, and the churchmen were occasionally allowed the honour and pleasure of it; for we read of many duels between men and priests. Nay, it was, without appeal, the infallible test of female chastity. If a princess, or any lady of distinction, was suspected of a little incontinency, some brave champion, who was commonly privy to, or perhaps the author of it, stood forth in her defence, and asserted her innocence with the point of his sword or lance. If, by his activity, skill, strength, and courage, he murdered the accuser, the lady was spotless; but, if her champion fell, her guilt was manifest. This heroic gallantry in defence of the fair, I presume, occasioned that association of ideas, otherwise seemingly unrelative to each other, of the *brave* and the *fair:* for indeed in those days it behoved a lady, who had the least regard to her reputation, to choose a lover of uncommon activity, strength, and courage. This notion, as I am well assured, still prevails in many reputable families about Covent Garden, where the *brave* in the kitchen are always within call of the *fair* in the first or second floor.

By this summary method of proceeding, the quibbles, the delays, and the expense of the law were avoided, and the troublesome shackles of the gospel knocked off; *honour* ruling in their stead. To prove the utility and justice of this method, I cannot help mentioning a very

extraordinary duel between a man of distinction and a dog, in the year 1371, in presence of King Charles V. of France. Both the relation and the print of this duel are to be found in father Montfaucon.

A gentleman of the court was supposed to have murdered another, who had been missing for some days. This suspicion arose from the mute testimony of the absent person's dog, a large Irish greyhound, who with uncommon rage attacked this supposed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a gentleman, and a man of very nice honour, though by the way he really had murdered the man, he could not bear lying under so dishonourable a suspicion, and therefore applied to the king for leave to justify his innocence by single combat with the said dog. The king, being a great lover of justice, granted his suit, ordered lists to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offensive club in his hand, the dog a defensive tub to resort to occasionally. The Irish greyhound willingly met this fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always been observable of that particular breed, that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat. They fought, the dog prevailed, and almost killed the honourable gentleman, who had then the honour to confess his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a few days.

When letters, arts, and sciences revived in Europe, the science of homicide was further cultivated and improved. If, on the one hand, it lost a little of the extent of its jurisdiction, on the other, it acquired great precision, clearness, and beauty, by the care and pains of the very best Italian and Spanish authors, who reduced it into a regular body, and delighted the world with their admirable codes, digests, pandects, and reports, *della cavelleresca*, in some hundreds of volumes. Almost all possible cases of *honour* were considered and stated; two-and-thirty different sorts of lies were distinguished, and the adequate satisfaction necessary for each was, with great solidity and precision, ascertained. A kick with a thin shoe was declared more injurious to honour, though not so painful to the part kicked, than a kick with a thick shoe; and, in short, a thousand other discoveries of the like nature, equally beneficial to society, were communicated to the world in those voluminous treasures of *honour*.

In the present degenerate age, the fundamental laws of *honour* are exploded and ridiculed, and single combat thought a very uncertain, and even unjust, decision of civil property, female chastity, and criminal accusations; but I would humbly ask, why? Is not single combat as just a decision of any other thing whatsoever, as it is of veracity, the case

to which it is now in a manner confined? I am of opinion that there are more men in the world who lie, and fight too, than there are who will lie and not fight; because I believe there are more men in the world who have, than who want, courage. But, if fighting is the test of veracity, my readers of condition will, I hope, pardon me when I say, that my future inquiries and researches after truth shall be altogether confined to the three regiments of guards.

There is one reason, indeed, which makes me suspect that a duel may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity, and that is, that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to state a case, which may very probably, and not even unfrequently happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned, in the institutes of honour.

A very lean, slender, active young fellow of great honour, weighing perhaps not quite twelve stone, and who has from his youth taken lessons of homicide from a murder-master, has, or thinks he has, a point of honour to discuss with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman, of nice honour likewise, weighing four-and-twenty stone, and who in his youth may not possibly have had the same commendable application to the noble science of homicide. The lean gentleman sends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in Hyde

Park. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place appointed, he goes to inevitable slaughter. Now, upon this state of the case, might not the fat gentleman, consistent with the rules of *honour* return the following answer to the invitation of the lean one?

"Sir, I find by your letter that you do me the justice to believe, that I have the true notions of honour that become a gentleman; and I hope I shall never give you reason to change your opinion. As I entertain the same opinion of you, I must suppose that you would not desire that we should meet upon unequal terms, which must be the case were we to meet to-morrow. At present I unfortunately weigh four-and-twenty stone, and I guess that you do not exceed twelve. From this circumstance singly, I am doubly the mark that you are; but, besides this, you are active, and I am unwieldy. I therefore propose to you, that, from this day forwards, we severally endeavour by all possible means, you to fatten, and I to waste, till we can meet at the medium of eighteen stone. I will lose no time on my part, being impatient to prove to you that I am not quite unworthy of the good opinion which you are pleased to express of,

"Sir, your very humble servant.

"P. S. I believe it may not be amiss for us to communicate to each other, from time to

time, our gradations of increase or decrease, towards the desired medium, in which, I presume, two or three pounds, more or less, on either side, ought not to be considered."

This, among many more cases that I could mention, sufficiently proves, not only the expediency, but the necessity, of restoring, revising, and perhaps adding to the practice, rules, and statutes, of single combat, as it flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I grant that it would probably make the common law useless; but little, trifling, and private interests ought not to stand in the way of great, public, and national advantages.

EAR-TICKLING.

Human nature, though every where the same, is so seemingly diversified by the various habits and customs of different countries, and so blended with the early impressions we receive from our education, that they are often confounded together, and mistaken for one another. This makes us look with astonishment upon all customs that are extremely different from our own, and hardly allow those nations to be of the same nature with ourselves, if they are unlike in their manners; whereas all human actions may be traced up to those two great motives, the pursuit of pleasure, and the avoidance of pain; and, upon a strict examination, we shall often find, that those customs,

which at first view seem the most different from our own, have in reality a great analogy with them.

What more particularly suggested this thought to me, was an account which a gentleman, who was lately returned from China, gave, in a company where I happened to be present, of a pleasure held in high esteem, and extremely practised by that luxurious nation. He told us, that the tickling of the ears was one of the most exquisite sensations known in China; and that the delight administered to the whole frame through this organ, could, by an able and skilful tickler, be raised to whatever degree of ecstasy the patient should desire.

The company, struck with this novelty, expressed their surprise, as is usual on such occasions, first by a silly silence, and then by many silly questions. The account, too, coming from so far as China, raised both their wonder and their curiosity much more than if it had come from any European country, and opened a larger field for pertinent questions. Among others, the gentleman was asked, whether the Chinese ears and fingers had the least resemblance to ours; to which having answered in the affirmative, he went on thus:

"I perceive I have excited your curiosity so much by mentioning a custom so unknown to you here, that I believe it will not be disagreeable, if I give you a particular account of it.

"This pleasure, strange as it may seem to you, is in China reckoned almost equal to any that the senses afford. There is not an ear in the whole country untickled; the ticklers have, in their turn, others who tickle them, insomuch that there is a circulation of tickling throughout that vast empire. Or if, by chance, there be some few unhappy enough not to find ticklers, or some ticklers clumsy enough not to find business, they comfort themselves at least with self-titillation.

"This profession is one of the most lucrative and considerable ones in China, the most eminent performers being either handsomely requited in money, or still better rewarded by the credit and influence it gives them with the party tickled; insomuch that a man's fortune is made, as soon as he gets to be tickler to any considerable mandarin.

"The emperor, as in justice he ought, enjoys this pleasure in its highest perfection; and all the considerable people contend for the honour and advantage of this employment, the person who succeeds the best in it being always the first favourite, and chief dispenser of his imperial power. The principal mandarins are allowed to try their hands upon his majesty's sacred ears, and, according to their dexterity and agility, commonly rise to the posts of first ministers. His wives too are admitted to try their skill; and she among them, who holds him by the ear, is reckoned to have the surest

and most lasting hold. His present imperial majesty's ears, as I am informed, are by no means of a delicate texture, and consequently not quick of sensation, so that it has proved extremely difficult to nick the tone of them; the lightest and finest hands have utterly failed, and many have miscarried, who, from either fear or respect, did not treat the royal ears so roughly as was necessary. He began his reign under the hands of a bungling operator, whom for his clumsiness he soon dismissed: he was afterwards attempted by a more skilful tickler; but he sometimes failed too, and, not being able to hit the humour of his majesty's ears, his own have often suffered for it.

"In this public distress, and while his majesty laboured under the privation of auricular joys, the empress, who, by long acquaintance, and frequent little trials, judged pretty well of the texture of the royal ear, resolved to undertake it, and succeeded perfectly, by means of a much stronger friction than others durst either attempt, or could imagine would please.

"In the meantime, the skilful mandarin, far from being discouraged by the ill success he had sometimes met with in his attempts upon the emperor's ears, resolved to make himself amends upon his royal consort's: he tried, and he prevailed; he tickled her majesty's ear to such perfection, that, as the emperor would trust his ear to none but the empress, she would trust hers to none but this light-fingered

mandarin, who, by these means, attained to unbounded and uncontrolled power, and governed ear by ear.

"But, as all the mandarins have their ear-ticklers too, with the same degree of influence over them, and as this mandarin was particularly remarkable for his extreme sensibility in those parts, it is hard to say from what original titillation the imperial power now flows."

The conclusion of the gentleman's story was attended with the usual interjections of wonder and surprise from the company. Some called it strange, some odd, and some very comical; and those, who thought it the most improbable, found, by their questions, were the most desirous to believe it. I observed too, that, while the story lasted, they were most of them trying the experiment upon their own ears, but without any visible effect that I could perceive.

Soon afterwards the company broke up, and I went home, where I could not help reflecting, with some degree of wonder, at the wonder of the rest, because I could see nothing extraordinary in the power, which the ear exercised in China, when I considered the extensive influence of that important organ in Europe. Here, as in China, it is the source of both pleasure and power; the manner of applying to it is only different. Here the titillation is vocal, there it is manual, but the effects are the same; and, by the by, European ears are not

always unacquainted neither with manual application.

To make out the analogy I hinted at between the Chinese and ourselves, in this particular, I will offer to my readers some instances of the sensibility and prevalency of the ears of Great Britain.

The British ears seem to be as greedy and sensible of titillation as the Chinese can possibly be; nor is the profession of an ear-tickler here any way inferior, or less lucrative. These are of three sorts, the private tickler, the public tickler, and the self-tickler.

Flattery is, of all methods, the surest to produce that vibration of the air, which affects the auditory nerves with the most exquisite titillation; and according to the thicker or thinner texture of those organs, the flattery must be more or less strong. This is the immediate province of the private tickler, and his great skill consists in tuning his flattery to the ear of his patient; it were endless to give instances of the influence and advantages of those artists, who excel in this way.

The business of a public tickler is, to modulate his voice, disperse his matter, and enforce his arguments in such a manner as to excite a pleasing sensation in the ears of a number or assembly of people; this is the most difficult branch of the profession, and that in which the fewest excel; but, to the few who do it, it is the most lucrative, and the most considerable.

The bar has at present but few proficients of this sort, the pulpit none, the ladder alone seems not to decline.

I must not here omit one public tickler of great eminency, and whose titillative faculty must be allowed to be singly confined to the ear; I mean the great Signior Farinelli, to whom such crowds resort, for the ecstasy he administers to them through that organ, and who so liberally requite his labours, that, if he will but do them the favour to stay two or three years longer, and have two or three benefits more, they will have nothing left but their ears to give him.

The self-tickler is as unhappy as contemptible; for, having none of the talents necessary for tickling of others, and consequently not worth being tickled by others neither, he is reduced to tickle himself; his own ears alone receive any titillation from his own efforts. I knew an eminent performer of this kind, who, by being nearly related to a skilful public tickler, would fain set up for the business himself, but has met with such repeated discouragements, that he is reduced to the mortifying resource of self-titillation, in which he commits the most horrid excesses.

Besides the proofs above mentioned, of the influence of the ear in this country, many of our most common phrases and expressions, from whence the genius of a people may always be collected, demonstrate that the ear is reckon-

ed the principal and most predominant part of our whole mechanism. As for instance:

To have the ear of one's prince, is understood by every body to mean having a good share of his authority, if not the whole, which plainly hints how that influence is acquired.

To have the ear of the first minister, is the next, if not an equal advantage. I am therefore not surprised, that so considerable a possession should be so frequently attempted, or so eagerly solicited, as we may always observe it is. But I must caution the person, who would make his fortune in this way, to confine his attempt strictly to the ear in the singular number; a design upon the ears, in the plural, of a first minister being, for the most part, rather difficult and dangerous, however just.

To give ear to a person implies, giving credit, being convinced, and being guided by that person; all this by the success of his endeavours upon that prevailing organ.

To lend an ear, is something less, but still intimates a willingness and tendency in the lender to be prevailed upon by a little more tickling of that part. Thus the lending of an ear is a sure presage of success to a skilful tickler. For example, a person who lends an ear to a minister, seldom fails of putting them both in his power soon afterwards; and when a fine woman lends an ear to a lover, she shows a disposition at least to further and future titillation.

To be deaf, and to stop one's ears, are common and known expressions, to signify a total refusal and rejection of a person or proposition; in which case I have often observed the manual application to succeed by a strong vellication or vigorous percussion of the outward membranes of the ear.

There cannot be a stronger instance of the great value that has always been set upon these parts, than the constant manner of expressing the utmost and most ardent desire people can have for any thing, by saying they would "give their ears" for it; a price so great, that it is seldom either paid or required. Witness the numbers of people actually wearing their ears still, who in justice have long since forfeited them.

"Over head and ears" would be a manifest *pleonasmus*, the head being higher than the ears, were not the ears reckoned so much more valuable than all the rest of the head, as to make it a true climax.

It were unnecessary to mention, as further proofs of the importance and dignity of those organs, that pulling, boxing, or cutting off the ears, are the highest insults that choleric men of honour can either give or receive; which shows that the ear is the seat of honour as well as of pleasure.

The anatomists have discovered, that there is an intimate correspondence between the palm of the hand and the ear, and that a pre-

vious application to the hand communicates itself instantly, by the force and velocity of attraction, to the ear, and agreeably prepares that part to receive and admit of titillation. I must say too, that I have known this practised with success upon very considerable persons of both sexes.

Having thus demonstrated, by many instances, that the ear is the most material part in the whole mechanism of our structure, and that it is both the seat and source of honour, power, pleasure, and pain, I cannot conclude without an earnest exhortation to all my country folks, of whatsoever rank or sex, to take the utmost care of their ears. Guard your ears, O ye princes, for your power is lodged in your ears. Guard your ears, ye nobles, for your honour lies in your ears. Guard your ears, ye fair, if you would guard your virtue. And guard your ears, all my fellow subjects, if you would guard your liberties and properties.

EYES AND EYE GLASSES.

Having in a former paper set forth the valuable privileges and prerogatives of the ear,* I should be much wanting to another material part of our composition, if I did not do justice to the eyes, and show the influence they either have, or ought to have, in Great Britain.

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* See "Ear-tickling."

While the eyes of my countryman were in a great measure the part that directed, the whole people saw for themselves; seeing was called believing, and was a sense so much trusted to, that the eyes of the body and those of the mind were, in speaking, indifferently made use of for one another. But I am sorry to say that the case is now greatly altered: and I observe with concern an epidemical blindness, or, at least, a general weakness and distrust of the eyes scattered over this whole kingdom, from which we may justly apprehend the worst consequences.

This observation must have, no doubt, occurred to all who frequent public places, whom, instead of seeing so many eyes employed, as usual, either in looking at one another, or in viewing attentively the object that brings them there, we find modestly delegating their faculty to glasses of all sorts and sizes to see for them. I remarked this more particularly at an opera I was at, the beginning of this winter, where Polypheme was almost the only person in the house that had two eyes; the rest had but one apiece, and that a glass one

As I cannot account for this general decay of our optics from any natural cause, not having observed any alteration in our climate or manner of living considerable enough to have brought so suddenly upon us this universal short-sightedness, I cannot but entertain some suspicions that their pretended helps to the sight are

rather deceptions of it, and the inventions of wicked and designing persons, to represent objects in that light, shape, size, and number, in which it is their inclination or interest to have them beheld. I shall communicate to the public the grounds of my suspicion.

The honest plain spectacles and reading glasses were formerly the refuge of aged and decayed eyes; they accompanied gray hairs, and, in some *measure*, shared their respect: they magnified the object a little, but still they represented it in its true light and figure. Whereas now the variety of refinements upon this first useful invention have persuaded the youngest, the strongest, and the finest eyes in the world out of their faculty, and convinced them, that, for the true discerning of objects, they must have recourse to some of these *media*; nay, into such disrepute is the natural sight now fallen, that we may observe, while one eye is employed in the glass, the other is carefully covered with the hand, or painfully shut, not without shocking distortions of the countenance.

It is very well known, that there are not above three or four eminent operators for these portable or pocket eyes, and that they engross that whole business. Now, as these persons are neither of them people of quality, *who are always above such infamous and dirty motives*, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may be liable to a pecuniary influence; nay,

consequently, is it improbable that an administration should think it worth its while, even at a large expense, to secure those few that are to see for the whole bulk of the nation. This surely deserves our attention.

It is most certain, that great numbers of people already see objects in a very different light from what they were ever seen before, by the naked and undeluded eye, which can only be ascribed to the misrepresentations of some of these artific[illegible] of which I shall enumerate the different k[illegible] that have come to my knowledge.

The looking-glass, which for many ages was the minister and counsellor of the fair sex, has now greatly extended its jurisdiction: every body knows that that glass is backed with quicksilver, to hinder it from being diaphanous; so that it stops the beholder, and presents him again to himself. Here his views centre all in himself, and dear self alone is the object of his contemplations. This kind of glass, I am assured, is now the most common of any, especially among people of distinction, insomuch that nine in ten of the glasses that we daily see levelled at the public are in reality not diaphanous, but agreeably return the looker to himself, while his attention seems to be employed upon others.

The reflecting telescope has of late gained ground considerably, not only among the ladies, who chiefly view one another through that

medium, but has even found its way into the cabinets of princes; in both which cases, it suggests reflections to those, who before were not apt to make many.

The microscope, or magnifying glass, is an engine of dangerous consequence, though much in vogue: it swells the minutest object to a most monstrous size, heightens the deformity, and even deforms the beauties of nature. When the finest hair appears like a tree, and the finest pore like an abyss, what disagreeable representations may it exhibit, and what fatal mistakes may it mutually occasion between the two sexes! Nature has formed all objects for that point of view in which they appear to the native eye; their perfection lessens in proportion as they leave out that point, and many a Venus would cease to appear one, even to her lover, were she, by the help of a microscope, to be viewed in the ambient cloud of her perspiration. I bar Mrs. Osborne returning my microscope upon me, since I leave her in quiet possession of the spectacles, and even of the reading glasses, if she can make use of them.

There is another kind of glass now in great use, which is the oblique glass, whose tube, levelled in a straight line at one object, receives another in at the side, so that the beholder seems to be looking at one person, while another entirely engrosses his attention. This is a notorious engine of treachery and deceit; and yet, they say, it is for the most part made use

of by ministers to their friends, and ladies to their husbands.

The smoked glass, that darkens even the lustre of the sun, must, of course, throw the blackest dye upon all other objects. This, though the most infernal invention of all, is far from being unpractised; and I knew a gentlewoman, who, in order to keep her husband at home, and in her own power, had his whole house glazed with it, so that the poor gentleman shut up his door, and neither went abroad, nor let any body in, for fear of conversing, as he thought, with so many devils.

The dangers that may one day threaten our constitution in general, as well as particular persons, from the variety of these mischievous inventions, are so obvious, that they hardly need be pointed out: however, as my countrymen cannot be too much warned against it, I shall hint at those that terrify me most.

Suppose we should ever have a short-sighted prince upon the throne, though otherwise just, brave, and wise: who can answer for his glass-grinder, and, consequently, who can tell through what medium, and in what light, he may view the most important objects? or who can answer for the persons that are to take care of his glasses, and present them to him upon occasion? May not they change them, and slip a wrong one upon him, as their interest may require, and thus magnify, lessen, multiply, deform, or blacken, as they think proper; nay,

and by means of the oblique glass above-mentioned, show him even one object for another? Where would the eye of the master be then? Where would be that eye divinely deputed to watch over? but shrunk and contracted within the narrow circle of a deceitful tube.

On the other hand, should future parliaments, by arts of a designing minister, with the help of a corrupted glass-grinder, have delusive and perversive glasses slipped upon them, what might they see? or what might they not see? Nobody can tell. I am sure every body ought to fear they might possibly behold a numerous standing army in time of peace, as an inoffensive and pleasing object, nay, as a security to our liberties and properties. They might see our riches increase by new debts, and our trade by high duties; and they might look upon the corrupt surrender of their own power to the crown, as the best protection of the rights of the people. Should this ever happen to be the case, we may be sure it must be by the interposition of some strange medium, since these objects were never viewed in this light by the naked and unassisted eyes of our ancestors.

In this general consideration, there is a particular one that affects me more than all the rest, as the consequence of it would be the worst. There is a body of men, who, by the wisdom and for the happiness of our constitution, make a considerable part of our parliament: all, or at least most of these ven-

trable persons, are, by great age, long study, or a low, mortified way of living, reduced to have recourse to glasses. Now, should their *media* be abused, and political translative ones be slipped upon them, what scandal would their innocent but misguided conduct bring upon religion, and what joy would it give, at this time, particularly, to the dissenters! Such as, I am sure, no true member of our church can think of without horror! I am the more apprehensive of this, from the late revival of an art that flourished with idolatry, and that had expired with it, I mean the staining of glass. That medium, which throws strange and various colours upon all objects, was formerly sacred to our churches, and consequently may, for aught I know, in the intended revival of our true church discipline, be thought a candidate worthy of our favour and reception, and so a stained medium be established as the true, orthodox, and canonical one.

I have found it much easier to point out the mischiefs I apprehend, than the means of obviating or remedying them, though I have turned it every way in my thoughts.

To have a certain number of persons appointed to examine and license all the glasses, that should be used in this kingdom, would be lodging so great a trust in those persons, that the temptations to betray it would be exceedingly great too; and it is to be feared that people of quality would not take the trouble of

it, so that, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* (By whom will these keepers be kept?)

I once thought of proposing, that a committee of both houses of parliament should be vested with that power; but I immediately laid that aside, for reasons which I am not obliged to communicate to the public.

At last, despairing to find out any legal method that should prove effectual, I resolved to content myself with an earnest exhortation to all my country folks, of whatsoever rank or sex, to see with their own eyes, or not see at all, blindness being preferable to error.

See then with your own eyes, ye princes, though weak or dim: they will still give you a fairer and truer representation of objects than you will ever have by the interposition of any medium whatsoever. Your subjects are placed in their proper point of view for your natural sight: viewing them in that point, you will see that your happiness consists in theirs, your greatness in their riches, and your power in their affections.

See likewise with your own eyes, ye people, and reject all proffered *media:* view even your princes with your natural sight; the true rays of majesty are friendly to the weakest eye, or, if they dazzle and scorch, it is owing to the interposition of burning glasses. Destroy those pernicious *media*, and you will be pleased with the sight of one another.

In short, let the natural eyes retrieve their credit, and resume their power, we shall then see things as they really are, which must end in the confusion of those, whose hopes and interests are founded upon misrepresentations and deceit.

POWER OF EDUCATION.

I hold for the force of education, though I allow that natural disposition has some share in what we are. Education certainly does not give wit, where nature has refused common sense; but education gives a right turn to the sense we have, and even influences the heart, which is not indeed created, but fashioned by education. To that it is undoubtedly owing, that butchers, executioners, and inquisitors, have less sensibility, and are more bloody-minded, than other men. As for those fine sentiments of natural affection, which we meet with in novels, tragedies, and even in your modern weeping comedies, nothing can be more absurd. A father, a mother, a husband, a wife, children, who have never seen one another, know each other, at once, by a certain emotion, a thrilling, a—whatever you please, occasioned by that sympathy at the sight of the object. If such a sentiment did really exist, what discoveries, and consequently what confusion, would it not occasion in Paris and London! How many citizens would change fathers, and shed those

soft tears of joy, at the discovery of their tru papas in the palaces of Versailles and St. James's, or perhaps in the regiments of guards

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FACE-PAINTING.

As I am desirous of beginning the new yea well, I shall devote this paper to the service o my fair countrywomen, for whom I have s tender a concern, that I examine into thei conduct with a kind of parental vigilance an affection. I sincerely wish to approve, but a the same time am determined to admoni and reprimand, whenever, for their sakes, I ma think it necessary. I will not, as far as in m lies, suffer the errors of their minds to disgrac those beautiful dwellings in which they are lodged; nor will I, on the other hand, silently allow the affectation and abuse of their person to reflect contempt and ridicule on their understandings.

Native, artless beauty has long been the peculiar distinction of my fair fellow subjects. Our poets have long sung their genuine lilies and roses, and our painters have long endeav oured, though in vain, to imitate them: beautiful nature mocked all their art. But I am now informed by persons of unquestioned truth and sagacity, and indeed I have observed but too many instances of it myself, that a great number of those inestimable originals, by a strange inversion of things, give the lie to their

poets, and servilely copy their painters; degrading and disguising themselves into worse copies of bad copies of themselves. It is even whispered about town of that excellent artist, Mr. Liotard, that he lately refused a fine woman to draw her picture, alleging that he never copied any body's works but his own and God Almighty's.

I have taken great pains to inform myself of the growth and extent of this heinous crime of self-painting,—I had almost given it a harder name,—and I am sorry to say, that I have found it to be extremely epidemical. The present state of it, in its several degrees, appears to be this:

The inferior class of women, who always ape their betters, make use of a sort of rough-cast, little superior to the common lath and plaster, which comes very cheap, and can be afforded out of the casual profits of the evening.

The class immediately above these paint occasionally, either in size or oil, which, at sixpence per foot square, comes within a moderate weekly allowance.

The generality of women of fashion make use of a superfine stucco, or plaster of Paris highly glazed, which does not require a daily renewal, and will, with some slight occasional repairs, last as long as their curls, and stand a pretty strong collision.

As for the transcendent and divine powder, with an exquisite varnish superinduced to fix it, it is by no means common, but is reserve

for the ladies not only of the first rank, but of the most considerable fortunes; it being so very costly, that few pin moneys can keep a face in it, as a face of condition ought to be kept. Perhaps the same number of pearls *whole* might be more acceptable to some lovers, than in powder upon the lady's face.

I would now fain undeceive my fair countrywomen of an error, which, gross as it is, they too fondly entertain. They flatter themselves that this artificial is not discoverable or distinguishable from native white. But I beg leave to assure them, that, however well prepared the colour may be, or *however skilful* the hand that lays it on, it is immediately discovered by the eye at a considerable distance, and by the nose upon a nearer approach; and I overheard, the other day, at the coffee-house, Captain Phelim M'Manus complaining, *that*, when warm upon the face, it had the most nauseous taste imaginable. Thus offensive to three of the senses, it is not probably very inviting to a fourth.

Talking upon this subject lately with a friend, he said, that, in his opinion, a woman who painted white gave the public a pledge of her chastity, by fortifying it with a wall, which she must be sure that no man would desire either to batter or scale. But, I confess, I *did* not agree with him as to the motive, though I *did* as to the consequences; which are, I believe, in general, that they lose both *operam et oleum*.

I have observed that many of the sagacious landlords of this great metropolis, who let lodgings, do, at the beginning of the winter, new vamp, paint, and stucco the fronts of their houses, in order to catch the eye of passengers, and engage lodgers. Now, to say the truth, I cannot help suspecting that this is rather the real motive of my fair countrywomen, when they thus incrust themselves. But, alas! those outward repairs will never tempt people to inquire within. The cases are greatly different; in the former they both adorn and preserve, in the latter they disgust and destroy.

In order, therefore, to put an effectual stop to this enormity, and save, as far as I am able, the native carnations, the lilies, the teeth, the breath, and the reputations of my beautiful fellow subjects, I here give notice, that if, within one calendar month from the date hereof, (I allow that time for the consumption of the stock on hand,) I shall receive any authentic testimonies, (and I have my spies abroad,) of this sophistication and adulteration of the fairest works of nature, I am resolved to publish at full length the names of the delinquents. This may perhaps at first sight seem a bold measure, and actions of scandal and defamation may be thought of: but I go upon safe ground; for, before I took this resolution, I was determined to know all the worst possible consequences of it to myself; and therefore consulted one of the most eminent counsel in England, an old

acquaintance and friend of mine, whose *opinion* I shall here most faithfully relate.

When I had stated my case to him as clearly as I was able, he stroked his chin for some time, picked his nose, and hemmed *thrice*, in order to give me his very best *opinion*. "By publishing the names at full length in your paper, I humbly conceive, said he, that you avoid all the troublesome consequences of *innuendoes*. But the present question, if I apprehend it aright, seems to be, whether you may thereby be liable to any other action or actions which, for brevity's sake, I will not here enumerate. Now, [redacted] what occurs to me off-hand and without consulting my books, I humbly apprehend that no action will lie against you: but, on the contrary, I do conceive, and *indeed* take upon me to affirm, that you may proceed against these criminals, for such I will be bold to call them, either by action or indictment the crime being of a public and a heinous nature. Here is not only the *suppressio veri*, which is highly penal, but the *crimen falsi* too. An *action popular*, or of *qui tam*, would certainly lie; but, however, I should certainly prefer an indictment upon the statutes of forgery, 2 Geo. II. cap. 25, and 7 Geo. II. *cap.* 22; for forgery, I maintain it, it is. The fact, as you well know, will be tried by a jury, of whom one moiety will doubtless be plasterers; so that it will unquestionably be found." Here my counsel paused for some time, and hemmed

pretty often; however, I remained silent, observing plainly by his countenance that he had not finished, but was thinking on. In a little time he resumed his discourse, and said, "All things considered, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I would advise you to bring your indictment upon the *Black Act*, 9 Geo. I. cap. 22, which is a very fine penal statute." I confess I could not check the sudden impulse of surprise, which this occasioned in me, and, interrupting him perhaps too hastily, "What, sir," said I, "indict a woman upon the *Black Act* for *painting white?*" Here my counsel, interrupting me in his turn, said, with some warmth, "Mr. Fitz-Adam, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, like too many others, have not sufficiently considered all the beauty, good sense, and solid reasoning, of the law. The law, sir, let me tell you, abhors all refinements, subtleties, and quibblings upon words. What is black or white to the law? Do you imagine that the law views colours by the rules of optics? No, God forbid it should. The law makes black white, or white black according to the rules of justice. The law considers the meaning, the intention, the *quo animo* of all actions, not their external modes. Here a woman disguises her face with white, as the Waltham people did with black, and with the same fraudulent and felonious intention. Though the colour be different, the guilt is the same in the intendment of the law. It is felony without benefit of clergy, and the

punishment is death." As I perceived that my friend had now done, I asked his pardon for the improper interruption I had given him, owned myself convinced, and offered him a fee, which he took by habit, but soon returned, by reflecting upon our long acquaintance and friendship.

This, I hope, will be sufficient to make such of my fair countrywomen as are conscious of their guilt seriously consider their danger; though, perhaps, from my natural lenity, I shall not proceed against them with the utmost rigour of the law, nor follow the example of the ingenious author of our last musical drama, who strings up a whole row of Penelope's maids of honour. I shall therefore content myself with publishing the names of the delinquents, as above mentioned; but others may possibly not have the same indulgence; and the law is open for all.

I shall conclude this paper with a word or two of serious advice to all my readers, of all sorts and sexes. Let us follow nature, our honest and faithful guide, and be upon our guard against the flattering delusions of art. Nature may be helped and improved, but will not be forced or changed. All attempts in direct opposition to her are attended with ridicule, many with guilt. The woman, to whom nature has denied beauty, in vain endeavours to make it by art; as the man, to whom nature has denied wit, becomes ridiculous by the af-

festation of it; they both defeat their own purposes, and are in the case of the valetudinarian, who creates or increases his distempers by his remedies, and dies of his immoderate desire to live.

FEMALE DRESS.

The Romans used to say, *ex pede Herculem*, or, you may know Hercules by his foot, intimating that one may commonly judge of the whole by a part. I confess, I am myself very apt to judge in this manner, and may, without pretending to an uncommon share of sagacity, say, that I have very seldom found myself mistaken in it. It is impossible not to form to one's self some opinion of people, the first time one sees them, from their air and dress; and a suit of clothes has often informed me, with the utmost certainty, that the wearer had not common sense. The Greeks (to display my learning) said ἱμάτιον ανηρ, or, the dress shows the man; and it is certain that, of all trifling things, there is none by which people so much discover their natural turn of mind as by their dress. In greater matters they proceed more cautiously; nature is disguised, and weaknesses are concealed by art or imitation; but in dress they give a loose to their fancy, and by declaring it an immaterial thing, though at the same time they do not think it so, promise themselves at least impunity, in their greatest odnesses and

wildest excesses. I shall, therefore, in this paper, consider the subject of dress, by certain plain rules of common sense, which I shall strictly charge and require all persons to observe.

As dress is more immediately the province, not to say the pleasure, not to say the whole study, of the fair sex, I make my first application to them; and I humbly beg their indulgence, if the rules I shall lay down should prove a little contrary to those they have hitherto practised. There is a proper dress for every rank, age, and figure, which those who deviate from are guilty of petty treason against common sense; to prevent which crime for the future, I have some thoughts of disposing, in proper parts of the town, a certain number of babies in the statutable dress, for each rank, age, and figure, which, like the 25th of Edward III. shall reduce that matter to a precision.

Dress, to be sensible, must be properly adapted to the person, as, in writing, the style must be suited to the subject, which image may not unaptly be carried on through the several branches of it. I am far from objecting to the magnificence of apparel, in those whose rank and fortune justify and allow it; on the contrary, it is a useful piece of luxury, by which the poor and industrious are enabled to live, at the expense of the rich and the idle. I would no more have a woman of quality dressed in doggerel, than a farmer's wife in he-

roics. But I hereby notify to the profuse wives of industrious tradesmen and honest yeomen, that all they get by dressing above themselves is the envy and hatred of their inferiors and their equals, with the contempt and ridicule of their superiors.

To those of the first rank in birth and beauty, I recommend a noble simplicity of dress; the subject supports itself, and wants none of the borrowed helps of external ornaments. Beautiful nature may be disfigured, but cannot be improved, by art; and as I look upon a very handsome woman to be the finest subject in nature, her dress ought to be epic, modest, noble, and entirely free from the modern tinsel. I therefore prohibit all *concetti*, and luxuriances of fancy, which only depreciate so noble a subject; and I must do the handsomest women I know the justice to say, that they keep the clearest from these extravagances. Delia's good sense appears ev[illegible] in her dress, which she neither studi[illegible] neglects; but, by a decent and me[illegible] mity to the fashion, equally sh[illegible] ...ay ant pageantry of an ov[illegible] ...ntertain the insolent negli[illegible] ...dint of dress,

As for those [illegible] ... mankind, the insuch as [illegible] ...rtaking is resented, and charm[illegible] ...urles her snakes to charm the [illegible] ...ould have no reason to complain if she [illegible] head and all, by the hand of some avenging Perseus. Ugly women, who may

more properly be called a third sex, than a part of the fair one, should publicly renounce all thoughts of their persons, and turn their minds another way; they should endeavour to be honest, good-humoured gentlemen; they may amuse themselves with field sports, and a cheerful glass, and, if they could get into parliament, I should, for my own part, have no objection to it. Should I be asked how a woman shall know she is ugly, and take her measures accordingly; I answer, that, in order to judge right, she must not believe her eyes, but her ears, and if they have not heard very warm addresses and applications, she may depend upon it, it was the deformity, and not the severity, of her countenance, that prevented them.

There is another sort of ladies, whose daily insults upon common sense call for the strongest correction, and who may most properly be styled old offenders. These are the septuagenary fair ones, and upwards, who, whether they were handsome or not in the last century, ought at least in this to reduce themselves to a decency and gravity of dress suited to their years. These offenders are exceedingly numerous; witness all the public places, where they exhibit whatever art or dress can do, to make themselves completely ridiculous. I have often observed septuagenary great grandmothers adorned, as they thought, with all the colours of the rainbow, while in reality they

looked more like the decayed worms in the midst of their own silks. Nay, I have seen them proudly display withered necks, shrivelled and decayed like their marriage settlements, and which no hand, but the cold hand of time, had visited these forty years. The utmost indulgence I can allow here is extreme cleanliness, that they may not offend more senses than the sight; but for the dress, it must be confined to the elegy and the *tristibus*.

What has been said with relation to the fair sex holds true with relation to the other, only with still greater restrictions, as such irregularities are less pardonable in men than in ladies. A reasonable compliance with the fashion is no disparagement to the best understanding, and an affected singularity would be; but an excess, beyond what age, rank, and character will justify, is one of the worst signs the body can hang out, and will never tempt people to call in. I see with indulgence the youth of our nation finely bound, and gilt on the back, and wish they were lettered into the bargain. I forgive them the unnatural scantiness of their wigs, and the immoderate dimensions of their bags, in consideration that the fashion has prevailed, and the the opposition of a few to it would be the greater affectation of the two. Though, by the way, I very much doubt whether they are all of them gainers by showing their ears; for it is said that Midas, after a certain accident, was the

judicious inventer of long wigs. But then these luxuriances of fancy must subside, when age and rank call upon judgment to check its excrescences and irregularities.

I cannot conclude this paper, without an animadversion upon one prevailing folly, of which both sexes are equally guilty, and which is attended with real ill consequences to the nation; I mean that rage of foreign fopperies, by which so considerable a sum of ready money is annually exported out of the kingdom, for things which ought not to be suffered to be imported even gratis. In order, therefore, to prevent, as far as I am able, this absurd and mischievous practice, I hereby signify, that I will show a greater indulgence than ordinary to those, who only expose themselves in the manufactures of their own country; and that they shall enjoy a connivance, in the nature of a drawback, to those excesses, which otherwise I shall not tolerate.

I must add, that if it be so genteel to copy the French, even in their weaknesses, I should humbly hope it might be thought still more so, to imitate them where they really deserve imitation, which is, in preferring every thing of their own to every thing of other people's. A Frenchman, who happened to be in England, at the time of the last total eclipse of the sun, assured the people, whom he saw looking at it with attention, that it was not to be compared to a French eclipse. Would some of our

fine women emulate that spirit, and assert, as they might do with much more truth, that the foreign manufactures are not to be compared to the English, such a declaration would be worth two or three hundred thousand pounds a year to the kingdom, and operate more effectually than all the laws made for that purpose. The Roman ladies got the Oppian law, which restrained their dress, repealed, in spite of the unwearied opposition of the elder Cato. I exhort the British ladies to exert their power to better purposes, and to revive, by their credit, the trade and manufactures of their own country, in spite of the supine negligence of those, whose more immediate care it ought to be to cultivate and promote them.

FIRMNESS AND GENTLENESS OUGHT TO BE COMBINED.

I mentioned to you, some time ago, a sentence, which I would most earnestly wish you always to retain in your thoughts, and observe in your conduct: It is, *suavitèr in modo, fortitèr in re.* I do not know any one rule so unexceptionably useful and necessary in every part of life. I shall therefore take it for my text to-day; and as old men love preaching, and I have some right to preach to you, I here present you with my sermon upon these words. To proceed, then, regularly and *pulpitically*, I will first show you, my beloved, the necessary connexion of

the two members of my text, *suavitèr in modo*, *fortitèr in re*. In the next place, I shall set forth the advantages and utility resulting from a strict observance of the precept contained in my text; and conclude with an application of the whole. The *suavitèr in modo* alone would degenerate and sink into a mean, timid complaisance, and passiveness, if not supported and dignified by the *fortitèr in re*; which would also run into impetuosity and brutality, if not tempered and softened by the *suavitèr in modo*: however, they are seldom united. The warm, choleric man, with strong animal spirits, despises the *suavitèr in modo*, and thinks to carry all before him by the *fortitèr in re*. He may possibly, by great accident, now and then succeed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with; but his general fate will be, to shock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning, crafty man thinks to gain all his ends by the *suavitèr in modo* only; *he becomes all things to all men*; he seems to have no opinion of his own, and servilely adopts the present opinion of the present person; he insinuates himself only into the esteem of fools, but is soon detected, and surely despised, by every body else. The wise man (who differs as much from the cunning, as from the choleric man) alone joins the *suavitèr in modo* with the *fortitèr in re*. Now to the advantages arising from the strict observance of this precept:

If you are in authority, and have a right to

command, your commands, delivered *suaviter in modo*, will be willingly, cheerfully, and consequently well obeyed; whereas, if given only *fortiter*, that is, brutally, they will rather, as Tacitus says, be interpreted than executed. For my own part, if I bid my footman bring me a glass of wine, in a rough, insulting manner, I should expect that, in obeying me, he would contrive to spill some of it upon me; and I am sure I should deserve it. A cool, steady resolution should show, that where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed; but, at the same time, a gentleness in the manner of enforcing that obedience should make it a cheerful one, and soften as much as possible the mortifying consciousness of inferiority. If you are to ask a favour, or even to solicit your due, you must do it *suaviter in modo*, or you will give those who have a mind to refuse you either, a pretence to do it, by resenting the manner; but, on the other hand, you must, by a steady perseverance, and decent tenaciousness, show the *fortiter in re*. The right motives are seldom the true ones of men's actions, especially of kings, ministers, and people in high stations, who often give to opportunity and fear, what they would refuse to justice or to merit. By the *suaviter in modo* engage their hearts, if you can; at least, prevent the pretence of offence; but take care to show enough of the *fortiter in re* to extort from their love of ease, or their fear, what you might in vain hope for from

their justice or good nature. People in *high* life are hardened to the wants and distresses of mankind, as surgeons are to their bodily pains; they see and hear of them all day long, and even of so many simulated ones, that they do not know which are real, and which not. Other sentiments are therefore to be applied to, than those of mere justice and humanity; their favour must be captivated by the *suavitèr in modo:* their love of ease disturbed by unwearied importunity, or their fears wrought upon by a decent intimation of implacable, cool resentment; this is the true *fortitèr in re.* This precept is the only way I know in the world of being loved without being despised, and feared without being hated. It constitutes the dignity of character, which every wise man must endeavour to establish.

Now to apply what has been said, and to conclude:

If you find that you have a hastiness in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiscreet sallies, or rough expressions, to either your superiors, your equals, or your inferiors, watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *suavitèr in modo* to your assistance: at the first impulse of passion be silent, till you can be soft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance so well, that those emotions may not be read in it: a most unspeakable advantage in business! On the other hand, let no complaisance, no gentleness of temper, no weak

desire of pleasing on your part, no wheedling, coaxing, nor flattery, on other people's, make you recede one jot from any point that reason and prudence have bid you pursue; but return to the charge, persist, persevere, and you will find most things attainable that are possible. A yielding, timid meekness is always abused and insulted by the unjust and the unfeeling; but, when sustained by the *fortitèr in re*, is always respected, commonly successful. In your friendships and connexions, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly useful; let your firmness and vigour preserve and invite attachments to you; but, at the same time, let your manner hinder the enemies of your friends and dependents from becoming yours; let your enemies be disarmed by the gentleness of your manner, but let them feel, at the same time, the steadiness of your just resentment; for there is great difference between bearing malice, which is always ungenerous, and a resolute self-defence, which is always prudent and justifiable. In negotiations with foreign ministers, remember the *fortitèr in re*; give up no point, accept of no expedient, till the utmost necessity reduces you to it, and even then dispute the ground inch by inch: but, then, while you are contending with the minister *fortitèr in re*, remember to gain the man by the *suavitèr in modo*. If you engage his heart, you have a fair chance for imposing upon his understanding, and determining his will. Tell him, in

a frank, gallant manner, that your ministerial wrangles do not lessen your personal regard for his merit; but that, on the contrary, his zeal and ability, in the service of his master, increase it; and that, of all things, you desire to make a good friend of so good a servant. By these means you may and will very often be a gainer: you never can be a loser. Some people cannot gain upon themselves to be easy and civil to those who are either their rivals, competitors, or opposers, though, independently of those accidental circumstances, they would like and esteem them. They betray a shyness and an awkwardness in company with them, and catch at any little thing to expose them; and so, from temporary and only occasional opponents, make them their personal enemies. This is exceedingly weak and detrimental, as, indeed, is all humour in business; which can only be carried on successfully by unadulterated good policy and right reasoning. In such situations I would be more particularly and *ne-blement* civil, easy and frank with the man whose designs I traversed; this is commonly called generosity and magnanimity, but is, in truth, good sense and policy. The manner is often as important as the matter, sometimes more so; a favour may make an enemy, and an injury may make a friend, according to the different manner in which they are severally done. The countenance, the address, the words, the enunciation, the graces, add great efficacy

to the *suaviter in modo*, and great dignity to the *fortiter in re;* and consequently they deserve the utmost attention.

From what has been said, I conclude with this observation, That gentleness of manners, with firmness of mind, is a short, but full description of human perfection on this side of religious and moral duties.

FRIENDSHIP.

People of your age have, commonly, an unguarded frankness about them; which makes them the easy prey and bubbles of the artful and the experienced: they look upon every knave or fool, who tells them that he is their friend, to be really so; and pay that profession of simulated friendship, with an indiscreet and unbounded confidence, always to their loss, often to their ruin. Beware, therefore, now that you are coming into the world, of these proffered friendships. Receive them with great civility, but with great incredulity too: and pay them with compliments, but not with confidence. Do not let your vanity and self-love make you suppose that people become your friends at first sight, or even upon a short acquaintance. Real friendship is a slow grower; and never thrives, unless ingrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit. There is another kind of nominal friendship, among young people, which is warm for the time,

but, by good luck, of short duration. This friendship is hastily produced, by their being accidentally thrown together, and pursuing the same course of riot and debauchery. A fine friendship, truly! and well cemented by drunkenness and lewdness. It should rather be called a conspiracy against morals and good manners, and be punished as such by the civil magistrate. However, they have the impudence, and the folly, to call this confederacy a friendship. They lend one another money, for bad purposes; they engage in quarrels, offensive and defensive, for their accomplices; they tell one another all they know, and often more too, when, of a sudden, some accident disperses them, and they think no more of each other, unless it be to betray and laugh at their imprudent confidence. Remember to make a great difference between companions and friends; for a very complaisant and agreeable companion may, and often does, prove a very improper and a very dangerous friend. People will, in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you upon that which they have of your friends; and there is a Spanish proverb, which says very justly, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." One may fairly suppose, that a man, who makes a knave or a fool his friend, has something very bad to do or conceal. But, at the same time that you carefully decline the friendship of

knaves and fools, if it can be called friendship, there is no occasion to make either of them your enemies, wantonly and unprovoked; for they are numerous bodies; and I would rather choose a secure neutrality, than alliance, or war, with either of them. You may be a declared enemy to their vices and follies, without being marked out by them as a personal one. Their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. Have a real reserve with almost every body; and have a seeming reserve with almost nobody: for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so. Few people find the medium; many are ridiculously mysterious and reserved upon trifles; and many imprudently communicative of all they know.

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There is an incontinency of friendship among young fellows, who are associated by their mutual pleasures only; which has, very frequently, bad consequences. A parcel of warm hearts, and unexperienced heads, heated by convivial mirth, and possibly a little too much wine, vow, and really mean at the time, eternal friendships to each other, and indiscreetly pour out their whole souls in common, and without the least reserve. These confidences are as indiscreetly repealed as they were made; for new pleasures, and new places, soon dissolve this ill-cemented connexion; and then very ill uses are made of these rash confi-

dences. Bear your part, however, in young companies: nay, excel, if you can, in all the social and convivial joy and festivity that become youth. Trust them with your love-tales, if you please; but keep your serious views secret. Trust those only to some tried friend, more experienced than yourself, and who, being in a different walk of life from you, is not likely to become your rival: for I would not advise you to depend so much upon the heroic virtue of mankind, as to hope, or believe, that your competitor will ever be your friend, as to the object of that competition.

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I am convinced that true friendship is better distinguished in small than in great things. We dare not be wanting in the great duties of friendship; our reputation would suffer too much; but then we often fulfil them more from selfishness than from sentiment, whereas a thousand pretences might be found out to avoid little attentions, which would appear very troublesome, if sentiment did not make them even delightful.

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It is true I am none of your universal friends; if I were, my friendship would be unworthy of yours. I must first be well acquainted with my folks; I will have no friend who is void of sentiment, merely because he has wit, nor will I have a sentimental friend who wants common sense. There must be sentiment on both sides

to form a friendship, but there must also be sense on both sides to carry it on.

GOOD-BREEDING.

Civility and good-breeding are generally thought, and often used, as synonymous terms, but are by no means so.

Good-breeding necessarily implies civility, but civility does not reciprocally imply good-breeding. The former has its intrinsic weight and value, which the latter always adorns, and often doubles, by its workmanship.

To sacrifice one's own self-love to other people's is a short, but, I believe, a true definition of civility: to do it with ease, propriety, and grace, is good-breeding. The one is the result of good nature; the other of good sense, joined to experience, observation, and attention.

A ploughman will be civil, if he is good-natured, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though perhaps without good nature, if he has but good sense.

Flattery is the disgrace of good-breeding, as brutality often is of truth and sincerity. Good-breeding is the middle point between these two odious extremes.

Ceremony is the superstition of good-breeding, as well as of religion; but yet, being an outwork to both, should not be absolutely demolished. It is always, to a certain degree

to be complied with, though despised, by those who think, because admired and respected by those who do not.

The most perfect degree of good-breeding, as I have already hinted, is only to be acquired by great knowledge of the world, and keeping the best company. It is not the object of mere speculation, and cannot be exactly defined, as it consists in a fitness, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted to the infinite variety and combinations of persons, places, and things. It is a mode, not a substance: for what is good-breeding at St. James's would pass for foppery or banter in a remote village, and the home-spun civility of that village would be considered as brutality at court.

A cloistered pedant may form true notions of civility; but if, amidst the cobwebs of his cell, he pretends to spin a speculative system of good-breeding, he will not be less absurd than his predecessor, who judiciously undertook to instruct Hannibal in the art of war. The most ridiculous and most awkward of men are, therefore, the speculatively well-bred monks of all religions and all professions.

Good-breeding, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, supplies the want of some virtues. In the common intercourse of life, it acts good nature, and often does what good nature will not always do; it keeps both wits and fools within

the bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to transgress, and which the latter never know.

Courts are unquestionably the seats of good-breeding, and must necessarily be so; otherwise they would be the seats of violence and desolation. There all the passions are in their highest state of fermentation. All pursue what but few can obtain, and many seek what but one can enjoy. Good-breeding alone restrains their excesses. There, if enemies did not embrace, they would stab. There, smiles are often put on to conceal tears. There, mutual services are professed, while mutual injuries are intended; and there, the guile of the serpent simulates the gentleness of the dove: all this, it is true, at the expense of sincerity, but, upon the whole, to the advantage of social intercourse in general.

I would not be misapprehended, and supposed to recommend good-breeding, thus profaned and prostituted to the purposes of guilt and perfidy; but I think I may justly infer from it, to what a degree the accomplishment of good-breeding must adorn and enforce virtue and truth, when it can thus soften the outrages and deformity of vice and falsehood.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my native country is not perhaps the seat of the most perfect good-breeding, though I really believe it yields to none in hearty and sincere civility, as far as civility is, and to a certain

degree it is, an inferior moral duty of doing as one would be done by. If France exceeds us in that particular, the incomparable author of *L'Esprit des Loix* accounts for it very impartially, and I believe very truly: "If my countrymen," says he, "are the best bred people in the world, it is only because they are the vainest." It is certain that their good-breeding and attentions, by flattering the vanity and self-love of others, repay their own with interest. It is a general commerce, usually carried on by a barter of attentions, and often without one grain of solid merit, by way of medium to make up the balance.

It were to be wished that good-breeding were in general thought a more essential part of the education of our youth, especially of distinction, than at present it seems to be. It might even be substituted in the room of some academical studies, that take up a great deal of time to very little purpose; or, at least, it might usefully share some of those many hours, that are so frequently employed upon a coach-box, or in stables. Surely those who, by their rank and fortune, are called to adorn courts, ought at least not to disgrace them by their manners!

But I observe with concern, that it is the fashion for our youth of both sexes to brand good-breeding with the name of ceremony and formality. As such, they ridicule and explode it, and adopt in its stead an offensive careless-

ness and inattention, to the diminution, I will venture to say, even of their own pleasures, if they know what true pleasures are.

Love and friendship necessarily produce, and justly authorize, familiarity; but then good-breeding must mark out its bounds, and say, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; for I have known many a passion and many a friendship degraded, weakened, and at last, if I may use the expression, wholly slatterned away, by an unguarded and illiberal familiarity. Nor is good-breeding less the ornament and cement of common social life: it connects, it endears, and, at the same time that it indulges the just liberty, restrains that indecent licentiousness of conversation, which alienates and provokes. Great talents make a man famous, great merit makes him respected, and great learning makes him esteemed; but good-breeding alone can make him be loved.

I recommend it in a more particular manner to my countrywomen, as the greatest ornament to such of them as have beauty, and the safest refuge for those who have not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and secures the conquests of beauty, or in some degree atones for the want of it. It almost deifies a fine woman, and procures respect at least to those who have not charms enough to be admired.

Upon the whole, though good-breeding cannot, strictly speaking, be called a virtue, yet

it is productive of so many good effects, that, in my opinion, it may justly be reckoned more than a mere accomplishment.

GOOD COMPANY.

Good company is not what respective sets of company are pleased either to call or think themselves, but it is that company which all the people of the place call, and acknowledge to be, good company, notwithstanding some objections which they may form to some of the individuals who compose it. It consists chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people of considerable birth, rank, and character; for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently and very justly admitted into it, if distinguished by any peculiar merit, or eminency in any *liberal* art or science. Nay, so motley a thing is good company, that many people, without birth, rank, or merit, intrude into it by their own forwardness, and others slide into it by the protection of some considerable person; and *some* even of indifferent characters and morals make part of it. But in the main, the good part preponderates, and people of infamous and blasted characters are never admitted. In this fashionable good company, the best manners and the best language of the place are most unquestionably to be learnt; for they establish and give the tone to both, which are therefore called the language and manners of good

company; there being no legal tribunal to ascertain either.

A company, consisting wholly of people of the first quality, cannot, for that reason, be called good company, in the common acceptation of the phrase, unless they are, into the bargain, the fashionable and accredited company of the place; for people of the very first quality can be as silly, as ill-bred, and as worthless, as people of the meanest degree. On the other hand, a company consisting entirely of people of very low condition, whatever their merit or parts may be, can never be called good company; and consequently should not be much frequented, though by no means despised.

A company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not meant by the words *good company*; they cannot have the easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it. If you can bear your part well in such a company, it is extremely right to be in it sometimes, and you will be but more esteemed in other companies, for having a place in that. But then do not let it engross you; for, if you do, you will only be considered as one of the *literati* by profession; which is not the way either to shine, or rise in the world.

The company of professed wits and poets is extremely inviting to most young men; who, if they have wit themselves, are pleased with

it, and, if they have none, are silly proud of being one of it: but it should be frequented with moderation and judgment, and you should by no means give yourself up to it. A wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit, in company, as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself, and do her a mischief. Their acquaintance is, however, worth seeking, and their company worth frequenting; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.

But the company, which of all others you should most carefully avoid, is that low company, which, in every sense of the word, is low indeed; low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low in merit. You will, perhaps, be surprised, that I should think it necessary to warn you against such company; but yet I do not think it wholly unnecessary, after the many instances which I have seen, of men of sense and rank, discredited, vilified, and undone, by keeping such company.

Vanity, that source of many of our follies, and some of our crimes, has sunk many a man into company, in every light infinitely below himself, for the sake of being the first man in it. There he dictates, is applauded, admired; and, for the sake of being the *Coryphæus* of that wretched chorus, disgraces and disqualifies himself soon for any better company. Depend

upon it, you will sink or rise to the level of the company which you commonly keep; people will judge of you, and not unreasonably, by that. There is good sense in the Spanish saying, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." Make it therefore your business, wherever you are, to get into that company, which every body of the place allows to be the best company, next to their own; which is the best definition that I can give you of good company. But here, too, one caution is very necessary; for want of which many young men have been ruined, even in good company.

Good company (as I have before observed) is composed of a great variety of fashionable people, whose characters and morals are very different, though their manners are pretty much the same. When a young man, new in the world, first gets into that company, he very rightly determines to conform to, and imitate it. But then he too often, and fatally, mistakes the objects of his imitation. He has often heard that absurd term, of genteel and fashionable vices. He there sees some people who shine, and who in general are admired and esteemed; and observes, that these people are whoremasters, drunkards, or gamesters: upon which he adopts their vices, mistaking their defects for their perfections, and thinking that they owe their fashion and their lustre to those genteel vices. Whereas it is exactly the re-

verse; for these people have acquired their reputation by their parts, their learning, their good-breeding, and other real accomplishments; and are only blemished and lowered, in the opinions of all reasonable people, and of their own, in time, by these genteel and fashionable vices. A whoremaster, in a flux, or without a nose, is a very genteel person indeed; and well worthy of imitation! A drunkard, vomiting up at night the wine of the day, and stupified by the headache all the next, is, doubtless, a fine model to copy from! And a gamester, tearing his hair and blaspheming, for having lost more than he had in the world, is surely a most amiable character! No: these are allays, and great ones too, which can never adorn any character, but will always debase the best. To prove this; suppose any man, without parts and some other good qualities, to be merely a whoremaster, a drunkard, or a gamester; how will he be looked upon by all sorts of people? Why, as a most contemptible and vicious animal. Therefore it is plain, that, in these mixed characters, the good part only makes people forgive, but not approve, the bad.

GLUTTONY.

Taste is now the fashionable word of the fashionable world. Every thing must be done with taste: that is settled; but where and what that taste is, is not quite so certain. For

after all the pains I have taken to find out what was meant by the word, and whether those who use it oftenest had any clear idea annexed to it, I have only been able negatively to discover, that they do not mean their own natural taste; but, on the contrary, that they have sacrificed it to an imaginary one, of which they can give no account. They build houses in taste, which they cannot live in with conveniency;* they suffer with impatience the music they pretend to hear with rapture, and they even eat nothing they like, for the sake of eating in taste.

> Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
> Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats.—POPE.

It is certain the Commandments, now so much neglected, if not abrogated, might be observed with much less self-denial, than these imaginary laws of taste, to which so exact and scrupulous an obedience is paid.

I take taste, when not used for the sensation of the palate, which is its proper signification, to be a metaphor to express that judgment which each man forms to himself of those things, which are not contained in any certain

* This was the case of a general, who, having applied to an English nobleman, celebrated for his taste in architecture, to direct the building of a house for himself, had one constructed indeed with great elegance and regularity on the outside, but altogether destitute of every convenience for a family to live in. Lord Chesterfield, upon seeing it, told the general, "If I had your house, I would hire the opposite one to live in, and enjoy the prospect."

rules, and which admit of no demonstration: thus circles and equilateral triangles allow of no taste; they must be as they are; but the colours they are drawn in, or the materials they are made of, depend upon fancy or taste.—In building, there are certain necessary rules founded upon nature, as that the stronger must support the weaker, &c.; but the ornamental and convenient parts are the objects of taste. Hence arises the propriety of the metaphor, because taste in every thing is undetermined and personal, as in the palate and all our other senses; nay, even our minds are as differently affected as our palates, by the same things, when those things are not of a nature to be ascertained and demonstrated.

However, this right of tasting for one's self, which seems to be the natural privilege of mankind, is now totally surrendered, even in the proper sense of the word; and if a man would be well received in good company, he must eat, though with reluctance, according to the laws of some eminent glutton at Paris, promulgated here by the last imported French cook; wishing all the while, within himself, that he durst avow his natural taste for good native beef and pudding.

The absurdity, as well as the real ill consequences, of this prevailing affectation, has, I confess, excited my wrath; and I resolved that the nobility and gentry of this kingdom should not go on to ruin their fortunes and

constitutions, without hearing at least the representations and admonitions of common sense.

Eating, itself, seems to me to be rather a subject of humiliation than of pride, since the imperfection of our nature appears, in the daily necessity we lie under of recruiting it in that manner. So that one would think, that the only care of a rational being should be, to repair his decaying fabric as cheap as possible. But the present fashion is directly contrary; and *eating*, now, is the greatest pride, business, and expense of life, and that, too, not to support, but to destroy nature.

The frugal meal was anciently the time of unbending the mind by cheerful and improving conversation, and the table-talk of ingenious men has been thought worth transmitting to posterity. The meal is now at once the most frivolous and most serious part of life. The mind is bent to the utmost, and all the attention exerted, for what? The critical examination of compound dishes: and if any two or three people happen to start some useful or agreeable subject of conversation, they are soon interrupted, and overpowered by the ecstatic interjections of excellent! exquisite! delicious! Pray taste this; you never eat a better thing in your life. Is that good? Is it tender? Is it seasoned enough? Would it have been better so? Of such wretched stuff as this does the present table-talk wholly consist, in open defiance of all conversation and com-

men sense. I could heartily wish that a collection of it were to be published, for the honour and glory of the performers; but, for want of that, I shall give my readers a short specimen of the most ingenious table-talk I have lately heard carried on with most wit and spirit.

My lord, having tasted and duly considered the Bechamele, shook his head, and then offered as his opinion to the company, that the garlic was not enough concealed, but earnestly desired to know their sentiments, and begged they would taste it with attention.

The company, after proper deliberation, replied, that they were of his lordship's opinion, and that the garlic did indeed distinguish itself too much: but the *maître d'hôtel*, interposing, represented that they were now stronger than ever in garlic at Paris; upon which the company one and all said, that altered the case.

My lord, having sagaciously smelt at the breech of a rabbit, wiped his nose, gave a shrug of some dissatisfaction, and then informed the company, that it was not absolutely a bad one, but that he heartily wished it had been kept a day longer. "Ay," said Sir Thomas, with an emphasis, "a rabbit must be kept."—"And with the guts in too," added the colonel, "or the devil could not eat it." Here the *maître d'hôtel* again interposed, and said that they eat

hair rabbits much sooner now than they used to do at Paris. "Are you sure of that?" said my lord, with some vivacity. "Yes," replied the *maître d'hôtel*; "the cook had a letter about it last night."—"I am not sorry for that," rejoined my lord; "for, to tell you the truth, I naturally love to eat my meat before it stinks." The rest of the company, and even the colonel himself, confessed the same.

This ingenious and edifying kind of conversation continued, without the least interruption from common sense, through four courses, which lasted four hours, till the company could neither swallow nor utter any thing more.

A very great person among the ancients was very properly asked, if he was not ashamed to play so well upon the fiddle. And one may surely with as much reason ask these illustrious moderns, if they are not ashamed of being such good cooks.

It is really not to be imagined with what profound knowledge and erudition our men of quality now treat these culinary subjects, and I cannot but hope that such excellent critics will at last turn authors themselves; nay, I daily expect to see a digest of the whole art of cookery by some person of honour.

I cannot help hinting, by the way, to these accurate kitchen critics, that it does not become them to be facetious and satirical upon those dissertations which ladies sometimes

hold upon their dress, the subject being by no means so low nor so trifling.

Though such a degree of affected *glattony*, accompanied with such frivolous discourse, is pardonable in those who are little superior to the animals they devour, and who are only *fruges consumere nati*, I am surprised and hurt when I see men of parts fall into it, since it not only suspends the exercise of their parts for the present, but impairs them, together with their health, for the future; and if fools could contrive, I should think they had contrived this method of bringing men of sense down to them; for it is certain, that when a company is thus gorged, glutted, and loaded, there is not the least difference between the most stupid and the wittiest man in it.

> What life in all that ample body, say
> What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
> The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
> To seem but mortal even in sound divines.—POPE.

Though an excess in wine is highly blamable, it is surely much more pardonable, as the progressive steps to it are cheerful, animating, and seducing: the melancholy are for a while relieved, the grave enlivened, and the witty and the gay seem almost inspired; whereas in eating, after nature is once satisfied, which she soon is, every additional morsel carries dulness and stupidity along with it.

Moreover, these glorious toils are crowned

with the just rewards of all chronical distempers; the gout, the stone, the scurvy, and the palsy, are the never-failing trophies of their achievements. Were these honours, like simple knighthood, only to be enjoyed by those who had merited them, it would be no great matter; but unfortunately, like baronetship, they descend to and visit their innocent children. It is already very easy to distinguish, at sight, the puny son of a compound *entremets* from the lusty offspring of beef and pudding: and, I am persuaded, the next generation of the nobility will be a race of pale-faced, spindle-shanked Lilliputians, the most vigorous of whom will not come up to an abortion of John de Gaunt's. Nor does the mischief even stop here, for as the men of fashion frequently condescend to communicate themselves to families of inferiour rank, but better constitutions, they enervate those families too, and present them with sickly, helpless children, to the great prejudice of the trade and manufactures of this kingdom.

Some people have imagined, and not without some degree of probability, that animal food communicates its qualities with its nourishment. In this supposition it was, that Achilles, who was not only born and bred, but fed up too, for a hero, was nourished with the marrow of lions; and we all know what a fine lion he turned out at last. Should this rule hold, it must be a melancholy reflection to

consider, that the principal ingredient in the food of our principal nobility is essence of swine.

The Egyptians, who were a wise nation, thought so much depended upon diet, that they dieted their kings, and prescribed by law both the quality and quantity of their food. It is much to be lamented, that those bills of fare are not preserved to this time, since they might have been of singular use in all monarchical governments; but it is reasonable to be conjectured, from the wisdom of that people, that they allowed their kings no aliments of a bilious or a choleric nature, and only such as sweetened their juices, cooled their blood, and enlivened their faculties, if they had any.

The common people of this kingdom are dieted by laws; for, by an act passed about two years ago, not less advantageous to the crown than to the people, the use of a liquor which destroyed both their minds and their bodies was wisely prohibited, and, by repeated acts of parliament, their food is reduced to a very modest and wholesome proportion. Surely, then, the nobility and gentry of the kingdom deserve some attention too; not so much, indeed, for their own sakes, as for the sake of the public, which is in some measure under their care: for if a porter, when full of gin, could not do his business, I am apt to think a privy counsellor, when loaded with four courses, will but bungle at his.

Suppose, for instance, a number of persons, not over lively at best, should meet of an evening to concert and deliberate upon public measures of the utmost consequence, grunting under the load and repletion of the strongest meats, panting, almost in vain, for breath, but quite in vain for thought, and reminded only of their existence by the unsavoury returns of an olio; what good could be expected from such a consultation? The best one could hope for would be, that they were only assembled for show, and not for use; not to propose or advise, but silently to submit to the orders of some one man there, who, feeding like a rational creature, might have the use of his understanding.

I would therefore recommend it to the consideration of the legislature, whether it may not be necessary to pass an act to restrain the licentiousness of eating, and assign certain diets to certain ranks and stations. I would humbly suggest the strict vegetable as the properest ministerial diet, being exceedingly tender of those faculties in which the public is so highly interested, and very unwilling they should be clogged or incumbered.

But I do most seriously recommend it to those who, from their rank and situation in life, settle the fashions, and whose examples will, in these sorts of things, always be followed, that they will, by their example, which will be more effectual than any law, not only

put a stop to, but reform, the ridiculous, ex-pensive, and pernicious luxury of tables: th-are the people whom all inferior ranks imitate, as far as they are able, and commonly mak-farther. It is their fatal example that ha-seduced the gentry, and people of smaller for-tune, into this nasty and ruinous excess. L-their example, then, at last, reclaim them; le-those who are able to bear the expense, an-known not to grudge it, give the first blow t-this extravagant folly; let them avow thei-own natural taste, for nature is in every thing plain and simple, and gratify it decently at a frugal and wholesome table, *instead of* pur-chasing stupidity and distempers at *the* ex-pense of their time and their estates; and they may depend upon it, that a fashion so con-venient, as to the fortunes and the constitutions of their fellow subjects, will cheerfully be fol-lowed, and universally prevail, to the great advantage of the public.

THE MANNER OF READING HISTORY.

A judicious reader of history will save him-self a great deal of time and trouble, by at-tending with care only to those interesting periods of history, which furnish remarkable events, and make eras; going slightly over the common run of events. Some people read history as others read the Pilgrim's Progress; giving equal attention to, and indiscriminately

reading their memories with every part alike. But I would have you read it in a different manner: take the shortest general history you can find of every country; and mark down in that history the most important periods, such as conquests, changes of kings, and alterations in the form of government; and then have recourse to more extensive histories, or particular treatises, relative to these great points. Consider them well, trace up their causes, and follow their consequences.

THE SPURIOUS MAN OF HONOUR.

Those, who attack the fundamental laws of virtue and morality, urge the uncertainty of them, and allege their variations in different countries, and even in different ages in the same countries. Morality, say they, is local, and consequently an imaginary thing, since what is rejected in one climate as a vice, is practised in another as a virtue; and, according to them, the voice of nature speaks as many different languages as there are nations in the world.

The dangers and ill consequences of this doctrine are obvious, but surely the falsity of it is not less so; and the most charitable opinion one can entertain of those who propagate it is, that they mistake fashion and custom for nature and reason. The invariable laws of justice and morality are the first and universal

emanations of human reason, while unpre
diced and uncorrupted; and we may as w
say that sickness is the natural state of t
body, as that injustice and immorality are
natural situation of the mind. We contr
most of the distempers of the one, by the
regularity of our appetites, and of the oth
by yielding to the impetuosity of our passio
but in both cases, reason, when consult
speaks a different language.

I admit, that the prevailing customs a
fashions of most countries are not founded
on reason, and, on the contrary, are too fi
quently repugnant to it; but then the reas
able people of those countries condemn a
abhor, though, it may be, they too witting
comply with, or, at least, have not coura
enough openly to oppose them.

The people of rank and distinction, in eve
country, are properly called the people of fas
ion; because, in truth, they settle the fashio
Instead of subjecting themselves to the law
they take measure of their own appetites a
passions, and then make laws to fit the
which laws, though neither founded in justic
nor enacted by a legal authority, too oft
prevail over, and insult, both justice and a
thority. This is fashion.

In this light, I have often considered t
word *honour* in its fashionable acceptation
this country, and must confess, that, we
that the universal meaning of it through

this kingdom, it would very much confirm the doctrine I endeavour to confute; and would be so contrary to that honour which reason, justice, and common sense point out, that I should not wonder if it inclined people to call in question the very existence of honour itself.

The character of a man of honour, as received in the *beau-monde*, is something so very singular, that it deserves a particular examination; and, though easier observed than described, I shall endeavour to give my readers a description of it, illustrated with some original pieces, which have luckily fallen into my hands.

A man of honour is one, who peremptorily affirms himself to be so, and who will cut any man's throat who questions it, though upon the best grounds. He is infinitely above the restraints, which the laws of God or man lay upon vulgar minds, and knows no other ties than those of honour; of which word he is to be the sole expounder. He must strictly adhere to a party denomination, though he may be utterly regardless of its principles. His expense should exceed his income considerably, not for the necessaries, but the superfluities of life, that the debts he contracts may do him honour. There should be a haughtiness and insolence in his deportment, which is supposed to result from conscious honour. If he be choleric, and wrong-headed into the bargain, with a good deal of animal courage, he ac-

quires the glorious character of a man of nice and jealous honour; and if all these qualifications are duly seasoned with the genteelest vices, the man of honour is complete; anything his wife, children, servants, or tradesmen, may think to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Belville is supposed to be a man of the most consummate honour that this or any age ever produced. The men are proud of his acquaintance, and the women of his protection; his party glories in being countenanced by him, and his honour is frequently quoted as a sanction for their conduct. But some original letters, which I shall give my readers, will let them more intimately into the particulars of so shining a character, than mere description would do.

He had run out a considerable fortune by a life of pleasure, particularly by gaming, and being delicately scrupulous in points of honour he wrote the following letter to his attorney after an ill run at play:

"Sir,—I had a damned tumble last night at hazard, and must raise a thousand within a week; get it me upon any terms, for I would rather suffer the greatest encumbrance upon my fortune than the least blemish upon my honour. As for those clamorous rascals the tradesmen, insist upon my privilege, and keep them off as long as possible; we may chan

to ruin some of them, before they can bring us to trial. Yours, &c.

BELVILLE.

"To Mr. Tho. Goosetree, attorney,
in Furnival's Inn."

But, lest the endeavours of Mr. Goosetree should prove ineffectual, Belville, from the same principle of honour, resolved, at all events, to secure that sum collaterally, and therefore wrote the following letter to the first minister:

"*Sir*,—I was applied to yesterday in your name by * * * to vote for the point which is to come into our house to-morrow; but, as it was extremely contrary to my opinion and principles, I gave him no explicit answer, but took some time to consider of it. I have therefore the honour now to acquaint you, that I am determined to give my concurrence to this affair; but must desire, at the same time, that you will immediately send * * * to me, with the fifteen hundred pounds he offered me yesterday, and for which I have a pressing occasion this morning. I am persuaded you know me too well to scruple this payment beforehand, and that you will not be the first person that ever questioned the honour of, sir, your most faithful humble servant,

BELVILLE."

I find another letter of the same date, to a lady, who appears to be wife of his most intimate friend:

"My dear,—I have just received yours, and am very sorry for the uneasiness your husband's behaviour has given you of late; though I cannot be of your opinion, that he suspects our connexion. We have been bred up together from children, and have lived in the strictest friendship ever since; so that I dare say he would as soon suspect me of a design to murder, as to wrong him this way. And you know it is to that confidence and security of *his* that I owe the happiness that I enjoy. However, in all events, be convinced that you are in the hands of a man of honour, who will not suffer you to be ill-used; and should my friend proceed to any disagreeable extremities with you, depend upon it, I will cut the cuckold's throat for him. Yours most tenderly."

The fourth and last letter is to a friend, who had, probably, as high notions of honour as himself, by the nature of the affair, in which he requires his assistance:

"Dear Charles,—Prithee come to me immediately, to serve me in an affair of honour. You must know, I told a damned lie last night in a mixed company, and a formal, odd dog, in a manner, insinuated that I did so: upon which

I whispered him to be in Hyde Park this morning, and to bring a friend with him, if he had such a thing in the world. The booby was hardly worth my resentment; but you know my delicacy, where honour is concerned. Yours,

BELVILLE."

It appears from these authentic pieces, that Mr. Belville, filled with the noblest sentiments of honour, paid all debts but his just ones; kept his word scrupulously in the flagitious sale of his conscience to a minister; was ready to protect, at the expense of his friend's life, his friend's wife, whom, by the opportunities that friendship had given him, he had corrupted; and punished truth with death, when it intimated, however justly, the want of it in himself.

This person of refined honour, conscious of his own merit and virtue, is a most unmerciful censor of the lesser vices and failings of others; and lavishly bestows the epithets of scoundrel and rascal on all those, who, in a subordinate rank of life, seem to aspire to any genteel degree of immorality. An awkward country gentleman, who sells his silent vote cheap, is with him a sad dog. The industrious tradesmen are a pack of cheating rascals, who should be better regulated, and not suffered to impose upon people of condition; and servants are a parcel of idle scoundrels, that ought to be

used ill, and not paid their wages, in order to check their insolence.

It is not to be imagined how pernicious the example of such a creature is to society; he is admired, and, consequently, imitated: he not only immediately corrupts his own circle of acquaintance, but the contagion spreads itself to infinity, as circles in water produce one another, though gradually less marked out in proportion as they are remoter from the cause of the first.

To such practice and such examples in higher life may justly be imputed the general corruption and immorality which prevail through this kingdom. But, when such is the force of fashion, and when the examples of people of the first rank in a country are so prevalent as to dignify vice and immorality, in spite of all laws, divine and human, how popular might they make virtue, if they would exert their power in its cause! and how must they, in their cooler moments, reproach themselves, when they come to reflect, that, by their fatal examples, they have beggared, corrupted, and, it may be, enslaved, a whole nation!

* * * * * * * *

The word honour, in its proper signification, doubtless implies the united sentiments of virtue, truth and justice, carried by a generous mind beyond those mere moral obligations which the laws require, or can punish the violation of. A true man of honour will not content himself

with the literal discharge of the duties of a man and a citizen; he raises and dignifies them into magnanimity. He gives where he may with justice refuse; he forgives where he may with justice resent; and his whole conduct is directed by the noble sentiments of his own unvitiated heart—surer and more scrupulous guides than the laws of the land, which, being calculated for the generality of mankind, must necessarily be more a restraint upon vices in general, than an invitation and reward of particular virtues. But these extensive and compound notions of honour have been long contracted, and reduced to the single one of personal courage. Among the Romans, honour meant no more than contempt of danger and death in the service, whether just or unjust, of their country. Their successors and conquerors, the Goths and Vandals, who did not deal much in complex ideas, simplified those of honour, and reduced them to this plain and single one, of fighting for fighting's sake, and upon any or all, no matter what, occasions.

Our present mode of honour is something more compounded, as will appear by the true character which I shall now give of a fashionable man of honour.

A gentleman,* which is now the gentee

* A gentleman is every man, who, with a tolerable suit of clothes, a sword by his side, and a watch and snuff-box in his pockets, asserts himself to be a gentleman, swears with energy that he will be treated as such, and that he will cut the throat of any man who presumes to say the contrary.

synonymous term for a man of honour, must, like his Gothic ancestors, be ready for, and rather desirous of, single combat. And if, by a proper degree of wrongheadedness, he provokes it, he is only so much the more jealous of his honour, and more of a gentleman.

He may lie with impunity, if he is neither detected nor accused of it: for it is not the lie he tells, but the lie he is told of, that dishonours him. In that case he demonstrates his veracity by his sword, or his pistol, and either kills or is killed with the greatest honour.

He may abuse and starve his own wife, daughters, or sisters, and he may seduce those of other men, particularly his friends, with inviolate honour, because, as Sir John Brute very justly observes, *he wears a sword.*

By the laws of honour he is not obliged to pay his servants or his tradesmen; for, as they are a pack of scoundrels, they cannot without insolence demand their due of a gentleman: but he must punctually pay his gaming debts to the sharpers who have cheated him; for those debts are really debts of honour.

He lies under one disagreeable restraint; for he must not cheat at play, unless in a horse-match: but then he may with great honour defraud in an office, or betray a trust.

In public affairs, he may, not only with honour, but even with some degree of lustre, be in the same session a turbulent patriot, opposing the best measures, and a servile courtier,

promoting the worst; provided a very lucrative consideration be known to be the motive of his conversion; for in that case the point of honour turns singly upon the *quantum*.

From these premises, which the more they are considered the truer they will be found, it appears, that there are but two things which a man of the nicest honour may not do, which are, declining single combat, and cheating at play. Strange! that virtue should be so difficult, and honour, its superior, so easy to attain to!

The uninformed herd of mankind are governed by words and names, which they implicitly receive, without either knowing or asking their meaning. Even the philosophical and religious controversies, for the last three or four hundred years, have turned much more upon words and names, unascertained and misunderstood, than upon things fairly stated. The polite world, to save time and trouble, receive, adopt, and use words in the signification of the day; not having leisure or inclination to examine and analyze them: and thus, often misled by sounds, and not always secured by sense, they are hurried into fatal errors, which they do not give their understandings fair play enough to prevent.

In explaining words, therefore, and bringing them back to their true signification, one may sometimes happen to expose and explode those errors which the abuse of them both occasions

and protects. May that be the good fortune of this day's paper! How many unthinking and unhappy men really take themselves to be men of honour, upon these mistaken ideas of that word! And how fatal to others, especially to the young and inexperienced, is their example and success in the world! I could heartily wish, that some good dramatic poet would exhibit at full length, and in lively colours upon the stage, this modish character of a man of honour, of which I have but slightly and hastily chalked the outlines. Upon such a subject, I am apt to think that a good poet might be more useful than a good preacher; his audiences would be numerous, and his matter attended to.

> Segnius irritant animos, demissa per aurem,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
> Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

P. S. To prevent mistakes, I must observe that there is a great difference between a *man* of honour and a *person* of honour. By persons of honour were meant, in the latter end of the last century, bad authors and poets of noble birth, who were but just not fools enough to prefix their names in great letters to the prologues, epilogues, and sometimes even the plays, with which they entertained the public. But now that our nobility are too generous to interfere in the trade of us poor professed authors, or eclipse our performances by the

distinguished and superior excellency of theirs, the meaning at present of a person of honour is reduced to the simple idea of a person of illustrious birth.

HUMOUR.

Humour is a just and striking representation of whatever singularity and ridicule there may be in any character; and a *man of humour* is one who strongly seizes the distinguishing peculiarities of that character, and exposes them in the strongest colours. It is generally imagined that we Englishmen are solely and exclusively possessed of this faculty; but there is *not* the least truth in the supposition. No man ever had so much of it as Molière, of which his miser, his jealous man, and his *bourgeois gentilhomme*, are convincing proofs; and French comedy furnishes a multiplicity of instances besides these. If, indeed, it be said, that there is no country in Europe, which abounds in such a variety of singular characters, I believe the assertion may be true. But humour does not consist in this. The person, in whom the singularity or the ridicule is, has no humour; it is his natural character: but it is the man who feels and describes this ridicule or this oddity, who has the humour.

HURRY.

You will say, it may be, that when you write so very ill, it is because you are in a hurry: to which I answer, Why are you ever in a hurry? A man of sense may be in haste, but can never be in a hurry, because he knows, that whatever he does in a hurry, he must necessarily do very ill. He may be in haste to despatch an affair, but he will take care not to let that haste hinder his doing it well. Little minds are in a hurry, when the object proves (as it commonly does) too big for them; they run, they stare, they puzzle, confound, and perplex themselves; they want to do every thing at once, and never do it at all. But a man of sense takes the time, necessary for doing the thing he is about, well; and his haste to despatch a business only appears by the continuity of his application to it: he pursues it with a cool steadiness, and finishes it before he begins any other.

IMAGINARY IMPOSSIBILITIES.

I am very sure, at least I hope, that you will never make use of a silly expression, which is the favourite expression, and the absurd excuse, of all fools and blockheads,—*I cannot do such a thing*; a thing by no means either morally or physically impossible. I *cannot* attend long together to the same thing, 'vs one fool: that is, he is such a fool that he

will not. I remember a very awkward fellow, who did not know what to do with his sword, and who always took it off before dinner, saying, that he could not possibly dine with his sword on; upon which I could not help telling him, that I really believed he could, without any probable danger either to himself or others. It is a shame and an absurdity for any man to say, that he cannot do all those things which are commonly done by all the rest of mankind.

INATTENTION.

There is no surer sign in the world of a little, weak mind, than inattention. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and nothing can be done well without attention. It is the sure answer of a fool, when you ask him about any thing that was said or done, where he was present, that "truly he did not mind it." And why did not the fool mind it? What had he else to do there, but to mind what was doing? A man of sense sees, hears, and retains, every thing that passes where he is. I desire I may never hear you talk of not minding, nor complain, as most fools do, of a treacherous memory. Mind, not only what people say, but how they say it; and, if you have any sagacity, you may discover more truth by your eyes than by your ears. People can say what they will, but they cannot look

just as they will; and their looks fre[illegible] discover what their words are calcu[illegible] conceal. Observe, therefore, people[illegible] carefully, when they speak not only [illegible] but to each other. I have often guess[illegible] people's faces, what they were saying, th[illegible] I could not hear one word they said. most material knowledge of all, I mean knowledge of the world, is never to be a[illegible]ed without great attention; and I know [illegible] old people, who, though they have lived [illegible] in the world, are but children still, as to knowledge of it, from their levity and ina[illegible]tion. Certain forms, which all people co[illegible] with, and certain arts, which all people a[illegible] hide, in some degree, the truth, and gi[illegible] general exterior resemblance to almost e[illegible] body. Attention and sagacity must see thro[illegible] that veil, and discover the natural characte[illegible].

INDOLENCE.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicid[illegible] for the *man* is effectually destroyed, thou[illegible] the appetites of the *brute* may survive. Bu[illegible]ness by no means forbids pleasures; on [illegible] contrary, they reciprocally season each oth[illegible] and I will venture to affirm, that no man en[illegible] either in perfection, that does not join bo[illegible] They whet the desire for each other. U[illegible] yourself, therefore, in time, to be alert a[illegible] diligent in your little concerns: never pu[illegible]

cruminate, never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day; and never do two things at a time; pursue your object, be it what it will, steadily and indefatigably; and let any difficulties (if surmountable) rather animate than slacken your endeavours. Perseverance has surprising effects.

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Application to business, attended with approbation and success, flatters and animates the mind; which, in idleness and inaction, stagnates and putrefies. I could wish that every rational man would, every night when he goes to bed, ask himself this question, "What have I done to-day? Have I done any thing that can be of use to myself or others? Have I employed my time, or have I squandered it? Have I lived out the day, or have I dozed it away in sloth and laziness?" A thinking being must be pleased or confounded, according as he can answer himself these questions.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

Search, with the greatest care, into the characters of all those whom you converse with: endeavour to discover their predominant passions, their prevailing weaknesses, their vanities, their follies, and their humours, with all the right and wrong, wise and silly springs of human actions, which make such inconsistent and whimsical beings of us rational creatures.

A moderate share of penetration, with great attention, will infallibly make these necessary discoveries. This is the true knowledge of the World; and the World is a country which nobody ever yet knew by description: one must travel through it one's self to be acquainted with it. The scholar, who in the dust of his closet, talks or writes of the world, knows no more of it than that orator did of war, who judiciously endeavoured to instruct Hannibal in it. Courts and camps are the only places to learn the world in. There alone all kinds of characters resort, and human nature is seen in all the various shapes and modes, which education, custom, and habit give it: whereas, in all other places, one local mode generally prevails, and produces a seeming, though not a real, sameness of character. For example, one general mode distinguishes a university, another a trading town, a third a sea-port town, and so on; whereas, at a capital, where the prince or the supreme power resides, some of all these various modes are to be seen, and seen in action too, exerting their utmost skill in pursuit of their several objects. Human nature is the same all over the world; but its operations are so varied by education and habit, that one must see it in all its dresses, in order to be intimately acquainted with it. The passion of ambition, for instance, is the same in a courtier, a soldier, or an ecclesiastic: but, from their different educations and habits, they

will take very different methods to gratify it. Civility, which is a disposition to accommodate and oblige others, is essentially the same in every country, but good-breeding, as it is called, which is the manner of exerting that disposition, is different in almost every country, and merely local; and every man of sense imitates and conforms to that local good-breeding of the place which he is at. A conformity and flexibility of manners is necessary in the course of the world; that is, with regard to all things which are not wrong in themselves. The *versatile ingenium* is the most useful of all. It can turn itself instantly from one object to another, assuming the proper manner for each. It can be serious with the grave, cheerful with the gay, and trifling with the frivolous. Endeavour, by all means, to acquire this talent, for it is a very great one.

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I would try a man's knowledge of the world as I would a schoolboy's knowledge of Horace: not by making him construe *Mæcenas atavis edite regibus*, which he could do in the first form: but by examining him as to the delicacy and *curiosa felicitas* of that poet. A man requires very little knowledge and experience of the world, to understand glaring, high-coloured, and decided characters; they are but few, and they strike at first: but to distinguish the almost imperceptible shades, and the nice gradations of virtue and vice, sense and folly, strength

and weakness, (of which characters are commonly composed,) demands some experience, great observation, and minute attention. In the same cases, most people do the same things, but with this material difference, upon which the success commonly turns:—A man who hath studied the world knows when to time, and where to place them; he hath analyzed the characters he applies to, and adapted his address and his arguments to them: but a man, of what is called plain, good sense, who hath only reasoned by himself, and not acted with mankind, mis-times, mis-places, runs precipitately and bluntly at the mark, and falls upon his nose in the way. In the common manners of social life, every man of common sense hath the rudiments, the A B C of civility; he means not to offend, and even wishes to please; and, if he hath any real merit, will be received and tolerated in good company. But that is far from being enough; for, though he may be received, he will never be desired; though he does not offend, he will never be loved; but, like some little, insignificant, neutral power, surrounded by great ones, he will neither be feared nor courted by any; but, by turns, invaded by all, whenever it is their interest. A most contemptible situation! Whereas, a man who hath carefully attended to, and experienced the various workings of the heart, nd the artifices of the head; and who, by one ade, can trace the progression of the whole

colour; who can, at the proper times, employ all the several means of persuading the understanding, and engaging the heart; may and will have enemies; but will and must have friends: he may be opposed, but he will be supported too; his talents may excite the jealousy of some, but his engaging arts will make him beloved by many more; he will be considerable, he will be considered. Many different qualifications must conspire to form such a man; and to make him at once respectable and amiable, the least must be joined to the greatest; the latter would be unavailing without the former, and the former would be futile and frivolous without the latter. Learning is acquired by reading books; but the much more necessary learning, the knowledge of the world, is only to be acquired by reading men, and studying all the various editions of them. Many words in every language are generally thought to be synonymous; but those who study the language attentively will find, that there is no such thing; they will discover some little difference, some distinction between all those words that are vulgarly called synonymous; one hath always more energy, extent, or delicacy, than another: it is the same with men; all are in general, and yet no two in particular, exactly alike. Those who have not accurately studied, perpetually mistake them; they do not discern the shades and gradations that distinguish characters seemingly alike. Company,

various company, is the only school for this knowledge.

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Avoir du monde is, in my opinion, a very just and happy expression for having address, manners, and for knowing how to behave properly in all companies; and it implies very truly, that a man that hath not these accomplishments is not of the world. Without them, the best parts are inefficient, civility is absurd, and freedom offensive. A learned parson, rusting in his cell at Oxford or Cambridge, will reason admirably well upon the nature of man; will profoundly analyze the head, the heart, the reason, the will, the passions, the senses, the sentiments, and all those subdivisions of we know not what; and yet, unfortunately, he knows nothing of man, for he hath not lived with him; and is ignorant of all the various modes, habits, prejudices, and tastes, that always influence, and often determine him. He views man as he does colours in Sir Isaac Newton's prism, where only the capital ones are seen; but an experienced dyer knows all their various shades and gradations, together with the result of their several mixtures. Few men are of one plain, decided colour; most are mixed, shaded, and blended; and vary as much, from different situations, as changeable silks do from different lights. The man *qui a du monde* knows all this from experience and observation: the conceited, cloistered philosopher

knows nothing of it from his own theory; his practice is absurd and improper, and he acts as awkwardly as a man would dance, who had never seen others dance, nor learned of a dancing-master; but who had only studied the notes by which dances are now pricked down as well as tunes. Observe and imitate, then, the address, the arts, and the manners of those *qui ont du monde:* see by what methods they first make, and afterwards improve, impressions in their favour. Those impressions are much oftener owing to little causes, than to intrinsic merit; which is less volatile, and hath not so sudden an effect. Strong minds have undoubtedly an ascendant over weak ones, as Galigai Marechale d'Ancre very justly observed, when, to the disgrace and reproach of those times, she was executed for having governed Mary of Medicis by the arts of witchcraft and magic. But then an ascendant is to be gained by degrees, and by those arts only which experience and the knowledge of the world teach; for few are mean enough to be bullied, though most are weak enough to be bubbled. I have often seen people of superior, governed by people of much inferior parts, without knowing or even suspecting that they were so governed. This can only happen, when those people of inferior parts have more worldly dexterity and experience than those they govern. They see the weak and unguarded part, and apply to it they take it, and all the rest follows. Would

you gain either men or women, and every man of sense desires to gain both, *il faut du monde*. You have had more opportunities than ever any man had, at your age, of acquiring *ce monde*. You have been in the best companies of most countries, at an age when others have hardly been in any company at all. You are master of all those languages, which John Trott seldom speaks at all, and never well; consequently you need be a stranger nowhere. This is the way, and the only way, of having *du monde;* but if you have it not, and have still any coarse rusticity about you, may not one apply to you the *rusticus expectat* of Horace?

This knowledge of the world teaches us more particularly two things, both which are of infinite consequence, and to neither of which nature inclines us; I mean the command of our temper, and of our countenance. A man who has no *monde* is inflamed with anger, or annihilated with shame, at every disagreeable incident: the one makes him act and talk like a madman, the other makes him look like a fool. But a man who has *du monde* seems not to understand what he cannot or ought not to resent. If he makes a slip himself, he recovers it by his coolness, instead of plunging deeper by his confusion, like a stumbling horse. He is firm, but gentle; and practises that most excellent maxim, *suavitèr in modo, fortitèr in re*. The other is the *volto sciolto e pensieri stretti*. People unused to the world have bab-

liars' countenances, and are unskilful enough to show what they have sense enough not to tell. In the course of the world, a man must very often put on an easy, frank countenance, upon very disagreeable occasions; he must seem pleased when he is very much otherwise; he must be able to accost and receive with smiles those whom he would much rather meet with swords. In courts he must not turn himself inside out. All this may, nay, must be done, without falsehood and treachery; for it must go no farther than politeness and good manners, and must stop short of assurances and professions of simulated friendship. Good manners, to those one does not love, are not more a breach of truth, than "your humble servant" at the bottom of a challenge is; they are universally agreed upon, and understood to be things of course. They are necessary guards of the decency and peace of society: they must only act defensively; and then not with arms poisoned with perfidy. Truth, but not the whole truth, must be the invariable principle of every man, who hath either religion, honour, or prudence. Those who violate it may be cunning, but they are not able. Lies and perfidy are the refuge of fools and cowards.

BOOK-KNOWLEDGE.

I have this evening been tired, jaded, nay, tormented, by the company of a most worthy,

sensible, and learned man, a near relation of mine, who dined and passed the evening with me. This seems a paradox, but is a plain truth: he has no knowledge of the world, no manners, no address: far from talking without book, as is commonly said of *people* who talk sillily, he only talks by book; *which* in general conversation is ten times worse. He has formed in his own closet, from books, certain systems of every thing, argues tenaciously upon those principles, and is both surprised and angry at whatever deviates from them. His theories are good, but, unfortunately, all impracticable. Why? because *he has* only read, and not conversed. He is acquainted with books, and an absolute stranger to men. Labouring with his matter, he is delivered of it with pangs; he hesitates, stops in his utterance, and always expresses himself inelegantly. His actions are all ungraceful; so that with all his merit and knowledge, I would rather converse six hours with the most frivolous tittle-tattle woman, who knew something of the world, than with him. The preposterous notions of a systematical man, who does not know the world, tire the patience of a man who does. It would be endless to correct his mistakes, nor would he take it kindly: for he has considered every thing deliberately, and is very sure that he is in the right. Impropriety is a characteristic, and a never-failing one, of these people. Regardless, becaus

ignorant, of custom and manners, they violate them every moment. They often shock, though they never mean to offend; never attending either to the general character, nor the particular distinguishing circumstances of the people to whom, or before whom they talk; whereas the knowledge of the world teaches one, that the very same things which are exceedingly right and proper in one company, time and place, are exceedingly absurd in others. In short, a man who has great knowledge, from experience and observation, of the characters, customs, and manners of mankind, is a being as different from, and as superior to, a man of mere book and systematical knowledge, as a well-managed horse is to an ass. Study, therefore, cultivate and frequent, men and women; not only in their outward, and consequently guarded, but in their interior, domestic, and consequently less disguised, characters and manners. Take your notions of things as by observation and experience you find they really are, and not as you read that they are or should be; for they never are quite what they should be.

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A man of the best parts, and the greatest learning, if he does not know the world by his own experience and observation, will be very absurd; and consequently very unwelcome in company. He may say very good things: but they will probably be so ill-timed, misplaced,

or improperly addressed, that he had much better hold his tongue. Full of his own matter and uninformed of, or inattentive to, the particular circumstances and situations of the company, he vents it indiscriminately; he puts some people out of countenance; he shocks others; and frightens all, who dread what may come out next. The most general rule that I can give you for the world, and which your experience will convince you of the truth of, is, Never to give the tone to the company, but to take it from them; and labour more to put them in conceit with themselves, than to make them admire you. Those whom you can make like themselves better, will, I promise you, *like* you very well.

A system-monger, who, without knowing any thing of the world by experience, has formed a system of it in his dusty cell, lays it down, for example, that (from the general nature of mankind) flattery is pleasing. He will therefore flatter. But how? Why, indiscriminately. And instead of repairing and heightening the piece judiciously, with soft colours and a delicate pencil; with a coarse brush, and a great deal of white-wash, he daubs and besmears the piece he means to adorn. His flattery offends even his patron, and is almost too gross for his mistress. A man of the world knows the force of flattery as well as he does; but then he knows how, when, and where to give it; he proportions his

dose to the constitution of the patient. He flatters by application, by inference, by comparison, by hint; and seldom directly. In the course of the world there is the same difference, in every thing, between system and practice.

LYING.

There is one vice into which people of good education, and, in the main, of good principles, sometimes fall, from mistaken notions of skill, dexterity and self-defence; I mean lying: though it is inseparably attended with more infamy and loss than any other. The prudence and necessity of often concealing the truth, insensibly seduces people to violate it. It is the only art of mean capacities, and the only refuge of mean spirits. Whereas, concealing the truth, upon proper occasions, is as prudent and as innocent, as telling a lie, upon any occasion, is infamous and foolish. I will state you a case in your own department. Suppose you are employed at a foreign court, and that the minister of that court is absurd or impertinent enough to ask you what your instructions are; will you tell him a lie, which, as soon as found out, (and found out it certainly will be,) must destroy your credit, blast your character, and render you useless there? No. Will you tell him the truth then, and betray your trust? As certainly, No. But you will answer, with

firmness, That you are surprised at such a question; that you are persuaded he does not expect an answer to it; but that, at all events, he certainly will not have one. Such an answer will give him confidence in you; he will conceive an opinion of your veracity, of which opinion you may afterwards make very honest and fair advantages. But if, in negotiations, you are looked upon as a liar and a trickster, no confidence will be placed in you, nothing will be communicated to you, and you will be in the situation of a man who has been burnt in the cheek; and who, from that mark, cannot afterwards get an honest livelihood if he would, but must continue a thief.

Lord Bacon, very justly, makes a distinction between simulation and dissimulation; and allows the latter rather than the former; but still observes, that they are the weaker sort of politicians who have recourse to either. A man who has strength of mind, and strength of parts, wants neither of them. "Certainly," says he, "the ablest men that ever were have all had an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity; but, then, they were like horses well managed; for they could tell, passing well, when to stop, or turn; and at such times when they thought the case indeed required some dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass, that the former opinion, spread abroad, of their good faith and

clearness of dealing, made them almost invisible."

There are people who indulge themselves in a sort of lying, which they reckon innocent, and which in one sense is so; for it hurts nobody but themselves. This sort of lying is the spurious offspring of vanity, begotten upon folly: these people deal in the marvellous; they have seen some things that never existed; they have seen other things which they really never saw, though they did exist, only because they were thought worth seeing. Has any thing remarkable been said or done in any place, or in any company? they immediately present, and declare themselves eye or ear witnesses of it. They have done feats themselves, unattempted, or at least unperformed, by others. They are always the heroes of their own fables; and think that they gain consideration, or at least present attention, by it. Whereas, in truth, all they get is ridicule and contempt, not without a good degree of distrust; for one must naturally conclude, that he who will tell any lie from idle vanity will not scruple telling a greater for interest. Had I really seen any thing so very extraordinary as to be almost incredible, I would keep it to myself, rather than, by telling it, give any one body room to doubt for one minute of my veracity. It is most certain, that the reputation of chastity is not so necessary for a woman, as that of veracity is for a man; and with

reason; for it is possible for a woman to be virtuous, though not strictly chaste, but it is not possible for a man to be virtuous without strict veracity. The slips of the poor women are sometimes mere bodily frailties; but a lie in a man is a vice of the mind, and of the heart. For God's sake, be scrupulously jealous of the purity of your moral character! keep it immaculate, unblemished, unsullied; and it will be unsuspected. Defamation and calumny never attack, where there is no weak place; they magnify, but they do not create.

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I really know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous, than lying. It *is* the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity; and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views; for lies are always detected sooner or later. If I tell a malicious lie, in order to affect any man's fortune or character, I may indeed injure him for some time; but I shall be sure to be the greatest sufferer myself at last; for as soon as ever I am detected (and detected I most certainly shall be) I am *blasted* for the infamous attempt; and whatever is said afterwards, to the disadvantage of that person, however true, passes for calumny. If I lie, or equivocate, (for it is the same thing,) in order to excuse myself for something that I have said or done, and to avoid the danger or shame that I apprehend from it, I discover at once my fear, as well as my falsehood; and only increase, in-

, and yet not know the reason why. I
t I conceive Martial's meaning very clear-
ough the nature of the epigram, which
be short, would not allow him to explain
re fully; and I take it to be this: O Sabi-
ou are a very worthy, deserving man;
ve a thousand good qualities, you have
t deal of learning; I esteem, I respect,
r the soul of me I cannot love you,
h I cannot particularly say why. You
t *amiable*: you have not those engag-
nners, those pleasing attentions, those
, and that address, which are absolutely
ry to please, though impossible to de-
I cannot say it is this or that particular
hat hinders me from loving you; it is
ole together; and upon the whole you
agreeable.

often have I, in the course of my life,
nyself in this situation, with regard to
f my acquaintance, whom I have hon-
and respected, without being able to
I did not know why, because, when one
g, one does not take the trouble, nor
ne's self the time, to analyze one's sen-
, and to trace them up to their source.
bsequent observation and reflections
ught me why. There is a man, whose
character, deep learning, and superior
acknowledge, admire, and respect; but
t is so impossible for me to love, that I
ost in a fever whenever I am in his

company. His figure (without being deformed) seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws any where, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink, and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes or misplaces every thing. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately, mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes; absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No. The utmost I can do for him is to consider him as a respectable Hottentot.

METHOD.

Despatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to despatch than method. Lay down a method for every thing, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accounts, and keep them together in their proper order; by

which means they will require very little time, and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may instantly have recourse to any one. Lay down a method also for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of your mornings; let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner, in which many people read scraps of different authors, upon different subjects. Keep a useful and short common-place book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations. Never read history without having maps, and a chronological book, or tables, lying by you, and constantly recurred to; without which, history is only a confused heap of facts. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life; that is, to rise early, and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before. This secures you an hour or two, at least, of reading or reflection, before the common interruptions of the morning begin; and it will save your constitution, by forcing you to go to bed early, at least one night in three.

You will say, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troublesome, only fit for dull people, and a disagreeable restraint upon the noble

spirit and fire of youth. I deny it; and assert, on the contrary, that it will procure you both more time and more taste for your pleasures; and so far from being troublesome to you, that, after you have pursued it a month, it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside. Business whets the appetite, and gives a taste to pleasures, as exercise does to food; and business can never be done without method; it raises the spirits for pleasures; and a *spectacle*, a ball, an assembly, will much more sensibly affect a man who has employed, than a man who has lost, the preceding part of the day; nay, I will venture to say, that a fine lady will seem to have more charms to a man of study or business, than to a saunterer. The same listlessness runs through his whole conduct, and he is as insipid in his pleasures as inefficient in every thing else.

CHARACTER OF MONTESQUIEU.

His virtues did honour to human nature; his writings justice. A friend to mankind, he asserted their undoubted and inalienable rights with freedom, even in his own country, whose prejudices in matters of religion and government he had long lamented, and endeavoured, not without some success, to remove. He well knew, and justly admired, the happy constitution of this country, where fixed and known laws equally restrain monarchy from

tyranny, and liberty from licentiousness. His works will illustrate his name, and survive him as long as right reason, moral obligation, and the true spirit of laws, shall be understood, respected, and maintained.

CHARACTERS OF THE DUKES OF ORMOND AND MARLBOROUGH.

The late Duke of Ormond was almost the weakest, but, at the same time, the best bred, and most popular man in this kingdom. His education in courts and camps, joined to an easy, gentle nature, had given him that habitual affability, those engaging manners, and those mechanical attentions, that almost supplied the place of every talent he wanted; and he wanted almost every one. They procured him the love of all men, without the esteem of any. He was impeached after the death of Queen Anne, only because that, having been engaged in the same measures with those who were necessarily to be impeached, his impeachment, for form's sake, became necessary. But he was impeached without acrimony, and without the least intention that he should suffer, notwithstanding the party violence of those times. The question for his impeachment, in the house of commons, was carried by many fewer votes than any other question of impeachment; and Earl Stanhope, then Mr. Stanhope, and secretary of state, who impeach-

ed him, very soon after negotiated and concluded his accommodation with the late king; to whom he was to have been presented the next day. But the late Bishop of Rochester, Atterbury, who thought that the Jacobite cause might suffer by losing the Duke of Ormond, went in all haste, and prevailed with the poor weak man to run away, assuring him, that he was only to be gulled into a disgraceful submission, and not to be pardoned in consequence of it. When his subsequent attainder passed, it excited mobs and disturbances in town. He had not a personal enemy in the world, and had a thousand friends. All this was singly owing to his natural desire of pleasing, and to the mechanical means that his education, not his parts, had given him of doing it.—The other instance is the late Duke of Marlborough, who studied the art of pleasing, because he well knew the importance of it: he enjoyed and used it more than ever man did. He gained whomever he had a mind to gain; and he had a mind to gain every body, because he knew that every body was more or less worth gaining. Though his power, as minister and general, made him many political and party enemies, they did not make him one personal one; and the very people who would gladly have displaced, disgraced, and perhaps attainted the Duke of Marlborough, at the same time personally loved Mr. Churchill, even though his private character was blemished by sordid

avarice, the most unamiable of all vices. He had wound up and tuned his whole machine to please and engage. He had an inimitable sweetness and gentleness in his countenance, a tenderness in his manner of speaking, a graceful dignity in every motion, and an universal and minute attention to the least things that could possibly please the least person. This was all art in him; art of which he well knew and enjoyed the advantages; for no man ever had more interior ambition, pride, and avarice, than he had.

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Of all the men that ever I knew in my life, (and I knew him extremely well,) the late Duke of Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them; and indeed he got the most by them; for I will venture (contrary to the custom of profound historians, who always assign deep causes for great events) to ascribe the better half of the Duke of Marlborough's greatness and riches to those graces. He was eminently illiterate; wrote bad English, and spelled it still worse. He had no share of what is commonly called *parts;* that is, he had no brightness, nothing shining in his genius. He had, most undoubtedly, an excellent good plain understanding, with sound judgment. But these alone would probably have raised him but something higher than they found him; which was page to King James the Second's queen. There the Graces

protected and promoted him; for, while he was an ensign of the guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to King Charles the Second, struck by those very graces, gave him five thousand pounds; with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a-year, of my grandfather, Halifax; which was the foundation of his subsequent fortune. His figure was beautiful; but his manner was irresistible, by either man or woman. It was by this engaging, graceful manner, that he was enabled, during all his war, to connect the various and jarring Powers of the Grand Alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrong-headedness. Whatever court he went to (and he was obliged to go himself to some resty and refractory ones) he as constantly prevailed, and brought them into his measures. The Pensionary Heinsius, a venerable old minister, grown gray in business, and who had governed the Republic of the United Provinces for more than forty years, was absolutely governed by the Duke of Marlborough, as that republic feels to this day. He was always cool: and nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance; he could refuse more gracefully than other people could grant; and those who went away from him the most dissatisfied, as to the substance of their business, were yet personally charmed with him, and, in

some degree, comforted by his manner. With all his gentleness and gracefulness, no man living was more conscious of his situation, nor maintained his dignity better.

PARTY-SPIRIT.

There is a particular maxim among parties, which alone is sufficient to corrupt a whole nation; which is, to countenance and protect the most infamous fellows, who happen to herd amongst them. There is no man, let his private character be ever so scandalous, that can be of some use to serve a turn, but immediately grows to be a man of consequence with his party.

It is something shocking to common sense to see the man of honour and the knave, the man of parts and the blockhead, put upon an equal foot; which is often the case amongst parties. In the struggles that happen about elections, when some candidate of a fair character has been set up on one side, how often have you seen the most abandoned knave of the other party put up to oppose him, and both supported with equal zeal! Parties will always find something or other, in the worst of men, to reconcile them to the obnoxious parts of their characters. He that has not sense enough to distinguish right from wrong can make a noise; nay, the less sense, the more obstinacy, especially in a bad cause; and the

greater knave, the more obedient to his leaders, especially when they are playing the rogue. These are the best tools, and such are the qualities necessary for putting in execution the bad measures, which the corrupt leaders of parties intend to carry on, if they are uppermost.

Party zeal changes the name of things; black is white, vice is virtue, a bribe in an office is called a perquisite, and the most studied and concerted fraud, that can enter into the head of the most thorough-paced knave, shall be voted a little negligence. In fine, party merit takes away all blots and stains out of the blackest characters; and he that deserves to be hanged, by all laws human and divine, for his conduct in private life, may, at the same time, be an angel with his party.

Mendax, while he held an office in the state, is detected in a little mean fraud, for Mendax was of a complexion so delicate, and had something in his conscience so scrupulously nice, that he fancied he wronged his family if he did not play the rogue whenever any thing was to be got by it; but, however, Mendax, in a public capacity, has been always true to the troop. The chiefs of the party having met, to consider how to behave with respect to Mendax in this critical juncture, all the men of honour amongst them were for giving him up, and even joining in any punishment that might be laid upon him, in order to convince the world, that they would not protect the man that had

wronged his country; but a veteran, who was grown old in all the iniquitous practices of party, and who had acquired authority by his experience, was quite of another opinion: "Mendax," says he, "has always been an active member of the cause; and what have we to do with his morals or his honour?" adding, "The man that is true to the troop must always be screened, let him be guilty of what he will."

Thus, by the detestable politics of party, Mendax was countenanced and caressed under the infamy of a most scandalous fraud; and lived to do his country more mischief, by the corruption which he afterwards spread through it, than a famine, a plague, or a war, could have done.

If we look back to the history of a few years past, we shall find that the immense estates that have been made, by the numerous fraudulent projects with which this virtuous age has abounded, have been by persons who pretended to be zealous party men, and have gone great lengths in party: nay, some have been so cunning as to shift sides, and go over to the strongest, just before they have resolved to strike some bold stroke, wisely securing a good retreat before they enter upon action; so that I have often thought, that a strong party is the same thing to a cheat, that a strong island in the West Indies is to a pirate,—a place of safety to lay up all he has stolen.

PASSIONATE PEOPLE.

It is a vulgar notion, and worthy of the vulgar, for it is both false and absurd, that passionate people are the best-natured people in the world. "They are a little *hasty*, it is true; a trifle will put them in a fury; and, while they are in that fury, they neither know nor care what they say or do; but then as soon as it is over, they are extremely sorry and penitent for any injury or mischief they did." This panegyric of these choleric good-natured people, when examined and simplified, amounts in plain common sense and English to *this*: that they are good-natured when they are not ill-natured; and that when, in their fits of rage, they have said or done things that have brought them to the gaol or the gallows, they are extremely sorry for it. It is indeed highly probable that they are; but where is the reparation to those whose reputations, limbs, or lives, they have either wounded or destroyed? Their concern comes too late, and is only for themselves. Self-love was the cause of the injury, and is the only motive of the repentance.

Had these furious people real good nature, their first offence would be their last, and they would resolve at all events never to relapse. The moment they felt their choler rising, they would enjoin themselves an absolute silence and inaction, and by that sudden check rather expose themselves to a momentary ridicule,

(which, by the way, would be followed by universal applause,) than run the least risk of being irreparably mischievous.

I know it is said in their behalf, that this impulse to wrath is constitutionally so sudden and strong, that they cannot stifle it, even in its birth: but experience shows us, that this allegation is notoriously false; for we daily observe that these stormy persons both can and do lay those gusts of passion, when awed by respect, restrained by interest, or intimidated by fear. The most outrageous furioso does not give a loose to his anger in presence of his sovereign or his mistress; nor does the expectant heir in presence of the peevish dotard from whom he hopes for an inheritance. The soliciting courtier, though perhaps under the strongest provocations from unjust delays and broken promises, calmly swallows his unavailing wrath, disguises it even under smiles, and gently waits for more favourable moments: nor does the criminal fly in a passion at his judge or his jury.

There is then but one solid excuse to be alleged in favour of these people; and, if they will frankly urge it, I will [illegible] those that are frantic ten times a day bring against shaving, bleeding, and a dark room, when so many much more harmless madmen are confined in their cells at Bedlam, for being

mad only once in a moon? Nay, I have been assured by the late ingenious Doctor Monro. that such of his patients who are really of a good natural disposition, and who, in their lucid intervals, were allowed the liberty of walking about the hospital, would frequently, when they found the previous symptoms of their returning madness, voluntarily apply for confinement, conscious of the mischief which they might possibly do if at liberty. If those who pretend not to be mad, but who really are so, had the same fund of good nature, they would make the same application to their friends, if they have any.

There is in the Menagiana a very pretty story of one of these angry gentlemen, which sets their extravagancy in a very ridiculous light.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was a choleric one, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider grew very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury; to which the horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, replied with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed of the folly, of his friend, said to him coolly, "Be quiet, be quiet, and show yourself the wiser of the two."

This sort of madness, for I will call it by no other name, flows from various causes, of which I shall now enumerate the most general.

Light, unballasted heads are very apt to be overset by every gust, or even breeze of passion; they appreciate things wrong, and think every thing of importance, but what really is so; hence those frequent and sudden transitions from silly joy to sillier anger, according as the present silly humour is gratified or thwarted. This is the never-failing characteristic of the uneducated vulgar, who often, in the same half hour, fight with fury, and shake hands with affection. Such heads give themselves no time to reason; and if you attempt to reason with them, they think you rally them, and resent the affront. They are, in short, overgrown children, and continue so in the most advanced age. Far be it from me to insinuate, what some ill-bred authors have bluntly asserted, that this is in general the case of the fairest part of our species, whose great vivacity does not always allow them time to reason consequentially, but hurries them into testiness upon the least opposition to their will. But, at the same time, with all the partiality which I have for them, and nobody can have more than I have, I must confess that, in all their debates, I have much more admired the copiousness of their rhetoric, than the conclusiveness of their logic.

People of strong animal spirits, warm constitutions, and a cold genius, (a most unfortunate and ridiculous though common compound,) are most irascible animals, and very dangerous in their wrath. They are active, puzzling,

blundering, and petulantly enterprising and persevering. They are impatient of the least contradiction, having neither arguments nor words to reply with; and the animal part of their composition bursts out into furious explosions, which have often mischievous consequences. Nothing is too outrageous or criminal for them to say or do in these fits; but, as the beginning of their frenzy is easily discoverable, by their glaring eyes, inflamed countenances, and rapid motions, the company, as conservators of the peace, (which, by the way, every man is till the authority of a magistrate can be procured,) should forcibly seize these madmen, and confine them, in the mean time, in some dark closet, vault, or coal-hole.

Men of nice honour, without one grain of common honesty, for such there are, are wonderfully combustible. The honourable is to support and protect the dishonest part of their character. The consciousness of their guilt makes them both sore and jealous.

There is another and very irascible sort of human animals, whose madness proceeds from pride. These are generally the people who, having just fortunes sufficient to live idle, and useless to society, create themselves gentlemen, and are scrupulously tender of the rank and dignity which they have not. They require the more respect, from being conscious that they have no right to any. They construe every thing into a slight, ask explanations with

ât, and misunderstand them with fury. "Who
e you? What are you? Do you know
om you speak to? I will teach you to be
ent to a gentleman," are their daily idioms
speech, which frequently end in assault and
ttery,—to the great emolument of the Round-
use and Crown-office.

I have known many young fellows, who, at
eir first setting out into the world, or in the
my, have simulated a passion which they did
t feel, merely as an indication of *spirit*,
hich word is falsely looked upon as synony-
ous with courage. They dress and look
erce, swear enormously, and rage furiously,
duced by that popular word *spirit*. But I
g leave to inform those mistaken young gen-
emen, whose error I compassionate, that the
ue spirit of a rational being consists in cool
nd steady resolution, which can only be the
sult of reflection and virtue.

I am very sorry to be obliged to own, that
here is not a more irritable part of the spe-
ies than my brother authors. Criticism,
ensure, or even the slightest disapprobation
f their immortal works, excite their most fu-
ious indignation. It is true, indeed, that they
xpress their resentment in a manner less dan-
erous both to others and to themselves. Like
ncensed porcupines, they dart their quills at
he object of their wrath. The wounds given
y these shafts are not mortal, and only pain-
ul in proportion to the distance from whence

they fly. Those which are discharged, as by much the greatest numbers are, from great heights, such as garrets or four pair of stairs rooms, are puffed away by the wind, and never hit the mark; but those which are let off from a first or second floor are apt to occasion a little smarting, and sometimes festering, especially if the party wounded be unsound.

Our great Creator has wisely given us passions, to rouse us into action, and to engage our gratitude to him by the pleasures they procure us; but, at the same time, he has kindly given us reason sufficient, if we will but give that reason fair play, to control those passions; and has delegated authority to say to them, as he said to the waters, "Thus far shall ye go, and no farther." The angry man is his own severest tormentor; his breast knows no peace, while his raging passions are restrained by no sense of either religious or moral duties. What would be his case, if his unforgiving example (if I may use such an expression) were followed by his all-merciful Maker! whose forgiveness he can only hope for, in proportion as he himself forgives and loves his fellow-creatures.

PEDANTRY.

Every excellency, and every virtue, has its kindred vice or weakness; and, if carried beyond certain bounds, sinks into the one or the

other. Generosity often runs into profusion, economy into avarice, courage into rashness, caution into timidity, and so on:—insomuch that, I believe, there is more judgment required, for the proper conduct of our virtues, than for avoiding their opposite vices. Vice, in its true light, is so deformed, that it shocks us at first sight, and would hardly ever seduce us, if it did not, at first, wear the mask of some virtue. But virtue is, in itself, so beautiful, that it charms us at first sight; engages us more and more upon further acquaintance; and, as with other beauties, we think excess impossible; it is here that judgment is necessary, to moderate and direct the effects of an excellent cause. I shall apply this reasoning, at present, not to any particular virtue, but to an excellency, which, for want of judgment, is often the cause of ridiculous and blamable effects: I mean great learning; which, if not accompanied with sound judgment, frequently carries us into error, pride, and pedantry. As I hope you will possess that excellency in its utmost extent, and yet without its too common failings. the hints, which my experience can suggest, may probably not be useless to you.

Some learned men, proud of their knowledge, only speak to decide, and give judgment without appeal; the consequence of which is, that mankind, provoked by the insult, and injured by the oppression, revolt; and, in order to shake off the tyranny, even call the lawful

authority in question. The more you know, the modester you should be: and (by the by) that modesty is the surest way of gratifying your vanity. Even where you are sure, seem rather doubtful; represent, but do not pronounce; and, if you would convince others, seem open to conviction yourself.

Others, to show their learning, or often from the prejudices of a school-education, where they hear of nothing else, are always talking of the ancients as something more than men, and of the moderns as something less. They are never without a classic or two in their pockets: they stick to *old good sense*; they read none of the modern trash; and will show you, plainly, that no improvement has been made, in any one art or science, these last seventeen hundred years. I would by no means have you disown your acquaintance with the ancients: but still less would I have you brag of an exclusive intimacy with them. Speak of the moderns without contempt, and of the ancients without idolatry; judge them all by their merits, but not by their ages; and if you happen to have an Elzevir classic in your pocket, neither show it nor mention it.

Some great scholars most absurdly draw all their maxims, both for public and private life, from what they call parallel cases in the ancient authors; without considering, that, in the first place, there never were, since the creation of the world, two cases exactly paral-

lel; and, in the next place, that there never was a case stated, or even known, by any historian, with every one of its circumstances: which, however, ought to be known, in order to be reasoned from. Reason upon the case itself, and the several circumstances that attend it, and act accordingly; but not from the authority of ancient poets, or historians. Take into your consideration, if you please, cases seemingly analogous; but take them as helps only, not as guides. We are really so prejudiced by our educations, that, as the ancients deified their heroes, we deify their madmen; of which, with all due regard to antiquity, I take Leonidas and Curtius to have been two distinguished ones. And yet a solid pedant would, in a speech in parliament, relative to a tax of twopence in the pound upon some commodity or other, quote those two heroes, as examples of what we ought to do and suffer for our country. I have known these absurdities carried so far, by people of injudicious learning, that I should not be surprised, if some of them were to propose, while we are at war with the Gauls, that a number of geese should be kept in the Tower, upon account of the infinite advantage which Rome received, *in a parallel case*, from a certain number of geese in the capitol. This way of reasoning, and this way of speaking, will always form a poor politician, and a puerile declaimer.

There is another species of learned men,

who, though less dogmatical and supercilious, are not less impertinent. These are the communicative and shining pedants, who adorn their conversation, even with women, by happy quotations of Greek and Latin; and who have contracted such a familiarity with the Greek and Roman authors, that they call them by certain names or epithets denoting intimacy: as, *old* Homer; that *sly rogue* Horace; *Maro*, instead of Virgil; and *Naso*, instead of Ovid. These are often imitated by coxcombs, who have no learning at all, but who have got some names, and some scraps of ancient authors by heart, which they improperly and impertinently retail in all companies, in hopes of passing for scholars. If, therefore, you would avoid the accusation of pedantry on one hand, or the suspicion of ignorance on the other, abstain from learned ostentation. Speak the language of the company you are in; speak it purely, and unlarded with any other. Never seem wiser, nor more learned, than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out, and strike it, merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it; but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.

Upon the whole, remember that learning (I mean Greek and Roman learning) is a most useful and necessary ornament, which it is useful not to be master of; but, at the same

time, most carefully avoid those errors and abuses which I have mentioned, and which too often attend it. Remember, too, that great modern knowledge is still more necessary than ancient; and that you had better know perfectly the present, than the old state of Europe; though I would have you well acquainted with both.

SATIRE ON PENSIONED PEERS.

To the King's most Excellent Majesty,

The humble Petition of Philip Earl of Chesterfield, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter,

Showeth,—That your petitioner, being rendered by deafness as useless and insignificant as most of his equals and contemporaries are by nature, hopes, in common with them, to share your majesty's royal favour and bounty; whereby he may be enabled either to save or spend, as he shall think proper, more than he can do at present.

That your petitioner, having had the honour of serving your majesty in several very lucrative employments, seems thereby entitled to a lucrative retreat from business, and to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; that is, leisure and a large pension.

Your petitioner humbly presumes, that he has, at least, a common claim to such a pension;

he has a vote in the most august assembly in the world; he has, at the same time, (though *he* says it,) an elevation of sentiment, that makes him not only desire, but (pardon, dread sir, an expression you are used to) *insist* upon it.

That your petitioner is little apt, and always unwilling, to speak advantageously of himself: but as, after all, some justice is due to one's self, as well as to others, he begs leave to represent, that his loyalty to your majesty has always been unshaken, even in the worst of times, that particularly, in the late unnatural rebellion, when the Pretender advanced as far as Derby, at the head of at least three thousand undisciplined men, the flower of the Scottish nobility and gentry, your petitioner did not join him, as unquestionably he might have done, had he been so inclined: but, on the contrary, raised sixteen companies of one hundred men each, at the public expense, in support of your majesty's undoubted right to the imperial crown of these realms; which distinguished proof of his loyalty is, to this hour, unrewarded.

Your majesty's petitioner is well aware, that your civil list must necessarily be in a low and languid state, after the various, frequent, and profuse evacuations which it has of late years undergone; but, at the same time, he presumes to hope, that this argument, which seems not to have been made use of against any other person whatsoever, shall not, in this single case, be urged against him; and the less so, as he

has good reason to believe, that the deficiencies of the pension-fund are by no means the last that will be made good by parliament.

Your petitioner begs leave to observe, that a small pension is disgraceful and opprobrious, as it intimates a shameful necessity on one part, and a degrading sort of charity on the other; but that a great one implies dignity and affluence on one side, on the other regard and esteem; which, doubtless, your majesty must entertain, in the highest degree, for those great personages whose respectable names stand upon your eleemosynary list. Your petitioner, therefore, humbly persuades himself, upon this principle, that less than three thousand pounds a year will not be proposed to him; if made up gold, the more agreeable; if for life, the more marketable.

Your petitioner persuades himself, that your majesty will not suspect this his humble application to proceed from any mean, interested motive, of which he has always had the utmost abhorrence. No, sir; he confesses his own weakness; honour alone is his object; honour is his passion; honour is dearer to him than life. To honour he has always sacrificed all other considerations; and upon this generous principle, singly, he now solicits that honour, which in the most shining times distinguished the greatest men of Greece, who were fed at the expense of the public.

Upon this honour, so sacred to him as a peer, so tender to him as a man, he most solemnly assures your majesty, that, in case you shall be pleased to grant him this his humble request, he will gratefully and honourably support, and promote with zeal and vigour the worst measure that the worst minister can ever suggest to your majesty: but, on the other hand, should he be singled out, marked, and branded by a refusal, he thinks himself obliged in honour to declare, that he will, to the utmost of his power, oppose the best and wisest measures that your majesty yourself can ever dictate.

And your majesty's petitioner shall ever pray.

PERFECTION TO BE AIMED AT.

Aim at perfection in every thing, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it, than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable. *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*, is a degree of praise which will always attend a noble and shining temerity, and a much better sign in a young fellow than *serpere humi, tutus nimium timidusque procellæ*. For men as well as women,

——born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

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In all systems whatsoever, whether of religion, government, morals, &c. perfection is the object always proposed, though possibly unattainable; hitherto, at least, certainly unattained. However, those who aim carefully at the mark itself will unquestionably come nearer it than those who, from despair, negligence, or indolence, leave to chance the work of skill. This maxim holds equally true in common life; those who aim at perfection will come infinitely nearer it, than those desponding, or indolent spirits, who foolishly say to themselves, Nobody is perfect; perfection is unattainable; to attempt it is chimerical; I shall do as well as others; why then should I give myself trouble to be what I never can, and what, according to the common course of things, I need not be,—*perfect?*

I am very sure that I need not point out to you the weakness and the folly of this reasoning, if it deserves the name of reasoning. It would discourage, and put a stop to the exertion of any one of our faculties. On the contrary, a man of sense and spirit says to himself, Though the point of perfection may (considering the imperfection of our nature) be unattainable, my care, my endeavours, my attention, shall not be wanting to get as near it as I can; I will approach it every day; possibly I may arrive at it at last; at least, (what I am sure is in my own power,) I will not be distanced.

THE FOLLY OF PERSECUTION.

Punishment will make sectaries and political writers considerable, when their own works would not; and if my friend Lucas had not been persecuted under lord Harrington's government, I believe he would have been, long before this, only a good apothecary, instead of a scurvy politician. I remember, at the latter end of queen Anne's reign, there was a great number of fanatics, who said they had, and very possibly really thought they had, the gift of prophecy. They used to assemble in Moor-fields to exert that gift, and were attended by a vast number of idle and curious spectators. The then ministry, who loved a little persecution well enough, was, however, wise enough not to disturb these madmen, and only ordered one Powel, who was the master of a famous puppet-show, to make Punch turn prophet, which he did so well, that it soon put an end to the prophets and their prophecies.

THE DANGER OF PLATONIC ATTACHMENT.

I believe I may take it for granted, that every fine woman, who comes to town in January, comes heartily tired both of the country and of her husband. The happy pair have yawned at one another at least ever since Michaelmas, and the two indivisible halves, of

man and wife, have been exceedingly burthensome to each other. The lady, who has had full leisure most minutely to consider her other moiety, has either positively or comparatively found out, that he is by no means a pretty man, and meditates indemnification to herself, either by her return to the pretty man, or by enlisting one for the current service of the year. In these dispositions she opens the winter, but, at the same time, with firm and steadfast purpose of not transgressing the bounds, or even violating the appearances, of virtue. But, alas! how frail are all our best resolves! The lover appears at first in the innocent form of value and esteem; his conversation is listened to with attention, and approved of: it grows frequent and particular; how can one help that? Where is the harm of being distinguished by the friendship of a man of sense and fashion? Can it be wondered at, that one converses more with him than with a thousand fools that would be always plaguing one? Besides, he says nothing one has reason to take ill, or that would justify one in not being civil to him.

With these early and just distinctions in his favour, the pretty man proceeds, and gains the more ground, as his approaches are the less perceived or apprehended. He is admitted to the toilet, as an agreeable friend and companion where he improves the morning moments, which I take to be the *mollia tempora*, so propitious to *tête-à-têtes*: here the conversation insensibly

grows more serious; particular applications are made of general topics; sentiments of love and constancy are discussed; the pretty man confesses, and laments his unfortunate disposition to both, and wishes to heaven that he knew neither; the lady, not without some emotion, and an awkward smartness, tells him that she believes they will neither of them ever do him any great hurt. This unjust reproach extorts from him, what otherwise he could never have had the courage to have said, viz. "*that that* depends entirely upon her." Here it is out; the ice is broken. What is to be done? The lady now plainly perceives his meaning, which she never before suspected. She flattered herself that he had a friendship and value for her, but now she finds the contrary. She is sorry he has put it out of her power to have any longer that esteem for him, which she confesses she once had; but they must never meet any more, if that is to be the language. The lover, for now I may call him so, deprecates her wrath, bids her blame her own beauty, and his fate, but pity him, and, pressing her hand, which, it may be, in her anger, she forgets to pull away, faithfully promises never to hold that language more, if he can help it. Upon this solemn engagement he is forgiven, re-admitted, and all danger is looked upon to be over. Short and fallacious security! for, this point once gained, the besieger, if I may borrow some military phrase, is most advantageously posted, is in

a situation to parley with the garrison, and stands fair for the horn work. Here he can argue the case fully, show the negligence, the injustice, or the oppression of the present governor, offer terms of honour, safety, and better usage, and, by persuasions, either bring about a willing surrender, or at least so far abate the rigour of the resistance, as with a little force to make himself master of the place.

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I therefore recommend to my countrywomen, to be particularly upon their guard against the very man whose conquest they most wish for, and to be assured that the reasons which determine their choice are so many instances of their danger. Let them begin to reflect, as soon as ever they begin to find a particular pleasure in his conversation, and let them tremble when they first make him a graver courtesy than they do to other people. But if, when he approaches them, they pull up their gloves, adjust their tucker, and count the sticks of their fan, let them despair, for they are further gone than they imagine. And though they may, for a time, deceive themselves with a notion that it is his understanding only that engages their attention, they will find at last that man, like the serpent, when he has once got his head in, the rest will soon follow. Friendship and esteem are the bearded arrows of love, that enter with ease, but when torn out, leave the wound greater.

THE TRUE ENJOYMENT OF PLEASURE.

Enjoy pleasures, but let them be your own, and then you will taste them: but adopt none; trust to Nature for genuine ones. The pleasures that you would feel you must earn; the man who gives himself up to all, feels none sensibly. Sardanapalus, I am convinced, never in his life felt any. Those only who join serious occupations with pleasures feel either as they should do. Alcibiades, though addicted to the most shameful excesses, gave some time to philosophy, and some to business. Julius Cæsar joined business with pleasure so properly, that they mutually assisted each other; and, though he was the husband of all the wives at Rome, he found time to be one of the best scholars, almost the best orator, and absolutely the best general there. An uninterrupted life of pleasure is as insipid as contemptible. Some hours given every day to serious business must whet both the mind and the senses, to enjoy those of pleasure. A surfeited glutton, an emaciated sot, and an enervated, rotten whoremaster, never enjoy the pleasures to which they devote themselves; they are only so many human sacrifices to false gods. The pleasures of low life are all of this mistaken, merely sensual, and disgraceful nature; whereas those of high life, and in good company, (though possibly in themselves not more moral,) are more delicate, more refined, less dangerous, and less disgrace-

ful; and, in the common course of things, not reckoned disgraceful at all. In short, pleasure must not, nay, cannot, be the business of a man of sense and character; but it may be, and is, his relief and reward.

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

I have seldom or never written to you upon the subject of religion and morality: your own reason, I am persuaded, has given you true notions of both; they speak best for themselves; but, if they wanted assistance, you have Mr. Harte at hand, both for precept and example; to your own reason, therefore, and to Mr. Harte, shall I refer you, for the reality of both, and confine myself in this letter to the decency, the utility, and the necessity of scrupulously preserving the appearances of both. When I say the appearances of religion, I do not mean that you should talk or act like a missionary, or an enthusiast, nor that you should take up a controversial cudgel against whoever attacks the sect you are of; this would be both useless and unbecoming your age: but I mean that you should by no means seem to approve, encourage, or applaud, those libertine notions, which strike at all religions equally, and which are the poor threadbare topics of half-wits, and minute philosophers. Even those who are silly enough to laugh at their jokes are still wise enough to distrust and detest their characters;

for, putting moral virtues at the highest, and religion at the lowest, religion must still be allowed to be a collateral security, at least, to virtue, and every prudent man will sooner trust to two securities than to one. Whenever, therefore, you happen to be in company with those pretended *Esprits forts*, or with thoughtless libertines, who laugh at all religion, to show their wit, or disclaim it, to complete their riot; let no word or look of yours intimate the least approbation; on the contrary, let a silent gravity express your dislike: but enter not into the subject, and decline such unprofitable and indecent controversies. Depend upon this truth, that every man is the worse looked upon, and the less trusted, for being thought to have no religion; in spite of all the pompous and specious epithets he may assume of *Esprit fort*, free-thinker, or moral philosopher; and a wise atheist (if such a thing there is) would, for his own interest, and character in this world, pretend to some religion.

Your moral character must be not only pure, but, like Cæsar's wife, unsuspected. The least speck or blemish upon it is fatal. Nothing degrades and vilifies more, for it excites and unites detestation and contempt. There are, however, wretches in the world profligate enough to explode all notions of moral good and evil; to maintain that they are merely local, and depend entirely upon the customs and of different countries: nay, there are

still, if possible, more unaccountable wretches. I mean those who affect to preach and propagate such absurd and infamous notions without believing them themselves. These are the devil's hypocrites. Avoid, as much as possible, the company of such people; who reflect a degree of discredit and infamy upon all who converse with them. But as you may, sometimes, by accident, fall into such company, take great care that no complaisance, no good-humour, no warmth of festal mirth, ever make you seem even to acquiesce in, much less to approve or applaud, such infamous doctrines. On the other hand, do not debate nor enter into serious argument, upon a subject so much below it; but content yourself with telling these apostles, that you know they are not serious; that you have a much better opinion of them than they would have you have; and that you are very sure, they would not practise the doctrine they preach. But put your private mark upon them, and shun them for ever afterwards.

There is nothing so delicate as your moral character, and nothing which it is your interest so much to preserve pure. Should you be suspected of injustice, malignity, perfidy, lying, &c. all the parts and knowledge in the world will never procure you esteem, friendship, or respect. A strange concurrence of circumstances has sometimes raised very bad men to high stations; but they have been raised like criminals to a pillory, where their persons and

their crimes, by being more conspicuous, are only the more known, the more detested, and the more pelted and insulted. If, in any case whatsoever, affectation and ostentation are pardonable, it is in the case of morality: though, even there, I would not advise you to a pharisaical pomp of virtue. But I will recommend to you a most scrupulous tenderness for your moral character, and the utmost care not to say or do the least thing, that may ever so slightly taint it. Show yourself, upon all occasions, the advocate, the friend, but not the bully, of virtue. Colonel Chartres, whom you have certainly heard of, (who was, I believe, the most notorious, blasted rascal in the world, and who had, by all sorts of crimes, amassed immense wealth,) was so sensible of the disadvantage of a bad character, that I heard him once say, in his impudent, profligate manner, that, though he would not give me one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character; because he should get a hundred thousand pounds by it; whereas he was so blasted, that he had no longer an opportunity of cheating people. Is it possible, then, that an honest man can neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?

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A man who does not solidly establish, and really deserve, a character of truth, probity, good manners, and good morals, at his first setting out in the world, may impose, and shine like a meteor for a very short time, but will

very soon vanish, and be extinguished with contempt. People easily pardon, in young men, the common irregularities of the senses; but they do not forgive the least vice of the heart. The heart never grows better by age; I fear rather worse; always harder. A young liar will be an old one; and a young knave will only be a greater knave as he grows older. But should a bad young heart, accompanied with a good head, (which, by the way, is very seldom the case,) really reform in a more advanced age, from a consciousness of its folly, as well as of its guilt; such a conversion would only be thought prudent and political, but never sincere. I hope in God, and I verily believe, that you want no moral virtue. But the possession of all the moral virtues, *in actu primo*, as the logicians call it, is not sufficient; you must have them *in actu secundo* too; nay, that is not sufficient neither; you must have the reputation of them also. Your character in the world must be built upon that solid foundation, or it will soon fall, and upon your own head. You cannot, therefore, be too careful, too nice, too scrupulous, in establishing this character at first, upon which your whole depends. Let no conversation, no example, no fashion, no *bon mot*, no silly desire of seeming to be above what most knaves and many fools call prejudices, ever tempt you to avow, excuse, extenuate, or laugh at the least breach of morality; but show upon all occasions, and take

all occasions to show, a detestation and abhorrence of it. There, though young, you ought to be strict; and there only, while young, it becomes you to be strict and severe. But there, too, spare the persons, while you lash the crimes. All this relates, as you easily judge, to the vices of the heart; such as lying, fraud, envy, malice, detraction, &c. and I do not extend it to the little frailties of youth, flowing from high spirits and warm blood. It would ill become you, at your age, to declaim against, and sententiously censure, a gallantry, an accidental excess of the table, a frolic, an inadvertency; no, keep as free from them yourself as you can; but say nothing against them in others. They certainly mend by time, often by reason: and a man's worldly character is not affected by them, provided it be pure in other respects.

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Pray let no quibbles of lawyers, no refinements of casuists, break into the plain notions of right and wrong; which every man's right reason, and plain common sense, suggest to him. To do as you would be done by, is the plain, sure, and undisputed rule of morality and justice. Stick to that; and be convinced, that whatever breaks into it, in any degree, however speciously it may be turned, and however puzzling it may be to answer it, is, notwithstanding, false in itself, unjust, and criminal. I do not know a crime in the world, which is not, by

casuists among the Jesuits, (especially the twenty-four collected, I think, by Escobar,) allowed, in some, or many cases, not to be criminal. The principles first laid down by them are often specious, the reasonings plausible, but the conclusion always a lie: for it is contrary to that evident and undeniable rule of justice, which I have mentioned above, of not doing to any one what you would not have him do to you. But, however, these refined pieces of casuistry and sophistry, being very convenient and welcome to people's passions and appetites, they gladly accept the indulgence, without desiring to detect the fallacy of the reasoning: and indeed many, I might say, most people, are not able to do it; which makes the publication of such quibblings and refinements the more pernicious. I am no skilful casuist, nor subtle disputant; and yet I would undertake to justify, and qualify, the depredations of a highwayman, step by step, and so plausibly as to make many ignorant people embrace the profession, as an innocent, if not even a laudable one; and to puzzle people of some degree of knowledge to answer me point by point.

CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF SCARBOROUGH.

In drawing the character of Lord Scarborough, I will be strictly upon my guard against the partiality of that intimate and unreserved

friendship, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendship, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be suspected to have biassed my judgment, it must, at the same time, be allowed to have informed it; for the most secret movements of his soul were, without disguise, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will mark the shades, and draw a credible rather than an exact likeness.

He had a very good person, rather above the middle size; a handsome face, and, when he was cheerful, the most engaging countenance imaginable; when grave, which he was oftenest, the most respectable one. He had in the highest degree the air, manners, and address of a man of quality,—politeness with ease, and dignity without pride.

Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be supposed that he was untainted with the fashionable vices of those warm climates; but (if I may be allowed the expression) he dignified them, instead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of classical, and a great one of modern, knowledge; with a just, and, at the same time, a delicate taste.

In his common expenses he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities and boun- he had none. I have known them pr-

him to some present inconveniences. He was a strong, but not an eloquent or florid speaker in parliament. He spoke so unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and seldom wear, ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice. This gave such an astonishing weight to all he said, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unsuspected virtue, that it will sometimes shame vice into decency at least.

He was not only offered, but pressed to accept, the post of secretary of state, but he constantly refused it. I once tried to persuade him to accept it, but he told me that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that, moreover, he knew very well that, in those ministerial employments, the course of business made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could only be authorized by the Jesuitical casuistry of the direction of the intention, a doctrine which he said he could not possibly adopt. Whether he was the first that ever made that objection, I cannot affirm, but I suspect that he will be the last.

He was a true constitutional, and yet practicable patriot; a sincere lover, and a zealous assertor of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country. But he would not quarrel with the crown for some slight stretches of the prerogative, nor with the peo-

ple for some unwary ebullitions of liberty; not with any one for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much.

His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, *nil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit*, I sincerely think (I had almost said I know) one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned.

He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion; and, as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness without a sudden indignation; nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow-creature, without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satirical English poet says,

> When I confess there is who feels for fame,
> And melts to goodness, Scarborough need I name?

He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken succedaneum of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one. And

such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind thought of him as they did. For surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him, and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies, (for I protest I never knew one,) they could only be such as were weary of always hearing of Aristides the Just.

He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried him into any illiberal or indecent expression or action, so invincibly habitual to him were good-nature and good manners. But, if ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which, upon subsequent reflection, he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it.

He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal, kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour. At other times he was a cheerful and agreeable companion; but, conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, writ for the sake of writing it, but as my solemn deposit of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small tribute of justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had.

SELF-CONVERSATION.

The present inaction, I believe, gives you leisure enough for *ennui*, but it gives you time enough too for better things—I mean reading useful books, and, what is still more useful, conversing with yourself some part of every day. Lord Shaftesbury recommends self-conversation to all authors; and I would recommend it to all men: they would be the better for it. Some people have not time, and fewer have inclination, to enter into that conversation; nay, very many dread it, and fly to the most trifling dissipations in order to avoid it; but if a man would allot half an hour every night for this self-conversation, and recapitulate with himself whatever he has done, right or wrong, in the course of the day, he would be both the better and the wiser for it. My deafness gives me more than sufficient time for self-conversation, and I have found great advantages from it.

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

I do not regret the time that I have passed in pleasures; they were seasonable; they were the pleasures of youth, and I enjoyed them while young. If I had not, I should probably have overvalued them now, as we are very apt to do what we do not know; but, knowing them as I do, I know their real value, and how much they are generally overrated. Nor do I regret the time that I have passed in business, for the same reason; those who see only the outside of it imagine that it has hidden charms, which they pant after; and nothing but acquaintance can undeceive them. I, who have been behind the scenes, both of pleasure and business, and have seen all the springs and pulleys of those decorations which astonish and dazzle the audience, retire, not only without regret, but with contentment and satisfaction. But what I do, and ever shall regret, is the time which, while young, I lost in mere idleness, and in doing nothing. This is the common effect of the inconsideracy of youth, against which I beg you will be most carefully upon your guard. The value of moments, when cast up, is immense, if well employed; if thrown away, their loss is irrecoverable. Every moment may be put to some use, and that with much more pleasure than if unemployed. Do not imagine that by the employment of time I mean an uninterrupted application to

serious studies. No; pleasures are, at proper times, both as necessary and as useful; they fashion and form you for the world; they teach you characters, and show you the human heart in its unguarded minutes. But then remember to make that use of them. I have known many people, from laziness of mind, go through both pleasure and business with equal inattention, neither enjoying the one, nor doing the other; thinking themselves men of pleasure because they were mingled with those who were, and men of business, because they had business to *do*, though they did not do it. Whatever you do, do it to the purpose; do it thoroughly, not superficially. *Approfondissez;* go to the bottom of things. Any thing half done, or half known, is, in my mind, neither done nor known at all. Nay, worse, for it often misleads. There is hardly any place, or any company, where you may not gain knowledge, if you please; almost every body knows some one thing, and is glad to talk upon that one thing. Seek and you will find, in this world as well as in the next. See every thing; inquire in every thing; and you may excuse your curiosity, and the questions you ask, which otherwise might be thought impertinent, by your manner of asking them; for most things depend a great deal upon the manner.

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I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow,

who used frequently to say, "Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves." This was a just and sensible reflection in a miser. I recommend to you to take care of minutes, for hours will take care of themselves. I am very sure that many people lose two or three hours every day by not taking care of the minutes. Never think any portion of time whatsoever too short to be employed; something or other may always be done in it.

TOLERANCE.

Remember, at the same time, that errors and mistakes, however gross, in matters of opinion, if they are sincere, are to be pitied, but not punished nor laughed at. The blindness of the understanding is as much to be pitied as the blindness of the eyes; and there is neither jest nor guilt in a man's losing his way in either case. Charity bids us set him right if we can, by arguments and persuasions; but Charity, at the same time, forbids either to punish or ridicule his misfortune. Every man's reason is, and must be, his guide; and I may as well expect that every man should be of my size and complexion, as that he should reason just as I do. Every man seeks for truth, but God only knows who has found it. It is, therefore, as unjust to persecute, as it is absurd to ridicule people for those several opin-

ions, which they cannot help entertaining upon the conviction of their reason. It is the man who tells, or who acts a lie, that is guilty, and not he who honestly and sincerely believes the lie.

VANITY.

Be extremely upon your guard against vanity, the common failing of unexperienced youth; but particularly against that kind of vanity that dubs a man a coxcomb; a character which, once acquired, is more indelible than that of the priesthood. It is not to be imagined by how many different ways vanity defeats its own purposes. One man decides peremptorily upon every subject, betrays his ignorance upon many, and shows a disgusting presumption upon the rest. Another desires to appear successful among the women; he hints at the encouragement he has received, from those of the most distinguished rank and beauty, and intimates a particular connexion with some one; if it is true, it is ungenerous; if false, it is infamous: but in either case he destroys the reputation he wants to get. Some flatter their vanity by little extraneous objects, which have not the least relation to themselves; such as being descended from, related to, or acquainted with people of distinguished merit, and eminent characters. They talk perpetually of their ndfather such-a-one, their uncle such-a-one,

and their intimate friend Mr. Such-a-one, with whom, possibly, they are hardly acquainted. But, admitting it all to be as they would have it, what then? Have they the more merit for these accidents? Certainly not. On the contrary, their taking up adventitious, proves their want of intrinsic merit; a rich man never borrows. Take this rule for granted, as a never failing one—That you must never seem to affect the character in which you have a mind to shine. Modesty is the only sure bait when you angle for praise. The affectation of courage will make even a brave man pass only for a bully; as the affectation of wit will make a man of parts pass for a coxcomb. By this modesty I do not mean timidity and awkward bashfulness. On the contrary, be inwardly firm and steady; know your own value, whatever it may be, and act upon that principle; but take great care to let nobody discover that you do know your own value. Whatever real merit you have, other people will discover, and people always magnify their own discoveries, as they lessen those of others.

THE MINOR VIRTUES.

Great talents and great virtues (if you should have them) will procure you the respect and the admiration of mankind, but it is the lesser talents, the *leniores virtutes*, which must procure you their love and affection. The former,

unassisted and unadorned by the latter, will extort praise; but will, at the same time, excite both fear and envy; two sentiments absolutely incompatible with love and affection.

Cæsar had all the great vices, and Cato all the great virtues that men could have. But Cæsar had the *leniores virtutes*, which Cato wanted; and which made him beloved, even by his enemies, and gained him the hearts of mankind, in spite of their reason: while Cato was not even beloved by his friends, notwithstanding the esteem and respect which they could not refuse to his virtues; and I am apt to think, that if Cæsar had wanted, and Cato possessed, those *leniores virtutes*, the former would not have attempted, (at least with success,) and the latter could not have protected, the liberties of Rome. Mr. Addison, in his Cato, says of Cæsar, (and I believe with truth,)

"Curse on his virtues; they've undone his country."

By which he means, those lesser, but engaging virtues, of gentleness, affability, complaisance, and good-humour. The knowledge of a scholar, the courage of a hero, and the virtue of a stoic, will be admired; but if the knowledge be accompanied with arrogance, the courage with ferocity, and the virtue with inflexible severity, the man will never be loved. The heroism of Charles XII. of Sweden (if his brutal courage deserves that name) was universally admired, but the man nowhere beloved.

Whereas Henry IV. of France, who had full as much courage, and was much longer engaged in wars, was generally beloved upon account of his lesser and social virtues. We are all so formed, that our understandings are generally the *dupes* of our hearts, that is, of our passions; and the surest way to the former is through the latter, which must be engaged by the *leniores virtutes* alone, and the manner of exerting them. The insolent civility of a proud man is, for example, if possible, more shocking than his rudeness could be; because he shows you, by his manner, that he thinks it mere condescension in him; and that his goodness alone bestows upon you what you have no pretence to claim. He intimates his protection, instead of his friendship, by a gracious nod, instead of an usual bow; and rather signifies his consent that you may, than his invitation that you should sit, walk, eat, or drink with him.

The costive liberality of a purse-proud man insults the distresses it sometimes relieves; he takes care to make you feel your own misfortunes, and the difference between your own situation and his; both which he insinuates to be justly merited: yours, by your folly; his, by his wisdom. The arrogant pedant does not communicate, but promulgates his knowledge. He does not give it you, but he inflicts it upon you; and is (if possible) more desirous to show you your own ignorance than his own learning.

Such manners as these, not only in the pa
ular instances which I have mentioned, but
wise in all others, shock and revolt that
pride and vanity which every man has in
heart; and obliterate in us the obligation
the favour conferred, by reminding *us of*
motive which produced, and the manner *whi*
accompanied it.

These faults point out their opposite perf
tions, and your own good sense will natura
suggest them to you.

VOLTAIRE AND LOUIS XIV.

Voltaire sent me, from Berlin, his history
Siècle de Louis XIV. It came at a very pr
per time; lord Bolingbroke had just taught
how history should be read; Voltaire sho
me how it should be written. I am sensibl
that it will meet with almost as many critics
readers. Voltaire must be criticised; beside
every man's favourite is attacked: for ever
prejudice is exposed, and our prejudices a
our mistresses; reason is at best our wife, ver
often heard indeed, but seldom minded. It
the history of the human understanding, writte
by a man of parts, for the use of men of part
Weak minds will not like it, even though th
do not understand it; which is commonly th
measure of their admiration. Dull ones w
want those minute and uninteresting detail
with which most other histories are encumbere

He tells me all I want to know, and nothing more. His reflections are short, just, and produce others in his readers. Free from religious, philosophical, political, and national prejudices, beyond any historian I ever met with, he relates all those matters as truly and as impartially, as certain regards, which must always be to some degree observéd, will allow him: for one sees plainly, that he often says much less than he would say, if he might. He hath made me much better acquainted with the times of Louis XIV. than the innumerable volumes which I had read could do; and hath suggested this reflection to me, which I had never made before,—His vanity, not his knowledge, made him encourage all, and introduce many arts and sciences in his country. He opened in a manner the human understanding in France, and brought it to its utmost perfection; his age equalled in all, and greatly exceeded in many things (pardon me, pedants!) the Augustan. This was great and rapid; but still it might be done, by the encouragement, the applause, and the rewards of a vain, liberal, and magnificent prince. What is much more surprising is, that he stopped the operation of the human mind just where he pleased; and seemed to say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." For, a bigot to his religion, and jealous of his power, free and rational thoughts upon either never entered into a French head during his reign; and the greatest geniuses that ever any age

produced never entertained a doubt of the divine right of kings, or the infallibility of the church. Poets, orators, and philosophers, ignorant of their natural rights, cherished their chains; and blind active faith triumphed, in those great minds, over silent and passive reason. The reverse of this seems now to be the case in France: reason opens itself; fancy and invention fade and decline.

VULGARITY.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks every thing that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care twopence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager for them; and, whenever they are concerned,

rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters. He is a man gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than that. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man.

CHARACTER OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

I much question whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be transmitted to posterity; for he governed this kingdom so long, that the various passions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated themselves, with every thing that was said or written against him. Never was man more flattered or more abused, and his long power was probably the chief cause of both. I was much acquainted with him, both in his public and private life. I mean to do impartial justice to his character, and therefore my picture of him will, perhaps, be more like him than it will be like any of the other pictures drawn of him. In private life he was good-natured, cheerful,

social; inelegant in his manners, loose in his morals. He had a coarse, strong wit, which he was too free of for a man in his station, as it is always inconsistent with dignity. He was very able as a minister, but without a certain elevation of mind necessary for great good or great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient to his desire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory.

He was both the best parliament man and the ablest manager of parliament that ever lived. An artful, rather than an eloquent speaker, he saw, as by intuition, the disposition of the house, and pressed or receded accordingly; so clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in the finances, that, whilst he was speaking, the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration, and he employed it with a success which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles the Second; but, with uncommon skill and unbounded profusion, he brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now check-

ed) must ruin it. Besides this powerful engine of government, he had a most extraordinary talent of persuading and working men up to his purpose. A hearty kind of frankness, which sometimes seemed imprudence, made people think that he let them into his secrets, whilst the impoliteness of his manners seemed to attest his sincerity. When he found any body proof against pecuniary temptations, which, alas! was but seldom, he had recourse to a still worse art; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue and the love of one's country, calling them "the chimerical, schoolboy flights of classical learning;" declaring himself, at the same time, "no saint, no Spartan, no reformer." He would frequently ask young fellows, at their first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were yet untainted, "Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot? you will soon come off that, and grow wiser." And thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded he meant no ill in his heart. He was the easy and profuse dupe of women, and in some instances indecently so. He was excessively open to flattery, even of the grossest kind, and from the coarsest bunglers of that vile profession, which engaged him to pass most of his leisure and jovial hours with people whose blasted characters reflected upon his own. He was loved by many, but respected by none; his familiar

and illiberal mirth and raillery leaving him no dignity. He was not vindictive, but, on the contrary, very placable to those who had injured him the most. His good-humour, good-nature, and beneficence, in the several relations of father, husband, master, and friend, gained him the warmest affections of all within that circle. His name will not be recorded in history among the "best men," or the "best ministers," but much less ought it to be ranked among the worst.

CHARACTER OF MR. PULTENEY.

Mr. Pulteney was formed by nature for social and convivial pleasures. Resentment made him engage in business. He had thought himself slighted by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he publicly avowed not only revenge but utter destruction. He had lively and shining parts, a surprising quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, &c. in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compositions in that way were sometimes satirical, often licentious, but always full of wit. He had a quick and clear conception of business; could equally detect and practise sophistry. He could state and explain the most intricate matters, even in figures, with the utmost perspicuity. His parts were rather above business; and the warmth of his imagination, join-

ed to the impetuosity and restlessness of his temper, made him incapable of conducting it long together with prudence and steadiness.

He was a most complete orator and debater in the house of commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required: for he had arguments, wit, and tears at command. His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature and disturb our reason. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but avarice, the meanest of them all, generally triumphed, ruled absolutely, and, in many instances, which I forbear to mention, most scandalously. His sudden passion was outrageous, but supported by great personal courage. Nothing exceeded his ambition but his avarice: they often accompany, and are frequently and reciprocally the causes and the effects of each other; but the latter is always a clog upon the former. He affected good-nature and compassion, and perhaps his heart might feel the misfortunes and distresses of his fellow-creatures, but his hand was seldom or never stretched out to relieve them. Though he was an able actor of truth and sincerity, he could occasionally lay them aside to serve the purposes of his ambition or avarice.

He was once in the greatest point of view that ever I saw any subject in. When the opposition, of which he was leader in the house of commons, prevailed at last against Sir Robert

Walpole, he became the arbiter between the crown and the people; the former imploring his protection, the latter his support. In that critical moment his various jarring passions were in the highest ferment, and for a while suspended his ruling one. Sense of shame made him hesitate at turning courtier on a sudden, after having acted the patriot so long, and with so much applause; and his pride made him declare that he would accept of no place; vainly imagining that he could, by such a simulated and temporary self-denial, preserve his popularity with the public, and his power at court. He was mistaken *in both:* for the king hated him almost as much for what he might have done, as for what he had done; and a motley ministry was formed, which by no means desired his company. The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom.

He made several attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had lost, but in vain; his situation would not allow it. He was fixed in the house of lords, that hospital of incurables, and his retreat to popularity was cut off; for the confidence of the public, when once great and once lost, is never to be regained. He lived afterwards in retirement, with the wretched comfort of Horace's miser:

> "Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
> Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ."

I may, perhaps, be suspected to have given too strong a colouring to some features of this portrait; but I solemnly protest, that I have drawn it conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, from a very long acquaintance with and observation of the original. Nay, I have rather softened than heightened the colouring.

THE END.