

MISCELLANIES,

BY

Henry Fielding Esq;

IN THREE VOLUMES.

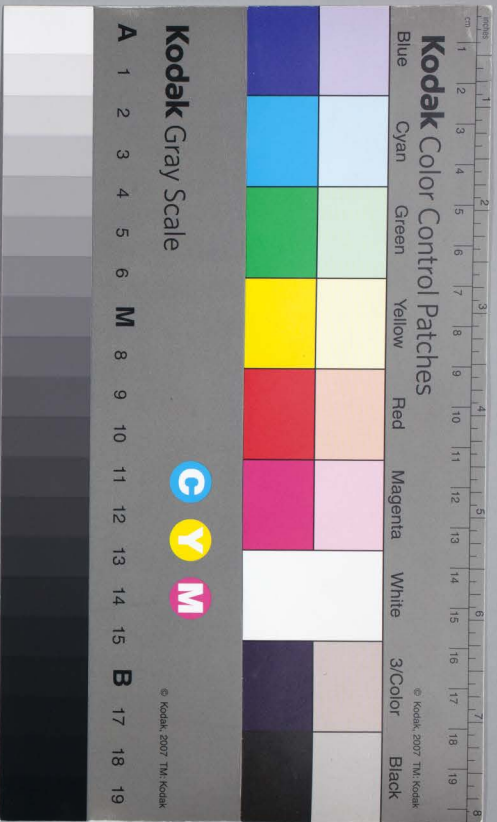
THE SECOND EDITION.

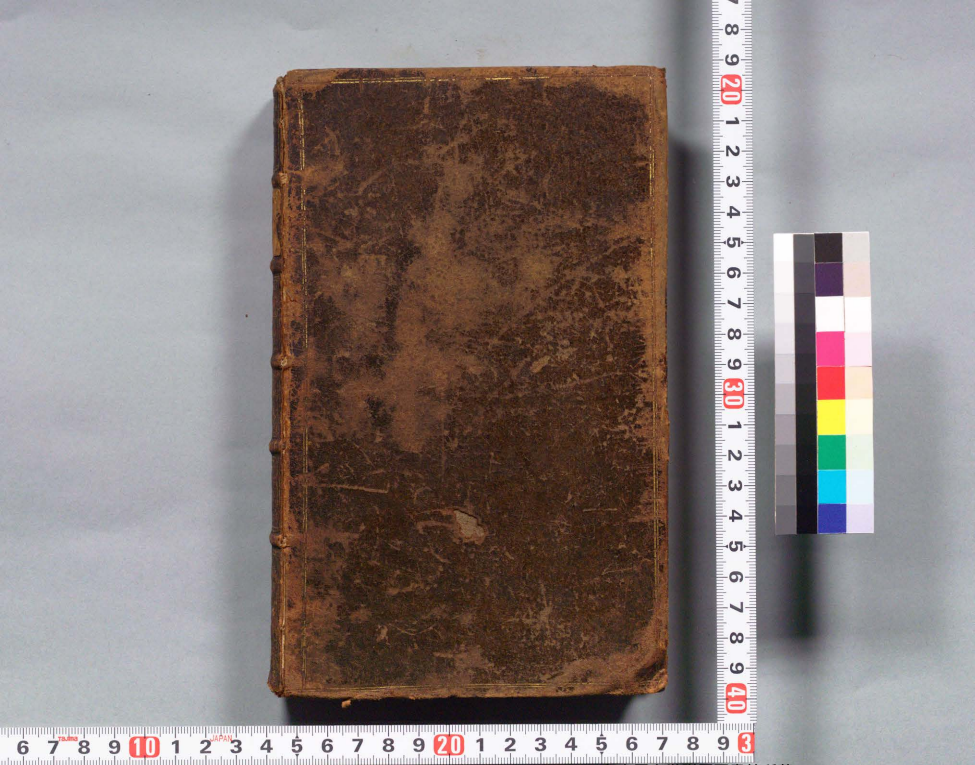


L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite to
Catharine-Street, in the Strand.

MDCCLXIII.





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VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Volumes I now present the Public, consist, as their Title indicates, of various Matter; treating of Subjects which bear not the least Relation to each other; and perhaps, what *Martial* says of his Epigrams, may be applicable to these several Productions.

*Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria,
sunt mala PLURA.*

b

At



At least, if the *Bona* be denied me, I shall, I apprehend, be allowed the other Two.

The Poetical Pieces which compose the First Part of the First Volume, were most of them written when I was very young, and are indeed Productions of the Heart rather than of the Head. If the Good-natured Reader thinks them tolerable, it will answer my warmest Hopes. This Branch of Writing is what I very little pretend to, and will appear to have been very little my Pursuit, since I think (one or two Poems excepted) I have here presented my Reader with all I could remember, or procure Copies of.

My

My Modernization of Part of the sixth Satire of *Juvenal*, will, I hope, give no Offence to that Half of our Species, for whom I have the greatest Respect and Tendernefs. It was originally sketched out before I was Twenty, and was all the Revenge taken by an injured Lover. For my Part, I am much more inclined to Panegyric on that amiable Sex, which I have always thought treated with a very unjust Severity by ours, who censure them for Faults (if they are truly such) into which we allure and betray them, and of which we ourselves, with an unblamed Licence, enjoy the most delicious Fruits.

b 2

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As to the *Essay on Conversation*, however it may be executed, my Design in it will be at least allowed good; being to ridicule out of Society, one of the most pernicious Evils which attends it, *viz.* pampering the gross Appetites of Selfishness and Ill-nature, with the Shame and Disquietude of others; whereas I have endeavoured in it to shew, that true Good-Breeding consists in contributing, with our utmost Power, to the Satisfaction and Happiness of all about us.

In my *Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men*, I have endeavoured to expose a second great Evil, namely, Hypocrisy; the Bane of all Virtue,
Mora-

Morality, and Goodness; and to arm, as well as I can, the honest, undefigning, open-hearted Man, who is generally the Prey of this Monster, against it. I believe a little Reflection will convince us, that most Mischiefs (especially those which fall on the worthiest Part of Mankind) owe their Original to this detestable Vice.

I shall pass over the remaining Part of this Volume, to the *Journey from this World to the next*, which fills the greatest Share of the second.

It would be paying a very mean Compliment to the human Understanding, to suppose I am under any Necessity of vindicating myself from designing, in an Allegory of this Kind, to



oppose any present System, or to erect a new one of my own: but perhaps the Fault may lie rather in the Heart than in the Head; and I may be misrepresented, without being misunderstood. If there are any such Men, I am sorry for it; the Good-natured Reader will not, I believe, want any Assistance from me to disappoint their Malice.

Others may (and that with greater Colour) arraign my Ignorance; as I have, in the Relation which I have put into the Mouth of *Julian*, whom they call the Apostate, done many Violences to History, and mixed Truth and Falshood with much Freedom. To these I answer. I profess Fiction only; and tho' I have chosen some Facts out of History, to embellish my Work,

and

and fix a Chronology to it, I have not, however, confined myself to nice Exactness; having often ante-dated, and sometimes post-dated the Matter I have found in the Historian, particularly in the *Spanish* History, where I take both these Liberties in one Story.

The Residue of this Volume is filled with two Dramatic Pieces, both the Productions of my Youth, tho' the latter was not acted 'till this Season. It was the third Dramatic Performance I ever attempted; the Parts of *Milamour* and *Charlotte* being originally intended for Mr. *Wilks* and Mrs. *Oldfield*; but the latter died before it was finished; and a slight Pique which happened between me and the former, prevented him from ever seeing it. The

b 4

Play



Play was read to Mr. *Rich* upwards of twelve Years since, in the Presence of a very eminent Physician of this Age, who will bear me Testimony, that I did not recommend my Performance with the usual Warmth of an Author. Indeed I never thought, 'till this Season, that there existed on any one Stage, since the Death of that great Actor and Actress abovementioned, any two Persons capable of supplying their Loss in those Parts: for Characters of this Kind do, of all others, require most Support from the Actor, and lend the least Assistance to him.

From the Time of its being read to Mr. *Rich*, it lay by me neglected and unthought of, 'till this Winter, when it visited the Stage in the following Manner.

Mr.

Mr. *Garrick*, whose Abilities as an Actor will, I hope, rouse up better Writers for the Stage than myself, asked me one Evening, if I had any Play by me; telling me, he was desirous of appearing in a new Part. I answered him, I had one almost finished: but I conceived it so little the Manager's Interest to produce any thing new on his Stage this Season, that I should not think of offering it him, as I apprehended he would find some Excuse to refuse me, and adhere to the Theatrical Politics, of never introducing new Plays on the Stage, but when driven to it by absolute Necessity.

Mr. *Garrick's* Reply to this was fo warm and friendly, that, as I was full

as



as desirous of putting Words into his Mouth, as he could appear to be of speaking them, I mentioned the Play the very next Morning to Mr. *Fleetwood*, who embraced my Proposal so heartily, that an Appointment was immediately made to read it to the Actors who were principally to be concerned in it.

When I came to revise this Play, which had likewise lain by me some Years, tho' formed on a much better Plan, and at an Age when I was much more equal to the Task, than the former; I found I had allowed myself too little Time for the perfecting it; but I was resolved to execute my Promise, and accordingly, at the appointed Day I produced five Acts, which were entitled, *THE GOOD-NATURED MAN*.

Besides,

Besides, that this Play appeared to me, on the Reading, to be less completely finished than I thought its Plan deserved; there was another Reason which dissuaded me from bringing it on the Stage, as it then stood, and this was, that the very Actor on whose Account I had principally been inclined to have it represented, had a very inconsiderable Part in it.

Notwithstanding my private Opinion, of which I then gave no Intimation, *The Good-natured Man* was received, and ordered to be writ into Parts, Mr. *Garrick* professing himself very ready to perform his; but as I remained dissatisfied, for the Reasons above-mentioned, I now recollected my other Play, in which I remembered there



there was a Character I had originally intended for Mr. *Wilks*.

Upon Perusal, I found this Character was preserved with some little Spirit, and (what I thought would be a great Recommendation to the Audience) would keep their so justly favourite Actor almost eternally before their Eyes. I apprehended (in which I was not deceived) that he would make so surprising a Figure in this Character, and exhibit Talents so long unknown to the Theatre, that, as hath happen'd in other Plays, the Audience might be blinded to the Faults of the Piece, for many I saw it had, and some very difficult to cure.

I accordingly sat down with a Resolution to work Night and Day, during
the

the short Time allowed me, which was about a Week, in altering and correcting this Production of my more juvenile Years; when unfortunately, the extreme Danger of Life into which a Person, very dear to me, was reduced, rendered me incapable of executing my Task.

To this Accident alone, I have the Vanity to apprehend, the Play owes most of the glaring Faults with which it appeared. However, I resolv'd rather to let it take its Chance, imperfect as it was, with the Assistance of Mr. *Garrick*, than to sacrifice a more favourite, and in the Opinion of others, a much more valuable Performance, and which could have had very little Assistance from him.

I then



I then acquainted Mr. *Garrick* with my Design, and read it to him, and Mr. *Macklin*; Mr. *Fleetwood* agreed to the Exchange, and thus the WEDDING DAY was destined to the Stage.

Perhaps it may be asked me, Why then did I suffer a Piece, which I myself knew was imperfect, to appear? I answer honestly and freely, that Reputation was not my Inducement; and that I hoped, faulty as it was, it might answer a much more solid, and in my unhappy Situation, a much more urgent Motive. If it will give my Enemies any Pleasure to know that they totally frustrated my Views, I will be kinder to them, and give them a Satisfaction which they denied me: for
tho'

tho' it was acted six Nights, I received not 50 *l.* from the House for it.

This was indeed chiefly owing to a general Rumour spread of its Indecency; which originally arose, I believe, from some Objections of the Licensor, who had been very unjustly censured for being too remiss in his Restraints on that Head; but as every Passage which he objected to was struck out, and I sincerely think very properly so, I leave to every impartial Judge to decide, whether the Play, as it was acted, was not rather freer from such Imputation than almost any other Comedy on the Stage. However, this Opinion prevailed so fatally without Doors, during its Representation, that on the sixth Night, there were not above five Ladies present in the Boxes.



But I shall say no more of this Comedy here, as I intend to introduce it the ensuing Season, and with such Alterations as will, I hope, remove every Objection to it, and may make the Manager some Amends for what he lost by very honourably continuing its Representation, when he might have got much more by acting other Plays.

I come now to the Third and last Volume, which contains the History of *Jonathan Wild*. And here it will not, I apprehend, be necessary to acquaint my Reader, that my Design is not to enter the Lists with that excellent Historian, who from authentic Papers and Records, &c. hath already given so satisfactory an Account of the Life and
 Actions

Actions of this Great Man. I have not indeed the least Intention to depreciate the Veracity and Impartiality of that History; nor do I pretend to any of those Lights, not having, to my Knowledge, ever seen a single Paper relating to my Hero, save some short Memoirs, which about the Time of his Death were published in certain Chronicles called News-Papers, the Authority of which hath been sometimes questioned, and in the Ordinary of *Newgate* his Account, which generally contains a more particular Relation of what the Heroes are to suffer in the next World, than of what they did in this.

To confess the Truth, my Narrative is rather of such Actions which he might have performed, or would, or should have performed, than what he really
 VOL. I. c did;



did; and may, in Reality, as well fuit any other fuch great Man, as the Perfon himfelf whole Name it bears.

A fecond Caution I would give my Reader is, that as it is not a very faithful Portrait of *Jonathan Wild* himfelf, fo neither is it intended to represent the Features of any other Perfon. Roguery, and not a Rogue, is my Subject; and as I have been fo far from endeavouring to particularize any Individual, that I have with my utmoft Art avoided it; fo will any fuch Application be unfair in my Reader, efppecially if he knows much of the Great World, fince he muft then be acquainted, I believe, with more than one on whom he can fix the Refemblance.

In

In the third Place, I folemnly proteft, I do by no means intend in the Character of my Hero to represent Human Nature in general. Such Infinuations muft be attended with very dreadful Conclufions; nor do I fee any other Tendency they can naturally have, but to encourage and foothe Men in their Villainies, and to make every well-difpofed Man difclaim his own Species, and curfe the Hour of his Birth into fuch a Society. For my Part, I underftand thofe Writers who defcribe Human Nature in this depraved Character, as fpeaking only of fuch Perfons as *Wild* and his Gang; and I think it may be juftly inferred, that they do not find in their own Bofoms any Deviation from the general Rule.

c 2



Rule. Indeed it would be an insufferable Vanity in them to conceive themselves as the only Exception to it.

But without considering *Newgate* as no other than Human Nature with its Mask off, which some very shameless Writers have done, a Thought which no Price should purchase me to entertain, I think we may be excused for suspecting, that the splendid Palaces of the Great are often no other than *Newgate* with the Mask on. Nor do I know any thing which can raise an honest Man's Indignation higher than that the same Morals should be in one Place attended with all imaginable Misery and Infamy, and in the other, with the highest Luxury and Honour. Let any impartial Man in his Senses be

asked,

asked, for which of these two Places a Composition of Cruelty, Lust, Avarice, Rapine, Insolence, Hypocrisy, Fraud and Treachery, was best fitted, surely his Answer must be certain and immediate; and yet I am afraid all these Ingredients glossed over with Wealth and a Title, have been treated with the highest Respect and Veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the Gallows in the other.

If there are then any Men of such Morals who dare to call themselves Great, and are so reputed, or called at least, by the deceived Multitude, surely a little private Censure by the few is a very moderate Tax for them to pay, provided no more was to be de-



manded: But I fear this is not the Case. However the Glare of Riches, and Ave of Title, may dazzle and terrify the Vulgar; nay, however Hypocrisy may deceive the more Discerning, there is still a Judge in every Man's Breast, which none can cheat nor corrupt, tho' perhaps it is the only uncorrupt Thing about him. And yet, inflexible and honest as this Judge is, (however polluted the Bench be on which he sits) no Man can, in my Opinion, enjoy any Applause which is not thus adjudged to be his Due.

Nothing seems to me more preposterous than that, while the Way to true Honour lies so open and plain, Men should seek false by such perverse and rugged Paths: that while it is so

easy

easy and safe, and truly honourable, to be good, Men should wade through Difficulty and Danger, and real Infamy, to be *Great*, or, to use a synonymous Word, *Villains*.

Nor hath Goodness less Advantage in the Article of Pleasure, than of Honour over this kind of Greatness. The same righteous Judge always annexes a bitter Anxiety to the Purchases of Guilt, whilst it adds a double Sweetness to the Enjoyments of Innocence and Virtue: for Fear, which all the Wise agree is the most wretched of human Evils, is, in some Degree, always attending on the former, and never can in any manner molest the Happiness of the latter.



This is the Doctrine which I have endeavoured to inculcate in this History, confining myself at the same Time within the Rules of Probability. (For except in one Chapter, which is visibly meant as a Burlesque on the extravagant Accounts of Travellers, I believe I have not exceeded it.) And though perhaps it sometimes happens, contrary to the Instances I have given, that the Villain succeeds in his Pursuit, and acquires some transitory imperfect Honour or Pleasure to himself for his Iniquity; yet I believe he oftner shares the Fate of my Hero, and suffers the Punishment, without obtaining the Reward.

As

As I believe it is not easy to teach a more useful Lesson than this, if I have been able to add the pleasant to it, I might flatter myself with having carried every Point.

But perhaps some Apology may be required of me, for having used the Word *Greatness*, to which the World have affixed such honourable Ideas, in so disgraceful and contemptuous a Light. Now if the Fact be, that the Greatness which is commonly worshipped is really of that Kind which I have here represented, the Fault seems rather to lie in those who have ascribed to it those Honours, to which it hath not in Reality the least Claim.

The



The Truth, I apprehend, is, we often confound the Ideas of Goodness and Greatness together, or rather include the former in our Idea of the latter. If this be so, it is surely a great Error, and no less than a Mistake of the Capacity for the Will. In Reality, no Qualities can be more distinct: for as it cannot be doubted but that Benevolence, Honour, Honesty, and Charity, make a good Man; and that Parts, Courage, are the efficient Qualities of a Great Man, so must it be confess'd, that the Ingredients which compose the former of these Characters, bear no Analogy to, nor Dependence on those which constitute the latter. A Man may therefore be Great without being Good, or Good without being Great.

How-

However, tho' the one bear no necessary Dependence on the other, neither is there any absolute Repugnancy among them which may totally prevent their Union so that they may, tho' not of Necessity, assemble in the same Mind, as they actually did, and all in the highest Degree, in those of *Socrates* and *Brutus*; and perhaps in some among us. I at least know one to whom Nature could have added no one great or good Quality more than she hath bestowed on him.

Here then appear three distinct Characters; the Great, the Good, and the Great and Good.

The



The last of these is the *true Sublime* in Human Nature. That Elevation by which the Soul of Man, raising and extending itself above the Order of this Creation, and brighten'd with a certain Ray of Divinity, looks down on the Condition of Mortals. This is indeed a glorious Object, on which we can never gaze with too much Praise and Admiration. A perfect Work! the Iliad of Nature! ravishing and astonishing, and which at once fills us with Love, Wonder, and Delight.

The Second falls greatly short of this Perfection, and yet hath its Merit. Our Wonder ceases; our Delight is lessened; but our Love remains; of which Passion, Goodness hath always
appeared

appeared to me the only true and proper Object. On this Head I think proper to observe, that I do not conceive my Good Man to be absolutely a Fool or a Coward; but that he often partakes too little of Parts or Courage, to have any Pretensions to Greatness.

Now as to that Greatness which is totally devoid of Goodness, it seems to me in Nature to resemble the *False Sublime* in Poetry; whose Bombast is, by the ignorant and ill-judging Vulgar, often mistaken for solid Wit and Eloquence, whilst it is in Effect the very Reverse. Thus Pride, Ostentation, Insolence, Cruelty, and every Kind of Villany, are often construed into True Greatness of Mind, in which we always include an Idea of Goodness.

This



This Bombast Greatness then is the Character I intend to expose; and the more this prevails in and deceives the World, taking to itself not only Riches and Power, but often Honour, or at least the Shadow of it, the more necessary is it to strip the Monster of these false Colours, and shew it in its native Deformity: for by suffering Vice to possess the Reward of Virtue, we do a double Injury to Society, by encouraging the former, and taking away the chief Incentive to the latter. Nay, tho' it is, I believe, impossible to give Vice a true Relish of Honour and Glory, or tho' we give it Riches and Power, to give it the Enjoyment of them, yet it contaminates the Food it can't taste, and sullies the Robe which nei-

ther fits nor becomes it, 'till Virtue disdains them both.

Thus have I given some short Account of these Works. I come now to return Thanks to those Friends who have with uncommon Pains forwarded this Subscription: for tho' the Number of my Subscribers be more proportioned to my Merit, than their Desire or Expectation, yet I believe I owe not a tenth Part to my own Interest. My Obligations on this Head are so many, that for Fear of offending any by Preference, I will name none. Nor is it indeed necessary, since I am convinced they served me with no Desire of a public Acknowledgment; nor can I make any to some of them, equal with the Gratitude of my Sentiments.

I can-



I cannot, however, forbear mentioning my Sense of the Friendship shewn me by a Profession of which I am a late and unworthy Member, and from whose Assistance I derive more than half the Names which appear to this Subscription.

It remains that I make some Apology for the Delay in publishing these Volumes, the real Reason of which was, the dangerous Illness of one from whom I draw all the solid Comfort of my Life, during the greatest Part of this Winter. This, as it is most sacredly true, so will it, I doubt not, sufficiently excuse the Delay to all who know me.

Indeed

Indeed when I look a Year or two backwards, and survey the Accidents which have befallen me, and the Distresses I have waded through whilst I have been engaged in these Works, I could almost challenge some Philosophy to myself, for having been able to finish them as I have; and however imperfectly that may be, I am convinced the Reader, was he acquainted with the whole, would want very little Good-Nature to extinguish his Disdain at any Faults he meets with.

But this hath dropt from me unawares: for I intend not to entertain my Reader with my private History: nor am I fond enough of Tragedy, to make myself the Hero of one.

d

How-



However, as I have been very unjustly censured, as well on account of what I have not writ, as for what I have; I take this Opportunity to declare in the most solemn Manner, I have long since (as long as from *June 1741*) desisted from writing one Syllable in the *Champion*, or any other public Paper; and that I never was, nor will be the Author of anonymous Scandal on the private History or Family of any Person whatever.

Indeed there is no Man who speaks or thinks with more Detestation of the modern Custom of Libelling. I look on the Practice of stabbing a Man's Character in the Dark, to be as base and as barbarous as that of stabbing him with a Poignard in the same Manner;

ner; nor have I ever been once in my Life guilty of it.

It is not here, I suppose, necessary to distinguish between Ridicule and Scurrility; between a Jest on a public Character, and the Murder of a private one.

My Reader will pardon my having dwelt a little on this Particular, since it is so especially necessary in this Age, when almost all the Wit we have is applied this Way; and when I have already been a Martyr to such unjust Suspicion. Of which I will relate one Instance. While I was last Winter laid up in the Gout, with a favourite Child dying in one Bed, and my Wife in a Condition very little better, on another, attended with other Circum-

d 2 fances,



xxvi PREFACE.

stances, which served as very proper Decorations to such a Scene, I received a Letter from a Friend, desiring me to vindicate myself from two very opposite Reflections, which two opposite Parties thought fit to cast on me, *viz.* the one of writing in the *Champion*, (tho' I had not then writ in it for upwards of half a Year) the other, of writing in the *Gazetteer*, in which I never had the Honour of inserting a single Word.

To defend myself therefore as well as I can from all past, and to enter a Caveat against all future Censure of this Kind; I once more solemnly declare, that since the End of *June 1741*, I have not, besides *Joseph Andrews*, published one Word, except *The Opposition, a Vision. A Defence of the Dutcheſs*

PREFACE. xxvii

Dutcheſs of Marlborough's Book. Miſs Lucy in Town, (in which I had a very small Share.) And I do farther protest, that I will never hereafter publish any Book or Pamphlet whatever, to which I will not put my Name. A Promise, which as I shall sacredly keep, so will it, I hope, be so far believed, that I may henceforth receive no more Praise or Censure, to which I have not the least Title.

And now, my good-natured Reader, recommending my Works to your Candour, I bid you heartily farewell; and take this with you, that you may never be interrupted in the reading these Miscellanies, with that Degree of Heart-ach which hath often discomposed me in the writing them.



O F
TRUE GREATNESS.

An EPISTLE to

The RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE DODINGTON, Esq;

VOL. I.

A



OF
TRUE GREATNESS.

An EPISTLE to

GEORGE DODINGTON, Esq;

TIS strange, while all to Greatness
Homage pay,
So few should know the Goddes they
obey.

That Men should think a thousand Things the same,
And give contending Images one Name.
Not Greece, in all her Temples wide Abodes,
Held a more wild Democracy of Gods
Than various Deities we serve, while all
Profess before one common Shrine to fall.

Whether ourselves of Greatness are possit,
Or worship it within another's Breast.

While a mean Crowd of Sycophants attend,
And fawn and flatter, creep and cringe and bend;
The Fav'rite blesses his superior State,
Rises o'er all, and hails himself the Great.

A 2

Vain



Vain Man! can such as these to Greatness raise?
 Can Honour come from Dirt? from Baseness, Praise?
 Then *India's Gem* on *Scotland's Coast* shall shine,
 And the *Peruvian Ore* enrich the *Cornish Mine*.

Behold, in blooming *May*, the *May-pole* stand,
 Dress'd out in *Garlands* by the *Peasant's Hand*;
 Around it dance the *Youth*, in mirthful *Mood*;
 And all admire the gaudy, dress'd up *Wood*.
 See, the next *Day*, of all its *Pride* bereft,
 How soon the unregarded *Post* is left.
 So *Thou*, the *Wonder* of a longer *Day*,
 Rais'd high on *Pow'r*, and dress'd in *Titles*, gay,
 Strip of these *Summer Garlands*, soon wouldst see,
 The mercenary *Slaves* ador'd not thee;
 Wouldst see them thronging thy *Successor's Gate*,
 Shadows of *Power*, and *Properties of State*.
 As the *Sun Insects*, *Pow'r's Court-Friends* begets,
 Which wanton in its *Beams*, and vanish as it sets.

Thy highest *Pomp* the *Hermit* dares despise,
 Greatness (crys this) is to be good and wise.
 To *Titles*, *Treasures*, *Luxury* and *Show*,
 The gilded *Follies* of *Mankind*, a *Foe*.
 He flies *Society*, to *Wilds* resorts,
 And rails at busy *Cities*, splendid *Courts*.
 Great to himself, he in his *Cell*, appears,
 As *Kings* on *Thrones*, or *Conquerors* on *Cars*.

O *Thou*,

O *Thou*, that dar'st thus proudly scorn thy *Kind*,
 Search, with impartial *Scrutiny*, thy *Mind*;
 Disclaiming outward *Flatterers* to win,
 Dost thou not feed a *Flatterer* within?
 While other *Passions* Temperance may guide,
 Feart not with too delicious *Meals* thy *Pride*.
 On *Vice* triumphant while thy *Cenfures* fall,
 Be sure, no *Envy* mixes with thy *Gaul*.
 Ask thy self off, to *Pow'r* and *Grandeur* born,
 Had *Pow'r* and *Grandeur* then incur'd thy *Scorn*:
 If no *Ill-nature* in thy *Breast* prevails,
 Enjoying all the *Crimes* at which it rails.
 A peevish four *Perverfeness* of the *Will*,
 Oft we miscall *Antipathy* to *Ill*.

Scorn and *Disdain* the little *Cynick* hurl'd
 At the exulting *Victor* of the *World*.
 Greater than this what *Soul* can be desir'd?
 His who contemns the *Cynick's* snarling *Pride*.
 Well might the haughty *Son of Philip* see
 Ambition's second *Lot* devolve on thee;
 Whose *Breast* *Pride* fires with scarce inferior *Joy*,
 And bids thee hate and shun *Men*, him destroy.

But hadst thou, *Alexander*, wish'd to prove
 Thy self the real *Progeny* of *Jove*,
 Virtue another *Path* had bid thee find,
 Taught thee to save, and not to slay *Mankind*.

A 3

Shall



Shall the lean Wolf, by Hunger fierce and bold,
 Bear off no Honours from the bloody Fold?
 Shall the dead Flock his Greatness not display;
 But Shepherds hunt him as a Beast of Prey?
 While Man, not drove by Hunger from his Den,
 To Honour climbs o'er Heaps of murder'd Men.
 Shall ravag'd Fields, and burning Towns proclaim
 The Hero's Glory, not the Robber's Shame?
 Shall Thousands fall, and Millions be undone
 To glut the hungry Cruelty of one?

Behold, the Plain with human Gore grow red,
 The swelling River heave along the Dead.
 See, through the Breach the hostile Deluge flow,
 Along it bears the unrelenting Foe:
 Hear, in each Street the wretched Virgin's Cries,
 Her Lover sees her ravish'd as he dies.
 The Infant wonders at its Mother's Tears,
 And smiling feels its Fate before its Fears.
 Age, while in vain for the first Blow it calls,
 Views all its Branches lopp'd before it falls.
 Beauty betrays the Mistress it should guard,
 And, faithless, proves the Ravisher's Reward:
 Death, their sole Friend, relieves them from their Ills,
 The kindest Victor he, who soonest kills.

Could such Exploits as these thy Pride create?
 Could these, O *Philip's* Son, proclaim thee Great?
 Such

Such Honours *Mabomet* expiring crav'd,
 Such were the Trophies on his Tomb engrav'd.
 If Greatness by these Means may be possess'd,
 Ill we deny it to the greater Beast.
 Single and arm'd by Nature only, He,
 That Mischief does, which Thousands do for thee.

Not on such Wings, to Fame did *Churchill* soar,
 For *Europe* while defensive Arms he bore.
 Whose Conquests, cheap at all the Blood they cost,
 Sav'd Millions by each noble Life they lost.

Oh, Name august! in Capitals of Gold,
 In Fame's eternal Chronicle enroll'd!
 Where *Cæsar*, viewing thee, astonish'd withdraws,
 And owns thee Greater in a greater Cause.
 Thee, from the lowest Depth of Time, on high
 Blazing, shall late Posterity descry;
 And own the Purchase of thy glorious Pains,
 While Liberty, or while her Name remains.

But quit, great Sir, with me this higher Scene,
 And view false Greatness with more awkward Mien.
 For now, from Camps to Colleges retreat;
 No Cell, no Closet here without the Great.
 See, how Pride smells the haughty Pedant's Looks;
 How pleas'd he smiles o'er Heaps of conquer'd Books.
Tully to him, and *Seneca*, are known,
 And all their noblest Sentiments his own.

A 4

These,



These, on each apt Occasion, he can quote ;
Thus the false Count affects the Man of Note,
Aukward and shapeless in a borrow'd Coat.

Thro' Books some travel, as thro' Nations some,
Proud of their Voyage, yet bring nothing home.
Criticks thro' Books, as Beaus thro' Countries stray,
Certain to bring their Blemishes away.

Great is the Man, who with unwearied Toil
Spies a Weed springing in the richest Soil.
If *Dryden's* Page with one bad Line be blest,
'Tis great to shew it, as to write the rest.

Others, with friendly Eye run Authors o'er,
Not to find Faults, but Beauties to restore ;
Nor scruple (such their Bounty) to afford
Folios of Dulness to preserve a Word :
Close, as to some tall Tree the Insect cleaves,
Myriads still nourish'd by its smallest Leaves.
So cling these Scriblers round a *Virgil's* Name,
And on his least of Beauties soar to Fame.

Awake, ye useless Drones, and scorn to thrive
On the Sweets gather'd by the lab'ring Hive.
Behold, the Merchant give to Thousands Food,
His Loss his own, his Gain the Publick Good.
Her various Bounties Nature still confines,
Here gilds her Sands, there silvers o'er her Mines :
The

The Merchant's Bounty Nature's hath outdone,
He gives to all, what she confines to one.
And is he then not Great? Sir *B.* denies
True Greatness to the Creature whom he buys ;
Blush the Wretch wounded, conscious of his Guile.
B—nard and *H—cote* at such Satyr smile.

But if a Merchant lives, who meanly deigns
To sacrifice his Country to his Gains.
Tho' from his House, untrusted and unfed,
The Poet bears off neither Wine nor Bread ;
As down *Chaucer's* he meditates the Song,
He ranks that Merchant with the meanest Throng,
Nor Him the Poet's Pride contemns alone,
But all to whom the Muses are unknown.
These, cries the Bard, true Honours can bestow,
And separate true Worth from outward Show ;
Scepters and Crowns by them grow glorious Things,
(For tho' they make not, they distinguish Kings.)
Short-liv'd the Gifts which Kings to them bequeath ;
Bards only give the never-fading Wealth.
Did all our Annals no *Argyle* afford,
The Muse constrain'd could sing a common Lord.
But should the Muse with-hold her friendly Strain,
The Hero's Glory blossoms fair in vain ;
Like the young Spring's, or Summer's riper Flow'r,
The Admiration of the present Hour.
She gleans from Death's fire Scythe the noble Name,
And lays up in the Granaries of Fame.

Thus

Thus the great tatter'd Bard, as thro' the Streets
 He cautious treads, least any Bailiff meets.
 Whose wretched Plight the Jest of all is made;
 Yet most, if hapless, it betray his Trade.
 Fools in their Laugh at Poets are sincere,
 And wiser Men admire them thro' a Sneeze.
 For Poetry with Treason shares this Fate,
 Men like the Poem and the Poet hate.
 And yet with Want and with Contempt oppress'd,
 Shunn'd, hated, mock'd, at once Men's Scorn and
 Jest,

Perhaps, from wholesome Air itself confin'd,
 Who hopes to drive out Greatness from his Mind?

Some Greatness in myself, perhaps I view;
 Not that I write, but that I write to you.

To you! who in this *Geibick* Leaden Age,
 When Wit is banish'd from the Press and Stage,
 When Fools to greater Folly make Pretence,
 And those who have it, seem ashamed of Sense;
 When Nonsense is a Term for the Sublime,
 And not to be an Idiot is a Crime;
 When low Buffoons in Ridicule succeed,
 And Men are largely for such Writings feed,
 As *B——*'s self can purchase none to read;
 Yourself th' unfashionable Lyre have strung,
 Have own'd the Muses and their Darling *Yaug*.

All court their Favour when by all approv'd;
 Ev'n Virtue, if in Fashion, would be lov'd.

You

You for their Sakes with Fashion dare engage,
Mascenas you in no *Augustan* Age.

Some Merit then is to the Muses due;
 But oh! their Smiles the Portion of how few!
 Tho' Friends may flatter much, and more ourselves,
 Few, *Dodington*, write worthy of your Shelves.
 Not to a Song which *Callia*'s Smiles make fine,
 Nor Play which *Booth* had made esteem'd divine;
 To no rude Satyr from Ill-nature sprung,
 Nor Panegyrick for a Pension sung;
 Not to soft Lines that gently glide along,
 And vie in Sound and Sense with *Handel*'s Song;
 To none of these will *Dodington* bequeath,
 The Poet's noble Name and laureate Wreath.

Leave, Scriblers, leave, the tuncful Road to Fame,
 Nor by assuming damn a Poet's Name.
 Yet how unjustly we the Muses fight,
 Unfir'd by them because a Thousand write!
 Who would a Soldier or a Judge upbraid,
 * That ----- wore Ermine, ----- a Cockade.

To Greatness each Pretender to pursue,
 Would tire, Great Sir, the jaded Muse and you.

The lowest Beau that skips about a Court,
 The Lady's Play-things, and the Footman's Sport;

* This Verse may be filled up with any two Names out of our
 Chronicles, as the Reader shall think fit.

Whose



Whose Head adorn'd with Bag or Tail of Pig,
Serves very well to bear about his Wig; †
Himself the Sign-Post of his Taylor's Trade,
That shews abroad, how well his Cloaths are made;
This little, empty, silly, trifling Toy,
Can from Ambition feel a Kind of Joy;
Can swell, and even aim at looking wise,
And walking Merit from *its* Chair despise.

Who wonders then, if such a Thing as this
At Greatness aims, that none the Aim can miss?
Nor Trade so low, Profession useles, thrives,
Which to its Followers not Greatness gives,
What Quality so mean, what Vice can shame
The base Possessors from the mighty Claim?
To make our Merits little Weight prevail,
We put not Virtue in the other Scale;
Against our Neighbour's Scale our own we press,
And each Man's Great who finds another Less.
In large Dominions some exert their State,
But all Men find a Corner to be Great.
The lowest Lawyer, Parson, Courtier, Squire,
Is somewhere Great, finds some that will admire.

Where shall we say then that true Greatness dwells?
In Palaces of Kings, or Hermits Cells?
Doth the confirm the Minister's Mock-State,
Or bloody on the Victor's Garland wait?

† These Verses attempt (if possible) to imitate the Meanness
of the Creatures they describe.

Warbles,

Warbles, harmonious, she the Poet's Song,
Or, graver, Laws pronounces to the Throng?

To no Profession, Party, Place confin'd,
True Greatness lives but in the noble Mind;
Him constant through each various Scene attends,
Fierce to his Foes, and faithful to his Friends.
In him, in any Sphere of Life she shines,
Whether she blaze a *Headley* 'mid Divines,
Or, an *Argyle*, in Fields and Senates dare,
Supreme in all the Arts of Peace and War.
Greatness with Learning deck'd in *Carteret* see,
With Justice, and with Clemency in *Lee*;
In *Chesterfield* to ripe Perfection come,
See it in *Littleton* beyond its Bloom.

Lives there a Man, by Nature form'd to please,
To think with Dignity, express with Ease;
Upright in Principle, in Council strong,
Prone not to change, nor obstinate too long:
Whose Soul is with such various Talents blest'd,
What he now does seems to become him best;
Whether the Cabinet demands his Pow'rs,
Or gay Addresses sooth his vacant Hours,
Or when from graver Talks his Mind unbends,
To charm with Wit the Muses or his Friends.
His Friends! who in his Favour claim no Place,
From Titles, Pimping, Flattery or Lace,
To whose blest Lot superior Portions fall,
To most of Fortune, and of Taste to all,

Aw'd



Aw'd not by Fear, by Prejudice not sway'd,
 By Fashion led not, nor by Whim betray'd,
 By Candour only bias'd, who shall dare
 To view and judge and speak Men as they are.
 In him, (if such there be) is Greatness shewn,
 Nor can he be to *Dodgton* unknown.



O F

O F

GOOD-NATURE.

To his GRACE the

DUKE of *RICHMOND*.

WHAT is Good-nature? Gen'rous *Rich-*
mond, tell;
 He can declare it best, who best can feel.
 Is it a foolish Weakness in the Breast,
 As some who know, or have it not, contest?
 Or is it rather not the mighty whole
 Full Composition of a virtuous Soul?
 'Is it not Virtue's Self? A Flow'r so fine,
 It only grows in Soils almost divine.

Some Virtues flourish, like some Plants, less nice,
 And in one Nature blossom out with Vice.
 Knaves may be valiant, Villains may be Friends;
 And Love in Minds depriv'd effect its Ends.
 Good-nature, like the delicatest Seeds,
 Or dies itself, or else extirpates Weeds.

Yet in itself howe'er unmix'd and pure,
 No Virtue from Mistakes is less secure.

1

Good-

Good-nature often we thofe Actions name,
Which flow from Friendfhip, or a fofter Flame.
Pride may the Friend to nobleft Efforts thruft,
Or Salvages grow gentle out of Luft.
The meanest Paſſion may this beſt appear,
And Men may ſeem good-natur'd, from their Fear.

What by this Name, then, ſhall be underſtood?
What? but the glorious Luſt of doing Good?
The Heart that finds it Happineſs to pleaſe,
Can feel another's Pain, and taſte his Eaſe.
The Check that with another's Joy can glow,
Turn pale, and ficken with another's Woe;
Free from Contempt and Envy, he who deems
Juſtly of Life's two oppoſite Extremes.
Who to make all and each Man truly bleſt,
Doth all he can, and wiſhes all the reſt?

Tho' few have Pow'r their Wiſhes to fulfil,
Yet all Men may do Good, at leaſt in Will.
Tho' few, with you or *Mariborough* can ſave
From Poverty, from Priſons, and the Grave;
Yet to each Individual Heav'n affords
The Pow'r to bleſs in Wiſhes, and in Words.

Happy the Man with Paſſions bleſt like you,
Who to be ill, his Nature muſt ſubdue.
Whom Fortune fav'ring, was no longer blind,
Whoſe Riches are the Treasures of Mankind.
O! nobler in thy Virtues than thy Blood,
Above thy higheſt Titles place THE GOOD.

High

High on Life's Summit rais'd, you little know
The Ills which blacken all the Vales below;
Where Induſtry toils for Support in vain,
And Virtue to Diſtreſs ſtill joins Diſdain.
Sweltring with Wealth, where Men unmov'd can
hear

The Orphans ſigh, and ſee the Widow's Tear:
Where gripping Av'rice flights the Debtor's Pray'r,
And Wretches wanting Bread deprives of Air.

Muſt it not wond'rous ſeem to Hearts like thine,
That God, to other Animals benign,
Shou'd unprovided Man alone create,
And ſend him hither but to curſe his Fate!
Is this the Being for whoſe Uſe the Earth
Sprung out of nougth, and Animals had Birth?
This he, whoſe bold Imagination dares
Converſe with Heav'n, and ſoar beyond the Stars?
Poor Reptile! wretched in an Angel's Form,
And wanting that which Nature gives the Worm.

Far other Views our kind Creator knew,
When Man the Image of himſelf he drew.

So full the Stream of Nature's Bounty flows,
Man feels no Ill, but what to Man he owes.
The Earth abundant furniſhes a Store,
To ſate the Rich, and ſatisfy the Poor.
Theſe wou'd not want, if thoſe did never hard;
Enough for *Irus* falls from *Dives*' Board.

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B

And



And dost thou, common Son of Nature, dare
 From thy own Brother to with-hold his Share?
 To Vanity, pale Idol, offer up
 The shining Dish, and empty golden Cup!
 Or else in Caverns hide thy precious Ore,
 And to the Bowels of the Earth restore }
 What for our Use the yielded up before?
 Behold, and take Example, how the Steed
 Attempts not, selfish, to engross the Mead.
 See how the lowing Herd, and bleating Flock,
 Promiscuous graze the Valley, or the Rock;
 Each tastes his Share of Nature's gen'ral Good,
 Nor strives from others to with-hold their Food.
 But say, O Man! wou'd it not strange appear
 To see some Beast (perhaps the meanest there)
 To his Repast the sweetest Pastures chuse,
 And ev'n the fourest to the rest refuse.
 Wou'dst thou not view, with scornful wond'ring Eye,
 The poor, contented, starving Herd stand by?
 All to one Beast a servile Homage pay,
 And, boasting, think it Honour to obey.

Who wonders that Good-nature in so few,
 Can Anger, Lust, or Avarice subdue?
 When the cheap Gift of Fame our Tongues deny,
 And risque our own, to poison with a Lie.

Dwells there a base Malignity in Men,
 That 'scapes the Tiger's Cave, or Lion's Den?

Dwells

Does our Fear dread, or does our Envy hate
 To see another happy, good, or great?
 Or does the Gift of Fame, like Money, seem?
 Think we, we lose, whene'er we give Eitcem?

Oh! great Humanity, whose Beams benign,
 Like the Sun's Rays, on just and unjust shine;
 Who turning the Perspective friendly still,
 Dost magnify all Good, and lessen Ill;
 Whose Eye, while small Perfections it commends,
 Not to what's better, but what's worse attends:
 Who, when at Court it spies some well-shap'd Fair,
 Searches not through the Rooms for *Shaff'berry's* Air;
 Nor when *Clarinda's* Lillies are confess'd,
 Looks for the Snow that whitens *Richmond's* Breast.
 Another's Sense and Goodness when I name,
 Why wou'dst thou lessen them with *Mountford's*
 Fame?
 Content, what Nature lavishes admire,
 Nor what is wanting in each Piece require.
 Where much is Right, some Blemishes afford,
 Nor look for *Cb*———*d* in ev'ry Lord.

B 2

L I-



LIBERTY.

TO

GEORGE LYTTLETON, *Esq;*

TO *Lyttleton* the Muse this Off'ring pays ;
 Who sings of Liberty, must sing his Praise.
 This Man, ye grateful *Britons*, all revere ;
 Here raise your Altars, bring your Incense here.
 To him the Praise, the Blessings which ye owe,
 More than their Sires your grateful Sons shall know.
 O! for thy Country's Good and Glory born !
 Whom Nature vy'd with Fortune to adorn !
 Brave, tho' no Soldier ; without Titles, great ;
 Fear'd, without Pow'r ; and envy'd, without State.
 Accept the Muse whom Truth inspires to sing,
 Who soars, tho' weakly, on an honest Wing.

See Liberty, bright Goddess, comes along,
 Rais'd at thy Name, she animates the Song.
 Thy Name, which *Lacedemon* had approv'd,
Rome had ador'd, and *Brutus* Self had lov'd.

Come,

Come, then, bright Maid, my glowing Breast
 inspire ;
 Breathe in my Lines, and kindle all thy Fire.

Behold, she cries, the Groves, the Woods, the
 Plains,
 Where Nature dictates, see how Freedom reigns ;
 The Herd, promiscuous, o'er the Mountain strays ;
 Nor begs this Beast the other's Leave to graze.
 Each freely dares his Appetite to treat,
 Nor fears the Steed to neigh, the Flock to bleat.

Did God, who Freedom to these Creatures gave,
 Form his own Image, Man, to be a Slave ?

But Men, it seems, to Laws of Compact yield ;
 While Nature only governs in the Field.
 Curse on all Laws which Liberty subdue,
 And make the Many wretched for the Few.

However deaf to Shame, to Reason blind,
 Men dare assert all Follies of Mankind ;
 The Publick never were, when free, such Elves
 To covert Laws pernicious to themselves.
 Presumptuous Pow'r assumes the publick Voice,
 And what it makes our Fate, pretends our Choice.

To whom did Pow'r original belong ?
 Was it not first extorted by the Strong ?
 And thus began, where it will end, in Wrong.

B 3

These



The southern Skies, without thee, to no End
In the cool Breeze, or genial Show'rs descend :
Possess'd of thee, the *Vandal*, and the *Han*,
Enjoy their Frost, nor mourn the distant Sun.

As Poets *Samos*, and the *Cyprian* Grove,
Once gave to *Juno*, and the Queen of Love ;
Be thine *Britannia* : ever friendly smile,
And fix thy Seat eternal in this Isle.
Thy sacred Name no *Romans* now adore,
And *Greece* attends thy glorious Call no more.
To thy *Britannia*, then, thy Fire transfer,
Give all thy Virtue, all thy Force to her ;
Revolve, attentive, all her Annals o'er,
See how her Sons have lov'd thee heretofore.
While the base Sword oppress'd *Iberia* draws,
And slavish *Gauls* dare fight against thy Cause,
See *Britain's* Youth rush forth, at thy Command,
And fix thy Standard in the hostile Land.
With noble Scorn they view the crowded Field,
And force unequal Multitudes to yield.
So Wolves large Flocks, so Lions Herds survey,
Not Foes more num'rous, but a richer Prey,
O ! teach us to withstand, as they withstood,
Nor lose the Purchase of our Father's Blood.
Ne'er blush that Sun that saw in *Blenheim's* Plain
Streams of our Blood, and Mountains of our Slain ;
Or that of old beheld all *France* to yield
In *Agin-court* or *Cressy's* glorious Field ;

Where

Where Freedom *Churcbill*, *Henry*, *Edward* gave,
Ne'er blush that Sun to see a *British* Slave.

As Industry might from the Bee be taught,
So might Oppression from the Hive be brought :
Behold the little Race laborious fray,
And from each Flow'r the hard-wrought Sweets
convey,

That in warm Ease in Winter they may dwell,
And each enjoy the Riches of its Cell.
Behold th' excising Pow'r of Man despoil
These little Wretches of their Care and Toil.
Death's the Reward of all their Labour lost,
Careful in vain, and provident to their Cost.

But thou, great Liberty, keep *Britain* free,
Nor let Men use us as we use the Bee.
Let not base Drones upon our Honey thrive,
And suffocate the Maker in his Hive.



T O

TO A
F R I E N D
ON THE
CHOICE of a WIFE.

THIS hard (Experience long so taught the wife)
Not to provoke the Person we advise.
Counsel, tho' ask'd, may very oft offend,
When it insults th' Opinion of my Friend.
Men frequent with another's Judgment known,
Not to destroy, but to confirm their own.
With feign'd Suspence for our Advice they sue,
On what they've done, or are resolv'd to do.
The favour'd Scheme should we by Chance oppose,
Henceforth they see us in the Light of Foes.
For could Mankind th' Advice they ask receive,
Most to themselves might wholesome Counsel give.
Men in the beaten Track of Life's Highway,
Offer through Passion than through Error stray, }
Want less Advice than Firmness to obey.

Nor can Advice an equal Hazard prove
To what is given in the Cause of Love ;

None

None ask it here 'till melting in the Flame.
If we oppose the now victorious Dame,
You think her Enemy and yours the same. }

But yet, tho' hard, tho' dangerous the Task,
Fidus must grant, if his *Alexis* ask.
Take then the friendly Councils of the Muse ;
Happy, if what you've chosen she should chuse.

The Question's worthy some diviner Voice,
How to direct a Wife's important Choice.
In other Aims if we should mis the White,
Reason corrects, and turns us to the Right :
But here, a Doom irrevocable's past,
And the first fatal Error proves the last.
Ralls were it then, and desperate, to run
With Haste to do what cannot be undone.
Whence come the Woes which we in Marriage find,
But from a Choice too negligent, too blind ?

Marriage, by Heav'n ordain'd is understood,
And bounteous Heav'n ordain'd but what is good.
To our Destruction we its Bounties turn,
In Flames, by Heav'n to warm us meant, we burn.
What draws Youth heedless to the fatal Gin ?
Features well form'd, or a well polish'd Skin.
What can in riper Minds a Wish create ?
Wealth, or Alliance with the Rich and Great :
Who to himself, now in his Courtship, says,
I chuse a Partner of my future Days ;

Her



Her Face, or Pocket seen, her Mind they trust;
They wed to lay the Fiends of Avarice or Lust.

But thou, whose honest Thoughts the Choice intend
Of a Companion, and a softer Friend;
A tender Heart, which while thy Soul it shares,
Augments thy Joys, and lessens all thy Cares.
One, who by thee while tenderly carest,
Shall steal that God-like Transport to thy Breast,
The Joy to find you make another blest. }
Thee in thy Choice let other Maxims move,
They wed for baser Passions; thou for Love.

Of Beauty's subtle Poison well beware;
Our Hearts are taken e'er they dread the Snare:
Our Eyes, soon dazzled by that Glare, grow blind,
And see no Imperfections in the Mind.
Of this appriz'd, the Sex, with nicest Art,
Insidiously adorn the outward Part.
But Beauty, to a Mind depriv'd and ill,
Is a thin Gilding to a nauseous Pill;
A cheating Promise of a short-liv'd Joy,
Time must this Idol, Chance may soon destroy.
See *Leda*, once the Circle's proudest Boast,
Of the whole Town the universal Toast;
By Children, Age, and Sickness, now decay'd,
What Marks remain of the triumphant Maid?
Beauties which Nature and which Art produce,
Are form'd to please the Eye, no other Use.

The

The Husband, sated by Possession grown,
Or indolent to flatter what's his own;
With eager Rivals keeps unequal Pace:
But oh! no Rival flatters like her Glas.
There still she's sure a thousand Charms to see,
A thousand Times the more admires than he:
Then soon his Dulness learns she to despise,
And thinks she's thrown away too rich a Prize.
To please her, try his little Arts in vain;
His very Hopes to please her move Dissain.
The Man of Sense, the Husband, and the Friend,
Cannot with Fools and Coxcombs contend
To such vile Terms of tributary Praise,
As Tyrants scarce on conquer'd Countries raise.
Beauties think Heav'n they in themselves bestow,
All we return is Gratitude too low.
A gen'ral Beauty wisely then thou shun;
But from a Wit, as a Contagion, run.
Beauties with Praise if difficult to fill,
To praise a Wit enough, is harder still.
Here with a thousand Rivals you'll contest;
He most succeeds, who most approves the Jest.
Ill-nature too with Wit's too often join'd;
Too firm Associates in the human Mind.
Oft may the former for the latter go,
And for a Wit we may mistake a Shrew.
How seldom burns this Fire, like *Sappho's*, bright?
How seldom gives an innocent Delight?
Flavia's a Wit at Modesty's Expence;
Iris to Laughter sacrifices Sense.

Hard



Hard Labour undergo poor *Delia's* Brains,
 While ev'ry Joke some Myſtery contains;
 No Problem is diſcuſ'd with greater Pains.
 Not *Lais* more reſolv'd, through thick and thin,
 Will plunge to meet her ever-darling Sin,
 Than *Myrrha*, through Ingratitude and Shame,
 To raiſe the Laugh, or get a witty Fame.
 No Friendſhip is ſecure from *Myrrha's* Blows;
 For Wits, like Gameſters, hurt both Friends and Foes.
 Beſides, where'er theſe ſhining Flowers appear,
 Too nice the Soil more uſeful Plants to bear;
 Her Houſe, her Perſon, are below her Care.
 In a domeſtick Sphere the ſorns to move,
 And ſcarce accepts the vulgar Joys of Love.
 But while your Heart to Wit's Attacks is cool,
 Let it not give Admiſſion to a Fool.
 He who can Folly in a Wife commend,
 Propoſes her a Servant, not a Friend.
 Thou too, whoſe Mind is generous and brave,
 Wouldſt not become her Maſter, but her Slave;
 For Fools are obſtinate, Advice reſuſe,
 And yield to none but Arts you'd ſcorn to uſe.
 When Paſſion grows, by long Poſſeſſion, dull,
 The ſleepy Flame her Folly ſoon muſt lull;
 Tho' now, perhaps, thoſe childiſh Airs you prize,
 Lovers and Huſbands ſee with diſſ'rent Eyes.
 A riſing Paſſion will new Charms create;
 A falling ſecks new Cauſes for its Hate.
 Wiſely the Bee, while teeming Summer blooms,
 Thinks of the Death which with cold Winter glooms,
 So

So thou ſhould'ſt, in thy Love's ſerener Time,
 When Paſſion reigns, and *Flora's* in her Prime,
 Think of that Winter which muſt ſure enſue,
 When the ſhall have no Charms, no Fondneſs you.
 How then ſhall Friendſhip to fond Love ſucceed?
 What Charms ſhall ſerve her then in Beauty's Peak?
 What then ſhall bid the Paſſion change, not cool?
 No Charm's in the Poſſeſſion of a Fool.
 Next for the all-attracting Power of Gold,
 That as a Thing indifferent you hold,
 I know thy am'rous Heart, whoſe honeſt Pride
 Is ſtill to be on the obliging Side,
 Would wiſh the Fair One, who your Soul allures,
 Enjoy'd a Fortune rather leſs than yours.
 Thoſe whom the dazzling Glare of Fortune ſtrikes,
 Whom Gold allures to what the Soul diſlikes;
 If counterfeit Affection they ſupport,
 Strict Penance do, and golden Fetters court.
 But if ungrateful for the Boon they grow,
 And pay the bounteous Female back with Woe,
 Theſe are the worſt of Robbers in their Will,
 Whom Laws prevent from doing leſſer Ills.

Many who Profit in a Match intend,
 Find themſelves clearly Loſers in the End.
Fulvius, who baſely from *Meliſſa* broke,
 With richer *Celſe* to ſuſtain the Yoke,
 Sees, in her vaſt Expence, his Crimes repaid,
 And oft laments the poor forſaken Maid.
 And ſay, What Soul, that's not to Slav'ry born,
 Can bear the Taunts, th' Upbraids, and the Scorn,
 Which



Which Women with their Fortunes oft bestow?
Worse Torments far than Poverty can know.

Happy *Alexis*, sprung from such a Race,
Whose Blood would no Nobility disgrace.
But O prefer some tender of a Flock,
Who scarce can graft one Parson on her Stock.
To a fair Branch of *Churchill's* Noble Line,
If Thou must often hear it match'd with thine.
Hence should, I say, by her big Taunts compell'd,
With *Tallard* taken, *Villars* forc'd to yield,
And all the Glories of great *Blenheim's* Field,
While thus secure from what too frequent charms,
Small Force against the rest your Bosom arms.
Ill-nature, Pride, or a malicious Spleen,
To be abhorr'd, need only to be seen;
But to discover 'em may ask some Art:
Women to Lovers seldom Faults impart.
She's more than Woman, who can still conceal
Faults from a Lover, who will watch her well.
The Dams of Art may Nature's Stream oppose,
It swells at last, and in a Torrent flows.
But Men, too partial, think, when they behold
A Mistress rude, vain, obstinate, or bold,
That she to others who a Dæmon proves,
May be an Angel to the Man she loves.
Mistaken Hope, that can expect to find
Pride ever humble, or Ill-nature kind.
No, rest assur'd, the Ill which now you see
Her act to others, she will act to thee.

Shun

Shun then the Serpent, when the Sting appears,
Nor think a hurtful Nature ever spares.
Two Sorts of Women never should be woo'd,
The wild Coquette, and the censorious Prude:
From Love both chiefly seek to feed their Pride,
Those to affect it strive, and these to hide.
Each gay Coquette would be admir'd alone
By all, each Prude be thought to value none
Flareta so weak Vanities enthral,
She'd leave her eager Bridegroom for a Ball.
Chloe, the darling Trifle of the Town,
Had ne'er been won but by her Wedding Gown;
While in her fond *Myrtillo's* Arms care's'd,
She doats on that, and wishes to be dress'd.
Like some poor Bird, just pent within the Cage,
Whose rambling Heart in vain you would engage,
Cold to your Fondness, it laments its Chain,
And wanton longs to range the Fields again.
But Prudes, whose Thoughts superior Themes employ,
Scorn the dull Transports of a carnal Joy:
With screw'd-up Face, confess they suffer Raptures,
And marry only to obey the Scriptures.
But if her Constitution take the Part
Of honest Nature 'gainst the Wiles of Art;
If she gives loose to Love, she loves indeed;
Then endless Fears and Jealousies succeed.
If Fondness e'er abate, you're weary grown,
And doat on some lewd Creature of the Town.
If any Beauty to a Visit come,
Why can't these gadding Wretches stay at Home?

Vol. I

C

They



They think each Compliment conveys a Flame,
 You cannot both be civil to the same.
 Of all the Plagues with which a Husband's curst,
 A jealous Prude's, my Friend, sure knows the worst.

Some sterner Foes to Marriage bold aver,
 That in this Choice a Man must surely err:
 Nor can I to this Lottery advise,
 A thousand Blanks appearing to a Prize.
 Women by Nature form'd too prone to Ill,
 By Education are made prouer still,
 To cheat, deceive, conceal each genuine Thought,
 By Mothers, and by Mistresses are taught.
 The Face and Shape are first the Mother's Care;
 The Dancing-Master next improves the Air;
 To these Perfections add a Voice most sweet;
 The stull'd Musician makes the Nymph compleat.
 Thus with a Person well equipp'd, her Mind
 Left, as when first created, rude and blind. }
 She's sent to make her Conquests on Mankind.
 But first inform'd the studied Glance to aim,
 Where Riches shew the profitable Game:
 How with unequal Smiles the Jest to take,
 When Princes, Lords, or Squires, or Captains speak;
 These Lovers careful shun, and those create;
 And Merit only see in an Estate.
 But tho' too many of this Sort we find,
 Some there are surely of a nobler Kind.
 Nor can your Judgment want a Rule to chuse,
 If by these Maxims guided you refuse.
 His Wishes then give *Fidus* to declare,
 And paint the chief Perfections of the Fair.

May

May the then prove, who shall thy Lot befall,
 Beateous to thee, agreeable to all.
 Nor Wit, nor Learning proudly may she boast;
 No low-bred Girl, nor gay fantastic Toast:
 Her tender Soul, Good-nature must adorn,
 And Vice and Meanness be alone her Scorn.
 Fond of thy Person, may her Bosom glow
 With Passions thou hast taught her first to know.
 A warm Partaker of the genial Bed,
 Thither by Fondness, not by Lewdness led.
 Superior Judgment may she own thy Lot;
 Humbly advise, but contradict thee not.
 Thine to all other Company prefer;
 May all thy Troubles find Relief from her.
 If Fortune gives thee such a Wife to meet,
 Earth cannot make thy Blessing more complete.



C 2

T 0



T O

JOHN HAYES, Esq;

THAT *Varius* huffs, and fights it out to Day,
 Who ran last Week so cowardly away,
 In *Cadmus* may surprize the little Skil,
 Who nothing knows of Humankind, but Ill:
 Confining all his Knowledge, and his Art,
 To this, that each Man is corrupt at Heart.

But thou who Nature thro' each Maze canst trace,
 Who in her Closet forcest her Embrace;
 Canst with thy *Horace* see the human Elves
 Not differ more from others than themselves:
 Canst see one Man at several Times appear,
 Now gay, now grave, now candid, now severe;
 Now save his Friends, now leave 'em in the Lurch;
 Now rant in Brothels, and now cant in Church.

Yet farther with the Muse pursue the Theme,
 And see how various Men at once will seem;
 How Passions blended on each other fix,
 How Vice with Virtues, Faults with Graces mix;

H O W

How Passions opposite, as four to sweet,
 Shall in one Bosom at one Moment meet.
 With various Luck for Victory contend,
 And now shall carry, and now lose their End.
 The rotten Beau, while finet along the Room,
 Divides your Nose 'twixt Stenches and Perfume:
 So Vice and Virtue lay such equal Claim,
 Your Judgment knows not when to praise or blame.
 Had Nature Actions to one Source confin'd,
 Ev'n blund'ring *Cadmus* might have known Mankind.
 But as the diff'ring Colours blended lie
 When *Titian* variegates his clouded Sky;
 Where White and Black, the Yellow and the Green,
 Unite, and undistinguish'd form the Scene.
 So the Great Artist diff'ring Passions joins,
 And Love with Hatred, Fear with Rage combines.

Nor Nature this Confusion makes alone,
 She gives us often Half, and Half's our own.

Men what they are not struggle to appear,
 And Nature strives to shew them as they are;
 While Art, repugnant thus to Nature, fights,
 The various Man appears in different Lights.
 The Sage or Heroe on the Stage may shew
 Behind the Scenes the Blockhead or the Beau.
 For tho' with *Quin's*, or *Garrick's* matchless Art,
 He acts, my Friend, he only acts a Part:
 For *Quin* himself, in a few Moments more,
 Is *Quin* again, who *Cato* was before.
 Thus while the Courtier acts the Patriot's Part,
 This guides his Face and Tongue, and that his Heart.

C 3

Abroad



Abroad the Patriot shines with artful Mien,
The naked Courtier glares behind the Scene.
What Wonder then to Morrow if he grow
A Courtier good, who is a Patriot now.

A
DESCRIPTION

OF

U-----G-----, (alias *New Hog's*
Norton) in *Com. Hants.*

Written to a young Lady in the Year 1728.

TO *Rosalinda*, now from Town retir'd,
Where noblest Hearts her brilliant Eyes have
fir'd;

Whom Nightingales in fav'rite Bow'r's delight,
Where sweetest Flow'rs perfume the fragrant Night;
Where Music's Charms enchant the fleeting Hours,
And Wit transports with all *Thalia's* Pow'rs;
Alexis sends: Whom his hard Fates remove
From the dear Scenes of Poetry and Love,
To barren Climates, less frequented Plains,
Unpolish'd Nymphs, and more unpolish'd Swains.

I

In

In such a Place how can *Alexis* sing?
An Air ne'er beaten by the Muse's Wing!
In such a Place what Subject can appear?
What not unworthy *Rosalinda's* Ear?
Yet if a Charm in Novelty there be,
Sure it will plead to *Rosalini* for me;
Whom Courts or Cities nought unknown can shew,
Still U-----G----- presents a Prospect new.

As the dawb'd Scene, that on the Stage is shewn,
Where this Side Canvas is, and that a Town;
Or as that Lace which *Paxton* Half Lace calls,
That decks some Beau Apprentice out for Balls;
Such our Half House erects its mimic Head,
This Side an House presents, and that a Shed.
Nor doth the inward Furniture excel,
Nor yields it to the Beauty of the Shell:
Here *Roman* Triumphs plac'd with awkward Art,
A Cart its Horses draws, an Elephant the Cart.
On the House-Side a Garden may be seen,
Which Docks and Nettles keep for ever green.
Weeds on the Ground, instead of Flow'rs, we see,
And Snails alone adorn the barren Tree.
Happy for us, had *Eve's* this Garden been;
She'd found no Fruit, and therefore known no Sin.
Nor meaner Ornament the Shed-Side decks,
With Hay-Stacks, Faggot Piles, and Bottle-Ricks;
The Horses Stalls, the Coach a Barn contains;
For purling Streams, we've Puddles fill'd with Rains.
What can our Orchard without Trees surpass?
What, but our dusty Meadow without Grass?

C 4

I've



I've thought (so strong with me Burlesque prevails,
 This Place design'd to ridicule *Verfaillies*;
 Or meant, like that, Art's utmost Pow'r to shew,
 That tells how high it reaches, this how low.
 Our Conversation does our Palace fit,
 We've ev'ry Thing but Humour, except Wit.

O then, when tir'd with laughing at his Strains,
 Give one dear Sigh to poor *Alexis'* Pains;
 Whose Heart this Scene wou'd certainly subdue,
 But for the Thoughts of happier Days, and You;
 With whom one happy Hour makes large Amends
 For ev'ry Care his other Hours attends.



T O

T O T H E

R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*,
 (Now Earl of *ORFORD*)

Written in the YEAR 1730.

S I R,

W H I L E at the Helm of State you ride,
 Our Nation's Envy, and its Pride;
 While foreign Courts with Wonder gaze,
 And curse those Councils which they praise;
 Would you not wonder, Sir, to view
 Your Bard a greater Man than you?
 Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
 When you have read the Sequel out.

You know, great Sir, that ancient Fellows,
 Philosophers, and such Folks, tell us,
 No great Analogy between
 Greatness and Happiness is seen.
 If then, as it might follow strait,
 Wretched to be, is to be great.
 Forbid it, Gods, that you should try
 What 'tis to be so great as I.

The

The Family that dines the latest,
Is in our Street esteem'd the greatest;
But latest Hours must surely fall
Before him who ne'er dines at all.

Your Taste in Architect, you know,
Hath been admir'd by Friend and Foe;
But can your earthly Domes compare
To all my Castles——in the Air?

We're often taught it doth behove us
To think those greater who're above us.
Another Instance of my Glory,
Who live above you twice two Story,
And from my Garret can look down
On the whole Street of *Arlington*.*

Greatness by Poets still is painted
With many Followers acquainted,
This too doth in my Favour speak,
Your *Levé* is but twice a Week;
From mine I can exclude but one Day,
My Door is quiet on a *Sunday*.

Nor in the Manner of Attendance
Doth your great Bard claim less Attendance
Familiar you to Admiration,
May be approach'd by all the Nation:

* Where the present Lord *Oxford* then lived.

While

While I, like the Mogul in *India*,
Am never seen but at my Window.
If with my Greatness you're offended,
The Fault is easily amended.
For I'll come down, with word'rous Ease,
Into whatever Place you please.

I'm not ambitious; little Matters
Will serve us great, but humble Creatures.
Suppose a Secretary o' this Isle,
Just to be doing with a While;
Admiral, Gen'ral, Judge or Bishop;
Or I can foreign Treaties dish up;
If the good Genius of the Nation
Should call me to Negotiation;
Tuscan and *French* are in my Head;
Latin I write, and *Greek* I——read.

If you should ask, what pleases best?
To get the most, and do the least,
What fittest for?——you know, I'm sure,
I'm fittest for a——*Sincere*.

T O



To the same. Anno 1731.

GREAT Sir, as on each Levée Day
I still attend you---still you say
I'm busy now, To-morrow come;
To-morrow, Sir, you're not at Home,
So says your Porter, and dare I
Give such a Man as him the Lie.

In Imitation, Sir, of you,
I keep a mighty Levée too;
Where my Attendants, to their Sorrow,
Are bid to come again To-morrow.
To-morrow they return, no doubt,
And then like you, Sir, I'm gone out.
So says my Maid---but they, less civil,
Give Maid and Master to the Devil;
And then with Menaces depart,
Which could you hear would pierce your Heart.

Good Sir, or make my Levée fly me,
Or lend your Porter to deny me.

Written

Written *Extempore*, on a Half-penny,
which a young Lady gave a Beggar,
and the Author redeem'd for Half
a Crown.

DEAR little, pretty, fav'rite Ore,
That once increas'd *Gloriana's* Store;
That lay within her Bofom blest,
Gods might have envy'd thee thy Nest.
I've read, imperial *Jove* of old,
For Love transform'd himself to Gold:
And why, for a more lovely Lass,
May he not now have lurk'd in Bras?
Oh! rather than from her he'd part,
He'd shut that charitable Heart,
That Heart whose Goodness nothing less
Than his vast Pow'r, cou'd dispossefs.

From *Gloriana's* gentle Touch
Thy mighty Value now is such,
That thou to me art worth alone
More than his Medals are to *Sloan*.

Not for the Silver and the Gold
Which *Corimb* lost shouldst thou be sold:
Not for the envy'd mighty Maif
Which Misers with, or *M*---*b* has:

Not



[46]

Not for what *India* sends to *Spain*,
Nor all the Riches of the Main.

While I possess thy little Store,
Let no Man call, or think me poor:
Thee, while alive, my Breast shall have,
My Hand shall grasp thee in the Grave;
Nor shalt thou be to *Peter* giv'n,
* Tho' he should keep me out of Heav'n.

* In Allusion to the Custom of *Peter-Pence*, used by the
Roman Catholics.

THE
B E G G A R .
A
S O N G .
I.

WHILE cruel to your wishing Slave,
You still refuse the Boon I crave,
Confess, what Joy that precious Pearl
Conveys to thee, my lovely Girl?

II.
Dost thou not act the Miser's Part,
Who with an aking, lab'ring Heart,

Counts

[47]

Counts the dull joyless shining Store,
Which he refuses to the Poor?

III.
Confess then, my too lovely Maid,
Nor blush to see thy Thoughts betray'd;
What, parted with, gives Heav'n to me;
Kept, is but Pain and Grief to thee.

IV.
Be charitable then, and dare
Bestow the Treasure you can spare;
And trust the Joys which you afford
Will to yourself be sure restor'd.

A N
E P I G R A M .

WHEN *JOVE* with fair *Almena* lay,
He kept the Sun a-bed all Day;
That he might taste her wond'rous Charms,
Two Nights together in her Arms.
Were I of *Celia's* Charms possess'd,
Melting on that delicious Breast,
And could, like *JOVE*, thy Beams refrain,
Sun, thou should'st never rise again;
Unfated with the luscious Bliss,
I'd taste one dear eternal Kiss.

T H E

THE
QUESTION.

IN *Celia's* Arms while blest I lay,
My Soul in Bliss dissolv'd away ;
Tell me, the Charmer cry'd, how well
You love your *Celia* ; *Strepson*, tell,
Kissing her glowing burning Cheek,
I'll tell, I cry'd -- but could not speak.
At length my Voice return'd, and she
Again began to question me.
I pull'd her to my Breast again,
And try'd to answer, but in vain :
Short fall'ring Accents from me broke,
And my Voice fail'd before I spoke.
The Charmer pitying my Distress,
Gave me the tenderest Care's,
And sighing cry'd, You need not tell ;
Oh! *Strepson*, Oh! I feel how well.



JOHN

J--N W--TS at a PLAY.

WHILE I Hisses, Groans, and Cat-calls thro' the
Pit,
Deplore the hapless Poet's want of Wit :
J--n W--ts, from Silence bursting in a Rage,
Cry'd, *Men are mad who write in such an Age.*
Not so, reply'd his Friend, a sneering Blade,
The Poet's only dull, the Printer's mad.

T O
C E L I A.

I Hate the Town, and all its Ways ;
Ridotto's, Opera's, and Plays ;
The Ball, the Ring, the Mall, the Court ;
Wherever the Beau-Monde resort ;
Where Beauties lie in Ambush for Folks,
Earl *Straffords*, and the Duke of *Norfolks* ;
All Coffee-Houses, and their Praters ;
All Courts of Justice, and Debaters ;
All Taverns, and the Sots within 'em ;
All Bubbles, and the Rogues that skin 'em.

VOL. I. D I hate

I hate all Critics; may they burn all,
 From *Bentley* to the *Grab-frees Journal*.
 All Barbs, as *Donis* hates a Pun:
 Those who have Wit, and who have none.
 All Nobles, of whatever Station;
 And all the Parsons in the Nation.
 All Quacks and Doctors read in Physick,
 Who kill or cure a Man that is sick.
 All Authors that were ever heard on,
 From *Barcius* up to *Tommy Gordon*;
 Tradesmen with Cringes ever stealing,
 And Merchants, whatso'er they deal in.
 I hate the Blades professing Slaughter,
 More than the Devil Holy Water.
 I hate all Scholars, Beaus, and Squires;
 Pimps, Puppies, Parasites, and Liars.
 All Courtiers, with their Looks so smooth;
 And Players, from *Belone* to *Bosb*.
 I hate the World, cram'd all together,
 From Beggars, up the Lord knows whither.

Ask you then, *Celia*, if there be
 The Thing I love? My Charming, Thee.
 Thee more than Light, than Life adore,
 Thou dearest, sweetest Creature, more
 Than wilkelt Raptures can express;
 Than I can tell, -- or thou canst guess.

Then tho' I bear a gentle Mind,
 Let not my Hatred of Mankind
 Wonder within my *Celia* move,
 Since she possesses all my Love.

1

O N

O N A

L A D Y,

Coquetting with a very filly Fellow.

CORINNA's Judgment do not less admire,
 That she for *Oulus* shews a gen'rous Fire;
Lucretia toying thus had been a Fool,
 But wiser *Helen* might have us'd the Tool.
 Since *Oulus* for one Use alone is fit,
 With Charity judge of *Corinna*'s Wit.

On the Same.

WHILE Men shun *Oulus* as a Fool,
 Dames prize him as a Beau;
 What Judgment form we by this Rule?
 Why this it seems to shew.
 Those apprehend the Beau's a Fool,
 These think the Fool's a Beau.

E P I T A P H

O N

BUTLER's MONUMENT.

WHAT tho' alive neglected and undone,
 O let thy Spirit triumph in this Stone,
 No greater Honour could Men pay thy Parts,
 For when they give a Stone, they give their Hearts.

D 2

A N O T H E R



A N O T H E R.

On a wicked Fellow, who was a great
BLUNDERER.

INTERR'd by Blunder in this sacred Place,
Lies *William's* wicked Heart, and smiling Face.
Full Forty Years on Earth he blunder'd on,
And now the L-*ord* knows whither he is gone.
But if to Heav'n he stole, let no Man wonder,
For if to Hell he'd gone, he'd made no Blunder.

E P I G R A M

On one who invited many Gentlemen to
a small Dinner.

P*PETER* (*lays Pope*) won't poison with his Meat;
'Tis true, for *Peter* gives you nought to eat.



A SAILOR'S

A SAILOR'S

S O N G.

Design'd for the STAGE.

COME, let's aboard, my jolly Blades,
That love a merry Life;
To lazy Souls leave home-bred Trades,
To Hulbands home-bred Strife;
Through *Europe* we will gayly roam,
And leave our Wives and Cares at Home.

With a Fa la, &c.

If any Tradesman broke should be,
Or Gentleman distress'd,
Let him away with us to Sea,
His Fate will be redress'd:
The glorious Thunder of great Guns,
Drowns all the horrid Noise of Duns.

With a Fa la, &c.

And while our Ships we proudly steer
Through all the conquer'd Seas,
We'll shew the World that *Britious* bear
Their Empire where they please:
Where'er our Sails are once unfurl'd,
Our King rules that Part of the World.

With a Fa la, &c.

D 3 The

The *Spaniard* with a solemn Grace

Still marches slowly on,
We'd quickly make him mend his Pace,
Desirous to be gone :

Or if we bend our Course to *France*,
We'll teach Monsieur more brisk to dance.

With a Fa la, &c.

At length, the World subdu'd, again
Our Course we'll homeward bend ;
In Women, and in brisk Champaign,
Our Gains we'll freely spend :
How proud our Mistresses will be
To hug the Men that fought as we.

With a Fa la, &c.

A D V I C E

TO THE

NYPHYS of New S---m.

Written in the Year 1730.

CEASE, vainest Nymphs, with *Celia* to contend,
And let your Envy and your Folly end.

With her Almighty Charms when yours compare,
When your blind Lovers think you half so fair,

Each

Each *Sarum* Ditch, like *Helicon* shall flow,
And *Hornam Hill*, like high *Parnassus*, glow :
The humble *Dazie* trod beneath our Feet,
Shall be like Lillies fair, like Violets sweet ;
Winter's black Nights outline the Summer's Noon,
And *Farching* Candles shall eclipse the Moon :
T-b-l-d shall blaze with Wit, sweet *Pope* be dull,
And *German* Princes vie with the *Mogul*.

Cease then, advis'd, O cease th' unequal War,
'Tis too much Praise to be o'ercome by her.
With the sweet *Nine* to be the *Pierians* strove ;
So poor *Aracine* with *Minerva* wove :
'Till of their Pride just Punishment they share ;
Those fly and chatter, and this hangs in Air.
Unhappy Nymphs ! O may the Powers above,
Those Powers that form'd this second Queen of Love,
Lay all their wrathful Thunderbolts aside,
And rather pity than avenge your Pride ;
Forbid it Heaven, you should bemoan too late
The sad *Pierian's* or *Aracine's* Fate ;
That hid in Leaves, and perch'd upon a Bough,
You should o'erlook those Walks you walk in now ;
The gen'rous Maid's Compassion, others Joke,
Should chatter Scandal which you once have spoke :
Or else in Cobwebs hanging from the Wall,
Should be condemn'd to overlook the Ball :
To see, as now, victorious *Celia* reign,
Admir'd, ador'd by each politer Swain.

D 4

O fl.un



O shun a Fate like this, be timely wife,
And if your Glafs be false, if blind your Eyes,
Believe and own what all Mankind aver,
And pay with them the Tribute due to her.

T O
C E L I A

Occasioned by her apprehending her House
would be broke open, and having an old Fel-
low to guard it, who sat up all Night, with
a Gun without any Ammunition.

CUPID call'd to Account.

LAST Night, as my unwilling Mind
To Rest, dear *Celia*, I resign'd;
For how should I Repose enjoy,
While any Fears your Breast annoy?
Forbid it, Heav'n, that I should be
From any of your Troubles free.
Oh! would kind Fate attend my Pray'r,
Greedy, I'd give you not a Share.

Last Night then, in a wretched taking,
My Spirits togs'd 'twixt Sleep and waking,

I dreamt

I dreamt (ah! what so frequent Themes
As you and *Venus* of my Dreams!)
That she, bright *Glory* of the Sky,
Heard from below her Darling's Cry:
Saw her Cheeks pale, her Bosom heave,
And heard a distant Sound of Thieve.
Not so you look when at the Ball,
Envy'd you shine, outshining all.
Not so at Church, when Priest perplext,
Beholds you, and forgets the Text.

The Goddess frighten'd, to her Throne
Summon'd the little God her Son,
And him in Passion thus bespoke;
"Where, with that cunning Urchin's Look,
"Where from thy Colours hast thou stray'd?
"Unguarded left my darling Maid?
"Left my lov'd Citadel of Beauty,
"With none but *Saucko* upon Duty!
"Did I for this a num'rous Band
"Of Loves send under thy Command!
"Bid thee still have her in thy Sight,
"And guard her Beauties Day and Night!
"Were not th' *Helperian* Gardens taken?
"The hundred Eyes of *Argus* shaken?
"What Dangers will not Men despise,
"To obtain this much superior Prize?
"And didst thou trust what *Jove* hath charm'd,
"To a poor Centinel unarm'd?"

"A Gun



" A Gun indeed the Wretch had got,
 " But neither Powder, Ball, nor Shot.
 " Come tell me, Urchin, tell no Lies;
 " Where was you hid, in *Vince's* Eyes?
 " Did you fair *Bennet's* Breast importune?
 " (I know you dearly love a Fortune.)"
 Poor *Cupid* now began to whine;
 " Mamma, it was no Fault of mine.
 " I in a Dimple lay *perdue*,
 " That little Guard-Room chose by you.
 " A hundred Loves (all arm'd) did grace
 " The Beauties of her Neck and Face;
 " Thence, by a Sigh I dispossest,
 " Was blown to *Harry Fielding's* Breast;
 " Where I was forc'd all Night to stay,
 " Because I could not find my Way.
 " But did Mamma know there what Work
 " I've made, how acted like a Turk;
 " What Pains, what Torment he endures,
 " Which no Physician ever cures,
 " She would forgive." The Goddess smil'd,
 And gently chuck'd her wicked Child,
 Bid him go back, and take more Care,
 And give her Service to the Fair.



To

 To the SAME.

On her wishing to have a LILLIPUTIAN,
to play with.

IS there a Man who would not be,
 My *Celia*, what is priz'd by thee?
 A Monkey Beau, to please thy Sight,
 Would wish to be a Monkey quite.
 Or (couldst thou be delighted so)
 Each Man of Sense would be a Beau.
 Courtiers would quit their faithless Skill,
 To be thy faithful Dog *Agadrille*.
P-l-e-y, who does for Freedom rage,
 Would sing confin'd within thy Cage;
 And *W-l-p-le*, for a tender Pat,
 Would leave his Place to be thy Cat.
 May I, to please my lovely Dame,
 Be five Foot shorter than I am;
 And, to be greater in her Eyes,
 Be sunk to *Lilliputian* Size.
 While on thy Hand I skip the Dance,
 How I'd despise the King of *France*!

That

That Hand! which can bestow a Store
 Richer than the *Peruvian Ore*,
 Richer than *India*, or the *Sea*,
 (That Hand will give yourself away)
 Upon your Lap to lay me down,
 Or hide in Plaitings of your Gown.
 Or on your Shoulder fitting high,
 What Monarch so enthron'd as I?
 Now on the rosy Bud I'd rest,
 Which borrows Sweetness from thy Breast.
 Then when my *Celia* walks abroad,
 I'd be her Pocket's little Load:
 Or sit affride, to frighten People,
 Upon her Hat's new-fashion'd Steeple.
 These for the *Day*; and for the *Night*,
 I'd be a careful, watchful Spright.
 Upon her Pillow fitting still,
 I'd guard her from th' Approach of Ill.
 Thus (for afraid she could not be
 Of such a little Thing as me)
 While I survey her Bosom rise,
 Her lovely Lips, her sleeping Eyes,
 While I survey, what to declare
 Nor Fancy can, nor Words must dare,
 Here would begin my former Pain,
 And wish to be myself again.

SIMILES

SIMILES.

To the SAME.

AS wildest Libertines would rate,
 Compar'd with Pleasure, an Estate;
 Or as his Life a Heroe'd prize,
 When Honour claim'd the Sacrifice;
 Their Souls as strongest Miser's Hold,
 When in the Balance weigh'd with Gold;
 Such, was thy Happiness at Stake,
 My Fortune, Life, and Soul, I'd make.

THE
P R I C E.

To the SAME.

CAN there on Earth, my *Celia*, be,
 A Price I would not pay for thee?
 Yes, one dear precious Tear of thine
 Should not be shed to make thee mine.

HER



HER CHRISTIAN NAME.

To the SAME. A Rebus.

A Very good Fish, very good Way of Selling
 A very bad Thing, with a little bad Spelling,
 Make the Name by the Parson and Godfather giv'n,
 When a Christian was made of an Angel from Heav'n.

To the SAME;

Having blamed Mr. GAY for his Severity on
 her Sex.

LET it not CELIA's gentle Heart perplex,
 That GAY severe hath satyriz'd her Sex:
 Had they, like her, a Tenderness but known,
 Back on himself each pointed Dart had flown.
 But blame thou last, in whole accomplish'd Mind
 The strongest Satire on thy Sex we find.

A N

AN
EPIGRAM.

THAT Kate weds a Fool what Wonder can be,
 Her Husband has married a Fool great as she.

ANOTHER.

MISS Molly lays down as a positive Rule,
 That no one should marry for Love, but a
 Fool:

Exceptions to Rules even Lilly allows;

Moll has sure an Example at Home in her Spouse.



To

To the MASTER of the
SALISBURY ASSEMBLY;
 Occasioned by a Dispute, whether the Company
 should have fresh Candles.

TAKE your Candles away, let your Musick be
 mute,
 My Dancing, however, you shall not dispute;
Jewy's Eyes shall find Light, and I'll find a Flute.

THE
 CAT and FIDDLE.

TO THE
 Favourite CAT of a Fiddling MISER.

THrice happy Cat, if in thy A— House,
 Thou luckily shouldst find a half-starv'd Mouse.
 The Mice, that only for his Musick stay,
 Are Proofs that *Orpheus* did not better play.

Thou

Thou too, if Danger could alarm thy Fears,
 Haft to this *Orpheus* strangely ty'd thy Ears:
 For oh! the fatal Time will come, when he,
 Prudent, will make his Fiddle-strings of thee.

THE Queen of Beauty, t'other Day,
 (As the *Elysian* Journals say)
 To ease herself of all her Cares,
 And better carry on Affairs;
 By Privy-Council mov'd above,
 And *Cupid* Minister of Love,
 To keep the Earth in due Obedience,
 Resolv'd to substitute Vice Regents;
 To Canton out her Subject Lands,
 And give the fairest the Commands.

She spoke, and to the Earth's far Borders
 Young *Cupid* issued out his Orders,
 That every Nymph in its Dimensions
 Should bring or fend up her Pretensions.
 Like Lightning swift the Order flies,
 Or swifter Glance from *Celia's* Eyes:
 Like Wit from sparkling *W—*ley's Tongue,
 Or Harmony from *Pope*, or *Young*.

VOL. I.

E

Why

Why should I sing what Letters came ;
 Who boasts her Face, or who her Frame ?
 From black and brown, and red, and fair,
 With Eyes and Teeth, and Lips and Hair,
 One fifty hidden Charms discovers ;
 A second boasts as many Lovers ;
 This Beauty all Mankind adore ;
 And this all Women envy more.
 This witness, by *Billetdoux*,
 A thousand Praises, and all true ;
 While that by Jewels makes Pretences
 To triumph over Kings and Princes ;
 Bribing the Goddess by that Pelf,
 By which she once was brib'd herself.
 So Borough Towns, Election brought on,
 E'er yet Corruption Bill was thought on,
 Sir Knight, to gain the Voters Favour,
 Boasts of his former good Behaviour ;
 Of Speeches in the Senate made ;
 Love for its Country, and its Trade.
 And, for a Proof of Zeal unshaken,
 Distributes Bribes he once had taken.
 What matters who the Prizes gain,
 In *India*, *Italy*, or *Spain* ;
 Or who requires the brown Commanders
 Of *Holland*, *Germany*, and *Flanders*.
 Thou *Britain*, on thy Labours smile,
 The Queen of Beauty's favour'd Isle ;

Whom

Whom the long since hath priz'd above
 The *Paphian*, or the *Cyprian* Grove.
 And here, who ask the Muse to tell,
 That the Court Lot to *R—cbmond* fell ?
 Or who fo ignorant as wants
 To know that *S—per's* chofe for *Hants*.
Sarum, thy Candidates be nam'd,
Sarum, for Beauties ever fam'd,
 Whose Nymphs excel all Beauty's Flowers,
 As thy high Steeple doth all Towers.
 The Court was plac'd in Manner fitting ;
Venus upon the Bench was fitting ;
Cupid was Secretary made.
 The Cryer an *O Yes* display'd ;
 Like Mortal Cryer's loud Alarum,
 Bring in Petitions from *New Sarum*.
 * When lo, in bright celestial State,
Jove came and thunder'd at the Gate.
 " And can you, Daughter, doubt to whom
 " (He cry'd) belongs the happy Doom,
 " While *C—cks* yet make blefs'd the Earth,
 " *C—cks*, whom long before their Birth,
 " I, by your own Petition mov'd,
 " Decreed to be by all belov'd.

* The middle Part of this Poem (which was writ when the Author was very young) was filled with the Names of several young Ladies, who might perhaps be unceasly at seeing themselves in Print, that Part therefore is left out: the rather, as some Freedoms, tho' gentle ones, were taken with little Feibles in the amiable Sex, whom to assault in Print, is, we conceive, mean in any Man, and scandalous in a Gentleman.



“ *C*—*cks*, to whose celestial Dower
 “ I gave all Beauties in my Power;
 “ To form whose lovely Minds and Faces,
 “ I stripe half Heaven of its Graces.
 “ Oh let them bear an equal Sway,
 “ So shall Mankind well-pleas'd obey.”
 The God thus spoke, the Goddesses bow'd;
 Her rising Blushes frait avow'd
 Her hapless Memory and Shame,
 And *Cupid* glad writ down their Name.



A P A-

A
 P A R O D Y,
 FROM THE
 FIRST ÆNEID.

DIXIT; et avertens Rosâ Cervicæ refulsit,
 Ambrosiæque Comæ divinum Verticè Odorem
 Spiravere: Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
 Et vera Incessu patuit Dea.——

SHE said; and turning shew'd her wrinkled Neck,
 In Scales and Colour like a Roach's Back.
 Forth from her greasy Locks such Odours flow,
 As those who've smelt *Dutch* Coffee-Houses, know.
 To her Mid-Leg her Petticoat was rear'd,
 And the true Slattern in her Dress appear'd.



E 3 A SIMILÈ



A
S I M I L E,

FROM

SILIUS ITALICUS.

AUT ubi Cecropius formidine Nubis aquosæ
Sparfa super Flores examina tollit *Hymettos* ;
Ad dulcis Ceras et odori Corticis Antra,
Mellis Apes gravidæ properant, densoque volatu
Raucum connexæ glomerant ad Limina murmur.

OR when th' *Hymettian* Shepherd, struck with
Fear
Of wat'ry Clouds thick gather'd in the Air,
Collects to waxen Cells the scatter'd Bees
Home from the sweetest Flowers, and verdant Trees;
Loaded with Honey to the Hive they fly,
And humming Murmurs buzz along the Sky.

T O

TO
E U T H A L I A.

Written in the Year 1728.

BUrning with Love, tormented with Despair,
Unable to forget or ease his Care ;
In vain each practis'd Art *Alexis* tries ;
In vain to Books, to Wine or Women flies ;
Each brings *Euthalia's* Image to his Eyes. }
In *Lock's* or *Newton's* Page her Learning glows ;
Dryden the Sweetness of her Numbers shews ;
In all their various Excellence I find
The various Beauties of her perfect Mind.
How vain in Wine a short Relief I boast !
Each sparkling Glass recalls my charming Toast.
To Women then successless I repair,
Engage the Young, the Witty, and the Fair.
When *Sappho's* Wit each envious Breast alarms,
And *Rosalinda* looks ten thousand Charms ;
In vain to them my restless Thoughts would run ;
Like fairest Stars, they show the absent Sun.

E 4

J U V E S.

JUVENALIS
SATYRA
SEXTA.

CRedo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris, vitamque diu; cùm frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque, Laremque,
Et pecus, & dominis communi clauderet umbrâ:
Silvestrem montana torum cùm stereret uxor
Froncibus & culmo, vicinarumque ferarum

NOTÆ.

Saturnus Rex. Aureo scilicet sæculo; quod viguisse Saturno, Cæli et Vesta filio, in Latio regnante a Poetis fingitur. Regem hunc eleganter fatis Poeta proferit, cum de moribus in Latio mutatis agit.

Vicinarumque. Contubernialium. Vel forsan non longe petitarum sicut nunc; et exprobrare vult sui Temporis Romanis, qui ex longinquo, mollietiei vel odoris causâ, Ferarum pelles maximo cùm pretio comparabant.

Pellibus :

PART OF
Juvenal's Sixth SATIRE,
MODERNIZED IN
BURLESQUE VERSE.

DAME *Chastity*, without Dispute,
Dwelt on the Earth with good King *Brute*;
When a cold Hut of modern *Greenland*
Had been a Palace for a Queen *Anne*;
When hard and frugal Temp'rance reign'd,
And Men no other House contain'd
Than the wild Thicket, or the Den;
When Household Goods, and Beasts, and Men,
Together lay beneath one Bough,
Which Man and Wife would scarce do now;
The Rustick Wife her Husband's Bed
With Leaves and Straw, and Beast-Skin made.

NOTES.

King Brute. The *Roman* Poet mentions *Saturn*, who was the first King of *Italy*; we have therefore rendered *Brute* the oldest to be found in our Chronicles, and whose History is as fabulous as that of his *Latin* Brother.

Not

Pellibus, haud similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cuius
 Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos ;
 Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis,
 Et sepe horridior glandem ructante marito.
 Quippe aliger tunc orbe novo, caeloque recenti
 Vivebant homines ; qui rupto robore nati,
 Compositique luto sullos habnere parentes.
 Multa pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan,

NOTE.

Haec fabula, &c. Cynthia Propertii, Lesbia Catulli amica, quorum quidem haec inepiam, istam delicatulam fuisse innuit notor.

Magni. Grangaeum quendam hic refutat Lubinus. Qui per magnum, adultae vel saltem provectioris aetatis pueros, intelligit. Ego tamen, cum Grangaeum sentio. Nam delicatulus et nobilissimus Matronis consuetudinem pueros a Matris Mammi arcendi obijcere vult Poeta, ob quam Romanas mulieres, Juvenalis Tempore, ficit et notat, infans et Repechesione dignus fuisse ne minimum quietem dubito.

Rupto robore nati. Sic Virgilius.

Genisque virum truncati, et rupto Robore nati.

Hanc Fabulam ex eo natam fuisse volunt, quod labrantes in arborum cavibus exinde egredi solebant. Radicali sane Conjectura, et quae Criticorum Homunculeorum Hallucinantem Genianculum satis exprimit. Hae Fabulae et aliae quae de Hominis origine exiterunt, ab uno et eodem Fonte effluxisse videntur, ab ignorantia scilicet humana cum vanitate conjuncta. Homines enim cum sui Generis originem proflus ignorarent, et hanc ignorantiam sibi probro verterent, causas varias genitivas, ad quamcunque Regionem accommodatas inveniunt et tradiderunt ; Alii ab arboribus, alii a Luto, alii a Lapidibus originem suam docentes.

Not like Miss *Cynthia*, nor that other,
 Who more bewail'd her Bird than Mother ;
 But fed her Children from her Bubbies,
 'Till they were grown up to great Loobies :
 Herself an Ornament less decent
 Than Spouse, who smelt of Acorn recent.
 For, in the Infancy of Nature,
 Man was a different sort of Creature ;
 When Dirt-engender'd Offspring broke
 From the ripe Womb of Mother Oak.
 Ev'n in the Reign of *Jove*, perhaps,

NOTES.

Not like, &c. This is the first satyrical Stroke, in which the Poet inveighs against an over Affectation of Delicacy and Tenderness in Women.

'Till they were grown up. Here the Poet slyly objects to the Custom of denying the Mother's Breast to the Infant ; there are among us truly conscientious Persons, who agree with his Opinion.

When Dirt-engendered. We have here varied a little from the Original, and put the two Causes of Generation together.

The



Aut aliqua extiterant, & sub Jove, sed Jove nondum
 Barbato, nondum Græcis jurare paratis
 Per caput alterius; cum furem nemo timeret
 Caulibus, aut pomis, sed aperto viveret horto.
 Paulatim deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
 Hæc comite; atque duæ pariter fugerê sorores.
 Antiquum & vetus est, alienum, Posthume, lectum
 Concutere, atque sacri Genium contemnere fuleri.
 Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas:
 Viderunt primos argentea fecula mœchos.
 Conventum tamen, & pactum, & sponsalia nostrâ
 Tempestate paras; jamque à tonfore magistro
 Peçteris, & digito pignus fortasse dedisti.
 Certè fanus eras: uxorem, Posthume, ducis?
 Dic, quâ Tisiphone? quibus exagitare colubris?
 Ferre potes dominam falsis tot rebus ulla?

NOTÆ.

Sub Jove. Argenteo Sæculo, Jove Saturni filio regnante.
 Miram hujus Loci Elegantiam nimis prætereundam cenfeo.
 Quantâ enim acerbitate in virtutis Humanae infurgit Poeta nosse,
 qui non nisi vestigia Pulchritudinis argenteo sæculo attribuit, neque
 hæc afficit, sed *Jupiter* existisse sæculo hoc *juvante* dicit; mox
 Jove pubescente ad superos avolsisse.

Græcis jurare paratis. Apud Romanos Panica Fides, et apud
 Græcos, et liquet ex Demosthenes in Olymp. *Macedonicæ Fides*,
 Proverbio Locum tribuerat: Asiaticos etiam ob Perjuriam in-
 sectatur Noster Sat. sequente vers. 14. Sed hic originem Perjurii
 Græcis attribuisse videtur.

Tonfore magistra. Adrpinæ docto. Hic et ad. vers. 78, 79.
 Ritus nuptiales exhibet Poeta.

Cum

The Goddess may have shewn her Chaps;
 But it was sure in its Beginning,
 E'er *Jupiter* had Beard to grin in.
 Not yet the *Greeks* made Truth their Sport,
 And bore false Evidence in Court;
 Their Truth was yet become no Adage;
 Men fear'd no Thieves of Peas and Cabbage.
 By small Degrees *Astræa* flies
 With her two Sisters to the Skies.
 O 'tis a very ancient Custom,
 To taint the genial Bed, my Posthum!
 Fearless left Husband should discover it,
 Or else the Genius that rules over it.
 The Iron Age gave other Crimes,
 Adult'ry grew in Silver Times.
 But you, in this Age, boldly dare
 The Marriage Settlements prepare;
 Perhaps have bought the Wedding Garment,
 And Ring too, thinking there's no Harm in't.
 Sure you was in your Sentes, Honey.
 You marry. Say, what *Tisiphone*
 Possifies you with all her Snakes,
 Those Curls which in her Pole she shakes?

NOTÆ.

Not yet the Greeks. They were so infamous for Perjury, that
 to have Regard to an Oath was a great Character among them,
 and sufficient to denote a Gentleman. See our Notes on the
Plutus of Aristophanes.

Her two Sisters. Truth and Modesty.

What Tisiphone. One of the Furies. We have presumed to
 violate the Quantity of this Word.

What,



Cum pateant altæ, caligantque fenestræ?
 Cum tibi vicinum se prebeat Æmilii pons?
 Aut si de multis nullus placet exitus; illud
 Nonne putas melius, quòd tecum pufio dormit?
 Pufio qui noctu non litigat: exigit à te
 Nulla jacens illic munuscula, nec queritur quòd
 Et lateri parcas, nec, quantum juffit, anheles.
 Sed placet Urfidio lex Julia: tollere dulcem
 Cogitat hæredem, cariturus turture magno,
 Mullorumque jabis, & captatore macello.
 Quid fieri non poffe putes, fi jungitur ulla
 Urfidio? fi mœchorum notiffimus olim
 Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capiftro,
 Quem toties textit periturum cifta Latini?

N O T Æ.

Lex Julia. De Adulterijs; quâ lata eſt Pena Adulteri, idè, oque ad Matrimonium vti ab ea Lege impelluntur.

Mullorumque jabis. i. e. Mullatis jabis. Sic Phœdrus: Aviditus canis pro iuvulo came, et etiam apud Græcos Biv *Ipiquus* pro Biv *o Ipiquo*.

Notiffimus. Al. Turpiſſimus, perperam: nam fi lega di. mifitur hejus Locî vti: quo quis enim majorem Adulterarum habuit Noctiam, eo magis Maritali Capiftro porrecturus, vti Exemplum præbet fiduciam.

Quid,

What, wilt thou wear the Marriage Chain,
 While one whole Halter doth remain?
 When open Windows Death present ye,
 And *Thambs* hath Water in great Plenty?
 But Verdicts of Ten Thousand Pound
 Most sweetly to *Urfidius* found.
 " We'll all (he cries) be Cuckolds *Nem. Cor.*
 " While the rich *Action* lies of *Crim. Con.*"
 And who would loſe the precious Joy
 Of a fine thumping darling Boy?
 Who, while you dance him, calls you Daddy,
 (So he's instructed by My Lady.)
 What tho' no Ven'ſon, Fowl, or Fiſh,
 Presented, henceforth grace the Diſh:
 Such he hath had, but dates no Merit hence;
 He knows they came for his Inheritance.
 What would you ſay, if this *Urfidius*,
 A Man well known among the Widows,
 Firſt of all Rakes, his Mind ſhould alter,
 And ſtretch his ſimple Neck to th' Halter?
 Often within *Latinus'* Cloſet,
 (The Neighbours, nay, the whole Town knows it),

N O T E S.

They come for his Inheritance. This Cuſtom of making Presents to rich Men who had no Children, in order to become their Heirs, is little known to us. *Mr. Ben. Jambſon*, indeed, hath founded a Play on it, but he lays the Scene in *Venice*.

Within Latinus' Cloſet. We have here a little departed from the *Latin*. This *Latinus* was a Player, and uſed to act the Part of the Gallant; in which, to avoid the Diſcovery of the Husband, he uſed to be hid in a Cheſt, or Cloath-Basket, as *Fulſtiff* is concealed in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The Poet therefore here alludes to that Cuſtom.

H:



Quid, quòd & antiquis uxor de moribus illi
 Queritur? O medici mediam pertundite venam:
 Delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora
 Pronus, & auratam Junoni cæde juvencam,
 Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
 Pauce adco Ceresis vittas contingere dignæ;
 Quarum non timeat pater oscula, nec te coronam
 Postibus, & denfos per limina tende corymbes.
 Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit? ocyùs illud
 Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.
 Magna tamen fama est cusuam rure paterno
 Vivendis: vivat Gabijs, ut vixit in agro;
 Vivat Fidenis, & agello cedo paterno.
 Quis tamen affirmat nil actum in montibus, aut in
 Speluncis? adeo senuerunt Jupiter & Mars?

NOTÆ.

Delicias hominis! Delictum Hominem. Sic monstrum hominibus, pro monstruosus Homo.

Ceresis vittas. Mytheria Eleusynia hic respicit. Que quidem a Warburtono illo doctissimo in Libro suo de Mosaicâ Legatione accuratissime nonne detentum explicatur.

He hath escap'd the Cuckold's Search;
 Yet now he seeks a Wife most starch;
 With good old-fashion'd Morals fraught.
 Physicians give him a large Draught,
 And Surgeons ope his middle Vein.
 O delicate Taste! go, prithee strain
 Thy Lungs to Heav'n, in Thanksgivings;
 Build Churches, and endow with Livings.
 If a chaste Wife thy Lot befall,
 'Tis the Great Prize drawn in *Guildball*.
 Few worthy are to touch those Mysteries,
 Of which we lately know the Histories,
 To *Ceres* sacred, who requires
 Strict Purity from loose Desires.
 Whereas at no Crime now they boggle,
 Ev'n at their Grandfathers they ogle.
 But come, your Equipage make ready,
 And dress your House out for my Lady.
 Will one Man *Iberine* supply?
 Sooner content her with one Eye.
 But hold; there runs a common Story
 Of a chaste Country Virgin's Glory.

NOTES.

And stretch his simple Neck to th' Halter. We have endeavoured to preserve the Beauty of this Line in the Original. The Metaphor is taken from the Posture of a Horse holding forth his Neck to the Harness.

The Mysteries of Ceres. Which the Reader may see explain'd in a most masterly Style, and with the profoundest Knowledge of Antiquity, by Mr. Warburton, in the first Vol. of his *Divine Legation of Moses vindicated*.



Porticibus tibi monstratur femina voto
 Digna tuo? cuneis an habent spectacula totis
 Quod securus ames, quòdque inde excerpere possis?
 Chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo,
 Tuccia vesice non imperat; Appula gannit
 (Sicut in amplexu) subitum, & miserabile longum:
 Attendit Thymele; Thymele tunc rustica discit.
 Ast alix, quoties aulaea recondita cessant,
 Et vacuo clausoque sonant fora sola theatro,
 Atque à plebeijs longè Megalesia; tristes
 Personam, thyrsifumque tenent, & subligar Acci.

NOTÆ.

Subitum, et miserabile, longum. Hæc et sequentia ut minus a cæcis intelligenda, sic ab Interpretibus minime intellecta videntur. Connes quos unquam vidi, Codd. ita habent.

————— *Appula gannit*
Sicut in Amplexu; subitum, et miserabile longum
Attendit Thymelæ.

Quid sibi vult hæc Lectio, me omnino latere fateor; Sin vero nobiscum legas, tribus illis verbis parenthesi inclusi, invenies planam quidem (sicut castiore Musa indignam) Sententiam.

Urbicus

At *Bath* and *Tunbridge* let her be;
 If there she's chaste, I will agree.
 And will the Country yield no Slanders?
 Is all our Army gone to *Flanders*?

Can the full *Mall* afford a Spouse,
 Or Boxes, worthy of your Views?
 While some soft Dance *Bathyllos* dances,
 Can *Tucey* regulate her Glances?
Appula chuckles, and poor *Thomyly*
 Gapes, like a Matron at a Homily.

But others, when the House is shut up,
 Nor Play-Bills, by *Desire*, are put up;
 When Players cease, and Lawyer rises
 To harangue Jury at Assizes;
 When Drolls at *Baribol'mee* begin,
 A Feast Day after that of *Trin*'.

NOTES.

Is all our Army gone to Flanders? As the Patron of these Gentlemen is mentioned in the Original, we thought his Votes might be pleased with being inserted in the Imitation.

The Mall. The *Paricio's* in the Original; where both Sexes used to assemble.

By Desire. A constant Puff at the Head of our Play-Bills; Designed to allure Persons to the House, who go thither more for the sake of the Company than of the Play; but which has proved so often fallacious (Plays having been acted at the particular Desire of several Ladies of Quality, whose there hath not been a single Lady of Quality in the House) that at present it hath very little Signification.

When Players cease. *Viz.* in the Vacation. In the Original, *A the Megalesian Festival is far long distant from the Plebeian.* The latter being celebrated in the Calends of *December*, the former in the Nones of *April*.

F 2

Italian



Urbicus exodio risum movet Attellane
 Gestibus Autonoes; hunc diligit Ælia pauper.
 Solvitur his magno comædi fibula; sunt quæ
 Chrylogonum cantare vetent; Hispulla tragædo
 Gaudet: an expectas, ut Quintilianus ametur?
 Accipis uxorem, de quâ citharædus Echion
 Aut Glaphyrus fiat pater, Ambrosiivæ choraules.
 Longa per angustis figamus pulpita vicos:
 Ornentur postes, & grandi janua lauro,
 Ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
 Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infans.
 Nupta fenatori comitata est Hippia Ludium

NOTÆ.

Ludium. Salmat. Ludium mavit, et hoc pro Ludio, ut Regna
 pro Regibus, positum cenet: sed synæresis hæc frequenter occur-
 rit apud Poetas. Sic et Omnia apud Virgilium Dissyllaba est.

Ad

Others, I say, themselves turn Players,
 With *Clæve* and *Woffington's* gay Airs;
 Paint their fair Faces out like Witches,
 And cram their Thighs in *Flo—ca—d's* Breecies.

Italian Measures while *Fausan*
 Mov'd, what a Laugh thro' Gall'ry ran?
 Poor *Ælia* languishes in vain;
Fausan is bought with greater Gain.

Others make *B—rd* their wiser Choice,
 And wist to spoil his charming Voice.
Hispulla sighs for Buskin's Wit,
 Cou'd the love *Lyt—n* or *P—t*?

Chuse you a Wife, whom the blind Harper,
 Or any Fidler else, or Sharper,
 Fine Rivals! might with Ease enjoy,
 And make thee Father of a Boy?

Come then, prepare the Nuptial Feast,
 Adorn the Board, invite the Guest;
 That Madam may, in Time, be big,
 And bring an Heir resembling *Fig-
 Hippia* to Parlment Man was wed,
 But left him for a Fencer's Bed.

NOTES.

Fig. A celebrated Prize-fighter.

Hippia. She was Wife to *Fabricius Vejens*, a noble rich *Roman*, who was infamous for his Luxury and Pride. This last Quality was so eminent in him, that he scorned to salute any almost of his Fellow Citizens: for which he is lashed by our Poet, Sat. III. v. 185. He is likewise introduced in the fourth Satyr. His Wife *Hippia* ran away to *Egypte* with the Gladiator *Sergius*.

F 3

With



Ad Pharon et Nilum, famofaque mœnia Lagi ;
 Prodigia, & mores urbis damnante Canopo.
 Immemor illa domûs, & conjugis, atque fororis,
 Nil patriæ indulfit ; ploranteſque improba gnatos,
 Utque magis ſtupcas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit.
 Sed quanquam in magnis opibus, plumaque paternâ,
 Et ſegmentatis dormiſſet parvula cunis,
 Contempſit pelagus ; famam contempſerat olim,
 Cujus apud molles minima eſt jaçtura cathedras.
 Tyrrenos igitur fluctus, latèque ſonantem
 Pertulit Ionium conſtanti pectore, quamvis
 Mutandum toties eſſet mare. Juſta pericli
 Si ratio eſt, & honeſta, timent ; pavidoque gelantur
 Pectore, nec tremulis poſſunt inſistere plantis :
 Fortem animum præſtant rebus, quas turpiter audent.
 Si jubeat conjux, durum eſt conſcendere navim ;

NOTÆ.

Canope. Urbs erat Ægyptiaca ad orium Nili, ſed hic pro tota Ægypto uſurpatur. Hujus Populi mores tam apud Græcos quam Romanos maxime infames fuerunt, adeo ut *dyotivesi* perinde uolcat ac turpiter. His duobus ueribus nihil acerbius eſſe poteſt.

I

Tunc

With him ſhe went to ſome Plantation,
 Which damn'd the Morals of our Nation ;
 Forgetful of her Houſe and Siſter,
 And Spouſe and Country too, which miſ'd her der :
 Her brawling Brats ne'er touch'd her Mind ;
 Nay more, young *C---r's* left behind.
 Nor was this Nymph bred up to Pattins,
 But ſwaddled ſoft in Silks and Sattins ;
 Yet ſhe deſpis'd the Sea's loud Roar ;
 Her Fame ſhe had deſpis'd before :
 For that's a Jewel, in Reality,
 Of little Value 'mongſt the Quality.
 Nor *Bay of Biſcay* rais'd her Fears,
 Nor all the *Spaniſh* Privateers.
 But ſhould a juſt Occaſion call
 To Danger, how the Charmers ſquall !
 Cold are their Breſts as addled Eggs,
 Nor can they ſtand upon their Legs,
 More than an Infant that is ricketty ;
 But they are ſtronger in Iniquity.
 Should Spouſe decoy them to a Ship,
 Good Heavens ! how they'd have the Hip !

NOTES.

Yveser Gib — r. In the Original *Peris*, a Player, of whom *Dimitius* was ſo fond, that our Author was baniſhed for his abuſing him. He afterwards was put to Death for an Amour with the Emperreſs.

The Quality. We have inſerted this rather to ſtick as cloſe to the Original as poſſible, than from any Conceit that it is juſty applicable to our own People of Faſhion.

F 4

'Tis



Tunc sentina gravis; tunc summus vertitur ſer.
 Que moecham ſequitur, ſtomacho valet: illa maritum
 Convomit: hæc inter nautas & prandet, & errat
 Per puppim, & duro gaudet tractare rudentes.
 Quâ tamen exarſit formâ? quâ capta juventâ
 Hippia? Quid vidit, propter quod ludia dici
 Suſtinuit? nam Sergiolus jam radere guttur
 Cœperat, & ſecſo requiem ſperare lacerto.
 Præterea multa in facie deformia; ſicut
 Attritus galeâ, mediſque in naribus ingens
 Gibbus; & acre malum ſemper ſtillantis ocelli.
 Sed gladiator erat; facit hoc illos Hyacinthos:
 Hoc pueris, patriæque, hoc prætulit illa forori,
 Atque viro: ferrum eſt, quod amant: hic Sergius
 Acceptâ rude, ceſpiſſet Veiento videri. (idem)

NOTÆ.

Sergiolus. Diminutivo blandulo quàm faceret utitur Poeta!
Sulto requiem ſperare lacerto. Miſſum imperabat Gladiatores,
 Brachio, vel aliquo alio Membro mutilato. Vide ut Sergii
 Laudes enumeret nollet; cum tempe Formæ Decorem, propter
 quem Hippia, Famæ ſuæ obliſta, Ludia dici ſuſtinuit. Senex
 erat, mutilatus, et forma turpiſſima. Hæc omnia munere ſuo
 Gladiatorio compenſavit.

Quid

“Tis hard to clamber up the Sides;
 “O filthy Hold! and when ſhe rides,
 “It turns one’s Head quite topſy-turvy,
 “And makes one ſicker than the Scurvy.”
 Her Huſband is the nauſeous Phyſick,
 With her Gallant, ſhe’s never Sea-fick.
 To dine with Sailors then ſhe’s able,
 And even bears a Hand to Cable.
 But ſay, what Youth or Beauty warm’d thee
 What, *Hippia*, in thy Lover charm’d thee?
 For little *Sergy*, like a Goat,
 Was bearded down from Eyes to Throat:
 Already had he done his beſt;
 Fit for an Hoſpital, and Reſt.
 His Face wore many a Deformity,
 Upon his Noſe a great Enormity.
 His Eyes diſtill’d a conſtant Scream;
 In Matter not unlike to Cream.
 But he was ſtill of the Bear-Garden,
 Hence her Affection fond he ſhar’d in:
 This did, beyond her Children, move;
 Dearer than Spouſe or Country proe;
 In ſhort, ’tis Iron which they love.
 Diſmiſſis this *Sergius* from the Stage;
 Her Huſband could not leſs engage.

NOTES.

Fit for an Hoſpital and Reſt. The Gladiators, when they
 were maimed, received their Diſmiſſion; as a Token of which,
 a Wand was preſented to them. *Sergy* had not, however,
 yet obtained this Favour; our Poet hints only, that he was in-
 titled to it.

But



Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippiæ, curas?

Respice rivales Divorum : Claudius audi

Quæ tulerit : dormire virum cum fenerat uxor,

(Ausæ Palatino tegetem præferre cubili,

Sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos,)

Linq̄uebat, comite ancillâ non amplius unâ ;

Et nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero,

Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar,

Et cellam vacuum, atque suam : tunc nuda papillis

Constitit auratis, titulum mentita Lyciææ,

Ostenditque tuum, generose Britannicæ, ventrem.

Excepit blanda intrantes, atque æra poposcit.

Mox,

But say you, if each private Family
Doth not produce a perfect *Panela* ;
Must ev'ry Female bear the Blame
Of one low private Strumpet's Shame ?

See then a dignify'd Example,
And take from higher Life a Sample ;
How Horns have sprouted on Heads Royal,
And *Harry's* Wife hath been disloyal,
When the perciv'd her Husband snoring,
Th' Imperial Strumpet went a Whoring :
Daring with private Rakes to solace,
She prefer'd *Co-rt-Street* to the Palace :
Went with a single Maid of Honour,
And with a *Capuchin* upon her,
Which hid her black and lovely Hairs ;
At *H——d's* softly stole up Stairs :
There at Receipt of Custom sitting,
She boldly call'd herself the *Kitten* ;
Smil'd, and pretended to be needy,
And ask'd Men to *come down the Ready*.

NOTES.

Harry's Wife. This may be, perhaps, a little applicable to
one of *Henry VIII's* Wives.

H——d's. A useful Woman in the Parish of *Covent-Garden*.

The Kitten. A young Lady of Pleasure.

Come down the Ready. This is a Phrase by which loose Wo-
men demand Money of their Gallants.

But



Mox, lenone suas jam dimittente puellas,
 Tristis abit; sed, quod potuit, tamen ultima cessam
 Clausit, adhuc ardens rigidæ tentiginæ vulvæ;
 Et lassata viris, nondum satiata recessit:
 Obscurisque genis turpis, fumoque lucernæ
 Fœda, lupanaris tujit ad pulvinar odorem. (num,
 Hippomanes, carmenque loquar, coctumque vene-
 Privignoque datum? faciunt graviora coactæ
 Imperio sexûs, minimùmque libidine peccant.

Optima sed quare Cefennia teste marito?
 Bis quingenta dedit; tanti vocat ille pudicam:
 Nec Veneris pharetris macer est; aut lampade fervet:
 Inde faces ardent; veniunt à dote sagittæ.
 Libertas emitur: coram licet innuat, atque
 Rescribat; vidua est, locuples quæ nupsit avaro.

Cur desiderio Bibulæ Sertorius ardet?
 Si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.

NOTE.

Dicit Libertus. Sentus hujus loci non subolet Interpretibus.
 Divitem maritum & Libertino genere hic offendi voluit: cum
 Poeta plane servum mansuissimum, vel primi ordinis servum intendit:
 quem nos anglie, *the Gentleman, the Steward, &c.* nominamus.

Jam

But when for Fear of Justice' Warrants,
 The Bawd dismiss'd her Whores on Errands,
 She staid the last — then went, they say,
 Unsatisfy'd, tho' tir'd, away?

Why should I mention all their Magick
 Poison, and other Stories tragick?
 Their Appetites are all such rash ones,
 Lust is the least of all their Passions.

Cefennia's Husband call, you cry,
 He lauds her Virtues to the Sky.
 She brought him twice ten thousand Pounds,
 With all *ibat* Merit she abounds.

Venus ne'er shot at him an Arrow,
 Her Fortune darred through his Marrow:
 She bought her Freedom, and before him
 May wink, forgetful of Decorum,
 And Lovers Billet-doux may answer:
 For he who marries Wives for Gain, Sir,
 A Widow's Privilege must grant 'em,
 And suffer Captains to gallant 'em.

But *Bibula* doth *Sertorius* move:
 I'm sure he married her for Love.
 Love I agree was in the Case;
 Not of the Woman, but her Face.

NOTES.

When for Fear. In *Rome*, the Keepers of evil Houles used
 to dismiss their Girls at Midnight: at which Time those who
 follow the same Trade in this City, first light up their Candles.

Le:

Fiant obscuro dentes, oculique minores;
 Collige farcinulas, dicet libertus, & exi;
 Jam gravis es nobis, & sæpè emungeris; exi
 Ocyus, & propera; siccò venit altera naso.
 Interea calet, & regnat, posciturque maritum
 Pastores, & ovem Canuinam, ulmoisque Falernas.
 Quantum in hoc? pueros omnes, ergastula tota,

Quòdq;

Let but one Wrinkle spoil her Forehead;
 Or should she chance to have a fore Head;
 Her Skin grow flabby, or Teeth blacken,
 She quickly would be sent a packing.
 " Be gone — (the Gentleman would cry)
 " Are those d--n'd Noftrils never dry?
 " Defend me, Heav'n, from a Strumpet,
 " Who's always playing on a Trumpet."

But while her beauteous Youth remains,
 With Power most absolute she reigns.
 Now Rarities she wants; no matter
 What Price they cost — they please the better.
Italian Vines, and Spanish Sheep.
 But these are Trifles — you must keep
 An Equipage of six stout Fellows;
 Of no Use to 'em, as they tell us,

NOTES.

The Gentleman. That is, her Husband's Gentleman. The Commentators have wretchedly blunder'd here, in their Interpretation of the *Latin*.

Italian Vines and Spanish Sheep. In the Original, *Falerian* Vines and *Caustian* Sheep: for *Faleria* produced the most delicious Wine, and the Sheep which came from *Caustian*, a Town or Village of *Apsulia*, the finest Wool. I know not whether either of the Instances by which I have attempted to modernize this Passage be at present in Fashion, but if they are not, it is probable the only Reason is, that we forget *Italian Vines*, as they would require the Assistance of artificial Heat; and *Spanish Sheep*, as they are to be fetched a great Way by Sea, would be extremely expensive, and consequently well worth our having.

Six stout Fellows. The *Lords* had it — *All the Fellows in the Work-House*: but this is an Instance that our *Luxury* is not yet so extravagant as that of the *Romans* was in *Jove's* Days.

Unless;



Quædã domi non est, & habet vicinus, ematur.
 Menſe quidem brumæ, cum jam mercator laſon
 Clausus, & armatis obſtat caſa candida nautis,
 Grandia tolluntur cryſtallina, maxima ruſus
 Myrrhina, deinde adamas notiſſimus, & Berenices
 In digito factus pretioſior: hunc dedit oim
 Barbarus inceſtæ; dedit hunc Agrippa forori;
 Obſervant ubi feſta mero pede ſabbata reges,
 Et vetus indulget ſenibus clementia porcis.

Nullæ de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur?
 Sit formoſa, decens, dives, fecunda, vetuſto
 Porticibus diſponat avos, intactior omni
 Crinibus effuſis bellum dirimente Sabina:
 (Rara avis in terris, nigroque ſimillima cygno.)
 Quis feret uxorem, cui conſtant omnia? malo,
 Malo Venuſinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater
 Græcorum, ſi cum magnis virtutibus aſſers
 Grande ſupercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.

NOTE.

Dedit bene, &c. Repetitionem hujus vocis *dedit* ſunt qui conſtantur abjicere, ſicut elegantiffimam; ideoque Interpretum Guſſai minus gratam.

De tantis gregibus. Ambiguitatem qua Greges referunt tam ad mulieres quam ad porcos miratur Labinus, et queritur quod ab aliis non animadvertatur. Sed ſeſcio annon inurbanus potius quam argutus hic dicendus ſit Poeta.

I

Tolle

Unleſs to walk before their Chairs,
 When they go out to ſhew their Airs.
 However liberal your Grants,
 Still what her Neighbour hath ſhe wants;
 Even *Pit's* precious Diamond — that
 Which *Lewis* Fifteen wear's in's Hat;
 Or what *Agrippa* gave his Siſter,
 Inceſtuous Bribe! for which he kiſs'd her.
 (Sure with leſs Sin a *Jew* might dine,
 If hungry, on a Herd of Swine.)

But of this Herd, I mean of Women,
 Will not an Individual do Man?
 No, none my Soul can e'er inflame,
 But the rich, decent, lovely Dame:
 Her Womb with Fruitfulneſs attended;
 Of a good ancient Houſe deſcended:
 A Virgin too, untouch'd, and chaſte,
 Whom Man ne'er took about the Waitie.
 She's a rare Bird! find her who can,
 And much reſembling a black Swan.

But who could bear a Wife's great Merit,
 Who doth ſuch Qualities inherit?
 I would prefer ſome Country Girl
 To the proud Daughter of an Earl;
 If my Repoſe muſt ſtill be hindred
 With the great Actions of her Kindred.

NOTE S.

What Agrippa gave his Siſter. Berenice.
 Vol. I. G

Co

Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem, victumque Sypha-
In castris, & cum totâ Carthagine migra. [cem

Parce, precor, Pæan; & tu, Dea, pone sagittas;
Nil pueri faciunt; ipsam configite matrem;
Amphion clamat: sed Pæan contrahit arcum.
Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipsamque parentem,
Dum sibi nobilior Latonæ gente videtur,
Atque eadem scrofi Niobe fecundior albâ.
Quæ tanti gravitas? quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
Imputet? hujus enim rari, summiq; voluptas
Nulla boni, quoties animo corrupta superbo
Plus aloës, quàm mellis, habet. Quis deditur autem

NOTÆ.

Cornelia. Scipionis Africani Filia, Comelio Græcho nupta,
et Cæli et Tibærii mater, hic maximæ Laudis, non vituperatio-
nis causâ, memorata.

Uſque

Go to the Devil, should I say,
With the *West-Indies* ta'en—away.
“ Hold, *Pæan*, hold; thou Goddess, spare
“ My Children,—was *Amphion's* Pray'r—
“ They have done nought to forfeit Life;
“ O shoot your Arrows at my Wife.”
His Pray'r nor God nor Goddess's heard,
Nor Child, nor ev'n the Mother spar'd.
For why, the Vixen proudly boasted,
More than *Latona* she was toasted;
And had been oft'ner in the Straw,
Than the white Sow *Aeneas* saw.

But say, tho' Nature should be lavish,
Can any Mien or Beauty ravish,
Whose Mind is nothing but Inanity,
Meer Bladder blown with Wind of Vanity?
Trust, if for such you give your Money,
You buy more Vinegar than Honey.

NOTES.

With the West Indies ta'en—away. Juvenal here mentions
Cornelia, the Daughter of *Scipio Africanus*, Wife of *Cornelius*
Græchus, and Mother of the *Græcici*, *Cæli* and *Tiberius*. The
Beauty of the Original here is inimitable.

The Vixen proudly boasted. Our Poet here alludes to the Story
of *Niobe* Wife of *Aspiter* King of *Thebes*, who affronted *Latona*,
in preferring her own Fruitlesses to that of the Goddess; for
which *Reason Apollo* and *Diana* destroyed all her Children; the
Number of which Authors report variously.

The white Sow. Which produced thirty Pigs at a Litter.



Uſque adeò eſt, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,
 Horreat? inque diem ſeptenis oderit horis?
 Quædam parva quidem; ſed non toleranda maritis.
 Nam quid rancidius, quàm quòd ſe non putat ulla
 Formoſam, niſi quæ de Thuſcâ Græcula facta eſt?
 De Sulmonenſi mera Cecropis omnia Græce;
 Cùm fit turpe minus noſtris neſcire Latine.
 Hoc ſermone pavent; hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
 Hoc cuncta effundunt animi ſecreta. Quid ultra?
 Concumbunt Græcæ. donec tamen iſta puellis:
 Tunc etiam, quam ſextus & octogefimus annus
 Pulſat, adhuc Græcæ? non eſt hic ſermo pudicus
 In vetulâ. quoties laſcivum intervenit illud,
 ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΨΥΧΗ, modò ſub lodice relictiſ
 Uteris in turbâ. quod enim non excitat inguen
 Vox blanda & nequam? digitos habet: ut tamen
 Subſidant pennæ: dicas hæc mollis Æmo [omnes
 Quancquam, & Carpophoro; facies tua computat an-
]nos.

Si

Who is there ſuch a Slave in Nature,
 That while he praiſes would not hate her?
 Some ſmaller Crimes, which ſeem ſcarce nominal, e,
 Are yet to Huſbands moſt abominable:
 For what ſo fulſome --- if it were new t' ye,
 That no one thinks herſelf a Beauty,
 'Till *Frenchiſſy*'d from Head to Foot,
 A meer *Parisian* Dame throughout.
 She ſpells not *Engliſh*, who will blame her?
 But *French* not underſtood would flame her.
 This Language 'tis in which they tremble,
 Quarrel, are happy, and diſſemble;
 Tell Secrets to ſome other Miſs;
 What more? --- 'tis this in which they kiſs.
 But if to Girls we grant this Leave;
 You, Madam, whom ſalt by your Sleeve
 Old Age hath got --- muſt you ſtill flammer
 Soft Phraſes out of *Bowyer's* Graninar?
Mon ame, mon Mignon! how it comes
 Moſt graceful from your toothleſ Gums!
 Tho' ſiſter ſpoke than by Lord *Fanny*,
 Can that old Face be lik'd by any?

NOTES.

'Till *Frenchiſſy*'d. The *Romans* were (if I may be allowed
 ſuch a Word) *Greeciſſy*'d, at this Time, in the ſame manner as
 we are *Frenchiſſy*'d.

G 3

If

Si tibi legitimis pactam, junctamque tabellis
 Non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
 Causa; nec est quare cenam & mufceae perdas,
 Labente officio, crudis donanda, nec illud,
 Quod primâ pro nocte datur; cum lance beatâ
 Dacicus, & scripto radiat Germanicus auro.
 Si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditis uni
 Est animus; submitte caput cervicæ paratâ
 Ferre jugum: nullam invenies, quæ parcat amanti.
 Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amanti,
 Et spoliis, igitur longè minus utilis illi
 Uxor, quisquis erit bonus, optandusque maritus.
 Nil unquam invitâ donabis conjuge: vendas
 Hæc obstantæ nihil: nihil, hæc si nolit, emetur.
 Hæc dabit affectus: ille excludetur amicus
 Jam senior, cujus barbam tua janua vidit.
 Testandi cum sit lenonibus, atque lanistis
 Libertas, & juris idem contingat arenæ,
 Non unus tibi rivalis diclabitur hæres.
 Ponè crucem servo: meruit quo crimine servus
 Supplicium? quis testis adest? quis detulit? audi:

NOTÆ.

Primâ pro nocte. Mos erat pretium aliquod novæ nuptæ
 donandi, quasi Virginitatis depositæ pretium: Hæc est autem
 hujus loci vis. *Si non amaturus es Nuptam quam ducis, ut nunc
 prima quidem grata erit; Quam solum in Matrimonio jucundam
 esse expectare debet.*

Nulla

If Love be not your Cause of Wedding,
 There is no other for your Bedding;
 All the Expence of Wedding-Day
 Would then, my Friend, be thrown away.

If, on the contrary, you doat,
 And are of the uxorious Note,
 For heavy Yoke your Neck prepare;
 None will the tender Husband spare:
 Ev'n when they love they will discover
 Joys in the Torments of a Lover:
 The Hope to govern them by Kindness,
 Argues, my Friend, a total Blindness.
 For Wives most useles ever prove
 To those most worthy of their Love.

Before you give, or sell, or buy,
 She must be courted to comply:
 She points new Friendships out --- and strait
 'Gainst old Acquaintance shuts your Gate.

The Privilege which at their Birth
 Our Laws bequeath the Scum o' th' Earth,
 Of making Wills, to you's deny'd;
 You for her Fav'rites must provide;
 Those your sole Heirs creating, who
 I have labour'd to make Heirs for you.

Now, come Sir, take your Horse-whip down,
 And lash your Footman there, *Tom Brown*.
 What hath *Tom* done? or who accuses him?
 Perhaps some Rascal, who abuses him.

G 4

Let



Nulla unquam de morte cunctatio longa est.
 O demens, ita servus homo est? nil fecerit, esto:
 Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.
 Imperat ergo viro: sed mox hæc regna relinquit,
 Permutatque domos, & flammæ conterit: inde
 Avolat, & spreti repetit vestigia lecti;
 Ornatas paulò antè fores, pendentia linquit
 Vela domûs, & adiuæ virides in limine ramos.
 Sic crevit numerus; sic fiunt octo mariti
 Quinque per autumnos: titulo res digna sepulchri.
 Desperanda tibi salvâ concordia focu:
 Illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti:
 Illa docet, missis à corruptore tabellis,
 Nil rude, nil simplex rescribere: decipit illa
 Custodiat, aut ære domat: tunc corpore sano
 Advocat Archigenem, onerosaque pallia jactat.
 Abditus interea lætæ accersitus adulter,
 Impatientique moræ fileat, & præputia ducit.

NOTÆ.

Fiant octo Mariti. Quot tempore a Lege permitti sunt. Nam prohibitum erat mulieribus, plurius quam octo maritis nubere, cum hæc numerum ergo minime liceret transire, necessitate coacta uxor ab octavo Marito redit iterum ad primum.

Scilicet

Let us examine first — and then —
 'Tis ne'er too late to punish Men.
 Men! Do you call this abject Creature
 A Man? — He's scarce of human Nature.
 What hath he done? — no matter what —
 If nothing — lash him well for that:
 My Will is a sufficient Reason
 To constitute a Servant's Treason.

Thus she commands; but strait the leaves
 This Slave, and to another cleaves;
 Thence to a third and fourth, and then
 Returns, perhaps, to you again.
 Thus in the Space of seven short Years
 Possessing half a score of Dears.

Be sure, no Quiet can arrive
 To you while her Mamma's alive:
 She'll teach her how to cheat her Spouse,
 To pick his Pocket, strip his House:
 Answers to Love-Letters indite,
 And make her Daughter's Stile polite.
 With Cunning she'll deceive your Spies,
 Or bribe with Money to tell Lies.

Then, tho' Health swells her Daughter's Pulse,
 She sends for *Wafey, Hoadley, Hulfe*.
 So she pretends, — but in their Room,
 Lo, the Adulterer is come.

NOTES.

He's scarce of Human Nature. The Romans derived from the Greeks an Opinion, that their Slaves were of a Species inferior to themselves. As such a Sentiment is inconsistent with the Temper of Christianity, this Passage loses much of its Force by being modernized.

Do



Scilicet expectas, ut tradat mater honestos,
Aut alios mores, quàm quos habet? utile porrò
Filiolam turpi vetule producere turpem.

Nulla ferè causa est, in quâ non femina litem
Moverit. accusat Manilia, si rea non est.
Componit ipse per se, formantque libellos,
Principium atque locos Cælo dictare paratæ.

Endromidas Tyrias, & femineum ceroma
Quis nescit? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali?
Quem cavat assiduis sudibus, scutoque læcessit,
Atque omnes implet numeros; dignissima prorsus
Floralis matrona tubâ; nisi si quid in illo
Pectore plus agitet, veræque paratur arenae.
Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem?
Quæ fugit à sexu, vires amat; hæc tamen ipsa
Vir nollet fieri: nam quantula nostra voluptas?
Quale decus rerum, si conjugis auctio fiat,

NOTÆ.

Si rea non est. Accusator et reus eandem habent quam in
Legis nostra Querens et defendens, significacionem.

Floralis dignissima tuba. Tuba ad impudicos ludos vocante.
Hæc a Flora meretricæ quadam in honorem Floræ Deæ institutos
docet Ovid Fasti: Acerbilis quidem hoc in matronas a Poeta
dictum.

Quæ fugit à sexu, vires amat? &c. Ita profero legendum
certissime, finita interrogacione ad vocem pudorem? sensus tunc e-
rit. *Quæquam amat vires valere quæ fugit a sexu, tandem tanti-
no via fieri vult, quia, &c.* — Multo elegantior ita facti sententia.
Alii legunt *Quæ fugit a sexu et vires amat.* — Sed minus rectè.

I

Baltetis,

Do you expect, you simple Elf,
That she who hath them not herself,
Should teach Good Manners to your Lady,
And not debauch her for the Ready?

In Courts of Justice what Transactions?
Manilia's never without Actions:
No Forms of *Litigation* 'scape her,
In Special Pleading next to *Dr-per*.

Have you not heard of fighting Females,
Whom you would rather think to be Males?
Of Madam *Sutton*, Mrs. *Stokes*,
Who give confounded Cuts and Strokes?
They fight the Weapons through complete,
Worthy to ride along the Street.

Can Female Modesty so rage,
To draw a Sword, and mount the Stage?
Will they their Sex entirely quit?
No, they have not so little Wit:
Better they know how small our Shares
Of Pleasure — how much less than theirs.

But should your Wife by Auction sell,
(You know the modern Fashion well)

NOTES.

Worthy to ride, &c. Prize-Fighters, on the Day of Battle,
ride through the Streets with a Trumpet before them.

And

Baleus, & manice, & cristæ, crurisque sinistri
 Dimidium tegmen! vel si diversa movebit
 Prælia, tu felix, ocreas vendente puella.
 Hæc sunt, quæ tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum
 Delicias & panniculus bombycinus urit.
 Aspice, quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus,
 Et quanto galeæ curvetur pondere; quanta
 Popliritibus sedeat; quàm denso fascia libro;
 Et ride, scaphium positis cùm sumitur armis.
 Dicite vos neptes Lepidi, cæcive Metelli,
 Gurgitis aut Fabii, quæ ludia sumpsit unquam
 Hos habitus? quando ad palum gemat uxor Asylli?

Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,
 In quo nupta jacet: minimum dormitur in illo.
 Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orbâ tigride pejor,
 Cùm simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,
 Aut odit pueros, aut sicâ pellice plorat
 Uberibus semper lachrymis, semperque paratis

In

Should Cock aloft his Pulpit mount,
 And all her Furniture recount,
 Sure you would scarce abstain from Oaths,
 To hear, among your Lady's Cloaths,
 Of those superb fine Horseman's Suits,
 And those magnificent Jack-Boots.
 And yet, as often as they please,
 Nothing is tenderer than these.
 A Coach! — O Gad! they cannot bear
 Such Jolting! — *John*, go fetch a Chair.
 Yet see, through *Hide-Park* how they ride!
 How masculine! almost altride!
 Their Hats fierce cock'd up with Cockades,
 Resembling Dragoons more than Maids.
 Knew our Great Grandmothers these Follies?
 Daughters of *Hampton*, *Baynton*, *Hellis*?
 More Modestly they surely had,
 Decently ambling on a Pad.
 Sleep never thews his drowsy Head
 Within the Reach of Marriage-Bed
 The Wife thence frightens him with Scolding.
 — Then chiefly the Attack she's bold in,
 When, to conceal her own Amours,
 She falls most artfully on yours:
 Pretends a Jealousy of some Lady,
 With Tears in Plenty always ready;

NOTES.

Daughters of Hampton, &c. These, according to *Sibers*,
 are some of the best Families in *England*, and superior to many
 of our modern Nobility.



In statione sua, atque expectantibus illam;
 Quo jubcat manare modo: tu credis amorem;
 Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, stertumque labellis
 Exorbes; quæ scripta, & quas lecture tabellas,
 Si tibi zelotypæ retegantur serinia mœchæ!
 Sed jacet in fervi complexibus, aut equitis; dic,
 Dic aliquem, fodes hic, Quintiliane, colorem.
 Hæremus: dic ipsa: olim convenerat, inquit,
 Ut faceres tu quod velles; necnon ego possem
 Indulgere mihi: clames licet, & mare caelo
 Confundas, homo sum. Nihil est audacius illis
 Deprænsis: iram atque animos à crimine sumunt.
 Unde hæc monstra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris?
 Præstabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas
 Quondam, nec vitis contingi parva sinebat

N O T Æ.

Mare caelo confundas. Exclamando scilicet, ut apud Terentium, O Cœlum! O Terra! O Maria!

Tecta

Which on their Post true Cent'nels stand,
 The Word still waiting of Command,
 How she shall order them to trickle.
 —Thou thinkest Love her Soul doth tickle
 Poor Hedge-Sparrow — with fifty Dears,
 Lickest up her fallacious Tears.
 Search her Scrutore, Man, and then tell us
 Who hath most Reason to be jealous.

But, in the very Fact she's taken;
 Now let us hear, to save her Bacon,
 What *Murray*, or what *Henley* can say;
 Neither Proof positive will gain say:
 It is against the Rules of Practice;
 Nothing to her the naked Fact is.

“ You know (she cries) e'er I consented
 “ To be, what I have since repented,
 “ It was agreed between us, you
 “ Whatever best you lik'd should do;
 “ Nor could I, after a long Trial,
 “ Perfit myself in Self-Denial.”
 You at her Impudence may wonder,
 Invoke the Lightning and the Thunder:
 “ You are a Man (she cries) 'tis true;
 “ We have our human Frailties too.

Nought bold is like a Woman caught,
 They gather Courage from the Fault.

Whence come these Prodigies? what Fountain,
 You ask, produces them? P'rh' Mountain
 The *British* Dames were chaste, no Crimes
 The Cottage stain'd in elder Times;

When



Tecta labor, somnique breves, & vellere Tusco
 Vexata, duræque manus, ac proximus urbi
 Hannibal, & stantes Collinâ in turre mariti.
 Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala: seviore armis
 Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.
 Nullum crimen abest, facinusque libidinis, ex quo
 Paupertas Romana perit: hinc fluxit ad istos
 Et Sybaris colles, hinc & Rhodos, atque Miletos,
 Atque coronatum, & petulans, madidumque Taren-
 Prima peregrinos obscœna pecunia mores [tum.
 Intulit, & turpi frugerunt secula luxu
 Divitiæ molles.——

N O T Æ.

Seviore armis Luxuria, &c. Eximie sunt hi versus Notæ, et
 vix satis laudandi.

When the laborious Wife slept little,
 Spun Wool, and boil'd her Husband's Kettle:
 When the *Armada* frighten'd *Kent*,
 And good Queen *Bessy* pitch'd her Tent.
 Now from Security we feel
 More Ills than thurcatin'd us from Steel;
 Severer Luxury abounds,
 Avenging *France* of all her Wounds.
 When our old *British* Plainness left us,
 Of ev'ry Virtue it bereft us:
 And we've imported from all Climes,
 All sorts of Wickedness and Crimes:
French Finery, *Italian* Meats,
 With *German* Drunkenness, *Dutch* Cheats.
 Money's the Source of all our Woes;
 Money! whence Luxury o'erflows,
 And in a Torrent, like the *Nile*,
 Bears off the Virtues of this Isle.

We shall here close our Translation of this Satire: for as the
 Remainder is in many Places too obscene for chaste Ears; so,
 to the Honour of the *English* Ladies, the *Latin* is by no Means ap-
 plicable to them, nor indeed capable of being moderniz'd.



T O

Miss H---AND at *Bath*.Written *Extempore* in the Pump-Room, 1742.

SOON shall these bounteous Springs thy With
bestow,
Soon in each Feature sprightly Health shall glow;
Thy Eyes regain their Fire, thy Limbs their Grace,
And Roses join the Lillies in thy Face.
But say, sweet Maid, what Waters can remove
The Pangs of cold Despair, of hopeles Love?
The deadly Star which lights th' autumnal Skies
Shines not so bright, so fatal as those Eyes.
The Pains which from their Influence we endure,
Not *Brewster*, Glory of his Art, can cure.

A N

E S S A Y

O N

CONVERSATION.

H 2



A N
E S S A Y
O N
CONVERSATION.

MAN is generally represented as an Animal formed for and delighting in Society: In this State alone, it is said, his various Talents can be exerted, his numberless Necessities relieved, the Dangers he is exposed to can be avoided, and many of the Pleasures he eagerly affects, enjoyed. If these Assertions be, as I think they are, undoubtedly and obviously certain, those few who have denied Man to be a social Animal,



have left us these two Solutions of their Conduct: either that there are Men as bold in Denial as can be found in Affertion; and as *Cicero* says, there is no Absurdity which some Philosopher or other hath not asserted; so we may say, there is no Truth so glaring, that some have not denied it. Or else; that these Rejecters of Society borrow all their Information from their own savage Dispositions, and are indeed themselves the only Exceptions to the above general Rule.

But to leave such Persons to those who have thought them more worthy of an Answer; there are others who are so seemingly fond of this social State, that they are understood absolutely to confine it to their own Species; and, entirely excluding the tamer and gentler, the herding and flocking Parts of the Creation, from all Benefits of it, to set up this as one grand general Distinction, between the Human and the Brute Species.

Shall we conclude this *Denial* of all Society to the Nature of Brutes, which seems to be in Defiance of every Day's Observation, to be as bold, as the Denial of it to the Nature of Men? Or, may we not more justly derive the Error from an im-

improper understanding of this Word *Society* in too confined and special a Sense? In a Word, Do those who utterly deny it to the Brutal Nature, mean any other by Society than Conversation?

Now if we comprehend them in this Sense, as I think we very reasonably may, the Distinction appears to me to be truly just; for though other Animals are not without all Use of Society, yet this noble Branch of it seems, of all the Inhabitants of this Globe, confined to Man only; the narrow Power of communicating some few Ideas of Lust, or Fear, or Anger, which may be observable in Brutes, falling infinitely short of what is commonly meant by Conversation, as may be deduced from the Origination of the Word itself, the only accurate Guide to Knowledge. The primitive and literal Sense of this Word is, I apprehend, to *Turn round together*; and in its more copious Usage we intend by it, that reciprocal Interchange of Ideas, by which Truth is examined, Things are, in a manner, *turned round*, and sifted, and all our Knowledge communicated to each other.



In this Respect Man stands, I conceive, distinguished from and superior to all other Earthly Creatures: it is this Privilege which, while he is inferior in Strength to some, in Swiftness to others; without Horns, or Claws, or Tusks to attack them, or even to defend himself against them, hath made him Master of them all. Indeed, in other Views, however vain Men may be of their Abilities, they are greatly inferior to their animal Neighbours. With what Envy must a Swine, or a much less voracious Animal, be survey'd by a Glutton; and how contemptible must the Talents of other Sensualists appear, when oppos'd, perhaps, to some of the lowest and meanest of Brutes: But in Conversation Man stands alone, at least in this Part of the Creation; he leaves all others behind him at his first Start, and the greater Progress he makes, the greater Distance is between them.

Conversation is of three Sorts. Men are said to converse with God, with themselves, and with one another. The two first of these have been so liberally and excellently spoken to by others, that I shall, at present, pass them by, and confine myself, in this Essay, to the third only: Since it

focus

seems to me amazing, that this grand Business of our Lives, the Foundation of every Thing, either useful or pleasant, should have been so slightly treated of; that while there is scarce a Profession or Handicraft in Life, however mean and contemptible, which is not abundantly furnished with proper Rules to the attaining its Perfection, Men should be left almost totally in the Dark, and without the least Light to direct, or any Guide to conduct them in the proper exerting of those Talents, which are the noblest Privilege of human Nature, and productive of all rational Happiness; and the rather as this Power is by no means self-instructed, and in the Possession of the artless and ignorant, is of so mean Use, that it raises them very little above those Animals who are void of it.

As Conversation is a Branch of Society, it follows, that it can be proper to none who is not in his Nature social. Now Society is agreeable to no Creatures who are not inoffensive to each other; and we therefore observe in Animals who are entirely guided by Nature, that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious Disposition addict themselves to Solitude, and, unless when prompted by Lust, or that necessary

Instinct



Instinct implanted in them by Nature, for the Nurture of their Young, shun as much as possible the Society of their own Species. If therefore there should be found some human Individuals of so savage a Habit, it would seem they were not adapted to Society, and consequently, not to Conversation: nor would any Inconvenience ensue the Admittance of such Exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general Rule of Man's being a social Animal; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my Friend, the Author of *An Enquiry into Happiness*) * that these Men live in a constant Opposition to their own Nature, and are no less Monsters than the most wanton Abortions, or extravagant Births.

Again; if Society requires that its Members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other, the more suitable are they to the social Nature, and more perfectly adapted to its Institution: for all Creatures seek their own Happiness, and Society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this Happiness. To render therefore any Animal social is to render it inoffensive; an Instance of which is to be seen in those the Ferocity of whose

* The Treatise here mentioned is not yet public.

Nature

Nature can be tamed by Man. And here the Reader may observe a double Distinction of Man from the more savage Animals by Society, and from the social by Conversation.

But if Men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if Society and Conversation would be merely indifferent; and that in order to make it desirable by a sensible Being, it is necessary we should go farther, and propose some positive Good to ourselves from it; and this presupposes not only negatively, our not receiving any Hurt; but positively, our receiving some Good, some Pleasure or Advantage from each other in it, something which we could not find in an un-social and solitary State: otherwise we might cry out with the Right Honourable Poet; *

*Give us our Wildness and our Woods,
Our Hats and Cores again.*

The Art of pleasing or doing Good to one another is therefore the Art of Conversation. It is this Habit which gives it all its Value. And as Man's being a social Animal (the Truth of which is incontestably proved by that excellent Author

* The Duke of Buckingham.

of



of *An Enquiry*, &c. I have above cited) presupposes a natural Desire or Tendency this Way, it will follow, that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable End from Ignorance only in the Means; and how general this Ignorance is, may be, with some Probability, inferred from our want of even a Word to express this Art by: that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple Ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The Word I mean is *Good Breeding*; a Word, I apprehend, not at first confined to Externals, much less to any particular Dress or Attitude of the Body: nor were the Qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a Milliner, a Taylor, or a Perriwig-maker; no, nor even by a Dancing-Master himself. According to the Idea I myself conceive from this Word, I should not have scrupled to call *Socrates* a well-bred Man, though I believe he was very little instructed by any of the Persons I have above enumerated. In short, by *Good Breeding* (notwithstanding the corrupt Use of the Word in a very different Sense) I

mean

mean the Art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the Ease and Happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend therefore no longer on this Head: for whilst my Reader clearly conceives the Sense in which I use this Word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original Application.

Good Breeding then, or the *Art of pleasing in Conversation*, is expressed two different Ways, viz. in our Actions and our Words, and our Conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive Rule in Scripture; *Do unto all Men as you would they should do unto you*. Indeed, concise as this Rule is, and plain as it appears, what are all Treatises on Ethics, but Comments upon it? And whoever is well read in the Book of Nature, and hath made much Observation on the Actions of Men, will perceive so few capable of judging, or rightly pursuing their own Happiness, that he will be apt to conclude, that some Attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable Men to know truly, *what they would have done unto them*, or at least, what it would be their Interest to have done.

If



If therefore Men, through Weakness or Inattention, often err in their Conceptions of what would produce their own Happiness, no wonder they should miss in the Application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a Censure on their Inclinations, account for that frequent Failure in true Good Breeding, which daily Experience gives us Instances of.

Besides, the Commentators have well paraphrased on the abovementioned divine Rule, that it is, *to do unto Men what you would they, IF THEY WERE IN YOUR SITUATION AND CIRCUMSTANCES, AND YOU IN THEIRS, should do unto you*: And as this Comment is necessary to be observed in Ethics, so is it particularly useful in this our Art, where the Degree of the Person is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

We see then a Possibility for a Man well disposed to this Golden Rule, without some Precautions, to err in the Practice; nay, even Good-Nature itself, the very Habit of Mind most essential

sential to furnish us with true Good Breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former, that it hath been called, and with the Appearance at least of Propriety, artificial *Good Nature*. This excellent Quality itself sometimes shoots us beyond the Mark, and shews the Truth of those Lines in *Horace*:

*Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui
Ultra quam satis est VIRTUTEM si petat ipsam.*

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we shew the Deviations from those Rules, which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this Good Breeding is the Art of pleasing, it will be first necessary, with the utmost Caution, to avoid hurting or giving any Offence to those with whom we converse. And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual Disrespect, or Affront to their Persons, by Insolence, which is the severest Attack that can be made on the Pride of Man, and of which *Florus* seems to have no inadequate Opinion, when speaking of the second *Tarquin*, he says; *In omnes superbis (que Crudelitate gravior est noxis) grassatus*; "He trod on
"all



“all with *INSOLENCE*, which sits heavier on
 “Men of great Minds than Cruelty itself.” If
 there is any Temper in Man, which more than
 all others disqualifies him for Society, it is this *In-
 solence* or *Haughtiness*, which, blinding a Man to
 his own Imperfections, and giving him a Hawk’s
 Quick-sightedness to those of others, raises in him
 that Contempt for his Species, which inflates the
 Cheeks, erects the Head, and stiffens the Gait
 of those strutting Animals, who sometimes stalk
 in Assemblies, for no other Reason, but to shew
 in their Gesture and Behaviour the Disregard they
 have for the Company. Though to a truly great
 and philosophical Mind, it is not easy to conceive
 a more ridiculous Exhibition than this Puppet;
 yet to others he is little less than a Nuisance; for
 Contempt is a murderous Weapon, and there is
 this Difference only between the greatest and
 weakest Men, when attacked by it; that, in
 order to wound the former, it must be just;
 whereas without the Shields of Wisdom and Phi-
 losophy, which God knows are in the Possession
 of very few, it wants no Justice to point it; but
 is certain to penetrate, from whatever Corner it
 comes. It is this Disposition which inspires the
 empty *Cavus* to deny his Acquaintance, and over-
 look

look Men of Merit in Distress; and the little,
 silly, pretty *Phillida*, or *Foolida*, to stare at the
 strange Creatures round her. It is this Temper
 which constitutes the supercilious Eye, the re-
 served Look, the distant Bowe, the scornful Leer,
 the affected Astonishment, the loud Whisper, end-
 ing in a Laugh directed full in the Teeth of ano-
 ther. Hence spring, in short, those numberless Of-
 fences given too frequently, in public and private
 Assemblies, by Persons of weak Understandings,
 indelicate Habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding
 a Vanity, that it wants to devour whatever comes
 in its Way. Now, if Good-Breeding be what we
 have endeavoured to prove it, how foreign, and
 indeed how opposite to it, must such a Behaviour
 be? And can any Man call a Duke or a Dutches-
 es who wears it, well-bred? or are they not more
 justly entitled to those inhuman Names which they
 themselves allot to the lowest Vulgar? But be-
 hold a more pleasing Picture on the Reverse.
 See the Earl of *C*— noble in his Birth, splen-
 did in his Fortune, and embellished with every
 Endowment of Mind; how affable, how con-
 descending! himself the only one who seems ig-
 norant that he is every Way the greatest Person
 in the Room.



But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive, we must be profitable Servants to each other: we are, in the second Place, to proceed to the utmost Verge in paying the Respect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in this Particular. My Lord *Shaftsbury* hath a pretty Observation, that the Beggar, in addressing to a Coach with, my Lord, is sure not to offend, even though there be no Lord there; but, on the contrary, should plain Sir fly in the Face of a Nobleman, what must be the Consequence? And indeed, whoever considers the Bustle and Contention about Precedence, the Pains and Labours undertaken, and sometimes the Prices given for the smallest Title or Mark of Pre-eminence, and the visible Satisfaction betray'd in its Enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a Matter of no small Consequence. The Truth is, we live in a World of common Men; and not of Philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, by the Name of an *odd Fellow*: for what is it less than extream Oddity to despise what the Generality of the World think the Labour of their whole Lives well employed in procuring: we are therefore to adapt our Beha-

viour to the Opinion of the Generality of Mankind, and not to that of a few odd Fellows.

It would be tedious, and perhaps impossible, to specify every Instance, or to lay down exact Rules for our Conduct in every minute Particular. However, I shall mention some of the chief which most ordinarily occur, after premising, that the Business of the whole is no more than to convey to others an Idea of your Esteem of them, which is indeed the Substance of all the Compliments, Ceremonies, Presents, and whatever passes between well-bred People. And here I shall lay down these Positions.

First, that all meer Ceremonies exist in *Form* only, and have in them no Substance at all: but being imposed by the Laws of Custom, become essential to Good Breeding, from those high-flown Compliments paid to the Eastern Monarchs, and which pass between *Chinese* Mandarines, to those coarser Ceremonials in use between *English* Farmers and *Dutch* Boors.

Secondly, That these Ceremonies, poor as they are, are of more Consequence than they at first appear, and, in Reality, constitute the only



external Difference between Man and Man. Thus, His Grace, Right Honourable, My Lord, Right Reverend, Reverend, Honourable, Sir, Esquire, Mr. &c. have, in a Philolophical Sense, no Meaning, yet are, perhaps, politically essential, and must be preserved by Good Breeding; because,

Thirdly, They raise an Expectation in the Person by Law and Custom entitled to them, and who will consequently be displeas'd with the Disappointment.

Now, in order to descend minutely into any Rules for Good Breeding, it will be necessary to lay some Scene, or to throw our Disciple into some particular Circumstance. We will begin then with a Visit in the Country; and as the principal Actor on this Occasion is the Person who receives it, we will, as briefly as possible, lay down some general Rules for his Conduct; marking, at the same Time, the principal Deviations we have observed on these Occasions.

When an expected Guest arrives to Dinner at your House, if your Equal, or indeed not greatly your Inferior, he should be sure to find your Family in some Order, and yourself dress'd and
ready

ready to receive him at your Gate with a smiling Countenance. This insinuates an immediate Cheerfulness into your Guest, and persuades him of your Esteem and Desire of his Company. Nor so is the Behaviour of *Polyperchon*, at whose Gate you are oblig'd to knock a considerable Time before you gain Admittance. At length, the Door being opened to you by a Maid, or some improper Servant, who wonders where the Devil all the Men are; and being ask'd if the Gentleman is at home, answers, She believes so; you are conducted into a Hall, or back Parlour, where you stay some Time, before the Gentleman, in *Dish-bille* from his Study or his Garden, waits upon you, asks Pardon, and assures you he did not expect you so soon.

Your Guest being introduced into a Drawing-Room, is, after the first Ceremonies, to be ask'd, whether he will refresh himself after his Journey, before Dinner, (for which he is never to stay longer than the usual or fixed Hour.) But this Request is never to be repeated oftner than twice, in Imitation of *Chalepus*, who, as if hired by a Physician, crams Wine in a Morning down the Throats of his most temperate Friends, their Consturbations being not so dear to them as their present Quiet.



When Dinner is on the Table, and the Ladies have taken their Places, the Gentlemen are to be introduced into the Eating-Room, where they are to be seated with as much seeming Indifference as possible, unless there be any present whose Degrees claim an undoubted Precedence. As to the rest, the general Rules of Precedence are by Marriage, Age, and Profession. Lastly; in placing your Guests, Regard is rather to be had to Birth than Fortune: for though Purse-Pride is forward enough to exalt itself, it bears a Degradation with more secret Comfort and Ease than the former, as being more inwardly satisfied with itself, and less apprehensive of Neglect or Contempt.

The Order in helping your Guests is to be regulated by that of placing them: but here I must with great Submission recommend to the Lady at the upper End of the Table, to distribute her Favours as equally, and as impartially as she can. I have sometimes seen a large Dish of Fish extend no farther than to the fifth Person, and a Haunch of Venison lose all its Fat before half the Table had tasted it.

A single

A single Request to eat of any particular Dish, how elegant soever, is the utmost I allow. I strictly prohibit all earnest Solicitations, all Compliments that you have no Appetite, which are sometimes little less than Burlesque, and always impertinent and troublesome.

And here, however low it may appear to some Readers, as I have known Omissions of this kind give Offence, and sometimes make the Offenders, who have been very well-meaning Persons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the Ceremonial of drinking Healths at Table, which is always to begin with the Lady's, and next the Master's of the House.

When Dinner is ended, and the Ladies retired, though I do not hold the Master of the Feast obliged to fuddle himself through Complacency; and indeed it is his own Fault generally, if his Company be such as would desire it, yet he is to see that the Bottle circulate sufficiently to afford every Person present a moderate Quantity of Wine, if he chuses it; at the same Time permitting those who desire it, either to pass the Bottle, or fill their Glais as they please. Indeed, the beastly Custom

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fion of befotting, and oftentatious Contention for Pre-eminence in their Cups, feems at prefent prettily well abolifhed among the better fort of People. Yet *Melbus* ftill remains, who meafures the Honesty and Underftanding of Mankind by the Capacitousnefs of their Swallow; who fings forth the Praifes of a Bumper, and complains of the Light in your Glafs; and at whofe Table it is as difficult to preferve your Senfes, as to preferve your Purfe at a Gaming Table, or your Health at a B——y-Houfe. On the other Side, *Sopronus* eyes you carefully whilft you are filling out his Li- quor. The Bottle as furely ftops when it comes to him, as your Chariot at *Temple-Bar*; and it is almoft as impoffible to carry a Pint of Wine from his Houfe, as to gain the Love of a reigning Beauty, or borrow a Shilling of P——W——.

But to proceed. After a reasonable Time, if your Guest intends ftaying with you the whole Evening, and declines the Bottle, you may propofe Play, Walking, or any other Amufement; but thefe are to be but barely mentioned, and offered to his Choice with all Indifference on your Part. What Perfon can be fo dull as not to perceive in *Agrytes* a Longing to pick your Pockets? or in *Alazon*, a Defire to fatisfy his own Vanity
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in fhewing you the Rarities of his Houfe and Gardens? When your Guest offers to go, there fhould be no Solicitations to ftay, unlefs for the whole Night, and that no farther than to give him a moral Affurance of his being welcome fo to do: no Affertions that he fhan't go yet; no laying on violent Hands; no private Orders to Servants, to delay providing the Horfes or Vehicles; like *Defmophylax*, who never fuffers any one to depart from his Houfe without entitling him to an Action of falfe Imprifonment.

Let us now confider a little the Part which the Vifitor himfelf is to act. And firft, he is to avoid the two Extremes of being too early, or too late, fo as neither to furprize his Friend unawares or unprovided, nor detain him too long in Expectation. *Ortribus*, who hath nothing to do, difturbes your Reft in a Morning; and the frugal *Chronophidus*, left he fhould wafte fome Minutes of his precious Time, is fure to fpoil your Dinner.

The Adrefs at your Arrival fhould be as fhort as poffible, efpecially when you vifit a Superior; not imitating *Pblemophilus*, who would flop his Friend in the Rain, rather than omit a fingle Bowe.

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Be not too observant of trifling Ceremonies, such as rising, sitting, walking first in or out of the Room, except with one greatly your Superior; but when such a one offers you Precedence, it is uncivil to refuse it: Of which I will give you the following Instance. An *English* Nobleman being in *France*, was bid by *Lewis XIV.* to enter his Coach before him, which he excus'd himself from; the King then immediately mounted, and ordering the Door to be shut, drove on, leaving the Nobleman behind him.

Never refuse any Thing offer'd you out of Civility, unless in Preference of a Lady, and that no oftner than once; for nothing is more truly Good Breeding, than to avoid being troublesome. Though the Taste and Humour of the Visitor is to be chiefly considered, yet is some Regard likewise to be had to that of the Master of the House; for otherwise your Company will be rather a Penance than a Pleasure. *Methusius* plainly discovers his Visit to be paid to his soper Friend's Bottle; nor will *Philopojus* abstain from Cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himself; whilst the slender *Leptines* gives his fat Entertainer a Sweat, and makes him run the Hazard of breaking his Wind up his own Mounets.

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If Conveniency allows your staying longer than the Time propos'd, it may be civil to offer to depart, lest your Stay may be incommodious to your Friend: but if you perceive the contrary, by his Solicitations, they should be readily accepted; without tempting him to break these Rules we have above laid down for him; causing a Confusion in his Family, and among his Servants, by Preparations for your Departure. Lastly, when you are resolv'd to go, the same Method is to be observ'd which I have prescrib'd at your Arrival. No tedious Ceremonies of taking Leave: not like *Hyperphylus*, who bows and kisses, and squeezes by the Hand as heartily, and wishes you as much Health and Happiness, when he is going a Journey home of ten Miles, from a common Acquaintance, as if he was leaving his nearest Friend or Relation on a Voyage to the *East-Indies*.

Having thus briefly consider'd our Reader in the Circumstance of a private Visit, let us now take him into a public Assembly, where, as more Eyes will be on his Behaviour, it cannot be less his Interest to be instructed. We have indeed already formed a general Picture of the chief Enormities



mities committed on these Occasions, we shall here endeavour to explain more particularly the Rules of an opposite Demeanour, which we may divide into three Sorts, *viz.* our Behaviour to our Superiours, to our Equals, and to our Inferiours

In our Behaviour to our Superiours, two Extremes are to be avoided, namely, an abject and base Servility, and an impudent and encroaching Freedom. When the well-born *Hyperdulus* approaches a Nobleman in any public Place, you would be persuaded he was one of the meanest of his Domesticks: his Cringes fall little short of Prostration; and his whole Behaviour is so mean and servile, that an Eastern Monarch would not require more Humiliation from his Vassals. On the other Side; *Anafchyntus*, whom fortunate Accidents, without any Pretensions from his Birth, have raised to associate with his Betters, shakes my Lord Duke by the Hand, with a Familiarity favouring not only of the most perfect Intimacy, but the closest Alliance. The former Behaviour properly raises our Contempt, the latter our Disgust. *Hyperdulus* seems worthy of wearing his Lordship's Livery; *Anafchyntus* deserves to be turned out of his Service for his Impudence. Between these two is that golden Mean, which declares

chares a Man ready to acquiesce in allowing the Respect due to a Title by the Laws and Customs of his Country, but impatient of any Insult, and disdain to purchase the Intimacy with, and Favour of a Superior, at the Expence of Confidence or Honour. As to the Question, Who are our Superiours? I shall endeavour to ascertain them, when I come, in the second Place, to mention our Behaviour to our Equals. The first Instruction on this Head, being carefully to consider who are such: Every little Superiority of Fortune or Profession being too apt to intoxicate Men's Minds, and elevate them in their own Opinion, beyond their Merit or Pretensions. Men are superior to each other in this our Country by Title, by Birth, by Rank in Profession, and by Age; very little, if any, being to be allowed to Fortune, though so much is generally exacted by it, and commonly paid to it. Mankind never appear to me in a more despicable Light, than when I see them, by a simple as well as mean Servility, voluntarily concurring in the Adoration of Riches, without the least Benefit or Prospect from them. Respect and Deference are perhaps justly demandable of the obliged, and may be, with some Reason at least, from Expectation, paid to the Rich and Liberal from the Necessitous: but



but that Men should be allured by the glittering of Wealth only, to feed the insolent Pride of those who will not in Return feed their Hunger; that the sordid Niggard should find any Sacrifices on the Altar of his Vanity, seems to arise from a blinder Idolatry, and a more bigotted and senseless Superstition, than any which the sharp Eyes of Priests have discovered in the human Mind.

All Gentlemen, therefore, who are not raised above each other by Title, Birth, Rank in Profession, Age, or actual Obligation, being to be considered as Equals, let us take some Lessons for their Behaviour to each other in public, from the following Examples; in which we shall discern as well what we are to elect, as what we are to avoid. *Autbades* is so absolutely abandoned to his own Humour, that he never gives it up on any Occasion. If *Seraphina* herself, whose Charms one would imagine should inspire Alacrity into the Limbs of a Cripple sooner than the *Bath Waters*, was to offer herself for his Partner, he would answer, *He never danced*, even though the Ladies lost their Ball by it. Nor doth this Denial arise from Incapacity; for he was in his Youth an excellent Dancer, and still retains sufficient Knowledge of the Art, and sufficient Abilities in his

Limbs

Limbs to practice it; but from an Affection of Gravity, which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest Desire of others. *Dyfelus* hath the same Aversion to Cards; and though competently skilled in all Games, is by no Importunities to be prevailed on to make a third at *Ombre*, or a fourth at *Whisk* and *Quadrille*. He will suffer any Company to be disappointed of their Amusement, rather than submit to pass an Hour or two a little disagreeably to himself. The Refusal of *Philautus* is not so general: he is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite Game, but it is impossible to persuade him to any other. I should add, both these are Men of Fortune, and the Consequences of Loss or Gain, at the Rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

The Rebukes these People sometimes meet with, are no more equal to their Defects than the Honour paid to *Chorifus*, the Benevolence of whose Mind scarce permits him to indulge his own Will, unless by Accident. Though neither his Age nor Understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any Pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole Evening, rather than a fine young Lady should lose an Opportunity of display-



displaying her Charms by the several genteel and amiable Attitudes which this Exercise affords the skilful of that Sex. And though Cards are not adapted to his Temper, he never once baulked the Inclinations of others on that Account.

But as there are many who will not in the least Instance mortify their own Humour to purchase the Satisfaction of all Mankind, so there are some who make no Scruple of satisfying their own Pride and Vanity, at the Expence of the most cruel Mortification of others. Of this Kind is *Agroicus*, who seldom goes to an Assembly, but he affronts half his Acquaintance, by overlooking, or disregarding them.

As this is a very common Offence, and indeed much more criminal, both in its Cause and Effect, than is generally imagin'd, I shall examine it very minutely; and I doubt not but to make it appear, that there is no Behaviour (to speak like a Philosopher) more contemptible, nor, in a civil Sense, more detestable than this.

The first Ingredient in this Composition is PRIDE, which, according to the Doctrine of some, is the universal Passion. There are others who consider it as the Poible of great Minds; and others

others again, who will have it to be the very Foundation of Greatness; and perhaps it may of that Greatness which we have endeavour'd to expose in many Parts of these Works: but to real Greatness, which is the Union of a good Heart with a good Head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the Depravity of both, and almost certainly from the Baseness of the latter. Indeed, a little Observation will shew us, that Fools are the most addicted to this Vice; and a little Reflection will teach us, that it is incompatible with true Understanding. Accordingly we see, that while the wisest of Men have constantly lamented the Imbecility and Imperfection of their own Nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpeting forth their own Excellencies, and triumphing in their own Sufficiency.

PRIDE may, I think, be properly defined; *the Pleasure we feel in contemplating our own Superior Merit, on comparing it with that of others.* That it arises from this supposed Superiority is evident: for however great you admit a Man's Merit to be, if all Men were equal to him, there would be no Room for Pride: now if it stop here, perhaps there is no enormous Harm in it,

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or at least, no more than is common to all other Folly; every Species of which is always liable to produce every Species of Mischief: Folly I fear it is; for should the Man estimate rightly on this Occasion, and the Ballance should fairly turn on his Side in this particular Instance; should he be indeed a greater Orator, Poet, General; should he be more wise, witty, learned, young, rich, healthy, or in whatever Influence he may excel one, or many, or all; yet, if he examine himself thoroughly, will he find no Reason to abate his Pride? Is the Quality, in which he is so eminent, so generally or justly esteemed; Is it so entirely his own? Doth he not rather owe his Superiority to the Defects of others, than to his own Perfection? Or, lastly, Can he find in no Part of his Character, a Weakness which may counterpoise this Merit, and which as justly, at least, threatens him with Shame, as this entices him to Pride? I fancy, if such a Scrutiny was made, (and nothing so ready as good Sense to make it) a proud Man would be as rare, as in Reality he is a ridiculous Monster. But suppose a Man, on this Comparison, is (as may sometimes happen) a little partial to himself, the Harm is to himself, and he becomes only ridiculous from it. If I prefer my Excellence in Poetry to *Pope* or *Young*: if an inferior Actor

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should, in his Opinion, exceed *Quin* or *Garrick*; or a Sign-Post Painter set himself above the inimitable *Hogarth*; we become only ridiculous by our Vanity; and the Persons themselves, who are thus humbled in the Comparison, would laugh with more Reason than any other. PRIDE therefore, hitherto, seems an inoffensive Weakness only, and entitles a Man to no worse an Appellation than that of a FOOL: but it will not stop here; though FOOL be perhaps no desirable Term, the proud Man will deserve worse: He is not contented with the Admiration he pays himself; he now becomes ARROGANT, and requires the same Respect and Preference from the World; for Pride, though the greatest of Flatterers, is by no means a profitable Servant to itself; it resembles the Parson of the Parish more than the 'Squire, and lives rather on the Tithes, Oblations, and Contributions it collects from others, than on its own Demerit. As Pride therefore is seldom without Arrogance, so is this never to be found without Insolence. The arrogant Man must be insolent, in order to attain his own Ends: and to convince and remind Men of the Superiority he affects, will naturally, by ill Words, Actions, and Gestures, endeavour to throw the despised Person at as much Distance as possible from

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him.



him. Hence proceeds that supercilious Look, and all those visible Indignities with which Men behave in public, to those whom they fancy their Inferiours. Hence the very notable Custom of deriding and often denying the nearest Relations, Friends, and Acquaintance, in Poverty and Distress; lest we should anywise be levelled with the Wretches we despise, either in their own Imagination, or in the Conceit of any who should behold Familiarities pass between us.

But besides Pride, Folly, Arrogance, and Insolence, there is another Simple (which Vice never willingly leaves out of any Composition) and that is Ill-nature. A Good-natured Man may indeed (provided he is a Fool) be proud, but arrogant and insolent he cannot be; unless we will allow to such a still greater Degree of Folly, and Ignorance of human Nature; which may indeed entitle them to Forgiveness, in the benign Language of Scripture, because *they know not what they do*.

For when we come to consider the Effect of this Behaviour on the Person who suffers it, we may perhaps have Reason to conclude, that Murder is not a much more cruel Injury. What is the Consequence of this Contempt? or indeed,

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What is the Design of it, but to expose the Object of it to Shame? a Sensation as uneasy, and almost intolerable, as those which arise from the severest Pains inflicted on the Body: a Convulsion of the Mind (if I may so call it) which immediately produces Symptoms of universal Disorder in the whole Man; which hath sometimes been attended with Death itself, and to which Death hath, by great Multitudes, been with much Alacrity preferred. Now, what less than the highest Degree of Ill-nature can permit a Man to pamper his own Vanity at the Price of another's Shame? Is the Glutton, who, to raise the Flavour of his Dish, puts some Bird or Beast to exquisite Torment, more cruel to the Animal, than this our proud Man to his own Species.

This Character then is a Composition made up of those odious contemptible Qualities, Pride, Folly, Arrogance, Insolence, and Ill-nature. I shall dismiss it with some general Observations, which will place it in so ridiculous a Light, that a Man must hereafter be possessed of a very considerable Portion, either of Folly or Impudence, to assume it.

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First, it proceeds on one grand Fallacy: for whereas this Wretch is endeavouring, by a supercilious Conduct, to lead the Beholder into an Opinion of his Superiority to the despis'd Person, he inwardly flatters his own Vanity with a deceitful Presumption, that this his Conduct is founded on a general pre-conceived Opinion of this Superiority.

Secondly, This Caution to preserve it, plainly indicates a Doubt, that the Superiority of our own Character is very slightly established, for which Reason we see it chiefly practiced by Men who have the weakest Pretensions to the Reputation they aim at: and indeed, none was ever freer from it than that noble Person whom we have already mentioned in this Essay, and who can never be mentioned but with Honour, by those who know him.

Thirdly, This Opinion of our Superiority is commonly very erroneous. Who hath not seen a General behaving in this supercilious Manner to an Officer of lower Rank, who hath been greatly his Superior in that very Art, to his Excellence in which the General ascribes all his Merit. Paral-

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lel Instances occur in every other Art, Science, or Profession.

Fourthly, Men who excel others in trifling Instances, frequently cast a supercilious Eye on their Superiors in the highest. Thus the least Pretensions to Pre-eminence in Title, Birth, Riches, Equipage, Dress, &c. constantly overlook the most noble Endowments of Virtue, Honour, Wisdom, Sense, Wit, and every other Quality which can truly dignify and adorn a Man.

Lastly, The lowest and meanest of our Species are the most strongly addicted to this Vice. Men who are a Scandal to their Sex, and Women who disgrace Human Nature: for the basest Mechanic is so far from being exempt, that he is generally the most guilty of it. It visits Ale-Houses and Gin-Shops, and whistles in the empty Heads of Fiddlers, Mountebanks, and Dancing-Masters.

To conclude a Character, on which we have already dwelt longer than is consistent with the intended Measure of this Essay: This Contempt of others is the truest Symptom of a base and a bad Heart. While it suggests itself to the Mean and the Vile, and tickles their little Fancy on every

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Occasion, it never enters the great and good Mind, but on the strongest Motives; nor is it then a welcome Guest, affording only an uneasy Sensation, and brings always with it a Mixture of Concern and Compassion.

We will now proceed to inferior Criminals in Society. *Theoretus* conceiving that the Assembly is only met to see and admire him, is uneasy unless he engrosses the Eyes of the whole Company. The Giant doth not take more Pains to be view'd; and as he is unfortunately not so tall, he carefully deposits himself in the most conspicuous Place: nor will that suffice, he must walk about the Room, though to the great Disturbance of the Company; and if he can purchase general Observation, at no less Rate will condescend to be ridiculous; for he prefers being laughed at, to being taken little Notice of.

On the other Side, *Dufopius* is so bashful, that he hides himself in a Corner; he hardly bears being looked at, and never quits the first Chair he lights upon, lest he should expose himself to public View. He trembles when you bow to him at a Distance; is shocked at hearing his own Voice, and would almost swoon at the Repetition of his Name.

The

The audacious *Anedot*, who is extremely amorous in his Inclinations, never likes a Woman, but his Eyes ask her the Question; without considering the Confusion he often occasions to the Object: he ogles and languishes at every pretty Woman in the Room. As there is no Law of Morality which he would not break to satisfy his Desires, so is there no Form of Civility which he doth not violate to communicate them. When he gets Possession of a Woman's Hand, which those of stricter Decency never give him but with Reluctance, he considers himself as its Master. Indeed there is scarce a Familiarity which he will abstain from, on the slightest Acquaintance, and in the most publick Place. *Seraphino* herself can make no Impression on the rough Temper of *Agricus*; neither her Quality, nor her Beauty, can exact the least Complacence from him; and he would let her lovely Limbs ach, rather than offer her his Chair: while the gentle *Lyperus* rumbles over Benches, and overthrows Tea-Tables, to take up a Fan or a Glove: he forces you as a good Parent doth his Child, for your own Good: he is absolute Master of a Lady's Will, nor will allow her the Election of standing or sitting in his Company. In short, the imper-

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minent Civility of *Lycerus* is as troublesome, tho' perhaps not so offensive as the brutish Rudeness of *Agroicus*.

Thus we have hinted at most of the common Enormities committed in publick Assemblies, to our Equals; for it would be tedious and difficult to enumerate all: nor is it needful; since from this Sketch we may trace all others, most of which, I believe, will be found to branch out from some of the Particulars here specified.

I am now, in the last Place, to consider our Behaviour to our Inferiors: in which Condescension can never be too strongly recommended: for as a Deviation on this Side is much more innocent than on the other, so the Pride of Man renders us much less liable to it. For besides that we are apt to over-rate our own Perfections, and undervalue the Qualifications of our Neighbours, we likewise set too high an Esteem on the Things themselves, and consider them as constituting a more essential Difference between us than they really do. The Qualities of the Mind do, in reality, establish the truest Superiority over one another; yet should not these so far elevate our Pride, as to inflate us with Contempt, and make

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us look down on our Fellow Creatures, as on Animals of an inferior Order: but that the fortuitous Accident of Birth, the Acquisition of Wealth, with some outward Ornaments of Dress, should inspire Men with an Insolence capable of treating the rest of Mankind with Disdain, is so preposterous, that nothing less than daily Experience could give it Credit.

If Men were to be rightly estimated, and divided into subordinate Classes, according to the superior Excellence of their several Natures, perhaps the lowest Class of either Sex would be properly assigned to those two Disgracers of the human Species, common called a Beau, and a fine Lady: For if we rate Men by the Faculties of the Mind, in what Degree must these stand? Nay, admitting the Qualities of the Body were to give the Pre-eminence, how many of those whom Fortune hath placed in the lowest Station, must be ranked above them? If Dress is their only Title, sure even the Monkey, if as well dressed, is on as high a Footing as the Beau.—But perhaps I shall be told, they challenge their Dignity from Birth: That is a poor and mean Pretence to Honour, when supported with no other. Persons who have no better Claim to Superiority, should



should be ashamed of this; they are really a Disgrace to those very Ancestors from whom they would derive their Pride, and are chiefly happy in this, that they want the very moderate Portion of Understanding which would enable them to despise themselves.

And yet, who so prone to a contemptuous Carriage as these! I have myself seen a little female Thing *whicb* they have called My Lady, of no greater Dignity in the Order of Beings than a Cat, and of no more Use in Society than a Butterfly; whose Mien would not give even the Idea of a Gentlewoman, and whose Face would cool the loosest Libertine; with a Mind as empty of Ideas as an Opera, and a Body fuller of Diseases than an Hospital. I have seen this *Thing* express Contempt to a Woman who was an Honour to her Sex, and an Ornament to the Creation.

To confess the Truth, there is little Danger of the Possessor's ever undervaluing this Titular Excellence. Not that I would withdraw from it that Deference which the Policy of Government hath assigned it. On the contrary, I have laid down the most exact Compliance with this Respect, as a Fundamental in Good-Breeding; nay, I insist
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only that we may be admitted to pay it; and not treated with a Disdain even beyond what the Eastern Monarchs shew to their Slaves. Surely it is too high an Elevation, when instead of treating the lowest human Creature, in a Christian Sense, as our Brethren; we look down on such as are but one Rank, in the Civil Order, removed from us, as unworthy to breathe even the same Air, and regard the most distant Communication with them as an Indignity and Disgrace offered to ourselves. This is considering the Difference not in the Individual, but in the very Species; a Height of Insolence impious in a Christian Society, and most absurd and ridiculous in a trading Nation.

I have now done with my first Head, in which I have treated of Good-Breeding, as it regards our Actions. I shall, in the next Place, consider it with respect to our Words; and shall endeavour to lay down some Rules, by observing which our well-bred Man may, in his Discourse as well as Actions, contribute to the Happiness and Well-being of Society.

Certain it is, that the highest Pleasure which we are capable of enjoying in Conversation, is to be met with only in the Society of Persons whose
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Understanding is pretty near on an Equality with our own: nor is this Equality only necessary to enable Men of exalted Genius, and extensive Knowledge, to taste the sublimer Pleasures of communicating their refined Ideas to each other; but it is likewise necessary to the inferior Happiness of every subordinate Degree of Society, down to the very lowest. For Instance; we will suppose a Conversation between *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, and three Dancing-Masters. It will be acknowledged, I believe, that the Heel Sophists would be as little pleased with the Company of the Philosophers, as the Philosophers with theirs.

It would be greatly therefore for the Improvement and Happiness of Conversation, if Society could be formed on this Equality: but as Men are not ranked in this World by the different Degrees of their Understanding, but by other Methods, and consequently all Degrees of Understanding often meet in the same Class, and must *ex necessitate* frequently converse together, the Impossibility of accomplishing any such *Utopian* Scheme very plainly appears. Here therefore is a visible but unavoidable Imperfection in Society itself.

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But as we have laid it down as a Fundamental, that the Essence of Good-Breeding is to contribute as much as possible to the Ease and Happiness of Mankind, so will it be the Business of our well-bred Man to endeavour to lessen this Imperfection to his utmost, and to bring Society as near to a Level at least as he is able.

Now there are but two Ways to compass this, *viz.* by raising the lower, and by lowering what is higher.

Let us suppose then, that very unequal Company I have before mentioned met: the former of these is apparently impracticable. Let *Socrates*, for Instance, institute a Discourse on the Nature of the Soul, or *Plato* reason on the native Beauty of Virtue, and *Aristotle* on his occult Qualities.--- What must become of our Dancing-Masters? Would they not stare at one another with Surprise? and, most probably, at our Philosophers with Contempt? Would they have any Pleasure in such Society? or would they not rather with themselves in a Dancing-School, or a Green-Room at the Play-House? What therefore have our Philosophers to do, but to lower themselves to those who cannot rise to them?

And



And surely there are Subjects on which both can converse. Hath not *Socrates* heard of Harmony? Hath not *Plato*, who draws Virtue in the Person of a fine Woman, any Idea of the Gracefulness of Attitude? and hath not *Aristotle* himself written a Book on Motion? In short, to be a little ferocious, there are many Topics on which they can at least be intelligible to each other.

How absurd then must appear the Conduct of *Cenodoxus*, who having had the Advantage of a liberal Education, and having made a pretty good Progress in Literature, is constantly advancing learned Subjects in common Conversation? He talks of the Classics before the Ladies; and of *Greek Criticisms* among fine Gentlemen. What is this less than an Insult on the Company, over whom he thus affects a Superiority, and whose Time he sacrifices to his Vanity?

Wifely different is the amiable Conduct of *Sophronus*; who, though he exceeds the former in Knowledge, can submit to discourse on the most trivial Matters, rather than introduce such as his Company are utter Strangers to. He can talk of

Fashions

Fashions and Diversions among the Ladies; nay, can even condescend to Horses and Dogs with Country Gentlemen. This Gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest Points, can likewise talk on a Fan, or a Horse-Race; nor had ever any one, who was not himself a Man of Learning, the least Reason to conceive the vast Knowledge of *Sophronus*, unless from the Report of others.

Let us compare these together. *Cenodoxus* proposes the Satisfaction of his own Pride from the Admiration of others; *Sophronus* thinks of nothing but their Amusement. In the Company of *Cenodoxus*, every one is rendered uneasy, laments his own want of Knowledge, and longs for the End of the dull Assembly: With *Sophronus* all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their Knowledge of Matters which they find worthy the Consideration of a Man of Sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former; to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with Envy and Hatred; the latter enjoys it as the sweet Fruit of Good-Will. The former is shunned, the latter courted by all.



This Behaviour in *Comedians* may, in some Measure, account for an Observation we must have frequent Occasion to make: That the Conversation of Men of very moderate Capacities is often preferred to that with Men of superior Talents: In which the World act more wisely than at first they may seem; for besides that Backwardness in Mankind to give their Admiration, what can be duller, or more void of Pleasure than Discourses on Subjects above our Comprehension! It is like listening to an unknown Language; and if such Company is ever desired by us, it is a Sacrifice to our Vanity, which imposes on us to believe that we may by these Means raise the general Opinion of our own Parts and Knowledge, and not from that cheerful Delight which is the natural Result of an agreeable Conversation.

There is another very common Fault, equally destructive of this Delight, by much the same Means; though it is far from owing its Original to any real Superiority of Parts and Knowledge: This is discoursing on the Mysteries of a particular Profession, to which all the rest of the Company,

pany, except one or two, are utter Strangers. Lawyers are generally guilty of this Fault, as they are more confined to the Conversation of one another; and I have known a very agreeable Company spoiled, where there have been two of these Gentlemen present, who have seem'd rather to think themselves in a Court of Justice, than in a mixed Assembly of Persons, met only for the Entertainment of each other.

But it is not sufficient that the whole Company understand the Topic of their Conversation; they should be likewise equally interested in every Subject not tending to their general Information or Amusement; for these are not to be postponed to the Relation of private Affairs, much less of the particular Grievance or Misfortune of a single Person. To bear a Share in the Afflictions of another is a Degree of Friendship not to be expected in a common Acquaintance; nor hath any Man a Right to indulge the Satisfaction of a weak and mean Mind by the Comfort of Pity, at the Expence of the whole Company's Diversion. The inferior and unsuccessful Members of the several Professions are generally guilty of this Fault; for as they fail of the Reward due



to their great Merit, they can seldom refrain from reviling their Superiors, and complaining of their own hard and unjust Fate.

Farther; as a Man is not to make himself the Subject of the Conversation, so neither is he to engross the whole to himself. As every Man had rather please others by what he says, than be himself pleased by what they say; or, in other Words, as every Man is best pleased with the Consciousness of pleasing; so should all have an equal Opportunity of aiming at it. This is a Right which we are so offended at being deprived of, that though I remember to have known a Man reputed a good Companion, who seldom opened his Mouth in Company, unless to swallow his Liquor; yet I have scarce ever heard that Appellation given to a very talkative Person, even when he hath been capable of entertaining, unless he hath done this with Buffoonry, and made the rest amends, by partaking of their Scorn, together with their Admiration and Applause.

A well-bred Man therefore will not take more of the Discourse than falls to his Share: nor in this will he shew any violent Impetuosity of Temper,

per, or exert any Loudness of Voice, even in arguing: for the Information of the Company, and the Conviction of his Antagonist, are to be his apparent Motives; not the Indulgence of his own Pride, or an ambitious Desire of Victory; which latter if a wise Man should entertain, he will be sure to conceal with his utmost Endeavour: since he must know, that to lay open his Vanity in public, is no less absurd than to lay open his Bosom to an Enemy, whose drawn Sword is pointed against it: for every Man hath a Dagger in his Hand, ready to stab the Vanity of another, wherever he perceives it.

Having now shewn, that the Pleasure of Conversation must arise from the Discourse being on Subjects levelled to the Capacity of the whole Company; from being on such in which every Person is equally interested; from every one's being admitted to his Share in the Discourse; and lastly, from carefully avoiding all Noise, Violence, and Impetuosity; it might seem proper to lay down some particular Rules for the Choice of those Subjects which are most likely to conduce to the cheerful Delights proposed from this social Communication: but as such an Attempt might appear



pear absurd, from the infinite Variety, and perhaps too dictatorial in its Nature, I shall confine myself to rejecting those Topics only which seem most foreign to this Delight, and which are most likely to be attended with Consequences rather tending to make Society an Evil, than to procure us any Good from it.

And First, I shall mention that which I have hitherto only endeavoured to restrain within certain Bounds, namely, Arguments: but which if they were entirely banished out of Company, especially from mixed Assemblies, and where Ladies make Part of the Society, it would, I believe, promote their Happiness: they have been sometimes attended with Bloodshed, generally with Hatred from the conquered Party towards his Victor; and scarce ever with Conviction. Here I except jocosse Arguments, which often produce much Mirth; and serious Disputes between Men of Learning (when none but such are present) which tend to the Propagation of Knowledge, and the Edification of the Company.

Secondly, Slander; which, however frequently used, or however savory to the Palate of Ill-nature,

is extremely pernicious. As it is often unjust, and highly injurious to the Person flandered; and always dangerous, especially in large and mixed Companies; where sometimes an undesigned Offence is given to an innocent Relation or Friend of such Person, who is thus exposed to Shame and Confusion, without having any Right to resent the Assault. Of this there have been very tragical Instances; and I have myself seen some very ridiculous ones, but which have given great Pain, as well to the Person offended, as to him who hath been the innocent Occasion of giving the Offence.

Thirdly; all general Reflections on Countries, Religions, and Professions, which are always unjust. If these are ever tolerable, they are only from the Persons who with some Pleasantry ridicule their own Country. It is very common among us to cast Sarcasms on a neighbouring Nation, to which we have no other Reason to bear an Antipathy, than what is more usual than justifiable, because we have injured it: But sure such general Satire is not founded on Truth: for I have known Gentlemen of that Nation possessed with every good Quality which are to be wished



wished in a Man, or required in a Friend. I remember a Repartee made by a Gentleman of this Country, which though it was full of the severest Wit, the Person to whom it was directed, could not resent, as he so plainly deserved it. He had with great Bitterness inveighed against this whole People: upon which, one of them who was present, very coolly answered, *I don't know, Sir, whether I have not more Reason to be pleas'd with the Compliment you pay my Country, than to be angry with what you say against it; since by your abusing us all so harshly, you have plainly implied you are not of it.* This expos'd the other to so much Laughter, especially as he was not unexceptionable in his Character, that I believe he was sufficiently punished for his ill-manner'd Satire.

Fourthly; Blasphemy, and irreverent mention of Religion. I will not here debate what Compliment a Man pays to his own Understanding, by the Profession of Infidelity; it is sufficient to my Purpose, that he runs a Risk of giving the cruellest Offence to Persons of a different Temper: for if a Loyalist would be greatly affronted by hearing any Indecencies offered to the Person of a

temporal

temporal Prince, how much more bitterly must a Man, who sincerely believes in such a Being as the Almighty, feel any Irreverence, or Insult shewn to his Name, his Honour, or his Institution? And notwithstanding the impious Character of the present Age, and especially of many among those whose more immediate Business it is to lead Men, as well by Example as Precept, into the Ways of Piety, there are still sufficient Numbers left, who pay so honest and sincere a Reverence to Religion, as may give us a reasonable Expectation of finding one at least of this Stamp in every large Company.

A fifth Particular to be avoided is Indecency. We are not only to forbear the repeating such Words as would give an immediate Affront to a Lady of Reputation; but the raising any loose Ideas tending to the Offence of that Modesty, which if a young Woman hath not something more than the Affectation of, she is not worthy the Regard even of a Man of Pleasure, provided he hath any Delicacy in his Constitution. How inconsistent with Good-Breeding it is to give Pain and Confusion to such, is sufficiently apparent; all Double-Entendres,



Entredes, and obscene Jest, are therefore carefully to be avoided before them. But suppose no Ladies present, nothing can be meaner, lower, and less productive of rational Mirth, than this loose Conversation. For my own Part, I cannot conceive how the Idea of Jest or Pleasantry came ever to be annexed to one of our highest and most serious Pleasures. Nor can I help observing, to the Discredit of such Merriment, that it is commonly the last Resource of impotent Wit, the weak Strainings of the lowest, silliest, and dullest Fellows in the World.

Sixthly; You are to avoid knowingly mentioning any thing which may revive in any Person the Remembrance of some past Accident; or raise an uneasy Reflection on a present Misfortune, or corporal Blemish. To maintain this Rule nicely, perhaps requires great Delicacy; but it is absolutely necessary to a well-bred Man. I have observed numberless Breaches of it; many, I believe, proceeding from Negligence and Inadvertency; yet I am afraid some may be too justly imputed to a malicious Desire of triumphing in our own superior Happiness and Perfections: now when it proceeds from this Motive, it is not easy to imagine any thing more criminal.

Under

Under this Head I shall caution my well-bred Reader against a common Fault, much of the same Nature; which is mentioning any particular Quality as absolutely essential to either Man or Woman, and exploding all those who want it. This renders every one uneasy, who is in the least self-conscious of the Defect. I have heard a *Boor* of Fashion declare in the Presence of Women remarkably plain, that Beauty was the chief Perfection of that Sex; and an Essential, without which no Woman was worth regarding. A certain Method of putting all those in the Room, who are but suspicious of their Defect that way, out of Countenance.

I shall mention one Fault more, which is, not paying a proper Regard to the present Temper of the Company, or the Occasion of their meeting, in introducing a Topic of Conversation, by which as great an Absurdity is sometimes committed, as it would be to sing a Dirge at a Wedding, or an Epithalamium at a Funeral.

Thus



Thus I have, I think, enumerated most of the principal Errors which we are apt to fall into in Conversation; and though perhaps some Particulars worthy of Remark may have escaped me, yet an Attention to what I have here said, may enable the Reader to discover them. At least I am persuaded, that if the Rules I have now laid down were strictly observed, our Conversation would be more perfect, and the Pleasure resulting from it purer, and more unfulfilled, than at present it is.

But I must not dismiss this Subject without some Animadversions on a particular Species of Pleasantry, which though I am far from being desirous of banishing from Conversation, requires, most certainly, some Reins to govern, and some Rule to direct it. The Reader may perhaps guess, I mean Raillery; to which I may apply the Fable of the Lap-Dog and the Ass: for while in some Hands it diverts and delights us with its Dexterity and Gentleness; in others, it paws, dawbs, offends, and hurts.

The

The End of Conversation being the Happiness of Mankind, and the chief Means to procure their Delight and Pleasure; it follows, I think, that nothing can conduce to this End, which tends to make a Man uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, or which exposes him to the Scorn and Contempt of others. I here except that Kind of Raillery therefore, which is concerned in tossing Men out of their Chairs, tumbling them into Water, or any of those handicraft Jokes which are exercised on those notable Persons, commonly known by the Name of Buffoons; who are contented to feed their Belly at the Price of their Br—ch, and to carry off the Wine and the P—s of a Great Man together. This I pass by, as well as all Remarks on the Genius of the Great Men themselves, who are (to fetch a Phrase from School, a Place not improperly mentioned on this Occasion) great DABS at this kind of Face-tiousness.

But leaving all such Persons to expose Human Nature among themselves, I shall recommend to my well-bred Man, who aims at Raillery, the excellent Character given of *Horace* by *Perfius*.

Omne



*Omne vixit vitium videnti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum Praecordia ludis.
Callidus excusso Populum suspendere naso.*

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious Translator of that obscure Author.

*'Tis cou'd strow'd Horace, with sportive Wit,
Rally his Friends, and tickle while he bit:
Winning Access, he play'd around the Heart,
And gently touching, prick'd the tainted Part.
The Crowd he sneer'd, but sneer'd with such a Grace,
It pass'd for downright Innocence of Face.*

The Raillery which is consistent with Good-Breeding, is a gentle Animadversion on some Foible; which while it raises a Laugh in the rest of the Company, doth not put the Person rallied out of Countenance, or expose him to Shame and Contempt. On the contrary, the Jest should be so delicate, that the Object of it should be capable of joining in the Mirth it occasions.

All great Vices therefore, Misfortunes, and notorious Blemishes of Mind or Body, are improper

per Subjects of Raillery. Indeed, a Hint at such is an Abuse and Affront is sure to give the Person (unless he be one shameless and abandoned) Pain and Uneasiness, and should be received with Contempt, instead of Applause, by all the rest of the Company.

Again; the Nature and Quality of the Person are to be considered. As to the first, some Men will not bear any Raillery at all. I remember a Gentleman who declared, *He never made a Jest, nor would ever take one.* I do not indeed greatly recommend such a Person for a Companion; but at the same Time, a well-bred Man, who is to consult the Pleasure and Happiness of the whole, is not at Liberty to make any one present uneasy. By the Quality, I mean the Sex, Degree, Profession, and Circumstances; on which Head I need not be very particular. With Regard to the two former, all Raillery on Ladies and Superiors should be extremely fine and gentle; and with respect to the latter, any of the Rules I have above laid down, most of which are to be applied to it, will afford sufficient Caution.

Lastly.



Lastly. A Consideration is to be had of the Persons before whom we rally. A Man will be justly uneasy at being reminded of those Railleries in one Company, which he would very patiently bear the Imputation of in another. Instances on this Head are so obvious, that they need not be mentioned. In short, the whole Doctrine of Raillery is comprized in this famous Line.

QUI DE QUORUM VIBIS ET CUI DICAS SEPE CAVEO.
Be cautious what you say, OF WHOM AND TOWNSHOM.

And now methinks I hear some one cry out, that such Restrictions are, in Effect, to exclude all Raillery from Conversation: and, to confess the Truth, it is a Weapon from which many Persons will do wisely in totally abstaining; for it is a Weapon which doth the more Mischief, by how much the blunter it is. The sharpest Wit therefore is only to be indulged the free Use of it; for no more than a very slight Touch is to be allowed; no hacking, nor bruising, as if they were to *beet* a Carcase for Hounds, as *Shakespeare* phrases it.

NOT

Nor is it sufficient that it be sharp, it must be used likewise with the utmost Tenderness and Good-nature: and as the nicest Dexterity of a Gladiator is shewn in being able to hit without cutting deep, so is this of our Rallier, who is rather to tickle than wound.

True Raillery indeed consists either in playing on Peccadillo's, which, however they may be censured by some, are not esteemed as really Blemishes in a Character in the Company where they are made the Subject of Mirth; as too much Freedom with the Bottle, or too much Indulgence with Women, &c.

Or, Secondly, in pleasantly representing real good Qualities in a false Light of Shame, and bantering them as ill ones. So Generosity may be treated as Prodigality; Economy as Avarice; true Courage as Fool-Hardiness; and so of the rest.

Lastly; in ridiculing Men for Vices and Faults which they are known to be free from. Thus the Cowardice of *A——le*, the Dulness of *Ch——d*, the Unpoliteness of *D——son*, may be attacked without Danger of Offence; and thus *Lyt——n*
 VOL. I. M may



may be censur'd for whatever Vice or Folly you please to impute to him.

And however limited these Bounds may appear to some, yet, in skilful and witty Hands, I have known Rallery, thus confined, afford a very diverting, as well as inoffensive Entertainment to the whole Company.

I shall conclude this Essay with these two Observations, which I think may be clearly deduced from what hath been said.

First, That every Person who indulges his Ill-nature or Vanity, at the Expence of others; and in introducing Uneasiness, Vexation, and Confusion into Society, however exalted or high-titled he may be, is thoroughly ill-bred.

Secondly, That whoever, from the Goodness of his Disposition or Understanding, endeavours to his utmost to cultivate the Good-humour and Happiness of others, and to contribute to the Ease and Comfort of all his Acquaintance, however low in Rank Fortune may have placed him, or however clumsy he may be in his Figure or Demour, hath, in the truest Sense of the Word, a Claim to Good-Breeding.

A N

A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
K N O W L E D G E
O F T H E
C h a r a c t e r s o f M e n .

M 2



AN
ESSAY
 ON THE
 KNOWLEDGE
 OF THE
Characters of Men.

I Have often thought it a melancholy Instance of the great Depravity of Human Nature, that whilst so many Men have employed their utmost Abilities to invent Systems, by which the artful and cunning Part of Mankind may be enabled to impose on the rest of the World; few or none should have stood up the Champions of the innocent and undefigning, and have endeavoured to arm them against Imposition.

M 3

Thofe



Those who predicate of Man in general, that he is an Animal of this or that Disposition, seem to me not sufficiently to have studied Human Nature; for that immense Variety of Characters so apparent in Men even of the same Climate, Religion, and Education, which gives the Poet a sufficient Licence, as I apprehend, for saying, that

Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast,

could hardly exist, unless the Distinction had some original Foundation in Nature itself. Nor is it perhaps a less proper Predicament of the Genius of a Tree, that it will flourish so many Years, loves such a Soil, bears such a Fruit, &c. than of Man in general, that he is good, bad, fierce, tame, honest, or cunning.

This original Difference will, I think, alone account for that very early and strong Inclination to Good or Evil, which distinguishes different Dispositions in Children, in their first Infancy; in the most un-informed Savages, who can be thought to have altered their Nature by no Rules, nor artfully acquired Habits; and lastly, in Persons who from the same Education, &c. might be
thought

thought to have directed Nature the same Way; yet, among all these, there subsists, as I have before hinted, so manifest and extreme a Difference of Inclination or Character, that almost obliges us, I think, to acknowledge some unacquired, original Distinction, in the Nature or Soul of one Man, from that of another.

Thus, without asserting in general, that Man is a deceitful Animal; we may, I believe, appeal for Instances of Deceit to the Behaviour of some Children and Savages. When this Quality therefore is nourished and improved by Education, in which we are taught rather to conceal Vices, than to cultivate Virtues; when it hath sucked in the Instruction of Politicians, and is insinuated in the *Art of thriving*, it will be no Wonder that it should grow to that monstrous Height to which we sometimes see it arrive. *This Art of thriving* being the very Reverse of that Doctrine of the Stoics, by which Men were taught to consider themselves as Fellow-Citizens of the World, and to labour jointly for the common Good, without any private Distinction of their own: Whereas *This*, on the contrary, points out to every Individual his own particular and separate Advantage,



to which he is to sacrifice the Interest of all others; which he is to consider as his *Summum Bonum*, to pursue with his utmost Diligence and Industry, and to acquire by all Means whatever. Now when this noble End is once established, Deceit must immediately suggest itself as the necessary Means: for as it is impossible that any Man endowed with rational Faculties, and being in a State of Freedom, should willingly agree, without some Motive of Love or Friendship, absolutely to sacrifice his own Interest to that of another; it becomes necessary to impose upon him, to persuade him, that his own Good is designed, and that he will be a Gainer by coming into those Schemes, which are, in Reality, calculated for his Destruction. And this, if I mistake not, is the very Essence of that excellent Art, called *The Art of Politics*.

Thus while the crafty and designing Part of Mankind, consulting only their own separate Advantage, endeavour to maintain one constant Imposition on others, the whole World becomes a vast Masquerade, where the greatest Part appear disguised under false Vizors and Habits; a very few only shewing their own Faces, who become, by so doing, the Astonishment and Ridicule of all the rest.

But

But however cunning the Disguise be which a Masquerader wears: however foreign to his Age, Degree, or Circumstance, yet if closely attended to, he very rarely escapes the Discovery of an accurate Observer; for Nature, which unwillingly submits to the Imposture, is ever endeavouring to peep forth and shew herself; nor can the Cardinal, the Friar, or the Judge, long conceal the Sot, the Gamester, or the Rake.

In the same Manner will those Disguises which are worn on the greater Stage, generally vanish, or prove ineffectual to impose the assumed for the real Character upon us, if we employ sufficient Diligence and Attention in the Scrutiny. But as this Discovery is of infinitely greater Consequence to us; and as perhaps all are not equally qualified to make it, I shall venture to set down some few Rules, the Efficacy (I had almost said Infallibility) of which, I have myself experienced. Nor need any Man be ashamed of wanting or receiving Instructions on this Head; since that open Disposition, which is the surest Indication of an honest and upright Heart, chiefly renders us liable

to



to be imposed on by Craft and Deceit, and principally disqualifies us for this Discovery.

Neither will the Reader, I hope, be offended, if he should here find no Observations entirely new to him. Nothing can be plainer, or more known, than the general Rules of Morality, and yet thousands of Men are thought well employed in reviving our Remembrance, and enforcing our Practice of them. But though I am convinced there are many of my Readers whom I am not capable of instructing on this Head, and who are indeed fitter to give than receive Instructions, at least from me, yet this Essay may perhaps be of some Use to the young and unexperienced, to the more open honest and considering Part of Mankind, who, either from Ignorance or Inattention, are daily exposed to all the pernicious Designs of that detestable Fiend, Hypocrisy.

I will proceed therefore, without further Preface, to those Diagnostics which Nature, I apprehend, gives us of the Diseases of the Mind, seeing she takes such Pains to discover those of the Body. And first, I doubt whether the old Adage of *Frensi nulla Fides*, be generally well understood:

The Meaning of which is commonly taken to be, that *no Trust is to be given to the Countenance*. But what is the Context in *Jurnal*?

— *Quis enim non vixit abundat*

Tristibus obscuris?

— *What Place is not filled with
austere Libertines?*

Now that an austere Countenance is no Token of Purity of Heart, I readily concede. So far otherwise, it is perhaps rather a Symptom of the contrary. But the Satyrist surely never intended by these Words, which have grown into a Proverb, utterly to depreciate an Art on which so wise a Man as *Aristotle* hath thought proper to compose a Treatise.

The Truth is, we almost universally mistake the Symptoms which Nature kindly holds forth to us; and err as grossly as a Physician would, who should conclude that a very high Pulse is a certain Indication of Health; but sure the Faculty would rather impute such a Mistake to his deplorable Ignorance, than conclude from it, that the Pulse could give a skilful and sensible Observer no Information of the Patient's Dis-temper.



In the same Manner, I conceive, the Passions of Men do commonly imprint sufficient Marks on the Countenance; and it is owing chiefly to want of Skill in the Observer, that Physiognomy is of so little Use and Credit in the World.

But our Errors in this Disquisition would be little wondered at, if it was acknowledged, that the few Rules which generally prevail on this Head are utterly false, and the very Reverse of Truth. And this will perhaps appear, if we descend to the Examination of some Particulars. Let us begin with the Instance given us by the Poet above, of Austerity, which, as he shews us, was held to indicate a Chastity or Severity of Morals, the contrary of which, as himself shews us, is true.

Among us, this Austerity, or Gravity of Countenance, passes for Wisdom with just the same Equity of Pretension. My Lord *Shaftsbury* tells us, that *Gravity is of the Essence of Impudence*. I will not venture to say, that it certainly denotes Folly, though I have known some of the silliest Fellows in the World very eminently possessed of it.

it. The Affections which it indicates, and which we shall seldom err in suspecting to lie under it, are Pride, Ill-nature, and Cunning. Three Qualities which when we know to be inherent in any Man, we have no Reason to desire any further Discovery to instruct us, to deal as little and as cautiously with him as we are able.

But though the World often pays a Respect to these Appearances which they do not deserve; they rather attract Admiration than Love, and inspire us rather with Awe than Confidence. There is a Countenance of a contrary Kind, which hath been called a Letter of Recommendation; which throws our Arms open to receive the Poison, divests us of all kind of Apprehension, and disarms us of all Caution: I mean that glowering sneering Smile, of which the greater Part of Mankind are extremely fond, conceiving it to be the Sign of Good-Nature; whereas this is generally a Compound of Malice and Fraud, and as surely indicates a bad Heart, as a galloping Pulse doth a Fever.

Men are chiefly betrayed into this Deceit, by a gross but common Mistake of Good-Humour for Good-



Good-Nature. Two Qualities so far from bearing any Resemblance to each other, that they are almost Opposites. Good-Nature is that benevolent and amiable Temper of Mind which disposes us to feel the Misfortunes, and enjoy the Happiness of others; and consequently pushes us on to promote the latter, and prevent the former; and that without any abstract Contemplation on the Beauty of Virtue, and without the Allurements or Terrors of Religion. Now Good-Humour is nothing more than the Triumph of the Mind, when reflecting on its own Happiness, and that perhaps from having compared it with the inferior Happiness of others.

If this be allowed, I believe we may admit that glowering Smile, whose principal Ingredient is Malice, to be the Symptom of Good-Humour. And here give me Leave to define this Word Malice, as I doubt whether it be not in common Speech so often confounded with Envy, that common Readers may not have very distinct Ideas between them. But as Envy is a Rejoicing at the Good of others, compared with our own, so Malice is a rejoicing at their Evil, on the same Comparison. And thus it appears to have a very close Affinity

to

to that malevolent Disposition, which I have above described under the Word Good-Humour: for nothing is truer than that Observation of *Shakespear*; *how things are oppositely turn'd* — *A Man may smile, and smile, and be a Villain.*

But how alien must this Countenance be to that heavenly Frame of Soul, of which *Jesus Christ* himself was the most perfect Pattern; of which blessed Person it is recorded, that he never was once seen to laugh, during his whole Abode on Earth. And what indeed hath Good-Nature to do with a smiling Countenance? It would be like a Purse in the Hands of a Miser, which he could never use. For admitting, that laughing at the Vices and Follies of Mankind is entirely innocent, (which is more perhaps than we ought to admit) yet surely their Miseries and Misfortunes are no Subjects of Mirth: And with these, *Quis non vicus abundat?* the World is so full of them, that scarce a Day passes without inclining a truly good-natured Man rather to Tears than Merriment.

Mr. *Hobbes* tells us, that Laughter arises from Pride, which is far from being a good-natured Passion.



Paffion. And though I would not feverely difcountenance all Indulgence of it, fince Laughter, while confined to Vice and Folly, is no very cruel Punifhment on the Object, and may be attended with good Confequences to him; yet we fhall, I believe, find, on a careful Examination into its Motive, that it is not produced from Good-Nature. But this is one of the firft Efforts of the Mind, which few attend to, or indeed are capable of difcovering; and however Self-Love may make us pleafed with feeing a Blemifh in another which we are ourfelves free from, yet Compaffion on the firft Reflection of any Unhappinefs in the Object, immediately puts a Stop to it in good Minds. For Inftance; fuppofe a Perfon well dreft fhould tumble in a dirty Place in the Street; I am afraid there are few who would not laugh at the Accident: Now what is this Laughter other than a convulfive Extafy, occafioned by the Contemplation of our own Happinefs, compared with the unfortunate Perfon's! a Pleafure which feems to favour of ill-nature: but as this is one of thofe firft, and as it were, fpontaneous Motions of the Soul, which few, as I have faid, attend to, and none can prevent; fo it doth not properly conftitute the Character. When we
come

come to reflect on the Uneafinefs this Perfon fuffers, Laughter, in a good and delicate Mind, will begin to change itfelf into Compaffion; and in Proportion as this latter operates on us, we may be faid to have more or lefs Good-Nature: but fhould any fatal Confequence, fuch as a violent Bruife, or the breaking of a Bone, attend the Fall, the Man who fhould ftill continue to laugh, would be entitled to the baselt and vileft Appellation with which any Language can fligmatize him.

From what hath been faid, I think we may conclude, that a conftant, fettled, glowering, fneering Smile in the Countenance, is fo far from indicating Goodnefs, that it may be with much Confidence depended on as an Affurance of the contrary.

But I would not be underftood here to fpeak with the leaft Regard to that amiable, open, compofed, cheerful Aspect, which is the Refult of a good Confcience, and the Emanation of a good Heart; of both which it is an infallible Symptom; and may be the more depended on, as it cannot, I believe, be counterfeited, with any reasonable Refemblance, by the nicelt Power of Art.



Neither have I any Eye towards that honest, hearty, loud Chuckle, which shakes the Sides of Aldermen and Squires, without the least Provocation of a Jest; proceeding chiefly from a full Belly; and is a Symptom (however strange it may seem) of a very gentle and inoffensive Quality, called Dulness, than which nothing is more risible: for as Mr. *Pepes*, with exquisite Pleasantry, says;

— *Gentle Dulness ever loves a Joke.*

i. e. one of her own Jokes. These are sometimes performed by the Foot; as by leaping over Heads, or Chairs, or Tables, Kicks in the B——ch, &c. sometimes by the Hand; as by Slaps in the Face, pulling off Wigs, and infinite other Dexterities, too tedious to particularize: sometimes by the Voice; as by hollowing, huzzaing, and finging merry (*i. e.* dull) Catches, by merry (*i. e.* dull) Fellows.

Lastly, I do by no means hint at the various Laughs, Titters, Tehes, &c. of the Fair Sex, with whom indeed this Essay hath not any thing to do; the Knowledge of the Characters of Women

men being foreign to my intended Purpose; as it is in Fact a Science, to which I make not the least Pretension.

The Smile or Sncer which composes the Countenance I have above endeavour'd to describe, is extremely different from all these: but as I have already dwelt pretty long on it, and as my Reader will not, I apprehend, be liable to mistake it, I shall wind up my Caution to him against this Symptom, in Part of a Line of *Horace*:

— *Hic niger est; hanc tu caveto.*

There is one Countenance, which is the plainest Instance of the general Misunderstanding of that Adage, *Fronti nulla Fides*. This is a fierce Aspect, which hath the same Right to signify Courage, as Gravity to denote Wisdom, or a Smile Good-Nature; whereas Experience teaches us the contrary, and it passes among most Men for the Symptom only of a Bully.

But I am aware, that I shall be reminded of an Assertion which I set out with in the Beginning of this Essay, *viz.* *That Nature gives us as sure*

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Symptoms



Symptoms of the Diseases of the Mind as the doth of those of the Body. To which what I have now advanced may seem a Contradiction. The Truth is, Nature doth really imprint sufficient Marks in the Countenance, to inform an accurate and discerning Eye: but as such is the Property of few, the Generality of Mankind mistake the Affectation for the Reality: for as Affectation always over-acts her Part, it fares with her as with a Farical Actor on the Stage, whose monstrous over-done Grimaces are sure to catch the Applause of an insensible Audience; while the truest and finest Strokes of Nature, represented by a judicious and just Actor, pass unobserved and disregarded. In the same Manner, the true Symptoms being finer, and less glaring, make no Impression on our Physiognomist; while the grosser Appearances of Affectation are sure to attract his Eye, and deceive his Judgment. Thus that sprightly and penetrating Look, which is almost a certain Token of Understanding; that cheerful composed Serenity, which always indicates Good-Nature, and that fiery Cast of the Eyes, which is never unaccompanied with Courage, are often over-looked: while a formal, stately, austere Gravity; a glowering fawning Smile, and a strong
Contraction

Contraction of the Muscles, pass generally on the World for the Virtues they only endeavour to affect.

But as these Rules are, I believe, none of them without some Exceptions; as they are of no Use but to an Observer of much Penetration: Lastly, as a more subtle Hypocrisy will sometimes escape undiscovered from the highest Discernment; let us see if we have not a more infallible Guide to direct us to the Knowledge of Men; one more easily to be attained, and on the Efficacy of which we may with the greatest Certainty rely.

And surely the Actions of Men seem to be the justest Interpreters of their Thoughts, and the truest Standards by which we may judge them. *By their Fruits you shall know them*, is a Saying of great Wisdom, as well as Authority. And indeed this is for certain a Method of acquiring the Knowledge I contend for, that at first Appearance, it seems absolutely perfect, and to want no manner of Assistance.

There are, however, two Causes of our Mistakes on this Head; and which lead us into forming



ing very erroneous Judgments of Men, even while their Actions stare us in the Face, and as it were hold a Candle to us, by which we may see into them.

The first of these is when we take their own Words against their Actions. This (if I may borrow another Illustration from Physic) is no less ridiculous, than it would be in a learned Professor of that Art, when he perceives his light-headed Patient is in the utmost Danger, to take his Word that he is well. This Error is infinitely more common than its extream Absurdity would persuade us was possible. And many a credulous Person hath been ruined by trusting to the Assertions of another, who must have preserved himself, had he placed a wiser Confidence in his Actions.

The Second is an Error still more general. This is when we take the Colour of a Man's Actions not from their own visible Tendency, but from his public Character: when we believe what others say of him, in Opposition to what we see him do. How often do we suffer ourselves to be deceived, out of the Credit of a Fact, or out of

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a just Opinion of its Heinousness, by the reputed Dignity or Honesty of the Person who did it? How common are such Ejaculations as these? "O 'tis impossible HE should be guilty of any such Thing! HE must have done it by Mistake; HE could not design it. I will never believe any Ill of HIM. So good a Man, &c.!" when in Reality, the Mistake lies only in his Character. Nor is there any more simple, unjust, and insufficient Method of judging Mankind, than by public Estimation, which is often acquired by Deceit, Partiality, Prejudice, and such like, than by real Desert. I will venture to affirm, that I have known some of the *best sort of Men in the World*, (to use the vulgar Phrase,) who would not have scrupled cutting a Friend's Throat; and a *Fellow whom no Man should be seen to speak to*, capable of the highest Acts of Friendship and Benevolence.

Now it will be necessary to divert ourselves of both these Errors, before we can reasonably hope to attain any adequate Knowledge of the true Characters of Men. Actions are their own best Expositors; and though Crimes may admit of alleviating Circumstances, which may properly induce a Judge to mitigate the Punishment; from

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the Motive, for Instance, as Necessity may lessen the Crime of Robbery, when compared to Wantonness or Vanity; or from some Circumstance attending the Fact itself, as robbing a Stranger, or an Enemy, compared with committing it on a Friend or Benefactor; yet the Crime is still Robbery, and the Person who commits it is a Robber; though he should pretend to have done it with a good Design, or the World should concur in calling him an honest Man.

But I am aware of another Objection which may be made to my Doctrine, *viz.* admitting that the Actions of Men are the surest Evidence of their Character, that this Knowledge comes too late; that it is to caution us against a Highwayman after he hath plundered us, or against an incendiary, after he hath fired our House.

To which I answer, That it is not against Force, but Deceit, which I am here seeking for Armour; against those who can injure us only by obtaining our good Opinion. If therefore I can instruct my Reader from what sort of Persons he is to withhold this Opinion, and inform him of all, or at least the principal Arts by which De-

ceit

ceit proceeds to ingratiate itself with us, by which he will be effectually enabled to defeat its Purpose, I shall have sufficiently satisfied the Design of this Essay.

And here, the first Caution I shall give him is against FLATTERY, which I am convinced no one uses, without some Design on the Person flattered. I remember to have heard of a certain Nobleman, who though he was an immoderate Lover of receiving Flattery himself, was so far from being guilty of this Vice to others, that he was remarkably free in telling Men their Faults. A Friend, who had his Intimacy, one Day told him; He wondered that he who loved Flattery better than any Man living, did not return a little of it himself, which he might be sure would bring him back such plentiful Interest. To which he answered, Though he admitted the Justness of the Observation, he could never think of giving away what he was so extremely covetous of. Indeed, whoever knows any thing of the Nature of Men, how greedily they are of Praise, and how backward in bestowing it on others; that it is a Debt seldom paid, even to the greatest Merit, 'till we are compelled to it, may reasonably conclude, that

this



this Profusion, this voluntary throwing it away on those who do not deserve it, proceeds, as *Martial* lays of a Beggar's Present, from some other Motive than Generosity or Good-will.

But indeed there are few whose Vanity is so foul a Feeder, to digest Flattery, if undisguis'd: It must impose on us, in order to allure us: Before we can relish it, we must call it by some other Name; such as, a just Esteem of, and Respect for our real Worth; a Debt due to our Merit, and not a Present to our Pride.

Suppose it should be really so, and we should have all those great or good Qualities which are extolled in us; yet considering, as I have said above, with what Reluctance such Debts are paid, we may justly suspect some Design in the Person who so readily and forwardly offers it us. It is well observed, That we do not attend, without Uneasiness, to Praises in which we have no Concern, much less shall we be eager to utter and exaggerate the Praise of another, without some Expectation from it.

A Flatterer therefore is a just Object of our Distrust, and will, by prudent Men, be avoided.

Next

Next to the Flatterer is the Professor, who carries his Affection to you still farther; and on a slight or no Acquaintance, embraces, hugs, kisses, and vows the greatest Esteem for your Person, Parts, and Virtues. To know whether this Friend is sincere, you have only to examine into the Nature of Friendship, which is always founded either on Esteem or Gratitude, or perhaps on both. Now Esteem, admitting every Requisite for its Formation present, and these are not a few, is of very slow Growth; it is an involuntary Affection, rather apt to give us Pain than Pleasure, and therefore meets with no Encouragement in our Minds, which it creeps into by small and almost imperceptible Degrees: And perhaps, when it hath got an absolute Possession of us, may require some other Ingredient to engage our Friendship to its own Object. It appears then pretty plain, that this Mushroom Passion here mentioned, owes not its Original to Esteem. Whether it can possibly flow from Gratitude, which may indeed produce it more immediately, you will more easily judge: for though there are some Minds whom no Benefits can inspire with Gratitude; there are more, I believe, who conceive this Affection



fection without even a supposed Obligation. If therefore you can assure yourself it is impossible he should imagine himself obliged to you, you may be satisfied that Gratitude is not the Motive to his Friendship. Seeing then that you can derive it from neither of these Fountains, you may well be justified in suspecting its Falseness; and if so, you will act as wisely in receiving it into your Heart, as he doth who knowingly lodges a Viper in his Bosom, or a Thief in his House. — FORGIVE THE ACTS OF YOUR ENEMIES hath been thought the highest Maxim of Morality; FEAR THE PROFESSIONS OF YOUR FRIENDS, is perhaps the wisest.

The Third Character against which an open Heart should be alarmed, is a PROMISER, one who rises another Step in Friendship. The Man who is wantonly profuse of his Promises ought to sink his Credit as much as a Tradesman would by uttering great Numbers of Promissory Notes, payable at a distant Day. The truest Conclusion in both Cases is, that neither intend, or will be able to pay. And as the latter most probably intends to cheat you of your Money, so the former at least designs to cheat you of your Thanks; and it is well for you, if he hath no deeper Purpose, and

and that Vanity is the only evil Passion to which he designs you a Sacrifice.

I would not be here understood to point at the Promises of political Great Men, which they are supposed to lie under a Necessity of giving in great Abundance, and the Value of them is so well known, that few are to be imposed on by them. The Professor I here mean, is he who on all Occasions is ready, of his own Head, and unasked, to promise Favours. This is such another Instance of Generosity, as his who relieves his Friend in Distress, by a Draught on * *Algate* Pump. Of these there are several Kinds: some who promise what they never intend to perform; others who promise what they are not sure they can perform; and others again, who promise so many, that like Debtors, being not able to pay all their Debts, they afterwards pay none.

The Man who is inquisitive into the Secrets of your Affairs, with which he hath no Concern, is another Object of your Caution. Men no more desire another's Secrets, to conceal them, than they would another's Purse, for the Pleasure only of carrying it.

* A Mercantile Phrase for a bad Note.

Nor



Nor is a Slanderer less wisely to be avoided, unless you chuse to feast on your Neighbour's Faults, at the Price of being served up yourself at the Tables of others: for Persons of this Stamp are generally impartial in their Abuse. Indeed it is not always possible totally to escape them; for being barely known to them is a sure Title to their Calumny; but the more they are admitted to your Acquaintance, the more you will be abused by them.

I fear the next Character I shall mention, may give Offence to the grave Part of Mankind; for whose Wisdom and Honesty I have an equal Respect; but I must, however, venture to caution my open-hearted Reader against a Saint. No honest and sensible Man will understand me here, as attempting to declaim against Sanctity of Morals. The Sanctity I mean is that which flows from the Lips, and shines in the Countenance. It may be said, perhaps, that real Sanctity may wear these Appearances; and how shall we then distinguish with any Certainty, the true from the fictitious? I answer, That if we admit this to be possible, yet as it is likewise possible that it may be only counterfeited;

terfeited; and as in Fact it is so Ninety Nine Times in a Hundred; it is better that one real Saint should suffer a little unjust Suspicion, than that Ninety Nine Villains should impose on the World, and be enabled to perpetrate their Villainies under this Mask.

But, to say the Truth; a sour, morose, ill-natured, censorious Sanctity, never is, nor can be sincere. Is a Readiness to despise, to hate, and to condemn, the Temper of a Christian? Can he who passes Sentence on the Souls of Men with more Delight and Triumph than the Devil can execute it, have the Impudence to pretend himself a Disciple of one who died for the Sins of Mankind. Is not such a Sanctity the true Mark of that Hypocrisy which in many Places of Scripture, and particularly in the twenty third Chapter of *St. Matthew*, is so bitterly inveighed against.

As this is a most detestable Character in Society; and as its Malignity is more particularly bent against the best and worthiest Men, the sincere and open-hearted, whom it persecutes with inveterate Envy and Hatred, I shall take some Pains in the ripping it up, and exposing the Horrors of its Inside, that we may all shun it; and at the



same Time will endeavour so plainly to describe its Outside, that we shall hardly be liable, by any Mistake, to fall into its Snares.

With Regard then to the Inside (if I am allowed that Expression) of this Character, the Scripture-writers have employed uncommon Labour in dissecting it. Let us hear our Saviour himself, in the Chapter above-cited. *It devours Widows Houses; it makes its Profelytes two-fold more the Children of Hell; it omits the weightier Matters of the Law, Judgment, Mercy, and Faith; it strains * off a Gnat, and swallows a Camel; it is full of Extortion and Excess.* St. Paul, in his first Epistle to Timothy, says of them, *That they speak Lies, and their Conscience is seared with a red hot Iron.* And in many Parts of the Old Testament, as in *Job; Let the Hypocrite reign not, lest the People be ensnared: And Solomon in his Proverbs; An Hypocrite with his Mouth destroyeth his Neighbour.*

In these several Texts, most of the Enormities of this Character are described: but there is one

* So is the *Gnat*, which the Translators have mistaken: They render it, *strain at a Gnat*, i. e. struggle in swallowing, whereas, in Reality, the *Gnat* Word is, to strain through a Cullender; and the Idea is, that though they pretend their Consciences are so fine, that a *Gnat* is with Difficulty strained through them, yet they can, if they please, open them wide enough to admit a *Camel*.

which

which deserves a fuller Comment, as pointing at its very Essence: I mean the thirteenth Verse of the twenty third Chapter of St. Matthew, where *Jesus* addresses himself thus to the *Pharisees: Hypocrites, for ye shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against Men; for ye neither go in your selves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.*

This is an admirable Picture of sanctified Hypocrisy, which will neither do Good itself, nor suffer others to do it. But if we understand the Text figuratively, we may apply it to that notorious Quality of this Vice, which as it will do nothing honestly to deserve Reputation, so is it ever industrious to deprive others of the Praises due to their Virtues. It confines all Merit to those external Forms which are fully particularized in Scripture; of these it is itself a rigid Observer; hence it must derive all Honour and Reward in this World; nay, and even in the next, if it can impose on itself so far as to imagine itself capable of cheating the Almighty, and obtaining any Reward there.

Now a Galley-Slave, of an envious Disposition, doth not behold a Man free from Chains, and at his Ease, with more Envy than Persons in these

VOL. I. O FETTERS



Fetters of Sanctity view the rest of Mankind; especially such as they behold without them *entering into the Kingdom of Heaven*. These are indeed the Objects of their highest Animosity, and are always the surest Marks of their Detraction. Persons of more Goodness than Knowledge of Mankind, when they are calumniated by these Saints, are, I believe, apt to impute the Calumny to an Ignorance of their real Character; and imagine if they could better inform the said Saints of their innate Worth, they should be better treated by them; but alas, this is a total Mistake: the more Good a sanctified Hypocrite knows of an open and an honest Man, the more he envies and hates him, and the more ready he is to seize or invent an Opportunity of detracting from his real Merit.

But Envy is not their only Motive of Hatred to Good-Men; they are eternally jealous of being seen through, and consequently exposed by them. A Hypocrite in Society lives in the same Apprehension with a Thief, who lies concealed in the midst of the Family he is to rob: for this fancies himself perceived when he is least so; every Motion alarms him; he fears he is discovered, and is suspicious that every one who enters the Room,

knows where he is hid, and is coming to seize him. And thus, as nothing hates more violently than Fear, many an innocent Person, who suspects no Evil intended him, is detected by him who intends it.

Now in destroying the Reputation of a virtuous and good Man, the Hypocrite imagines he hath disarmed his Enemy of all Weapons to hurt him; and therefore this sanctified Hypocrisy is not more industrious to conceal its own Vices, than to obscure and contaminate the Virtues of others. As the Business of such a Man's Life is to procure Praise, by acquiring and maintaining an undeserved Character; so is his utmost Care employed to deprive those who have an honest Claim to the Character himself affects only, of all the Emoluments which would otherwise arise to them from it.

The Prophet *Isaiab* speaks of these People, where he says, *Wee unto them who call Evil Good, and Good Evil; that put Darkness for Light, and Light for Darkness, &c.* In his Sermon on which Text, the witty Dr. *South* hath these Words.— *DETraction is that killing poisonous Arrow, drawn out of the Devil's Quiver, which is always flying*
O 2 *about,*



about, and doing Execution in the Dark: Against which NO VIRTUE IS A DEFENCE, NO INNOCENCE A SECURITY. It is a Weapon forged in Hell, and formed by that prime Artificer and Engineer, the Devil; and none but that Great God, who knows all Things, and can do all Things, can protect the BEST of Men against it.

To these likewise *Martial* alludes in the following Lines.

*Ut bene loquatur Scitiatque Momeceat,
Effecere nullis, Aule, Moribus possis.*

I have been somewhat diffusive in the censorious Branch of this Character, as it is a very pernicious one; and (according to what I have observed) little known and attended to. I shall not describe all its other Qualities. Indeed there is no Species of Mischief which it doth not produce. For, not to mention the private Villanies it daily transacts, most of the great Evils which have affected Society, Wars, Murders, and Massacres, have owed their Original to this abominable Vice; which is the Destroyer of the Innocent, and Protector of the Guilty; which hath introduced all manner of Evil into the World,

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and hath almost expelled every Grain of Good out of it. Doth it not attempt to cheat Men into the Pursuit of Sorrow and Misery, under the Appearance of Virtue, and to frighten them from Mirth and Pleasure, under the Colour of Vice, or, if you please, SIN? Doth it not attempt to gild over that poisonous Potion, made up of Malevolence, Austerity, and such cursed Ingredients, while it embitters the delightful Draught of innocent Pleasure with the nauseous Relish of Fear and Shame.

No wonder then that this malignant cursed Disposition, which is the Disgrace of Human Nature, and the Bane of Society, should be spoke against with such remarkable Bitterness, by the benevolent Author of our Religion, particularly in the thirty third Verse of the above cited Chapter of *St. Matthew*.

YE SERPENTS, YE GENERATION OF VIPERS,
HOW CAN YE ESCAPE THE DAMNATION OF
HELL?

I Having now dispatched the Inside of this Character, and, as I apprehend, said enough to make

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any one avoid, I am sure sufficient to make a Christian detect it, nothing remains but to examine the Outside, in order to furnish honest Men with sufficient Rules to discover it. And in this we shall have the same divine Guide, whom we have in the former Part followed.

First then, beware of that sanctified Appearance, that *whitish Sepulchre*, which looks beautiful outward, and is within full of all Uncleanness. These who make clean the Outside of the Platter, but within are full of Extertion and Excess.

Secondly, Look well to those who bind heavy Burdens, and grievous to be born, and lay them on Mens Shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their Fingers.

These heavy Burdens (says Burkit) were Counsels and Directions, Rules and Canons, Austerities and Severities, which the Pharisees introduced and imposed upon their Hearers. This requires no further Comment: for, as I have before said, these Hypocrites place all Virtue, and all Religion, in the Observation of those Austerities and Severities, with-

out

out which the truest and purest Goodness will never receive their Commendation: but how different this Doctrine is from the Temper of Christianity, may be gathered by that Total of all Christian Morality, with which *Jesus* sums up the excellent Precepts delivered in his divine Sermon: THEREFORE do unto all Men as ye would they should do unto you: FOR THIS IS THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.

Thirdly, Beware of all Ostentation of Virtue, Goodness, or Piety. By this Ostentation I mean that of the Countenance and the Mouth, or of some external Forms. And this, I apprehend, is the Meaning of *Jesus*, where he says, *They do their Works to be seen of Men*, as appears by the Context; *They make broad their Phylacteries, and enlarge the Borders of their Garments.* These Phylacteries were certain Scrivels of Parchment, whereon were written the ten Commandments, and particular Parts of the *Mosaic* Law, which they ostentatiously wore on their Garments, thinking by that Ceremony to fulfil the Precept delivered to them in a Verse of *Deuteronomy*, though they neglected to fulfil the Laws they wore thus about them.

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Another Instance of their Ostentation was—
making long Prayers, i. e. (says *Burkett*) *making long Prayers* (or perhaps pretending to make them) *in the Temples and Synagogues for Widows, and thereupon persuading them to give bountifully to the Charities, or the common Treasure of the Temple, some Part of which was employed for their Maintenance.*
Learn, 1. It is no new Thing for designing Hypocrites to cover the Jewish Transgression with the Cloak of Religion. The Pharisees make long Prayers a Cover for their Covetousness. 2. That to make use of Religion in Policy for worldly Advantage sake, is the Way to be damned with a Vengeance for Religion sake.

Again says *Jesus*—*in paying Tithe of Mint and Anise and Cummin, while they omit the weightier Matters of the Law, Judgment, Mercy, and Faith.* By which we are not to understand (nor would I be understood so to mean) any Inhibition of paying the Priest his Dues; but, as my Commentator observes, *an Ostentation of a precise keeping the Law in smaller Matters, and neglecting weightier Duties.* *They paid Tithe of Mint, Anise, and Cummin* (i. e.

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of the minutest and most worthless Things) *but at the same Time omitted Judgment, Mercy, and Faith, that is, just Dealing among Men, Charity towards the Poor, and Faithfulness in their Promises and Covenants one with another. This, says our Saviour, is to STRAIN AT A Gnat, and swallow a Camel: A proverbial Expression, intimating, that some Persons pretend great Niceness and Scrupulosity about small Matters, and none, or but little, about Duties of the greatest Moment. Hence, Note, That Hypocrites lay the greatest Stress upon the least Matters in Religion, and place Holiness most in those Things where God places it least. Ye Tythe Mint, &c. but neglect the weightier Matters of the Law. This is indeed the Bane of all Religion and true Piety, to prefer Rituals and human Institutions before divine Commands, and the Practice of Natural Religion. THUS TO DO IS A CERTAIN SIGN OF GROSS HYPOCRISY.*

Nothing can, in Fact, be more foreign to the Nature of Virtue, than Ostentation. It is truly said of Virtue, that could Men behold her naked, they would be all in Love with her. Here it is implied, that this is a Sight very rare or difficult

to



to come at; and indeed there is always a modest Backwardness in true Virtue to expose her naked Beauty. She is conscious of her innate Worth, and little desirous of exposing it to the publick View. It is the Harlot Vice who constantly endeavours to set off the Charms the counterfeits, in order to attract Men's Applause, and to work her sinister Ends by gaining their Admiration and their Confidence.

I shall mention but one Symptom more of this Hypocrisy; and this is a Readiness to censure the Faults of others. *Judge not, says Jesus, lest you be judged.—And again; Why beholdest thou the Mote that is in thy Brother's Eye, but considerest not the Beam that is in thine own Eye?* On which the abovementioned Commentator rightly observes, *That those who are most censorious of the lesser Infirmities of others, are usually most notoriously guilty of far greater Failings themselves.* This sanctified Slander is, of all, the most severe, bitter, and cruel; and is so easily distinguished from that which is either the Effect of Anger or Wantonness, and which I have mentioned before, that I shall dwell no longer upon it.

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And here I shall dismiss my Character of a sanctified Hypocrite, with the honest Wish which *Shakespeare* hath launched forth against an execrable Villain:

*--That Heaven would put in every knave's Hand a Whip,
To lash the Rascal naked through the World.*

I have now, I think, enumerated the principal Methods by which Deceit works its Ends on easy, credulous, and open Dispositions; and have endeavoured to point out the Symptoms by which they may be discovered: but while Men are blinded by Vanity and Self-Love, and while artful Hypocrisy knows how to adapt itself to their Blindness, and to humour their Passions, it will be difficult for honest and undesigning Men to escape the Snares of Cunning and Impostion; I shall therefore recommend one more certain Rule, and which, I believe, if duly attended to, would, in a great measure, extirpate all Fallacy out of the World; or must at least so effectually disappoint its Purposes, that it would soon be worth no Man's while to assume it, and the Character of Knave

and



and Fool would be more apparently (what they are at present in Reality) allied, or united.

This Method is, carefully to observe the Actions of Men with others, and especially with those to whom they are allied in Blood, Marriage, Friendship, Profession, Neighbourhood, or any other Connection: nor can you want an Opportunity of doing this; for none but the weakest of Men would rashly and madly place a Confidence which may very materially affect him in any one, on a slight or no Acquaintance.

Trace then the Man proposed to your Trust, into his private Family and nearest Intimacies. See whether he hath acted the Part of a good Son, Brother, Husband, Father, Friend, Master, Servant, &c. if he hath discharged these Duties well, your Confidence will have a good Foundation; but if he hath behaved himself in these Offices with Tyranny, with Cruelty, with Infidelity, with Inconstancy, you may be assured he will take the first Opportunity his Interest points out to him, of exercising the same ill Talents at your Expence.

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I have often thought Mankind would be little liable to Deceit (at least much less than they are) if they would believe their own Eyes, and judge of Men by what they actually see them perform towards those with whom they are most closely connected: Whereas how common is it to persuade ourselves, that the undutiful, ungrateful Son, the unkind, or barbarous Brother; or the Man who is void of all Tenderness, Honour, or even Humanity, to his Wife or Children, shall nevertheless become a sincere and faithful Friend! But how monstrous a Belief is it, that the Person whom we find incapable of discharging the nearest Duties of Relation, whom no Ties of Blood or Affinity can bind; nay, who is even deficient in that Goodness which Instinct infuses into the brute Creation; that such a Person should have a sufficient Stock of Virtue to supply the arduous Character of Honour and Honesty. This is a Credulity so absurd, that it admits of no Aggravation.

Nothing indeed can be more unjustifiable to our Prudence, than an Opinion that the Man whom we see act the Part of a Villain to others, should



should on some minute Change of Person, Time, Place, or other Circumstance, behave like an honest and just Man to ourselves. I shall not here dispute the Doctrine of Repentance, any more than its Tendency to the Good of Society; but as the Actions of Men are the best Index to their Thoughts, as they do, if well attended to and understood, with the utmost Certainty demonstrate the Character; and as we are not so certain of the Sincerity of the Repentance, I think we may with Justice suspect, at least so far as to deny him our Confidence, that a Man whom we once knew to be a Villain, remains a Villain still.

And now let us see whether these Observations, extended a little further, and taken into public Life, may not help us to account for some Phenomena which have lately appeared in this Hemisphere: For as a Man's good Behaviour to those with whom he hath the nearest and closest Connection is the best Assurance to which a Stranger can trust for his honest Conduct in any Engagement he shall enter into with him; so is a worthy Discharge of the social Offices of a private Station, the strongest Security which a Man can give of

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an upright Demeanour in any public Trust, if his Country shall repose it in him; and we may be well satisfied, that the most popular Speeches, and most plausible Pretences of one of a different Character, are only gilded Snares to delude us, and to sacrifice us, in some manner or other, to his own sinister Purposes. It is well said in one of Mr. *Pope's* Letters; "How shall a Man love five Millions, who could never love a single Person?" If a Man hath more Love than what centers in himself, it will certainly light on his Children, his Relations, Friends, and nearest Acquaintance. If he extends it farther, what is it less than general Philanthropy, or Love to Mankind? Now as a good Man loves his Friend better than a common Acquaintance; so Philanthropy will operate stronger towards his own Country than any other: but no Man can have this general Philanthropy who hath not private Affection, any more than he who hath not Strength sufficient to lift ten Pounds, can at the same Time be able to throw a hundred Weight over his Head. Therefore the bad Son, Husband, Father, Brother, Friend; in a Word, the bad Man in private can never be a sincere Patriot.

In



In *Rome* and *Sparta* I agree it was otherwise: for there Patriotism, by Education, became a Part of the Character. Their Children were nursed in Patriotism, it was taught them at an Age when Religion in all Countries is first inculcated. And as we see Men of all Religions ready to lay down their Lives for the Doctrines of it (which they often do not know, and seldom have considered) so were these *Spartans* and *Romans* ready with as implicit Faith to die for their Country. Though the private Morals of the former were very depraved, and the latter were the public Robbers of Mankind.

Upon what Foundation their Patriotism then stood, seems pretty apparent, and perhaps there can be no surer. For I apprehend, if twenty Boys were taught from their Infancy to believe, that the *Royal-Exchange* was the Kingdom of Heaven; and consequently inspired with a suitable Awe for it; and lastly, instructed that it was great, glorious, and god-like to defend it; nineteen of them would afterwards cheerfully sacrifice their Lives to

its

its Defence; at least it is impossible that any of them would agree, for a paucity Reward, to set it on Fire; nor even though they were Rogues and Highwaymen in their Disposition. But if you were admitted to chuse twenty of such Dispositions at the Age of Manhood, who had never learnt any thing of its Holiness, contracted any such Awe, nor imbibed any such Duty, I believe it would be difficult to bring them to venture their Lives in its Cause; nor should I doubt, could I persuade them of the Security of the Fact, of bribing them to apply the Firebrand to any Part of the Building I pleased.

But a worthy Citizen of *London*, without borrowing any such Superstition from Education, would scarce be tempted by any Reward, to deprive the City of so great an Ornament, and what is so useful and necessary to its Trade; at the same Time to endanger the Ruin of Thousands, and perhaps the Destruction of the whole.

The Application seems pretty easy, That as there is no such Passion in Human Nature as Patriotism, considered abstractedly, and by itself, it

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mult



must be introduced by Art, and that while the Mind of Man is yet soft and ductile, and the unformed Character susceptible of any arbitrary Impression you please to make on it: or, Secondly, it must be founded on Philanthropy, or universal Benevolence; a Passion which really exists in some Natures, and which is necessarily attended with the excellent Quality abovementioned: for as it seems granted, that the Man cannot love a Million who never could love a single Person; so will it, I apprehend, appear as certain, that he who could not be induced to cheat or to destroy a single Man, will never be prevailed on to cheat or to destroy many Millions.

Thus I have endeavoured to shew the several Methods by which we can propose to get any Insight into the Characters of those with whom we converse, and by which we may frustrate all the Cunning and Designs of Hypocrisy. These Methods I have shewn to be three-fold, *viz.* by the Marks which Nature hath imprinted on the Countenance, by their Behaviour to ourselves, and by their Behaviour to others. On the first of these I have not much insisted, as liable to some Uncertainty; and as the latter seem abundantly sufficient to secure

us, with proper Caution, against the subtle Devices of Hypocrisy, though she be the most cunning as well as malicious of all the Vices which have ever corrupted the Nature of Man.

But however useless this Treatise may be to instruct, I hope it will be at least effectual to alarm my Reader; and sure no honest undefigning Man can ever be too much on his Guard against the Hypocrite, or too industrious to expose and expel him out of Society.



AN
E S S A Y
ON
N O T H I N G.

P 3



A N
E S S A Y
O N
N O T H I N G.

The INTRODUCTION.

IT is surprizing, that while such trifling Matters employ the masterly Pens of the present Age, the great and noble Subject of this Essay should have passed totally neglected; and the rather, as it is a Subject to which the Genius of many of those Writers who have unsuccessfully applied themselves to Politics, Religion, &c. is most peculiarly adapted.

P 4

Perhaps



Perhaps their Unwillingness to handle what is of such Importance, may not improperly be ascribed to their Modesty; though they may not be remarkably addicted to this Vice on every Occasion. Indeed I have heard it predicated of some, whose Assurance in treating other Subjects hath been sufficiently notable, that they have blushed at this. For such is the Awe with which this Nothing inspires Mankind, that I believe it is generally apprehended of many Persons of very high Character among us, that were Title, Power, or Riches to allure them, they would flick at it.

But whatever be the Reason, certain it is, that except a hardy Wit in the Reign of *Charles II.* none ever hath dared to write on this Subject. I mean openly and avowedly; for it must be confessed, that most of our modern Authors, however foreign the Matter which they endeavour to treat may seem at their first setting out, they generally bring the Work to this in the End.

I hope, however, this Attempt will not be imputed to me as an Act of Immodesty; since I am convinced there are many Persons in this Kingdom,

dom, who are persuaded of my Fitness for what I have undertaken. But as talking of a Man's Self is generally suspected to arise from Vanity, I shall, without any more Excuse or Preface, proceed to my Essay.

S E C T. I.

Of the Antiquity of NOTHING.

THERE is nothing faller than that old Proverb, which (like many other Fallshoods) is in every one's Mouth;

Ex Nibilo nihil Fit.

Thus translated by *Shakespeare*, in *Lear*.

Nothing can come of Nothing.

Whereas in Fact, from Nothing proceeds every Thing. And this is a Truth confessed by the Philosophers of all Sects: the only Point in Controversy between them being, whether Something made the World out of Nothing, or Nothing out of Something. A Matter not much worth debating at present, since either will equally serve

our



our Turn. Indeed the Wits of all Ages seem to have ranged themselves on each Side of this Question, as their Genius tended more or less to the Spiritual or Material Substance. For those of the more spiritual Species have inclined to the former, and those whose Genius hath partaken more of the chief Properties of Matter, such as Solidity, Thickness, &c. have embraced the latter.

But whether Nothing was the *Artifex* or *Materia* only, it is plain in either Case, it will have a Right to claim to itself the Origination of all Things.

And farther, the great Antiquity of Nothing is apparent from its being so visible in the Accounts we have of the Beginning of every Nation. This is very plainly to be discovered in the first Pages, and sometimes Books of all general Historians; and indeed, the Study of this important Subject fills up the whole Life of an Antiquary, it being always at the Bottom of his Enquiry, and is commonly at last discovered by him with infinite Labour and Pains.

S E C T.

S E C T. II.

Of the Nature of NOTHING.

ANother Fallshood which we must detect in the Pursuit of this Essay, is an Assertion, *That no one can have an Idea of NOTHING*: But Men who thus confidently deny us this Idea, either grossly deceive themselves, or would impose a downright Cheat on the World: for so far from having none, I believe there are few who have not many Ideas of it; though perhaps they may mistake them for the Idea of something.

For Instance; is there any one who hath not an Idea of * immaterial Substance? — Now what is immaterial Substance, more than *Nothing*? But here we are artfully deceived by the Use of Words: For were we to ask another what Idea he had of immaterial Matter, or unsubstantial Substance, the Absurdity of affirming it to be Something, would

* The Author would not be here understood to speak against the Doctrine of Immateriality, to which he is a hearty Well wisher; but to point at the Stupidity of those, who instead of immaterial *Essence*, which would convey a rational Meaning, have substituted immaterial *Substance*, which is a Contradiction in Terms.

shock



shock him, and he would immediately reply, it was *Nothing*.

Some Persons perhaps will say then, we have no Idea of it: but as I can support the contrary by such undoubted Authority, I shall, instead of trying to confute such idle Opinions, proceed to shew, First, what *Nothing* is; Secondly, I shall disclose the various Kinds of *Nothing*; and lastly, shall prove its great Dignity, and that it is the End of every thing.

It is extremely hard to define *Nothing* in positive Terms, I shall therefore do it in Negative. *Nothing* then is not *Something*. And here I must object to a third Error concerning it, which is, that it is in no Place; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its Existence; whereas indeed it possesses the greatest and noblest Place on this Earth, *viz.* the human Brain. But indeed this Mistake hath been sufficiently refuted by many very wise Men; who having spent their whole Lives in the Contemplation and Pursuit of *Nothing*, have at last gravely concluded — *That there is Nothing in this World.*

Farther;

Farther; as *Nothing* is not *Something*, so every thing which is not *Something*, is *Nothing*; and wherever *Something* is not, *Nothing* is: a very large Allowance in its Favour, as must appear to Persons well skilled in human Affairs.

For Instance; when a Bladder is full of Wind, it is full of *Something*; but when that is let out, we aptly say, there is *Nothing* in it.

The same may be as justly asserted of a Man as of a Bladder. However well he may be bedawbed with *Lace*, or with *Title*, yet if he have not *Something* in him, we may predicate the same of him as of an empty Bladder.

But if we cannot reach an adequate Knowledge of the true Essence of *Nothing*, no more than we can of *Matter*, let us, in Imitation of the Experimental Philosophers, examine some of its Properties or Accidents.

And here we shall see the infinite Advantages which *Nothing* hath over *Something*: for while the latter is confined to one Sense, or two perhaps at the most, *Nothing* is the Object of them all.

For



For First; Nothing may be seen, as is plain from the Relation of Persons who have recovered from high Fevers; and perhaps may be suspected from some (at least) of those who have seen Apparitions, both on Earth, and in the Clouds. Nay, I have often heard it confessed by Men, when asked what they saw at such a Place and Time, that they saw Nothing. Admitting then that there are two Sights, viz. a first and second Sight, according to the firm Belief of some, Nothing must be allowed to have a very large Share of the first; and as to the second, it hath it all entirely to itself.

Secondly; Nothing may be heard: of which the same Proofs may be given, as of the foregoing. The *Argive*, mentioned by *Horace*, is a strong Instance of this.

— *Fuit baud ignobilis Argis*
Qui se credebat miras accipere Tragedos
In vacua Letos sessor, Plausorque Theatro.

That Nothing may be tasted and smelt, is not only known to Persons of delicate Palates and Nostrils.

strils. How commonly do we hear, that such a Thing smells or tastes of Nothing? The latter I have heard asserted of a Dish compounded of five or six savory Ingredients. And as to the former, I remember an elderly Gentlewoman who had a great Antipathy to the Smell of Apples; who upon discovering that an idle Boy had fastened some mellow Apple to her Tail, contracted a Habit of smelling them, whenever that Boy came within her Sight, though there were then none within a Mile of her.

Lastly, Feeling; and sure if any Sense seems more particularly the Object of Matter only, which must be allowed to be Something, this doth. Nay, I have heard it asserted (and with a Colour of Truth) of several Persons, that they can feel nothing but a Cudgel. Notwithstanding which, some have felt the Motions of the Spirit; and others have felt very bitterly the Misfortunes of their Friends, without endeavouring to relieve them. Now these seem two plain Instances, that Nothing is an Object of this Sense. Nay, I have heard a Surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a Patient's Leg, that *he was sure he felt nothing*.

Nothing



Nothing is as well the Object of our Passions as our Senfes. Thus there are many who love Nothing, some who hate Nothing, and some who fear Nothing, &c.

We have already mentioned three of the Properties of a Noun, to belong to Nothing; we shall find the fourth likewise to be as justly claim'd by it: and that Nothing is as often the Object of the Understanding, as of the Senfes.

Indeed some have imagined, that Knowledge, with the Adjective *human* placed before it, is another Word for Nothing. And one of the wisest Men in the World declared, he knew nothing.

But without carrying it so far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a Man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many Works of our ingenious Moderns, with proper Attention and Emolument, will, I believe, confess, that if he understands them right, he understands *Nothing*.

This

This is a Secret not known to all Readers; and want of this Knowledge hath occasioned much puzzling; for where a Book, or Chapter, or Paragraph, hath seem'd to the Reader to contain Nothing, his Modesty hath sometimes persuaded him, that the true Meaning of the Author hath escap'd him, instead of concluding, as in Reality the Fact was, that the Author, in the said Book, &c. did truly, and *bonâ Fide*, mean Nothing. I remember once, at the Table of a Person of great Eminence, and one no less distinguished by Superiority of Wit than Fortune, when a very dark Passage was read out of a Poet, famous for being so sublime, that he is often out of the Sight of his Reader, some Persons present declared they did not understand the Meaning. The Gentleman himself, casting his Eyes over the Performance, testified a Surprize at the Dulness of his Company; seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the Meaning of the Passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again; but with like Success; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it.— Explain it! said the Gentleman, why he means NOTHING.

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IN



In Fact, this Mistake arises from a too vulgar Error among Persons unacquainted with the Mystery of Writing, who imagine it impossible that a Man should sit down to write without any Meaning at all; whereas in Reality, nothing is more common: for, not to Instance in myself, who have confessedly sat down to write this Essay, with Nothing in my Head, or, which is much the same Thing, to write about Nothing; it may be incontestably proved, *ab Effectu*, that Nothing is commoner among the Moderns. The inimitable Author of a Preface to the Posthumous Eclogues of a late ingenious young Gentleman, says, — There are Men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they shall write. But indeed there is a third, and a much more numerous Sort, who never think either before they sit down, or afterwards; and who when they produce on Paper what was before in their Heads, are sure to produce Nothing.

Thus we have endeavoured to demonstrate the Nature of Nothing, by shewing First, definitively, *what it is not*; and Secondly, by describing *what*

it is. The next Thing therefore proposed, is to shew its various Kinds.

Now some imagine these several Kinds differ in Name only. But without endeavouring to confute so absurd an Opinion, especially as these different Kinds of Nothing occur frequently in the best Authors, I shall content myself with setting them down, and leave it to the Determination of the distinguishing Reader, whether it is probable, or indeed possible, that they should all convey one and the same Meaning.

These are, Nothing *per se* Nothing; Nothing at all; Nothing in the least; Nothing in Nature; Nothing in the World; Nothing in the whole World; Nothing in the whole universal World. And perhaps many others, of which we say — *Nothing*.



S E C T. III.

Of the Dignity of NOTHING; and an Endeavour to prove, that it is the End as well as Beginning of all Things.

NOTHING contains so much Dignity as NOTHING. Ask an infamous worthless Nobleman (if any such be) in what his Dignity consists? It may not be perhaps consistent with his Dignity to give you an Answer; but suppose he should be willing to condescend so far, what could he in Effect say? Should he say he had it from his Ancestors, I apprehend a Lawyer would oblige him to prove, that the Virtues to which this Dignity was annexed, descended to him. If he claims it as inherent in the Title, might he not be told, that a Title originally implied Dignity, as it implied the Presence of those Virtues to which Dignity is inseparably annexed; but that no Implication will fly in the Face of downright positive Proof to the contrary. In short, to examine no farther, since his Endeavour to derive it from any other Fountain would be equally impotent, his

Dignity

Dignity arises from Nothing, and in Reality is Nothing. Yet, that this Dignity really exists; that it glares in the Eyes of Men, and produces much Good to the Person who wears it, is, I believe, incontestable.

Perhaps this may appear in the following Syllogism.

The Respect paid to Men on account of their Titles, is paid at least to the Supposal of their superior Virtues and Abilities, or it is paid to *Nothing*.

But when a Man is a notorious Knave or Fool, it is impossible there should be any such Supposal.

The Conclusion is apparent.

Now that no Man is ashamed of either paying or receiving this Respect, I wonder not, since the great Importance of Nothing seems, I think, to be pretty apparent: but that they should deny the Deity worshipped, and endeavour to represent Nothing as Something, is more worthy Reprehension.

Q 3

This



This is a Fallacy extremely common. I have seen a Fellow, whom all the World knew to have Nothing in him, not only pretend to Something himself; but supported in that Pretension by others who have been less liable to be deceived. Now whence can this proceed, but from their being ashamed of Nothing? A Modesty very peculiar to this Age.

But notwithstanding all such Disguise and Deceit, a Man must have very little Discernment, who can live long in Courts, or populous Cities, without being convinced of the great Dignity of Nothing; and though he should, through Corruption or Necessity, comply with the vulgar Worship and Adulation, he will know to what it is paid, namely, to *Nothing*.

The most astonishing Instance of this Respect, so frequently paid to Nothing, is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to Something less than Nothing; when the Person who receives it is not only void of the Quality for which he is respected, but is in Reality notoriously guilty of Vices directly opposite to the Virtues, whose Applause he receives.

receives. This is, indeed, the highest Degree of Nothing, or, (if I may be allowed the Word) the *Nothingest* of all Nothings.

Here it is to be known, that Respect may be aimed at Something, and really light on Nothing. For Instance; when mistaking certain Things called Gravity, Canting, Blusfiring, Ostentation, Pomp, and such like, for Wisdom, Piety, Magnanimity, Charity, True Greatness, &c, we give to the former the Honour and Reverence due to the latter. Not that I would be understood so far to discredit my Subject, as to insinuate that Gravity, Canting, &c. are really Nothing; on the contrary, there is much more Reason to suspect, (if we judge from the Practice of the World) that Wisdom, Piety, and other Virtues, have a good Title to that Name. But we do not, in Fact, pay our Respect to the former, but to the latter: In other Words, we pay it to that which is not, and consequently pay it to Nothing.

So far then for the Dignity of the Subject on which I am treating. I am now to shew, that Nothing is the End as well as Beginning of all Things.

Q 4

That



That every thing is resolvable, and will be resolved into its first Principles, will be, I believe, readily acknowledged by all Philosophers. As therefore we have sufficiently proved the World came from Nothing, it follows, that it will likewise end in the same: but as I am writing to a Nation of Christians, I have no need to be prolix on this Head; since every one of my Readers, by his Faith, acknowledges that the World is to have an End, *i. e.* is to come to Nothing.

And as Nothing is the End of the World, so is it of every thing in the World. Ambition, the greatest, highest, noblest, finest, most heroic and godlike of all Passions, what doth it end in? — Nothing. What did *Alexander, Caesar*, and all the rest of that heroic Band, who have plundered, and massacred so many Millions, obtain by all their Care, Labour, Pain, Fatigue, and Danger? — Could they speak for themselves, must they not own, that the End of all their Pursuit was Nothing? Nor is this the End of private Ambition only. What is become of that proud Mistress of the World, — the *Caput triumphati Orbis*? that *Rome*, of which her own Flatterers so liberally proph-

phesied the Immortality, In what hath all her Glory ended? surely in Nothing.

Again, What is the End of Avarice? Not Power, or Pleasure, as some think, for the Miser will part with a Shilling for neither: not Ease or Happiness; for the more he attains of what he desires, the more uneasy and miserable he is. If every Good in this World was put to him, he could not say he pursued one. Shall we say then, he pursues Misery only? that surely would be contradictory to the first Principles of Human Nature. May we not therefore, nay, must we not confess, that he aims at Nothing? especially if he be himself unable to tell us what is the End of all this Bustle and Hurry, this warring and toiling, this Self-Denial, and Self-Constraint!

It will not, I apprehend, be sufficient for him to plead, that his Design is to amass a large Fortune, which he never can nor will use himself, nor would willingly quit to any other Person; unless he can shew us some substantial Good which this Fortune is to produce, we shall certainly be justified in concluding, that his End is the same with that of Ambition.

The



The Great Mr. *Hobbes* so plainly saw this, that as he was an Enemy to that notable immaterial Substance which we have here handled, and therefore unwilling to allow it the large Province we have contended for, he advanced a very strange Doctrine, and asserted truly, --- That in all these grand Pursuits, the Means themselves were the End proposed, *viz.* to Ambition, Plotting, Fighting, Danger, Difficulty, and such like: --- To Avarice, Cheating, Starving, Watching, and the numberless painful Arts by which this Passion proceeds.

However easy it may be to demonstrate the Absurdity of this Opinion, it will be needless to my Purpose, since if we are driven to confess that the Means are the only End attained, --- I think we must likewise confess, that the End proposed is absolutely Nothing.

As I have here shewn the End of our two greatest and noblest Pursuits, one or other of which engages almost every Individual of the busy Part of Mankind, I shall not tire the Reader with carrying him through all the rest, since I believe
the

the same Conclusion may be easily drawn from them all.

I shall therefore finish this Essay with an Inference, which aptly enough suggests itself from what hath been said: seeing that such is its Dignity and Importance, and that it is really the End of all those Things which are supported with so much Pomp and Solemnity, and looked on with such Respect and Esteem, surely it becomes a wise Man to regard Nothing with the utmost Awe and Adoration; to pursue it with all his Parts and Pains; and to sacrifice to it his Ease, his Innocence, and his present Happiness. To which noble Pursuit we have this great Incitement, that we may assure ourselves of never being cheated or deceived in the End proposed. The Virtuous, Wise, and Learned may then be unconcerned at all the Changes of Ministries and of Government; since they may be well satisfied, that while Ministers of State are Rogues themselves, and have inferior Knavish Tools to bribe and reward; true Virtue, Wisdom, Learning, Wit, and Integrity, will most certainly bring their Possessors ---
NOTHING.

SOME



SOME
PAPERS
PROPER to be Read before the
R—L SOCIETY,

Concerning the
Terrestrial CHRYSIPUS,
GOLDEN-FOOT or GUINEA;

AN
INSECT, or VEGETABLE, resem-
bling the POLYPUS, which hath this surprizing
Property, That being cut into several Pieces, each
Piece becomes a perfect Animal, or Vegetable, as
complete as that of which it was originally only a
Part.

COLLECTED
By *PETRUS GUALTERUS*,
But not Published till after His Death.

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PHILOSOPHICAL
TRANSACTIONS.

For the YEAR 1742-3.

The CONTENTS.

*Several Papers relating to the Terrestrial
CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT, or GUI-
NEA, an Insect, or Vegetable, which has
this surprizing Property, that being cut in-
to several Pieces, each Piece lives, and in
a short time becomes as perfect an Insect, or
Vegetable, as that of which it was originally
only a Part.*

Abstract



Abstract of Part of a Letter from the
Heer Rottenferach in Germany,
 communicating Observations on the
 CHRYSIPUS.

S I R,

SOME time since died here of Old-Age, one
 Petrus Gualterus, a Man well known in the
 Learned World, and famous for making so
 much as for an extraordinary Collection which he had
 made of the Chrysipti, on Animal or Vegetable, of
 which I doubt not but there are still some to be
 found in England: However, if that should be dif-
 ficult, it may be easy to send some over to you, as
 they are at present very plentiful in these Parts. I
 can answer for the Truth of the Facts contained in
 the Paper I send you, as there is not one of them
 but what I have seen repeated above twenty times,
 and I wish others may be encouraged to try the Ex-

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periments



periments over again, and satisfy themselves of the Truth by their own Eyes. The Accounts of the Chrylippi, as well as the Collection itself, were found in the Cabinet of the above-mentioned Petrus, after his Death: for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a Sight of either while alive. I am,

S I R, &c.



The

The Figure of the TERRESTRIAL
CHRYSIPUS sticking to a Finger.



Observations and Experiments upon
the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS,
or GUINEA, by Mynheer Petrus
Gualterus.

Translated from the FRENCH by
P. H. I. Z. C. G. S.

THE Animal in question is a terrestrial
Vegetable or Insect, of which mention
is made in the *Philosophical Transactions*
for several Years, as may be seen in N^o. 000.
Art. 0000. and N^o. 00. Art. 002. and N^o. —
Art. 18.

R 2

This

This Animal or Vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round Form, as represented in the Figure annexed. In which *A.* denotes the Ruffie. *B.* the Hand. *G.* the Thumb of that Hand. *D.* the Finger. *E.* the Part of that Finger to which the *CHRYSIPUS* sticks. *F. f. f.* Four Tubes, representing the Πέσ; *, or *Man's Staff*, mention'd by *Galen* in his Treatise de *Usu Partium*; and by *Aristotle*, in that little Book called his *Ἀρροβήλαια*, or *Master-Piece*. The τὸ ὄργανον, or *Woman's Pipe*, an oblong perforated Substance, to which the said Πέσ; directly tend, is represented by the Letter *C.* The Mouth of the *Chrysipus* is in this anterior Middle, it opens into the Stomach, which takes up the whole Length of the Body. The whole Body forms but one Pipe, a sort of Gut which can be opened but at one End, i. e. at Letter *C.*

The Size of the Body of a *Chrysipus* varies according to its different Species.

I know two Species only, differing in Extent almost one half; which, for Distinction sake, I

* See *Philof. Transact.* concerning the *Arbor Vitæ*, anno 1732.

call the *Whole Chrysipus*, and the *Heui-Chrysipus*. The latter of these is by no means so valuable as the former. The Length of the Πέσ; differ likewise in Proportion to the different Size or Extension of these two.

The Πέσ; of those of a modern Growth are so imperfect and invisible to the naked Eye, that it is much to be feared the Species will soon be entirely lost among us: And indeed in *England*, they are observed of late to be much rarer than formerly, especially in the Country, where at present there are very few of them to be found: but at the same time it is remarked, that in some Places of the Continent, particularly in a certain Part of *Germany*, they are much plentier; being to be found in great Numbers, where formerly there were scarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minutest Observation, been able to settle with any degree of Certainty, whether this be really an Animal or a Vegetable, or whether it be not strictly neither, or rather both. For as I have by the Help of my Microscope discovered some of its Parts to resemble those of a *Lion*; I have at other Times taken Notice of something not unlike the *Flower de Luce*. Not



to repeat those Parts above-mention ed, which bear great Analogy to the *Ardum* of the Human Body. On their Extremities (if they are not very old) may be seen certain Letters forming the Names of several of our Kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude, that these are the Flowers mentioned by *Virgil*, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his Time.

*Die quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
Nascentur flores.*

Particularly as he adds,

— *Et Phyllida solus habeto.*

Of which we shall take Notice hereafter, when we come to speak of its Properties. What hath principally dissuaded me from an Opinion of its being an Animal, is, that I could never observe any Symptoms of voluntary Motion: But indeed the same may be said of an Oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the Learned to be *absolutely* a Vegetable.

But

But though it hath not, or seems not to have any progressive Motion of its own, yet is it very easy to communicate a Motion to it. Indeed some Persons have made them fly all over the Town with great Velocity.

What is said of the *Polypus*, in a late excellent Paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewise applicable to the *Chryspus*.

“ They make use of their progressive Motion, when communicated to them, to place themselves conveniently, so as to catch their Prey.
“ They are voracious Animals; their *Πα* are so many Snares which they set for Numbers of small *Insects*. As soon as any of them touches one of the *Πα*, it is caught.”

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the Consequence: for instead of making the *Insect* its Prey, it becomes itself a Prey to it; and instead of conveying an Insect twice as large as its own Mouth into it, in Imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chryspus* is itself conveyed into the *Loculus* or Pouch of an *Insect* a thousand times as large as itself.

R 4

itself.



itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched Animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after its Prey, that if the *Insect* (which seldom happens) makes any Resistance, it summons other *Corysipsi* to its Aid, which in the End hardly ever fail of subduing it, and getting into its Pouch.

The Learned *Gualterus* goes on in these Words:

“ A *Corysipsus*, by the simple Contact of my own Finger, has so closely attached itself to my Hand, that by the joint and indefatigable Labour of several of my Friends, it could by no means be sever'd, or made to quit its Hold.”

As to the Generation of the *Corysipsus*, it differs from all other Animals or Vegetables whatever: for though it seems the best supplied for this natural Function, Nature having provided each Female Part with four Male ones, which one would think sufficient; yet it may be said, as of the *Polytus*, they have no distinguished Place by which they bring forth their Young.

Gualterus

Gualterus judiciously remarks*: “ I have (says he) some of them, that have greatly multiplied under my Eyes, and of which I might almost say, that they have produced Young-ones from all the exterior Parts of their Body.”

“ I have learned by a continual Attention to these two Species of them, that all the Individuals of these Species produce Young-ones.”

“ I have for Sixty Years had under my Eye Thousands of them; and though I have OBSERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, and with ATTENTION, so as to watch them Night and Day, I never observed any thing like the common Animal-Copulation.”

“ I tried at first two of them; but these I found would not produce a compleat *Corysipsus*; at least I had reason to think the Operation would be so slow, that I must have waited some Years for its Completion. Upon this, I tried a Hundred of them together; by whose marvellous

* Vid. Remarks on the *Polytus*, pag. 6.

“ Union



" Union (whether it be, that they mix Total,
 " like those Heavenly Spirits mentioned by *Milton*,
 " or by any other Process not yet revealed to hu-
 " man Wit) they were found in the Year's End
 " to produce three, four, and sometimes five
 " complete *Chryspis*. I have indeed often made
 " them in that Space produce Ten or Twenty;
 " but this hath been by some held a dangerous
 " Experiment, not only to the Parent *Chryspi*
 " themselves, which have by these means been
 " utterly lost and destroyed, but even to the Phi-
 " losopher who hath attempted it: For as some
 " curious Persons have, by Hermetic Experiments,
 " endangered the Loss of their Teeth, so we, by
 " a too intense Application to this *Chryspian* Phi-
 " losophy, have been sometimes found to endan-
 " ger our Ears." He then proceeds thus:

* " Another Fact, which I have observed, has
 " proved to me, that they have the Faculty of
 " multiplying, before they are sever'd from their
 " Parent. I have seen a *Chryspus*, still adhering,
 " bring forth Young-ones; and those Young-ones
 " themselves have also brought forth others. Up-
 " on Supposition, that perhaps there was some

* Remarks, Pag 7.

" Copulation

" Copulation between the Parent and Young-ones,
 " whilst they were yet united; or between the
 " Young-ones coming from the Body of the same
 " Parent: I made divers Experiments, to be sure
 " of the Fact; but not one of those Experiments
 " ever led me to any thing that could give the
 " Idea of a Copulation."

I now proceed to the Singularities resulting
 from the Operation I have tried upon them.

A *Chryspus* of the larger kind may be divided
 into one and twenty Substances (whether Animal
 or Vegetable we determine not) every Substance
 being at least as large as the original *Chryspus*.
 These may again be subdivided, each of them in-
 to twenty four; and what is very remarkable,
 every one of these Parts is heavier, and rather
 larger than the first *Chryspus*. The only Diffe-
 rence in this Change, is that of the Colour; for
 the first Sort are yellow, the second white, and
 the third resemble the Complexion and Substance
 of many human Faces.

These subdivided Parts are by some observed to
 lose in a great degree their adherent Quality:
 Notwith-



Notwithstanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minutest Observations upon his own Experience, they all adhered with equal Tenacity to his own Fingers.

The Manner of dividing a *Corysopus* differs, however, greatly from that of the *Polyopus*; for whereas we are taught in that excellent Treatise abovemention'd, that

“ If the Body of a *Polyopus* is cut into two Parts tranſverſly, each of thoſe Parts becomes a complete *Polyopus*: On the very Day of the Operation, the firſt Part, or anterior End of the *Polyopus*, that is, the Head, the Mouth, and the Arms; this Part, I ſay, lengthens itſelf, it creeps, and eats.”

“ The ſecond Part, which has no Head, gets one; a Mouth forms itſelf, at the anterior End; and ſhoots forth Arms. This Re-production comes about more or leſs quickly, according as the Weather is more or leſs warm. In Summer, I have ſeen Arms begin to ſprout out 24 Hours after the Operation, and the new Head perfected in every reſpect in a few Days.”

* See *Polyopus*, pag. 8, 9, 10.

“ Each

“ Each of thoſe Parts, thus become a perfect *Polyopus*, performs abſolutely all its Functions. It creeps, it eats, it grows, and it multiplies; and all that, as much as a *Polyopus* which never had been cut.”

“ In whatever Place the Body of a *Polyopus* is cut, whether in the Middle, or more or leſs near the Head, or the poſterior Part, the Experiment has always the ſame Succeſs.”

“ If a *Polyopus* is cut tranſverſly, at the ſame Moment, into three or four Parts, they all equally become ſo many complete ones.”

“ The Animal is too ſmall to be cut at the ſame time into a great Number of Parts; I therefore did it ſucceſſively. I firſt cut a *Polyopus* into four Parts, and let them grow; next, I cut thoſe Quarters again; and at this rate I proceeded, till I had made 50 out of one ſingle one: And here I ſtopp'd, for there would have been no End of the Experiment.”

I have



“ I have now actually by me several Parts of
 “ the same *Polypus*, cut into Pieces above a Year
 “ ago; since which time, they have produced a
 “ great Number of Young-ones.”

“ *A Polypus may also be cut in two, lengthways.*
 “ *Beginning by the Head, one first splits the said*
 “ *Head, and afterwards the Stomach:* The *Poly-*
 “ *pas* being in the Form of a Pipe, each Half of
 “ what is thus cut lengthways forms a Half-pipe;
 “ the anerior Extremity of which is terminated
 “ by the half of the Head, the half of the Mouth,
 “ and Part of the Arms. It is not long before
 “ the two Edges of those Half-pipes close, after
 “ the Operation: They generally begin at the
 “ posterior Part, and close up by degrees to the
 “ anterior Part. *Then, each Half-pipe becomes a*
 “ *Whole-one, complete:* A Stomach is formed, in
 “ which nothing is wanting; and out of each Half-
 “ mouth a *Whole-one* is formed alive.”

“ I have seen all this done in less than an Hour;
 “ and that the *Polypus* produced from each of
 “ those Halves, at the End of that time did not
 “ differ from the Whole-ones, except that it had
 “ fewer

“ fewer Arms; but in a few Days more grew
 “ out.”

“ I have cut a *Polypus*, lengthways, between
 “ Seven and Eight in the Morning; and between
 “ Two and Three in the Afternoon, each of the
 “ Parts has been able to eat a Worm as long as
 “ itself.”

“ If a *Polypus* is cut lengthways, beginning at
 “ the Head, and the Section is not carried quite
 “ through; the Result is, a *Polypus* with two
 “ Bodies, two Heads, and one Tail. Some of
 “ those Bodies and Heads may again be cut,
 “ lengthways, soon after. In this manner I have
 “ produced a *Polypus* that had several Bodies, as
 “ many Heads, and one Tail. I afterwards, at
 “ once, cut off the seven Heads of this new *Hy-*
 “ *dra:* Seven others grew again; and the Heads,
 “ that were cut off, became each a complete *Poly-*
 “ *pus.*”

“ I cut a *Polypus*, transversly, into two Parts:
 “ I put these two Parts close to each other again,
 “ and they re-united where they had been cut.
 “ The *Polypus*, thus re-united, eat the Day after



“it had undergone this Operation: It is since
“grown, and has multiplied.”

“I took the posterior Part of one Polyypus, and
“the anterior of another, and I have brought them
“to re-unite in the same manner as the foregoing.

“Next Day, the Polyypus that resulted, eat: It
“has continued well these two Months, since the
“Operation: It is grown, and has put forth
“Young-ones, from each of the Parts of which
“it was formed. The two foregoing Experi-
“ments do not always succeed; it often happens,
“that the two Parts will not join again.”

“In order to comprehend the Experiment I
“am now going to speak of, one should recal-
“lect, that the whole Body of a Polyypus forms
“only one Pipe, a sort of Gut, or Pouch.”

“I have been able to turn that Pouch, that Body
“of the Polyypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS; AS ONE
“MAY TURN A STOCKING.”

“I have several by me, that have remained
“turned in this manner; THEIR INSIDE IS BE-
“COME THEIR OUTSIDE, AND THEIR OUT-
“SIDE

“SIDE THEIR INSIDE: They eat, they grow,
“and they multiply, as if they had never been
“turned.”

Now in the Division and Subdivision of our
Cbryspus, we are forced to proceed in quite a dif-
ferent manner; namely, by the Metabolic or Muta-
tive, not by the Schyftic or Divifive. Some
have indeed attempted this latter Method; but,
like that great Philosopher the Elder *Pliny*, they
have perished in their Disquisitions, as he did, by
Suffocation. Indeed there is a Method called the
Kleptific, which hath been preferred to the Meta-
bolic: But this too is dangerous; the ingenious
Gualterus never carried it farther than the Meta-
bolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the
original *Cbryspus* into twenty two Parts, and a-
gain to subdivide these into twenty-five; but this
requires great Art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. *Frembley* will,
in the Work he is pleased to promise us, give
some Account of the Longevity of the *Polyypus*.
As to the Age of the *Cbryspus*, it differs extreme-
ly; some being of equal Duration with the Life
of Man, and some of scarce a Moment's Exist-
ence.



ence. The best Method of preserving them, is; I believe, in Bags or Chests, in large Numbers; for they seldom live long when they are alone. The Great *Gualterus* says, he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your Pockets singly, or in Pairs, as some do, they will last a very little while, and in some Pockets not a Day.

* We are told of the *Polytus*, " That they are
 " to be look'd for in such Ditches whose Water
 " is stock'd with small Insects. Pieces of Wood,
 " Leaves, aquatic Plants, in short, every thing
 " is to be taken out of the Water, that is met
 " with at the Bottom, or on the Surface of the
 " Water, on the Edges, and in the Middle of
 " the Ditches. What is thus taken out, must be
 " put into a Glass of clear Water, and these In-
 " sects, if there are any, will soon discover them-
 " selves; especially if the Glass is let stand a little,
 " without moving it: for thus the Insects, which
 " contract themselves when they are first taken
 " out, will again extend themselves when they
 " are at Rest, and become thereby so much the
 " more remarkable.*

* *Polytus*, pag. 1, 2.

The

The *Chryspus* is to be look'd for in Scrutores, and behind Wainscotes in old Houses. In searching for them, particular Regard is to be had to the Persons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the same Houses, by observing which Rule, you may often prevent throwing away your Labour. They love to be rather with old than young Persons, and detest Finery so much, that they are seldom to be found in the Pockets of laced Cloaths, and hardly ever in gilded Palaces. They are sometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reason of *Pieces of Wood, Iron, &c.* which must be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, several sure Methods of procuring them, which are all ascertain'd in a Treatise on that Subject, compos'd by *Petrus Gualterus*, which, now he is dead, will shortly see the Light.

I come now, in the last Place, to speak of the Virtues of the *Chryspus*: In these it exceeds not only the *Polytus*, of which not one single Virtue is recorded, but all other Animals and Vegetables whatever. Indeed I intend here only to set down some of its chief Qualities; for to enumerate all, would require a large Volume.

S 2

First,



First, then, A single *Corysippus* stuck on to the Finger, will make a Man talk for a full Hour, nay will make him say whatever the Person who sticks it on desires: And again, if you desire Silence, it will as effectually stop the most loquacious Tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two, or even twenty, are not sufficient; but if you apply the proper Number, they seldom or never fail of Success. It will likewise make Men blind or deaf, as you think proper; and all this without doing the least Injury to the several Organs.

Secondly, It hath a most miraculous Quality of turning Black into White, or White into Black. Indeed it hath the Powers of the Prismatic Glass, and can, from any Object, reflect what Colour it pleases.

Thirdly, It is the strongest Love-Powder in the World, and hath such Efficacy on the Female Sex, that it hath often produced Love in the finest Women to the most worthless and ugly, old and decrepit of our Sex.

To give the strongest Idea in one Instance, of the salubrious Quality of the *Corysippus*: It is a
1 Medicine

Medicine which the Physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a Patient, without swallowing a Dose of it.

To conclude; *Facts like these I have related, to be admitted*, require the most convincing Proofs. *I venture to say, I am able to produce such Proofs.* In the mean time, I refer my curious Reader to the Treatise I have abovementioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since I composed the above Treatise, I have been informed, that these Animals swarm in *England* all over the Country, like the Locusts, once in Seven Years; and like them too, they generally cause much Mischief, and greatly ruin the Country in which they have swarmed.



THE FIRST
OLYNTIAC
OF
DEMOSTHENES.

S 4



THE FIRST
OLYNTIAC
 OF
DEMOSTHENES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Olynthus was a powerful free City of Thrace, on the Confines of Macedonia. By certain alluring Offers, Philip had tempted them into an Alliance with him, the Terms of which were a joint War against the Athenians, and if a Peace, a joint Peace. The Olynthians, some time after, becoming jealous of his growing Power, detach themselves from his Alliance, and make a separate Peace with the Athenians. Philip, exclaiming against
ibid,

this, as a Breach of their former Treaty, and glad of an Opportunity, which he had long been seeking, immediately declares War against them, and besieges their City. Upon this, they dispatch an Embassy to Athens, for Succour. The Subject of this Embassy coming to be debated among the Athenians, Demosthenes gives his Sentiments in the following Oration.

NO Treasures, O *Albionians*, can, I am confident, be so desirable in your Eyes, as to discover what is most advantageous to be done for this City, in the Affair now before you. And since it is of so important a Nature, the strictest Attention should be given to all those who are willing to deliver their Opinions: for not only the salutary Councils which any one may have premeditated, are to be heard and received; but I consider it as peculiar to your Fortune and good Genius, that many Things, highly expedient, may suggest themselves to the Speakers, even extemporarily, and without Premeditation; and then you may easily, from the whole, collect the most useful Resolutions. The present Occasion wants only a Tongue to declare, that the Posture of these Affairs requires your immediate Application,

if

if you have any Regard for your Preservation. I know not what Disposition we all entertain; but my own Opinion is, that we vote a Supply of Men to the *Olympians*, and that we send them immediately; and thus by lending them our Assistance now, we shall prevent the Accidents which we have formerly felt, from falling again on us. Let an Embassy be dispatched, not only to declare these our Intentions, but to see them executed. For my greatest Apprehension is, that the artful *Philip*, who well knows to improve every Opportunity, by Concessions, where they are most convenient, and by Threats, which we may believe him capable of fulfilling, at the same time objecting our Absence to our Allies, may draw from the whole some considerable Advantage to himself. This however, O *Albionians*, will give some Comfort, that the very particular Circumstance which adds the greatest Strength to *Philip*, is likewise favourable to us. In his own Person he unites the several Powers of General, of King, and of Treasurer; he presides absolutely in all Councils, and is constantly at the Head of his Army. This indeed will contribute greatly to his Successes in the Field, but will have a contrary Effect, with Regard to that Truce which he is so desirous to make

with



with the *Olynthians*; who will find their Contention not to be for Glory, nor for the Enlargement of Dominion: the Subversion or Slavery of their Country is what they fight against. They have seen in what Manner he hath treated those *Amphipolitans*, who surrendered their City to him; and those *Pydnæans*, who received him into theirs: and indeed, universally, a Kingly State is, in my Opinion, a Thing in which Republics will never trust; and above all, if their Territories border on each other. These Things therefore, O *Athenians*, being well known to you, when you enter on this Debate, your Resolutions must be for War, and to prosecute it with as much Vigour as you have formerly shewn on any Occasion. You must resolve to raise Supplies with the utmost Alacrity; to muster yourselves; to omit nothing: for no longer can a Reason be assigned, or Excuse alledged, why you should decline what the present Exigency requires. For the *Olynthians*, whom with such universal Clamours you have formerly insisted on our fomenting against *Philip*, are now embroiled with him by meer Accident; and this most advantageously for you; since had they undertaken the War at your Request, their Alliance

might

might have been less stable, and only to serve a present Turn: but since their Animosity arises from Injuries offered to themselves, their Hostility will be firm; as well on Account of their Fears, as of their Resentment. The Opportunity which now offers is not, O *Athenians*, to be lost, nor should you suffer what you have already often suffered. For had we, when we returned from succouring the *Eubæans*; when *Hierax* and *Stratrocles* from the *Amphipolitans*, in this very Place, besought you to fail to their Assistance, and to receive their City into your Protection; had we then consulted our own Interest with the same Zeal with which we provided for the Safety of the *Eubæans*, we had then possessed ourselves of *Amphipolis*, and escaped the Troubles which have since perplexed us. Again, when we were first acquainted with the Sieges of *Pydna*, *Petideæ*, *Metibone*, *Pagafæ*, and others, (for I will not waste Time in enumerating all) had we then assisted only one of these with proper Vigour, we should have found *Philip* much humbler, and easier to be dealt with: whereas now, by constantly pretermittting the Opportunities when they presented themselves, and trusting in Fortune for the good Success of future Events, we have encreased the Power, O *Athenians*, of

Philip



Philip ourselves, and have raised him higher than any King of *Macedonia* ever was. Now then an Opportunity is come. What is it? why this which the *Olynthians* have of their own Accord offered to this City; nor is it inferior to any of those we have formerly lost. To me, O *Athenians*, it appears, that if we settle a just Account with the Gods, notwithstanding all Things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal Thank-givings. For as to our Losses in War, they are justly to be set down to our own Neglect: but that we formerly suffered not these Misfortunes, and that an Alliance now appears to balance these Evils, if we will but accept it: this, in my Opinion, must be referred to the Benevolence of the Gods. But it happens as in the Affair of Riches, of which, I think, it is proverbially said, that if a Man preserves the Wealth he attains, he is greatly thankful to Fortune; but if he insensibly consumes it, his Gratitude to Fortune is consumed at the same Time. So in public Affairs: if we make not a right Improvement of Opportunities, we forget the Good offered us by the Gods: for from the final Event, we generally form our Judgments of all that preceded. It is therefore highly necessary, O *Athenians*, to take effectual Care, that

that by making a right Use of the Occasion now offered us, we wipe off the Stains contracted by our former Conduct: for should we, O *Athenians*, desert these People likewise, and *Philip* be enabled to destroy *Olynthus*, will any Man tell me what afterwards shall stop his future Progress, wherever he desires to extend it? But consider, O *Athenians*, and see, by what Means this *Philip*, once so inconsiderable, is now become so great. He first became Master of *Amphipolis*, secondly of *Pydna*, next of *Potidea*, and then of *Metibone*. After these Conquests, he turned his Arms towards *Thessaly*, where having reduced *Phera*, *Pagasa*, *Magnesia*, he marched on to *Thrace*. Here, after he had dethroned some Kings, and given Crowns to others, he fell sick. On a small Amendment of Health, instead of refreshing himself with Repose, he fell presently on the *Olynthians*. His Expeditions against the *Illyrians*, the *Peonians* against *Byzuba*, and who can recount all the other Nations, I omit. But should any Man say, Why therefore do you commemorate these Things to us now? my Answer is, That you may know, O *Athenians*, and sensibly perceive these two Things. First, how pernicious it is to neglect the least Article of what ought to be done; and, secondly,



Secondly, that you may discern the restless Disposition of *Philip* to undertake, and his Alacrity to execute: whence we may conclude, he will never think he hath done enough, nor indulge himself in Ease. If then his Disposition be to aim still at greater and greater Conquests, and ours to neglect every brave Measure for our Defence; consider, in what Event we can hope these Things should terminate! Good Gods! is there any of you so infatuated, that he can be ignorant that the War will come home to us, if we neglect it? And if this should happen, I fear, O *Albentians*, that we shall imitate those who borrow Money at great Usury, who for a short Affluence of present Wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original Patrimony. So we shall be found to pay dearly for our Sloth, and by giving our Minds entirely up to Pleasure, shall bring on ourselves many and grievous Calamities, against our Will shall be at last reduced to a Necessity of Action, and to contend even for our own Country. Perhaps some one may object, that to find Fault is easy, and within any Man's Capacity; but to advise proper Measures to be taken in the present Exigency, is the Part of a Counsellor. I am not ignorant, O *Albentians*, that not those who have been the first Causes

of

of the Misfortune, but those who have afterwards delivered their Opinions concerning it, fall often under your severe Displeasure, when the Success doth not answer their Expectations. Be that as it will, I do not so tender my own Safety, that from any Regard to that, I should conceal what I imagine may conduce to your Welfare.

The Measures you are to take are, in my Opinion, two. First, to preserve the *Olympian* Cities, by sending a Supply of Men to their Assistance; Secondly, to ravage the Country of the Enemy; and this by attacking it both by Sea and Land. If either of these be neglected, I much fear the Success of your Expedition: for should he, while you are wasting his Territories, by submitting to suffer this, take *Olympus*; he will be easily able to return Home, and defend his own. On the other Hand, if you only send Succours to the *Olympians*; when *Philip* perceives himself safe at Home, he will sit down before *Olympus*, and employing every Artifice against the Town, will at length master it. We must therefore assist the *Olympians* with numerous Forces, and in two several Places. This is my Advice concerning the manner of our assisting them. As for the Sup-

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ply of Money to be raised; you have a Treasury, O *Athenians*, you have a Treasury fuller of Money, set apart for Military Uses, than any other City of *Greece*: this Fund you may apply according to your Pleasure, on this Occasion: if the Army be supplied this Way, you will want no Tax: If not, you will hardly find any Tax sufficient. What? says some one, Do you move to have this Fund applied to the Army? Not I truly; I only suggest that an Army should be levied; that this Fund should be applied to it; that those who do their Duty to the Public, should receive their Reward from it; whereas in celebrating the public Festivals, much is received by those who do nothing for it.

As to the rest, I think, all should contribute, largely if much wanted, less if little. Money is wanted, and without it, nothing which is necessary to be done can be performed. Others propose other Means of raising it; of which do you fix on that which seems most advantageous, and apply yourselves to your Preservation, while you have an Opportunity: for you ought to consider and weigh well the Posture in which *Philip's* Affairs now stand: for it appears to me, that no Man,

even though he hath not examined them with much Accuracy, can imagine them to be in the fairest Situation. He would never have entered into this War, had he thought it would have been protracted. He hoped, at his very Entrance, to have carried all Things before him, which Expectation hath deceived him. This therefore, by falling out contrary to his Opinion, hath given him the first Shock, and much dejected him. Then the Commotions in *Thebally*: for these are by Nature the most perfidious of Mortals, and have always proved so; as such he hath now sufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand *Pagase* of him, and to forbid the fortifying *Magnesia*. I have moreover heard it said, that the *Thebessians* would no longer open their Ports to him, nor suffer his Fleets to be victualled in their Markets; for that these should go to the Support of the Republics of *Thebally*, and not to the Use of *Philip*. But should he be deprived of these, he will find himself reduced to great Streights to provide for his Auxiliaries. And further; Can we suppose that *Paonia* and *Illyria*, and all the other Cities, will chuse rather to be Slaves than free, and their own Masters? They are not inured to Bondage, and the Man is,



as they say, prone to Insolence; which is indeed very credible; for unmerited Success entirely perverts the Understanding in weaker Minds; whence it is often more difficult to retain Advantages, than it was to gain them. It is our Parts then, O *Athenians*, to take Advantage of this Distress of *Philip*, to undertake the Business with the utmost Expedition; not only to dispatch the necessary Embassies, but to follow them with an Army, and to stir up all his other Enemies against him: for we may be assured of this, that had *Philip* the same Opportunity, and the War was near our Borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then ashamed through Fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an Opportunity, which he, had he that Opportunity, would surely bring on you? Besides, let none of you be ignorant, that you have now your Option, whether you shall attack him Abroad, or be attacked by him at Home: for if the *Olynthians*, by your Assistance, are preserved, the Kingdom of *Philip* will be by your Forces invaded, and you may then retain your own Dominions, your own City in Safety; but should *Philip* once Master the *Olynthians*, who would oppose his March hither? The *Skelians*? Let me not be thought too

bitter,

bitter, if I say, they would be ready to assist him against us. The *Phocians*? they are not able to save themselves, unless you, or some one else, will assist them. But my Friend, says one, *Philip* will have no Desire to invade us — I answer, it would surely be most absurd, if what he imprudently now threatens us with, he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the Difference, whether the War be here or there, there is, I think no need of Argument: for if it was necessary for you to be thirty Days in the Field within your own Territories, and to sustain your Army with your own Provisions, supposing no Enemy there at the same Time; I say, the Losses of your Husbandmen, who supply those Provisions, would be greater than the whole Expence of the preceding War. But if an actual War should come to our Doors, what Losses must we then expect? Add to this, the Insults of the Enemy, and that which to generous Minds is not inferior to any Loss, the Disgrace of such an Incident. It becomes us all therefore, when we consider all these Things, to apply our utmost Endeavours to expel this War from our Borders: the Rich, that for the many Things they possess, parting with a little, they may secure the quiet Possession of the



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rest: the young Men, that having learnt Experience in the Art of War, at *Philip's* Expence, in his Country, they may become formidable Defenders of their own: the Orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the Advice they have given to the Republick; since according to the Success of the Measures taken in Consequence of their Opinions, so you will judge of the Advifers themselves. May this Success be happy, for the Sake of every one.



OF THE
R E M E D Y
O F
A F F L I C T I O N
For the LOSS of our
F R I E N D S.

OF THE
R E M E D Y
OF
A F F L I C T I O N

For the LOSS of our

F R I E N D S .

IT would be a strange Consideration (saith *Cicero*) that while so many excellent Remedies have been discovered for the several Diseases of the human Body, the Mind should be left without any Assistance to alleviate and repel the Disorders which befall it. The contrary of this he asserts to be true, and prescribes Philosophy to us, as a certain and infallible Method to assuage and remove all those Perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler Part of Man.

Of

Of the same Opinion were all those wise and illustrious Antients, whose Writings and Sayings on this Subject have been transmitted to us. And when *Seneca* tells us, that *Virtue* is sufficient to subdue all our Passions, he means no other (as he explains it in many Parts of his Works) than *that exalted divine Philosophy*, which consisted not in vain Pomp, or useless Curiosity, nor even in the Search of more profitable Knowledge, but in acquiring solid lasting Habits of Virtue, and ingrafting them into our Character. It was not the bare knowing the right Way, but the constant and steady walking in it, which those glorious Writers recommended and dignified by the august Names of *Philosophy* and *Virtue*; which two Words, if they did not always use in a synonymous Sense, yet they all agreed in this, that Virtue was the Consummation of true Philosophy.

Now that this Supreme Philosophy, this Habit of Virtue, which strengthened the Mind of a *Socrates*, or a *Brutus*, is really superior to every Evil which can attack us, I make no doubt: but in Truth, this is to have a sound, not a sickly Constitution. With all proper Deference therefore to

such

such great Authorities, they seem to me to assert no more, than that Health is a Remedy against Disease: for a Soul once possessed of that Degree of Virtue, which can without Emotion look on Poverty, Pain, Disgrace, and Death, as Things indifferent: A Soul, as *Horace* expresses it,

Totus teres atque rotundus.

or, according to *Seneca*, which derives all its Comfort from WITHIN, not from WITHOUT: which can look down on all the ruffling Billows of Fortune, as from a Rock on Shore, we survey a tempestuous Sea, with Unconcern; such a Soul is surely in a State of Health, which no Vigour of Bodily Constitution can resemble.

And as this Health of the Mind exceeds that of the Body in Degree, so doth it in Constancy or Duration. In the latter, the Transition from perfect Health to Sickness is easy, and often sudden; whereas the former being once firmly established in the robust State above described, is never afterwards liable to be shocked by any Accident, or Impulse of Fortune.

It



It muſt be confeſſed indeed, that thoſe great Maſters have pointed out the Way to this Philoſophy, and have endeavoured to allure and perſwade others into it: but as it is certain, that few of their Diſciples have been able to arrive at its Perfection; nay, as ſeveral of the Maſters themſelves have done little Honour to their Precepts, by their Examples, there ſeems ſtill great Occaſion for a mental Phyſician, who ſhould conſider the human Mind (as is often the Caſe of the Body) in too weak and depraved a Situation to be reſtored to firm Vigour and Sanity, and ſhould propoſe rather to palliate and leſſen its Diſorders, than abſolutely to cure them.

To conſider the whole Catalogue of Diſeaſes, to which our Minds are liable, and to preſcribe proper Remedies for them all, would require a much longer Treatiſe than what I now intend; I ſhall confine myſelf therefore to one only, and to a particular Species of that one, *viz.* to *Affliction for the Death of our Friends.*

This is a Malady to which the beſt and wortheſt of Men are chiefly liable. It is, like a Fever, the

the Diſtemper of a rich and generous Conſtitution. Indeed we may ſay of thoſe baſe Tempers, which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty Phyſician of the laſt Age ſaid of a ſhattered and rotten Carcaſe, that they are not worth preſerving.

For this Reaſon the calm Demeanor of *Stilpo* the Philoſopher, who, when he had loſt his Children at the taking *Megara* by *Demetrius*, concluded, *he had loſt nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him,* hath no Charms for me. I am more apt to impute ſuch ſudden Tranquility, at ſo great a Loſs, to Oſtentation or Obduracy, than to conſummate Virtue. It is rather wanting the Affection, than conquering it. To overcome the Affliction ariſing from the Loſs of our Friends, is great and praiſe-worthy; but it requires ſome Reaſon and Time. This ſudden unruffled Compoſure is owing to meer Inſenſibility; to a Depravty of the Heart, not Goodneſs of the Underſtanding.

But in a Mind of a different Caſt, in one ſuſceptible of a tender Affection, Fortune can make no other Ravage equal to ſuch a Loſs. It is tearing



ing the Heart, the Soul from the Body; not by a momentary Operation, like that by which the most cruel Tormentors of the Body soon destroy the Subject of their Cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent Agitation: the Soul having this double unfortunate Superiority to the Body; that its Agonies, as they are more exquisite, so they are more lasting.

If however this Calamity be not in a more humane Disposition to be presently or totally removed, an Attempt to lessen it is, however, worth our Attention. He who could reduce the Torments of the Gout to one Half or a Third of the Pain, would, I apprehend, be a Physician in much Vogue and Request; and surely, some palliative Remedies are as much worth our seeking in the mental Disorder; especially if this latter should (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its Anguish a hundred fold.

I will proceed therefore, without further Apology, to present my Reader with the best Prescriptions I am capable of furnishing; many of which have this uncommon Recommendation, that I have tried them upon myself with some Success.

And

And if *Montaigne* be right in his Choice of a Physician, who had himself had the Disease which he undertook to cure, I shall at least have that Pardon to some Confidence and Regard.

And first, by way of Preparative: while we yet enjoy our Friends, and no immediate Danger threatens us of losing them, nothing can be wholsomer than frequent Reflections on the Certainty of this Loss, however distant it may then appear to us: for if it be worth our while to prepare the Body for Diseases which may possibly (or at most probably) attack us; how much more necessary must it seem to furnish the Mind with every Assistance to encounter a Calamity, which our own Death only, or the previous Determination of our Friendship, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the first Ingredients of a *wise* Man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeseen, and unexpected. And this is surely the principal Means of taking his Hopes or Misery out of the Hands of Fortune. Pleasure or Pain, which seize us unprepared, and by Surprise, have a double Force, and are both more capable of subduing the Mind, than when they



they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them. That Pleasure is heighten'd by long Expectation, appears to me a great though vulgar Error. The Mind, by constant Premeditation on either, lessens the Sweetness of the one, and Bitterness of the other. It hath been well said of Lovers, who for a long time procrastinate and delay their Happiness, that they have loved themselves out before they come to the actual Enjoyment: this is as true in the more ungrateful Article of Affliction. The Objects of our Passions, as well as of our Appetites, may be, in great measure, devoured by Imagination; and Grief, like Hunger, may be so pallid and abated by Expectation, that it may retain no Sharpness when its Food is set before it.

The Thoughts which are to engage our Consideration on this Head, are too various, and many of them too obvious to be enumerated: the principal are surely, First, the Certainty of the Dissolution of this Alliance, however sweet it be to us, or however closely the Knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme Shortness of its Duration, even at the best. And, Thirdly, the many Accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an End.

Had

Had not the wife Man frequently meditated on these Subjects, he would not have coolly answered the Person who acquainted him with the Death of his Son—I *knew I had begot a Mortal*. Whereas by the Behaviour of some on these Occasions, we might be almost induced to suspect they were disappointed in their Hopes of their Friend's Immortality; that something uncommon, and beyond the general Fate of Men, had happened to them. In a Word, that they had flattered their Fondness for their Children and Friends as enthusiastically as the Poets have their Works, which

— *nec Jovis Ira nec Ignes,*

Nec poterit Ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

Nor is there any Dissuasive from such Contemplation: It is no Breach of Friendship, nor Violence of Paternal Fondness; for the Event we dread and detest, is not by these Means forwarded, as simple Persons think their own Death would be by making a Will. On the contrary, the sweetest and most rapturous Enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged: for that can be a

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more



more delightful Thought than to assure ourselves, after such Reflections, that the Evil we apprehend, and which might so probably have happened, hath been yet fortunately escaped. If it be true, that the Loss of a Blessing teaches us its true Value, will not these Ruminations on the Certainty of losing our Friends, and the Incertainty of our Enjoyment of them, add a Relish to the present Possession? Shall we not, in a Word, return to their Conversation, after such Reflections, with the same Eagerness and Extasy, with which we receive those we love into our Arms, when we first wake from a Dream which hath terrified us with their Deaths?

Thus then we have a double Incentive to these Meditations; as they serve as well to heighten our present Enjoyment, as to lessen our future Loss, and to fortify us against it. I shall now proceed to give my Reader some Instructions for his Conduct, when this dreadful Catastrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I address myself to common Men, and who partake of the more amiable Weaknesses

of

of Human Nature; not to those elevated Souls whom the Consummation of Virtue and Philosophy hath raised to a divine Pitch of Excellence, and placed beyond the Reach of human Calamity: for which Reason I do not expect this Loss shall be received with the Composure of *Scipio*. Nay, I shall not regard Tears, Lamentations, or any other Indulgence to the first Agonies of our Grief on so dreadful an Occasion, as Marks of Effeminacy; but shall rather esteem them as the Symptoms of a laudable Tenderness, than of a contemptible Imbecility of Heart.

However, though I admit the first Emotions of our Grief to be so far irresistible, that they are not to be instantly and absolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other Side, totally to abandon ourselves to them. Wisdom is our Shield against all Calamity, and This we are not cowardly to throw away, though some of the sharper Darts of Fortune may have pierced us through it. The Mind of a wise Man may be ruffled and disordered, but cannot be subdued: in the former it differs from the Perfection of the Deity; in the latter, from the abject Condition of a Fool.

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With



With whatever Violence our Passions at first attack us, they will in Time subside. It is then that Reason is to be called to our Assistance, and we should use every Suggestion which it can lend to our Relief; our utmost Force being to be exerted to repel and subdue an Enemy when he begins to retreat: This indeed, one would imagine, should want little or no Persuasion to recommend it; inasmuch as we all naturally pursue Happiness and avoid Misery.

There are, however, two Causes of our Unwillingness to hearken to the Voice of Reason on this Occasion. The first is, a foolish Opinion, that Friendship requires an exorbitant Affliction of us; that we are thus discharging our Duty to the Dead, and offering (according to the Superstition of the Ancients) an agreeable Sacrifice to their Manes; the other, and perhaps the commoner Motive is, the immediate Satisfaction we ourselves feel in this Indulgence; which, though attended with very dreadful Consequences, gives the same present Relief to a tender Disposition, that Air or Water brings to one in a high Fever.

Now

Now what can possibly, on the least Examination, appear more absurd than the former of these? When the Grave, beyond which we can enter into no Engagement with one another, hath dissolved all Bonds of Friendship between us, and removed the Object of our Affection far from the Reach of any of our Offices; Can any thing be more vain and ridiculous, than to nourish an Affliction to our own Misery, by which we can convey neither Profit nor Pleasure to our Friend! But I shall not dwell on an Absurdity so monstrous in itself, that the bare first Mention throws it in a Light, which no Illustration nor Argument can heighten.

And as to the Second, it is, as I have said, like those Indulgencies, which however pleasant they may be to the Distemper, serve only to increase it, and for which we are sure to pay the bitterest Agonies in the End. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childish Temper of Mind than this Conduct; by which, like Infants, we reject a Remedy, if it be the least distasteful; and are ready to receive any grateful Food, with-

U 3 out



out regarding the Nourishment which at the same Time we contribute to the Disease.

Without staying therefore longer to argue with such, I shall first recommend to my Disciple or Patient, of another Complexion, carefully to avoid all Circumstances which may revive the Memory of the Deceased, whom it is now his Business to forget as fast, and as much as possible; whereas, such is the Perverseness of our Natures, we are constantly endeavouring, at every Opportunity, to recal to our Remembrance the Words, Looks, Gestures, and other Particularities of a Friend. One carries about with him the Picture; a second the Hair; and others, some little Gift or Token of the Dead, as a Memorial of their Loss. What is all this less than being Self-Tormentors, and playing with Affliction? Indeed Time is the truest and best Physician on these Occasions; and our wisest Part is to lend him the utmost Assistance we can: whereas by pursuing the Methods I have here objected to, we withstand with all our Might the Aid and Comfort which that great Reliever of human Misery so kindly offers us.

Diversions

Diversions of the lightest Kind have been recommended as a Remedy for Affliction: but for my Part, I rather conceive they will encrease than diminish it; especially where Music is to make up any Part of the Entertainment: for the Nature of this is to soothe or inflame, not to alter our Passions. Indeed I should rather propose such Diversions by way of Trial than of Cure: for when they can be pursued with any good Effect, our Affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To say the Truth, the Physic for this, as well as every other mental Disorder, is to be dispensed to us by Philosophy and Religion. The former of these Words (however unhappily it hath contracted the Contempt of the pretty Gentlemen and fine Ladies) doth surely convey to those who understand it, no very ridiculous Idea. Philosophy, in its purer and stricter Sense, means no more than the Love of Wisdom; but in its common and vulgar Acceptation it signifies, the Search after Wisdom; or often, Wisdom itself: For to distinguish

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distinguish between Wisdom and Philosophy (says a great Writer) is rather Matter of vain Curiosity, than of real Utility.

Now from this Fountain (call it by which of the Names we please) may be drawn the following Considerations.

First, the Injustice of our Complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the Condition on which we first received the Good, whose Loss we deplore, *viz.* that of parting with it again. We are Tenants at Will to Fortune, and as we have advanced no Consideration on our Side, can have no Right to accuse her Caprice in determining our Estate. However short-lived our Possession hath been, it was still more than the promised, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but, like ungrateful Persons, with whom one Denial effaces the Remembrance of an Hundred Benefits, we forget what we have already received; and rail at her, because she is not pleased to continue those Favours, which of her own Free-Will she hath so long bestowed on us.

Again,

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the Condition of our Tenure long before, so, sooner or later, of Necessity we must have done it. The longest Term we could hope for is extremely short, and compared by *Solomon* himself to the Length of a Span. Of what Duration is this Life of Man computed? A Scrivener who fills his Annuity at fourteen Years and a half, rejoices in his Cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you, at least half a Year in the Bargain.

But who will insure these fourteen Years? No Man. On the contrary, how great is the Premium for insuring you one? And great as it is, he who accepts it is often a Loser.

I shall not go into the hackneyed Common-place of the numberless Avenues to Death: a Road almost as much beaten by Writers, as those Avenues to Death are by Mankind: *Tibullus* sums 'em up in half a Verse.

— *Leti mille repente via.*

Surely



Surely no Accident can befall our Friend which should so little surprize us; for there is no other which he may not escape. In Poverty, Pain, or other Instances, his Lot may be harder than his Neighbours. In this the happiest and most miserable, the greatest and lowest, richest and poorest of Mankind share all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be Death itself (which is a Part of Life) that we lament should happen to our Friend, but it is the Time of his dying. We desire not a Pardon, we desire a Reprieve only. A Reprieve, for how long? *Sine Die*. But if he could escape this Fever, this Small-Pox, this Inflammation of the Bowels, he may live twenty Years. He may so: but it is more probable he will not live ten: it is very possible, not one. But suppose he should have twenty, nay thirty Years to come. In Prospect, it is true, the Term seems to have some Duration; but cast your Eyes backwards, and how contemptible the Span appears: for it happens in Life (however pleasant the Journey may be) as to a weary Traveller,

veller, the Plain he is yet to pass extends itself much larger to his Eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And suppose Fortune should be so generous to indulge us in the Possession of our Wish, and give us this twenty Years longer Possession of our Friend, should we be then contented to resign? Or shall we not, in Imitation of a Child who desires its Mamma to stay five Minutes, and it will take the Potion, be still as unwilling as ever? I am afraid the latter will be the Case; seeing that neither our Calamity, nor the Child's Physic becomes less nauseous by the Delay.

But admitting this Condition to be never so hard, will not Philosophy shew us the Folly of immoderate Affliction? Can all our Sorrow mend our Case? Can we wash back our Friend with our Tears, or wait him back with our Sighs and Lamentations? It is a foolish Mean-spiritedness in a Criminal, to blubber to his Judge when he knows he shall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire those more who meet their Fate with a decent Constancy and Resignation. Were the Sentences
of



of Fate capable of Remission; could our Sorrows or Sufferings restore our Friends to us, I would commend him who out-did the fabled *Niobe* in weeping; but since no such Event is to be expected; since from that *Bourne no Traveller returns*, surely it is the Part of a wise Man, to bring himself to be content in a Situation which no Wit or Wisdom, Labour or Art, Trouble or Pain, can alter.

And let us seriously examine our Hearts, whether it is for the Sake of our Friends, or ourselves, that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated *French Writer*; that the *Lamentation expressed for the Loss of our dearest Friends, is often, in Reality, for ourselves, that we are concerned at being less happy, less easy, and of less Consequence than we were before; and thus the Dead enjoy the Honour of those Tears which are truly shed on Account of the Living*: concluding, — that in these *Afflictions Men impose on themselves*. Now if on the Enquiry this should be found to be our Case, I shall leave the Patient to seek his Remedy elsewhere; having first recommended to him, an Assembly, a Ball, an Opera, a Play, an Amour, or, if he please, all of them, which will very speedily produce his Cure. But, on the contrary, if after
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the strictest Examination, it should appear (as I make no doubt is sometimes the Case) that our Sorrow arises from that pure and disinterested Affection which many Minds are so far from being capable of entertaining, that they can have no Idea of it: in a Word, if it be manifest that our Fears are justly to be imputed to our Friend's Account, it may be then worth our while to consider the Nature and Degree of this Misfortune which hath happened to him: and if, on duly considering it, we should be able to demonstrate to ourselves, that this supposed dreadful Calamity should exist only in Opinion, and all its Horrors vanish, on being closely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very Foundation of our Grief will be removed, and it must, of necessary Consequence, immediately cease.

I shall not attempt to make an Estimate of Human Life, which to do in the most concise Manner, would fill more Pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be necessary for me, since admitting there was more real Happiness in Life than the wisest Men have allowed; as the weakest and simplest will be ready to confess that there is much Evil in it likewise; and as I conceive every
impartial



impartial Man will, on calling up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a Ballance for the former, I apprehend it will appear sufficiently for my Purpofe, that Death is not that King of Terrors, as he is represented to be.

Death is nothing more than the Negation of Life. If therefore Life be no general Good, Death is no general Evil. Now if this be a Point in Judgment, who shall decide it? Shall we prefer the Judgment of Women and Children, or of wife Men? If of the latter, shall I not have all their Suffrages with me? *Tboates*, the chief of the Sages, held Life and Death as Things indifferent. *Socrates*, the greatest of all the Philosophers, speaks of Death as of a Deliverance. *Solomon*, who had tasted all the Sweets of Life, condemns the whole as Vanity and Vexation: and *Cicero* (to name no more) whose Life had been a very fortunate one, assures us in his Old Age, that if any of the Gods would frankly offer him to renew his Infancy, and live his Life over again, he would strenuously refuse it.

But if we will be hardly enough to fly in the Face of these and numberless other such Authorities;

ties; if we will still maintain that the Pleasures of Life have in them something truly solid, and worthy our Regard and Desire, we shall not, however, be bold enough to say, that these Pleasures are lasting, certain, or the Portion of many among us. We shall not, I apprehend, insure the Possession of them to our Friend, nor secure him from all those Evils, which, as I have before said, none have ever denied the real Existence of: nor shall we surely contend, that he may not more likely have escaped the latter, than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the most excellent of Women, and tenderest of Mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous Delivery, she was told she had a Daughter, answering; *Good God! have I produced a Creature who is to undergo what I have suffered!* Some Years afterwards, I heard the same Woman, on the Death of that very Child, then one of the loveliest Creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting, that her Child could never know what it was to feel such a Loss as she then lamented.

In Reality, she was right in both Instances: and however Instant, Youth, a Flow of Spirits, violent



violent Attachments, and above all, Folly may blind us, the Day of Death is (to most People at least) a Day of more Happiness than that of our Birth, as it puts an End to all those Evils which the other gave a Beginning to. So just is that Sentiment of *Solon*, which *Craesus* afterwards experienced the Truth of, and which is couched in these Lines.

—ultima Semper

*Exspectanda Dies Homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, postquamque funera debet.*

If therefore Death be no Evil, there is certainly no Reason why we should lament its having happened to our Friend: but if there be any whom neither his own Observation, nor what *Plato* hath advanced in his Apology for *Socrates*, in his *Crito*, and his *Phaedon*; or *Cicero*, in the first and third Books of his *Tusculan Questions*; or *Montagne*, (if he hath a Contempt for the Ancients) can convince, that Death is not an Evil worthy our Lamentation, let such a Man comfort himself, that the Evil which his Friend hath suffered, he shall himself shortly have his Share in. As nothing can be a greater Consolation to a delicate Friend-ship

ship than this, so there is nothing we may so surely depend on. A few Days may, and a few Years most infallibly will bring this about, and we shall then reap one Benefit from the Cause of our present Affliction, that we are not then to be torn from the Person we love.

These are, I think, the chief Comforts which the Voice of human Philoſophy can administer to us on this Occasion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a most delightful Assurance, that our Friend is not barely no Loser, but a Gainer by his Dissolution; that those Virtues and good Qualities which were the Objects of our Affection on Earth, are now become the Foundation of his Happiness and Reward in a better World.

Lastly, It gives a Hope, the sweetest, most endearing, and ravishing, which can enter into a Mind capable of, and inflamed with, Friendship. The Hope of again meeting the beloved Person, of renewing and cementing the dear Union in Bliss everlasting. This is a Rapture which leaves the warmest Imagination at a Distance. *Who can conceive* (says *Sherlock*, in his Discourse on Death)

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the melting Carriges of two Souls in Paradise? What are all the Trash and Trifles, the Bobbles, Bawbles and Gewgaws of this Life, to such a Meeting? This is a Hope which no Reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor Millions of such Worlds as this should purchase: nor can any Man shew me its absolute Impossibility, 'till he can demonstrate that it is not in the Power of the Almighty to bestow it on me.



A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
ALEXANDER THE GREAT
AND
DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

A
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN
ALEXANDER THE GREAT
AND
DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

ALEXANDER.

WHAT Fellow art thou, who dar'st
thus to lie at thy Ease in our Prefence,
when all others, as thou seest, rise to
do us Homage? Dost thou not know us?

DIOGENES.

I cannot say I do: But by the Number of thy
Attendants, by the Splendor of thy Habit; but,

X 3 above



above all, by the Vanity of thy Appearance, and the Arrogance of thy Speech, I conceive thou mayst be *Alexander* the Son of *Pbilip*.

ALEXANDER.

And who can more justly challenge thy Respect, than *Alexander*, at the Head of that victorious Army, who hath performed such wonderful Exploits*, and under his Conduct hath subdued the World?

DIODENES.

Who? why the Taylor who made me this old Cloak.

ALEXANDER.

Thou art an odd Fellow, and I have a Curiosity to know thy Name.

DIODENES.

I am not ashamed of it: I am called *Diogenes*, a Name compos'd of as many and as well sounding Syllables as *Alexander*.

ALEX-

* This is an Anachronism: For *Diogenes* was of *Simpes*, and the Meeting between him and *Alexander* fell out while the latter was confederating the *Grecian* States in the *Peloponnesus* before his *Asiatic* Expedition: But that *Sealon* would not have furnish'd sufficient Matter for this Dialogue, we have therefore fix'd the Time of it at the Conqueror's Return from *India*.

ALEXANDER.

Diogenes, I rejoyce at this Encounter. I have heard of thy Name, and been long desirous of seeing thee; in which Wish, since Fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I shall be glad of thy Conversation a-while: And that thou likewise may'st be pleas'd with our Meeting, ask me some Favour; and as thou knowest my Power, so shalt thou experience my Will to oblige thee.

DIODENES.

Why then, *Alexander the Great*, I desire thee to stand from between me and the Sun; whose Beams thou hast with-held from me some Time, a Blessing which it is not in thy Power to recompence the Loss of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou hast a very shallow Opinion of my Power indeed; and if it was a just one, I should have travelled so far, undergone so much, and conquered so many Nations, to a fine Purpose truly.

DIODENES.

That is not my Fault.

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ALEX-



ALEXANDER.

Dost thou not know that I am able to give thee a Kingdom?

DIOGENES.

I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me; and I shall never place any Value on that which such as thou art can deprive me of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou dost speak vainly in Contempt of a Power which no other Man ever yet arrived at. Hath the *Granicus* yet recovered the bloody Colour with which I contaminated its Waves? Are not the Fields of *Iffus* and *Artela* still white with human Bones? Will *Susa* shew no Monuments of my Victory? Are *Darius* and *Perus* Names unknown to thee? Have not the Groans of those Millions reached thy Ears, who but for the Valour of this Heart, and the Strength of this Arm, had still enjoyed Life and Tranquillity. Hath then this Son of *Jupiter*, this Conqueror of the World, adored by his Followers, dreaded by his Foes, and worshipped by All, lived to hear his Power contemned, and the Offer of his Favour slighted, by a poor Philosopher,

ilosopher, a wretched Cynic, whose Cloak appears to be his only Possession!

DIOGENES.

I retort the Charge of Vanity on thyself, proud *Alexander*; for how vainly dost thou endeavour to raise thyself on the Monuments of thy Disgrace! I acknowledge, indeed, all the Exploits thou hast recounted, and the Millions thou hast to thy eternal Shame destroyed. But is it hence thou wouldst claim *Jupiter* for thy Father? Hath not then every Plague or pestilential Vapour the same Title? If thou art the Dread of Wretches to whom Death appears the greatest of Evils, is not every mortal Disease the same? And if thou hast the Adoration of thy servile Followers, do they offer thee more, than they are ready to pay to every Tinsel Ornament, or empty Title? Is then the Fear or Worship of Slaves of so great Honour, when at the same time thou art the Contempt of every brave honest Man, tho', like me, an old Cloak should be his only Possession?

ALEXANDER.

Thou seemest, to my Apprehension, to be ignorant, that in professing this Disregard for the
Glory



Glory I have so painfully achieved, thou art undermining the Foundation of all that Honour, which is the Encouragement to, and Reward of, every thing truly great and noble: For in what doth all Honour, Glory, and Fame consist, but in the Breath of that Multitude, whose Estimation with such ill-grounded Scorn thou dost affect to despise. A Reward which hath ever appeared sufficient to inflame the Ambition of high and exalted Souls; tho' from their Meanness, low Minds may be incapable of tasting, or rather, for which Pride from the Despair of attaining it may inspire thee to feign a false and counterfeit Disdain. What other Reward than this have all those Heroes proposed to themselves, who rejecting the Enjoyments which Ease, Riches, Pleasure, and Power, have held forth to them in their native Country, have deserted their Homes, and all those Things which to vulgar Mortals appear lovely or desirable, and in Defiance of Difficulty and Danger, invaded and spoiled the Cities and Territories of others; when their Anger hath been provoked by no Injury, nor their Hope inspired by the Prospect of any other Good than of this very Glory and Honour, this Adoration of Slaves, which thou, from having
never

never tasted its Sweets, hast treated with Contempt.

DIOGENES.

Thy own Words have convinced me, (stand a little more out of the Sun, if you please) that thou hast not the least Idea of true Honour. Was it to depend on the Suffrages of such Wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible Thing which you represent it to be estimated in my Opinion: But true Honour is of a different Nature; it results from the secret Satisfaction of our own Minds, and is decreed us by Wife Men and the Gods; it is the Shadow of Wisdom and Virtue, and is inseparable from them: Nor is it either in thy Power to deserve, nor in that of thy Followers to bestow. As for such Heroes as thou hast named, who, like thyself, were born the Curfes of Mankind, I readily agree they pursue another kind of Glory, even that which thou hast mentioned, the Applause of their Slaves and Sycophants; in this Instance indeed their Masters, since they bestow on them the Reward, such as it is, of all their Labours.

ALEXANDER.

However, as you would persuade me you have so clear a Notion of my Honour, I would be
2 glad



glad to be on a Par with you, by conceiving some Idea of yours; which I can never obtain of the Shadow, till I have some clearer Knowledge of the Substance, and understand in what your Wisdom and Virtue consist.

DIAGENES.

Not in ravaging Countries, burning Cities, plundering and massacring Mankind.

ALEXANDER.

No, rather in biting and snarling at them.

DIAGENES.

I snarl at them because of their Vice and Folly; in a word, because there are among them many such as Thee and thy Followers.

ALEXANDER.

If thou wouldst confess the Truth, Envy is the true Source of all thy Bitterness; it is that which begets thy Hatred, and from Hatred comes thy Railing: Whereas the Thirst of Glory only is my Motive. I hate not those whom I attack, as plainly appears by the Clemency I shew to them when they are conquered.

Di-

DIAGENES.

Thy Clemency is Cruelty. Thou givest to one what thou hast by Violence and Plunder taken from another: And in so doing, thou only raisest him to be again the Mark of Fortune's Caprice, and to be tumbled down a second Time by thyself, or by some other like thee. My Snarling is the Effect of my Love; in order, by my Invectives against Vice, to frighten Men from it, and drive them into the Road of Virtue.

ALEXANDER.

For which Purpose thou hast forsworn Society, and art retired to preach to Trees and Stones.

DIAGENES.

I have left Society, because I cannot endure the Evils I see and detest in it.

ALEXANDER.

Rather because thou canst not enjoy the Good thou dost covet in it. For the same Reason I have left my own Country, which afforded not sufficient Food for my Ambition.

DIAGENES.

But I come not, like thee, abroad to rob and plunder others. Thy Ambition hath destroyed a Million,



Million, whereas I have never occasioned the Death of a single Man.

ALEXANDER.

Because thou hast not been able: but thou hast done all within thy Power, by cursing and devoting to Destruction almost as many as I have conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor-spirited Fellow thou wouldst appear. There is more Greatness of Soul in thee than at present shines forth. Poor Circumstances are Clouds which often conceal and obscure the brightest Minds. Pride will not suffer thee to confess Passions which Fortune hath not put in in thy Power to gratify. It is therefore that thou deniest Ambition: for hadst thou a Soul as capacious as mine, I see no better Way which thy humble Fortune would allow thee of feeding its Ambition, than what thou hast chosen: for when alone in this Retreat which thou hast chosen, thou mayst contemplate thy own Greatness. Here no stronger Rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful Objects of superior Power, Riches, or Happiness, invade thy Sight. But, be honest and confess, had Fortune placed thee at the Head of a *Macedonian* Army.—

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

Had Fortune placed me at the Head of the World, it could not have raised me in my own Opinion. And is this mighty Soul, which is, it seems, so much more capacious than mine, obliged at last to support its Superiority on the Backs of a Multitude of armed Slaves? And who in Reality have gained these Conquests, and gathered all these Lawrels, of which thou art so vain? Hadst thou alone pass'd into *Asia*, the Empire of *Darius* had still stood unshaken. But tho' *Alexander* had never been born, who will say the same Troops might not, under some other General, have done as great, or perhaps greater Mischief? The Honour therefore, such as it is, is by no means justly thy own. Thou usurp'st the whole, when thou art, at most, entitled to an equal Share only. It is not then *Alexander*, but *Alexander* and his Army are superior to *Diogenes*. And in what are they his Superiors? In brutal Strength—in which they would be again excelled by an equal Number of Lions, or Wolves, or Tygers. An Army which would be able to do as much more Mischief than themselves, as they are than *Diogenes*.

ALEX-



ALEXANDER.

Then thy Grief broke forth. Thou hatest us because we can do more Mischief than thyself. And in this I see thou claimest the Precedence over me; that I make use of others as the Instruments of my Conquests, whereas all thy Railery and Curfes against Mankind, proceed only out of thy own Mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the World, thou alone art able to curse it.

DIOGENES.

If I desired to curse it effectually, I have nothing more to do, than to wish thee long Life and Prosperity.

ALEXANDER.

But then thou must wish well to an Individual, which is contrary to thy Nature, who hatest all.

DIOGENES.

Thou art mistaken. Long Life, to such as thee, is the greatest of Curfes: for, to mortify thy Pride effectually, know there is not in thy whole Army, no, nor among all the Objects of thy Triumph, one equally miserable with thyself: For if the Satisfaction of violent Desires be Happiness, and a total Failure of Success in most
eager

eager Pursuits, Misery, (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted) what can be more miserable, than to entertain Desires which we know never can be satisfied? And this a little Reflection will teach thee is thy own Case: For what are thy Desires? not Pleasure; with that *Macedonia* would have furnished thee. Not Riches; for capacious as thy Soul is, if it had been all filled with Avarice, the Wealth of *Darius* would have contented it. Not Power; for then the Conquest of *Perus*, and the extending thy Arms to the farthest Limits of the World †, must have satisfied thy Ambition. Thy Desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as Fire, which still consumes whatever comes in its Way, without determining where to stop. How contemptible must thy own Power appear to thee, when it cannot give thee the Possession of thy Wish; but how much more contemptible thy Understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that Wish is?

ALEXANDER.

I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy Humour, and will deserve thy Friendship.

† Which was then known to the *Greeks*.

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SHIP.



ship. I know the *Albanians* have affronted thee, have condemn'd thy Philofophy, and fufpected thy Morals. I will revenge thy Cause on them. I will lead my Army back, and punifh their ill Ufage of thee. Thou thyfelf fhalt accompany us; and when thou beholdeft their City in Flames, fhalt have the Triumph of proclaiming, that thy juft Repentment hath brought this Calamity on them.

DIAGENES.

They do indeed deferve it at my Hands; and tho' Revenge is not what I profefs, yet the Punifhment of fuch Dogs may be of good Example. I therefore embrace thy Offer: but let us not be particular, let *Corinth* and *Lacedaemon* share the fame Fate. They are both the Nets of Vermin only, and Fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a Delight it will be to fee the Rascals, who have fo only in Derifion call'd me a fnarling Cur, roaring in their own Houfes.

ALEXANDER.

Yet, on a fecond Consideration, would it not be wifer to preferve the Cities, efppecially *Corinth*, which is fo full of Wealth, and only maffacre the Inhabitants?

DIAGENES.

DIAGENES.

D——n their Wealth, I defpife it.

ALEXANDER.

Well then, let it be given to the Soldiers; as the Demolition of it will not encrease the Punifhment of the Citizens, when we have cut their Throats.

DIAGENES.

True — Then you may give fome of it to the Soldiers: but as the Dogs have formerly infulted me with their Riches, I will, if you please, retain a little — perhaps a Moiety, or not much more, to my own Ufe. It will give me at leaft an Opportunity of fhewing the World, I can defpife Riches when I poffefs them, as much as I did before in my Poverty.

ALEXANDER.

Art not thou a true Dog? Is this thy Contempt of Wealth? This thy Abhorrence of the Vices of Mankind? To facrifice three of the nobleft Cities of the World to thy Wrath and Revenge! And haft thou the Impudence to difpute any longer the Superiority with me, who have it in my Power to punifh my Enemies with Death, while thou only canft persecute with evil Wifhes.

Y 2

DIAGENES.



DIOGENES.

I have still the same Superiority over thee, which thou dost challenge over thy Soldiers. I would have made thee the Tool of my Purpose. But I will discourse no longer with thee; for I now despise and curse thee more than I do all the World besides. And may Perdition seize thee, and all thy Followers.

Here some of the Army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander interposed.

ALEXANDER.

Let him alone. I admire his Obstinacy; nay, I almost envy it.—Farewell, old Cynic; and if it will flatter thy Pride, be assured, I esteem thee so much, that *was I not Alexander, I could desire to be Diogenes.*

DIOGENES.

Go to the Gibbet, and take with thee as a Mortification; that *was I not Diogenes, I could almost content myself with being Alexander.*

AN
INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, and Mercury.

Which was originally intended as an

INTRODUCTION to a COMEDY,

CALLED,

JUPITER'S Descent on Earth.



AN
INTERLUDE
BETWEEN
JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,
AND
MERCURY.

SCENE I.

JUPITER, JUNO.

JUPITER.

PRAY be pacified.
Juno. It is intolerable, insufferable, and
I never will submit to it.

Jap. But, my Dear.

Juno. Good Mr. *Jupiter*, leave off that odious
Word: You know I detest it. Use it to the
Trollop *Venus*, and the rest of your Sluts. It
sounds most agreeable to their Ears, but it is nau-
seous to a Goddess of strict Virtue.

Jap. Madam, I do not doubt your Virtue.

Y 4

Juno.



Juno. You don't? That is, I suppose, humbly insinuating that others do: But who are their Divinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither *Diana*, nor *Minerva*, I am well assured; both of whom pity me; for they know your Tricks; they can neither of them keep a Maid of Honour for you. I desire you will treat me with Good-Manners at least. I should have had that, if I had married a Mortal, tho' he had spent my Fortune, and lain with my Chamber-Maids, as you suffer Men to do with Impunity, highly to your Honour be it spoken.

Jup. Faith! Madam, I know but one Way to prevent them, which is, by annihilating Mankind; and I fancy your Friends below, the Ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that Favour at my Hands.

Juno. I desire you would not reflect on my Friends below; it is very well known, I never shewed any Favour, but to those of the purest, unspotted Characters. And all my Acquaintance, when I have been on the Earth, have been of that Kind: for I never return a Visit to any other.

Jup. Nay, I have no Inclination to find Fault with the Women of the Earth; you know I like them very well.

Juno.

Juno. Yes, the Trollops of the Earth, such as *Venus* converses with. You never shew any Civility to my Favourites, nor make the Men do it.

Jup. My Dear, give me Leave to say, your Favourites are such, that Man must be new made before he can be brought to give them the Preference: For when I moulded up the Clay of Man, I put not one Ingredient in to make him in Love with Ugliness, which is one of the most glaring Qualities in all your Favourites, whom I have ever seen; and you must not wonder, while you have such Favourites, that the Men slight them.

Juno. The Men slight them! I'd have you know, Sir, they slight the Men; and I can, at this Moment, hear not less than a Thousand railing at Mankind.

Jup. Ay, as I hear at this Instant several grave black Gentlemen railing at Riches, and enjoying them, or at least coveting them, at the same Time.

Juno. Very fine! very civil! I understand your Comparison.—Well, Sir, you may go on giving an Example of a bad Husband, but I will not give the Example of a tame Wife; and if you will not make Men better, I will go down to the Earth, and make Women worse; that every

1

House



Houfe may be too hot for a Husband, as I will shortly make Heaven for you.

Jup. That I believe you will — but if you begin your Project of making Women worse, I will take *Hymen*, and hang him; for I will take some Care of my Votaries, as well as you of yours.

SCENE II.

Enter APOLLO.

Apol. Mr. *Jupiter*, Good-morrow to you.

Jup. *Apollo*, how dost thou? — You are a wife Deity, *Apollo*; prithee will you answer me one Question?

Apol. To my best Ability.

Jup. You have been much conversant with the Affairs of Men, What dost thou think the foolishlest Thing a Man can do?

Apol. Turn Poet.

Jup. That is honest enough, as it comes from the God of Poets: But you have mis'd the Mark; for certainly, the foolishlest Thing a Man can do, is to marry.

Apol. Fie! What is it then in a God? who, besides that he ought to be wiser than Man, is tied for ever by his Immortality, and has not the Chance which you have given to Man, of getting rid of his Wife.

Jup. *Apollo*, thy Reproof is just; but let us talk of something else: for when I am out of the hearing

hearing my Wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

Apol. Have you read any of those Books I brought you, just sent me by my Votaries upon Earth?

Jup. I have read them all.—The Poem is extremely fine, and the Similes most beautiful.—There is indeed one little Fault in the Similes.

Apol. What is that?

Jup. There is not the least Resemblance between the Things compared together.

Apol. One Half of the Simile is good, however.

Jup. The Dedications please me extremely, and I am glad to find there are such excellent Men upon Earth.—There is one whom I find two or three Authors agree to be much better than any of us in Heaven are. This Discovery, together with my Wife's Tongue, has determin'd me to make a Trip to the Earth, and spend some Time in such God-like Company. *Apollo*, will you go with me?

Apol. I would with all my heart, but I shall be of Diservice to you; for when I was last on Earth, the' I heard of these People, I could not get Admission to any of them; you had better take *Plutus* with you, he is acquainted with them all.

Jup.



Jup. Hang him, proud Rascal, of all the Deities he is my Aversion; I would have kick'd him out of Heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his Residence entirely upon the Earth, he would foment a Rebellion against me.

Apol. Your Fear has too just a Ground, for the God of Riches has more Interest there, than all the other Gods put together: Nay, he has supplanted us in all our Provinces; he gives Wit to Men I never heard of, and Beauty to Women *Venus* never saw—Nay, he ventures to make free with *Mars* himself; and sometimes, they tell me, puts Men at the Head of Military Affairs, who never saw an Enemy, nor of whom an Enemy ever could see any other than the Back.

Jup. Faith! it is surprizing, that a God whom I sent down to Earth when I was angry with Mankind, and who has done them more Hurt than all the other Deities, should ingratiate himself so far into their Favour.

Apol. You may thank yourself, you might have made Man wiser if you would.

Jup. What, to laugh at? No, *Apollo*, believe me, Man far outdoes my Intention; and when I read in those little Histories called Dedications, how excellent he is grown, I am eager

to

to be with him, that I may make another Promotion to the Stars; and here comes my Son of Fortune to accompany us.

SCENE III.

MERCURY, JUPITER, APOLLO.

[MERCURY kneels.]

Merc. Pray, Father *Jupiter*, be pleas'd to bless me.

Jup. I do, my Boy. What Part of Heaven, pray, have you been spending your Time in?

Merc. With some Ladies of your Acquaintance, *Apollo*. I have been at Blind-man's-buff with the Nine Muses: But before we began to play, we had charming Sport between *Mis Thalia* and one of the Poets: Such a Scene of Courtship or Invocation as you call it. *Say, O Thalia*, cries the Bard; and then he scratches his Head: And then, *Say, O Thalia*, again; and repeated it an hundred times over; but the devil a Word would she say.

Apol. She's a humouriome little Jade, and if she takes it into her Head to hold her Tongue, not all the Poets on Earth can open her Lips.

Jup.

Jup. I with *Juno* had some of her Frolicks; with all my Heart.

Merc. No, my Mother-in-law is of a Humour quite contrary—

Jup. Ay, for which Reason I intend to make an Elopement from her, and pay a short Visit to our Friends on Earth. Son *Mercury*, you shall along with me.

Merc. Sir, I am at your Disposal: But pray, what is the Reason of this Visit?

Jup. Partly my Wife's Temper, and partly some Informations I have lately received, of the prodigious Virtue of Mankind, which if I find as great as represented, I believe I shall leave Madam *Juno* for Good-and-all, and live entirely amongst Men.

Merc. I shall be glad to be introduced by you into the Company of these virtuous Men; for I am quite weary of the little Rogues you put me at the Head of. The last time I was on the Earth, I believe I had three Sets of my Acquaintance hang'd in one Year's Revolution, and not one Man of any reputable Condition among them; there were indeed one or two condemned, but, I don't know how, they were found to be honest at last. And I must tell you, Sir, I will be God of Rogues no longer, if you suffer it to
be

be an establish'd Maxim, that no Rich Man can be a Rogue.

Jup. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling Cloaths, order my Charge, and be ready for you in half an Hour.

S C E N E IV.

APOLLO, MERCURY.

Merc. Do you know the true Reason of this Expedition?

Apol. The great Virtue of Mankind, he tells us.

Merc. The little Virtue of Womankind rather—Do you know him no better, than to think he would budge a Step after human Virtue: Besides, Where the devil should he find it, if he would?

Apol. You have not read the late Dedications of my Votaries.

Merc. Of my Votaries, you mean: I hope you will not dispute my Title to the Dedications, as the God of Thieves. You make no Distinction, I hope, between robbing with a Pistol and with a Pen.

Apol. My Votaries Robbers, Mr. *Mercury*?

Merc.



Merc. Yes, Mr. *Apollo*; did not my Lord Chancellor *Midas* decree me the Lawyers for the same Reason. Would not he be a Rogue who should take a Man's Money for persuading him he was a Lord or a Baronet, when he knew he was no such Thing? Is not he equally such, who picks his Pocket by heaping Virtues on him which he knows he has no Title to? These Fellows prevent the very Use of Praise, which while only the Reward of Virtue, will always invite Men to it; but when it is to be bought, will be despised by the True Deserving, equally with a Ribbon or a Feather, which may be bought by any one in a Milliner's or a Minister's Shop.

Apol. Very well! At this Rate you will rob me of all my Panegyrical Writers.

Merc. Ay, and of your Satirical Writers too, at least a great many of 'em; for unjust Satire is as bad as unjust Panegyrick.

Apol. If it is unjust indeed—But, Sir, I hope you have no Claim to my Writers of Plays, Poems, which have neither Satire nor Panegyrick in 'em.

Merc. Yes, Sir, to all who are Thieves and steal from one another.

Apol.

Apol. Methinks, Sir, you should not reflect thus on Wits to me, who am the God of Wit.

Merc. Hey-day, Sir, nor you on Thieves, to me who am the God of Thieves. We have no such Reason to quarrel about our Votaries, they are much of the same Kind: For as it is a Proverb, That all Poets are poor; so is it a Maxim, That all poor Men are Rogues.

Apol. Sir, Sir, I have Men of Quality that write.

Merc. Yes, Sir, and I have Men of Quality that rob; but neither are the one Poets, or the other Rogues: For as the one can write without Wit, so can the other rob without Roguery. They call it Privilege, I think; *Jupiter* I suppose gave it them; and instead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiser in us to unite in a Petition to my Father that he would revoke it, and put them on a Footing with our other Votaries.

Apol. It is in vain to petition him any thing against Mankind at present, he is in such Good-humour with them; if they should sour his Temper, at his Return perhaps he may be willing to do us Justice.

Merc. It shall be my Fault if he is not in a worse Humour with them; at least, I will take

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care he shall not be deceived: And that might happen; for Men are such Hypocrites, that the greatest Part deceive even themselves, and are much worse than they think themselves to be.

Apel. And *Jupiter* you know, tho' he is the greatest, is far from being the wisest of the Gods.

Merc. His own Honesty makes him the less suspicious of others; for, except in regard to Women, he is as honest a Fellow as any Deity in all the *Elysian Fields*: But I shall make him wait for me—Dear Mr. *Apollo*, I am your humble Servant.

Apel. My dear *Mercury*, a good Journey to you; at your Return, I shall be glad to drink a Bottle of Nectar with you.

Merc. I shall be proud to kiss your Hands.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.



