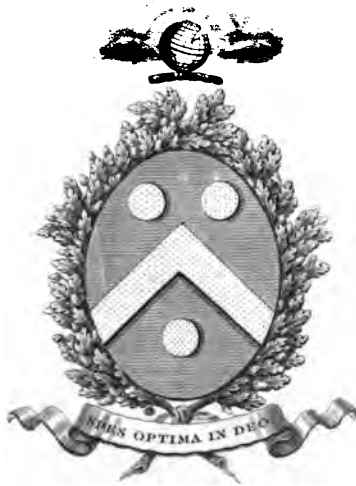


*Hope Essays 606.*



*John Thomas Hope.*

THE  
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF THE LATE

*HENRY MAN.*



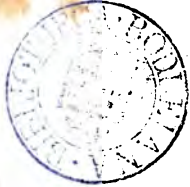
HENRY MAN, ESQ<sup>r</sup>

THE  
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS,

IN VERSE AND PROSE,

OF THE LATE

HENRY MAN.



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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE life of a man in office is, in general, as little diversified as that of a mere literary man. It is chiefly, when connected with public affairs, with the politics of nations; or the revolutions of government, that Biography becomes interesting. We should not therefore have troubled the public with the following sketch, had it not been suggested to us that a short account of the author of the following pages would be gratifying to a numerous list of subscribers, the majority of whom had for some years enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance.

He was born in the year 1747, in the City of London, where his father, an eminent builder, at that time resided. Our author was at an early age placed under the tuition of the Rev. John Lamb, of Croydon. Here his native genius, assisted by a retentive memory, soon raised him to the head of the

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b

upper

upper class. His understanding was strong and vigorous, his conception quick, and the facility with which he accomplished whatever task was set him gave him a decided superiority over all his school-fellows. At the age of fourteen he had acquired a general knowledge of the Latin and French languages, and would, no doubt, have proceeded with the same success through such other branches of a classical education as are usually taught in seminaries, had not the severity of the master, for which the vivacity of the pupil was by no means adapted, forced him to quit the school at an earlier period than he otherwise would have done, and with a rooted disgust for all literary acquirements beyond the English language, which he ever after insisted was sufficient for all purposes, whether commercial, professional, or clerical, the more so, as we might at all times refer for whatever is worthy notice in ancient authors to the excellent translations in our own language, with which this country at present abounds.

At the age of fifteen he was placed as clerk in a respectable mercantile house in the City. Here he employed his leisure hours in the study of our best English writers, especially the poets, as being most congenial to his own turn of mind, having from his infancy shewed a strong partiality for poetry, by writing verses on every little occasion that offered, either at school or among his play-mates, and, from the facility with which he composed them, might almost

## INTRODUCTION.

v

most have been considered an *improvisatore*; indeed, he was the readiest at an impromptu of any man we ever knew. Some of his early productions he published in the year 1770, in a small duodecimo volume, called "The Trifler," in which are many pieces of very considerable merit, but, having been circulated only among a few friends, are not so generally known as they deserve to be: we shall therefore take the liberty of transcribing one short piece from this collection, which, though not the best, may shew at what an early age he had attained that harmony of expression which distinguishes most of his Poetical Essays.

## MATRIMONY.

HOW blest the youth by sober prudence led,  
Indulging dictates, natives of the heart,  
Some finish'd fair of virtuous worth to wed,  
Untax'd by time her bloom can ne'er depart!

Freed from the grave of hope, the frown of scorn,  
He quaffs rich draughts from life's mellifluous  
stream,  
Ambiguous love no longer plants his thorn,  
Sweet social commerce gilds his mortal dream.

b 2

Among

Among th' intemperate midnight murd'ring race,  
Where foes to thought unbend the bow of cares,  
Kind relaxation scorns to court disgrace,  
Home, happy home, more sacred joy prepares.

There pleasure wears no specious mask of guile,  
From pois'nous aloes guards her copious bowl ;  
There soft affection crowns the bosom smile,  
And tunes the nuptial melody of soul.

From guilty scenes, where brutal passion fires  
Impetuous youth, to fan th' unhallow'd flame,  
He turns the scornful eye of chaste desires ;  
Nor wears his cheek th' obedient blush of shame.

Domestic blessings clust'ring in his mind,  
Of pleasing thoughts a fruitful harvest yield ;  
Each lapsing day some treasure leaves behind,  
To strengthen rigid honor's faithful shield.

Though humble fortune circumscribe his fame,  
Though, wrapt in dark oblivion's sable vest,  
Connubial gifts perpetuate his name,  
And grace th' exalted triumph of his breast.

In prattling pride his brooding eye surveys  
Th' authentic records of a father's care ;  
Maternal fondness mutual hope displays,  
To rear their plants in virtue's wholesome air.

*Her*



*Her* sense, no suitor to the toilet's shrine,  
 Disdains the servile yoke of magic mode ;  
 In duty's science claims a praise divine,  
 The fragrant breath of flatt'ry ne'er bestow'd.

To train the lisping nurs'ry of her knee,  
 Instructive tales the moral mint expand ;  
 As sense matures, she views with grateful glee,  
 Progressive branches bloom beneath her hand.

Should pensive thought awake the tattling tear  
 For sorrows past, or boding ills unborn,  
 He calms her griefs, he soothes each aching fear,  
 And bids sweet smiles her dimpling cheek adorn.

If, sore oppress'd by Fortune's keenest blow,  
 A frowning world besiege *his* heart around,  
*She* more than shares th' immensity of woe,  
 And pours each lenient balsam in the wound.

Should bankrupt Hope through treach'rous friend-  
 ship fail,  
 And Sorrow's surges lash the beach of thought,  
 Her loyal love rebukes the adverse gale,  
 And calms the passions into tempest wrought.

Should pale-ey'd sickness, hov'ring o'er his bed,  
 From vig'rous health demand the trusty keys,  
 Her downy breast upholds his drooping head,  
 Her anxious aid explores the dark disease.

Widow'd in thought, she views with weeping eyes  
 Life's low exchequer drain'd of ev'ry joy,  
 Prepar'd to take each symptom by surprize,  
 Ere nature's starless night her hopes destroy.

Should choice direct, and Heav'n be pleas'd to bless  
 With Hymen's sacred tie, my ripen'd years,  
 Some polish'd partner may my mind possess,  
 To smooth this thorny pilgrimage of tears.

Beauty, that prizeless pageant of a day,  
 Must with'ring own the wint'ry hand of age,  
 While virtuous sense, superior to decay,  
 Shall still illumine, and shall still engage.

It must be owned that in this early production he has made too frequent use of alliterations, an error we believe he was led into by observing the success with which some of his favorite authors had introduced this mode of expression in all their works. Many instances of this kind might be produced from most of our best poets; but we shall content ourselves at present with the following couplet from Dryden's *Melanger and Atalanta*.

"A fair, fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd,  
 The blushing beauties, of a modest maid."

It is not to be wondered at, if at so young a time of life our author might mistake blemishes for beauties,

ties, or conceive affectation to be nature, especially as he found the use of alliterations justified, as we said, by the practice of our best English poets. However this may be, he soon after perceived the impropriety of introducing them too frequently; and as his judgment became more matured, he left them off altogether, except so far as the natural order of the words required the use of them.

In 1774, he wrote some cursory thoughts on learning, in a series of letters, which were published in Mr. Woodfall's Morning Chronicle for that year; such of these as we have been able to procure will be inserted in the present volumes, but the far greater part have hitherto from the distance of time eluded our search. These letters he intended to form a general plan of education on his own principles; but, as we are not possessed of the whole series, we cannot say how far he carried it, or whether, like most other plans of this kind, it was not too visionary to be put in execution. Indeed, the author himself was not, we believe, very sanguine of its success, at least if we may be permitted to judge from a circumstance we well remember to have occurred at the time. A gentleman, from reading these Essays, which perfectly coincided with his own notions on the subject, endeavoured to prevail on the author to undertake the education of his son on the principles there laid down. Flattering as this proposal was to a young man, as coming unsolicited from a perfect stranger; yet, either persuaded of his own inability

to perform the task, or weighing seriously the difficulties that must attend it, he declined the offer, though enforced by every allurements of honor or profit, which might naturally bias the mind of a young man, who was not altogether insensible to praise, though at that time perfectly so to the value of pecuniary gratifications.

In 1775, he published a Novel in 2 vols. called "Bentley, or the Rural Philosopher;" in which work he introduced many opinions peculiar to himself, in opposition to the general maxims of life. "I felt," says his philosopher, "there was little room for  
 "pride in men; that our boasted wisdom is, at  
 "best, but a doubtful light; that the advantages of  
 "education, designed to distinguish the scholar  
 "from the toiling mechanic, were very doubtful  
 "pre-eminences indeed; that neither Plato, nor  
 "Aristotle, nor Epictetus, nor Socrates, had dis-  
 "covered a standard for truth; and that most of the  
 "questions that divided the schools had better have  
 "been totally neglected; that men of science,  
 "considered in a natural, and perhaps a political  
 "light, rather confused men's minds than mended  
 "them; and that, in religious matters, all metaphy-  
 "sical disquisitions tended more to amuse the ca-  
 "suist, than to lead the multitude the right way.

"Respecting your politicians and public con-  
 "tenders for sacred freedom, I am apt to conceive  
 "they are very often idle declaimers on the one  
 "hand, and designing or disappointed hypocrites

"on

“ on the other. I am aware of what Greek and Roman characters may be quoted ; and that our own Britain has many illustrious authorities on record, who have pleaded, who have bled for their country, But I confess I have been inclined to think it possible that with most, if not all of these, a love of fame, that universal passion, or some occult motive, best known to the parties themselves, has stimulated them to public acts of national utility,” &c.

These opinions he has supported throughout with much force ; but the general plan of the work was (as he informs us at the conclusion) intended to shew ; that, however the polite and learned world may value itself upon any superficial embellishments it enjoys, the evil propensities of the heart are seldom corrected by literature, or a conversation with the refinements of polite circles ; that we may be very wise, and very happy, with a very little school learning ; that all the powers of scientific knowledge rather increase than satisfy enquiries ; and that the wisdom of the heart is all.”

These opinions, we believe, he never changed : he had conversed much with the world, had examined closely into the nature of man ; and though the conclusion he drew from frequent investigations of the subject might be erroneous, yet it must be acknowledged that selfishness is too frequently the ruling principle of mankind ; and that hypocrisy in the pulpit, and deceptions in the senate, are vices that at least justify our author in the marked censure he

so liberally casts upon them in many parts of the work.

Possessed of ideas that by no means corresponded with the confinement of a counting-house, Mr. Man left London for a short time in the summer of 1775, and settled at Reading, in Berkshire, in order to enjoy his favourite passion for the Muses, in the uninterrupted retirement of a country life. Here his time was either employed in writing or walking; indeed, his attachment to "shady groves and purling streams" so much absorbed all his other ideas, that he would frequently spend whole days on the banks of the Thames, or in the gloomy recesses of the woods of Mappledurham or Whitchurch.

Here he wrote many pleasing little poems for the amusement of his friends; but his principal work was a comic-tragedy of one act, called *Cloacina*, and published in 1775. This was a satire on some of the best writers of that time, in which the peculiarities of their styles were imitated with a fund of humour, and in a harmony of verse, that deserved a much better subject.

The play commences at the fifth act, because, as we are informed in the dedication, "*he had found that it was fashionable to make the four first acts of no importance at all;*" from this, therefore, we shall take the liberty of extracting part of the first scene as a specimen, by which our readers may form a better idea of the plan and execution of the piece,

piece, than any comment we might make on the subject could give them.

*COMMON SENSE in a languid Posture, supported by  
NATURE and PHILOSOPHY.*

COMMON SENSE.

GIVE, give me hartshorn, quickly cut my stays ;  
I'm sick, I'm faint, I'm stabb'd by modern plays.  
Expell'd the stage, the pulpit, and the bar,  
Taste broke my heart, and chain'd me to her car.  
Taste taught the world to treat my name with scorn ;  
For Taste I wandered, desolate, forlorn :  
O'er deserts wild, bleak hills, and mountains bare,  
Sought bitter bread, and found a scanty share ;  
Endur'd contempt, and poverty, and pain,  
Nay, begg'd an alms, yet bow'd my knees in vain.  
First, I implor'd relief from sound divines,  
Critics who praise fat beef, and dainty chines ;  
They gravely shook their heads—then strok'd their  
bands,  
And wish'd me much success in foreign lands :  
Ask'd if I built my fame on classic ground,  
Confess'd their doubts, and left me as they found.  
Next, I besought the sages of the law ;  
They read my case, and pointed out the flaw ;  
Declar'd their pious zeal for pounds and pence,  
And frankly told me, cash was Common Sense.

My

My third rebuke 'tis needless to declare,  
 You felt my fate, and wept my fortune there :  
 Tortur'd by Bards who deal in tragic rhyme,  
 Down, down, I sink, and perish in my prime.  
 To distant times let weeping Nature tell,  
 " I lov'd her once, not wisely, but too well ;"  
 Preferr'd her charms to all the pompous lore  
 The schools prescribe, and school-taught men adore ;  
 But false refinement barbarous arts controul'd,  
 And Common Sense was mix'd with common mould.  
 What have I felt from ev'ry classic clown !  
 Johnson found staves, and Stanhope knock'd me  
 down.

Dramatic wits then smote me thick and thin,  
 And left me thus a victim to their sin.  
 Awhile my shade must linger here below,  
 To find if Murphy " knock'd so hard or no ;"  
 Awhile my shade must suffer grief in heav'n,  
 To think poor Hoole can never be forgiven, &c. &c.

At the approach of winter, Mr. Man returned to London, and was the summer following married to a young lady, on whom he had for a long while settled his affections. This change of situation made it necessary for him to fix on some future plan of life ; and, as he could not get over the invincible dislike he entertained for trade, he accepted an appointment in the South-sea-house, and was the same year elected Deputy Secretary ; so high was the character he had  
 in



in so short a period obtained, as well among the governors as the house in general.

This place he held till his death, which happened the 4th December, 1799, in the 52d year of his age, leaving a widow and five children to regret his loss, in common with a very extensive circle of acquaintance, who will long reflect on it with sorrow.

The following character of Mr. Man, which appeared in the Morning Post, soon after his decease, seems delineated with so much candor and truth, that we could not forbear inserting it in this place, the more so, as we are convinced by the justness of his remarks, that the writer of it must have been intimately acquainted with the subject of his panegyric.

“ The late Mr. Henry Man filled the office of  
 “ deputy secretary to the South Sea Company for  
 “ many years with great ability. Few persons in  
 “ private life were more distinguished for the quali-  
 “ ties of the mind ; his talents were various, and he  
 “ early distinguished himself as an occasional writer  
 “ in the prints of the day. There are many *jeux*  
 “ *d’esprit* now wandering in the world without a  
 “ parent, of which he was the author. During the  
 “ American war he wrote many Political Essays,  
 “ and strictures on the conduct of Lord North, and  
 “ the two brother commanders, which appeared in  
 “ the Morning Chronicle ; and so well did he  
 “ manage the correspondence with the Editor, that  
 “ he

“ he answered them himself under another signature, without his discovering the manœuvre.

“ We have heard many persons repeat Epigrams which we knew to be his, and heard them attributed to others. He thought the least of his own powers, and no praise could extort the secret from him. He chose to be unknown as an Essayist.

“ We believe he first introduced to the public imitations of chapters from the Book of Kings, several of which appeared upwards of twenty years ago; and those which he annually published on the ninth of November, the feast of the chief-magistrate, were much admired.

“ He wrote several Essays in the Morning Chronicle, many of which are republished in the first volume of ‘The Spirit of the Journals.’ His supplement to the London Gazette, on the capture of St. Pierre and Miguelone, ridiculing the minute returns of *hand-barrows* and *horn-lanterns*, is conceived and executed with infinite humour. He had infirmities, but he possessed many virtues. His heart and hand were always ready to succour distress: if misery presented itself, it was a passport to all his zeal; few persons possessed superior powers in rousing the feelings to charitable purposes; his address always corresponding with the object to be attained. But it was not the poor only who reaped benefits from his talents: to those of his acquaintance who delight to-mix  
“ with

“ with the severer duties of life the charms of genuine wit and humour, who can unbend at a well-told story, and dare to laugh at the times, the loss of Henry Man is irreparable.”

From the contents of these volumes, the reader must not precipitately judge of the powers of their Author. Mr. Man was engaged the whole of his life in office, and was, as Mr. Prior says of himself, “ a Poet by accident :” for this reason his talents appeared to greater advantage in conversation than on paper. When he wrote, it was in a playful strain, to please himself and a circle of friends, without study or previous meditation ; and as he seldom corrected any of his works, so when they were committed to the press, he gave himself no more concern about them. From this dereliction on the part of the author, we have been prevented from inserting in this collection many valuable Essays, Letters, and Poems, which we are confident came from his pen, but, from the distance of time since their first public appearance, we have not been able to recover. Many others we were induced to suppress altogether, from an idea that they were not calculated for the generality of readers, being mostly on abstruse subjects, or calculations and remarks on the increase of the funded debt.

Upon the whole, we have endeavoured, from such materials as we have been able to collect, to make the selection such as might not derogate from the known abilities of the author, nor be unworthy the accept-

acceptance of his numerous and respectable subscribers, to whose candor and partiality for the author, while living, they are with pleasure submitted by

THE EDITOR.

*Feb. 27, 1802.*

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## MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

## THE TRIFLER, N° I.

SIR,

I AM a poor pains-taking woman, and let lodg-<sup>1770</sup>ings. My first floors are indeed generally occupied by decent sort of people, such as *journeymen carpenters, schoolmasters* who teach *grown gentlemen and ladies, lottery-office keepers*, and such like. As I make it a rule to take my rents by the week, I seldom sustain any losses by my better sort of lodgers; but, should I tell you the trouble I am at to recover my weekly arrears from my tenants in the attic story, I am sure, though you are a wise man and know the world, you would be astonished at my narrative. My apartments in these upper regions, sir, are comfortable retirements for what they call philosophers; and, therefore, they are most frequently inhabited by literary hermits, who

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B

affect

affect to treat society with an immoderate reserve. I have had, sir, in my time, no less than six *rosi-crucians*, seventeen *compilers of history*, nine *play-wrights*, five *ballad-mongers*, four and forty *novelists*, and *two voyagers to the North Pole*. Out of which number, sir, only three (as I am a simple woman) paid either their rent or their reckoning. I would scorn, sir, to tell a bare-faced lie about the matter; but, upon my honesty, ~~only~~ *three squared accounts* with me, as I am a simple woman. I think you will laugh to hear how my last lodger served me (for surely such a *mode of discharging a just debt* never entered into any empty head but his own): after dunning and teasing, begging and threatening, praying and swearing, raving and scolding, and, indeed, doing every thing that was decent for a poor woman in my situation, my gentleman absconded one morning before day-break by fastening a ragged blanket to the window of his chamber, and left me the following loose papers to make the most of them. Now, sir, Heaven knows I can make neither head nor tail of any of them; some are so mighty grave, that the barber at next door told me, no longer ago than yesterday, that the poor gentleman was certainly addle-headed; then again others are so much upon the high ropes, as they say, that I defy the curate to fathom their meaning; but, perhaps, sir, if you could put them into print, some people may find out something clever in so much rubbish, and I shall always acknowledge the obligation you  
will

will confer upon me, because by this means I shall be able in time to clear away a vast quantity of learned lumber from my garret, and get it well scowered against the arrival of some better tenant. I'll warrant me, I'll take care to keep a sharp look-out, that no more *author-people* pester my apartments; for if it is not now high time to be sick of such *trumpery*, I don't know when it will be.

Pray excuse this trouble, and believe me to be  
Yours, most profoundly,

HANNAH HAREBRAINS.

~~THE TRIFLER~~

## THE TRIFLER, N<sup>o</sup> II.

**I**T must certainly give concern to every man who is a sincere lover of his country, to see the present generation adopting all the ridiculous modes of French foppery; and, instead of being emulous to distinguish themselves as men of sense, ambitious only to be thought worthy the appellation of buckish fellows.

An immense cocked hat, a rough curled wig, with a ruffled shirt and a short cane, compleat the modern fine gentleman; and those weapons which once immortalized our ancestors in the British annal,

are now worn as badges of gentility by every coxcomb, whose sole aim is captivating the ladies. I am sorry to say the countenance of the generality of the sex gives a sanction to the weakness of their pretensions; for every young fellow who is master of an impudent face, and makes a gay appearance, is sure to meet with the greatest encouragement; while the man who is so ungentle as to act agreeable to sincerity and the dictates of his reason, is treated with the utmost reserve.

When a love of dress is indulged beyond the limits of decency, it may justly be said to border on affectation, which, as it counterbalances many amiable perfections in the fair sex, is, in ours, an unpardonable weakness: for man was not endowed with rational faculties to consult his personal perfections, but to employ those talents he is entrusted with to the mutual advantage of himself and society; and therefore nothing can be a more incontestible proof of an inferior understanding, than for any one to confine his attention to the decoration of those charms that are of no intrinsic value, and which consequently can reflect no merit on the possessor.

It is true, were this passion gratified to excess only by those whose fortunes are equal to their caprice, it might be of public utility, by promoting, in an extensive degree, the welfare of many branches of manufacture, which immediately depend on the vicissitudes of the fashions; but when every jack-daw assumes the appearance of the peacock, whose estate  
centers

centers in a tawdry coat unpaid for, the fair trader must be highly sensible of its bad effects, if not (as I fear is sometimes the case) irretrievably ruined.

Should any of the above class doubt the truth of my remark, I would advise them to arraign their conduct at the bar of reason, lest, that proving insufficient to stop them in their full career, they should be reduced to the disagreeable necessity of attending to the pleadings of the pocket.



### THE TRIFLER, N° III.

THE misconduct of parents in training up the young branches of a family is often productive of very unhappy consequences: the fair sex are more particularly sensible of this; I am apt to believe many of them owe their ruin to an ill-judged maternal indulgence.

No sooner does Reason dawn in upon the tender mind, than miss is taught to consult her glass, and know she is handsome; the partial fond mamma, instead of inculcating virtuous precepts, is only studious to improve her personal perfections; while charms of more intrinsic value, by being neglected, are irrecoverably lost, and those virtues smothered

in the bud, which, had they been properly cultivated, and suffered to expand, would have rendered her more amiable in Reason's eye, than dress has power to make her.

Every ornament that art or fancy can suggest is purchased, to set her off to the greatest advantage: her amazing share of sense and beauty is daily sounded in her ears, pride and vanity naturally gain the ascendance, and reign unrivalled in her bosom.

Errors of the mind, imbibed in infancy, are seldom totally eradicated at years of discretion; or, to use the expression of a celebrated English poet,

Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,  
And as they first are fashion'd always grow.

From which very just observation we may conclude, that as she advances to maturity the milliner and toilet engross all her attention; she lives but to be admired. In places of divine worship, instead of being attentive at devotion, her whole care is employed to display the artillery of those charms she is mistress of to the greatest advantage; nor is the prayer-book made the least use of, unless to convey a passionate *billet-doux*, or conceal an assignation.

Her desire of being thought handsome operates so strongly upon her mind, that she thinks it cheaply gratified, though at the expence of her reputation: nor will she be persuaded the compliment is extravagant, though told *she is an angel*.

Flattery,

Flattery, when joined to a love of praise, seldom fails to carry with it the most irresistible persuasion ; hence it proceeds, that every young fellow who is lavish of his encomiums, is almost sure to make some impression ; and I fear it too frequently happens, that by thus soothing her vanity, she barter~~s~~ for adulation, couched in the most insinuating terms, the immediate jewel of her soul.

Would parents consider this evil in its full extent, and weigh seriously the consequences resulting from their imprudence in the above-mentioned particular, they would be convinced that the improvement of the mind is more essentially necessary to secure their daughters' happiness in life, and a greater recommendation to the sensible part of mankind, than the superficial allurements of a pretty face, or delicate person ; for when age shall have stripped the cheek of its vermilion, disarmed the eye of its vivacity, when the attracting smile shall be no more, her virtues will beam forth with equal lustre, and outlive the grave.

THE TRIFLER, N° IV.

SIR,

**T**HE excellence of that virtue, so strongly recommended by the inspired Apostle as the grand fundamental principle of the Christian Religion, was never, I believe, more strongly verified than in the present æra. Distress of almost every denomination finds some alleviation from the hand of Charity. What asylums are daily reared by the liberal palm of benevolence, to train the tender mind to virtue, to shield the widow and the orphan from the iron-rod of oppression, and to snatch the wanderers from the precipice they are tottering on the brink of! by the last I would be understood to mean the Magdalen, a charity, that must reflect honour on its institutors, as immortal as its fruits. Here, the seduced from virtue, from happiness, from God, are kindly offered a shelter from infamy, indigence, and disease, furnished with the most glorious opportunities of cancelling the past, and securing peace and happiness in future. As I have a peculiar veneration for this Charity, and am a great admirer of the Rev. Dr. Dodd, I embraced the offer of a ticket for admittance last Sunday Evening. But, judge of my surprize! when entering a place consecrated to religious worship, my eyes were arrested with a dazzling



zling swarm of British fair, that gave it more the aspect of an assembly or drawing-room. An honest indignation took place when I beheld the unaffected brilliant embellishments of nature eclipsed, totally eclipsed, under the most extravagant pyramids of paste and pomatum; and modesty, that female diamond of the first water, sacrificed to the paltry idol, fashion. Age had lost its distinction, the infirm, as well as sprightly, had caught the infection, an emulation not of devotion, but of dress, universally prevailed; all were candidates for the *apple of beauty*; and, in short, a more sparkling appearance of heathen goddesses, fancy cannot form.

For my own part, had I not previously been informed, that the unhappy girls were allotted a particular part of the chapel, I should never have looked for Magdalens in the galleries.

To anatomize the prevailing follies of the times, to dissolve the adamantine chain called mode, is a task I shall not attempt, as the ablest pens have already failed; but will beg leave to remonstrate for a moment with the dear charmers on the impropriety of glimmering with the dim lustre of dress in any place of Divine Worship, but more especially the Magdalen Chapel.

The gentlemen who have the direction of this charity have laudably provided the unhappy objects of it with suitable, though decent apparel, to call off their affections from the tinsel ornaments of vanity, which, they wisely considered, had no small share

share in their seduction. But, permit me to ask, can any thing have a more immediate tendency to frustrate these endeavours, than the contrasted appearance of this congregation? May not many, who have been but lately rescued from prostitution, the sovereign of human miseries, who are but infants in the paths of penitence, when they have been too long enslaved by the tyranny of custom to be immediately reconciled to the change; may not, I say, many regard the giddy fluttering throng with the eye of envy, consider themselves as secluded from the joys of society, wish to re-tread the fatal road of infamy, and glitter once more in the circle of the gay? The conclusion is natural, the consequences are possible; and I therefore hope, that proper measures will be adopted by the regulators of this charity to check the growing evil. I am a sincere well-wisher to this institution, and the virtuous part of the sex in general.

*June 9, 1766.*

THE

THE TRIFLER, N<sup>o</sup> V.

## GOOD EATING FOR EVER!

*Ch. Jus.* Every white hair on your chin should have its effect of gravity!—

*Fant.* No, my Lord, its effect of gravity! gravity! gravity!

HENRY VI.

SIR,

I DARE say you have often observed, that, if you talk of shaving in a room full of company, every man present will begin stroking his chin, as if under the immediate operation of the razor. In like manner, I have often observed, that, if conversation remains too long upon one subject, you may, by throwing in a word accidentally, turn it into a new channel. This is an experiment I am very fond of making in a club I am a member of, which hardly ever fails of its effect, whether I direct their ideas to politics or divinity, or story-telling, or any other subject that I chuse. I always find, however, the most success, and the quickest operation, if I fix their attention upon eating. Whether it is, as we grow older, we gravitate more to earthly sensualities, or whatever it may proceed from, certain it is, that gluttony is most peculiar to old men, who have survived

survived every other gratification. This being admitted, and really I do not see how any body can dispute it, who has any knowledge of the world, I proceed to the business before me. You must know, our president, who is a man of the last age, and a great talker, generally engrosses the attention of the room with a variety of trifling domestic insipidities, interlarded with a plentiful quantity of egotisms, added to accounts of the antiquity and dignity of his family; which never fails to set one half of the members asleep, while the rest sit ruminating in a torpid state, or, with their pipes in their mouths, indulging their own reflections. To cure this grievance, and rouse the room at one electric touch, I always introduce feasting: pray, say I to the gentleman who sits next me, do you go out of town this summer? This leads to an account of a charming ride I had lately taken through Windsor Great Park, or Whittlebury Forest; that suggests an observation on the good appearance of the *venison*, which is a word that runs like wild-fire from one end of the club to the other. The sleeping men start up—the smoking ones take their pipes from their mouths—every eye brightens up—and every tongue grows eloquent in an instant. ‘Sir, I dined with the fishmongers a few days ago—never saw a finer haunch in my life—fat, this thick—eat as short as pye-crust—wonderfully well-flavoured.’ ‘But, my good friend,’ says his neighbour, ‘when shall we have any tur-bots? Ay, this Dutch war—this Dutch war’—  
fetching

fetching a sigh. ‘ Sir, I have not seen six good tur-  
 ‘ bots the whole season.’ “ Fine fish!—very good  
 “ eating,” says a third;—“ and so is turtle for that  
 “ matter,” says a fourth, “ especially the green fat,  
 “ which I admire above all things in the world.”  
 ‘ What is that you say about green fat?’ bawls out  
 Mr. President across the table. “ Sir, I believe I  
 “ ate a pound and a half to my own share at the  
 “ London tavern, about a fortnight ago.” By this  
 time all are talking together. “ *I love white-bait*”—  
 “ *I love pastry*”—“ *I love water-souchée, salmon-*  
 “ *trout in high order*”—“ *commend me to marrow-pud-*  
 “ *ding*”—“ *La Forest is the best cook in christendom*”—  
 “ *Sir, they cannot put too much cayenne into turtle-soup*  
 “ *—it gives it a pretty flavour—over-done—over-*  
 “ *roasted—well-basted—well-tasted—well-seasoned*”—  
 and all the rest of the common-place remarks, which  
 are inseparable from such conversations.

It was a saying of Mr. Quin’s, that he always  
 thought fishing a cruel kind of amusement; for sup-  
 pose, said the wit, some superior being should think  
 proper to go a *Quinning*, and bait his hook with a  
 haunch of venison, I should certainly bite, continued  
 he; and what a pretty figure should I cut dangling  
 in the air with a hook in my jaws, like a carp taken  
 out of a fish-pond!

However ludicrous this idea may appear in a lite-  
 ral sense; it certainly may be applied to epicures of  
 every denomination, who never fail to *bite*, when  
 you bait your discourse with a *good dish*, and are  
 always

always sure to follow the ~~scout~~ when they have found it.

NO GLUTTON.

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THE TRIFLER, N<sup>o</sup> VI.

~~Confusion worse confounded.~~

MILTON.

SIR,

THE complaint against a silversmith, as a nuisance, tried the other day before lord Mansfield, appeared to me truly ridiculous, and in order to convince the unfortunate gentleman, the plaintiff, that he lives in a blessed retirement, compared with some others, I will give him the little history of a street adjoining Bow-lane, near which I once had the misfortune to live, and daily to pass through. It contains about forty houses, among the inhabitants of which there seems to be an emulation to excel in the art of rendering a *place disagreeable*. A distiller and gin-seller at one corner begins the impediments, by placing his empty tubs on the footway; which, if you attempt to avoid by crossing over, you run the risk of breaking your shins against his opposite neigh-

neighbour's, the tallow-chandler's moulds, gratefully scented, and set out to cool in the highway; though indeed there would be no occasion for this *chevaux-de-frize*, as the *steam* of his boiling *cauldrons of fat* issuing through the cellar-window would be quite sufficient of itself to drive the unwary passenger away. However, this fume is agreeably varied at the next door by an eminent dealer in hams, from whose abode *Westphalian odours* protrude themselves, which it is impossible to escape, as a *gentle craftsman* has long been in possession of the opposite path, on which he deposits his *lapstone, cutting-knives, and old shoes*; nor will the highway serve your turn much better; for that is generally occupied by a country waggon or two, belonging to the *fun* where the waggomers harness their bell teams, and *amuse themselves* with cursing and quarreling with the *parters* about their parcels. If these carriages be not *planted quite across*, you *squeeze by* pretty well, with very little more risk than a *kick on the shins* from the fore-horses, or a stab in the guts from the point of a shaft:—but, by stopping, if you are stout, or going under a horse's belly, if you are nimble, this danger may be avoided. And then you have nothing to do but to wait till a *pipe of wine* is lowered out of a cart's tail, and may get on briskly, till you come to the bricklayer's, who, when he is not *unloading him*, is generally slaking it in the cellar: in this case, your only way is to make a *curve* (unless you prefer passing through his pillar of smoke) to the *revolving*  
*effluvia*

*effluvia* of a hartshorn shaver's work-shop. Though some people would rather chuse an angle of about five-and-forty degrees, by which means, and walking in the kennel, you escape them both; and if the corn-chandler, who has made a *stable* of his *wine-vaults*, be not dressing his horse before the door, or winnowing the oats, you have no occasion to run your nose into a *snuff-mill*, near at hand, which is not always agreeable to people born on *this side* of the Tweed.—However, it is ten to one but a tobacco cask, *planted before the door*, may warn you of the danger; you will then have nothing to do but to cross over to the left side of the way, by which means you escape having your pocket picked by the little blackguards that come to the next-door warehouse to lick the empty sugar hogsheads; or your brains dashed out by the carelessness of a crane porter; and may issue into Bow-lane *at your own ease*, provided the other bricklayer's ladder, projected from the lower story, does not thrust itself half a-cross the way.

Sir, if I have been too partial to my neighbours' fine feelings in faintly describing the little wretchednesses of this excommunicated spot (for surely there must be some singular curse hanging over it), you must attribute it to the gentleness of my nature, and not to any improper bias or influence; and it is for this reason I omit entering into the particulars of many other calamities common with these, and peculiar to the vicinity, such as clusters of pewter alehouse pots,  
carelessly



carelessly festooned upon the curb-stone, bakers' baskets, dust tubs, &c. with which the little vacancies are generally filled up, to the great *promotion of exercise, and expedition of business*. Had I been disposed to be severe, I might have expatiated largely on the incumbrance of the carpenter's sawing-stool, but as a friend of mine has several times tumbled over it, without receiving any other injury than the loss of about two inches of the *fore-skin of his ancles*, I could not in conscience, or with *any reason complain*; but as my sole motive is to comfort others, and particularly the distressed gentleman alluded to at the beginning of my letter, whose only objection to the silversmith was, that he used hammers in his business, and by lighting a fire caused smoke to come out of his chimney, I shall be happy if by this faithful narrative I have convinced one complaining housekeeper, that paper-mills, copper-smiths, and hot-pressers, are *tarts and cheese-cakes* to what some people endure; and that there are evils under the sun of a more complicated nature.

I am, &c.

COLD COMFORT.

## THE TRIFLER, N° VII.

But could you be content to bid adieu  
To the dear play-house, and the players too?

DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

SIR,

THE liberty which the generality of news-writers assume of making strictures on plays and players, has long determined me to submit to you my sentiments on that species of writing, which I am far from being singular in disapproving. Business and company, however, have often diverted my attention from this subject, but, being left to myself a few evenings ago, I send you the result of my reflections.

I take up the subject on the following grounds: because—it is a custom of modern date, which our forefathers appear to have had too much generosity to practice.

Because—it appears to me—an officious and superfluous appeal to the public, and an inhuman interference with the parties.

Because—I conceive the editor has no right to *dictate*, either to the judgments or passions of his readers.

Give me leave to suppose, Sir, that a man should report in all companies, *nay, publish it in the papers,*  
that

that such a physician neglected his patients; such an attorney trifled with his clients; such a merchant was disqualified for his business; or such a mechanic attempted to make shoes, when he had not the capacity to clean them; in all these cases, the law would step forth to vindicate, would consider these depreciations of character as tending to deprive the sufferers of the just reward of their labours, and damages would be obtained accordingly. But, alas! among a multitude of good statutes which give encouragement to industry, and security to possession, the dramatist and the player have none to plead; there is no protection to the labours of their minds. The public, however, take no advantage of this; indifferent about the rules of Aristotle, *or the maxims of a newspaper*, they judge the parties with equity and candour, hear patiently, consider indulgently, and are rather inclined to *nourish the plant* into a degree of perfection, than to crush it on its first appearance; pursuing the conduct of other juries, doubt ever leads to mercy, and they never condemn but with the strictest regard to justice. The man of modest and improving talents has nothing to fear from that quarter; there is a humanity perhaps in ignorance, which philosophy may reprobate as incompatible with the laws of science, and perhaps literary and scholastic men are compelled to prefer a rigid severity, to vindicate their superior understandings. Be this as it may, these are the men who assume the arbitrary authority of censors,

to tell the poet or the player, " You have been indulgently received by the town, but have no right to presume on that reception; your friends have been zealous in your support—their assistance shall avail you nothing; you have genius, but it is not correct; and your judgment is deficient in the rules." Like the elder Brutus, they affect a conflict between justice and humanity, and apologize to the victim, while they destroy him. If these sacrifices be no way grateful to the public, they indulge the pride of the parties who make them; they show their talents for literary dissection, and enable them to consult a superior convenience, which some men may think cheaply attained, at the expence of humanity and justice.

The man is in distressed circumstances—the paper must be sold; a wife and children suffer with him—the paper must be sold; it is his first attempt, he pleads for indulgence, will endeavour to mend,—no matter—the paper must be sold. There is a summary kind of process in this critical inquisition, which neither admits of legal nor equitable defence, and from its decision there is no appeal. I would ask, for whom are these criticisms designed? If they are directed to those persons who have already seen the piece or the performer, they certainly are superfluous; because, with submission to these curious definers of what is necessary to perfection, the spectator generally establishes his opinion upon the spot, and is seldom to be influenced by subsequent informations.

mations. If the criticisms be designed for those who have not seen, how ungenerous and illiberal it is to betray defects, discourage curiosity, confirm indifference, and forbid applause; to deny that countenance and encouragement to which the young student of every profession is entitled, and to defame him for a misfortune of the mind! We know that Mr. Quin's talents were discovered by an accident, and that many of the best of our past and present performers were long confined to an inferior cast of character, till experience and improvement brought them forward. Had these criticisms been as severely practised in their day, as they are at present, there is no doubt but the theatres had long since been reduced to the last stage of their declension; and it is equally certain, that the present want of authors and actors is almost entirely owing to this extra-judicial interference. I neither contend for the necessity of plays nor players; but am justified in thinking, that, in a country where the laws design a liberal protection to all, there is no reason why any description of men should be denied it.

ANTI-CRITIC.

## THE TRIFLER, N° VIII.

SIR,

**I**T is generally known, and universally acknowledged, that the polite arts have civilized the human mind and harmonized the passions; have brought men out of darkness into light, and, from a state of barbarity, into an elevated display of those faculties which are intended to exalt their natures. To this great and elegant reform, the Drama has constantly contributed with a large and liberal assistance, has held up in all ages a striking picture to the passions of the ignorant, and a polished one to the sensibilities of the wise.

It has been observed by many writers, who have treated of the policies of states, that the minds of the multitude require such indulgencies as may relax their cares, sooth their tempers, and direct their imaginations into playful channels; to prevent their prying with too close and curious an attention into the maxims of government, which they are ever liable to mistake, and ever inclined to oppose. To this policy is owing the pageantry of the church of Rome, and the great number of festivals and trivial entertainments which are to be observed in Spain, Italy,

Italy, and all the arbitrary countries in Europe. Provincial and constitutional causes may tend to this in part; but there could not be so universal a toleration, without the consents of the several states, who know that to keep a people in subordination or subjection, they must be careful to subdue their minds. In free governments, however, a less degree of this kind of policy suffices. Where it is not the intention to enslave, it need not be the policy to deceive men; but, perhaps, even in this country, which stands so eminently distinguished for the liberality of its laws, many beneficial consequences would arise from a greater variety of appeals to the fancy of the multitude, to counteract those which are so designedly and successfully directed to the passions. The surly politician would forget his national complaints in the cheerful relaxations which were offered him, and, instead of contributing to the discord of society, by mistaking and insulting government, and listening to such artful insinuations as tend to inflame the mind, would be gratified with such pleasures as sooth it. It is in this view, Sir, that I consider plays and players in this country; and how much soever the enthusiastic in religion, or the superficial reasoners in morals, may condemn the doctrine, I conceive, that in a national and political view they ought to be countenanced and encouraged. They assist in supporting the little degree of harmony that is left among us—they call off the mind from severer studies—they enliven the thoughtful—harmonize the

morose—engage the vacant—awaken the supine—  
calm the violent—and inform the vulgar; and are so  
far from having a necessary tendency to corrupt the  
morals, that they generally employ those hours of  
the evening, in which female allurements are most  
prevalent in the streets, and intemperance most pre-  
dominant in taverns. However, Sir, I do not write  
so much with a view to contend for the necessity of  
plays, as to point out the gross impropriety of those  
strictures, which bid fair in a short time to silence  
the dramatic muse, which discourage the first essays  
of every rising genius, and will ultimately depopu-  
late the stage. The writer, whose genius and edu-  
cation lead him to attempt the drama, will be taught  
the necessity of directing his attention to a different  
line of literature, where the severities of criticism  
are not so precipitately and ungenerously inflicted,  
as to deprive him of all possible protection from the  
liberality and candour of the town. He will under-  
stand, that, instead of writing to the public, to the  
feelings, the passions, the opinions, and prejudices  
of the multitude, (as was always the case till the  
present time), he must be tried by a jury to which  
he never intended to appeal, and receive judgment  
from a few arbitrary individuals, who assume an un-  
manly right to influence his fame and fortune. If  
criticisms are at all necessary, manly and liberal  
ones can only be given after a fair trial; after va-  
rious opportunities have been afforded the young  
candidate, to improve his talents without effect; and  
after



after the public have given such marks of disapprobation as will justify the most pointed comment.

ANTI-CRITIC.

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THE TRIFLER, N° IX.

SIR,

ON reading a late publication of Cook's Voyage to the South Seas by Dr. Hawkesworth, I was so shocked at his denial of a particular providence, that I could not help pointing out the absurdity of such an argument in a letter to that Gentleman, which I beg you will insert in your miscellany; which will oblige your constant reader\*,

Homo.

“ SIR,

“ WHEN a rash writer, under the sanction of a literary name and a public authority, presumes to propagate infidelity, by advancing a doctrine opposite

\* Dr. Hawkesworth was, however, a firm believer in Revelation. — It was a passion for metaphysics which led him into some vague notions without seeing the ill consequences of them, and these are very properly censured by our Author.

EDITOR.

both

both to Reason and Revelation, and tending to subvert Morality and Religion altogether; it becomes every man, however inferior his capacity, or obscure his situation, publicly to protest against such opinions.

“ This motive has induced me to address you, Sir; and, though I can boast no advantages from an early liberal education, though I never traversed the gloom of a cloister, nor was distinguished by a learned degree, yet, Sir, there *shall* be rhetoric in truth the philosopher cannot controvert, and the proud scholar dare not deny.

“ I am sensible you have an antagonist, who signs himself ‘ A Christian,’ every way equal to the disagreeable task of convicting a *shameless* man, and confuting his erroneous maxims. He needs no assistance of mine to expose your mistakes, or to administer an antidote to the poison they are fraught with. The public are obliged by his generous attempt, and in spite of the puerile squibs and idle sophistry with which your hirelings attack him, as long as truth is superior to falsehood, as light is superior to shade, and St. Paul is superior to Bolingbroke, he must and will triumph.

“ Agreeably, Sir, to your wretched soul-harrowing notion of a *general* providence, excluding a particular one, we are to suppose that about five thousand odd hundred years ago, God said ‘ let there be light, and there was light.’— Let the earth bring forth its increase, the waters propagate, the sun animate,

animate, the winds blow, and the rain descend ; let the seasons return at stated periods, the severity of winter, summer, and the plenty of autumn observe their regular succession ; let the same general causes continue to produce the same general effects ; presume not, Nature, to infringe the general laws I have ordained thee ; pass not the line my sovereign will has drawn, and my care concerning thee with my seventh day's work is finished for ever. Busied in mightier schemes, engaged in new creations, I shall henceforth neither glow in the sun, nor refresh in the breeze, nor attend to operations of this earth ; but invest thee, Nature, with an independant privilege and power to preserve thyself in the state in which I have formed thee, till the term appointed in the book of infinite wisdom shall expire.

“ Respecting that superior link in the chain of animal existences, that creature called Man, to whom I have given to look upright on the heavens ; to whom I have allotted a rational soul, to meditate on my attributes, to worship me in the wonders of my works ; to comprehend my greatness, to adore my goodness, and to dread my power ; in whom I have implanted an inherent love of life and a hope of futurity ; whom I have taught to startle with horror at the thought of an eternal extinction ; let him, thus endowed for happiness and misery, be subject to my general Providence, when my particular one is far away. Let him worship me (though I hear him not) at a distance, and thank me for  
having

having given him life, and light, and being; but in pain, in sickness, in the prison-house, and in death, he shall appeal to me in vain. The soldier in the battle, let him fall or conquer, shall be the subject of chance; and the mariner who plows the mighty waters must trust to fortune and his own skill, when his vessel beats upon the rocks that threaten shipwreck; let him escape, or let him perish. I will, in general, give health to exercise, success to industry, long life to temperance, and happiness to virtue; but wherever exceptions happen, I shall have no ear for the petitions of my people, no will to answer the prayers of afflicted individuals, no power to alter my general decrees.

“ This, I conceive, Dr. Hawkesworth, to be in a great part the substance of your *confused* notion of a general Providence; and on this dark hypothesis I will venture to comment as freely as I am able.

“ When such contradictory fatal arguments are advanced on the doubtful authority of a meer fallible finite human opinion, it is a temptation for plain men to subscribe implicitly to the opinion of the Citizen of Geneva, and renounce learning and philosophy altogether. If the contenders for polished life maintain, that books alone influence the manners of civilized societies, how fatal must be such books to the minds of men, that invite to a general apostacy, that persuade to overleap the pale of moral obligation, and to treat religion as priestcraft, and the prospect of futurity as an *ignis fatuus*, and a bug-bear!

You

You will say you maintain no such opinion : in express words you do not. But does not the tendency of your argument reach thus far ? If Providence deserted the world as soon as it was framed and finished, the Levitical institution is a forgery — God never thundered at Sinai. If Providence never interfered in calling the Israelites out of Egypt, Moses was a profound impostor ; the sea never divided ; the cloud of fire never conducted them by night ; they did eat no manna in the wilderness ; and his record is consequently a *lie*. If a particular Providence never informed Isaiah respecting that interesting event to mankind which was to happen at Bethlehem, the Prophet's prediction were as wild and visionary as those of Michael Nostrodamus ; his writings meer metaphor and Eastern glow ; and when he speaks of the *Man of Sorrow that was acquainted with grief, who bore our sins, and carried our iniquities, and by whose stripes we are healed*, we must impute it to a heated imagination. To sum up all, if a particular, gracious Providence, if God did not at his own appointed time send his only begotten Son into the world for the redemption of sinners, then our faith is vain, the preaching of the Apostles is vain, and every thing else on which we depend for eternal acceptance with God, and an inheritance with the Saints in Glory.

“ Why did you not at once, Sir, recommend us to renounce the Bible, as a political institution calculated to awe the vulgar ; and to reject the New Testament

Testament as a fable or a dream? Why did you not at once boldly deny the Immortality of the Soul, and the notion of a land of spirits? It might have become your candor and ingenuousness; it might have become your charity for a *vulgar* world, governed by superstition and credulity. If the sacred authority of Scripture is to be set totally aside, (which must be the case before your wild maxims can be admitted), tell me, ye haughty investigators, ye philosophers, ye learned pleaders for *the dignity of human reason*, Chubb, Bolingbroke, and Hume, where shall I look for a just standard of truth that may be relied upon? If you modestly recommend your own opinions as a proper criterion, why are not those opinions consistent? Why do you constantly contradict each other? Why do you contradict yourselves? How widely do the opinions of the author of the *Adventurer* differ from the ideas of the compiler of Mr. Banks's Voyage! And, perhaps, should the same judicious character be called upon to produce a future publication *for the good of his finances*, or the information of his Majesty's liege subjects, we may find him still improving upon us with some original opinions never hinted at before.

“ For what have principles to do with interest? Or why must a man of letters (distinguished from the multitude) be expected to obey the light of heaven, and the impulses of his own heart, in opposition to the prevailing charms of *six thousand pounds*? Should the ghost of poor Parkinson, whose life was  
sacrificed

sacrificed to his labour and application, draw the midnight curtain of a man who wished to *circumvent* his brother, and should he ask what reason could be given for so aggravated a cruelty, the answer might be *six thousand pounds*. Should he question what inducement there could be to palm so expensive an imposition on the public, as the late Journal of a Voyage round the World proves to be, the reply may be *six thousand pounds*. And should he ask why decency is notoriously violated, why truth is basely explained away, and the worst of infidelity countenanced and abetted, the writer would doubtless be still armed with a confident security, and plead his *six thousand pounds* \*.

“ I wish you joy, Sir, of the acquisition to your fortune, at the expence of your fame. May you live long to enjoy it ; and to repent of the false thesis you have so inconsiderately published ! Retire to the shades of Bromley, and avail yourself of your retreat to collect yourself and to learn humility, and be wise before the shadows of your evening prevail. Remember, Sir, the Son of Wisdom talks much of human weakness, and proved it too. The light of human reason never yet burnt steady ; we are not to depend upon it. In a number of counsellors there

\* These observations are not liberal. Every man has a right to the fruits of his labour and talents. If Dr. Hawkesworth sacrificed principle to the licentious prejudices of his *odious* patron, Lord Sandwich, he deserved censure—but I hope he did not.

EDITOR.

may

may be strength, but in a number of books is much folly. One upright man is worth one hundred philosophers. The wisdom of the heart is seldom taught in schools. The pride of propagating strange creeds has betrayed many men of good understanding into the most extravagant inconsistencies; and, perhaps, the pride of vindicating the privileges of a *free agent* in an immoderate degree, may have induced Dr. Hawkesworth to maintain a general providence, in contradiction to every testimony of his senses; to every suggestion of his reason, to every hope of immortality, and to every attribute of the divine nature.

“ To conclude, Sir, you and I are hastening very fast to the dark goal, where the confidence of human pride will perish. The presumption of health may sustain us for a season, but soon the curtain must be drawn. That your heart may be touched with a sincere sense of your error long before that day; that you may make your peace with that jealous God you have rashly endeavoured to shut out of the universe, and out of the minds of his creatures; that you may ever experience the power and goodness of his *particular* providence in the hour of your greatest need—is the sincere wish of your expostulating servant,

HOMO.”

THE



THE TRIFLER, N<sup>o</sup> X.

## ON FEMALE COURAGE.

They start at feathers, from an insect fly,  
A match for nothing but the Deity.

YOUNG.

SIR,

TILL courage be properly defined, it will be difficult to determine a question which has often been agitated, whether females are naturally endowed with courage? and whether that courage is equal to the courage of men?—I define courage to mean an intrepid resolution of the heart to meet danger, which the mind is convinced does really exist. Thus, those who formerly engaged in tilts and tournaments may be said to have given proofs of courage; because, the parties were certain of being exposed to bodily injuries, either of pain or death. The same may be allowed of duels by the sword, which cannot fairly end without bloodshed. In general actions, as there is a chance for escape, it is not so easy to prove, that every man who fights must fight with courage. The ground of my argument, therefore, is, that a person may possess courage, though the mind be not fully possessed with an idea of certain danger. I

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have

have often thought, that what has passed for female heroism has proceeded in many cases from an idea that no danger existed; and in many more from that rashness and tumult of the passions, which are inseparable from a want of solid reflection. I have often remarked that ladies who are fond of riding—of hunting particularly, have, in general, a greater appearance of courage in leaping and galloping over rough grounds, than the men. This I conceive to be owing to the cause before alluded to, and cannot so properly be called a superiority to, or contempt of danger, as an indifference, or an idea that their situation is less dangerous than it really is. Again, I have observed, that when a family has been disturbed in a house with any noise, that has alarmed them with the notion of thieves, the women of spirit, who are often fond of ridiculing such apprehensions, have been the forwardest to go into cellars and dark places, with a great appearance of wonderful intrepidity; but then, I have observed too, that they seldom go with the idea of finding a thief, but with the assurance that he is not there; and have often found these courageous scrutinizers have been ready to faint at the jumping of a cat, which had probably first caused the alarm. I do not insist, however, that the sex are absolutely incapable of courage, but that it is by no means a natural quality in them, and that very few instances are to be found in history, or private life, of women who have practised it in perfection. If I be told of the female warriors of antiquity,

quity, I will answer that Camilla was rather a fury than a female, actuated by deliberate and intrinsic courage: that Boadicea was a savage, who could have no distinct ideas of the nature of true courage, however she might appear to practise it at the head of her undisciplined forces: that Jeanne D'Arc, the maid of Orleans, was under the influence of religious enthusiasm, and therefore incapable of those qualities which recommend intrinsic courage. There is, however, one female of antiquity whose history led me particularly to these reflections, and that is Zenobia, queen of Palmyra. We read in the history of this amazing woman, that to an excellent knowledge of languages, and other branches of literature, she added an extraordinary passion and genius for military glory, which enabled her to lead her troops repeatedly to the most splendid victories, and to conquer a great tract of country around her. We read likewise that this natural greatness of mind was improved by the councils of Longinus. When, however, by a change of fortune in war, Zenobia was compelled to take shelter in her capital, the besieger sent an insolent request to her, to deliver up herself and city. This letter was answered by her minister Longinus, with that spirit and sublimity which were peculiar to that great man's writings. The city of Palmyra, however, was at last taken by storm; and, when Zenobia became a captive to the conqueror, her great soul lost at once all the courage that had distinguished it before; and we find her making the most ab-

ject terms for her life, even at the expence of her minister Longinus, who was executed, on her confession, for the letter which had been written by her instruction.

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## THE TRIFLER, N° XI.

### ON PUBLIC READINGS.

IT has been always a maxim in our part of the world, that “better late thrive than never do well,” and that,

“When house and land are gone and spent,  
“Then *learning* is most excellent.”

It therefore gives me no small pleasure to hear that the ladies of quality at the West end of the town have taken to *reading*, for we are confidently told in the papers, that some of them assemble all their friends together, and read to them out of play-books and verses, and such like things. This surely, Mr. Trifler, must be vastly improving; and it were well, if some persons that I could name would take as much

much pains. It must be very fine to hear a lady of quality spelling the hard words, as we used to do at school, and to see every body listen, just as though it were *worth while*.

Thinking then that something of this kind might be very useful in our neighbourhood, where there are but few *readers*, we being all *speakers*, and not very nice either as to words or subjects; I have been thinking to make my wife (who was the daughter of an exciseman) *give readings*, as it is called, to her friends, instead of amusing them with *whist* and *swabs*, which used to be our favourite amusement. But mark the sequel—ever since I mentioned this to her, our family has been turned into a school. My wife cannot attend the business of the house, because she has not finished her “favourite passage” as she calls it; and the dinner is over-done, because the cook is got deep into a poem. My children are slovenly, because *learning* will make up for all; and my rooms are likely to be destroyed by dust and vermin, because *one ought to mind the inside of the head only*. In short, nothing is regarded now but reading; and I am on the point of being ruined by having a *wise family*.

It was but the other day I found my wife writing cards of invitation to some neighbours to come to *hear her readings*, and, as it may afford your readers some amusement, I transcribe one of them, which you are welcome to print, as, perhaps, it may be of some service, and show the great folks in the

other end of the town how we can take a hint for improvement.

“ Mrs. Tamarind’s compliments to Mrs. Griskin and family. *Hops as how*, they will come to her visitings, which are to be as below :

“ *First parents going out of Eden—From Multrum’s Pad a dice lost.*—By Mrs. Tamarind.

“ *The Slow of Despond*—From Pilgrim’s Prog.—By Mrs. Tamarind.

“ *A Chapter in Goody Two Shoes.*—By Miss Prollop.

“ *Part of a Shoe for a heavy-armed Christian*—from Baxter.—By Mr. Tamarind.

“ *The Case Grinder.*—By Master Jacky Tamarind, accompanied by a carving knife.

“ *Scene in Valentine and Orson.*—By Deputy Smallockthe’s lady.

“ *The lost and stolen column in the Daily Advertiser.*—By Mr. Thomas Ditto.

“ *St. George and the Dragon.*—From the History of the seven Champions (for that night only). By Mrs. Tamarind.

“ *A capital collection of words of seven syllables.*—From Dilworth’s spelling-book. By Miss Polly Tamarind.

“ So hopes Mrs. Griskin will not fail to come.”

How we proceed in our reading may be the subject of another letter ; but, in the mean time, I wish some of your correspondents would endeavour to put us out of conceit with these learned employments.

For

For I plainly see, that if such *books* are to be so much attended to, my *shop-books* will not be worth looking at.

I am, Sir,  
Your very humble Servant,

THOMAS TAMARIND.

P. S. I deal in grocery, if you can help me—genuine Tapioca—as also, pure and unadulterated Tea, fresh imported from the East-India warehouses, on the lowest terms.

Wanted an apprentice who *cannot* read.

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## THE TRIFLER, N° XII.

### ON UNACCOMMODATED MEN.

SIR,

A VOLUME of Shakspeare lying upon my table, I chanced to open it at this passage of King Lear:

“Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide,

“The cat no perfume! Poor, *unaccommodated* man

“Is no more than such a bare-forked animal

“As thou art.”

The two words, *unaccommodated* and *forked*, I confess, struck forcibly upon my imagination; for having been completely *unaccommodated* by the war, in respect to the distress of taxes, I felt that the language of the poor old bewildered king to mad Tom was applicable to almost every man in the three kingdoms. To be *unaccommodated*, said I to myself, is to drink wine at three and sixpence a bottle; to be *unaccommodated* at Christmas-time is to pay eighteen shillings a gallon for Brandy. To be *unaccommodated* now, is to be obliged to contract the social circle of my friends, and to withhold a great part of those benevolences which used to exhilarate the hearts of the poor; the misletoe is hung up as usual; the windows are darkened with evergreens, but both in the parlour and the kitchen the customary gaiety of the soul is wanting; the income bill rises like Banquo's ghosts, to shake the nerves of the master of the table; while the prospect of a separation, from the expected reduction in the number of servants, checks that mirth among the men and maids which the season never before failed to inspire.

Reflections such as these naturally enough arose out of the consideration of man in his present *unaccommodated* state, more especially as I consider all my *unaccommodations* to arise from the *accommodation* of others. For the war has evidently been an accommodation to the crown; an accommodation to the prompters of the crown; to the ministers of the crown; to the pimps, and peers, and parasites, of the crown;



crown; to the pensioners of the crown in both houses; and to the loan jobbers, and war contractors. Thus far, and no farther, has accommodation extended; and all beyond these have groaned under the pressure, and become, in the language of Lear, poor *unaccommodated* men. Thus I reflected on the first word of my text; and then proceeded to my second.—*Forked* animal! Good heavens, said I, starting up, and resting both hands on the arms of my elbow chair, gracious heaven! what an apposite, what a just, what a striking description have we here! *forked* animal, indeed, said I, surveying myself in the glass; *forked* animal, in truth, said I, straddling across the carpet; *forked* animal with a vengeance, said I, surveying myself from top to toe, for the minister has sheared me like a quickset hedge, and shaved me as close as my beard. He has clipped off the buckles from my shoes, cut off the straps, and left me nothing but a bit of silk ferret to fasten them with; he has cut down my silk stockings to worsted, pared away my knee-buckles, and substituted strings; he has sliced away my silk breeches, and reduced them to corderoy; he has taken off my watch, and chain, and seals, and trinkets; snipped off the flaps of my waistcoat; reduced the scale of my coat; cut close my surtout, and be-deviled it to a spencer; pared away my ruffles from my wrists, taken half a breadth from my chitterling, smacked away my pig-tail, and reduced it to a crop; and brought me, in one word, to poor Tom's forlorn  
con-

condition.—*Forked* we used to come into the world, and *forked* we used to go out of it ; but, never till Will Pitt came into office were Englishmen compelled to walk *through the world* in so *forked* and destitute a trim. Falstaff compared Justice Shallow to a *forked* radish. But if the fat knight were living now, and disposed to contemplate the docile temper of the times, he would be warranted in considering us all as *Shallows*, as a *shallow-pated*, *shallow-spirited* nation. But, not to trespass longer on your patience at this time, I will reserve myself for a farther consideration of this interesting subject at an early day. In the mean time I subscribe myself

AN UNACCOMMODATED MAN.

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### THE TRIFLER, N° XIII.

SIR,

I AM a man in the prime of life, independent of the world, of tolerable abilities, both natural and acquired, though no professed adept in science. I spend a good share of my time in the country ; and hope I lead a life consistent with reason and religion.

I partake

I partake of the sweets of society, at the same time that I enjoy the comforts of retirement; I flatter myself that I preserve a just medium between the moroseness of the cynic, and the levity of the epicurean. I abhor the mask of gravity, as much as I do the looseness of incontinence. I concern not myself with the intricacy of science, but use books only as they conduce to the bettering my heart, or informing my judgment. Thus circumstanced, I possess perhaps more inward content than falls to the lot of the generality of my fellow-creatures.—But it has been represented to me by my friends, that happiness is incomplete without a participation of female sweetness; they have even urged this matter as a moral obligation; and, on maturely weighing the propriety of their arguments, I became a devotee to connubial happiness. I had before conceived a secret penchant for an agreeable young lady, who lives not far distant from the place of my residence. I accordingly entered into a more familiar intimacy with the family, and was even upon the point of declaring the sincerity of my passion, and my proposals for a matrimonial connection; when, unfortunately, I happened to read the seventh chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, which was so apposite to my situation, that it made so violent an impression upon me, as to throw me into an ugly dilemma. The passages that wrought this change in me, I shall beg to lay before my readers.

1. Now

1. Now concerning the things whereof ye wrote unto me, it is good for a man not to touch a woman.

2. Nevertheless, to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband.

7. For I would that all men were even as I myself; but every man hath his proper gift of God; one after this manner, and another after that.

8. I say, therefore, to the unmarried, it is good for them if they abide even as I.

9. But, if they cannot contain, let them marry; for it is better to marry than to burn.

27. — — — Art thou loosed from a wife, seek not a wife.

32. — — — He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord;

33. But he that is married, careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife.

35. And this I speak for your own profit, not that I may cast a snare upon you, but for that which is comely, and that you may attend upon the Lord without distraction.

40. But he is happier if he so abide, after my judgment; and I think also that I have the spirit of God.

I must own that I have a great veneration for the writings of this holy Apostle, and would pay him all suitable deference. The chapter under consideration appears

appears detached from the rest, and represents his private sentiments. This we gather from his own words, "But I speak this by permission, not of commandment."

Now, though I confess myself not exempt from amorous feelings, nor uninfluenced by the charms of youth and beauty, yet I am confident I could vanquish these sensations, were I convinced that in so doing I should act a part more beneficial to myself, or more pleasing to God. I should therefore take it as a favour, if any of your correspondents would suggest to me their thoughts on this head, through the medium of your polished miscellany, that by comparing arguments, I may so act, as will turn out most to my advantage.

I should be glad to have this question impartially handled; and I shall endeavour to divest myself of passion and prejudice, by which means I am in hopes of arriving at a reasonable determination, in favour of matrimony or celibacy.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

Homo.

THE

THE TRIFLER, N<sup>o</sup>. XIV.

Chi fa à l'ombilico ha cor le gonne :  
 Scacciato non sa chi poco cortese.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

**Y**OUR idle drowsish fellows, Mr. Trifler, make remarks which escape the observation of the busy and industrious throng. I am one of this indolent description. I ride without having a fixed place to go to—I take up a newspaper without reading it—I frequent the Theatres without regarding the play; and lounge the streets to kill time and remark dresses. In this habit have I journeyed through life for 50 years, constantly observing the *mutilations, deprivations, and contractions* of our dresses, and regularly observing, for the last forty years, that the system of alteration in the cut, make, fashion, of both male and female dresses, has literally been nothing more than *pare them down!*

Forty years ago, Aldermen wore large coats, with large flaps, and large sleeves, large buttons, large pockets—have they not *pared them down?* Bush-wigs, tie-wigs, frizzled-wigs!—have they not *pared them down?* Shoes up the instep!—have they not *pared them down?* The gold-laced hat, the gold button and looped hat, the Cumberland, the broad  
 brim!

brim!—have they not *pared them down*? Look to Hogarth's *Marriage a-la-Mode*, where the old citizen is attending his daughter in her last moments, and then contradict me if you can, when I tell you they are all *pared down*. Mark the progress—the long, low, bulky, hanging cuff has been diminishing by degrees, and at last was turned up to the elbow—then was gradually *pared down again* till it ended in a slash—then turned up, and now it is brought to diminutive slash again. The cauliflower wig in the same way dwindled to a *club*, to a *pig-tail*, to a *scratch*, and then disappeared altogether. The gold-laced waistcoat with flaps, equal to a market-woman's money-pocket—withered, shrunk, diminished by degrees—till it reached the waistband of the breeches, where it still remains. The ruffled shirt, that glorious Sunday's ornament!—that bewitching appendage to clean linen—that embellisher of the lily hand!—that distinguisher of ranks, and elevator of consequence, is now *pared down* to the wristband—and no trace of its former dignity remains. Where, O where! is the *Artois* buckle, broad as my hand, and eclipsing the shoe from top to bottom? *Pared off! pared close! pared down!*—Half coats, half waistcoats, half boots, half shoes, half shirts, are become the *order of the day*—at which we may marvel, but cannot mend.

The ladies, the ladies too, have been for years past *paring down*, and I think, for the last twelve-months, somewhat too closely. I remember well the double and treble ruffle-cuffs—the double and  
treble

treble ruffles—the long sack—the full-made gown—the quilted petticoat—and the broad-laced handkerchiefs. I remember the long waists—the tight-laced stays—the broad hats—the deep stomachers—the broad aprons—the coloured cloaks—and high-heeled shoes. But are not all these now *pared down*, or rather *pared entirely away*? Sir, in these days we may as well look for the *wandering Jew*, as for an elderly woman—for they are all girls at sixty—all *pared down*. These, in my sight, are dreadful abominations; but I believe I should not have been tempted to have troubled you with this letter, if I had not lately discovered such a violent and tremendous departure from old customs, as threatens us with a race of *Evités*. Emma, said I to my daughter—three days ago—Emma, said I—my pretty Emma—you are certainly thinner clad than usual. Certainly, papa; for nobody wears now more than *two thin petticoats*. Merciful Heaven! exclaimed I, only two! Yes, sure, papa—to be *tonish*, I should wear but one. The present fashion is *Grecian* altogether; but you do not *understand it*. It is *so light, so airy, so dégagée, so tasteful, so calculated to shew the shapes*—that I knew one lady who lately danced at a public assembly without any petticoat at all. Oh! is that the case, said I: then I will instantly cry down this abominable fashion, and persevere till I have brought your petticoats to their proper uses, thrown the antient veil over those proportions which should never be discovered—till, in short I have

PARED THE FASHION DOWN.

THE



THE TRIFLER, N<sup>o</sup>. XV.

A NEWSPAPER is so true a type of the caprice and levity of Englishmen, that it may be almost stiled their coat of arms. The Turkish koran is not half so sacred to a rigid Mahometan, a parish dinner to an overseer, a turtle feast to an alderman, or an election to a freeholder, as a Gazette is to an English quidnunc: If this inform him of a naval armament, he toasts the admirals in half-pints a-piece, wishes them success, gets drunk with loyalty, and goes to bed with his head full of seventy-fours, sixty-fours, frigates, transports, and fire-ships! But a newspaper, whose contents are not sanctioned by authority, is necessarily so much more the receptacle of invention; hence, "*We hear*"—"*It is said*"—"*A correspondent remarks*"—"*Whereas,*" &c.—all serve to please, surprize, and inform.—"*We hear*" can alter a man's face as the weather would a barometer. "*It is said*" can distort another like a fit or a spasm. "*If*" can make some cry; while "*Suppose*" makes others laugh; a "*Whereas*" is like an electrical shock, and though it often run to the extremity of the kingdom, in unison with the rest, they altogether make a very agreeable mixture. But particular and domestic occurrences form a very

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essential

essential part of this olio ; thus, a *marriage* hurts an old maid, and mortifies a young one ; while it consoles many a poor dejected husband, who is secretly pleased to find another fallen into his case. A *death*, if a wife, makes husbands envy the widower ; while, perhaps, some of the women who censure his want of decent sorrow would marry him in a month after ! In fine, every passion is put in motion by a newspaper. It is a bill of fare, containing all the luxuries, as well as the necessaries of life. Politics, for instance, have of late been the *roast beef* of the times ; Essays, the *plumb-pudding* ; and Poetry, the *fritters, confections, custards*, and all the et cætera of the table, usually denominated *trifles*. Yet the four winds are not liable to more mutability than the vehicles of these entertainments ; for instance, on Monday, *it is whispered* ; on Tuesday, *it is rumoured* ; on Wednesday, *it is conjectured* ; on Thursday, *it is probable* ; on Friday, *it is positively asserted* ; and on Saturday, *it is premature* ! But notwithstanding this, some how or other, all are eventually pleased ; for, as the affections of all are divided among wit, anecdote, poetry, the prices of stocks, the arrivals of ships, &c. a newspaper is a repository where every one has his hobby-horse ; without these, coffee-houses, &c. would be nearly depopulated ; and the country villages, the curate, the exciseman, and many others, lose the golden opportunities of appearing as wise as

OLD QUIDNUNC.

THE

## THE TRIFLER, N° XVI.

## ON TROUBLE.

On little things, as sages write,  
Depend our transport, or our sorrow.

PRIOR.

THAT "Men are born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards" is universally agreed, by churchmen, laymen, and all men. Care and anxiety are so closely connected with our nature, so bound, as it were, with the very volume of our existence, that he must have more luck than his neighbours, who has the good fortune to escape a share of it. Notwithstanding, however, the real cares of life are so numerous, and so weighty, it is well known that artificial anxieties are infinitely more troublesome than real ones; that the cares of indolence exceed those of industry, and so on with all the notional perplexities which arise from a vacancy of mind, from a want of those exercises and employments which are so necessary to preserve the body in activity, and the mind in a state of attention. If we look into Bedlam, we find an amazing majority of the unhappy there, whose intellects have been shattered

by the pressure of ideal objects upon the brain; and but few whose imaginations have sunk under the more substantial miseries of human nature. The ideas of love, the ideas of superstition, the ideas of pride, and many more notional troubles of this kind, are daily found to be more insufferable and tormenting than bodily pains, the loss of friends or fortune, the disappointment of good prospects, and all the black catalogue of real evils, with which the world abounds. I was led into these reflections, a few days ago, upon a visit I paid Eugenius at dinner. Eugenius is a man of easy circumstances, of a cheerful temper, and but few cares. For want of business, and a knowledge of the disappointments which attended it, the mind of Eugenius has habitually acquired an indolence and inactivity, which nevertheless the most minute accidents are able to destroy. Every little perplexity is magnified into a great one, every trifling disagreeable circumstance presents itself in the most formidable shape, to a mind which is always unprepared to receive it. The company had sat down to dinner, and an air of pleantry, and the most perfect conviviality, had diffused themselves over the faces of all present. The wit and humour of Eugenius was particularly distinguishable—gay, free, elegant, lively, and interesting; his conversation and conduct at table at once displayed a tranquillity of soul, and the sensibilities of an enraptured imagination. In the midst, however, of all this felicity, a trifling misfortune damped the  
gaiety

gaiety of his mirth, which he did not recover the whole of the day after: a china dish—a family china dish—with grief, I relate the sequel of the story,—a charming enamelled china dish—such a dish as could not be matched in England (for all broken dishes answer this description), by a slip of the servant's foot, was broken. Down fell the countenance of Eugenius: a melancholy gloom took possession of the face which was so lately illumed with smiles. His fund of stories was instantly exhausted, his vivacity was changed into grave remarks, and all that spirit, which so happily supported the conversation till this fatal accident, evaporated into air, into thin air. Dr. Young has a remark on the instability of sublunary things, when satirizing a florist, which is applicable to the temper of Eugenius.

Oh, solid bliss, which nothing can destroy,  
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.

It was during the languid state of the conversation which succeeded this family misfortune, that my mind, occupied with its own reflections, commiserated those obligations of our nature, which compel us to create imaginary troubles for want of real cares, and to shrink under the weight of little perplexities, because we are unaccustomed to experience the inconvenience which necessarily arises from great ones.

## THE TRIFLER, N° XVII.

## RURAL IDEAS.

MR. EDITOR,

NEVER was any poor devil of a husband plagued in the manner I am with the singularities of a wife. You must know, Sir, though her father was a carcase butcher in Whitechapel, though she was educated at a boarding school in Thames-street, and never travelled farther than Bethnal-green, or Hoxton, or Hackney, or Newington-Butts; yet she affects such taste and passion for the country, as would have ruined the patience of all the Heathen philosophers put together; every room in my house from the cellar to the garrets bears testimony to her *rural ideas* in some way or other; the leads of my house, and the rails of the windows, are crowded with pots, and pans, and vegetables, and evergreens, like the shop of a botanist, or seedsman. When I go into the kitchen, I find the light, which is none of the liveliest at the best, totally shut out by a range of physic vials huddled together as close as they can stick, and filled with mint to give the windows a *rural* appearance. Then, Sir, the dining-

dining-room windows, in summer time, are so crossed and crowded with packthreads fastened like bars from the top to the bottom of them, that if it were not for the French-beans which cluster round the strings, it would enliven my mind with the pleasing imagination of being shut up in a sponging-house. Every chimney-corner is *set out*, as it is called, with bough-pots, and not a china-jar in my house escapes an ornament from Covent-garden market. I have been, you must know, severely lectured for this week past, for spoiling a charming *bed of parsley*, as my wife calls it, *upon the leads*, while I was giving a bricklayer orders to make some repairs to the chimney; and what is still more provoking, upon enquiring for my best wig-box a few days ago, I was told by the maid, that it was put to much better use; for that her mistress had sown a small *salad in it, of mustard and cress*, which would be fit to be cut in a few days. Sir, this passion for the vegetable world is so predominant in my wife's mind, that not a broken chamber utensil is free from some cultivation or other: she had some time since a *geranium in full blossom*, which, to save expence, was stuck fast in a *butter firkin*; an *orange-tree in a washing-tub*; a *tulip in a salt-box*; and a young *gooseberry-bush in a punch-bowl*. Nay, to such a pitch of extravagance does this enthusiastic help-mate of mine carry this gardening taste of her's, that the house was thrown into convulsions three days ago, upon a report that the *cat had kittened upon the grass-plot*,

which grew on the *top shelf of the pantry*. Then, Sir, to add to my vexation, I have had the happiness to be threatened with an indictment for being a nuisance to my neighbours and the public, as hardly a week passes without some *pan or pot* tumbling upon the heads of passengers, and doing some mischief or other. If I expostulate, I have no taste; if I threaten, I have no humanity; if I coax her, I have no influence; and, if I give way to her, I can expect no comfort. My very bed-room in summer, Sir, is so filled with flowers, that I am in nightly dread of being *perfumed* to death before morning. Then I must never stir out without a nose-gay in my button hole, because it makes so *rural* and so *countryfied* an appearance. In short, what with *rural smells* and *rural conversation*, *rural ornaments*, and *rural nonsense*, of one kind or another, my patience is quite exhausted; and therefore I take this public method of giving my wife warning, that, unless there be a total reformation in her manners, I am determined to assert some spirit, to turn the *grass-plot* out of the house at a minute's notice, send the *parsley-bed* into the dust-tub, pack up the *shrubbery* in a hamper, and restore my wig-box to its proper use.

HOMO.

THE



## THE TRIFLER, N° XVIII.

## PUNCTUALITY,

YOU must know, Sir, I am a man of business, as was my father before me, who brought me up with the strictest notions of punctuality. He called it the *soul of trade*, and set me examples of it every day, which I determined punctually to follow. For many years, I found the convenience of his doctrine, both in my counting-house and in my family; but have now the misfortune to find the present age so averse to all the prudent maxims of our forefathers, that what I once considered a most laudable virtue, I now experience to be the greatest inconvenience imaginable; my custom for many years has been to go to 'Change at two o'clock, and leave it at three to dinner, which was upon the table exactly at that hour; but I have of late found, by pursuing my old rule, that I go to 'Change a full hour before any other merchant, and leave it just as business begins.—If I am going a journey, I always inquire the exact hour when the stage sets off, that I may not keep the coachman or the passengers a moment beyond their time; pack up my trunks over-night; order the maid to light the fire two hours before there

there is occasion for it, and call me an hour before there is any necessity for my stirring ; this generally unhinges the family the whole night ; and after all, by being exact to my time, I find the doors of the inn not open, the coachman not up, the horses not fed, the wheels not greased, and not the least preparation made for the journey. The same fatality attends me at the livery stables ; if I engage with a friend over night to hire a horse to take an airing in the morning, the ostler, half asleep and half awake, calls Betty, to call Thomas, to ask his master, whether the gentleman is to have the brown horse or the grey mare ; by which means, if I appoint six o'clock, it is sure to be seven before I am mounted, my appointment is broken, my punctuality questioned, and my friend rides away without me. When a bill becomes due on a particular day, for fear of an accident if I know where it lies, I sometimes send a draft over night, to save the banker the trouble of sending the next morning ; this, I am told, is a very *irregular* method of doing business, makes great confusion in their books, and gives a great deal of unnecessary trouble. If I invite friends to dine with me, the punctuality of my cook-maid in getting the dinner ready exactly to the time, is one of the greatest *inconveniences* imaginable, as the dinner is always spoiled by waiting. *One* was kept at 'Change ; *another*, at a coffee-house ; a *third*, understands there is always *half an hour's grace* ; and so on. This, with many other inconveniences, Sir, I am determined

mined to lay before you, as a lesson to the world; at the same time that I assure you, I most heartily *repent of my errors*, and am resolved to be *properly irregular* in future. There is, however, one more grievance, which I must tell you of; and that is; my old cook, I have discovered, for some time past, has owed her punctuality to the clock's standing behind the kitchen-door, which she has altered every day without mercy, and instead of *dressing her meat by the clock*, has *set my clock to her meat*, to the great injury of that useful piece of household furniture.

Yours, &c.

OLD REGULARITY.

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## THE TRIFLER, N° XIX.

### THOUGHTS ON APOTHECARIES.

— I do remember an Apothecary,  
And hereabout he dwells.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SIR,

I AM an unfortunate fellow, who am blessed with so over-careful a wife, that I cannot have the slightest complaint without her sending for an apothecary.

Whether

Whether it be the tooth-ache, the head-ache, the belly-ache, a cough, a cold, whether it be slight or not slight in its symptoms, away runs Betty for an apothecary. This, you must know, is always done without my knowledge or consent; because, my good woman very *wisely* judges, that when this unworthy disciple of Galen makes his personal appearance, it is too late to *prevent* his coming. Well, Sir, in he walks, makes his salutation, pulls off his stiff-top gloves, draws a chair, sets his muscles into proper order, and then gravely desires my hand. There is a cursed solemnity in all this, which generally frightens me half out of my senses, and forces me to conceive myself in a bad way, from the mysterious solemnity of his countenance. After keeping me in a state of suspense and anxiety for a minute and some seconds, while feeling my pulse, he begs to look at my tongue. “*Put out your tongue, Sir, if you please; aye, I see it is a little feverish, but we shall do well enough, there is no fear of it; you must, however, take care of yourself; get to bed as soon as you can, and, in the mean-time, I’ll send you a mixture, and call to see you in the morning.*” The consequence of all this is, that instead of eating a hearty supper, as perhaps I intended, *I am put to bed* two hours before dark, the shutters are closed, the curtains are drawn, the house is ordered to be kept still for fear of disturbing me, the maids walk up and down stairs without shoes, and every thing about me is conducted with such dreadful decorum, that

that I wish I may be hanged if they do not almost always compel me to *be ill*, as a proper return for their care of me. Silence and solitude are friends to thought; but really this species of *retirement* so depresses my nerves, that I can think of nothing but *death, coffins, undertakers, hearses, graves, mattocks, glaring skulls, and crossed marrow-bones*. Then presently, I hear the door *screaking upon its hinges*, which my wife calls *opening it softly* for fear of waking me; this, with the gentle rattling of the rings upon the curtain-rods, and the melancholy whisper, “*Are you awake, my dear?*” generally compleats the anxiety of my mind, and often throws me into a cold sweat into the bargain. Then I am to take some confounded draught or other, and continue it every *two hours*; these are to throw me into a gentle *perspiration* over night, and prepare me for a *purge* against the morning; by which time I stand a chance not only of losing the *fever which I never had*, but my spirits and appetite into the bargain. According to my reasoning, *he makes me sick till I cannot eat*; and according to his syllogism, if *I cannot eat, I must be sick*; so that I am sure to be tormented with a repetition of his medicines, till such time as it is *convenient* for him that I should recover; which time seldom arrives till he has *got enough* by me. I have often thought that my *want of health* is proportioned to his *want of money*; thus, if he has *broken a family punch-bowl* which he wants to replace, his patients, in general, will have *slight colds*. If he  
has

has bought a horse, they will be afflicted with a stubborn complaint which he cannot find a name for; but if his wife should be brought to-bed of two children, the poor devils his patients must inevitably be subject to slow fevers. I have more to say on this subject, which I shall reserve for a future letter.

NO FRIEND TO THE DOCTORS.



## THE TRIFLER, N<sup>o</sup> XX.

SIR,

THERE are three *substantial reasons* to be given why a sick man *cannot recover* in a hurry. Says the apothecary, I must not charge for my attendance, therefore, I'll dose away, I'll bleed, and purge, and vomit without mercy, that is *one reason*. After he has done this for a week or ten days, he recollects that he is under some obligation to a physician; and now, says he, here is a fair opportunity to recommend him, that is *another reason*. The third is, that the physician cannot return the favour to the apothecary without prescribing his medicines; so that all these causes operating together, the poor patient

patient must necessarily submit to martyrdom so long as these obligations exist between the parties ; which clearly explains why *no recovering invalid is ever out of danger in a hurry*. Before I finish these lucubrations, gave me leave to relate two medical anecdotes, on the truth of which you may depend. A few years before the death of the late Lord Chesterfield, when his lordship was at Bath, he was accosted in the pump-room by his physician with the common salutations, who, after a little discourse, proposed feeling his lordship's pulse. " Let me feel, " my lord ; ah, pretty well ! Your lordship is " much better than when I last saw you ; you want " but little physic, my lord, very little indeed."— All this time Lord Chesterfield had one hand in his pocket, preparing to take out the guinea. At last, imitating the gravity of the Doctor's muscles, he begged to feel his pulse in return. " *Very well, " Doctor, a regular, good pulse : I do not find you " want any thing ;*" and immediately returned the guinea into his pocket.

The other anecdote relates to a gentleman now living in London, and happened a few years ago. A tradesman of a grave genteel appearance, having an appointment to wait on some single ladies of character and fashion to take some orders, went punctually to his time. It happened, however, that one of the ladies had been taken very ill in the night, and a strange apothecary had been sent for, who returned for answer, that he would be there much about the  
time

time of the tradesman's appointment : so that, when the latter came to the door, all the house were prepared for the apothecary's knock, and admitted this gentleman as a physical character : " *Sir, my Lady has waited for you,*" says one servant. " *We are glad you are come,*" says another. " *Shew the gentleman up stairs,*" says a third, and such like discourse, as rather tended to persuade him, that there was some extraordinary emergency in the house, than that he was mistaken for the Doctor. Well, Sir, he went up the first pair of stairs with great composure, expecting to be ushered into the drawing room, but was a good deal surprized to find that he was to mount a story higher; and still more so, when he was introduced into a bed-room where the curtains were drawn, and desired to sit down in an elbow chair beside the bed. Judge, if you can, Sir, of a modest batchelor's embarrassment in that situation, who knew the parties were of the most unexceptionable reputation; and yet knew that his introduction into the bed-chamber bore a very singular and suspicious appearance. However, he sat down in the greatest confusion imaginable. " *Sir,*" says the young lady, who was up, " *I am glad you are come: my-sister has had a terrible night indeed.*" — " *I am very sorry for it, ma'am.*" — " *No rest, pain in the head, violent perspiration.*" — " *Very sorry to hear it, ma'am.*" — " *Appears, Sir, to have a violent fever.*" — " *A very disagreeable account, indeed, ma'am.*" — " *Has had, Sir,*" — " *Dear me!*"



"*me! that's very bad indeed ma'am.*" — At last, drawing back the curtains—"Here, my dear," said the sister, "put out your hand;" which the lady in the bed complying with, the gentleman very coolly observed, that he thought—that he conceived—that he imagined—that they had much better *send for an apothecary*. "Apothecary! Sir, apothecary!" both screaming together, "Why an't you an apothecary, Sir?"—Down went one lady under the bed-clothes in the greatest confusion; out flew the other, frightened out of her wits: was there ever such a mistake, such a blunder? Who *are* you, Sir? Whence came you? Who sent for you? What brought you here? By this time the whole house was in one general confusion from the top to the bottom; when the gentleman, explaining his business, and the nature of the mistake, as well as he could, made the best of his way down stairs.

NO FRIEND TO THE DOCTORS.

## THE TRIFLER, N° XXI.

SIR,

IN these days of expence, of dissipation, and taxation, I must state a grievance to you which I feel very severely : it is, Sir, a burthensome, domestic tax, more oppressive to me than all the minister's taxes put together. I do not care who knows it, but I will insist that female hair-dressing, in these days, comes to very near as much in large families as land-tax, house-tax, window-tax, paving, cleansing, and lighting the streets, scavenger's and watch-rates, all put together. Here am I, with a wife and four daughters ; between whom my house is like a barber's shop, with a hair-dresser running backwards and forwards all hours in the day, sticking his cursed curling-irons in every fire, and poisoning me with his confounded scents of orris powder, and twenty other stinking perfumes. But the expence, Mr. Editor, is worst of all ; judge if it is not ; in the first place, there is old Deborah, my wife, who, by the bye, is as grey as a badger, and nearly bald into the bargain, dressed twice a week for one guinea a quarter : then, there are Harriet, Sukey, and Matilda, dressed every day at two guineas a quarter each,

each, besides my youngest daughter Betsy, who, not being so much abroad and in company, is only dressed occasionally at half-a-crown a time. All these charges put together, you find, come little short of ten pounds a quarter, or, what sounds much better, forty pounds a year. Forty pounds a year for hair-dressing in one family! Think of that, when many a poor curate has not a better income than forty pounds a year to support a wife and family, pay house-rent, taylor, mantua-maker, butcher, baker, tallow-chandler, coal-merchant, and all the long *et cætera* of necessary tradesmen. Besides, I have not said a word about new cushions and black pins, which, for aught I know, may amount to a considerable sum more. All I have hitherto said to these defaulters on the subject has had no effect, therefore I am determined to publish their behaviour, and shame them into better manners. If I say to my wife, Debby, my dear, how can you throw away so much money upon your head; I am told that no people of the least credit can possibly appear without it. La! papa, rejoin the girls, would you have us appear like frights? Must not we dress like other folks, papa? This is certainly either sound argument, or else I am not fond of arguing on the subject; for it generally silences every battery that I can raise to support my remonstrances. Sometimes, I have recourse to flattery, tell my wife that she looks best without false hair, and that I love a fine auburn grizzle beyond any thing in the world;

insist that Harriet looks charmingly without powder, and that frizzing Sukey's toupee makes her appear like a fright. Then I ridicule their plaited tails, and compare them to those of the drummers of a marching-regiment, their side-curls to black-pud-dings, and their high-tops to the lumps of bear's grease on the heads of the Hottentots ; but all won't do ; hair-dresser they will have at all events, and as to the expence they do not care a farthing about it. Now, Sir, though I despair of reclaiming these hopeful branches of my family, by any private reasons or remonstrances on this head ; yet, I trust, by describing their follies, and my grievances, in this public manner, that some attention will probably be paid to this letter ; that my wife will shew she has sense enough to receive a public admonition with a good-humoured concurrence ; and that my girls will be influenced, by motives of policy, not to discourage the addresses of the men by continuing an extravagance, which must impress their minds with a fearful idea of the expences, which in these days are inseparable from marriage.

NO BARBER.

THE

## THE TRIFLER, N° XXII.

SIR,

HAVING seen a letter in your Miscellany a few days ago, complaining very justly of the extravagant expence of modern hair-dressing, give me leave to join issue with your afflicted correspondent, and to suggest a few farther hints on that subject. I agree, that it is an abominable luxury in these days of expence and taxation; but that is not all: I think there is a very great indelicacy and indecorum in suffering this *powdering fraternity* to enter a young lady's dressing-room or bed-chamber, as they do at all hours. I am sure this is the case at my house, and, therefore, I suppose the same impropriety must exist in those of my neighbours. Up they come, and in they go, *sans ceremonie*, without apology, without notice, without any body to attend them, or to listen to their conversation or behaviour while there. To be seen without a cap by any body else, is reckoned the most immodest thing imaginable; hair-dressers and men-midwives are authorized in freedoms *because they happen to be branches of their business*. This privilege, however, of attending young women without witnesses cannot fail to be pleasing to the

fair sex, as it opens a fine channel for intrigue and gallantry, assignations at church, appointments at the Mall, meetings under the great pear-tree, visitings in the summer-house, and elopements out of the two-pair of stairs window. The same gentleman that dressed *Corydon* in the morning, dresses *Daphne* in the afternoon; by which means the most useful intelligence can be communicated to both parties, and the most artful correspondence carried on; if she dress for a ball (which Mr. Perriwig soon learns from the chamber-maid) the gentleman is sure to be there; so of the play; and every other place of public entertainment, the gentleman is sure to be there. Mischief, which chamber-maids with all their plotting could never effect, may be executed by barbers without any suspicion. Nothing more is necessary on the part of the young fellow, who has designs on fortune or person, than to find out the operator who dresses the lady's hair, and to pursue the discovery with a proper share of policy and cunning. I have still further objections, which you will justify when you have read the following relation.

I have long suspected that my daughter has formed an improper attachment, and have therefore been rather vigilant to prevent this kind of *hair-dressing communication*; for which purpose I have contrived to watch her in her dressing-room, but never observed any thing improper till within these few days. A smart good-looking fellow of a hair-dresser  
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was introduced, and, as my wife happened to be by, he pretended to proceed to business, fumbled for his combs, took out his puff, laid down his irons, and seemed to make the necessary preparations as long as my wife remained in the room: however, as she shortly after went off, I was a good deal surprised, to find every thing at a dead-stand: no cap was taken off, no cushion adjusted, no frizzing, powdering, or pomatuming took place; but, on the contrary, my gentleman folded his arms, fetched a deep sigh, looked wishfully at my daughter, and remained fixed as a statue. Hey-day! said I to myself, what the devil is the matter now? My daughter at this time was as mute as a mouse, with her eyes, as I could see by the glass, sunk pensively on the floor: at last, Sir, you will judge of my surprize, when my gentleman broke silence, and in the most romantic expressions *appealed to Heaven for the truth and ardor of his passion*; that he should certainly die, if she were not propitious to his affections; that, as he knew my aversion to his visits, he had disguised himself to obtain an interview; and a great deal of discourse of that kind, which for want either of taste or discernment, I was determined to put an end to. Accordingly, Sir, as I am no friend to ceremony on these occasions, I took the liberty to introduce myself to this young masquerador's acquaintance with as good a horse-whip as ever Will Whimble put a lash to; and by a seasonable application of that dog-kennel kind of rhetoric, not only broke off their dis-

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course,

course, but have, I fancy, effectually provided against a similar sort of visit in future. If you think this hint would be of any service to parents in general, you are welcome to make use of it.

Yours, &c.

OLD SQUARE TOES.

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## THE TRIFLER, N<sup>o</sup> XXIII.

### LUXURY DEFENDED.

But hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed.  
 Health to himself, and to his children bread  
 The labourer bears.

POPE.

Bucklersbury, Sunday Evening.

SIR,

I HAVE heard so much said against luxury, so much mischief imputed to it, a charge which I think is neither founded in reason nor in justice, that with your leave I will offer a few words in its favour. You must know, Sir, I originally began the world with nothing: my father, who had a large family of us, sent me up from Yorkshire with a few shillings  
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in my pocket, and a written recommendation from the squire of our parish, which procured me a porter's place at a Linen-draper's in Cheapside. There, Sir, I soon made shift to *steal* the business; so married the cook, and commenced trade on my own bottom; took a little shop, and little more than half stocked it; furnished my house by degrees; kept within bounds; and took care of the *main chance*; till I was enabled to get a little clear of my first incumbrances, and provide a small sum before-hand. All this time my wife and I lived upon the smallest income imaginable, kept no maid, saw no company, spent no money abroad, and saved the ends of the candles at home. I generally allowed myself a plain suit of Yorkshire cloth once a year, which I always put on bran-new on Easter Sunday, together with a good substantial cork wig, which I dressed myself, to save the expence of a barber. A pint of porter at night, and sometimes a pennyworth at noon, was the most of our family allowance; by which means, the profits of my trade always exceeded my annual expences, and soon enabled me to hold up my head with the best of them. Well, Sir, as affairs grew better with me, I began a little to enjoy myself; went to club on Saturday nights, and sometimes spent sixpence. Once in a quarter of a year or so, I asked a friend to eat a bit of mutton with me; bought my wife a silk gown, and absolutely wore a pig-tail wig on Sundays. Things continued to mend; so I kept a maid, and increased the expences of my table;

table; drank Cartony's green tea, instead of black; for breakfast; and allowed myself Epping butter in the room of Cambridge; had now and then a boiled fowl or roasted rabbit for my dinner, and went so far as to eat mackerel and green peas in season; shaved myself three times a week, notwithstanding an advance in the price of soap; and wore five clean shirts within the fortnight. A system of frugality still prevailed in the management of my household, till I found my capital and my trade increase so fast, as to enable me to live with spirit. To do which, I set up a one-horse chaise, and kept a foot-boy; took a charming pleasant country-seat near Dog-house bar, for the benefit of being near town; and launched out into such a stile of elegant expence, as to this hour often astonishes me when I think of it. My wife, who is a woman of taste, took down my check window-curtains and put up stuff damask; turned out two bureau bedsteads to make room for a book-case and a sofa; kicked away an old family piece of tapestry, which described the loves of king Ahasuerus and queen Esther; and ornamented my best room with a Wilton carpet of fifty colours; then every chimney-piece in my house was decorated with Queen's ware and Staffordshire china, besides a variety of other extravagant embellishments which are at present too tedious to mention. By these means, I, who originally seldom spent more than fifty pounds a year, have now increased my annual expences to near five hundred, from which  
I draw

I draw this general conclusion : that, as I circulate every year four hundred and fifty pounds more than I formerly expended, trade receives an advantage from me to that amount ; and consequently, that my luxury is serviceable to my neighbours. However, if you will do me the favour to print this, I will explain myself further at another opportunity, and consider the subject more minutely.

Yours,

A LOVER OF TURTLE.



## THE TRIFLER, N° XXIV.

### LUXURY DEFENDED.

SIR,

THOUGH I am far from thinking indiscriminately with Mandeville, that private vices are public benefits, there are I think some points of view, in which private luxury may deserve that definition. The luxuries I alluded to in my last, you will allow to be innocent

innocent in their consequences, and consequently free from all exception on the score of morality. As I only contended for the benefit, my neighbours received from the increase of my income, while I enlarged my expences in proportion. The butcher, I contended, was benefited in meat; the poulterer in fowls; the taylor in cloaths; the barber in wigs; the upholsterer by my furniture; and so on. I will extend the argument, however, a little further, and suppose that, instead of acquiring an estate by honest industry, I had been born to an hereditary income, which I spent with the most licentious profusion, in all kinds of fashionable excesses. Bought a coach one day, and sold it the next for half price; then purchased a *vis-a-vis*, changed that for a post-chaise, a chariot, a phaeton, a high one, a low one, the seat brought forward, with a lumbering trunk behind, or raised up with a clumsy box before. Suppose, I say, this was one species of my general extravagances, would not the public be benefited by my folly? Would not all the artificers, employed in all the various branches of coach-building, be profited by this? Would it not contribute to increase their number, and tend to support their families? The argument is too positive to need an apology—too evident to require a comment. Let me suppose farther, that I dissipated my estate by gaming, mortgaged my lands, and felled my timber, turned every thing into cash, and spent that cash as fast as I got it; would not this chiefly flow into channels

channels that promote a rapid circulation of money? Would not this circulation be of more service to society, than the prudent man's parsimony, or the miser's savings? Every man must acknowledge that this would be necessarily the case, and consequently will allow, that whatever mischief it produces to the individual, it benefits the community at large. The same reasoning will serve, for the man who wastes his substance upon race-horses, or consumes his estate upon women. His income, instead of sleeping in his banker's hand, or being locked up in private coffers, diffuses an universal benefit, in being scattered among the laborious, the necessitous, the more deserving of mankind. As Mr. Pope finely observes of wealth.

In heaps, like ambergrease, a stink it lies,  
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

It promotes a spirit of industry among the lowest classes of people, and gives a reward proportioned to their labours; for, however worthless the first characters may be, who consume the estate of the prodigal, it ultimately flows to the useful and industrious members of society, and there produces the most salutary and beneficial consequences to the country at large. *Kept* mistresses contribute to *keep* milliners, mantua-makers, barbers, linen-drapers, haberdashers, hosiers, shoemakers, and a multitude of other tradesmen. Jockies support sadlers, farmers, horse-dealers, and many more. Gamblers feed the  
poor

poor manufacturers of cards and dice; while the fanciful extravagants, who sink their fortunes in houses, paintings, statues, medals, plants, flowers, and a variety of other fooleries, all answer some useful and profitable end. I shall, with your leave, Sir, address you once more on this subject, and extend my observations in the next letter.

A LOVER OF TURTLE.



### THE TRIFLER, N° XXV.

THE present age has been the worst age; the most dissipated, and most immoral: old people are continually lecturing their children upon the unprecedented extent of modern luxury, which perhaps rather differs in its nature than its degree. So long back as the reign of Elizabeth, we find Shakspeare, in one of his plays, censuring the citizens' wives for the prodigality of their dress, which has, beyond a doubt, continued, with some alterations in the mode to the present hour. Sometimes the court has promoted an extravagant emulation of this kind, and sometimes the city. At present, however, it must  
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be allowed, that this species of vanity is rather confined to the middle classes of society, as people of the first fashion, especially the men, prefer a plainness in their appearance, and resign the laced waistcoat, and embroidered button-holes, to citizens and clerks in office. I remember the time, Sir, (for I am an old man); I remember the time when laced hats were as plentiful in the streets as they are now upon the parade; when it was fashionable to wear gold-clocked stockings, and full-bottomed wigs, as voluminous as Sir Cloudeley Shovell's; when boys of nine years old had their heads enveloped with a large bush of hair like our modern counsellors, with the ties hanging gracefully over each shoulder; when they wore embroidered waistcoats with enormous flaps, that almost entirely eclipsed their breeches; together with an immense large slashed cuff, ornamented with a variety of flowers. Sir, let them say what they will of modern luxury in this particular, I will contend that it does not surpass the luxury of former times: it is but equitable, therefore, to vindicate the present age from the charge of departing from the prudent parsimony of their forefathers; and having done that, and admitted that our extravagance is every way equal to theirs, I will consider it, as I have done before, in a *public* view, and to the best of my capacity will defend it. We are continually hearing, that Mr. Such-a-one, or Sir John Such-a-one, is either consuming his estates in his minority, or selling them when he comes of age.

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The venerable mansion we say, that seat of hospitality, the noble park, the beautiful garden, the extensive farms, are advertized by Mr. Skinner for sale; his pictures are consigned to the disposal of Mr. Christie; while Mr. Tattersal is selling his horses. His extravagant mode of living has brought him to this; his mistresses, his gaming, and so on. To what a ruinous pitch of dissipation (says the reasoner who judges from appearances) has this fashionable age arrived! Young men of fortune squandering their estates, instead of improving them; debauching their constitutions; neglecting their morals; bringing beggary upon themselves; and entailing it upon their posterity. This, however, must be allowed to be only a private and a partial evil; for, whether the estate changes the master for another, or is divided among a number of different possessors, it can never affect the community at large, in a disadvantageous manner; and must certainly produce more benefit to society, from the riotous and rapid circulation of a prodigal, than it could possibly do in the hands of a prudent landlord. Admitting the prudent man to be charitable, liberal, friendly, hospitable, and much more; yet we must suppose, agreeably to his character, that he makes some reservations of his income—some savings for a son, or provision for a daughter, and consequently locks up a certain proportion of his estate from the public: while the extravagant man parts with the *whole*. Now, Sir, though no man in his senses can defend



defend the conduct of the individual who does this, yet if the consequences of this folly, or this madness (call it which you please) be beneficial to the community, there is, beyond dispute, a defence to be made for luxury on public grounds, which, in a private view, can never be admitted.

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## THE TRIFLER, N° XXVI.

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque  
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula.

HORACE.

SIR,

IN these days of improvement, it is pleasing to listen to the *elegancies*, and *sublimities* of language among all classes of people. Indeed, so prevalent is the custom of *fine* speaking, that *plain* speaking appears to be entirely out of the question; and if the world continue much longer in the present career of refinement, we may reasonably hope to see all words of less than five syllables totally excluded from the dictionary. Honestus is a man of this stamp, with

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whom I occasionally have the misfortune to converse ; as he is frequently beyond my comprehension. I, one day, asked him if he had the toothache, when he informed me, that he had a *tumor in the glands*, which suspended the operation of *mastication* in a very uncomfortable degree. At another time, having a shoulder of mutton for dinner, on which I had invited him to dine, and observing he withdrew before the cloth was taken away, I enquired if his dinner did not agree with him ; when I learned that the *rancidity* of the mutton's fat was not *congenial* with the coats of his stomach, and had, therefore, brought on an *emetic* operation. To a man who is fond of this elaborate kind of conversation, there may be something pleasing in it which I have not sense enough to comprehend ; but really I have sometimes been weak enough to think that a man may as well speak to be understood, as delight in puzzling his hearers. This was my reflection in the streets a few days ago, when I overtook *two of the muses*, who carol occasionally in St. Paul's Church Yard : they appeared to be in high spirits, and were proposing to each other to retire into a neighbouring alehouse, to refresh themselves after the cares of the day. I was glad to find, that even the lowest classes have the good-breeding to call one another *ma'am* and *madam*, as there is a charm in these little epithets that keeps the poor in some sort of conceit of importance ; but was a good deal surprised to hear one *lady* ask the other, pray, *ma'am*, shall we have  
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one glass of *thunder* together? by all means, *ma'am*, replied the other *gentlewoman*; but don't you think, *ma'am*, a *flash of lightning* would mend it prodigiously? For the benefit of the learned world, I have discovered that thunder and lightning meant gin and bitters; and that beggars have a sublime of their own, which neither Longinus nor Mr. Burke have ever been able to treat of.

No SLIP-SLOP.

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## THE TRIFLER, N° XXVII.

### CURSORY THOUGHTS ON LEARNING AND EDUCATION.

*June 25, 1774.*

SIR,

AMONG a multitude of false maxims countenanced by the folly of mankind, the disrespectful idea of men of letters that is studiously imposed on young minds particularly deserves to be exploded; avarice is so generally the prevailing passion of age, that

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the parent conceives his best wisdom is exercised in impressing an unlimited love of gold upon the susceptibility of the rising generation. My son, says the man of wealth, get possessions; get eminence among your fellow citizens, and be distinguished for an immensity of fortune. Devote all your time, dedicate all your attention to this most excellent pursuit, and the world shall one day give you credit for all your gains. Negatively, he says, "Let your heart remain uncultivated, and your mind be barren; pay no attention to the correction of your passions, nor the regulation of your judgment; be totally indifferent about every moral, rational, generous acquisition, but get riches. O my son, get riches."

Hence originates, in great measure, the universal illiberality of opinion that prevails respecting men, who, from a constitutional passion for literature, or an accidental introduction to the polite arts, prefer the nobler studies of the mind to the sordid views and narrow contentions that are almost inseparable from commercial situations; separated from the world by their devotion to study, they are disqualified from forming mean political connexions to advance their interest; and mis-judging too frequently, from the warm susceptibility of their own feelings, that humanity and benevolence are more or less the public sentiments of mankind, they are deceived into an expectation of patronage and respect, and meet little but calumny and detraction.

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In the refined days of Greece and Rome, men of talents were regarded as a national blessing; those politic and learned people felt the advantage of being rescued from that ignorance and barbarity which had involved their ancestors. Our fathers said, they sat in darkness and in the shadow of death; but the sun of science breaks forth upon their children, and we will glory in so bright a ray; we will cultivate the arts of peace, we will polish the rusticity of a great people. Philosophy deigns to visit and dwell with us, we will therefore explode the savage systems that have so long tyrannized over the superstition of the multitude, and walk in the light of heaven. Thus they naturally reasoned upon the advancement of the sciences, and felt the blessing as it flowed.

Every man that either thinks or feels must acknowledge, from a sense of the degeneracy and deformity of his nature, that no political institution of civil laws, however sensible or severe, can maintain the harmony and œconomy of society on so permanent a basis, as the plans of philosophy provide. The natural perverseness of the human mind has ever opposed the best regulated codes of government, that the wisest lawgivers in the world have laid down. Moses met as formidable an opposition as either Solon or Lycurgus; and all those who refer to the earliest records of time must be convinced, that, in the ages of popular ignorance and brutality, every form of legislature was defective in its view,

frail in its effect, and short in its duration. But when a general mediocrity of intelligence corrected the savage manners of the crowd, each man became capable of judging for himself, each man subscribed in some degree to the propriety of consulting the general good; the bonds of fellowship became more firmly united, the mind was detached by rational speculation from an indulgence in bloodshed and oppression, and a more general harmony succeeded. Considered in a political view, therefore, the advantages of learning appear particularly striking.

A well-regulated civil and religious policy, an equal commerce, a liberal language, a moral decency, an elegant refinement of manners, a zeal for truth, and a pursuit of virtue, are the happy effects of true wisdom. These things challenge the admiration and conviction of every informed mind; they put to everlasting silence the pleas of little prejudices; and exalt the character of men of true genius and cultivated judgments far above the crowd.

Yet, strange to tell! in this advanced age, a love of learning is daily discountenanced by all societies of men; men of pleasure call it pedantry, men of business call it trifling, men of levity call it melancholy, and men of gravity call it dangerous. The sensible (a very small class), convinced all opposition fails to effect a reformation of sentiment, yield to the madness of the times; and we may naturally congratulate our careless posterity on the prospect of an universal

versal barbarity, a sinking to that dark estate from which this country has so lately emerged.

If we turn our views to men of fortune educated at capital seminaries and universities, whose youthful application has been directed to the study of classic authors, the contemplation of natural and moral philosophy, joined to the most liberal information of the schools, what a deficient picture of learning is generally displayed! We see the tendency perverted, to explain away the best established moral creeds; we see its efficacy misapplied, to countenance a deformed licentiousness of manners; we see its nature abused, to justify a departure from what are called the vulgar maxims of the crowd; and a total contempt for every generous, every virtuous advantage that a liberal education ought to produce on the minds and tempers of its professors.

If we examine men who fill the middle station of life, we still find learning more shamefully disrespected, from a persuasion that it is more immediately calculated for schoolmen and divines, for men of needy fortunes or enthusiastic imaginations. They tell us, it is an essential provision for younger brothers; they tell us, it is admirably well suited to the necessities of the pulpit, and the bar, but that the choice maxims of the world can determine the precise character of a gentleman without it. Thus men of leisure become a nuisance, instead of an ornament to society, and tacitly consent to the doctrines of a citizen of Geneva, that philosophy had better be  
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exploded. For want of some studious engagement for the mind, they prey upon the world at large; they plan the ruin of domestic peace; they debauch the morals of their friends and dependants; they introduce private discord into particular societies; they publicly plot against the state; they laugh at the restraints of religion, and despise morality altogether.

The inferior order of men regard learning with a foolish, superstitious, distant veneration, but avail themselves little of its precepts. They mistake a mere scholar for a man of sense, a dogmatist for a man of learning; they entertain a superficial notion of its privileges, its distinctions, and its powers, and rather worship it as a distant divinity, than court it as a present friend; thus almost all men unite in the misapplication and misconception of its nature, end, and extent; thus they discourage the labours of the ingenious few, who from necessity or inclination contribute to perpetuate the existence of the sciences, and counteract the general insensibility of the age they live in.

A solitary wit is a proverb of reproach in our day, a bye-word of derision. This punster comments upon the obscurity of his residence, the altitude of his dwelling, the decay of his drapery, or the meagre misery of his whole appearance. That commentator calculates, in idea, his milk-score and washing-bill; while a third remarks his circumspect carriage in the streets, whispers something about castles in the clouds,



clouds, and estates in Utopia, and then reminds us of the ludicrous description of a poet's situation, as described by Mr. Hogarth; a map of Mexico in view, a child clamorous for bread, and a cat nursing her kittens upon his Sunday's vestment: so true it is,

Want is the scorn of ev'ry wealthy fool,  
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

But, with deference to these merry merciless men, poverty is by no means a proper subject for criticism; nor is the want of circumstances any proof of a vicious heart, or a contracted understanding. Ethics, to mend the world, and elegant compositions to refine it, may have frequently originated from a garret; and perhaps, if we properly consider the general circumstances of authors, we shall find their wants as frequently reflect on the insensibility of the public, as on any imprudence of their own. Confined by midnight lucubrations, subject to the disorders of a sedentary life, dependent on the caprice of pride and ignorance, and subject to a thousand mortifications and discouragements, they may, with as strict propriety, be said to eat the bread of carefulness as any man employed in the most laborious occupations of trade. We praise the statesman who enacts wise laws to preserve our property; we caress the soldier who fights decisive battles to secure our freedom; we commend the merchant who sails over vast oceans to  
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increase our national consequence ; yet despise and neglect the student, who sacrifices his health, his ease, his spirits, the powers of his head, and the zeal of his heart, to reform our manners, to amend our vices, to correct our cares, to entertain our leisure, to instruct our youth, and amuse our age. By literature the affections are enlarged from selfish prepossessions, and the judgment set free from the natural confinement of our ideas. Hence arise public love, general philanthropy, the wish that grasps a nation ; hence proceed moral rectitude, religious integrity, refined sentiment, the propagation of gospel truth, a knowledge of our own nature, and of the attributes of the divine.

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THE TRIFLER, N<sup>o</sup>. XXVIII.

## CURSORY THOUGHTS ON LEARNING.

*July 2, 1774.*

SIR,

TO estimate properly the efficacious tendency of the sciences considered in a public, a private, a national, and domestic view ; to silence the ill-directed arguments of casuists who speak irreverently of their power ; we will fix our imagination full upon the picture of a savage ; we will trust to the depth of the shade for the strength of the light ; we will take a melancholy retrospect of the Lord of the Creation, associating with the beast of the desert, buried in that dark night of ideas, which so grossly, so universally prevail. How cheerless, how desolate the night ! how terrible the gloom ! Distinguished from the wild inhabitant of the woods merely by an uprightness of stature, an articulation of voice, a superior capacity to plan the destruction of his prey ; blood was the feast of his heart, blood was the profession of his soul. When the horn roused him to the chace, or called him to battle, he pressed forward

ward to the dreary occupation of the day. He pierced the awful recesses of the shaggy wood. He traversed the inhospitable wild. He forced the horrid monster from his den, and trampled on the spoils of his prey. His eyes traversed an uncultivated country with a vacant glare of inattention, he crushed the wild flower with his foot, he listened not to the song of the nightingale ; the bloom and verdure of vegetable nature failed to captivate his sense ; and the sun, which dispelled the darkness of the night, nursed the shadows of his mind. His heart was unoccupied, uninterrupted, unawakened to the braces, the attachments, the charities of social bonds ; he dreamed nothing of public obligation, private friendship, the affinities of blood, or the ties of domestic affection ; his solitude was unblest with the sweet captivating vision of the mind, and in society to sit joyful among his fellows.

Antiquity had no tale to tell him ; the curtain of oblivion was drawn closely round the past, and the future was wrapped in an impenetrable gloom ; he had no solitary science to enlighten him, no moral philosophy to inform, no divine truth to support, no creed to engage, no hope to animate, no system to exercise his attention. The commerce of the sex was merely sensual. The demand of appetite, selfish and sordid ; his passions were wild and brutal, and every rational light was obscured ; though " the heavens declared the wisdom of God," he judged nothing from the glory of the day ; and though  
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“the firmament sheweth his handy works,” yet the moon took her silent course by night without awakening his thoughts to wisdom; and the stars and planetary systems shed no intellectual influence on his mind. Let the dull desolated creature step forward; let his form stand full in view; let us regard him with tender speculation, commiserate his dark estate, and weep over the weakness of a brother. Mark well the black dejection, that gloomy ferocity of feature, his arms are folded together, his forehead inclined towards the ground. The dew of evening falls thick upon his bare head, he scorches in the noon-tide rays of the sun. Respecting any consciousness of a rational prerogative, a principle of immortality, he is as ignorant of, as the rose of its sweetness, or the rude mountain of its mines. Respecting the intelligences, the graces, the virtues of humanity, his heart is mere animal impulse, his brains a dull negative sensation. For him wisdom has no theme, and piety no precept. His bosom is never agitated by the prejudices of conjugal love, the constraints of filial affection, the impulse of paternal tenderness, the endearments of sacred home; he is a stranger to the soft sensation of pity and of peace, of love, and gentleness, and joy. He stares with stupid amazement at his shadow; he startles at his visage in the water; the bleak storm drives him to the caves in the earth, where he makes his hard bed upon the ground; he feels little pleasure in the beauty of Spring, the brightness of Summer, or the fullness

fullness of Autumn ; and when Winter holds her desolate domain, he searches through the twilight for a solitary meal, and doses the dull season away. He knows nothing of festive mirth, the vibration of music, or the harmony of motion ; his ear never listened to the sound of the viol, or the pleasing captivation of songs. He experiences nothing of the sympathies of youth ; and, when the shadows of his even-tide of life are lengthening, when his feet are feeble, and his beard is grey, he finds no consolation for the infirmities of age, nothing to qualify the darkness of death, no anticipation of brighter prospects, no hope of an inheritance on high.

Such are the faint though faithful outlines of the portrait on which our attention should dwell. Whether this is an aggravated description of the natural weakness of humanity or not, a small share of self-knowledge may determine ; but I will venture to assert, should I appeal to an enlightened philosopher of this day, well read in the book of human nature, he will own that the depravity of the appetite, the indocility of the judgment, the blindness of the passions, and the perverseness of the will, amidst all the advantages of scientific, moral, and revealed light, leave little reason to question the truth of the dark character before us ; he will blush for the infatuation of his fellow-creatures, while he subscribes to the melancholy opinion that even in these brighter times reason is a neglected prerogative, and passion an arbitrary rule ; he will acknowledge that, in spite of  
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the teaching of the schools, we substitute vice for barbarity ; a polished licentiousness for a rude brutality of manners ; but he will insist with reason and propriety that an abuse of the *means* is very far from depreciating the intrinsic value of learning, and no proof of the inefficacy of its *end*.

The manners of the multitude plead strongly in favour of philosophy ; the mind uncultivated by education, like the original state of chaos, is without form and void. The dawns of a creative fancy may occasionally produce a transitory effect, but, like the path of an arrow in the air, leaves not a trace behind ; and unless application and experience rectify a multitude of erroneous conclusions, every deduction from the natural dependancy of things is chimerical and inconclusive, and all its speculations are vain. But if we consider learning in a view of its relation to morality, the ignorant will speak its praise. The scholar *may* oppose the convictions of his head, but the clown *must* live at the mercy of his passions ; if he be not impressed with a something more than a general superficial sense of religious obligations, he can have no absolute restraint from vice, no real stimulative to virtue, he is a slave to the fluctuation of temper, the caprice of constitution, the bad example of company, and the pernicious allurements of the world. The statutes of civil legislation may terrify him from plundering his neighbour's property, or disturbing the peace of society ; but he scruples not to infringe upon another's

ther's right, whenever he imagines he can avoid detection. With him reason is a dead letter, conscience a dumb monitor, religion the trade of priests, and eternity a foolish fable. Perhaps accident, or convenience, the indolence of disposition, or a propensity to evil, leads him to declare war against mankind, to brave the magistrate, to insult the laws, and commit every hostility in his power. He can lift a knife at the throat of the passenger, or plunge a dagger into his bosom without remorse, because the punishments of a future state are ridiculed and disregarded. The shop of the citizen may be invaded at midnight, or his till artfully purloined by day; the little property of the poor and prudent may be obtained by fraud; the bread of the fatherless and widow rudely snatched away; and yet his heart shall remain callous to all feelings, insensible to every distress he occasions in others, and still more insensible to his own. Wanting a capacity to judge consistently for himself, he is swayed by the vicious maxims of others. He never learned that industry in its meanest estate is very honourable, and that morality uniformly pursued is the highest stile of wisdom: he is a rebel towards God, his country, and his conscience; he lives the scourge of society, and dies a sacrifice to its laws.

Every public system depends upon minute contingencies; the precept of the schoolmaster, the good example of the parent, the suggestions of private interest, and the force of religious prepossession



sion, contribute more towards maintaining the harmony and consistency of society, than all the public statutes and national regulations in the world. By education we are taught to estimate the religious and civil liberties of our native land, taught to prefer its constitutional advantages to those of tyrannic states; taught to value the temperature of our seasons above those of more rigid climes. By education we are instructed in the decencies and delicacies of life, the symmetry of art, and the harmony of order, the plans of peace and the purposes of wisdom. By education the student investigates something of the arcana of nature, and vindicates, to the illiterate and mis-judging, the wisdom, the beauty, the power, the excellence, the majesty, the mystery, and the glory of the Eternal Cause.

Homo.

## THE TRIFLER, N° XXIX.

*July 9, 1774.*

SIR,

IF we look back a few centuries into the literary situation of this country, we find a general obscurity of language, a crude, dissonant, indigested compound of foreign idioms, fluctuating from one meaning to another, without harmony, without compass, without precision, and without order; the cadences were poor and insipid, inferior to every purpose, either of speaking or writing, wanting majesty, solemnity and power; the periods were quaint and unfinished, distressing to the ear, and superficial to the judgment, and so subject to constant variation, that a few years rendered the works of their authors obsolete and unintelligible; like the operation of the sculptor's chissel upon a mouldering subject, the features of the work were continually vanishing away.

If we add to the disqualified state of the language, the general barbarity of manners, the universal ignorance of the peasant and the prince, the priest and the people; we have every reason to pronounce

nounce it a deplorable situation, and to value ourselves upon the light that now shines. Pride and ambition are universal passions; as they are the offsprings of ignorance; they never fail to obtain an unlimited sway, where the weakness and credulity of the multitude yield implicitly to their will.

In one view we find petty tyrannies erected over the separate counties of this kingdom. In another, we observe a despotic sovereign, the creation of an execrable pontiff, subjugating his people to the caprices of an arbitrary temper, and biassing the beam of public justice by the insolent, oppressive arm of power: and, above all this, we are informed that the Church of Rome directed the edicts of the crown, regulated the ecclesiastical and civil government, dissolved the people from all allegiance to the prince; and made the prince discretionally independent of the people; keeping the keys of private conscience, and maintaining their dictatorial usurpation by virtue of the faggot and the sword. The logic of those times was persecution; they found the stake an invincible argument on every occasion of obstinacy and incredulity, and applied it with a most assiduous zeal. Religion consisted of Gothic rites, and monkish ceremonies. It was a crucifix and a rosary, a wafer and a shrine. The monastic formalist sat gloomily meditating in his cloister; and the pale priest contemplated his hoary legends; he traversed the cold pavement of the cathedral at the midnight chime, and called upon the sainted dead,

and hailed the horrors of the scene. His classical knowledge was confined to a little barbarous Latin, and, respecting every branch of natural philosophy, he was totally ignorant of them all. He made no researches into the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, the constitution of the earth, the laws of gravitation and attraction, the properties of the air, the relations between natural, moral, and physical causes, the conduct of the solar system, and the general observations of nature. Astronomy was a Chaldean dream, and geography was a fabulous chart; he had no conception of the symmetry of science, the liberality of its extent, and the utility of its end. Uninformed himself, he propagated error among the people. The toiling mechanic, labouring under the disadvantages of a confined, unequal commerce, could scarcely determine the deficiency of his gains; and the shepherd exercised some degree of capacity, that could count the number of his fold. The best instructed among the schools were enveloped in pedantry and dogmas; they were distinguishable by an awkward obscurity, a mechanical mode of speech, and a close confinement of ideas: they could neither instruct the sailor to steer by a chart, nor a philosopher to raise his telescope to the stars.

The abject state of the marine subjected the coast to continual invasion; and the vassalage of the soldiery involved the kingdom perpetually with intestine jars.

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The nobles, uncultivated by books, and disqualified for study, employed their leisure in boorish, athletic exercises among their tenants; or, jealous of some regal claim, drew off the husbandman from the farm, to people the camp; and, when the purposes of provincial tumult were answered, the cottager was sent back to his neglected fields. He was sent back to witness the desolation of his acres, the failure of his harvest, to reap and thrash laboriously for chaff, and incumber his granary with straw. Thus the peasant was kept poor by temporal tyranny, and vicious by spiritual absolution. There was no incentive to industry, for there was no security for possession: his land and life were constantly at the mercy of a mendicant monk, and a persecuting conclave of priests, from whose verdict (such was the ignorant infatuation of the times) there was no appeal even to the highest civil jurisdiction. The cabals of the Vatican, favoured by the ignorance of the people, made this country a constant scene of confusion; they promoted every violent hostility at home, and trifled away the blood of the subject at pleasure, in pompous crusades and foreign expeditions. They convulsed the state by their councils, and ruled it with a rod of iron. Bulls and anathemas, ambiguous edicts, and *holy execrations*, were lavishly distributed on every political occasion, and every system of infernal fraud was founded on the weakness of mankind. They substituted the sign of the cross for the substance; the trappings of external parade

for purity of heart, and uprightness of conscience; they deluded the multitude by the glare of their dresses, the speciousness of their lip-service and knee-service, the flattery of frequent formal prostrations, and the incoherent jargon of some rude prayers muttered in a foreign tongue; thus they maintained the supremacy of the church, and availed themselves of the general superstition, to enrich their coffers, to gratify their pride, to promote their pomp, and to extend their power. They well knew a translation of the Bible might be attended with fatal consequences to their authority, and therefore provided against every possible diminution of their sway. They were aware that every conviction of an ordinary understanding opposed in some degree the farcical manœuvres of the church, and were unwilling to cope with superfluous opposition. Common sense, improved ever so little, had been an adversary too mighty for their strength; and they felt the advantages of fattening upon ignorance too sensibly, to renounce them in favour of wisdom. The affectation of austerity recommended the form of their faith; their penances, their processions, their miracles, seduced the crowd to implicit obedience; confessions and dispensations gave an unlimited latitude to their influence; while the rhetoric of persecution was successfully employed to put an unanswerable negative upon every sceptical question.

In this manner the world became rescued from the wildness of a state of nature, to be involved in a state  
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of slavery ; and thus the common right of natural freedom was disputed by ecclesiastical impostors, excluded as pernicious to their interests, and silenced by the thunder of the pulpit.

The savage was a citizen of the world, he was born free, and he lived so. Lord of himself, he paid no submission to his fellows ; though he slept in the dens of the desert, yet he exercised his will with freedom. He plucked the ripe fruit from the branches, and no one disputed his claim ; he roamed about the country at large without trespassing upon another's inclosure ; and, as he was led by instinct to acknowledge nature for his mistress and his mother, he enjoyed the prerogatives of a servant and a son. But when society became united, when a sense of the mutual necessities of their nature led men to incorporate together ; when the jarring divisions of the multitude compelled them to seek for rulers and lawgivers, to preserve the œconomy of a compacted body, united under one head ; when a spirit of ambition was kindled in the breasts of individuals by the delegated authority of the crowd ; then it was that kings became tempted to trample upon the common rights of the subject ; and then it was that the clergy presumed upon the confidence of the people, to tyrannize over the tyrannies of all ; they obstructed every path that could possibly lead to science, they propagated monstrous doctrines, they scattered darkness and contagion on every side, they fettered

the mind by incongruous fictions, and compelled the will to be obedient to their sway.

But we have experienced in this country the happy effects of a general information, that has proved capable of correcting the tenor of so universal an evil. As Englishmen grew enlightened, they spurned the papal yoke, and vindicated their right to freedom; they planned, they fought, they digested wise laws, they determined the just balance between civil and religious power, they excelled in the polite arts, and rivalled the neighbouring nations in liberty, in learning, in policy, and in power. They reduced their legislative system to a rational subordination, and drew an equitable line to determine the precise prerogative between prince and people; they extended their commerce, increased their wealth, accumulated conquests, exalted their national character for scientific discoveries, and remain to this day the envy and admiration of foreign kingdoms, and the invincible guardians of their own.

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## THE TRIFLER, N° XXX.

*July 16, 1774.*

SIR,

THE character of a man of learning, considered in a general view, strikes the mind with a respectable idea. The multitude look up to him for light, they honour the wisdom of his pursuits, and give him credit for an unlimited superiority over the common capacity of mankind.

In the polite and learned æras of Greece and Rome, genius was not only patronized by the great, but revered by the vulgar; and we remark in the life of Zoilus the cynical critic, that the people were not content with celebrating the immortality of Homer, as the prince of poets, but idolized him as a deity with the most enthusiastic devotion.

Indeed, a considerable degree of public distinction is due to men, who dedicate their time and talents to the public service; and with regard to such who excel in the liberal indulgence of an elegant fancy, who rather charm the passions than influence the judgment, the following remark is rather apposite and striking: Francis the First, King of France, holding

holding in his arms an expiring painter (Leonarde de Vinci), was accosted by one of his courtiers on his excess of condescension; this was the substance of his reply: "I can make many lords such as you are every day; but God only can make such a man as I am now losing."

A comparative view of the past and present situation of society obliges us to esteem men of abilities as public benefactors to the world, who inform the ignorant, gratify the curious, flatter the ingenious, and stimulate the truly intelligent to pursuits, most worthy the immortal distinctions of nature. But as men of letters, and men of judgment, are often confounded together, though their separate influence upon the world deserves a particular distinction, and as a character for sense and learning may be indiscriminately applied, I shall introduce three gentlemen, and, having briefly dwelt on their separate dispositions, shall from thence deduce some candid conclusions. Mr. Beaufort, a man of fortune, had three sons, Philip, Edward, and Charles. Philip was the favourite of his father; the old gentleman studiously attended to the first dawnings of his reason, he consulted the bias of his young heart, he found it a thirst for wisdom. The youth betrayed by an inquisitive disposition in trifles, and delighted to exercise his infant abilities on every question that occurred. As he grew up, his passion for knowledge increased daily, he applied to books, he sought for  
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tutors; the trifling engagement of young minds had no charm for him; he sighed in secret for wisdom; he courted her in morning walks, and midnight studies; he turned anxiously over the dusty volumes of antiquity, and conversed with the sages of the world. His mind was ever wrapt in philosophic vision, or busied in mathematical researches, or engrossed by some deep question of the schools. How he loved retirement from the rude clamours of the crowd! how he doated on tranquil recesses! by the bank of calm waters he stretched his limbs along, and indulged in the noblest meditation. The dissipation of his fellow-students filled him with astonishment; the pleasure of youth, and the avarice of age, his soul sickened at, as vulgar passions. Man, he argued was a mysterious immortal creature, infinitely capacious in the powers of his mind, yet abject in the bias of his nature: he insisted, that a constant, zealous exercise of his reason alone distinguished him from the brutes; and maintained, that wisdom was the only solitary blessing time could furnish here below, or an eternity of joy consist in. A constant habit of reflection confined him to his closet. He was ever disqualified for mixed societies. As his own learned strength increased, he found increasing cause to remark the deficiencies of his companions, and, therefore, had no relish for the conversation of men of moderate abilities, but was confined to the societies of the few. Common topics never engaged his attention; he was absent to all  
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but learned debates and curious disquisitions. He objected to the illiterate nature of convivial mirth, that consisted of common-place anecdotes, hackneyed jests, and stories with little meaning; he required a strict grammatical precision in discourse, and a constant discussion of such subjects as tend to improve the mind. He could converse on all history, sacred and profane, from the *mist* of Sanconiathon to the age he lived in. He commented on every revolution in the learned and political world, from the earliest records of antiquity. He might be called, with truth, a walking library. He dived deep into all sciences, he excelled in experimental and systematical philosophy. He published many learned treatises on the greatest subjects; his opinions were constantly quoted by coteremporary writers, and his decisions were always admitted as absolute and conclusive; he talked very little, and weighed his words; his discourse was always grave and sententious, yet valuable and weighty; he seldom laughed, for fear of betraying the dignity of wisdom by a levity peculiar to little minds; his eye was expressive of abstruse reverie, and his features were dressed with a solemn sort of attention; a sedentary life impaired his constitution, his cheeks were pale and languid, and his eyebrows, by a constant application to books, were sunk into a gloomy frown; as he had little commerce with the natural world, his address was confined and formal; he was insensible to domestic occurrences, and negligent of every common

mon obligation by which society is united ; he was master of a temperate persevering judgment, neither exposed to the pert vivacity of wit, nor subject to the cold trammels of a contracted understanding ; his ideas were rather correct than brilliant, his passions rather passive than impetuous, his will was obedient to the severity of his reason, his affections were regulated by precise rules, and his whole deportment displayed the character of a profound scholar, mortifying the natural weakness of man ; yet this profound scholar considered morality as a political rule of right, subject to accidental constitutional contingencies, and treated the mysteries of religion with a latitude of criticism and freedom ; he demanded a mathematical evidence for the establishment of every creed, and objected to the metaphysical *arcana* of the church, with the confidence of the Greek philosophers of old.

The disposition of Edward Beaufort was in every respect opposite to that of his brother ; he was naturally quick and vivacious, fanciful, and full of fire. The pleasures of imagination engaged his attention very early in life, but they were of a different nature from such as his brother delighted in ; he was indifferent about deep inquiries, and confined his attention to objects of a mere fanciful nature, dedicating his talents to the Muses. He was a candidate for the still path ; a soft poetic indolence of thought soothed his heart with the ideal pleasures of the visionary world ; and he sacrificed every gratification  
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to that supreme passion of his soul. At school, he was master of the classics in a short time, where he confined all his studies to the antient and modern poets; he never considered objects through a vulgar medium, but refined on all he read, and all he saw; his ear melted into a thrilling sensation of rapture at a master key of music, and when some interesting composition of a judicious author led him insensibly to frolic over fairy ground, his heart would heave with insensible delight, and his eyes glisten with an extasy of joy. He would walk many miles to behold some hoary vestige of antiquity; he would gaze with wrapt attention upon the trembling ruins of an abbey wall, shrinking from the embraces of the ivy that surrounded it, and weep over the humbled battlements of some venerable castle, the story of whose warlike chief was celebrated in antient song. He loved to listen to the bird of eve in solitary, unfrequented lanes, and the tinkling harmony of the sheep bells, scattered over distant downs; if discourse turned upon *rural* situations, he would talk wildly of sedged brooks, sylvan glades, and the grotto of the hermitage, and exercise his mind upon a variety of flattering ideas, as the finer vibrations of fancy subdued the calmer dictates of cool reason: time, however, corrected this enthusiasm in some degree; yet he still found a constitutional incapacity for graver studies, he still loved the fanciful effects of a brilliant genius, and adhered to a fixed passion for poetry and painting, with a considerable degree  
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of infatuation. His conversation was lively, susceptible, and engaging in the extreme; he was successful in a smart epigrammatic turn of wit, and an easy familiar introduction of pleasing subjects. As he felt a general capacity for company, he associated with the witty and gay; a brisk circulation of the glass brightened his fancy, and he indulged with great freedom on every occasion; his heart was large and warm, benevolent and easy, he was generous without consistency, and consulted a superficial delicacy and liberality in his commerce with the world, which betrayed his sense to gratify his sensations. His temper was capricious and unequal; a lively sensibility that was kept constantly awake by trifles, cheered and oppressed his mind alternately with a quick succession of bright and gloomy images; and as the weight of time, and prevalence of curiosity, induced him to skim the surface of many books, he was always prepared, by the help of a strong memory, to say something upon every question without being master of any. He had no knowledge of human nature, because he studied it by the precarious standard of his own feelings; he had no objection to a profession of morality, as it never confined his practice, and was intirely free from all prejudice against religion for this reason, he never thought seriously about it. He was universally esteemed for his humanity and politeness, his good sense and amiable behaviour abroad, and at home his domestics were charmed with a master who neglected every household

houshold concern. He was too delicate to demand a debt, and too careless in contracting many. The opinion of the world never influenced his conduct; he considered himself too well informed to be biassed by vulgar prejudices, and the examples of the public were too limited for his refined conceptions. In short, Edward Beaufort was a character very frequently to be met with; superficially acquainted with the *Belles Lettres*, valuing himself upon an universal smattering of knowledge upon all subjects, indifferent about intrinsic excellencies, and determined against the common maxims of the crowd. As Sir Isaac Newton observed, a superficial study of astronomy might make a man an infidel; so we may remark, that a superficial acquaintance with books rather confuses and diverts the mind from rational and useful applications, than qualifies it to correct the errors of the heart, and support the dignity of true wisdom.

THE



## THE TRIFLER, N° XXXI.

*August 6, 1774.*

SIR,

IN commenting upon the characters of the scholar and the wit, I hope I have not drawn a single line, that is not generally to be found in them; that I have not trespassed upon truth and candour; that I have not neglected the lights to dwell too long upon the shades; I have acknowledged the public obligations that are due to them for the ornaments of society, and conceive I take no unwarrantable freedom, in endeavouring to maintain that happiness is not confined to books or philosophy; but that men of every degree of understanding have some particular advantages peculiar to themselves; that the mind habitually accommodates itself to every gradation of intelligence; that nature in her dark estate is as certain a guide as the best precepts of human wisdom; and that Heaven is good to all.

Philosophers and scholars are great names. But with all suitable deference for their high abilities, we may remark without any superior strength of policy, that, were a nation composed of such men,

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the state would infallibly totter. It is true, we have many instances upon record in Greek and Roman, modern and provincial history, of the highest national offices being filled with dignity and lustre by the great talents of men of letters; ministers who have excelled in political knowledge; judges and counsellors of the realm who have executed judgment in righteousness and honour; magistrates who have corrected the stubborn genius of a people; and generals who have raised a nation's glory. But we well know to what subordinate causes these great effects were indebted; we well know that the farmer and the mechanic, the seaman and the soldier, are a kingdom's strength, as well as riches; and respecting learned characters, we well know that many fatal refinements have been introduced by the schools, to debase the heart, and debilitate the hand; to corrupt the morals, and degrade the mind.

I honour the great Trenchard for observing, that such was his respect for men of trade, that he never passed a cobbler's stall, without feeling an inclination to take his hat off to the whistling mechanic; and the Dean of St. Patrick's deserves praise for this remark, "That a man who can make two blades of corn grow, where only one grew before, serves a state more intrinsically than the whole tribe of *literati* put together." The Dean spoke feelingly perhaps; he suspected wits to be mere drones in the political hive, and consequently indulged his candour accordingly. I conceive the situation of a  
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neighbouring country is a striking proof of the propriety of the Dean's observation, though at the same time it exhibits a contemptible instance of weakness in neglecting a wise application of so judicious a reason.

Were education less cultivated in Scotland, or less indiscriminately indulged; were their schools less numerous, or their poor more limited in learning; the land would not remain sterile to a proverb, but the plough-share would be properly applied; industry might rectify in a great degree the severity of a rigid climate; the fields might be covered with grain, and the barns might be stored with plenty; the labourer might make a decent provision for his family, and the poor Laird boast some substantial supply. But while a spirit of pride, that disgraces common sense, is maintained by a mean title to a meaner estate, while little beggarly distinctions are suffered to elevate a 'squire of twenty pounds per annum above the useful offices of trade; while the families of every half-starved peasant are taught to increase the knowledge of their necessities, by a general application to learning; the country must naturally remain neglected, and a general poverty succeed. I believe no man despises a provincial prejudice more than I do; I have a hand of fellowship for honest men of every church, and of every country under Heaven; I regard the Scotch, in particular, as a sober, moral, judicious people, but object freely to their want of national policy, and their indulgence

of a contemptible pride. I object to every species of pride, as a mean mark of an inferior spirit, that questions its title to that homage it so insolently claims. I conceive the spade may earn an honourable meal, and that the bread of labour dignifies the hand that bears it. I contend that more public benefit is derived from the industry of the labourer than the sentiments of the sage, and that the true natural genius of every people can only be determined by that humbler degree of sense that informs the merchant and the mechanic. But if trade be so material to the welfare of the state, it is still more to the interest and happiness of individuals, as it not only acquires the conveniencies and decencies of life, but promotes health by bodily exercise, and secures the activity of the mind from those idle chimeras and unprofitable reveries, those dangerous ideas and doubtful speculations, in which men of leisure are frequently involved. The man who is confined to his counter can have little opportunity to disturb the public by seditious libels from his pen, to promote confusion in the state, to weaken the authority of the laws, or to question the fundamentals of religion; he has little opportunity to become acquainted with the fashionable vices of the times, to cheat the prodigal at the gaming-table, to plan the seduction of innocence, to debauch the morals of youth, or destroy the peace of a family. While his mind is fixed upon the objects of his trade, he is secured from the oppressive weight of time; he needs not  
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the assistance of a pernicious book, or a licentious companion ; he is equally indifferent about the aids of the bottle, and is only solicitous to oblige his customers, and increase the fortunes of his children.

I have considered Charles Beaufort as a man of this disposition ; I have allotted to him a mercantile share of dulness ; I have submitted to the prevailing opinion, that a citizen and a shopman may be deficient in the refinement of sense ; but I have dwelt freely on the brighter side of the question. Writers will exalt writers : the plain character has no voice in the argument ; but the old fable of the lion and the man might well be introduced here.

Among inferior wits we find good citizens constantly treated with equivocal compliments respecting the state of their ideas ; but I see no reason to confine an illiberal epithet to the trading part of the community, when our nobility and men of fortune, educated at the first seminaries of the land, have so little pre-eminence to boast of. I may dose over a dull repetition of book jests, and uninteresting stories, at the table of a cit ; but what literary excellence, or useful information, shall I commonly find in the best conversation of a peer ? Will he give me a rational account of his youthful travels to the different courts of Europe ? Will he entertain me with judicious remarks upon the customs, constitutions, genius, and prevailing distinctions of foreign countries ? Will he instruct me in the political, legislative, literary, or religious situations of other kingdoms ? or,

will he acquaint me with the general state of my own? I shall be lucky to find his lordship in so good a humour, but suspect he dwells briefly on these things. I may hear more probably of a relic at Rome, or a ruin at Naples; a eunuch at Nice, or a fiddle-stick at Florence; a picture at Versailles, or a courtesan at Paris. If his lordship be rendered facetious by a third bottle, I may possibly be edified with his midnight rambles, his *glorious* debaucheries; the high fun he experienced in the course of his tour, the witticisms his genius constantly suggested, and the arch-tricks he practised on his tutor. If discourse turn upon public affairs, he talks elaborately of pensions, and gold keys, a minister and a borough. Church and state serve him for a toast when the glass stagnates; and his lordship is never at a loss for a jest, while he can laugh at the liberties of the people.

Candid minds will always deliberate before they judge; and they will determine, that, if citizens have less light than men of fashion, they have less frailty too. Let a foreigner be carried through this metropolis on a Sunday; and let him say, in which part of the capital most decency prevails. Will he tell us that the taverns, the coffee-houses, the scenes of public dissipation, are more frequented in the city than at St. James's? Will he assure us that the evening visits, card-tables, the rattling of carriages, the glare of flambeaus, and thundering at street doors, are more to be complained of in the city? Or will he

he say (*ad sidera palmas*), that the loungers of a court, the *dilletanti* sons of laziness and *virtú*, the despicable dupes of fashion, and the tinselled slaves of vice, are to be seen clustering in every gay circle, at the polite quarter of the town, to the insult of religion, the disgrace of civil rule, the contempt of decency, and violation of order! Will he marvel at the prosperity of a state that stands upon such rotten pillars, and honor the character of citizens, who alone counteract so national an evil.

I have, somewhere, met with a story of a Christian endeavouring to convert a Jew. The Israelite was staggered by his arguments, but resolved to go first to Rome, before he renounced his creed. His friend dissuaded him from his journey, lest the licentiousness of the priests should overturn all his persuasion.

However, the man went, and returned, to his great surprise, a thorough convert. "I have been, Sir," said he, "to Rome, I have witnessed more debaucheries than I could possibly conceive were ever practised, much less under the cloak of religion, and am convinced, that, unless your church had a divine support, the wickedness of its professors must inevitably have ruined it long ago." Pray, may not a political inference, suitable to the present times, be deduced from the convert's observations? and may we not conclude, from an ordinary judgment of national affairs, that the dull plodding citizens of Holland, or the plain yeomen of Switzerland, are better able to promote and pre-

serve the intrinsic welfare of a country, than the plausible *scholastic* senators without public zeal; than professing patriots without *common honesty*; than statesmen without principle, and philosophers without power.

When the commerce of a country declines, the nerves and sinews are relaxing. The orator may deplore the public bankruptcy in fine terms, and the politician may plan deep schemes for its future advantage.

But the prescription of the wisest physician can avail little without medicine, and the most judicious calculation that ever was made requires some cash to support it. Men of theory may form what conclusions they think proper, they may despise the hard hands that feed them; but I must take leave to observe, that when the *wit* of a king, or the *wisdom* of a minister, reduces a kingdom to decay, though the learned may draw fine pictures for the ignorant to weep over, it is the arms of the soldier must check its career, and the merchant and mechanic redeem it.

THE



## THE TRIFLER, N° XXXII.

August 13, 1774.

SIR,

THERE are, besides the professed scholar, the positive wit, and the complete citizen, some compound characters who affect a relation to all these; yet cannot be properly classed under the denomination of either. Men of books, who mistake a pedantic mechanical acquaintance with authors for judgment and consummate erudition; men of luxuriant genius, who receive little benefit from cultivation; and others, who want every natural and acquired information; may, with strict propriety, be termed *Vox et præterea nihil*.

Parents deserve censure, as enemies to society, who direct their sons to learning, in opposition to every bias of their passions, and every confinement of their understanding. A family connection, a prospect of advancement in the church, or in the schools; an opportunity of promoting future interest in life, by assuming the title of a learned profession; has peopled the pulpit, the college, and the bar, with

with blockheads of the first magnitude, and most dangerous consequence to the moral, physical, and civil welfare of the community. We are indebted to such men for the *obscurity* of St. Paul, and the *confusion* of Galen; for dogmatically explaining away the common rights of mankind, and pointing out so many contradictory *intersecting* paths to Heaven. They write dreadful dull books by the precise rules of grammar, they maintain creeds by an infallible *ipse dixit*. Their speech consists of old saws and formal sentences; they discourse gravely of moods and tenses, concord and declensions; they quote formidable, antique authorities on every insignificant occasion; and are equally cold, mysterious, and insipid, dark, distant, and disgusting.

When I talk with Mr. A. about the weather, he is so kind as to instruct me, that there is a material difference between a gross element and a rarified atmosphere; that clouds are watery exhalations; winds invisible agents; that cold may be plausibly accounted for, from the want of solar influences; and that heat is most frequently to be found in hot climates. If I question him of his health; good Heavens! how he descants on pulsation and secretion! perspiration and animal oeconomy! He informs me the antients were unacquainted with the circulation of the blood; and proves to me, from an experiment he made on his tabby cat in an air-pump, that all animal as well as vegetable life requires some wholesome element to support it. These proofs lead him  
insensibly

insensibly to question the possibility of a vacuum, to establish the doctrine of gravity and cohesion, to vindicate the laws of attraction, and treat of the origin of matter. This suggests a learned remark on the divisibility of matter; that prompts a curious comment on the constitution of matter; now we dive into the centre of the earth; now we visit the confines of the Sun; now we travel at a round rate from one planet to another; and now take a peep at the stars. My friend has so happy a method of leading to the most important subjects, that he cannot put the poker into the fire, without holding forth upon the power of the lever; and never fails, when he hears the jack going in the kitchen, to treat his cook-maid with a learned lecture on the action of multiplying wheels, and the use that may one day be made on the discovery of a perpetual motion. He is at present busy in some mechanic enquiries; and seems inclined to believe, when the flying chariot of Bishop Wilkins shall be brought to perfection, that the turnpike roads may be repaired at less expence, and the rate of land carriage grow considerably cheaper. He has a great affection for languages, and never talks on common points without some quotations from the classics; and indeed so fervent is his zeal to instruct the ignorant in this particular, that I have frequently observed he quotes Greek and Latin most generally to such as cannot understand him. He is very fond of defining compound words, and tracing distant derivations. His  
speech

speech is tinctured with a sleepy solemnity; and I have sometimes been obliged to take the freedom to blame him for being somewhat sententious and particular. I tell him a rich man need not carry his purse in his hand; and that a scholar should not always show his reading.

In repeating a jest, no man is so unfortunate as my friend; as the most brilliant expression never moves a muscle of his own face, he is careful not to affect the risibility of other men; he is a violent advocate in favour of *as if*; and dearly loves, at the conclusion of every short period, to introduce, *and so*. He always determines the genealogy, as well as the geography of a joke, by telling me a friend of his, a very good sort of man he believes, at least he knows nothing to the contrary, in such a place, and at such a time, fell in company with such a sort of person. That he don't speak it from his own hearing, but has no doubt of the credibility of the party, who to the best of his knowledge always speaks within compass; and that he did assure him, as he was smoking a pipe one evening with a gentleman whom I well know, he thinks it was Monday evening, but is not perfectly clear as to that point, about nine o'clock, but he cannot be quite certain, in the presence of Mr. Such-a-one, but he don't like to be positive, that he heard such a story repeated to the great entertainment of the room, though he don't care to vouch for its authenticity altogether.

He

He is so passionately fond of a character for wisdom, that, sooner than the want of commendation of the world for literary productions, he will most generously *adopt* the writings of other men. He will subscribe his name good-naturedly to the essays of the dead ; he will bring the works of modest authors into light, to compleat a book he publishes at the particular request of friends, and charitably run all risques of critical censure or applause.

My friend Mr. A. has in short more learning than he can conveniently carry, and less wit than he could very conveniently use ; his knowledge, like embroidery on a blanket, is finery thrown away, or, like a heavy building on a sandy soil, it is lost for want of a foundation.

Mr. B. is a reverend divine, and a pretty figure ; he wears a smart one-curl wig, and, I may sagely assert, no gentleman is more particular in his linen. He has read the title pages of many books ; he is a very honest good sort of a man by his fire-side, but he has something too much of Tully in the pulpit. As the bee extracts honey from a field-flower, he can give a rhetorical turn to trifles ; he has a graceful elegant mode of delivering to tickle the tender passions of the fair sex, though the richness of his language, like sweat-meat in a plumb-cake, is sometimes apt to surfeit plain stomachs. There is, moreover, a lovely originality in his manner, that never fails of a striking effect upon the organs of his hearers. Delicate dear creature, he demonstrates

monstrates the advantage of a finished education, by tenderly adapting his discourse to the politest notions of the politest people. He never addresses his audience with the vulgar epithets of fallen sinners, nor presumes to tell well-dressed Christians that they are miserable, blind, and naked. No, his conceptions of true preaching are far superior to such vulgarisms as these: he qualifies his language with the sweetest ornaments, and flatters grave citizens, their wives and daughters, with a superior stile of eloquent expression. He disdains the confinements of narrow souls, and though he is sensible his lectures are chiefly frequented by milliners and mantua-makers, old men who seek for rest, and young ones who search for sweethearts, he will address them in this pretty way, "Ye men of divinity, ye sages of the church, ye wise reasoners, ye logical schoolmen, ye men of plain ideas, ye simple souls, ye good sort of old gentlewomen who frequent this congregated meeting," &c.

Then, for a climax; dearly does he love a climax; and with respect to wire-drawing of monosyllables, he has so excellent a talent, that he never mentions a tree without telling us that its constituent parts consist of the root, the trunk, the sap, the bark, the branch, the bud, the leaf, the blossom, and the fruit. As he wisely thinks it proper not to meddle with controversial doctrines, he studiously avoids divinity altogether; and as he judges that the language of mean fishermen is rather too rude and unpolished,

polished, he has kindly banished the scriptures from his pulpit, and introduced poetry in its stead. Longinus observes, that question both enlivens and strengthens a discourse, which perhaps induced my young friend to presume one evening on the safety of his situation. Is there (said he, bridling up his chin, and looking unalterable sentiments), is there a mortal man in this assembly who questions the immortality of the soul? If there be, let him with all suitable expedition depart this place, because he can have no part in this evening's lecture: for which reason, and some other singularities, I have taken the freedom to class him under my second head, and to pity his vivacity accordingly.

Respecting men of sound, or men of sentiment, the character is too common in this great metropolis to admit of a particular stricture. Our streets are crowded with the butterflies of fashion, who labour to degrade their species, who deal in tea-table repartee and little prettinesses; who can harangue for an hour together on a lace or a lappet; chat deliciously with gossips at a christening; talk elaborately of tooth-picks, and smelling-bottles; pass judgment on essences, and perfumes; dangle a cane with a grace; and determine the etiquette of fine breeding. I wish to deal as gently with these effeminate insipidities as I would with chickens or with children; I wish not to oppress their feeble nerves with too severe a scourging of the pen, nor to discompose their spirits with the weight of a little finger; but I sincerely

cerely wish, for the honour of our schools, and the credit of the age we live in, that such objects were universally treated with superlative contempt, were expelled every rational society, that their fopperies might be carefully avoided.

I have often thought, that if our schools were generally established upon a public foundation, and each preceptor was confined to a certain annual stipend, which should restrict him from every private douceur, he would be exempt from the temptation of flattering parents into a false persuasion of the talents of their children, and might sometimes deal so candidly as to direct their useful studies the right way, as it would be indifferent to him whether the young gentleman became his scholar or not : he might say to the parent, you are studious that your child might be taught Greek and Latin, but I rather advise writing and accompts ; he may one day excel as a cheesemonger, but I beg of you not to think of a cassock or lawn sleeves, for he will certainly disgrace them.

• You wish me to teach him mathematics ; but, Sir, you should consider my credit is concerned in the attempt, and, from what I have already observed, your son is not a proper soil for such fruits to thrive in ; if my opinion may have weight, let us teach him plain English, impress his memory with the obligations of the decalogue, preach to him the golden rules of moral honesty, and qualify him for the duties of a tradesman. I examine, Sir, into the capacities



capacities of all the children under my care, and pay no servile respect to the circumstances of their parents. I never flatter the blockhead of a lord, nor neglect the offspring of the mechanic, but direct all to such pursuits as seem to me most likely to benefit them hereafter in the world.

Were such the conduct and the language of tutors, youth would be ingenuously dealt with; they would fill such stations in life, as providence designed them for, the industry of the hand would atone for the deficiencies of the head; the sphere of sense and learning would not be invaded by introducing dunces; men of determined abilities would be generally encouraged, their talents would be properly distinguished, and their character supported with honour.

## THE TRIFLER, N° XXXIII.

August 20, 1774.

SIR,

WE have an instance of an eminent judge, who drew up his last testament in a concise way, agreeable to the demands of common-sense, without paying a servile attention to the forms of law; without a mechanical repetition of *said* or *aforesaid*, *whereas*, or *nevertheless*, *notwithstanding*. In like manner, I wish parents would not suffer their children to be instructed according to the *forms* of the schools, but agreeable to the rules of plain reason. Every father of a family, of common understanding, should assist in the important work of fitting his children for society; he should contribute his precept and example, to train the human plant to virtue and wisdom; he should reflect that an ill-taught son is rather a banè than a blessing to the community, and that the prejudices of maturer age take their rise from early inculcations, and the prevalence of infant lessons.

I address.

I address the father of a family, and submit my advice with modest freedom.

“ SIR,

“ YOU have given a member to society, a subject to the state, a candidate for heaven; think seriously of these titles; weigh the obligations that devolve upon you, and what circumspection is requisite to fulfil them. You are inclined, I am persuaded, to follow the conduct of your neighbours, to leave his earlier teaching to nurses, and female instruments, and when he is qualified for a master, and a boarding-school, you propose fixing him with propriety. In all this you concur with the opinion of the multitude, and set consequences entirely out of the question. But, Sir, the opinion of the multitude is no lure for men of sense; they submit not to its servile prescriptions; they judge for themselves in point of superior moment, and are satisfied they cannot exercise a spirited vindication of their judgments in a more important way, than by attending to the instruction of their children. Perhaps a friend of yours recommends a school, as situated in a fine soil, and wholesome air; he speaks well of the abilities of the master; and the general care that is taken. You have no particular attachment to any tutor, and are, in fact, indifferent about all. The young gentleman begins to question the authority of his mother, and you own it necessary to send him somewhere

for a few years, till he shall be qualified to begin the world. A wild charge is given to the tutor, to teach him Latin, and to teach him Greek, to qualify him for writing and accounts; to procure him a French usher and a fribbling dancing-master; and then you resolve to make yourself entirely easy about the rest; the boy may learn if he thinks proper, but, if not, it is not your fault; you thank God you have done your duty. Sir, I speak plain, a savage mother who throws her new-born infant in the Ganges, to swim or sink as it is able, may, with as much or more propriety, employ your words, and thank God *she has done her duty*. In obedience to the cruel plan of a benighted country, she offers up her offspring to be the subject of chance in a tumultuous element; and you forsake yours to the vicious propensities of an evil heart, and the tyranny of impetuous passions. The tree is corrupt at the root; yet, misjudging man, you are content with cultivating its branches, and do not reflect if the fountain be bitter at the source, you may sweeten the stream in vain.

I allow, Sir, that schoolmasters, and men of study, labour to exalt your opinion of learning, and to captivate your prejudices with general accounts of the many advantages that are required from books, and an acquaintance with the wisdom of the schools; they plead for it in general terms, as a noble, rational exaltation above the vulgar, and advance very fine things in favour of the literary consequence  
with

with which scholars are distinguished in the world. But, Sir, the flattery of this argument ought not to confine your judgment; the schools have not yet discovered an unerring standard for truth; the wisest are not exempt from prejudice, and opinion is free to all. When Cicero asked the Oracle at Delphos, how he should arrive at glory, he was answered by consulting his own genius, and not the opinion of the people; and, in like manner, Sir, I advise you to pursue the dictates of your own sense, and not to be biassed by the sentiments of the world. You should consider, after admitting all that can be insisted on, in behalf of school-knowledge, there are still essential considerations to be attended to, in which the intrinsic happiness of your son is most materially concerned; and though the glare of fine talents may dazzle the crowd, that there is a wisdom superior to all fame, which shines not in elaborate expression, but satisfies the heart in private, in solitude, in midnight silence; in the darkness of distress it satisfies, and supports a fine fortitude of spirit, when the consolations of philosophy are nothing.

There is a valuable virtue in self-knowledge, which some of the greatest men of all ages have laboured to practise and recommend; and we find that the ancient moralists constantly taught their disciples to attend to that excellent study, above all others that the oracles of wisdom could teach them. Those wise characters were sensible how great a theme for speculation and improvement was to be

found within their own bosoms, and they rationally determined that the man who could control himself was by far a greater conqueror than Alexander, and commanded as numerous a host as the proud Persian, who wept over his dying million. This knowledge taught them a modest diffidence in their own worth, and a charity for the failings of others. This knowledge induced Seneca to observe, in his discourse upon precepts, that philosophy is a *limited* wisdom. This knowledge taught Socrates to justify the judgment of the physiognomist, who mistook his character; and this knowledge led Plato to request a friend would catechize his offending servant, because, said he, *I am in a passion*. There is something beautifully clear in the *Nosce teipsum* of Sir John Davies, which furnishes a treatise in every stanza; but why need I quote so many respectable authorities to support a truth which challenges the conviction of the meanest minds; you must be diligent, Sir, to awaken the attention of your son to himself, and direct your council to his heart, Sir; teach him above all things to control the caprice of his temper, to subdue the obstinacy of the will, to humble the pride of self-sufficiency, and regulate his passions by reason; conjure him, as he values wisdom, to be very modest in the use of it; and as he wishes for the opinion of others, consult himself with an assiduous zeal. Tell him the criticisms of learned men never can reach such wisdom; that the divided sentiments of the public never will effect it; that the  
literary

literary successes of others will not excite its envy ; and that it will never be agitated by the idle discord of schools. To do this, furnish him with a high criterion ; tell him it was the observation of an illustrious stoic, that he always chose to be correct in private, lest some invisible genius of moral wisdom might be near him, and fix upon his mind the superior inducement of a Christian, who walks by the light of revelation, in the presence of him who made him. Admonish him, that though temporal statutes may be invaded in secret, that nothing escapes the eternal ; and impress this moral of Pythagoras constantly in his memory, that a man, before he enters on an evil action, should remember with high respect and veneration the unerring witness within him. These lessons, Sir, will qualify every instruction of his tutor ; this will make him rich beyond all temporal possession, and wise beyond all fame ; and when maturer years shall convince him of the value of your maxims, he will bless your memory, and perpetuate your worth to succeeding generations, when your temples are reposing in dust, and the works of your hand are forgotten.

Permit me to attempt an illustration of this, by submitting the moral of an Eastern fable.

“ In the pride of wealth, in the dignity of titles, in the blaze of princely splendor, Amurath, the mighty above all the nations of the East, ascended the throne of his father. ‘ Let,’ said he, ‘ the acclamations of adoring multitudes salute me ; let the

concave of heaven ring. Death has set his cold seal upon my father, and he sleeps.' O king, live for ever! The nations tremble at thy name: mighty conqueror, live for ever! The princes of the earth are subject to thy sway; great Amurath, live for ever!

“ This great monarch was educated, like kings of modern times, at a dangerous distance from himself, from the councils of truth, and the attributes of wisdom. He had turned the hallowed page of Zoroaster, he called upon the dead for wisdom, the midnight moon had witnessed to his watchings, when the pale lamp of meditation glimmered over the volumes of the sages. His mind was penetrating as the sun-beam, and bright as the morning-star; but the heart of Amurath was unhappy.

“ He called for the juice of the grape, the sound of the minstrel, and the dalliance of beauty; and his palace resounded with joy. The daughters of Circassia, beauteous as the blossoms of the spring, enchanted the monarch with their graces, and the thrilling captivations of song, while the sparkling bowl awakened an intemperate festivity; but the sunshine was confined to his cheek, for the heart of Amurath was unhappy.

“ He trod the path of glory; he was hailed by the voice of the people; he conquered the conquerors of the East; his brows were overspread with laurels; his statue stood exalted in the temple of fame; and his judgments were recorded with honour. But still the prince was dejected in solitude; he questioned



questioned the satisfaction of empty praises; the distant clamour of applauding millions, he would say, affects not my heart in its secret recesses; though in public I am worshiped as a prince, in retirement I feel myself a man. When reflection overtakes me in private, I start from myself as from a stranger, and by night the dews of sleep fall not propitiously on my eyelids, for the heart of Amurath is unhappy.

“ Ye guides of my youth, ye venerable men, I suspect your councils and your schools. Ye made my soul athirst for wisdom, and ye gratified its youthful ardour; but much I fear, ye flattered the proud spirit of a presuming prince, and taught me not how to support, as I ought, the miserable weakness of humanity. But the splendor of a court, and the prevalence of your wisdom, shall subdue my heart no more. I will assume the simple weeds of a dervise, and incorporate with the children of nature; the incumbrances of loyalty shall be laid aside; and I will commence my pilgrimage with to-morrow’s sun. I have no demands to make upon the public treasure. A staff shall support my feet, a maple dish shall hold my provision, and the wild berries will furnish a frugal repast; I can satisfy my thirst in the brook, and sleep in some humble cavern. Let my minister rule with righteousness in my absence; and, when I can acquire the government of myself, I will return and reign over my people.

“ When

“ When Amurath began his journey, sweet were the smiles of Aurora, how sweet the melody of the morn! the meadows were bright with verdure, enlivened with the drapery of flowers. The Zephyrs fluttered in the groves, and perfumed the air with their spices. Gently waved the bending pine; smoothly lapsed the gentle, silver waters. The shepherd's pipe resounded through the hills, and the valleys were white with fleeces. All was new to Amurath. The confinement of a court had secluded him from the charms of nature; and he now felt an unusual transport in contemplating her expanded volume. He rejoiced at enjoying a freedom from royalty, and pressed forward with alacrity and ease. As the heat of the noon-tide sun directed him to the shelter of the shade, he sat down at the foot of a tree, and feasted on his humble meal. His mind was busy in reflecting on the vanity of human greatness, when a neighbouring cave attracted his notice; situated on the border of a small stream, that musically bubbled before it; he advanced with hesitating steps, and had reached the entrance of the hermitage, when he distinguished an old man, by the venerable whiteness of his beard, sitting in a meditative posture. He started back with surprise; and was about to apologize for his intrusion, when a voice accosted him as follows: Whatever chance, my son, has brought thee to this solitary habitation, if thou be a child of virtue, and a servant of the Most High,

High, an old man welcomes thee with his blessing. I have been banished the cabinet of my lord the King, for reverencing the attributes of truth, yet dare to obey her dictates in the desert; and I wish thee to believe the sincerity of my soul, for falshood can avail nothing. Be free to partake of these fruits: be free to repose on my couch; and, when the labour of thy journey is repaired, we will converse with sincerity and freedom. The noble traveller accepted the courtesy of his offer, and hastened to the hermit with joy."

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### THE TRIFLER, N°. XXXIV.

*Sept. 3, 1774.*

SIR,

**W**HEN you treat with a tutor, be positive in your charge. If you design your son for trade, let him learn neither Greek nor Latin; he can have no occasion for the gross fictions of Ovid, the loose odes of Anacreon, the thundering heroics of Homer, nor the effeminate pastorals of Virgil. Schoolmasters in general pay little regard to the intended situation of

of their scholars; they conceive the pre-eminence of their schools is best maintained by teaching the classics, and therefore indiscriminately recommend them. You will be told your son can never comprehend his mother-tongue in perfection without Latin, that frequent references to dictionaries can alone explain the derivation of some words, and the compound relation of others; but perhaps there is more of prejudice than argument in all this. I have known frequent instances in boys, in boys of fourteen, who could construe Latin with correctness, yet were incapable of spelling words of two syllables; and this is very certain, that a perusal of our best English authors, if carefully applied to, will furnish a knowledge of the native tongue sufficiently correct for all the purposes of sense, and every commerce with the world. But admitting an ignorance of the Latin occasions a degree of confinement, I shall plead for its exclusion. The theology of the ancients is so wretchedly contemptible, and their mythology so destitute of sense and moral, that a young mind, educated in the Christian creed, should be studiously preserved from its confusion. Besides, Sir, the positive degeneracy of many of their characters, whose writings are preferred in the schools, are but indifferent and impolitic lessons for youth to become acquainted with. Virgil was professedly corrupted with an abominable vice, that degrades a man beneath a reptile, a vice for which no language ought to have a name: and yet we find the ancients in  
general

general so ready to countenance the practice of it, that the father of their gods is represented preferring Ganymede to Hebe. Is it, when we see the genius of our countrymen daily debasing, that our schools should suggest such enormities? If a boy be set to construe an ode of Horace, does he not find debauchery recommended in the most flattering colours? and are not the intemperate poems of old Anacreon unprofitable subjects for youthful study? I must insist, these are not proper authorities for juvenile instruction, and am certain, the offices of trade require no such information. Let your son learn history, it is a rational engagement for the mind; let him learn French, it may serve him in future correspondences. I particularly recommend astronomy, to exalt his ideas of the Deity; and conceive geography may be both beneficial and entertaining. If he has a passion for music, indulge him with a master; it sooths the mind, and harmonizes the temper, and pleasingly supplies the vacancy of a leisure hour at home, which might be viciously employed abroad. These accomplishments, with writing and accompts, will be amply sufficient for his sphere in life; and, if you qualify all these with the lessons before recommended, your son may be a completer character than many of the first lights in science.

If you design him for the church, let the master use great care to make him sensible of the solemn duty of his office. He may perfectly understand the

the opinions of the fathers, and be master of the ancient canons much sooner than he can fully comprehend this awful lesson. Let him not be taught to prefer the pulpit for the prospect of a valuable living, the accommodations in life, or a genteel distinction in the world; but let him know, that a conscientious, zealous minister, as the immediate ambassador of Heaven, is the highest and most honourable station; and that, on the contrary, no character is so base, as that of the man who professes to serve his God for hire, for the luxuries of life, and neglects his duty after all. Should the ministers of the Church of Christ, who are taught by their great master to make humility a prevailing distinction of the strictness of their faith, be solicitous for the childish sounds of school titles, the pride of wealth, or the insolent ambition of ecclesiastical pre-eminence? No; what have men of sincerity in the great work of salvation to expect from lawn sleeves, or from mitres, that they should forfeit their independance to obtain them; and what can all the grandeur of the world offer to a pious pastor who is looking for a crown of glory? Let your son be informed, that honesty and seriousness, diligence and devoutness, are higher qualities in a clergyman, than if he excelled the universities in learning; and let him know this, above all things, that the blessing of Heaven is of greater worth than many benefices, and the produce of multitudes of tithes. In preaching, let him be cautioned against a pedantic formality on the  
one

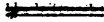
one hand, and an affectation of originality on the other; they are equally ridiculous and unnatural. A word of two syllables may convey as much sense as a word of ten; he should always consult *matter* before *manner*, and be rather studious to inform his audience with bold truths, than to flatter their passions in fine language. He must be told that it is mean to stoop for the admiration of the vulgar, by quoting Greek or Latin sentences in his sermon, which few can understand; and that to disguise his meaning by too metaphorical or elegant expressions, is only labouring to expose himself, and trifling with the sense as well as patience of his hearers. The pulpit is no sphere for oratory, he must not confide in action. It never was intended for entertaining lectures, and cannot be properly supported by specious poetic sounds and pompous declamations. A temperate zeal, a modest freedom, a serious deportment, best become a minister, the whole tenor of whose life should be uniformly correct, and whose practice should plead his profession.

**LETTERS.**





## LETTERS.



### LETTER I.

TO \_\_\_\_\_

*London, Dec. 25, 1771.*

I THANK God for health. Pray how are you? It is one of our best inheritances below. May we both long enjoy it! may it ripen in honesty, and decay in peace! May we long live to befriend each other, to assist our family and friends in particular, and to do good offices to the world! May we constantly make it an incentive of gratitude to the Giver of all good! May we love him, and worship him, and make him our best source of comfort here, our only security for joy hereafter! You see, my dear friend, I am not grown a whining monk, nor shall I ever, I hope, turn a bare-footed Carmelite; but the

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more

more I look into the world, the more I see of God, his providence, his forbearance, his goodness, and his love : and the more I witness the studied neglect of all his thinking creatures, the greater pleasure I take in acknowledging with an humble heart how much I owe him. From the calamities of others, what lessons may we not learn of thankfulness for being free from them ! and from our own demerits, we shall find how far every little distinction of his divine favour is beyond our deserts. I am never so truly happy, as when disposed to dedicate myself to Heaven ; and I ardently hope this spirit may increase with my years, and make me qualified for every turn of fortune incident to man, and to mortality. We may deceive the world, and deceive ourselves ; but the searcher of all hearts must not be mocked with feigned devotion. The formal sabbath-day worship of the knee, and the lip, cannot avail, unless a true spirit be in our prayers, a strict sense of the infinite distance there is in the nature of a God of purity and a sinful worm, a just acknowledgment of our continual dependance on him, as the Creator and Preserver of the world, and a lively faith in the efficacy of his redeeming power. I do not see why religious subjects need ever be thought damping to the spirits, or distressing to lively conversation, when it is capable of building the sincerest transports on the most lasting grounds. I do not preach, Sir, because at a distance and with paper before me, but talk as I would, were you present. It may be made a  
cheerful

cheerful subject, and it *must*, if we would have our happiness safe and durable. For my own part, I consider the Deity in the most amiable and endearing characters; as the father of his creatures; as the most beneficent benefactor; as the gentlest master, and the faithfulest friend. I look into the beauties of creation, and bless him for what he has done there. I consider the amazing inseparable chain that imperceptibly unites all dependancies; and worship his wisdom and his power, his justice and his mercy. Were I to educate a child, I would not train his little mind to think of God as in the Heavens, but in earth, in air, in all things; filling all space, conducting all operations, vegetating in plants, glowing in animal life, shining in human reason. My son, would I say, let this solemn truth to the wicked, this engaging truth to the good, direct every action of your hand, every intention of the head and of the heart, *that God beholds you*. He is a part of you, he is ever with you, and to him you owe every thing here, and must trust on him for every thing hereafter. Live then, my dear, to your own heart, to your own conscience, God's vicegerent within you; live to it faithfully; attend its councils; and never let a world in arms (like the giants of old) against Heaven, seduce you to cultivate its opinion, at the expence of your immortal interest.

In general, the Deity is dressed in the most frightful colours; it is wrong policy in divines I think, though many of them, and those of the first rate abilities,

abilities, have done so. But I think the best way is to *win* us to our duty; and that is best done by considering the incomprehensibly amiable part of the divine character.

Why, Sir, must a false pride, a false shame, a false respect for public maxims, influence our better knowledge, to the exclusion of every good creed? Why should we be ashamed to acknowledge before a *free* world, our wishes to be *dependant* on our Maker? Let the sneering man who ridicules my particularity, convince me of his ability to save himself or me from the house appointed for all living, from the many thousand evils that beset us, and I will own my zeal, though just, to be *superfluous*. But while I see the weakness of human strength, the folly of human wisdom, the mortality of human existence, policy, as well as piety, must forbid any trust but on the rock of ages, which never can be shaken.

Society brands the villain who is faithless to his friend; yet society countenances and caresses any man that is treacherously ungrateful to the Author of every blessing. That man must have a bad heart, who can insult a brother, a benefactor, for his kindness to him; yet all of us, more or less, set our faces against the *universal Patron of all men*, and all things. I think a moment's serious reflection must convince every man who has any feeling at all, that he is a debtor to God, not only for his life, but for every convenient accommodation he enjoys. And  
we

we may always derive motives of gratitude, from drawing just comparisons, between our own situations, and many objects of severe distress that surround us. If I ever be master of a family, I hope Joshua's maxim will be mine; as for me, said he, *I and my house will serve the Lord.* A saying worthy to be recorded, to be imitated, and given as a death-bed precept to every generation. It is a service that nobly pays itself; a service becoming our sensible privileges; a service dictated by every obligation of duty, and rewarded here and hereafter. Were death the final period of my existence, I would worship God; but as an inheritor of eternal hope, I will adore the mystery of his love, though my narrow reason stops short in the endeavour to account for it. I will not question; I will endeavour not to murmur at any thing that may happen to me. In my prayers for temporal goods, I will dictate nothing to a wise Being, who knows our wants better than we do ourselves. I will study to walk humbly and cheerfully before God, and leave every thing in his hands. I will study to cultivate my heart to good affections, and walk as a man, that must sleep when the night cometh. I will think with Hezekiah, that death cannot praise, that the grave cannot celebrate; that the time advances when my lips shall be sealed, and employ them now to prepare for that day. I shall think a happy cheerful confidence my best sign; I shall keep my spirits I hope, yet not suffer them to betray me; and enjoy a sober mind

without entertaining a cold indifference for matters of the first moment. I will pray God to enable me to do right, to obey his will, yet make no merit of my obedience, and in all things endeavour to *act* as a thinking man; to *think* as an immortal man. I presume not to dictate to you. A man of sense ought not to be supposed to need any advice of this kind, at three-and-twenty. I can have no interest in wishing to find him, when next I meet or hear from him, an approver of these sentiments, They are not the effect of chance, but some degree of sober reflection. And I am sure he will not expect I should be ashamed to insist on the same subject, to support the same argument when we are together. I know my own unworthiness; but hope to mend. I know counsel of this sort can never be unseasonable to well-disposed minds; and I beg you will accept this from me, at this solemn sacred season, as a compliment paid your heart, in supposing it will be an acceptable new-year's offering.

I may have the pleasure of seeing you perhaps when you least think of it; till when,

I remain, &c.

H. M.

LETTER

## LETTER II.

TO THE SAME,

SIR,

THE advantages and disadvantages that attend riches and poverty, learning and ignorance, are so small, that I very much doubt if the rich or the learned have any thing to boast of over the poor and illiterate husbandman, who, at forty years of age, cannot spell his name, or join two syllables together; whose ear never was entranced with poetry, or listened, delighted, to prose; pines not at the success of authors by day, nor distresses his temples with study by night. He has no notion that it can be capable of satisfaction, and therefore laughs at such as vigorously pursue it; accustomed to the plough, the team, the barn, the field, and fold, from infancy, the habitual occupation satisfies his wishes. Cricket, or skittles, or pitching at the bar, make up his evenings' relaxations; and fatigue and a flock-bed his repose. Should the cherry cheeks and pink ribbands of Margery or Susan discompose the oeconomy of his bosom, the village teacher can in-

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dite

dite and pen the moving messenger of love, for a trifling gratuity ; and the want of literature is accommodated. As a domestic man, idle speculations never divert his attention from his family. The discovery of the longitude, or the laws of perpetual motion, never rob him of an hour of laudable labour, nor a moment of refreshing rest. His heart hovers round his chimney corner with affectionate delight. To provide cloaths and provisions, with honest industry for himself, his partner, and his offspring, is his ultimate aim ; a little satisfies. The luxury of great ones creates wants he is a stranger to ; a brown crust sweetened with toil, and a cup of mantling home-brewed, recruit his spirits and his strength ; and a Sunday frock and buck-skin breeches are all the finery he hopes for.

If we regard him in a social and political point of view, we there too shall observe an enviable distinction. As he rests satisfied with the dispensations of providence, in creating, upholding, and redeeming the world he lives in, so he rests contented with the civil and ecclesiastical government of his country. He may be bribed to murmur, he may be seduced to rebel ; but they are rarely, I believe, the instinctive promptings of his nature. Unable to read, the political debates of St. Stephen's can never influence his opinions, nor all the contentious, querulous, party animosities of the times. He cannot take fire at a seditious paragraph, unless it be read to him ; or be biassed by a libellous attack on the  
sacred



sacred character of his King. He feels the blessings of mild laws, and asks not to what administration he owes them; chimerical infringements of national charters, and ideal violations of royal or parliamentary faith, never trouble him; if the constitution be safe, or the shock it sustained does not reach his hovel, he sleeps with his accustomed confidence and security; and though every invasion of tyranny should take place, and freedom forget to laugh, in leather doublets and clouted shoes, like the fleecy victim, he feels not the blow, till the knife is applied, and dies with the decisive stroke. As he cannot converse with Hoyle, an itch for gaming never ruins his substance; and his dissipations are no tax upon his fellow-creatures. He needs no recourse to the pistol or the pad, to Bagshot, or the shop of the tradesman. The haunts of the midnight assassin he frequents not. The scenes of midnight debauchery he is a stranger to. Ignorant of all history, and the revolutions of all countries, he perplexes not himself with the enquiry, what mode of government is best; whether monarchical, aristocratical, or democratical. He knows not that Brutus stabbed Cæsar to preserve a commonwealth, and Cromwell butchered Charles to found one. He has no idea that intestine insurrections can be formidable to a state; nor dreams that such men as Cade, Tyler, Straw, &c. could ever subvert order, animate to arms, call off from allegiance, and spread dissension through the land. He has no notion that such insignificants as  
him-

himself could convulse a kingdom, nay, shake a throne; and therefore, though oppressed by the tyranny of proud neighbours, though he lives in some degree on terms of vassalage with the great, he is reconciled to his lot, or, if he be endowed with spirit to vindicate himself against an extravagant injury, he calls not upon the public to become a party in his quarrel; sows no dissepion abroad, but trusts to the justice of his complaint, the uprightness of his heart, or the strength of his arm. As books never informed his head, they never corrupted his heart. Reading neither distracts his opinions, warps his judgment, nor contaminates his principles. In conversation, his is the language of honest nature, who trims no lamp for midnight study. Unschooled in dissimulation, hypocrisy, and disguise, he never practises on others, nor suspects the designs of the crafty. 'Tis true, he feels nothing of the refinements of friendship, that sweet secret of the more susceptible soul; but, on the other hand, he knows nothing of the arts of it. Educated in plain simplicity, his face is a faithful reflector of all that is passing within him; he never hesitates to signify his displeasure, by a contracted forehead; and when he gives the hand of fellowship, his cheek bears smiling testimony to the blunt cordiality of the greeting; he frowns without reserve, as he laughs without a law. He flatters no man for his fortune or his favour; he addresses with little capacity to deceive; and he listens with less ability to betray.

Consider

Consider him in his calling, his dealings with the world in monied matters, you will observe less fraud and dishonesty, than in the more civilized polished traders. He may have a like inclination to circumvent his neighbour, but he fears to risk the consequence; justice is to him a more awful mystery, than to the better learned, and he dreads to provoke its judgments. He has no opinion that lawyers may be feed, judges influenced, or jurymen corrupted. He never read of the escapes of grossest villains, by the arts of chicanery, cheat, and evasion. He trembles at a limb of the law, as a subject of the devil. A court of judicature has ten thousand horrors to alarm him; and, if he be not honest from principle, his apprehension secures him from fraud. There are four things he religiously steers clear of, a turnkey, a bailiff, a gibbet, and a gaol. If he succeed in his occupation, he monopolizes less from the public, than a long-headed schemer would do; and if he fail, he has not ingenuity enough to support a sinking credit long, has not courage enough to set the issue of his affairs on a desperate adventure; is too diffident of his own want of foresight to make presumptive contracts for time; embarks on more equitable bottoms, retrenches his expences, till finding each resource failing him apace, and wanting sense and conduct to redeem his arrears, his little all is soon given up, and the dividend among his creditors the more considerable. I witness many instances where speculative conjurers, who

who keep up with a high hand to the last minute, are suddenly totally fractured, and perhaps divide eighteen-pence in the pound; while a poor shop-keeper, who wanted capacity or confidence to hold his losing cards long, will pay ten or fifteen shillings: so far does an ignorant man in a commercial view benefit himself and society; regard him in a moral and religious capacity, and there too he may often claim the happy superiority over sense, and distinguished erudition. The less he is qualified to enquire, the more implicitly he believes; he cannot comment, he dares not controvert. Fundamental points of doctrine, he never doubts, nor denies. He trusts, nay is convinced, that there is a future state of rewards and punishments; a heaven and a hell, without questioning in what shape the soul shall exist after death, or in what latitude of universal creation the opposite distinctions lie. Whatever faith was instilled in his youth, or whatever mode of worship his father followed, he rests satisfied is right, whether church, or meeting, or mass. He may judge illiberally of all other persuasions, but that same prejudice rivets him to his own. He may hear the Bible at his church, while he has no opportunity of consulting Bolingbroke, or Voltaire, Hobbes or Spinoza, in the closet. The divisions among the fathers leave him free. He never staggers from one sect to another, if left to himself, and if, by depth of persuasion, he become a proselyte to strange teachers, he conceives it to be right; prefers

prefers the last doctrine he imbibes to all that was inculcated before ; and, if he err through ignorance, cannot be accountable to the Father of Spirits for his seduction from truth, and deviation from the right way. He never dips into free-thinking Rochester, and is puzzled at nothing more than to be told, such a monster as an atheist has existed ; has walked upright, to deny an heaven above him, has exercised his reason, to doubt the great first rational cause ; has sung in contempt of harmony, and employed his breath to tempt the God who gave it ; this is a monster too terrible for his belief, and he turns instinctively away from it. He needs not the notes of Burkett, to solve the amazing miracles of his Saviour, nor the orations of St. Paul to tell him he *may live*, nor the sermons of Sherlock to convince him he *must die*. Philosophical researches he has nothing to do with. Systems of devotion are for the learned to distinguish. It concerns not his mind that the whole congregated globe is separated by a variety of creeds, he leaves the Protestant to his revelation, the wild Indian to his Great Spirit ; he permits the Pilgrim to take his Bible and staff to Jerusalem, and the Mussulman to journey to Mecca. Impostors, such as Mahomet, who have founded doctrines by the sword, create no perplexing questions within him. He worships God, and loves his neighbour, whether of high church or low church, established or tolerated. He is unconcerned about nice disquisitions, without being able to determine the bound-

ries of virtue; he knows when he leaps the pale, and infringes upon vice. Without asking what length he may go with safety, he is sensible when the heart convicts him of error; without knowing all that is necessary to complete the character of a good, he knows perfectly well what constitutes the odium, and disgrace, and danger of a bad man.

Thus considered in every point of view, domestic, social, political, commercial, moral, and divine, as he cannot read to disturb his own happiness, he cannot write to injure the felicity of others; he publishes no false notions; he aims not at converting the gaulitude; for him the pen and press might sleep till the day of doom. He can neither designedly misguide, nor ignorantly confound. Though he cannot confirm a necessary truth, he cannot subscribe to a lie. Though he cannot defend a character aspersed, he cannot dip his quill in gall, and maliciously stab a reputation, in disguise. If he cannot write sense, he cannot abuse sense. If he is disqualified to debate with a bishop, he must spare the church; though he possess no power to attack a judge, he must spare the bench. While he cannot calumniate a minister, he must spare the man. He cannot defend the title of George; but neither is he qualified to compose a manifesto for James. He can hold no treasonable correspondences at a distance. He can promote no secret conspiracies, nor forge paper currencies. He can witness no deeds that may involve him in litigations;

nor

nor can he execute bonds for friends in distress, and be distressed himself for the penalty. Should I enumerate, as I might, the advantages of ignorance over understanding, I should never have done, there is seriously very much to be contended for, and notwithstanding poverty is indubitably its proper sphere, even in easy circumstances, it will admit of much argument in its favour. At present, I have only considered it with regard to natural obscurity of situation in life; as a refined education gives a latitude to the heart and mind, certainly additional pecuniary abilities are requisite to keep time and pace with the inclination; and as fortune and a distinguished station require a cultivated possessor, in my next letter I will consider how far learning, connected with riches, is valuable and conducive to private and social felicity. To sum up all that has been said, and comprise my argument in as small a compass as possible, I contend that the learning of Mr. Locke was no more enviable in point of any happiness he derived from it, than the untutored ignorance of ———, who has scarcely any light at all. The former lived constantly enquiring without ever being satisfied; the latter asks no questions either of Heaven, or earth, or man. The great refined reasoner expired, perhaps, tortured with innumerable perplexities, while ———, in all probability, will resign his soul with peaceful resignation. Mr. Locke was easy in his circumstances, I believe, therefore had no trouble in providing a pre-

precarious subsistence ; but observe the other I am speaking of, who, if discarded his present service, would need bread perhaps, and a blanket to wrap his limbs in, yet is always merry and contented, neither fearing to lose the comforts of to-day's fare, nor provident of to-morrow's ; eats well, sleeps well, laughs much, and never thinks *none*. It is strange, you will say, thus to level such contrasted situations of the mind ; but ask your own reason, candour, and observation, whether the most ignorant creature is not the least liable to offend Heaven, by presumptive scrutinies into the ways of providence, and whether the wisest has not declared, that all beneath the Sun was vanity and vexation of spirit ? The less we wake, the more we dream ; and as happiness is visionary in this world, the dreamer enjoys most of it. Soar as high as we can, and fathom what depths we may. Fill as many books as shall burn at the general conflagration, we are but where we set off. As one boy plays better than another at top and taw, so may one writer exceed his competitors. They are both games of chance, and games of skill, and the winnings amount to nothing. The grey-haired baby is as peevish as that in the cradle and go-cart, and are both alike humoured, with sugar or a song. Flatter the weeping philosopher, and he laughs in his sleeve. Whisper an eulogium in the ear of a drooping author, and he instantly revives. Tell the poet he has been dipped in the fount of Castalia, and is only vulnerable in the heel,  
and



and the bard will bless you. Persuade the playwright his last piece made you weep like a baby, who never before shed a tear in your life, and he will celebrate you as a complete acquaintance of the tragic muse; and, in short, chime in with all writers in their opinions, to the very teeth and forehead of their vanity, and see if the fretful craving children won't go to sleep without a farther lullaby. So, Sir, as I said before, what is genius? What are compositions? After all writings of all men have been published, what opinions are firmly fixed, so as none dissent from them? What positions have ever been advanced, that will not continue to be controverted by posterity, as long as the world remains? What genius, though ever so celebrated, is free from criticism? And what criticism is free from cavils? You and I know, we are justified in dissenting from Socrates; it was the illumination of a heathen. As an astronomer, we dissent from Moses, when speaking of the celestial bodies being dependent on this earth, or created to light it by night, as the sun by day. Mr. Pope's *Whatever is, is right*, will admit of much discussion, and so on; from all which, we may learn, my dear \* \* \* \*, that the wisest may advance, what the weakest may deny; that pride and self-sufficiency of opinion, will not permit us to be led by the writings of our fellow creatures. The more we read, the more we are confused. And the more we write in youth, the more we shall have to expunge, and correct, and condemn in age.

VOL. I.

M.

Let

Let you and I then talk cheerfully on; it is the social charter of our natures. We will talk with freedom on all subjects. We will study to criticise neither men nor books, but be happy where we may, without minding the poor pedantry of the schools: Let us not live to the men of the world, but to our own hearts.

*Feb. 9, 1772.*

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### LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,

**Y**OU begin, I doubt not, to be weary of this impertinent correspondence; you wish me better engaged; pursuing some more useful, more rational employ. I rebuked the intruder, perhaps you will say, with as much delicacy as I am master of, in a letter; I suggested his harangues had better been directed to a more patient quarter: how is it he will not understand me? A persuasion that his non-sense

sense is acceptable infatuates him to persist, and, till I thunder my disgust, till I lay a severe embargo on his pen, the trifler will not renounce his folly. What can I say to this? How couch my defence against an honest insinuation, well intended to silence vanity, and conduct the dictates of the brain to a better channel. There is most wisdom in few words. The man who scribbles much, like the over-communicative man, finds, on reviewing the past, many more gross errors to correct, and premises to withdraw, than the sober thinking, the modest, the slow of speech, and the silent. I grant, the quill may be often, with strict justice, compared to a false friend, who prompts to deceive, and listens to betray. A thousand strange, contradictory, unjustifiable opinions may pass and repass incessantly o'er the organs of the brain; a thousand warm images of sense occupy our thought; and a variety of unfinished, undigested arguments live and die like bubbles on a stream, every moment in our imagination. Thought corrects thought. Application and attention rectify the will. The first suggestions of fancy we may favourably receive, which after consideration may convince us are wrong. We are frail creatures. Passions prompt unwisely, yet as all fools are loudest in the debate; we hear their voices above the rest, while the whispers of wisdom are drowned. Now, when pen and paper are away, reflection, cool mistress of the mind, may regulate the council, and give her casting vote against every suggestion that

has passed before. The man, who perhaps has been struggling with unwarrantable impulses, forgets their nature and their tendency, and wipes them from his memory; his better-self is conqueror, the foe vanquished, and the field his own. In writing it is not always so; the hand prescribes hastily, when the cabinet council of the human mind is divided. As ideas flow, they are committed; we know not how flexible are the most obstinate settlements on every subject, how unstable. The substance of one letter or one leaf may at one time be thoroughly reconcilable, quite apposite, and just; and, at another, challenge the conviction. While we only revolve, we never perfect; while we only indulge a scrutiny of our best judgment, our hypotheses are never established on prejudice. We can retract without offence to our pride, and leave our flexibility free. When opinions are published they can never be recalled; we may solemnly recant, but never cancel; they are, in the words of patient Job, graven with an iron pen, and laid in the rock for ever.

So you see I am willing to assist you in any plain, privileged expostulation you may be disposed to level point-blank against me. I concur with you in the position, that a man may write too much; nay, that he had better never write at all, but in support of essentials. I agree with every admonition of this nature, and, were it not for one reason would lay aside my pen at once, and bid adieu to epistolary intercourse of all sorts. But consider I do not regard

gard myself now in the character of a scribe; I do not conceive I am establishing persuasion, propagating creeds, laying the foundation of strange doctrines, or aiming at rivetting particular opinions; far from it; as a social spirit, I am talking, I am conversing indiscriminately, (I hope innocently) with my distant friend, as matter occurs; perhaps it may not be systematically digested, but it is prompted by freedom, friendship, and good-will. I tell him all my hopes, all my fears, all I seek, and all I know; by these means we chat away the time, and spend our winter evenings together. What is said I commit to a faithful repository; the ghosts of departed improprieties need never re-visit, and like other conversations the matter of it insensibly dies away. Though I wish you to keep my letters, let me intreat you never to quote them in judgment against me; consider the worst passages as the larger portion of folly past; and the better, as favourable presages of amendment, and authority for reproof when I slide. When you have finished them, give them to your desk, give them to the winds. Do not fear the debate will drop; taciturnity is no frailty of our family, and, I believe, in point of subject, I could keep you in discourse my life through. But many objects claim our attention in our travels; we must sometimes hear, and must sometimes understand. When I can learn to talk less, I shall commence to think more; and perhaps my heart may then be heavier, and my mind more involved. So

what shall I gain? Sedentary study may contract the affections, shut out the world. 'Tis arduous to steer straight between two extremes. Many criterions are left undetermined. I must talk till this be settled.

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#### LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

*May 10, 1772.*

SIR,

AS I told you in town you must not expect any more logic, till we return to dark evenings, and a friendly fire. This season calls abroad; invites to the noblest meditation. A thinking mind can never want a subject. Winter, and her gloomy train, have pleasures for speculation. The powers of philosophic joy will clear the torrid clime, and call the flowers forth from beneath the snow. But Summer, sweetly blooming Summer, dignified with every luxury that can attract the sense, must catch the careless eye. Nature then asks no visionary student to fix her beauties on the mind, to call her pleasing  
objects

objects home upon the ideal eye; confessed she stands to vulgar vision. The grove, the garden, the bower, the brook, the hill and dale, assume a brighter lustre than thy poor page, O Poetry, can boast of; and every leaf, and every flower, and every fruit, and every flock attest the solemn truth, that *the great shepherd reigns*.

You have every advantage of enjoying this charming season. You can breathe the healthful fragrance of the dawn; attend the first serenades of the warbling lark, the blackbird's wild note, and all the little vocal performers in Nature's matin hymn. The calm, cool, thought adapted evening, is likewise yours: while I am buried in smoke, involved in business, drowned in noise, and confined to care, panting beneath a foggy atmosphere, and jostled incessantly in a crowd; you are in every best sense of the monosyllable FREE.

Well, come, it cannot be helped, there is this consolation left the complaining cockney. If he look about him but once a week, he has the more relish for his holiday; though his genius be cramped by the quill all the week, he enjoys freedom the more on Sunday. And though he have little opportunities to take bird's nests, the City is the best place to feather his own in. The playhouses, the pantheon, &c. &c. will delight his eye with all the graces of *Female Spring*, and sometimes very forward springs too. *Court flies will ever amuse him with a sight of Summer; the money-getting cits, with*

*the continual harvest of Autumn ; and as for Winter, which is not worth wishing for, stale virgins without teeth, and grey-beard macaronics on crutches, talk of Winter all the year round. So, Sir, we are pretty much upon a footing. Indeed we cannot boast of cucumber-beds and small sallads, and so forth ; but, Sir, shew me a bed of flowers in your garden, that ought to be compared with the artificial bouquets of our fair ladies. Why, man, every lady's tête is a perfect parterre, where flowery graces, Nature never had any hand in creating, blush in the most delightful emulation. Besides, I would have you to know, the Londoners are very far from wanting a rural taste, a pastoral ingenuity. It is nothing uncommon with us to decorate our windows with sprigs of mint ; here shall a primrose peep its pretty head out of a broken mug ; and there a polyanthus spread its beauties to the sun, vegetating in a fractured pipkin. Chamber-pots are frequently used for parsley-beds, and close-stool pans decorated with myrtles. And not to be tedious, we taste as much *Rus in Urbe*, as *Urbs* will admit of.*

Yours, &c. &c.

H. M.

LETTER



## LETTER V.

TO ALEXANDER THOMSON, ESQ.

*Reading, May 24, 1773.*

SIR,

**F**ROM these retreats, where soothing Silence  
reigns,

These wood-crown'd hills, and cultivated plains,  
From Nature's school the humble Muse intends,  
O man of worth! to greet the friend of friends.  
Were not my brain eclips'd by *heartly meals*,  
This quill shou'd picture, what this bosom feels;  
Were not my head as empty as my purse,  
I'd sing thy praise in bold eternal verse;  
In honest strains, the grateful bard should tell,  
How much his love and your deserts excel;  
He'd not write prose, if brilliant thoughts wou'd  
flow,  
But as he's dull, dull, dull,—it must be so.

And so it shall be. *I had it in my head* for the  
first seventeen miles of my journey yesterday morn-  
ing, that thy Madeira was—very—good—Madeira.  
Never

Never was poor soul more sick at heart, than the poor wretch in question. The motion of the coach, and the vertigo of his head together, made him indeed conclude your Madeira must have been very good Madeira. I, however, reached Colnbrook, *however*, with some decency. Worshipped where I ought; and it was pure well with me. Colnbrook did I say? By George, it was Frankfurt; there were no buttered buns to be had. The fellow with the long nose passed through it. The trumpeter's wife longed to touch it; priest and people, monks and maidens, brewers and bakers, had certainly been a second time engaged by the uncouth phenomenon; and, as I heretofore expressed it, there were no buttered buns in that parish, or town, or village, or hamlet, or whatever you please to call it; nor within five miles of the place.

O my dear friend, what a country do I live in! Heaven! Earth! Sea! as Yorick says, who in his sober senses would be buried in noisome vapour a day, an hour, longer than business obliges him? Here, Sir, I can cultivate the spirit of the thinking man in that kind school where no rude master reigns. Such a day! such a prospect! all is very, very quiet, Sir; and a man ought not to have made a breach in his conscience to walk here; for here he must listen to himself, must hear, and answer. I would give, as freely as I say it, my best coat and my Sunday wig too to see the one thing needful, to compleat the glory of the finest scene the eye of a fanciful man ever travelled over; and that, Sir, is  
a number

a number of little farms. But the golden day has had its evening; and the manners of the simple age are departing very fast away. The arts of polished societies infect the peasant. The rich farmer imitates the luxuries of his richer landlord; a proud emulation has taken the place of honest simplicity; and the contagion spreads to the rude hind who follows the plow and the pitchfork. Well, it must be so. Human wit may devise plans in cloisters and closets, but human wisdom, with all her plans of peace and policy, will never alter the course of things. The many-headed multitude will ever be refractory: and, as long as natural causes produce natural effects, the almanack proverb of, 'War begets poverty,' &c. will stand good for ever. In the course of my pilgrimage, I shall have many observations to make you the steward of; and, as I am very indifferent about method and matter, excuse me if I now touch on one subject, and now on another. A bit of logic thou shalt have this day, a fine slice of philosophy to-morrow, a dose of physic the next day, and so on. Thou shalt go through a regular course of crudities, *sine* life, *sine* wit, *sine* humour, *sine* sense, *sine* every thing. Yes, this one thing thou shalt always find in my pen, in my tongue, in my hand, and in my heart; that my friendship shall last till the night cometh to wrap my head in shades. While my bosom beats warm, you shall live there; and, while my lamp burns to enable me to subscribe my name, I will ever say,

I am, &amp;c. &amp;c.

H. M.

VOL. I.

N

LETTER

## LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

*One o'clock, 2d June, at Marlborough,  
and very happy, happy, happy.*

SIR,

CERTAIN it is, I am a strange fellow, and have often thought a man might be very happy without sailing with the monsoons to plunder provinces, and acquire fortune at the expence of principle. I'll tell you a story.

## THE OLD MAN.

About three miles before we reached Marlborough, at a gate leading into the sweetest forest I ever passed through or beheld, stood a singular tenement, built as you shall hear. It was a small round building, fashioned like a hay-stack; and might very well be taken for such, but for the door in the front of it. The sides were about three feet thick, composed of fern cut off the common, and pinned fast together with hurdle rods to keep the wind from carrying it away. The top was well thatched, and the inside  
was

was very dry. Perhaps the clear circumference of habitation withinside might be equal to that of a common family table. The old porter held out a palsied arm, and a penny was all we gave him. We are Nature's commoners now you know, ubiquitous citizens of the world, universal travellers, or what you please; so without ceremony I walked in. The old man stood at the door; I fixed an inquisitive eye on his chearful face, over which I learned seventy odd winters had passed with all their storms; and found, though they had sunk some wrinkles in his forehead, they had not robbed him of a smile. The honest confidence of an approving spirit shone in his eyes; he loved me for the cordiality with which I treated him, and seemed uncommonly taken with the notice we took of his manner of life, and his resignation to it.

*Hal.* And so, my honest veteran, you have huddled off this corner of your cell, and filled it with loose fern, and covered it with a sheepskin to doze away the cold December of your day! But your heart seems free from guilt, and thy bed shall always be long enough to stretch thyself upon, and wide enough to cover thee.

*Old Man.* I have not slept in bed, your honor, these two nights. I lay me down in my cloaths to be ready to open the gate for gentlemen who travel by night, and to shut it after them, that the cattle which graze here may not go astray, and do mischief in the upper grounds.

N 2

*Hal.*

*Hal.* And this I suppose is your wardrobe, this leathern hedging jacket and that brown wig are the finery of Sunday? Your victuals are kept on that crazy kind of shelf, and that solitary peg supports your bottle of ale, to cheer your evening hours?

*Old Man.* It don't amount to ale, Sir, fresh small-beer is very good; and bread and cheese is very good; and, thank God! I'm pretty well off for the matter of that, for I have a great many *quality*, as you may be, come to look at my little house, and they generally give me *summut*, and a little will keep an old man, you know, Sir.

*Hal.* I don't see your chimney; have you no chimney?

*Old Man.* No, Sir, I had no fire all last winter; and so my fingers are a little frost-nipp'd as you see, but that don't much signify.

*Hal.* I see, my honest fellow, however, that with all your retirement, and freedom from the world, you have your enemies, and those of a felonious nature. What, I warrant your slice of bacon suffers, and your cheese is snatched from you, and your cupboard plundered, and your sleep invaded?

*Old Man.* No, Sir, I have been pretty well off, since I got that mouse-trap, for I believe I have got rid of them altogether.

He laughed very heartily at some comments I passed on his brown caxon and holiday jacket; and shook me by the hand, and pronounced me a cheerful

ful gentleman, and said, God blefs you! and so we parted.

His state, I will maintain it, is to be envied in preference to the man's of polished life, and if ever my better genius assist me to compose a book, by the shade of my grandmamma! I will record him.

You think perhaps from mine, dated from Hungerford, that I am spiritless and woebegone, that I am sick of my journey, and wish to be home again, that your prudential precautions are verified, and that I shall bring a poor mortified, sun-burnt carcass into London before a fortnight's at an end. Sir, my good friend, my better genius, my every thing, all is changed since morning. The weather proved fine over head, the dust was laid beneath my shoe, the wind gave a favourable breeze, and the wood-lark's song was the better for the showers of the morning. Within five miles of Marlborough, a good scene grew better; and within half a mile of Marlborough, I was entranced. Flash-dash upon my ravished sight, opened the most extensive view of downs, and villages, and woods, and winding rivers, the enraptured eye or the boldest imagination ever wandered over. I gazed, and gazed again, and but for some calls of hunger could have continued there till this time. If you possess *wisdom*, see Marlborough. If you possess *spirits*, see Marlborough. If you possess *taste*, see Marlborough. If you possess *curiosity*, see Marlborough. I have not yet

been over the town; but the scene that strikes the traveller within a mile of it, who shall describe it? It has enlivened my spirits, and new-modelled me; and though I proposed sleeping five miles further, here will I fest till the morrow.

The situation of my bosom affected my pulse, my fingers caught the infection, and my pen, poor fellow, was tame as you found it. But to-morrow or next day I shall reach Bath, and have much to send you from thence and Bristol, and much to say of that likewise; and from thence I shall proceed to Carmarthen I believe, but that I will tell you in time.

I believe the whole country is combined in a drunken association; for here are three or four drunken old sinners, piously chaunting a stave or two in the kitchen, and (confound their pitch-pipes!) there is no writing for them; and yet as I send you two sheets, I like to fill them, though I scarcely know what to say. I shall be awkward in conversation when I come home; for here, unless now and then I exchange a sentence with a shepherd lad that tends his flocks upon the downs, or ask of a travelling sailor his past rout and future destination, or wish good-morrow, and good-day, and good-night, to Irish hay-makers, I have not one sociable soul to crack a joke with, beside my companion; with whom I talk so much, that all my best stories are worn out and thread-bare, and my best jokes exhausted. I say the same thing over and over again, and therefore take to the pen and ink, and leave him his tobacco-pipe,  
and



and so we are mutually satisfied. Respecting particulars of my tour, I have seen churches built like rabbit-hutches and chicken-coops; gentlemen's seats like desolated priories; turnpikes like Chinese villas; castles like thick gingerbread; and inns like county gaols. I saluted a sweet face at Thatcham, but it was only with my *hat*.

I send health to your house at large. May the guardian of it, if it be a genius air-clad, lodge upon your chimneys! May peace flash a smile into every window of your house! and Plenty lay her sheaf at your door! May time spin grey locks for all the generations of your house that are and may be! and may wisdom take the right hand of all your meetings! Friendship shall teach you to think of the man, who, fifty years hence, hopes to walk hand-in-hand with you to the great omega of mortal existence; and love and gratitude shall ever prompt him to think of you, and speak of you, and write to you, and take an interest in your felicity as long as his hand can subscribe,

Your affectionate friend,

H. M.

## LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

*Kennet, four miles beyond  
Marlborough.*

SIR,

I WOULD as soon, my good Thomson, pretend to extract honesty from a lawyer, humility from a priest, modesty from a soldier, or piety from a bawd, as articulate sounds from a Wiltshire peasant. Why is it, O man of Wilts! that thou art so un-courteous to *travellers of gentility, gentlemen of the pad*, citizens of the world? Yet, so it is, that I have not been able to learn the name of one village the whole morning, though we have passed many, owing to the fellows we addressed for information, giving a *grunt* instead of an answer. Fray, make my compliments to the superficial Scot\*, who teaches elements of speech, and ask how we must understand the Wiltshire dialect. After a walk of near five miles, a pretty decent-looking house invited me to breakfast, and a pretty modest nature-painted girl

\* Herries.

tells

tells me that I live at Kennet, where the river of that name takes its rise. She is kindly preparing a toast, and a dish of John Tatham's, and in the meanwhile I sit down to make my way over this fair sheet of paper.

Never did any man experience more delight from a dream of Arcadia; never did any man taste more pleasure in contemplating the finest works of the pencil or the pen; than your humble servant, the Baron of Kennet, did from his walk yesterday morning. O, Sir, I would not thank any man to make me a mayor, and give me a marble-monument when I slept, to exchange the advantage of cultivating an acre of cabbages in this country, did so sweet an engagement lie in my way. The dust, by the preceding rains, was well laid, and the sun was no more intense than I would have it, and the hedges were very sweet, and the cattle in great plenty. We reached Marlborough at one, and pitched our tent in a house with a sash-window; there I dispatched a few letters in another cover, drank tea, and walked the town. The main street is a very good one, clean, broad; and the houses in general more elegant than in most country towns I know. The fronts are chiefly worked tiles. The market-house stands on a great many antique pillars, and the gaol is on one end of it. The Castle Inn, formerly the proud seat of the proud Somerset, is, I think, rather a large, uniform, than an elegant and genteel mansion. There is a fine artificial mount,  
however,

however, in the garden, of a considerable height, with winding walks round it, *a-la-mode de corkscrew*, and a pretty summer-house at the top, which commands a delightful view of Marlborough Downs. Had I ten heads, and ten hands, and ten pens moving at once, I could well employ them all in describing the lovely scenes that lie round the town. We walked near four hours through shady lanes, that hung over the mazy current of the Kennet. Above our heads the grazing cattle hung upon the flowery downs; the birds whistled from the thorny brakes that met together across our path, the grasshoppers chirped in the grass, and above all, Sir, above all, Sir, many sweet Marlborough maidens lent their graces to enliven the bewitching scene. I sighed when the sun went down; and when the dews of evening warned us to depart, I could have dropped a tear with them.

This morning, fresh as the rose, we took our last farewell of Marlborough, and stealing through some lovely Wiltshire villages reached our present landlady's by about eight o'clock.

To hear that thy rattle-headed friend has been *in nubibus* will not surprize thee; but so it is, I assure you, we have had some comfortable breathings up the highest hills I ever remember climbing. The country alters very fast. Alps run on Alps before us, and, if the sun should make us a visit cordial before we reach Chippenham, expect to hear by next post we are roasted. I have seen many acres  
of

of land filled with large rocky stones, ten or twelve feet broad, and three or four above the surface of the ground, at perhaps two or three yards distance from each other; they have a very odd effect, and look like the ruins of some large city, as Palmyra, or Babylon, or Tyre, where order and harmony have perished for ever.

And if polished cities, if the smooth barbarity of courts, as Thomson calls it, is order and harmony, let them perish! let them perish! To me, the plain manners of a country life are beyond it all. Here, Sir, I have seen strange things, I have seen a modest woman! That lovely blush upon the cheek of the dear girl that brought the last plate of bread and butter is beyond all arts, even the rouge of a countess; and I will kiss her before I depart, *if she will let me.*

Instead of the fraud of trade, the casuistry of courts of law, the smile of hypocrisy, and the friendship of the tongue, I hear and see what never can offend me; the first object I cast my eye on in the room is a bough-pot of honey-suckles, and mint, and marigolds, a large codling-tree peeps in at the window, add to which a box-hedge and a hurdle, and the twittering of a cock-sparrow from the thatch over the window, and my prospect is at an end. I have no prospect of an estate, no prospect of independence, no prospect of the gallows, no prospect of matrimony, nor, I hope, any prospect of being denied the privilege of subscribing myself,

Yours, &c. &c.

H. M.  
LETTER

## LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

*Bathford, June 4, 1773.*

SIR,

LANGUID, lifeless, spiritless, dead in heart, woe-begone, sick at soul, I sit down to write thee a sad letter; and, thank God, there is a chair in creation, a chair in creation, to sit in. I wrote last from the Devizes\*. I did not do the place justice, tis a good town. Would we had staid there, instead of proceeding for Melksham! Tongue and teeth, curse Melksham! Pen, curse Melksham! Heart and soul, curse Melksham! For

Never such a lodging had  
 King Alfred in his life.  
 The curtains, all know'd by the moth,  
 With the blood of bug martyrs were red;  
 Brother Belzebub spun the curs'd cloth,  
 And my landlord found needle and thread.

I might have noticed, the ladder we ascended by was dirty; but I thought at the time that many a

\* Missing.

man

man had risen to preferment by a *dirty ladder*, so I let it pass. I fell asleep, however, with fatigue about two, and quitted it by a quarter past four this morning. Shifted and washed, and got a breakfast, and went to Bath. Three miles, five miles on this side of Bath, is worth the ransom of a Prince of Conti; but the town itself, its buildings, its parades, its circuses, its squares, its streets, its inns, its lodging-houses, its markets, its churches, its citizens, and sons of pleasure, its belles, its beaux, confound them all! I have walked through it with weary legs, gone to two houses for lodgings; and how do you think they served me? At one house, an old withered hag took me up two pair of stairs to a room with two beds, one of which was tenanted by a scabby-headed hoy; the other had sheets that appear to have had an itchy inhabitant, and still retained the smell of brimstone. The other house was desolated. They were not *settled*, said they. No, said I, in a most horrid pet; nor I neither.

Well, I left Bath, and came back two miles; a decent-looking house holds me now, and I have seen my bed, and recovered my spirits in some degree, but still, still, this horrid itching alarms me. Laugh, laugh on; but still I'll make one more trial, and, if to-morrow prove as bad as yesterday, depend on seeing me soon. A little brandy and water gives me rather better spirits, and I'll proceed. When we started this morning, \* \* \* and I walked a considerable way before either spake a word; at length, said

\* \* \*

\*\*\*, I think, I think we have had but a queer kind of a lodging. Curse the lodging! quoth Peregrine. The fine country that bloomed, about us was all lost, till within five miles of Bath; and then a blind man or a dead man must have been delighted. You little think, buried as you are in town, what scenes I have passed and am passing. If James thought it too great a pleasure for a subject to have his head scratched when it itched; I may, with more propriety, think it too great a pleasure for a subject to have a pretty little hanging house on a hill in Zomerzeshire. The poor people met us with nose-gays as we came down the hills. There are many stone quarries here; and, instead of hedges, the lands by the road-side are parted by walls made up of loose stones, and cemented at the top with plaster. Innumerable seats are scattered round the hills, and there is much wood and much verdure; and, though I cannot yet like Bath, I like its situation. *Hair-dressing* seems the principal *manufactory*; and gadding about, its prime devotion. I don't like it: when I went to the post-office I could not have the letters; I must go again this evening, will answer them to-morrow; but unless the place improve upon me, I'll get into Wales as fast as possible. It will not be possible for me to appoint a meeting till I reach Radnor, because, if I don't meet my old friend there, I must follow him across the country. Expect a letter in time. The buildings here look very white and pretty, being all stone, but for all that



that, I like Marlborough better. I propose going to church at Bristol next Sunday; will send you a text if I do, but shall not make any stay there, as the spirits of the people are so mercenary. I look for great things from you, don't disappoint me by short letters. Tell my dear V\*\*\* all this. I know how he'll chuckle to find me so foiled; but no matter, another post or two will set all right again. These Zomerzeshire folks are special talkers, so I shall not be dull, I hope, while I stay with them. We have had some joyous doings every evening more or less, singing, chorussing, &c. and I hope yet to recruit my spirits and send better letters.

My best respects attend your very worthy family. Assure them I am flattered by the kind notice they pay me. To every friend who shall enquire after my health, say I'm well. Tell Ned, I'll write him an answer to-morrow if he have sent any thing; if not, I'll write.

The country is very rich and very pleasant; and, but for nasty circumstances like those I've mentioned, I could live here very well.

Expect me to hold forth again very soon, and believe me to be

Yours; &c.

H. M.

LETTER

## LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

*Bristol, June 8, 1773.*

SIR,

**M**ORE troubles! my good friend. Can't get away from this cursed place, till our surplises have been dragged through the well-bucket. I wrote a strange letter \* last night. I'll explain it when I see you. Would you believe, in such a place as Bristol, we could hardly get a lodging? This marching uniform of ours is confoundedly against us. I asked at one house for a bed, being fairly jaded with heat and dust, and mine hostess bounced like a hot cockle. Her nose was screwed up within half an inch of her eyebrow. Her blinkers flashed fire at poor \*\*\* and myself; and, I believe, if we had not made a brisk retreat backwards, *foot and horse* had been routed. She, good creature, altogether misunderstood us, it is most certain; but, calling out as I did for the bed, before the bottle, she conceived I took

\* Missing

her

her habitation for a b——y-house, that, not content with a bed alone, I wanted a girl into the bargain, and so treated us scurvily accordingly. Now, to let her into a secret, both \* \* \* and I were better disposed for a beefsteak, than a doxy. I believe, if I travel on foot next year, it must be towards Xmas, for the Sun has so metamorphosed my *features*, and the dust so bedimmed my sparklers, and defiled poor grey, that you will find a very different sort of a man return to town from him that went out of it. Should a jury of critics sit in judgment upon my *Gaberdine*, it would furnish them with high matter for cavil and definition, and uncertain conclusions. For it is neither one thing nor the other. To trace its original colour would puzzle a cloister; to account for its original cut and dimensions, would set all Monmouth-street in convulsions. For, it is partly buttonless, and soon talks of being sleeveless, in allusion, I believe, to the *sleeveless* errand on which its master traverses this part of an unhospitable country. My whole frouzy figure would charm you. My wig, *my* breeches, hold there, Jones, that's a mistake. My wig, \* \* \*'s breeches, are in the like quondam trim; and when I shall be clean and sweet, and genteel, as in times past, I can't say. O, 'tis a delightful excursion, 'tis what I have been talking of with rapture these six months, anticipating day by day, like the schoolboy his holidays, *and lo! 'tis here; lo! 'tis here.* I am now, as it were, in the very marrow and heart of the journey, and my rap-  
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ture, consequently, at its *ne plus ultra*. But, however, don't mistake me. I can always regulate *my* raptures, Mr. Thomson. Always correct *my* fancy, Mr. Thomson. And, therefore don't commiserate any man for being less entranced than I am. For, look ye, the dream is out, the work of imagination is over, realities take place of conceptions, and I find the country, which I conceived to be Arcadia, what many a man finds a wife whom he conceived to be a goddess, that is, to be a *mere* country, and a *mere* woman. However, on the whole, I like the tour very well. The weather has favoured us much, and the scenes are so lovely, they must and shall have their due. We shall have long talks by-and-by about it at the Peacock, it would be tedious in a letter.

Respecting meeting you as you desired, what must I say? Here I am three days for clean linen. In a week's time I may be detained as long again. It would be a pity to come so far, and not make some enquiry about the country, and that must detain me. And besides, as I come back to \* \* \*, I must make some dispatch. I would oblige you to the utmost, from good principles of love and gratitude, but situations will be allowed to weigh for me. If my business be dispatched in this part of the country, I shall be at Reading on Saturday or Sunday se'night, when I will write to you directly. If you be obliged to go out of town before that time, pray send a letter to me at Reading before you go. I beg you will write there, whether you go or not,  
and

and instruct me where you shall be. I can't tell where you can send to me till then, because I am going round the country, and shall not stop any where. My best respects to your father, mother, and Mr. Duncan ; and accept for yourself the friendship and esteem of

Yours,

H. M.

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## LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,

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 ----- care who knows it. For three seconds by a ticking crazy clock on the crooked staircase, I'll be serious.

Seriously then ; it is no fault of thy friend if he cannot penetrate a millstone, and dive into the womb of time, and judge one day for the sensations of seven. When I talked of being happy in the progress of a romantic tour, which cool-judging men

condemned with all propriety, I really thought I knew enough of one Henry Man, of pious memory, to be satisfied the same inclination he embarked with would have carried him throughout. He thought the country was such as Poetry paints it, and not like Islington and Highgate. He looked for vestiges of antiquity in tumble-down abbeys, which prove to be sad weather-beaten remains of stone and mortar. He was to collect choice anecdotes from a promiscuous conversation with excisemen, and chambermaids, and parsons of *simple* parishes. But still the disappointment is the same. Nature at Leadenhall-market is nature at Bristol. The maid and the parson are much the same as at London; and as for the excisemen, I have seen Lister and Cowcher, and that *is all*. I have seen all. Where are the cool retreats to refresh the fainting, when I am forced to keep house while in a perspiration to prevent catching cold? The draughts of nectar I dreamed of, are hardly so good as Edwards's or Baynham's, or *the Royal-oak composition*. And the sweetness of sweet nosegays wither soon on the constant poring eye. The rose loses its scent by frequent smelling. By frequent gazing at, the Sun its smile: and, in short, I find men and manners, and prospects within and without, so much like what I've always seen, that, like a fine distant perspective brought home upon the view, the landscape deadens; and, therefore, I here make a formal recantation of errors, and atone by a confession of my mistake,

take, and a ready zeal to join many friends over a bottle, and laugh with the man of many tales. 'Tis a humourous affair upon the whole, and, therefore, if you see me next week (as I am very fond of a joke) don't be surprized at it. Not a word of this though to the *Gentiles*.

Saturday morning, and the weather too doubtful to think of stirring. Good Heavens! what a week have I passed, coop'd up in this heterogeneous city! The fates foil me in the shapes of the washer-woman and the weather. The suds below, and the clouds above, have ruined me beyond measure, and here I now stand, self-judged and self-condemned, a martyr to a chain of fatal causes. By my great wisdom, at this rate, I shall grow as melancholy as any old woman's enchanted cat in Bedlam. The charities and social passions will be scared away, and I shall droop like a withering *sunflower* (that's the best metaphor), and all my laughing powers, my *gaieté de cœur*, *ma vivacité*, shall perish.

How drawl, drawl, drawlingly does this plaguy pen proceed to business this morning! there is no more life in the dog than in a pickled cucumber, but drones over his work carelessly of the lash of the taskmaster, who, he knows very well, is too much asleep himself to mind servants. Asleep, himself! Yes, faith! fast as a dormouse. The thick gross element lulls me without a cradle. The striking of eight o'clock scarce found me habited, and I am

now only set down to finish last night's scrawl for the privilege of *sleeping on paper*.

I would have parted with my gaberdine, to have had thy delicate Highness with us, more than once, twice, or three times. Then, thou shouldst have dieted like a primitive Christian, like a Pilgrim in the land. The first day for dispatch, we dispatched part of a nut-brown loaf and mity cheese, and scoured our gills with some charming sour-ale, which kept our viscera grumbling in unison till bed-time. A glorious piece of fly-blown roast-beef the next day made up for the deficiency of our bill of fare on the former. The third day, (expect to see a corporation when you see *me*), the third day, (shall I ever forget it?) a nice piece of delicate lean beef boiled, milk-white with salt on the outside, and crimson with bloody gravy within; *almost* sweet at one end, but touched with nothing in the world but hot weather towards the bone, full of fine little greasy kernels, and as tender as a cobbler's lapstone. Think of that, my dear, and garnished round with white-heart cabbage and spinach, mixt up in lovely rank butter. I say, this stomach-bewitching warm collation was furnished up to our travelling third-day's table. But, not to be prolix, why need I mention the rump-steaks, which appeared to have been cut from the shoulder of a horse, and which we were forced to open our shoulders to twist down? or, the frouzy mutton chops, with maggotty lettuces? Why  
are



are your better organs to be thus assaulted? I have done.

Now, to bar all mistakes between my betters, I beg and supplicate that you will be merciful in giving the polite world this judicious journal. Speak tenderly of my follies; and my faults must sleep with you. You are as sensible that I cannot conceal any thing from you, as a blind man is of light, or a deaf man of sounds. I say, you are as sensible of my candour and ingenuousness, as a tripping tongue can make you; and I think in this instance I have made so glorious a display of frankness, that my character is established as firm as the base of the mountains. I shall write another letter in the course of a day or two, for fear you should not think me punctual, which is, you know, the life, soul, and every thing in correspondences, especially when you have condescended to set so polite, so friendly, an example, in forwarding that thundering large packet to Bristol. O, Sir, you have all claims to attention, and I will give my servant charge concerning thee. “Pen!”—Sir,—“I don’t wish to mortify thee with  
 “the story of thy birth, for there may be much virtue in an obscure origin. I mean not to insult thy  
 “inferior fortune, but to lay claim to thy gratitude  
 “and faithful services, and therefore hear me, and  
 “attend. When thou wert forlorn and friendless;  
 “when the bleak winds beset thee; when thy days  
 “threatened to be short, and thy everlasting night  
 “was near thee; when the old cackling jade, thy  
 “mother,

“ mother, had paid the debt to feast sinners and  
“ *merchant taylor*s ; torn from her wing by rude  
“ unpitying hands, thou wert mixed with the vilest  
“ of thy brethren, till an accident dropped thee on  
“ the common where I picked thee up. For thee,  
“ my servant, it was a lucky accident, and thy last  
“ breath, I am persuaded, will acknowledge it. Thou  
“ canst witness for my early care of thy education,  
“ how I clarified thee, and scraped thee, and clipt  
“ thee, and cut thy upper garment in a genteel  
“ taste, and fitted thee for the best company, and  
“ qualified thee for the finger of Cervantes. Thou  
“ canst speak for my care of thee since that time,  
“ and the genteel treatment thou hast always met  
“ with. I have made thee, as it were, the prince  
“ steward of my little household, and took thee in  
“ my right-hand, and took thee to my bosom, and  
“ taught thee *poetry*, and taught thee *music*. This,  
“ and more, much more, I have, and will do for  
“ thee, O pen, if thou wilt but study to deserve it  
“ in the best manner that can please thy master.  
“ Tis an easy office, thy master’s heart will aid thee.  
“ Write then, write to the man he loves, honest  
“ language. Express it boldly, firmly, lastingly ;  
“ tell him, David had a Jonathan ; and Nysus, his  
“ Euryalus ; let him guess the rest. Speak always  
“ without flattery, but do justice to my affections.  
“ Let it grow familiar to thee to set his name when  
“ writing to another ; yet use no art, ’tis sorry, ’tis  
“ unworthy that freedom which Heaven gave the  
“ soul.

“ soul. Tell him faults boldly, tell him virtues sparingly, tell him truth plainly, and tell him the Sun now pops out, and I must take this advantage to set forwards.”—I will write anon.

*Bath, 12 o'clock.*

Now, Sir, this you must know, that 'tis travelling like a true son of Kilkenny, for a man to set forwards by coming back again, but so it is, most reverend, grave, and worthy citizen, I assure you. We have crowd'd all the sail we can possibly make, to reach the place from whence we came, and considering the badness of our tackling, shoes and stockings being pretty nearly demolished, and our poor pig-tails in a quondam situation, I say, good Sir, considering all this and the squally weather we have had to cope with, we have reached Bath pretty early. Our sails and rigging are in such a shattered condition, that here we cannot anchor, and therefore I shall certainly reach Reading by Saturday next, when I expect to hear from you. This journey does not seem to be suitable to the *supreme delicacy* of my *delicate constitution*, and we have been so alarmed with the many more dreadful dangers we may meet with further off, that we called a council over a bottle, and resolved, *nem. con.* to indulge ourselves with a pleasant walk for the great city. So, here we are! and from hence we shall proceed by slow and solemn stages. I believe I shall not travel again in a hurry; for, sick as I am,

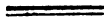
I am,

I am, jaded as I am, shook to pieces as I am, like poor madam Hardcastle in the horse pond, I don't think this freak will take me again in a hurry.

My best respects as usual, and you will oblige

Yours, &c.

H. M.



## LETTER XI.

TO GEORGE ———, ESQ.

*London, March 28, 1777.*

DEAR GEORGE,

**A**S a man should never write to a friend at a great distance till he has some news to tell him, or something to say, I have waited a month in expectation of some public or private matter to write about, but am as much at a loss at present as I should have been a month ago. Let me begin, however, with thanking you for your last letter; it was kind of you to think

think of me in preference to the rest, and I was glad to hear your health and spirits were in so good a state, and that the prospect of the voyage gave you much pleasure. I often, with some degree of admiration, think of the very great distance you are now from us. Sometimes I fancy you rolling in rough seas, hear the howling winds, singing in your shrouds, with the boatswain's whistle and the sailors shout to compleat the horrid discord of the scene. Again, I fancy you stealing smoothly along under smiling skies, with gentle breezes, attended with a multitude of advantages to a refined and reflecting mind. I imagine the sun must be a glorious object to you as he rises out of the deep, and equally astonishing as he returns to it again in the evening. Your night watches must give room to a number of pleasing speculations, when the revolutions of the planets and the useful constancy of the fixed stars engage your attention. I think many strange and awful reflections must be excited by the immense body of water all around you, and the new countries and the new customs which occasionally you see. If this find you safe at the Cape, what an idea it affords of the power and utility of commerce, which can convey the sentiments of separated friends from one end of the world to the other! As I write with a map of the world represented on a screen before me, I trace your passage with wonder, through the Atlantic and Ethiopic oceans, till I land you among the Hottentots and Caffres, a barbarous, brutish, wretched race  
of

of men, apparently without minds, and the prejudices of human affections. To a man accustomed only to be rowed as far as Smith's Tea-gardens at Vauxhall, or to the ship at Greenwich, think what a reflection your long voyage must convey. I who never was 150 miles from the capital, and who yet thought I might boast of my travels, cannot possibly account for the alacrity with which curious and adventurous men expose themselves to foreign climes, and the dangers which attend their expeditions. It is happy, however, for the world, that Providence has given a variety of tempers and dispositions for the general good of society. To the sailor every landsman's praise and gratitude are due. We should thank him for the articles of convenience he brings home; for the ease we acquire by his labour; and the safety we find in his courage. He is the great bulwark of this state, who, next to Providence, must defend us in distress; and indeed the sailor, next to Providence, may be said to be him on whom the very being of this country depends. May his industry be crowned with success, and his valour be rewarded with fame and fortune! May he live with honour as with honesty while he is young! and may his grey hairs be revered by the rising generation! You see you are in all respects included in this benediction, so be a good boy and prosper.

We expect another bustle at Midsummer for the chamberlainship, as a charge of usury is publickly brought against Hopkins, for the purpose of turning  
him

him out; and the d—'s prime minister, John Wilkes, declares he will again stand a poll with him; so you will find the world is just as you left it, neither more wise, nor more honest, more tranquil, nor more friendly.

P. S. When you write to England you may direct to the old place. Tell me all things relating to the countries you visit; and if you meet with any thing curious, such as the toe-nail of a Mandarin, the helmet of a Rhinoceros, a beef-steak cut from the bum-fiddle of a horse belonging to the Cham of Tartary, or a hair plucked from the beard of a Chinese woman if they wear any; I say, if you meet any thing of this sort that will come cheap, do let me have it. The house send compliments and good wishes, and will be glad to hear from you at your leisure. Excuse the length of this; which your own rashness brings upon you, and believe me as above.

Yours, &c.

H. M.

LETTER

## LETTER XII.

TO MISS ———.

AT the bottom of an old band-box which was discovered (in high preservation) among the ruins of Herculaneum,—nicely wrapped up in a sheet of brown paper, the following choice manuscript was lately found. The learned suppose it to have been the substance of a letter written five thousand years ago to Miss *Eleanor Smith*, a great admirer of the *Ancients*, by one *Henry Jackson*, an obstinate advocate for the Moderns. Alas! that wise men should have such weaknesses! but certain it is, that the contemplation of this affair has turned the brains of many sapient antiquaries quite topsy-turvy. It is a fragment——It has no beginning——It has no end.

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————— When he first commenced his visits, after an absence of seven years, he confesses he was influenced by no motive but curiosity. He had heard much of the smartness, the vivacity, the engaging



gaging manners of Miss *Smith*, and he wished for an opportunity of witnessing it in person. The world informed him of the lady's situation; the engagements she was under to leave the kingdom; and this information made him zealous to take an early opportunity of seeing her, before these engagements were put in execution. It was nothing to him whether the lady was married or single—nothing to him, whether she was engaged or free—it was enough that her conversation was sprightly—he asked for nothing more. He trusted he might pay an occasional visit with perfect propriety—those visits were made without extravagant inclination, and finished without reluctance. They were respectful visits of entertaining observation, paid by a man who loved wit, to a lady who possessed it; but paid with that indifference, carelessness, and philosophy, that left him nothing to dread from disappointments. Was the lady lively?—so was he. Was the lady gloomy?—so was he. Was the lady sentimental?—so was he. Was the lady stupid?—so was he. The wind and the weather, the world and the fashions, the play-house and the Casino; supported conversation. The absurdity of *his* discourse set the lady to sleep; while the brilliancy of *her's* took possession of *his* dreams,

In the course of these conversations (prompted by idle curiosity), he took occasion to question, as far as politeness would justify him, respecting the lady's situation; and was surprized to learn, from some peremptory

peremptory declarations, that the world was mistaken in its conclusions. Was she not compelled by legal obligations, or honourable obligations, to leave England? He conceived she said No! Was she not obliged to see France? He conceived she said No. Was she not particularly prejudiced in favour of one Man, above all the posterity of Adam? He still conceives she said No. He confesses his misconception of her meaning (if it was not so) gave a new train to his ideas. He respects the understanding he appeals to; and, therefore, does not hesitate to confess, that it suggested such a train of ideas, as a man may be supposed to have, who conceives himself at liberty to start for a prize, though two competitors had started before him. He presumed, however, but little on all this; he was never very fond of presumptions; he well knew that people of lively imaginations were subject to a variety of opinions; and therefore prepared his mind for possible alterations.

The lady may perhaps insist, that she never made the declarations alluded to. In express terms, he grants she did not. But are not clear and positive *intimations* to be regarded? Is nothing conveyed by plain express *intimations*? Is nothing ever meant by them? A lawyer might contend indeed for the *letter* and the *letter*; but sensible people must know, that the *spirit* of truth is all. This, then, is a truth which he submits to the consideration of a generous mind, whether any thing was meant or not?

not? He confesses himself to have been stupid enough to think, at one time, there was; and he believes this to be a truth also, that in so doing he was most egregiously mistaken. The conversation of Friday evening confirmed every suspicion he entertained before; and he still thinks, that it justified his behaviour upon it.

He was then told, that *honourable engagements* must silence the pretensions of Mr. W—; and he necessarily inferred, that they must silence every other pretender also. But, with submission, gentle lady, was there no *contradiction* in dwelling so forcibly on these *honourable engagements*, which had been repeatedly *denied before*? Was there no *contradiction* in urging the necessity of abiding by agreements of long standing, when the very existence of those agreements had been absolutely *denied before*? He confesses now, as he observed then—that honourable engagements are sacred above all; but he still thinks, there would have been equal propriety in saying this last *January*, as in reserving this opinion for *May*. He conceives the alterations of seasons can never affect the force of moral obligations; if it is quite right to insist upon these things at present, it was equally proper many months ago.

With submission, *Miss Smith*, among a multitude of just and valuable notions, you have some false ones. You conceive (for instance) that a friendship may subsist with the strictest propriety between people of opposite sexes. He is bold to say you

have been embarrassed by this opinion. He is confident you have already felt some inconvenience from these sentiments; and unless you correct your creed, he prophesies you will suffer more. Such correspondences as attract our judgment may naturally be expected to influence our affections: they may originate from many causes of little moment, but, if they continue for a season, will certainly terminate in regard. To this term (regard), he is aware of your objections. He is fully convinced of your happy superiority to vulgar feelings. *Miss Smith* can exercise her judgment independent of common confinements; *her affections must ever be free*. In his own case, he has many material objections to such romantic friendships; and these objections led to the singularity of his behaviour last Friday evening, as he declared, since he resolved to quit the house for ever, he resolved to guard against the consequences of improper visits, and to leave you in possession of the same number of friends he found you mistress of, when he began his correspondence. He conceived it possible that he might have been treated in an unfriendly way, in being deceived into mistaken notions so long; and as he found that absence alone could bring back his ideas to a prudent situation, he thought it right to begin the trial. His pride was engaged to attempt this, and common policy shewed the necessity of debating no longer about it. However, after weighing many instances of politeness and kind treatment he

he had received from you, he determined to make his retreat in form—to apologize in the best manner he was able for the necessity of his departure—to thank you for all friendly distinctions you had shewn him, and in short to withdraw like a man who valued good manners, though he might not have the best talent for displaying them. He is sorry to confess, that, when he saw you on Sunday evening, his resolution staggered, his infatuation got the better of his fine-formed determinations, and instead of laying down his fetters with the fortitude of a man, who gloried in his views of freedom, *he added another link to his chain.*

There might be a weakness, however, in departing from his resolutions, because he conceives the necessity of putting them in practice *still remains.* He is not so superficial an observer of human nature, as to doubt longer the nature of your engagements to one man, or the *strength of your prejudices* for another. You are accountable to him for neither—for nothing. He has used the privilege you allow him, of writing with the freedom of a friend, and his reason for preferring this method of committing opinions to paper is, that they cannot be so easily changed. Consistency fears no future evidence. Sentiments well weighed and determined should be made capable and lasting, they will be best perpetuated on paper. If there is impertinence in the pretensions of this man—rebuke them. If there is any thing disgusting in his frankness, you may burn this

sheet, and silence him for ever. If there is a foolish fallacy in his hopes, you may instruct him to stifle them. If there is a certain foundation for his fears, you will do well to *confirm* his suspicions. I know you will say, should a man of common sense accustom himself to talk in parables, and yet expect to be understood? He answers, there is no reason why he should not. A man who foresees he can never bear more than one denial, will be cautious how he leads to *that* by precipitate questions. A man who has either sense or humility enough to judge of his own disqualifications, will be always cautious of presuming. But still a man who has a regard to his own ease, will be equally careful how he perplexes it by improper infatuations. He can suppose, that extraordinary dispositions may reconcile many things which appear like paradoxes to the vulgar; among this extraordinary class he ranks *Miss Smith*; but he never can reconcile it to common sense, that even *Miss Smith* can indulge an extravagant prejudice for any man, and yet be perfectly indifferent about him. He never can suppose, that *Miss Smith*, with all her good sense and captivating wit, can argue away the power of the passions, though her discretion may enable her to conceal them. They will plead; and, by Heaven! they do plead in favour of one happy mortal, and therefore let the world be taught in general, and let friends be taught in particular, that *he only* is predestinated to felicity and good fortune. He will promise, notwithstanding,

ing, in this place, that it is possible for him and all men to be mistaken—he pretends, in no respects, to infallibility—and therefore, if there are objections against that man or any other, which counterbalance his recommendations, in the name of Heaven! why should he attempt to *weaken* the force of those objections? He has general charity for all men, but cannot think of *varnishing* a picture already too formidable; *he will not be counsel in his own cause*. If he is to remain in the cold, formal, spiritless relation of a distant friend—name some office of friendship within the compass of his power; and let him prove some qualifications for the character.—Draw the line that must determine the precise distance of his situation, and he will sacredly abide by it. But, if every indulgence of this nature be strictly denied him, he will properly construe the rebuke, he will most *respectfully retire*.

*Ruins of Herculaneum.*

## LETTER XIII.

TO LAURA.

*Reading, Sunday, Sermon-time!*

IF natural philosophers, my dear Laura, will admit the possibility of a man's being born into this crazy confounded world with only *one idea*, I think myself a curiosity worth their notice; for certain it is, that *one idea* is all my mind can boast of. I am possessed, however, of a conclusive argument against all ridiculing critics; for I can say, Gentlemen, this is no frivolous unworthy idea; this idea immediately relates to Laura.

Let him eat, drink, sit, stand, or run, or walk,  
 Still he can nothing but of Laura talk,  
 He'll write to his mother, ending with this line,  
*I am, my lovely Laura, ever thine.*

As I admire the dull hum-drum stile of writing, that keeps on in one cold path of enquiries and informations; I will, by way of connection, relate a piece of policy of that consummate statesman, Oliver Cromwell. In all his letters to General Monk, whose  
 attachment



attachment to his person he doubted, he desired him to take great care of *one Monk*, who he had learned was a suspicious character. There is a beautiful moral to be gathered from this, but I think a more beautiful application. For Heaven's sake, take care of *one Laura* ! You may say, you have read all this before ; but, my dear Madam, that is nothing to me ; and you may insist that I am, in all points, an impertinent fellow ; but I do seriously confess to you, that I shall positively hate to believe it. For, as I often say, I think politeness a virtue, and friendship a virtue, and cordial affection a virtue ; but, still I hold honest sincerity to be a virtue infinitely more virtuous than them all. Now, by this sincerity I so much admire, I will ingenuously confess, that I think a *wind-mill* capable of turning round ; a *weather-cock* liable to change ; that a cloud may assume a thousand shapes, and the cameleon a number of colours ; but then I must always gravely insist, that my dear cousin in all her better sentiments is firm—firm as the mountains. Good gentlewoman ! she never varies her opinions ; her kinsfolk and acquaintance shall vindicate her *consistency* ; and her friends must glory in their proofs of it.

Were I master of the best estate in Oxfordshire, I would mortgage half of it to have you here. I have in fact all this world can give me beside yourself ; but as I cannot hope for that glorious addition to my felicity, I will in a very few days renounce all my country enjoyments for much greater in town.

P 4

I am

I am sensible, from what I experience, that the air would be of infinite service to you; though I sometimes think the matrimonial atmosphere of Moulsey may be full as serviceable to a lady of your quaint notions, as that of Henley. May the God of love hold one day an absolute dominion over a heart that has grown saucy in a long freedom from his power! and may Hymen, who is a gentleman of good qualities and intrinsic graces, direct you in a better way than that you have superstitiously followed!

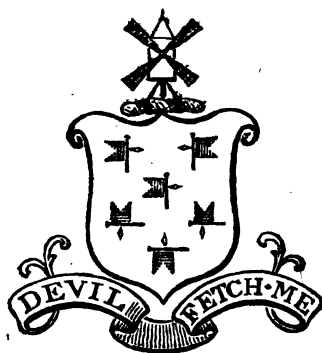
Were I to live long in the country, I should lose my wit, and my wickedness, and my wisdom; and I know, if I live much longer in London, in my present unsanctified single situation, I shall part with my morality and my patience: yet in spite of all, I sleep sound and eat heartily, and can ride a bay trotting horse o'er four-inch bridges. Thus may I live and die a peaceable philosophical man, and your faithful and happy humble servant,

H. M.

LETTER

## LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.



ON searching the Herald's Office carefully, my dear madam, since I left you this morning, I find to my *perfect satisfaction*, that you have a right to claim six weather-cocks for the body of your arms, and a wind-mill for the crest of it. Make yourself perfectly easy about the rest, for to tell you a plain truth, your arms resemble your opinions in one respect, and that is, they want *supporters*. However, since I am self-appointed to an office of the first importance,

portance, I mean that of acting manager for the antiquated beau of ————; I shall assume the right of directing on every honest occasion, and therefore, as a spice of my future intentions, I insist on having the above nicely framed and glazed, and placed over your parlour chimney. There is much *moral*, though no *wit* in the design; so accept the sincerity of my inclinations.

When I began to write, I had but one thing to beg, and that was, to know whether you will see Foote this evening? All that now remains is myself who wait with humility for an answer.

I have no name, so can subscribe

NOTHING.

LETTER

## LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

*South-Sea House, April 19, 1777.*

THE conversation of last night, my dear Madam, made a painful impression on my mind. I gathered from it the necessity of the most serious expostulation, and though I have nothing to advance upon the subject, but what I recommended earnestly to your deliberation at that time, yet I will write for two reasons, to convince you I am thoroughly convicted of the propriety of my being politely positive on this subject, and to enable you to take up the argument in the separate views I at that time submitted to your notice.

If you look back to the general tenor of my conduct with respect to yourself, I trust you will find it regulated and influenced by a respectful regard to the delicacy of your sex, and the peculiar sensibility of your nature; I have, at every period of my addressing you, been happy to accommodate my conduct to your wishes, though, I hope, I have at the same time preferred a spirited frankness of behaviour which  
might

might save you from the mortification of countenancing a mean man; and being disappointed by a future discovery that you had credited the protestations of a designing one. As I have repeatedly told you, if my cause were only to be supported by persuasion, there could be no wisdom in pursuing it.—If your affections were only to be secured by perpetual artificial appeals to your passions, I knew there was no dependance to be placed on any hopes I might occasionally entertain of an alliance. I have repeatedly mentioned this to induce you to establish your mind upon this business, and have conceived from your own declarations (if I may be permitted to say so), that your mind in the more material parts of these necessary debates, has been fixed, has been firmly established; I mean, has been so far established for some time, as to leave French engagements entirely out of the question, and to induce you to make new engagements in London, which *cannot be departed from at present, without making an indefensible retreat from the obligations of humanity and honour.*

You see I prefer a plain language, to avoid all suspicion of insinuation. I will be indebted to no distinction you can pay me, on servile and unworthy terms; I will study to support a conduct deserving the approbation of your pride, and my own ideas of propriety on this occasion; and if I fail in the completion of my hopes, I will reserve to myself the approbation of my reflections.

My

My dear Madam, I confide in your own good sense for a justification of my seriousness in this address, and hope it will have sufficient weight to induce you to do me justice. Observe, I ask for no extravagant sacrifice—I make no extraordinary demand on the susceptible part of your constitution ;— I request only a favour *you would hate to refuse in any other instance—a compliance with your own agreement.*

Had I surprised you into a precipitate engagement for an early day, your objections had deserved attention. Had I solicited you to complete this business on a day of my own appointing, there too you would have had a right to have delayed it. Had any new matter for debate and deliberation occurred between the promise and the completion of it, I should respectfully have submitted to your reasons ;—but, as I conceive every thing remains at present exactly in the same situation it did two months ago, I must confess my astonishment at your wishes for a longer procrastination ; and have no doubt, but you will greatly approve (when you closely reflect upon it) the earnestness of my appeals to you on this occasion.

I have many things to urge, all of which deserve your attention. The length of time I have visited you, and the extraordinary length of those visits day by day. You know my motive for mentioning this adverts to the sentiments of the world, and the opinions of your servants. The perplexity you daily  
feel,

feel, from the unsettled situation you are in at present, makes me particularly solicitous to settle every thing as soon as possible, because I know every benefit will be derived from it. Believe me, my dear *Laura*, this is no trifling consideration with me, and ought, for the sake of policy and discretion, to influence your wishes as much as it does mine. You are convinced of this, I am sure you are ; I am sure you have long enough permitted an idle division of opinion to undermine your constitution, and it is now high time to assert your sense, your resolution, and propriety.

When I write without reason, treat my arguments as they deserve. When I advance any arguments unworthy your understanding, rebuke the author of them by a contemptuous indifference, and act independant of his persuasions ;—but in this case, I have no need of sophistry—a plain question is all I have to ask—that question is justified by your own voluntary, deliberate engagement—and I had not now intruded on your patience by so tedious a letter, if I had not been alarmed by an appearance of irresolution on your part, which makes some seriousness necessary on mine.

You say Mr. B—— *may* come over. I answer, let him come. I have nothing to do with Mr. B——, but to respect him as the friend of *Laura*. You say, there are preparations to be made, which cannot be gotten ready, and many things to be thought of before Saturday for which you will not  
have



have sufficient time. My sweet Cousin, is this reasoning?—or, is this appealing to the reason of other people? Is this a doctrine fit to be preached at this late hour? Does it become either your generosity, or your candour? You will laugh (believe me, you will) on the recollection of such fine logic as you used to me; but would laugh more if I admitted of your pleas.

I know of no preparations necessary in the present case, because the privacy of conducting this affair sets all dress and nonsensical appearance at defiance; as I told you, I am at all times prepared either for the church, or the gallows, and conceive a man may hang or marry very well without either a bag-wig, or a suit of embroidery. No, no, my dear Madam, a fool might listen to such sermons as you deliver on this subject, but I must intreat you to be astonished at the brightness of *my* understanding.

One might be tempted by the appearance of the difficulties which surround you, to conclude that some terrible calamity awaited you; that a complication of miseries of the most capital nature, like the sword over the head of Damocles, hung over you by a hair; and that no visitation that ever oppressed the sons and daughters of Adam was half so insupportable as yours. A stranger might be tempted to enquire if the lady was sentenced to work on the Thames, or make an ignominious retreat at Tyburn? And a friend, not in the secret, would necessarily infer that your house had been burnt, or your lap-dog

dog miscarried, that your fortune had been sunk in the *South-Sea*, or the lappets of your best cap demolished. There have been thousands of Vestals in this melancholy world, who have sighed, no doubt, and wept religiously, and prayed most fervently for husbands, yet wept and prayed in vain. But I will venture to assert, that you are the first good woman, who ever took on in so desponding a way, merely because Providence had been so propitious to your vows, as to provide for you a *man of ten thousand!* good L—d!

Wicked and abominable good soul as you are, reflect a moment on the modesty of that sentence, and then give me a negative if you can. Weigh my great worth, my great wisdom, my great expectations, my great every thing. Remember that I can play a *semprendre* without trumps, and make tea without errors; that I have more monkey tricks than a mountebank, by which you will have a saving of puppet-show expences; that I sleep sound from the first moment of flouncing into bed till the instant of rising in the morning; that you may comb my scratch-wig as often as you think proper, and live as *retired and unmolested in my bed-chamber, as you could do in a hermitage or a monastery.*

I don't know how it is, but I insensibly fall into a lively vein, though the business I write upon is, I assure you, of much consequence to my mind. I hope you have now no intention to trifle, to adjourn, to procrastinate, to evade, but will be led, by the  
con-

consideration of what you have already felt from not fixing your situation, to abide by your former agreement. I know I ought not, nay, I cannot give up this claim—you must excuse me ; but, I know too, both our characters are at stake in more views than one, and that no good purpose can be answered by further delays. If you object to the nearness of the day—think how ridiculous are such objections ! If you are serious in any day, one day is as good as another ; all days must have an approaching nearness at some time, and no day can be sufficiently distant where our wishes are hurt by the advance to it. On Saturday, my dear, refined, self-tormenting Cousin, I shall hold myself in readiness to attend you. If you have any thing to mention in the meantime, however, which shall deserve the title of an objection, I shall certainly attend to that also. I shall conceive myself obliged if you will think, once for all, like a rational and honourable woman on this business, and believe me to be, with great respect and the most tender affection,

Your unsettled humble Servant,

H. M.

## LETTER XVI.

TO MRS. MAN.

*Reading, Dec. 28, 1777.*

AS matrimony is no excuse for a want of politeness, I hold myself accountable to you for a long letter, to assure you, you are constantly in my thoughts at forty miles distance, that I wish to treat you with the same deference I was used to do, to convince you of my sincerest affection, and to account to you for my journey, and my present situation. I arrived at Henley at three stages, about three o'clock, and found the whole family well, (a-propos they all desire to be remembered). We drank and sang till eleven o'clock, and then to a solitary part of the house, three quarters of a mile distant from the rest of the family, I retired. I confess I would gladly have parted with my best wig, and have gone bare-headed, to have been in my old post, and have heard the watchman go his rounds every half hour. If there was one rat behind the wainscot, there were one thousand; and, I verily believe every one of them had three-score.

score legs. Ma'am, they kept up such an infernal tattoo upon the hand-gallop for five hours, that I perspired from the head to the foot of me; as Helston says, my hairs lifted up my cap, and I lay stewing for the whole time like a Dutch dish in its own gravy. A large dunghill-cock that roosted under me kept crowing from midnight till morning, and every time the rascal clapp'd his wings, I went devoutly to prayers, started up in my bed, and expected to go to \* \* \* \*. Thank Heaven, I am now up, and my fears have at length subsided;—a delightful walk of seven miles has brought me to Reading. To-morrow we return to Henley, and on Tuesday we meet the Philistines there; I shall hardly kiss your little finger before Saturday, but on Saturday you may depend on me. Indeed, it is not impossible, if the rats should serve me a second trick like the former, but I may let myself down by a sheet, as Jezubel assisted the spies, in the middle of the night, and make the best of my way to London.

In my absence I expect great things from you. I hope you will have written your letter to Lisbon, have drunk two bottles of rum, and have parted with your complaint. And above all this, I wish you could intimate to W—— that the bond will be wanted, and prepare him for a more serious demand for it; for I have ruminated coolly upon the matter on the cold hills of Henley, and I think a man's own money is best in a man's own pocket, as a man's

own wants are a man's own at all times. Do, my dear little persuasive girl, mind these things.

If the glasses in which we all drank your health last night could have affected your senses, you would have been as drunk as lady Harrington before dinner. These rats have so damped my spirits, that I can't write worth one farthing. However, I shall take up the pen again if I can find time to-morrow, though, Heaven knows, unless something extraordinary happen to night, I shall want matter to fill a sheet with; this I am sure of, that flesh and blood cannot support another distress like that which I have had; and, therefore, in a second trial of this sort, nature must take her way, and the sheets may, and must, and shall suffer for it. I am, my dear Nelly,

Yours affectionately at all hours, .

H. M.

LETTER

## LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

*Reading, Dec. 27, 1778.*

DEAR NELLY,

AFTER a tolerably agreeable journey of forty miles, which was passed in the company of a jolly farmer, and a sentimental gentleman, I reached Reading at six o'clock, and found all well, all glad to hear you were so, and all desirous to send you their best wishes. When I was a single man, I had no silver candlesticks to think of, no wife, no Peter, no possessions; I then slept well in all corners of the creation, and never troubled my head with home—indeed, home was the least agreeable object of my thought at that time, though now, with reason, I confess it to be the greatest. As it is, I think much of what I enjoy, and much more of what I have left behind me. Sometimes I want to shut the front door, sometimes to dance my boy, sometimes to kiss my wife, and sometimes to smoke my darling pipe in the nursery. Well, be it so. Perhaps our present anxieties bring future profit; at least I think, with the Poet, that

we live, my dear, too much together, and this tour will remedy the evil.

To-morrow I go to Mr. Hall's, from whence I shall write you more ; and if you go to Enfield leave word with James to forward my letters to you, in spite of wrinkled foreheads, and sunk eyebrows, pouting-lips, and rough language, in spite of anathemas and denunciations ; these letters of mine are cordials to you, they comfort your up-risings and down-fallings, and invigorate and refresh your sweet pretty animal system. You said, I was an old married man, an indifferent sort of husband, forgetful of the honey-moon, and careless about writing. I am determined to prove the very reverse of the picture to be the true likeness, and to establish a reputation for attention, and politeness, and affection, and so forth, by writing at every opportunity. *It was the plausibility of this poor man's language that won a wife* ; and, in the name of good-breeding, it shall preserve her. An indifferent man who studied *convenience*, writes long letters, which he owns in his present frame of mind is perfectly *convenient* to him.

I expect you will write to me, and tell me all things—but let the first be—your boy is well—your boy is happy—for, God bless the dear little fellow, I think less of prayers than of Peter.

With shooting, and hunting, and something, I shall pass over my week I hope with pleasure ; but thinking of my wife will be the most grateful idea of all. Remember me to all our good friends,—remember



member me in your devotions,—depend upon my correctness, and assure yourself I am, at all times,

Your affectionate and faithful  
Friend and Protector,

H. M.

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## LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

*Harpsden, Dec. 29, 1778.*

**F**ROM these regions of hospitality and good humour, I once more, my dear Nelly, salute you with a letter; it is a courtly kind of phrase, but I know you to be so great a lover of politeness, that the highest style of it must suit you. We live here, as our forefathers did before the flood, amidst all sorts of country pastimes, and chearful exercises; indeed, I believe the Antediluvians did not drink quite so much, though we read that Noah would crack a bottle with the best of them. I got safe here with brother John on Monday. On Tuesday we had, as usual,

usual, a Jubilee-day—a day of love and laughter. Yesterday we were coursing of hares without success; and to-day is but just begun, and therefore cannot say how we shall end it. I think I shall not come home before Monday, being engaged out every evening this week; therefore, I recommend you to stay at Enfield till that time, when I shall be glad to meet you in London. Do not depend on my coming to you after that, as the making so many holidays will oblige me to stick close by my office. I hope nothing will be done with Peter till I come to town—I must debate a little about this inoculating business.

You will not complain, I hope, of my 'want of punctuality in writing, not having favoured me with a line unless it come by to-day's post, which is not yet arrived. My hoarseness still continues, and is very disagreeable, disqualifying me for singing, and every thing else that is clever and comical. Do you spend your time chearfully at Enfield? Do you visit? Play cards, write, walk, or study astronomy? Do you ever ride upon a side-saddle? Do you read Drelincourt or drink brandy? For my own part, I attend to a few of these things, though I do not profess them all.

Yours affectionately,

H. M.

LETTER

## LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

*August 13, 1780.*

DEAR NELLY,

NOTWITHSTANDING I wrote this morning, and wrote upon nothing, I write again at night, from Brighthelmstone, my love, the dear charming, inspiring Brighthelmstone; once more I send to London. The sea-air, the country, the every thing, raise my spirits fifteen degrees at least beyond par, and make my heart all riot and rapture. We arrived here about three o'clock after riding five hours, a little incommoded by the sun over the finest downs in the world. After eating a mutton-chop, and drinking a bottle of port, away we went on the stroll by the sea-shore; rambled here, there, every where; went down to the beach; stood like Canute on the sea-side waiting for the waves to wet me; saw the fishing-boats set off at sun-set, and waited till the moon got up to give a soft sweet serenity to the whole scene; then, the painting was brilliant indeed,

deed, so mild, interesting, soothing, placid. O, I'm in Elysium! I can't express it!

“ Happy the man, who crowns in scenes like these,

“ A youth of labour, with an age of ease.”

I assure you it is my determination to bring you here, if you shall be able to travel before the winter comes on; it is worth living, for nothing else but travelling; and travelling for little else than to see Brighthelmstone.—To-morrow we go to Mr. Venn's estate, about ten miles from hence, and then proceed to Chichester; if I have opportunity, I will write from thence again, but promise myself no pleasure equal to what I have here; for here I taste a new scene such as I never had an idea of, and promise myself great health and pleasure, from taking a souse in the sea to-morrow morning. A great deal of company is here; smarts and simpletons are as plentiful as at an execution;—there is a large square place, called the Steine, set apart by the shore for walking; a library; a fruit-shop; lodging-houses, and piazzas round it; but I pledge myself you shall see it. The eye wanders from that place over a world of waters, which the bathing-machines, the fishing-vessels, and ships of government enliven alternately. Lewes, about eight miles from hence, is a lovely town, remarkably clean, the houses handsome, streets long and straight, has three or four churches, seems very populous, and I believe may vie with any town in England. I received great  
pleasure

pleasure from riding through it, I can assure you. I again recommend my dear Peter to your care. As we must stay till Wednesday at Chichester, if we see an opportunity to do any good there, you need not expect me till Thursday, but do not depend upon me even then; it is my intention to come by that time if I can, but I will not fix for an hour; between this and then I may determine the time with certainty. I expect good accounts from, and remain, my dear girl,

Yours ever,

H. M.

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LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

*Findon, Aug. 15, 1780.*

MY DEAR GIRL,

SINCE Sunday I have had a variety of adventures of little moment. We left Brighton about twelve o'clock yesterday morning, and went to a place called Hurst, within eight miles of which is Ned's estate,

estate, staid there all day—the smugglers in this country go in droves of one hundred, and sometimes two hundred together. The house we were at was one of their rendezvous, and about three this morning we were 'waked with the most discordant noises in the universe, swearing, singing, hallooing, hooping. I'd have given the world to have been at home. The house was full of them; and the stables full of their horses. Such a desperate banditti I never saw before. This morning we left it, and rode to the above place to dinner; a sweet ride we had, one view in particular exceeding every thing I ever saw. Imagine to yourself a range of high hills, with the clouds sometimes beneath them; the valley laughing with corn and fatness, towns, seats, groves, woods, lawns, enclosures, &c. and, beyond all this, the sea reflecting the majesty of the Supreme Power who made it. We rode a considerable way with this prospect, saw ships at sea, and all the pleasing variety by land that a fine country could give. We intend going to night ten miles further, to a place called Arundel, and to Chichester to-morrow morning. O Sussex! Sussex! much do I owe thee for the pleasure thy prospects give me. I do not know whether this will reach you till Thursday, when I expect to see town, but in case I should not, you will not be alarmed. Give my compliments to Mrs. Hubbard, and desire her to take care of you; and do you take care of Peter, dear boy. Whenever I see a little fellow in Sussex with a round frock, and a simple

ple innocent set of features, I think with great pleasure of Peter. To-morrow I shall expect a letter from you or Miss K——, with a good account of all of you. I have written to Mr. Crespigny by this post, and if I don't come so soon as I promised shall certainly write to you again. Absence is as necessary in matrimony as any thing I know. At a distance I admire my wife the more, because I see but not hear her—see her in imagination, which is as flattering a medium as can be—this is the silent advantage we occasionally want, and I dare say you rejoice that you have it. Believe me, notwithstanding every thing here, home has a wonderful recommendation for Harry, and the objects of it make up a great part of his most pleasing ideas. Ned and I laugh from sun-rise to its setting, which we set down to the account of proper weaknesses and a pure air. But our horses are nearly ready, therefore it only remains for me to conclude.

I am, my dear Nell's  
preposterous, affectionate Servant,  
H. M.

LETTER

## LETTER XXI.

TO MISS EMMA MAN.

**P**APA is not unmindful of his dear Emma's pretty French letter; she shall certainly see a play of her own chusing before she is a fortnight older.

My Hudson's-Bay friend promised me an Indian shot-bag—here it is, a present from Papa to Emma, who is requested to examine it attentively, as the work of a little savage not more than twelve years old. The colours are dyed by the Indians, and the nicer work performed with a porcupine's quill. I think you will admire it, and say, Well! after this, I never will be vain of any thing; see how regular the work is, with nobody to teach regularity! If my eye guides me right, there is not a stitch amiss. I shall hear your opinion, and I shall hear you say, I will never undervalue any body; for, if a poor ignorant savage can do this, I will never be proud of any thing. I am to have some other presents; and I shall judge, by the value you set on this, how to bestow them. Kiss Nancy for me; and remember, as long as you are a good girl, I am an indulgent papa.—So, Miss, your Servant,

Your very humble Servant,

H. M.

LETTER



## LETTER XXII.

TO MR. HARRY STOE MAN.

DEAR HARRY,

AS it is nearly time for you to think of being settled in life, I wish you would turn your mind to some creditable trade or profession. Observe, I shall not make you a grocer or any thing else against your will; but as for a soldier's life, it is a detestable one, so no more of officers. As an officer you would starve, supposing your size would make an officer of Lilliputian pioneers. And as a parson, you would starve, as all must who have *no living*.

But what think you of being a lawyer first, and then a counsellor, with a tie-wig and a blister-plaster? Now I should like this well enough, and desire to have your opinion of it, when Mr. Morrice comes to town. It is a genteel life, a profitable life, and carries consequence with it in the country: as to London, we are overstocked, they don't hang them fast enough to thin the breed; but in the country you will never want business so long as there are quarrels to be made up, and estates to be bought

bought and sold. I should think a lawyer or a counsellor (Man), would sound nicely; and when you got upon a stool in court, you may cry out—“ Good G—d! Gentlemen of the Jury”—as well as the best of them; and if you should be employed in behalf of a butcher who had driven a bullock into a china-shop, and done the deuce and all of damage, you may say,—“ I will produce, Gentlemen, a creditable witness—one well known to you all—a man of credit and veracity—a capable and discerning man—to swear that the china attacked the bullock, and not the bullock the china. And I shall prove to you on that ground, that the defendant has a right to damages.” Besides, I think I could give you a lift occasionally,—thus, instead of saying, “ my Lord;” always say—“ my Lud—” “ My Lud, your ludship remembers a case in Salkeld and Raymond, perfectly applicable to that of my client.”—“ Why, Mr. Man, not exactly.” “ True, my Lud, not exactly as your ludship observes; but, my Lud, my brother Erskine—I say my brother Erskine, my Lud, has not supported his case on which the action is founded, for he has not proved the record—not proved the record, my Lud, which I am sure your ludship will deem essential.” Or, you may say to the jury, “ Happy, Gentlemen,—thrice happy am I, that my client’s case with all its clearness, its justice, its undeniable title to a verdict at your hands, is to be decided by gentlemen so competent from their  
“ know-

“ knowledge of the world, their discernment, and  
 “ capacity for discrimination. You, gentlemen,  
 “ cannot err in your judgments on this occasion, you  
 “ cannot fail to see my client’s case in the strong  
 “ and clear light that I do—and I shall therefore  
 “ sit down with confidence that you will, this day,  
 “ vindicate your understanding to the world, by  
 “ pronouncing a verdict for the plaintiff.”

So, you see I have made you a lawyer already.—  
 God bless you—be a good boy—attend to Mr. Mor-  
 rice, and you will always find an

affectionate Father in

H. M.

Men shew their sense more by actions than words.  
 He who professes most, performs the least.

A generous man is too often every man’s friend  
 but his own.

Never talk of yourself,—nobody wishes to hear  
 you.

If you are proud, to a certainty you are foolish.

You may deserve approbation, but you cannot  
 command it.

A mean man is always despicable—a miser is always  
 wretched.

A prodigal is always thoughtless of consequences;  
 he gives without generosity;—he lends without  
 friendship;—he borrows without a disposition to re-  
 pay;—he is despised in prosperity, and neglected in  
 distress.

Men are sometimes known by the colour of their coats—those who always prefer lively colours, have generally cheerful minds.

Honour is the best proof of honesty, because it is a law in the heart, which wants no witnesses to enforce it.

Treat all men as if they were honest; trust all men as if they were knaves.

Think much, before you make an agreeable companion a friend.

If you give an opinion in company, never be obstinate in supporting it; for you will offend those who differ from you, and convince none but those who were convinced before.

LETTER

## LETTER XXIII.

TO ———.

SIR,

AS the general harmony of nature is maintained by partial discords in the elements, so in a political view is the general economy of civil rule, supported by occasional factions and oppositions to law. The best constructed legislative system in the universe must be subject to errors; the depravity of men's minds and dispositions can only account for this; but admitting some extraordinary rectitude could be found in the leaders of the state; admitting none but well-trying honest men were advanced to national offices; admitting every sacred privilege of free subjects was maintained with the most zealous rectitude of intention; still there would be found bad men and bad citizens, who would avail themselves of extraordinary sophistry, to blacken the merit of the best minister, or explain the intrinsic motives of his actions away. If the language of opposition at this day, the acrimony and imposition of it, were compared with the declamations of our forefathers fifty

R 2

years

years ago, we should find the same terms, the same complaints, the same hackneyed malicious reproaches on men in power, the same neglect of decency, of truth, and good reasoning, recorded in old magazines and daily papers, at the beginning of this century. Men in power receive questions from subordinate spirits, from seditious profligates, who want pensions; from republican natures, who want anarchy; from wretched villains, who want support; and disappointed peers, who want power. This is necessary, from the universal depravity of the human mind, and from no better motive; such as have once enjoyed the profits of lucrative posts will wish for such situations again; such as have once been distinguished by offices of honour will look with envy on the men who supplanted them; and such as went out of office, to oblige the man who was discarded from his superior situation, will servilely stoop to justify the measures of their patron, and bitterly exclaim, whether right or wrong, against the conduct of his successor. There is a leading principle in the human heart, and that is, self; I allow for degrees of generosity, which constitution may account for; but I repeat, that self, in spite of all liberal professions, is a predominating pleader in all men. I will maintain, that a man in opposition to ministry, and an advocate for administration, are equally biased by sordid views; and I will maintain, that public philanthropy is an egregious farce, a romance, and a fable. I defy any  
man,

man, however extensive his reading, to show me six characters in sacred or heathen, ancient or modern, foreign or provincial records, who have ever made material disinterested sacrifices to the public advantage. I know five, or fifty, or five hundred thousand superficial examples may be quoted of men, who seduced the minds of the vulgar to extravagant creeds, and fed upon them when they had done; but I repeat, and that confidently, that the priestcraft of the Church of Rome, with all its infamous, abandoned impositions, never fettered the minds of its abject votaries with a more contradictory persuasion, than that of patriotism and disinterested zeal. If the men are scoundrels, who are bought by public stipends to betray public duties; those men are equally infamous, who wish to profit by their fall. If a minister disposes of public funds, to secure a majority, to carry necessary measures, no honest man should wish to be minister. If the air of a court is so contagious to its members, the leaders of opposition should rejoice that they were independent of its vortex. The severe republican should bless himself, that his lot was cast in fairer ground; the ruined spendthrift should exult that his poverty was secure from further contamination; the dependants on discarded ministers should pray fervently, that their masters might never be restored; there is a security in virtue, a felicity (if we consider things in this view) in being removed at an honest distance from such afflicting characters as

men in power : and I am sure, if people, called patriots, meant any thing by their exceptions, they would act upon different grounds. But, Sir, the villainous and the simple mean more than is right, or less than is profitable. Unprincipled men, of ordinary ingenuity, may flatter fools to eternity, and fools will glory in such flatterers : but the wisdom or the equity, the corruption or depravity, of this or any other government, can never be determined by such criteria as the clamours of the multitude, or the craft of designing men. A man of principle will be governed by something infinitely superior to public fame. A man of sense will disdain so despicable a testimony of conscientious rectitude, as the rude voices of the throng. The best men in society are to be sought for, not intruded on your views ; and the most licentious men stand most in need of public adulation. This man is poor, by the multitude of his follies ; he is vicious to redeem his fortune ; he defrauds to the extent of his credit ; he ruins to the utmost of his ability ; he sinks to the depth of depravity ; he turns patriot to retrieve his affairs. That is educated in opposition to church and state ; to the civil and ecclesiastical establishments of the land ; he turns patriot to gratify his humour. Another is a fool by birth, and any thing by accidental correspondence ; he turns patriot because he cannot help it ; in short, if self-taught men, we are proud ; if opinions are imposed on us, we are slavish ; we pay too implicit respect to language  
influenced



influenced by passion, and draw no sacred, separating line between the profession and the cause, the action and the motive. But every man should consider this, that the abuses of government (if there be any) proceed not from the minister, but the man. That if the corruption of human nature is the best reason that can be given for defects in national characters, this corruption, and these defects, will continue to the end of time; if public virtue is necessary to restore a sinking state, or redeem a lost one, this great blessing is nowhere to be found; and, beside, it should be reflected, that professions of a liberal nature, from men who want sense and sensibility, morals and inclination to the right, who are weak to the admiration of the vulgar, and wicked to the extent of their capacities, only insult the understandings of their credulous followers, and promote the abandoned purposes of

FACTION.

## LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,

I CONCLUDED my last letter with an assertion, that public spirit is no where to be found. I am so well convinced of the truth and propriety of the remark, that I will repeat it at the beginning of this letter; I will insist, that public spirit is no where to be found. Bad men, and ingenious men, may argue as they please; mechanics who can scarce read a shop-bill, may find followers weak enough to adopt their ignorant declamations, and unprincipled miscreants, who sin beyond the reach of the law, may publish new contradictory creeds of public virtue, to answer private purposes; but in spite of all the dirty, abandoned patriotism of this day, in spite of all the infamous impositions on a generous people which are practised in this city, to the disgrace of its character, and the degradation of its consequence; men of most ordinary understandings, and most superficial acquaintance with books must know, that oppositions mean nothing more than poverty in quest of a pension; ambition in search of a place; repub-

Republican spirit attempting to destroy a fair constitution; and anarchy a thirst for rebellion. Men have been so long accustomed to the extravagances of our political deceivers, that their heads have grown giddy in the race, and sound reflection seems to have deserted them for ever. What was one day a fiction, too gross for vulgar acceptance, was the next familiarly considered, though a contradiction in terms, or a paradox in sense; was the third day partially received, and, by a gradual process of prejudice, arrived at so perfect an establishment (where neither reason nor reflection opposed it), that all subsequent remonstrance must be vain. Hence originates the rapid circulation of lies of the first magnitude, that the King is an enemy to the constitution, that Lord Bute is a Jacobite, that Magna Charta has been invaded, that the royal prerogative is daily encroaching on the liberties of the people, that the Americans are oppressed subjects, that the government has contracted with France for wooden shoes, that his Majesty has made overtures to the Pope, to establish the inquisition in Canada; and a multitude of other opinions equally false, equally scandalous, and equally imposing. Let a felon find a flaw in his indictment, that will save him from the gallows, and he will acquire a reputation for public spirit. Let a licentious blasphemer, to serve his own private interest, obtain a verdict against general warrants, and he too shall be venerated for public spirit. Let seditious men seduce the multitude from all respectful

ful allegiance to the laws, and, be assured, they will find admirers for their public spirit. To oppose all legal authority, to countenance glaring acts of rebellion, to injure the mother-country, and attempt to destroy the constitution, are, at this day, the best proofs that can be given of public spirit. The many impotent and contemptible associations, which have been patronized in the capital and the empire for these last seven years, are striking demonstrations of the virtue and efficacy of public spirit. When I reflect upon the singular graces of Mr. Wilkes's character, I venerate his public spirit. When I reflect upon Mr. Glynn's declaration at Brentford, made in the face of the world, with extraordinary solemnity of expression, I worship him for his public spirit. When I think of the delicious proofs of public virtue, and innate rectitude in Mr. Horne's character, which Mr. Wilkes's correspondences displayed, I adore him for his public spirit. When I ruminate on Sir Watkin Lewes's retreat from the challenge that was sent him from Brentford, I am astonished at his public spirit. When I call to mind the affidavit of Mr. Samuel Vaughan, who is an enemy to pensioners and placemen, I am smitten with his public spirit. Besides all these respectable and right venerable characters, when I think on the many private spirits, who have preferred making a contribution to a public subscription; to paying a private debt; who have preferred talking nonsense in Guildhall to the care of their shops and families; who

who preferred the meetings of drunken politicians, to the sober concerns of the Exchange; while my mind is engrossed with these observations, I must laugh to scorn, and hold in everlasting derision and contempt, the man, who has the effrontery to profess a disinterested regard for the intrinsic welfare of his country. From the day that light sprung out of darkness to this hour, not six instances can be produced of men who have served their country, from any but narrow motives; and yet we are stupid enough at this day, when the knowledge of human vices has advanced upon us with gigantic strides, to make patriotism a public creed and a public profession. We are infatuated enough to conceive the *worst* men in society can be capable of the *best* public reformatations, and that the uncommon extent of uncommon vices can give the most infamous beings the best title to popular protection. Away, away with such hackneyed delusions; the well-meaning, but half-judging people of this country have been long enough imposed upon, it is time they should think for themselves. Some recent meetings at Guildhall have had a happy tendency to call back these benighted men to better reasonings; and the present countenance that is given to rebels in America, by rebels at home, will shortly restore to sound minds the remaining advocates for

FACTION.

LETTER

## LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,

THE humane man must be sensibly affected with the reflection, that the honest credulity of vulgar minds is subject to such a multitude of desperate seductions from patriotism, and from priestcraft; he will deplore the influence of public prints, which are subject to so few faithful limitations, and the treacherous efficacy of public sermons delivered by ministers of peace, to promote bloodshed, misery, and confusion. When it is reflected that the first action which originated from Provincials cost them seven hundred lives (as confirmed by many private letters), beside the loss sustained by the King's troops; and when the severity of this idea is aggravated by the last action at Charlestown, where such numbers were killed and wounded on both sides; we shall find ample occasion to exonerate the villainous chain of imposing artifices, which have been practised by popular characters on this side the Atlantic, to promote rebellion on the other. When Lord Chatham with that uniform inconsistency, which has long separated

parated his character from the mass of ministers, recommended a repeal of the stamp act, he explained the complexion of his heart, and betrayed the supremacy of his country; he kindled a flame in America, which has been gradually advancing in its consequence; he suggested a language to the minority, which might restrict the operations of the ministry; and recommended Americans to question the authority of the mother-country, which had raised them into political and commercial importance; and protected them from foreign invasions. As the Legislature retreated, the Provinces presumed; divided by situation, they aimed at independance, they rejoiced that the plea for opposition, the insolence of patriotism in the capital of the empire, diminished every remaining respect for the government, and the insinuations of their church, which maintains a rancorous antipathy to the ecclesiastical establishment of Great Britain, completed the inveteracy of their conduct; when the convenience of protection was forgotten in the security of peace, their spirits revolted from the confinements of original charters. They were taught by political prophets, that the empire must necessarily travel westward; the nearness of their relation to the mother-country gave them a legitimate title to a share in its refinements; the emigration of multitudes from every country in Europe, who were actuated by curiosity or necessity, carried the arts and sciences through the Provinces; cultivation and popularity united to suggest  
a per-

a persuasion of internal consequence, and taught them to seek for some plausible objections to every act of the Commons, which might tend to perpetuate their political subordination. Gratitude and allegiance weighed nothing with the Americans, when the prevailing pleas of interest and ambition made it necessary to advance new creeds, and to support them by sophistry and deception. The commercial connection with England gave room for critical definitions and distinctions; it was urged that the expences of government originated from necessity rather than inclination, and that consequently the obligation was doubtful. This argument naturally found advocates to support it, and contributed to testify the licentious extent of future clamours; the repeal of the acts confirmed their opinions on English timidity; and the duty upon tea, which was reserved to secure to the sovereignty of Great Britain, a tax scarcely equal to the expence of collecting it, determined them to risk the uncertain issue of a peremptory opposition, though that issue should terminate in war. Hence originated the infamous plunder of public property, the arbitrary oppressive treatment of men in superior civil stations, their refusal to discharge just debts, and every subsequent violation of the law. The multitude flattered by ingenious appeals, and deceived by exaggerated falsehoods, united with the most intemperate zeal in defence of a questionable cause, and left the consideration of consequences to their leaders. In proportion



portion as their insolence obliged the legislature to substitute power for persuasion, and restrain the operations of their trade, their attention to public questions increased with their leisure for discussion. When the artist is suspended from his engagements, and the tradesman left deserted in his shop, however moderate in his temper, or loyal in his principles at other times, he will then feel as an injured individual for the general disorders of the social economy, and act as a public member of the great political body, by appealing to the decision of the sword. The laborious husbandman who murmurs at the severity of his fortune, listens to the argument of natural right and equal possession; he weighs the humility of his state against the common consequences of war, hopes every advantage from success, and fears no ruin from miscarriage. The plotting priest, who was meek as a dove under the observance of authority, avails himself of the popular support, to publish inveteracy with freedom. The distant insinuation is now thundered with audacity, the treasonable declaration which before was capable of two meanings, he now honestly confesses had but one. The council of the closet is published in the streets. He exults in an opportunity of declaring, in the face of the sun, his malignant aversion to royalty, principalities, and dignitaries; he favours the confusion to the extent of his abilities, because the narrow prejudices of a sect can only be gratified with slaughter. These I conceive to be the causes and effects of

of motives, and the consequences which have agitated the mind of the Americans for some time past, and produced their present melancholy situation. There is a national generosity and humanity in the breasts of Englishmen, and I am persuaded every thinking man, of all parties, must feel for the distractions of the Continent. But I am convinced at the same time, that every judging mind will justify the conduct of administration, when considered in a national view, and treat the scandalous impositions, which the priest constantly offers to the credulity of the public, with that sovereign and judicious contempt, which is due to the despicable artifices of

FACTION.

LETTER

## LETTER XXVI.

## CURSORY THOUGHTS ON LEARNING\*.

SIR,

**T**O him who sitteth above the water-floods, and weighs creation in the balance, be glory for ever and ever! Amen!

I have been distinguished in the world as a luminary of science; I have wept for the vanity of wisdom; I have dictated to the rulers of the land, and have been flattered with the friendship of my Sovereign. The sunshine of my prosperity, O my son, awakened an insect into life, and the reptile presumed upon his power. When I stood up in the assembly of Wisdom, the aged counsellor laid his withered finger on his lips, and the young men were silent with expectation. I spake, and it was re-

\* This letter being unfortunately mislaid, could not be found till after the former sheets were printed off,—it ought to have been inserted at p. 97.

corded; I commanded, and it was done. I was stimulated by the breath of dying creatures, like myself, to accomplish the greatest achievements; and acknowledged no standard for rectitude and honour, but the clamour of popular applause. If I planned with policy, my son, or pleaded with rhetoric; taught with truth, or judged with equity; served my God, or saved my country; I did all for the voice of the people. The voice of the people was my grandeur and my glory, my riches and my strength; it supported me as a pillar of the state, and exalted my vanity to the stars. Though, in solitude, I have often petitioned the Eternal for an asylum from myself; yet, in public, the voice of the people made me happy. Ah, my son, great is the weakness of the wisest; and many are the lessons of humility that time may have yet to teach thee! Listen then to the voice of an experienced monitor; let my words sink deep into thy heart, and let thy ear be open to instruction. I had arrived at the summit of my fortune and my folly, when a vision of the night reclaimed me. I beheld in my dream, and my heart melted with astonishment and terror; I beheld the dissolution of the world, and the judgment of the great day; I saw the heavens and the earth convulsed, and the pillars of creation tremble; the moon was turned into blood (horrid change!), and the sun grew dark as sackcloth, at the presence of the Lord of Nature. I heard the blast of the trump

trump of the Archangel sounding through the regions of death ; and I beheld myriads of everlasting souls stand trembling before the throne. I looked for my ensigns of dignity, and found myself naked and ashamed. I listened for the shouts of the throng, but all was silent as the grave. The lightnings flew fast about my head, and the eternal thunders dismayed me. I saw a mountain piled up to the clouds with the volumes of wisdom, and would have rested my feet upon it ; but it perished in an instant in the flames. Then I called upon the spirits of the just for help, and no man listened to my complainings. I laid my hand upon the once mighty princes of the earth, and their sceptres vanished into air. Where (cried I) are the multitudes who once supported me? let them now save me, or I perish. I called with a despairing voice, but the multitude could save no more. Then it was the darkness of everlasting horror seized me. I would have wept sore, but had no tears. I would have died, but the dominion of death was over. I would have joyfully compounded for ages of pain, but my sentence was irrevocable and eternal. Gracious Alla ! can the agony of that night ever be forgotten ! In my fancy I would have pleaded with the Most High, but his reproof silenced me for ever. When I called thee from darkness and from dust, (said a tremendous voice, piercing as the sound of a trumpet), when I endowed thee with capacities for society, exalted thee above created na-

#### LETTERS:

tures, and blessed thee with the light of reason, I taught thee, by an agent in thy own breast, the difference between good and evil, and informed thy senses, that my Providence is ever present with all the wonders of my creation. I instructed thee to live for the benefit of others, to serve society with thy heart and hand, but to worship no master but him who gave thee being, to make my will the rule of thy life, and my presence the predominating witness of thy actions. But thou didst call upon me as thy caprice directed, and hast not walked uniformly before me. If I answered thy petition in distress, why in prosperity didst thou remember my mercies no more? Thou hast considered me a being of like fluctuating passions with thyself, though my attributes are as steadfast and immoveable as the everlasting foundation of my throne. Thou hast sought to hide thee from my face in time, and therefore throughout the endless ages of eternity thou shalt witness to its smiles no more. Trembling I awoke and started from my sofa, and laid my forehead in the dust, and was wrapt in silent adoration from the rising to the setting sun. As the light of celestial truth dawned upon my heart, the shadows of ignorance retired. The world was divested of its flattery at once, and I penetrated with the eye of an eagle into the superior duties of the man. I sought the society of myself, and renounced a paltry felicity that depended on the opinion of others. I would have instructed the son of my sovereign, the  
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mighty Amurath, to have departed from the errors of his education, but was forbidden by my Lord the King. He was disgusted with a humiliating doctrine that degraded the dignity of title, and banished me to this distance from the capital of my country. Here, my son, I have learned great truths, that neither courts nor schools have ever taught me; that the approbation of conscience is to be preferred to the opinion of the multitude; that the wisdom of the heart is superior to the visions of the brain; that our virtues must proceed from a settled principle of action, from a reverence for the witness in our own breasts, and the eye that is over all. I have long attended strictly to this important lesson; and if my sovereign should once again summon my grey head to council, I would endeavour to convince him that the man who studies his duty to his God, and to himself, is best qualified to serve his Country and his King.

Behold then, cried Amurath, in an extasy of pleasure, great counsellor, behold your king disguised in the humble habits of a pilgrim; see Amurath the ruler of nations. I have deserted my people in search of truth, and will now return to convince them I have found it. I shall henceforth never want a supreme incentive to good, and an awful restraint from evil. I will be just from the superior principles of intrinsic virtue, and be happy in consulting the approbation of that invisible witness, whose blessing can afford a never-failing support, when the sound  
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of adulation shall cease, and the people can applaud no more.

The monarch took the hermit affectionately by the hand ; he led him back in triumph to his court, and re-assumed his throne with content, for the heart of Amurath was happy.

Whatever objections may be raised against the conduct of the fable ; an important moral may be deduced from it, worthy the attention of every christian parent. A child should be instructed to adhere religiously to the maxims of morality, not merely from a respect to the sentiments of the world, for the preservation of character, or promotion of interest in society ; but from an obligation of duty to himself, and a reverence for the presence of the judge of all. There are perhaps no characters more doubtful than such as consult on every occasion the opinion of the world ; for this reason among many others,—because the man who is particularly studious to solicit a good name from the public, negatively acknowledges he wants one. I advise you, Sir, above all things, to instruct your son that most comprehensive and most liberal lesson, that ever was delivered, the love of God, and the love of man ; employ all your persuasion to excite his veneration of such important maxims, and assure him it is a doctrine above all philosophy, all science, all school-teaching in the world. Convince him that the most profound learning must be deficient without it ; and that it qualifies the darkest estate of ignorance



norance with a wisdom of the lightest nature. Tell him that Sir Francis Walsingham, towards the end of his life, wrote thus to Lord Burleigh. " We " have lived long enough to our country, to our " fortunes, and to our sovereign; it is high time we " begin to live to ourselves, and to our God;" and let him regulate his life betimes by the moral this is capable of conveying. Recommend the duties of religion on every occasion, and remind him it was the language of the great Cardinal Wolsey, if he had served his God with half the zeal with which he had served his King, his grey hairs had not been forsaken. Tell him how many respectable and learned authorities in all ages have commended the wisdom of religion. Sir John Mason, Privy Counsellor to King Henry the VIIIth, speaks thus of it. " I have witnessed to many great scenes, but after " many years experience have learned, that seri- " ousness is the greatest wisdom, and a good con- " science the best possession; and were I to live my " time over again, I would change the court for " a cloister, my high office for an hermitage, and " the palace for a chapel. All things else forsake " me, beside my God, my duty, and my prayer." Sir Philip Sidney recommends to govern our will and affections by the will and word of our Creator; and Doctor Donne, when parting with his friends on his death-bed, said he repented of all his life, but that part of it spent in communion with God, and doing good actions. The wise Tully was so sensi-  
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ble of the consequence of this duty, that he observed a man could not be in his right mind who was destitute of religion.

If you make your son, Sir, a religious character, you lay a firm foundation for all the graces that can embellish or improve the mind. You qualify him for himself and society in a manner suitable to the clearest dictates of reason, the sentiments of the best and wisest men, and the most positive demands of Heaven. A man of conscience must be honest, must be honourable, without the confinement of oaths or the bonds of law ; his mind is least liable to be injured by infidel writers ; and he is cautious how he listens to the insinuating plausibility of casuists and sceptics, who doubt or attempt to explain away the truths on which his faith is founded. If he inclines to the study of philosophy, he takes care that a mathematical mode of reasoning does not interfere with metaphysical mysteries, which cannot be accounted for by human study. And if a passion for reading predominates, he does not gratify his curiosity at the expence of his morals, but selects such authors as he may name without a blush, and quote with the strictest judgment. In conversation he adheres to truth, and though he is studious to recommend his life by a constant cheerfulness of behaviour, he never promotes the mirth of the company by wretched expletives that degrade the language, or indecencies that disgrace the man. His politeness is just ; his professions are honest ; he knows that  
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neither dress nor address, independently considered, can constitute a gentleman, and aims at superior distinctions. Is he learned, a knowledge of himself will make him humble; is he rich, it will teach him to feel for the poor; is he in high office, it will preserve him from corruption; and if his lot is fixed in an inferior station, it qualifies him to support it with contentment. Sir, though you should lock him up in a library all his life, and engage the ablest tutors that can be found, you can never make him so essentially wise, or so intrinsically happy, as by training up your son in this manner.—Consider, you provide against many future possible contingencies, that you discharge your duty with exactness, and will have the satisfaction of finding your labour rewarded when age shall want consolation. But, Sir, to do this effectually, you must not make his instruction the business of caprice or occasional entertainment, but the serious and constant work of conscience and of duty; use no alarming severities to enforce your lessons, but rather teach him to correct himself. If you find your passions are about to be engaged, defer your teaching to a future hour, and be determined and consistent in your examples before him, or your precepts will avail him little. You will naturally recommend morning and evening devotion, but take care to guard him against a cold mechanical form of prayer; which is a solemn mockery in the sight of Heaven. I advise you to indulge him in all the innocent recreations of youth,

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and rather court than compel him to the more rational engagements of the mind; this will prevail with him to honour you as a tutor as well as a father, to court your conversation as a companion, and to value you as a faithful friend.

Homo.

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