

THE
FOUR AGES;
TOGETHER WITH
ESSAYS
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.



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LONDON:
PRINTED FOR CADELL AND DAVIES, IN THE STRAND.

Wm. D. C.
M, DCC, LXXIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE greatest part of these *Essays* should be considered as *Sketches for a Periodical Paper*, which was once intended for publication—they are, in consequence, upon familiar subjects, and treated as such—*The Four-Ages*, and other *Pieces* (easily distinguished) made no part of the above design; but though less proper for a *Paper*, they are more so for a *Book*, which may be considered as an addition to the **THIRTY LETTERS** already published by the same Author.

ERRATA.

E R R A T A.

- Page 148, line 1, for *professed* read *possessed*.
— 174, — 7, for *faculty* read *facility*.
— 299, — 17, after *into* read *the*.

THE FOUR AGES.

THE Ancients, as Ovid elegantly shews in his *Metamorphosis*, held, that the different states of society were aptly expressed by being termed the Golden Age, the Silver, the Brazen, and the Iron—

Aurea prima fata est Ætas, &c.

—————subiit *argentea* Proles

Auro deterior, fulvo pretiosior Ære, &c.

Tertia post illas suscepit *abenea* Proles,

Sævior ingenii, &c.

—————de duro est ultima *ferro*.

METAM. LIB. I.

They conceived that the first state of man was superior to all succeeding states, as gold is beyond other metals; that the

B

second

second Age had as much degenerated from the perfection of the first, as the value of silver is below gold; that the third was so far removed from primitive excellence, as to deserve the appellation of the Brazen-Age; and that the fourth, unhappily for us, is the last state of degeneracy, and deserves no better epithet than what the cheapest and most worthless metal afforded. We then live in the Iron-Age.

In compliance with a custom sanctioned by such early antiquity, I shall make use of the same terms, and call the different Ages by the names of the four metals, which, if not very elegant, are expressive enough of the meaning. But, in direct contradiction to the opinion of the ancients, and perhaps of the moderns, I shall, in treating this subject, invert the order, and endeavour to prove, that the first was the Iron-Age, and the last, when it shall please Heaven to send it, will

will be that of Gold—no Golden-Age having yet existed, except in the imagination of poets.

But to avoid being misunderstood, it is necessary to premise, that the different states of mankind do not depend upon A. M. or A. U. C. or A. D.—for, in the first year of our æra, Italy was refined, and England barbarous; and in the eighteenth century, some nations have attained a point of perfection unknown to all which have preceded, while others are still unenlightened and ignorant. It is not then from the age of the world, but from the age of society, that the dates in this essay are computed.

All works, whether of art or literature, long since produced, are ancient, as far as time only is concerned. But if we mean to distinguish between elegant and barbarous antiquity, it is necessary to consider in what state of society the works

were produced. The want of this distinction has been of great disservice to the polite arts, and given a false direction to a good principle. At the revival of the arts in Italy, architects, painters, and sculptors studied the remains of ancient Rome as specimens of their art carried in an enlightened age to the height of perfection. The Roman Antiquities then are valuable, because they are the productions of artists who possessed all the knowledge of an advanced state of society; but the Saxon and Gothic Antiquities, tho' justly objects of curiosity, and even of admiration, are still the remains of society in its infancy, and therefore barbarous and false.

Nothing is more common than finding in nations widely separated, a resemblance of manners and customs; * from
whence

* "Meet Highlanders near Montauban like those in Scotland."
YOUNG.

whence it is concluded, that they formerly have had some connection, and that one has borrowed from the other ; as the Egyptians from the Chinese, or the reverse ; nay, the English from the East Indians.* The custom of marking the skin in figures was as much practised by our ancestors in Britain, as by the modern inhabitants of Otaheitee : † and
 Robert

* “ From Tartary the Hindoo Religion probably spread over the whole earth ; there are signs of it in every northern country, and in almost every system of worship : in England it is obvious ; Stonehenge is evidently one of the Temples of Boodh ; and the arithmetic, the astronomy, the holidays, games, &c. ancient monuments, laws, and even languages of the different nations, have the strongest marks of the same original. The worship of the sun and fire ; human and animal sacrifices, &c. have apparently once been universal.”

ASIATIC RESEARCHES.

† To which may be added, the North-American Indians, of whom Bartram says, “ their head, neck, and breast are painted with vermilion (colour) and some of the warriors have the skin of the breast, and muscular parts of the body very

Robert Drury's account of the practice of stealing cattle in Madagascar, differs in no circumstance from the Journal of a Focray, headed by Sir T. Carleton; as given in the Introduction to the Survey of the Lakes in the North of England.

It has puzzled historians to account for this connection, which in most instances is difficult, and in many, impossible. By adopting the idea, which it is partly the intention of this essay to establish, that man, in the same stage of society, is every where much alike;* and that ig-
norance

curiously inscribed, or adorned with hieroglyphick scrolls, flowers, figures of animals, &c. they prick the skin with a needle, and rubbing in a blueish tint it lasts for life."

* "The Egyptian, Hindoo, Moorish, and Gothic Architecture, instead of being copies of each other, are actually the same—the spontaneous produce of genius in different countries, the necessary effects of similar necessity and materials."

HODGES.

The

norance of the arts, or knowledge of them, marks the character of ancient and modern states of nations—the difficulty vanishes.

A great resemblance may be observed between some characters and adventures in the Arabian Tales, and some in the old

The following quotation is of more modern application. “ It is highly probable that many ceorls and burgesfes, who dwelt in or near the place where a wittenagemot was held, attended as *interested* fpectators, and *intimated their fatisfaction with its refolves by fhouts of applaufe*—omnique populo audiente et vidente aliorumque fidelium infinita multitudo qui omnes laudaverunt.”

HARDY.

This is a juft picture of the National Convention of France, and evidently fhews, that by reverting to firft principles, they have alfo reverted to barbarifm.

The Mufcogulges (a favage nation in North-America) have the game of hurling, fo very like that of Cornwall, that the defcription of one would ferve for the other.

old Provençal Romances. There is no reason for supposing that the works of either reached the other. Imagine only that society was in the same state in both countries, and it naturally accounts for a sameness of character and incident.

The tumuli called, by the common people in the western counties, barrows, are to be found in every part of Europe, and even of Tartary. Before the art of building with stone existed, or when it cost more than early ages could afford, the most natural monument, in any country, over a man who deserved remembrance, was a heap of earth. To this day, barrows are shewn in Greece, as the tombs of Homer's heroes,

It would not be easy to trace any connection between the modern Irish and the ancient Greeks and Romans; yet, the former have, and the latter had, the same custom of howling over the dead.

The

The lamentations over Hector's corpse in Homer, and over Dido's in Virgil; which the latter calls *Ululatus*, scarce differ from the *Ulaloo* of the Irish. It is said by a learned traveller, "that the Irish are still in possession of certain customs utterly relinquished by the other nations of Europe"—if so, then it proves that they are still in a state of society which is congenial to such manners and customs, and that other nations have lost them because they are advanced into another Age.

Let these few instances suffice to establish my position; they might be much increased if more were necessary.

The first of the four Ages then, is man in his savage state, wherever found, and at whatever period; the second is when he has made some progress towards civilization; the third is the state in which we are at present; and the fourth is that
to

to which we are approaching, if no unfortunate event arrives to cut off our *golden* hopes.*

To

* There is no determinate point in which one Age ends, and another begins; the former takes by degrees the colour and cast of that which is to succeed, and the latter Age for some time may preserve part of the barbarism and prejudices of the preceding. Thus some circumstances in the Iron and Brazen-Age may belong to either—the end, also, of the Brazen, and the beginning of the Silver Age, may intermix with each other.

Perhaps, the Silver-Age shewed some faint beginnings in England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth—it continued to make a progress until the civil wars, when the times had quite the character of the Brazen-Age, or worse. Upon the restoration we advanced again, and have since been increasing in velocity towards perfection, like a comet as it approaches the sun. This image is rather too sublime for my purpose. The motion of a comet is regular and uninterrupted; but there are many circumstances perpetually in the way of improvement, by which it is retarded partially, tho' it cannot be altogether obstructed. I have elsewhere touched on this subject.

To form a proper idea of man in his primitive state, it is necessary to throw off all the refinements that the invention and cultivation of the arts and sciences have bestowed on society, and shew what beings we are in a state of nature.* And this is different according to the climate and productions of the country in which we live. Thus, in the Tropical Isles, tho' the natural state is ignorant and barbarous,

* If this were the state of our first parents, it could not be a very desirable one, according to the poet,

Quand la Nature étoit dans son enfance
Nos bons aïeux vivoient dans l'ignorance—

* * * * *

Mon cher Adam, mon gourmand, mon bon Pere,
Que faisois-tu dans les Jardins d'Eden ?
Travaillois-tu pour ce sot genre humain ?
Careffois-tu Madame Ève ma Mere ?
Avouez-moi que vous aviez tous deux
Les ongles longs, un peu noirs et crasseux,
La chevelure assez mal ordonnée,
Le teint bruni, la peau bise et tannée, &c.

VOLTAIRE.

barous, yet the people seem to be happy : but in Staten-land and Terra del fuego, ignorance and barbarism take a savage cast, and the inhabitants have an appearance of wretchedness and want, which is unknown in happier climates.

But there is even yet a lower state of human life—that of the *solitary* savage, (for society in its worst state is better than none)—a few such beings have been known to us : within this century a lad was caught in Germany, and a girl in France, both of whom had run wild from their infancy. These are scarce worthy of any rank even in the Iron-age, and were some degrees below a domesticated dog or cat.

The characteristics of the Iron-Age seem to be these :

Violence—

As there is no principle to restrain the first impulse of desire, whether it be to
eat,

eat, or kill, or to attain any other purpose, a man in this Age must naturally rush on to the point proposed, regardless of impediments or consequences. If food be in his reach, he eats voraciously; if the enemy be in his power, he gluts his vengeance by every circumstance of cruelty. The customs of the North-American savages are well known, and too horrid for quotation, I will therefore give an instance from another people, of that violence which is the prominent characteristic of savage life. “The more important the cause that calls them to arms, the more greedy they are of death. Neither the bravery, nor the number of their adversaries can at all intimidate them: it is then they swear to *destroy the sun*. They discharge this terrible oath by cutting the throats of their wives and children, burning all their possessions, and rushing madly into the midst of their enemies!” Said of the Koriacs by De Lesseps.

A want of great societies—

The inhabitants even of a small island are seldom under one chief—their first step towards the Brazen-Age, is the melting down of many little states to make a large one.

An ignorance of all the arts and sciences—

Except those which are immediately necessary for ornamenting the person*—procuring food—covering—and weapons for each individual.

An absence of all religious ideas—

Of

* People in this state of society consider ornament as of the first consequence.—Nothing can shew the esteem in which it is held more, than the great bodily pain they endure in order to be beautiful.—Boring of noses, ears, lips, &c.—puncturing the skin to make flourishes on it, and other customs of this sort, are more or less practised by all unformed people in every country and climate.

Of course, no worship of a superior being, or belief of a future existence.†

Selfishness—

As this quality is strongest in the solitary savage, and is nearly extinguished in the last state of society, we must suppose it to be very powerful in the Iron-Age, and in fact we find it so. Savages seek food, &c. for themselves only, unless forced to procure it for their superiors :
few

† It has been said, there are no people so rude but have some religious worship—but this is not true—man in the Iron-Age, which we are now describing, has invariably been found untinged with any principle of gratitude to the deity for blessings received ; of hope, for blessings to come ; or of fear, for laws transgressed. When Warburton, in his Divine Legation of Moses, asserted, that all nations worshipped something or other, and believed in future rewards and punishments ; one of his adversaries brought the Hottentots as an instance to the contrary—both were right.—The assertion was taken from man in his second stage of society ; but the objection, from man in his savage state.

few instances occur of their parting with any thing from a principle of kindness.

A want of curiosity—

That is for such things as are *far* beyond any to which they are accustomed.— Thus, they do not consider a ship as an object of attention; but a canoe much larger, or more adorned than they have been used to see, would attract their notice.*

I have already remarked, that in the same Age, one people may be civilized, and another, barbarous: to which must be added, that these different states of society exist in the same country at the same time, according to the different situations or employment of the inhabitants.

* Most of these characteristics are taken from descriptions of savage people, by the late voyagers, who found them in the same state of society, tho' in different countries.

tants. Thus a mere rustic in England, who never saw any other assemblage of houses or people than the neighbouring village or church presented, is as it were extinguished in the capital; but his curiosity would be excited, and highly gratified by a fair, or a cathedral church. In a fair are more people, more cattle, and a greater display of finery than he usually meets with; but it is all of that kind for which his ideas are already prepared. The same may be said of the cathedral—he considers it as his own village church upon a grander scale. But an habitual exercise of the judgment is required to comprehend an idea, *greatly* superior to common exertion, as in the instance of the ship abovementioned: and it belongs to a cultivated state of the mind to admit an idea perfectly new.

Whenever it happens that a people in the Iron-Age have abated of personal violence, have made some attempts, how-

ever imperfect, towards art and science, that they entertain religious ideas, and are curious in observation and enquiries, they are then getting forward into the Brazen-Age.

We may consider the Brazen-Age as that state of society when people begin to refuse immediate gratifications for future convenience.—

Very few advances from the savage state are necessary for a Koriac, sometimes to feel the want of help from a wife whom he had killed in his fury—to find that if he had not gorged himself yesterday, he might have had something to eat to day. These sensations, often repeated, at last produce a restraint upon his inclination, and he finds that it is for his interest, sometimes to resist immediate gratification.

When a greater number of people are associated together than in the Iron-Age.—

If

If in the quarrels of individuals, repeated victory happen to the same person, he naturally becomes a chief—When chiefs dispute, if one frequently gets the better of others, he becomes master of an extent of country; which, from the same train of causes and effects upon a larger scale, at last makes him a king;—this is the origin of despotism, which undoubtedly is the most natural and ancient of all governments.* If this
king,

* And despotism, sooner or later, produces liberty—Extraordinary acts of cruelty committed by a weak Prince, give the first hint for shaking off his authority—His subjects rebel and conquer. They then make terms with their Prince, and oblige him to govern upon principles dictated by themselves, as in the case of King John; or resolve to have no Prince, and so become a Republic, as formerly in England, and latterly in France—And this is the origin of all free governments. But as in the avoiding of one extreme, we naturally run into the other—A Republic, which succeeds to despotism, is little better than no government at all, by personal liberty being pushed to excess.

king, at his death, leave a son of sufficient age and understanding to continue his father's consequence, he naturally succeeds; if not, the brother, or some other relative has a fair pretence to the succession—And this was the case in England during the Saxon Heptarchy, and is so even now with all Asiatic Governments, which strongly marks them to be still in the Brazen-Age.

All private disputes between man and man are carried on and terminated more
by

This gives an opportunity for some one man of abilities to take the lead, as in the instance of Cromwell. As despotism produces liberty, liberty in its turn may revert to despotism, which was nearly the case in the reign of James the second. The people then perceive, that the best way to avoid the inconveniencies of either system, is by having a Stadtholder or Duke as in Holland and Venice, a President as in the United States, a Directory as in modern France, or by a limited Monarchy, such as now established in England by the Revolution of 1688, which, with all its faults, is the most perfect constitution yet existing.

by force than reason. Bargains, promises, and even oaths themselves are kept or broken according to convenience.*

Cruelty—

Tho' not under the same violent form as in the Iron-Age, yet exists in its full force. K. John burns out the eyes of Arthur; a practice that has ever obtained in the despotic Mahometan governments. I shall not stain my paper with many examples from the numberless instances which our histories furnish: but something must be produced to prove my assertion. Permit me then just to mention a circumstance in the death of the Duke of York, (father of Edward the fourth) when

* The intercourse which our settlements in India have lately had with the native princes of that country, affords many instances of this characteristic—Perhaps Tippoo Sultan's frequent breach of promise and treaty, is more owing to the state of society in which he lives, than to his having a bad heart.

when Margaret and her associates gave him “ a clout dipp’d in the blood of pretty Rutland, to dry his eyes withál.” And at least one hundred and fifty years later, after the Silver-Age had begun to dawn on us, when a bishop with his own hand tortured a beautiful young woman for denying transubstantiation, or some such reasonable cause. Even in the reign of Charles the first (so long is this savage quality in wearing out) the sentences of the star-chamber breathe the cruelty, tho’ not the ferocity of the most barbarous Age. For writing a book, which at this time would scarce be deemed offensive, the sentence was (which I abridge from Rushworth)—imprisonment for life—a fine of ten thousand pounds—degraded—whipt—set in the pillory—one ear cut off—one side of the nose slit—branded on the cheek—whipt and pilloried again, and the other part of the sentence repeated. This unfortunate gentleman (adds my author) was well-known

known for his learning and abilities, &c.

Folly, cruelty, and superstition make up their religion and laws.—

The historical part of all religions framed in this state of society, in which the actions of the deity are recorded, seems too absurd for serious observation—and the idea that we must torment ourselves in order to become acceptable to a being, whom we term the God of mercy, has occasioned too much misery to be ridiculed. The whims of holy superstition are too numerous for the slightest mention; many volumes might be filled with the nonsense which every country holds sacred, from China round the Globe to America. I shall not quote any well-known legend, but to avoid offence take an instance from the religious code of Abyssinia. “Hagiuge-Magiuge are little people not so big as bees or flies of Sennaar, that come in great

swarms out of the earth: two of their chiefs are to ride upon an afs, and every hair of that afs is to be a pipe, and every pipe is to play a different kind of music, and all that hear and follow them are carried to Hell." I do not extract this as being more absurd than Asiatic or European belief, but there is a whimsical turn in it which makes it original as well as ridiculous. To this I will add a quotation from Chardin, upon a subject partly religious and partly medical—It is a remedy for sterility. "The relations of the woman who is to be cured, lead her from her house to a particular mosque by a horse's bridle, which they put upon her head over her veil. She carries in her hands a new broom and a new earthen pot full of nuts.* Thus equipped they
make

* Scattering of nuts was a custom at marriages in ancient Italy and Greece, and what more relates to the present purpose, made part of the sacrifice to Priapus. It is difficult to assign any other reason

make her mount to the top of the Minaret, and as she ascends she cracks upon each step a nut, puts it in the pot, and throws the shell upon the stairs. In descending she sweeps the stair-case, carries the pot and the broom into the choir of the mosque, and puts the kernels of the nuts in the corner of her veil, together with some raisins. She then goes towards her home and presents, to such men as she meets, that are agreeable to her, a few of these nuts and raisins, desiring them to eat.* The Persians firmly believe that this cures sterility.”

Some

reason for this resemblance between such distant people, than that it begun when these nations were in the same state of society.

* This business seems very extraordinary to an enlightened European. We think it ridiculous, and feel all the folly of a superstitious ceremony when the instance is new, and wants the aid of custom to establish it. A Turkish officer taken prisoner in the late war between Russia and the Porte had this
article

Some superstitions only excite our pity ;* but there are others which have cruelty connected with them, and produce more uneasy sensations. The monastic confinement—the abstinence and flagellations of the Papists—and the voluntary torments endured by the Faquirs, have all their origin in the Brazen-Age ; and, sanctified by custom, are continued

article in his journal. “ To day I saw a procession in which a woman carried a child to the church—after saying some prayers, the priest sprinkled the child with water—this, they told me, made it a christian, and it had this great effect upon the child, that if it had died before the ceremony, it would have been tormented for ever, but if it were now to die, it would be eternally happy—so great is the virtue of a few drops of water !”

* And some excite our ridicule. “ Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a sermon preached before the Parliament about the beginning of the reign of Charles the first, affirms the power of prayer to be so great, that though there be a conjunction or opposition of Saturn or Mars, (as there was at that time, one of them) it would overcome the malignity of it.”

AUBREY.

nued when the times are much too enlightened to admit of their first introduction.*

Folly, nastiness, and superstition, constitute their art of physic—

The cause of disorders is not attributed to intemperance, or to any deviation from natural rectitude, but to the shooting of stars, the appearance of comets, to some old woman's evil eye, &c. and their cure does not depend upon a rational treatment, but upon something done in the growing of the moon, † upon
verses

* In May, 1789, a bill was brought into the House of Lords to repeal the superstitious laws of Elizabeth and James the first, respecting penalties for not going to church, &c.—the quotations from these acts exhibit a true specimen of the religion of the Brazen-Age.

† “ Not even a plant of medicinal use, but was placed under the dominion of some planet, and must neither be gathered nor applied, but with observances that favored of the most absurd superstition.”

PULTENEY'S SKETCHES OF BOTANY.

verses recited, or to certain words worn about the neck, &c. and if medicine is used, it is either something very difficult to be obtained, or something too nasty to be taken. M. Gmelin and his associates who surveyed as philosophers the Russian dominions, speaking of the inhabitants in one of the provinces, say “ a great number of their medicines, (like those of the old dispensaries in Europe) are taken from the animal kingdom. Of all their remedies of this sort there is none they hold in such high estimation as the gall of a creature called Dom, which is a native of the Altaï Mountains and of Tibet. Human and bear’s gall are scarcely less precious. They think also that there is great virtue in human flesh and fat. The flesh of a serpent is esteemed as a specific for bad eyes—that of a wolf for a disordered stomach—a wolf’s tongue for a fore throat, &c.”

“ I will give one instance (says Pulteney in his Sketches of Botany) from Apuleius, of that credulity and superstition, which, sanctioned by antiquity, yet prevailed in the administration of remedies; and exhibits a melancholy proof of the wretched state of physic, which, through so many Ages, had not broken the shackles of Druidical magic and imposition. As a cure for a disease called by the French *l'aiguillette nouèe*, you are directed to take *seven* stalks of the herb lions-foot, separated from the roots; these are to be boiled in water in the wane of the moon. The patient is to be washed with this water, on the approach of night, standing before the threshold, on the outside of his own house; and the person who performs this office for the sick, is also not to fail to wash himself. This done, the sick person is to be fumigated with the smoke of the herb *Aristolochia*, and both persons
are

are then to enter the house together, taking strict care not to look behind them while returning—after which, adds the author, the sick will become immediately well.”

Touching for the king's evil perhaps would still have existed had the Stuart family been upon the throne. Even in the present times people crowd about a dying malefactor to have their faces stroked. But the strongest instance of the superstition of the Brazen-Age protracted beyond its time, is animal magnetism; the existence and virtue of which are believed by thousands, who do not deserve the honour of living in the present state of society.

War and superstition furnish the principal events of their history.—

As the elegant arts, philosophy, mathematics, and all the train of sciences
do

do not exist in the Brazen-Age,* there is scarce any subject left for the writers which

* No doubt, architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, existed; but so very imperfectly, as not to merit the appellation of *elegant* arts.

The buildings in this period of society are as much inferior to those of the present times, as superior to the wretched huts of the Iron-Age; in all instances except where great exertions are made. In that case, the characteristic of violence (abated, but not extinguished) produces effects unknown, and perhaps unattainable in more polished times. The gothic cathedrals are proofs of this. From their size alone they acquire grandeur of effect, from the peculiarity of their style of building they are removed from all common-place ideas, and from both these causes inspire devotion: they are still an incongruous mass of absurdities, and truly belong to the times in which they were erected. But, if violence is more the character of the Iron-Age, why does it not produce superior effects at that time? It does produce such effects as are consistent with the state of the human mind at that period—such as placing vast stones in circles, or suspending and balancing them upon points, erecting pyramids, &c. but it wants science for such complicated works as churches, &c.

The

which such times produce, but that of war—diversified by its being sometimes
the

The sculpture and painting of the times bear an incorrect resemblance to the forms they would represent, and to atone for the want of truth and proportion, are elaborate in trifles.

The music, if we are to judge from what has reached us, is perfectly without melody and harmony; for surely an unmeaning succession of notes and chords cannot be so termed. Specimens of these arts are inconvenient to be given; but, perhaps the following is an example of what was considered as elegant oratory at a later period—tho' the speaker was still in the Brazen-Age.

When Charles the first arrived at York, in his expedition to Scotland, the Recorder addressed him to this effect—“ He begged his Majesty’s pardon that they had caused him (their bright and glorious son) to stand still in the city of York; a place now so unlike itself; once an imperial city, where the Emperor Constantius Chlorus lived and died, in whose grave a burning lamp was found many centuries of years after: a place honoured with the birth of Constantine the Great, and with the noble library of Egbert—and afterwards twice burned—and yet the births, lives, and deaths of emperors are not so much for the honour of York, as that
King

the private quarrels of individuals, and sometimes an affair of a whole nation. In either case the stars, or some superstitious application, determine the conducting of the business; and they rely less on the valour of the combatants, than their beginning the enterprize in a lucky moment. Burnet, in his account of the Prince of Orange's landing at Torbay, says,

King Charles was once Duke of York, who had given them a most benign and liberal charter, and maintains a lamp of justice there, which burns more clearly than that found in the grave of Chlorus, and shines into five several countries, by the light whereof each subject may see his own right: that the beams and lightnings of his Majesty's eminent virtues did cast forcible reflections upon the eyes of all men—That he had established his throne upon the two columns of piety and justice. They offered him the best of sacrifices, their obedience, not resembling those out of which the heart was taken, and nothing of the head left but the tongue; for their sacrifice was that of their hearts, not of their tongues."

RUSHWORTH.

D

says—"The next day being the day in which the Prince was both born and married, he fancied if he could land that day, it would look auspicious to the army, and animate the soldiers—but, we all, who considered that the day following being gun-powder-treason day, our landing that day might have a good effect on the minds of the English nation, were better pleased to see that we could land no sooner."*

A sword blessed, or enchanted, according as the hero is connected with a saint or a conjurer, renders its edge irresistible, except by armour that is also enchanted, and then the champion who has the most powerful patron, is the conqueror.

These

* Robert Drury, in his account of Madagascar, informs us, that they were "just about to begin an expedition, which was stopped by a priest because it was in an unlucky time."—I do not know whether it was the fourth or fifth of November.

These circumstances still characterize many nations in Asia, who have not advanced beyond the Brazen-Age, and they equally belonged to the most polished people in Europe before they advanced into a state of refinement. France was recovered from the English by a virgin-warrior, whose arms were for a time irresistible, and her body invulnerable. It was very barbarous, say the French historians, to burn this damsel—it was so, but it was the barbarity of the times, not of the English.

Shakespeare faithfully copied the Scottish Historians in Macbeth's Adventure with the three Witches. The Weird Sisters held their ground long—I am not sure whether even at this time they have absolutely lost their existence. What the legislature thought in the times of James the first, is clear by the Act against Witchcraft—there is nothing surprising in this—it is but one circumstance out of many

which mark the superstition of the age. But by what means can we possibly account for the witches confessing themselves really guilty of the crime for which they were to suffer? A crime which never existed, and a confession which must ensure immediate execution!*

With

* There was an instance of this so late as the year 1697, when seven people were executed, who declared themselves guilty, and that their punishment was just. To add to the wonder, I will here subjoin the reply of one of the council to another, who wanted to acquit the prisoners, from the impossibility of the crimes existing. This sound philosophical argument procured a verdict of guilty from the jury, a sentence of death from the judge, and perhaps persuaded the prisoners themselves that they really were witches—so great is the force of divine eloquence! “Satan’s natural knowledge,” said the learned council, “makes him perfect in optics and limning, whereby he may easily bewitch the eyes of others to whom he intends that his instruments should not be seen in this manner, as was formerly hinted, viz. he constricts the pores of the witches vehicle which intercepts a part of the rays

With a few miscellaneous remarks, which might perhaps have been more properly arranged among the foregoing heads, I will finish this imperfect sketch of the Brazen-Age.

Society at this period presents to our observation a struggle between the un-subdued ferocity of individuals, and attempts of the chief to make all persons amenable to those regulations which he
has

rays reflecting from her body ; he condenses the interjacent air with grosser meteors blown into it, or otherwise violently moves it, which drowns another part of the rays. And lastly, he obstructs the optic nerves with humours stirred towards them. All which, joined together, may easily intercept the whole rays reflecting from those bodies, so as to make no impression upon the common sense. And yet, at the same time, by a refraction of the rays, gliding along the fitted sides of the volatile couch in which Satan transports them, and thereby meeting and coming to the eye, as if there were nothing interjacent, the wall or chair behind the same bodies may be seen," &c. &c. &c.

has pronounced to be laws—Nor is it less curious to see with what greater willingness mankind, in this state, submit to superstitious ceremonies than to reason. Truth is not attempted to be discovered by an enquiry into facts, but by supernatural means. A wife accused of adultery, makes no attempt to prove her innocence from circumstances, but by walking barefoot over the burning plowshares.* Thievery is to be discovered by

* This ancient European custom even now prevails in India. In the Asiatic Researches there are many instances of the fiery ordeal being practised in and about 1784: and one instance of a person's grasping a red-hot iron ball, unhurt—An additional proof of the natural inhabitants of Indostan being still in the Brazen-Age.

No very accurate observation seems necessary to know that iron may be hot without changing colour, that a greater degree of heat makes it red, and by a greater heat still, it becomes white—But the superstition of the Kalmucs is more than equivalent for this truth. They hold that in all ordeal proofs, iron white-hot, burns less than iron red-hot.

by the turning of the sieve and shears. Murder by the corpse fresh bleeding in the presence of the murderer. Stars appear upon joyful occasions,* and disastrous events are foretold by comets.†

Superstition

hot. But why should I laugh at the Kalmucs? With us, it is a common notion, that a tea-kettle full of boiling water may be safely rested upon the naked hand. The fact is, if the kettle has been much used, and has a thick crust at the bottom of condensed smook, it prevents the heated metal from coming in contact with the hand; but if the kettle be new and clean, it is hotter than the water it contains in proportion to its superior density.

* “ Prince Charles was born at St. James’s a little before one in the afternoon—At his birth, at that time of day, a star appeared visible—Some said it was the planet Venus, others Mercury,” &c.

RUSHWORTH.

† “ A comet appeared (says the above historian) to whose threatenings a learned knight boldly affirmed that England (and not Africa only, as some out of flattery would have it) was liable; but also that person (James the first) in whose fortune we were

Superstition seems to be the leading principle in all their sciences and doctrines, whether civil, military, or religious.

This darkness is at times illuminated by a single individual, who shall by the strength of genius advance beyond his time and place into a future age of improvement. By such persons does the world grow better and wiser—but it is most commonly the world that succeeds, not that which exists at the time. Roger Bacon was in genius and knowledge some centuries later than the æra in which he flourished. The first voyage of Columbus is one of the greatest achievements in the history of mankind, but it was an effort of his own genius, reason, and intrepidity—the age in which he lived discouraged

were no less embarked than the passenger in the pilots”—Again—“ This year Queen Anne died (wife of James the first) the common people thinking the blazing star rather betokened her death than the wars in Bohemia and Germany.”

couraged his attempt, and was not far enough advanced in knowledge to comprehend the reasoning on which it was founded. Let not therefore these instances, nor the invention of gunpowder and printing, be brought as examples of the genius or knowledge of the *age* in which they were discovered, but more truly of the talents of illustrious persons who shone *singly* amid the shades of ignorance.

At this time it is philosophy, which is the foundation of all our arts and sciences. As nothing can differ more from superstition, if philosophy had not begun very gently, and advanced by slow degrees, it would have been strangled in the birth. The idea of accounting for things from the laws of nature and experiment, was so abhorrent to the ignorance and ipse dixit of ancient times, that it was assumed with fear and trembling, and even treated as wickedness. Accordingly the first
philosophers

philosophers were considered by the world in general, as dangerous innovators, who were, if possible, to be crushed, and their doctrines rejected. Notwithstanding we are so far advanced in refinement, we are still a little afraid of philosophical enquiries upon some subjects—However, let us be thankful for what we possess, nor hope for perfection until that Age arrive of which it is the characteristic.

Completely to investigate all the additions to our knowledge since the commencement of the Silver-Age would require more labour, and greater sources of information, than can reasonably be expected from a single author—a slight sketch is all I am capable of or pretend to, which, tho' exceedingly defective, may be of some use in assisting others who are disposed to complete these enquiries.

Where

' Where the subjects are so various, the choice is confounded. To take them as they occur, might occasion some perplexity from an intermixture with each other; and to affect method, might cause the propriety of my arrangement to be disputed. I will endeavour to avoid the dangers which threaten me, and come off with as little damage as I can.

Bookfellers make out their catalogues and methodize their books under the different heads of divinity, history, law, and phyfic—they shall be my authority for taking my subjects in the above order. The arts and sciences may follow, to which some will be added of a miscellaneous nature.

The divinity of Queen Elizabeth's times was of that severe, sour cast, which still distinguishes some of our present sects. If we were to become good, it was less from the hope of reward, than
from

from the fear of punishment. These rigid doctrines by degrees gave way to more comfortable tenets, and now many divines shocked with the idea of what seemed to delight our forefathers, I mean the belief of eternal torments, are striving with great humanity to establish a system more consonant with infinite mercy. School-divinity is perfectly abolished. All positions which cannot be understood, and if they could be so, are of no consequence, have long since ceased to be subjects of contest, and almost to exist. Our sermons are generally upon the duties of life, or upon such subjects as cannot be controverted; tho' occasionally a wrong-headed preacher may expose himself in finding hidden and mysterious meanings in doctrines sufficiently plain, or which can never be made so. But these are trifles—the glorious characteristic of the present times, at least in England, is, that we are no longer persecuted for mere opinions, let them be ever so

so absurd, if they do not affect the good of society. This then is the great advantage of the Silver-Age, and is a broad foundation on which to build our hopes of what the Golden-Age may accomplish.

The historians of the last fifty years in England; and the last seventy in France, are much superior to all others who preceded them. We are so accustomed to treat many ancient authors with respect, that we still continue our praise, although they have ceased to delight us. Yet the style of Habington has little of the rust of antiquity. The History of the Rebellion by Lord Clarendon is the work of a man of information and genius, and Whitlock's Memorials may be trusted for their honesty. This catalogue might be much increased, but there is such a host of moderns to match against them, that they sink almost to nothing. The value of Hume, Robertson, Henry, and Watson, will encrease daily—the mention of
foreign

foreign writers would open too great a field; but I cannot forbear to express my high opinion of Voltaire, who must not be thought deficient in truth because he abounds in vivacity. Were I disposed to depreciate one of our famous moderns, it would be an historian whose reputation is much too great to be hurt by so feeble an opinion as mine—but in Gibbon the affectation of elegance is always so apparent, as to prevent us from seeing his learning, impartiality, and other great and good qualities.

The many discoveries in arts and sciences, the vast extension of commerce, and numberless other causes, have occasioned such new combinations in society, that every year requires some regulations unknown to our ancestors. A multitude of laws, without such circumstances to produce them, might be justly considered as a grievance; but when they are the natural effects of good causes, they are

are

are rather proofs of the progress of society. There will also new crimes arise which must be punished; and old ones by being still committed, call for additional severity. Although the penalty for the breach of some statutes is increased, yet, there is a general mildness in those of the last seventy years, and in the administration of justice, to preceding times unknown. The professors of the law in the last century had a rudeness of behaviour and cruelty of disposition perfectly unfuitable to the present times: of which the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, and indeed all other trials for treason, are melancholy proofs. No advocate would now use such language as Noy did, or such as passed current for many years after. Both the laws themselves, and the professors are tinged with the mild character which the progress of philosophy never fails to establish.

The

The art of phyfic, until lately, feemed to confift in an affemblage of every horrid fubftance that ignorance and fuperftition could jumble together; which was formed into bolufes, draughts, and pills, and forced down the throat of the miferable patient. Every new difpenfatory finds fomething nugatory, if not hurtful in thofe before published, and the materia medica will, by degrees, be reduced to a few powerful medicines, which will be adminiftered for the affiftance of nature, and not to counteract her efforts. Let us be thankful that in thefe diforders which occafion fo ardent a defire for frefh air and water, we are not now ftifled in a clofe room, nor heated with cordials. Let us rejoice that phyficians begin to think themfelves only the fervants to nature. Formerly her dictates were held in fovereign contempt—perhaps by degrees they may address her like Edmund in Shakefpeare, “Thou nature art my goddefs.” Already a phyfician has had the

the

the courage to write, that a person labouring under a disorder is like a pond of water ruffled by something cast into it—the way to have it still, is not by forcing the waves to subside ; but to do nothing, and permit gravity to produce its never-failing effects. It is impossible for the knowledge of medicine to advance, and that of chirurgery to be stationary—they must proceed and improve together. The modern anatomists have partaken of the improvements of the present Age, and carried their art to a degree of perfection unknown in times preceding. Reason and true philosophy, as already remarked, being the principles upon which our present system of arts and sciences is founded, it cannot be supposed that modern surgery should prefer theory to experiment. If the physicians address themselves to nature, the surgeons obey the dictates of the same all-healing power.

The science of astronomy must be supposed in a bad state when the Ptolomaic system was considered as the true one. Long after the revival of the system of Copernicus, that of Ptolemy still held its ground, and was believed by so learned a man as Dr. Browne, and not disbelieved by Milton; who, in the conversation between the Angel and Adam, balances between the two theories, not for the reason Addison assigns, but because that of Copernicus was not firmly established.

The true system of the universe was at last confirmed by Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Halley, with some other contemporary astronomers, and is daily receiving additional strength. Great discoveries have been lately made, and greater still are expected from the vast power of modern telescopes. Could Galileo have imagined what improvements another Age would make in his simple perspective glass, it might have cast a gleam of light
over

over the horrors of his doleful prison, into which he was thrown for being wiser than the barbarism of the Age would admit.* Horrox triumphed in seeing first the transit of Venus, but he never imagined that the solar system would have been extended beyond the orb of Saturn—but why do I revert to the time of this ingenious astronomer? Our present philosophers as little suspected the existence of the Georgium Sidus § as their predecessors.

What

* “Virgilius, surnamed Solivagus, a native of Ireland, and Bishop of Saltzburg, in the 8th century, ventured to assert the heretical doctrine of the Antipodes, and of other planets besides the earth; for which the Pope pronounced his anathema—Galileo then was not the first philosopher whom the Court of Rome persecuted.”

WATKINSON.

§ Perhaps Dr. Herschel had just read the Rape of the Lock, and chose “to inscribe amid the stars

What farther discoveries are reserved for the Golden-Age may be owing to the late-invented instruments for observation; which seem to promise a future intimate acquaintance with the starry heavens, in comparison of which our present knowledge may be considered as ignorance.

The relinquishing false opinions always accompanies the progress of real knowledge. Astronomy has advanced, and Astrology has retreated—however it held its ground until Butler first laughed it out

stars Great George's name"—but, without intending the least disrespect to the King, or to his astronomer, I may be permitted to remark, that all Europe is dissatisfied with the appellation. In the first place, Sidus is not the Latin word which answers to our idea of a planet.—Again—the rest of the planets have all names of the same house—Mercury, Venus, &c. &c. and the new one might not improperly have taken that of Neptune—if this was rejected, it might have been named from the discoverer—indeed the propriety of being so named, is evident from foreign astronomers always terming it the planet of Herschel.

out of countenance in his Hudibras,* and the wits of Queen Anne's reign continued the laugh with so much success, that it never more can shew its face in an enlightened country.

Scarce any great undertaking in the last century was begun without consulting the stars. The immediate use which Charles the first made of a thousand pounds sent him at Brentford, was to see Lilly the astrologer to tell him his fortune—"I advised him," says the Sage, "to march eastward, but he marched westward, and all the world knows the consequence." In Persia this art is still
in

* See the adventure of the Knight with Sidrophel, and numberless other open and covert attacks on astrology dispersed in various parts of the poem. Butler had too much original sense of his own, to join in with popular belief, unless it had truth for its support.

in its full vigour—but Persia is not the land of knowledge.

As the sciences mutually assist each other, so ignorance is never demolished in one instance, but it is put to flight in others. With astrology departed magic and witchcraft; and all the apparitions which terrified our forefathers are vanished for ever!

Our knowledge of metaphysics before Locke was but little. Whether he exhausted the subject, or whether new light has been thrown upon it by Hartly, Beattie, Priestley, and others, can never be determined, unless the science itself was capable of something like demonstration. Perhaps we may consider the old writers as more learned, and the moderns more natural. We agree with Locke because we are afraid to differ from him; but we join in opinion with Beattie, because he seems to have brought
down

down his positions and arguments to a level with our understanding.

As natural history depends upon patient enquiries, and the result of experiments; it must have been in an imperfect state when little attention was paid to such subjects, and few experiments made. It is true that there are some old books upon this subject, which may be considered as hints to future enquiries, and have been used as such; but the modern additions to natural history are so very great, arising from our superior opportunities of procuring information, that the works of our predecessors are of little other use, than shewing the low state of the science when they were composed.

The invention of the microscope opened a new field of enquiry, and from being first used as an instrument for amusement, became the means of discoveries unsuspected by times preceding us. Hook in
 E 4. England,

England, and Lewenhoeck in Holland, were indefatigable and very successful in these studies; together with other ingenious observers, they established a taste for researches into the minute and hidden parts of nature.

In our Age the most inconsiderable animal is considered as an object worth enquiry; and as many persons have engaged in this line of knowledge, our acquaintance with the different beings that people the globe has most wonderfully increased within a few years.

But tho' by the assistance of the microscope, myriads of creatures are found which were not before conceived to exist, it must not be imagined that microscopic objects alone engage the attention of the naturalist. The superior order of animals, through all their different departments, have been investigated with an accuracy and attention unknown to former times.

times. Many new animals have been discovered, and scarce a voyager returns from geographical researches, who does not enrich natural history with some new addition.

The study of plants is nearly connected with that of animals. The progress and discoveries of modern times, in Botany, would require a much greater length than this essay, merely to enumerate. This is of late become a favourite pursuit, and, being one of the various paths which leads to knowledge, it must be considered to be useful as well as agreeable—perhaps, some are deterred from proceeding in this track by the sound, and some by the meaning of the terms. Admitting the truth of the theory, might not such terms have been used as are less pompous, and less connected with animal properties?

The

The catalogue of new plants has also received an immense increase from the late voyagers; and by their bringing the seeds, and in many instances the plants themselves to England, our gardens are enriched with objects of use, beauty, and curiosity.

It is by no means my intention to take even a cursory review of all the departments of natural history—it may be sufficient to say, that our progress has been great in them all, and chiefly so within the time supposed to be included under this head of the enquiry.

Mineralogy and lithology are so connected with chemistry, that our great advances in the knowledge of these subjects we may justly suppose to be in consequence of our application to this noble art; one great source of the science of nature! Lithology is in some measure a modern discovery—I do not mean to say that

that our ancestors did not know there were varieties of stones ; but that the investigation of the causes of these varieties, and their application to natural history, were reserved for the Silver-Age, which has but just entered on the subject.

The globular figure of the earth, although formerly suspected by some, and believed by a very few, was not generally received until the commencement of the æra which is our present subject. Philosophers, after a long contest with vulgar prejudices, at last established their point, and the world was acknowledged to be round—every where except in Asia ; there they still insist upon its being flat, and placed upon the back of an elephant.

Some discoveries arising from the vibration of pendulums, which was found to be performed in different times in different latitudes, gave a suspicion that the
earth

earth was not quite so round as we imagined. This was proved at last, and we have squeezed the poles a little nearer together.

Besides ascertaining the real figure of our planet, we have of late been very industrious to know it better within and without. Wherever we have an opportunity of penetrating a little way into the surface of the earth (which some think is searching its bowels) we are attentive to all we see and find, and make it subservient to the perfecting the theory of its first formation, and the changes which time has produced. We have also sent naturalists into all the known parts of the globe, and voyagers to discover parts unknown—in short, we are doing the drudgery by which the Golden-Age is to profit.

Lord Bacon, before the commencement of the Silver-Age, marked the path
for

for his successors in philosophical enquiries. He recommended experiment as the only true foundation of natural discoveries, wisely remarking, that we are not to reason from preconceived theory, but what from experiment we find to be the truth.

This was said many years before it was put in practice ; but now, the doctrine is so firmly established, that we do not attend to any opinion in natural philosophy unsupported by experiment. It was by experiment that Boyle shewed the properties of the atmosphere, and that Newton confirmed all his sublime theories. Halley took long voyages to perfect, or destroy, his ideas of the trade winds, and variation of the compass ; for without the support of experiment he would not have ventured to give them to the public.

When

When Franklyn conceived that lightning and the electrical spark were the same; before he would determine the point, he produced the effect of lightning from the discharge of his electrical battery, and the usual phenomena of electricity from a filken kite sent up to a cloud. Succeeding enquirers into the nature of this wonderful fluid, have found that the nerves are among its conductors—but this theory requires more experiments for its establishment.

The existence of the various Airs has of late much engaged our attention—they (together with electricity) have been applied to medical purposes, but not with such success as to obtain universal approbation.

From this very slight survey of the subject, it is evident, that our modern philosophers have far outgone their predecessors; and that the Silver-Age has
made

made discoveries and a progress in the knowledge of nature, of which our ancestors, who reasoned only from theory, must necessarily have been ignorant.

It would carry this sketch far beyond its proposed limits, to trace the progress of the arts from barbarous ages to their present state ; but nothing marks the progress of refinement so much, or distinguishes the Iron, Brazen, and Silver Ages so effectually from each other, as the state of the arts. Any production of art is, by the connoisseur, with the greatest ease referred to its proper æra—for, if it be impossible that an artist in the early stages of society should anticipate taste (the great characteristic of the times which are to succeed) it is almost equally impossible for a modern to divest himself so totally of taste as to have no tincture of the elegance which we have already acquired.

These

These observations principally apply to the liberal arts, of which we will slightly remark the most distinguished features. The mechanic arts will then be mentioned, but very imperfectly; their variety and number rendering such a multifarious subject impossible to be known, unless almost every art had a separate treatise, and every treatise a separate author. However, all that is intended will be proved, which is the vast superiority of the present age to the two ages which have preceded it, and our progress towards perfection.

The arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture have been carried to a great degree of excellence in the Silver-Age of ancient Greece and Rome, of modern Italy, France and England—but not equally so.

It has already been remarked, that Italy took the lead in refinement—the Age of
Leo

Leo the tenth was in that country an æra for knowledge and taste, before even the terms were understood in the rest of Europe. By a comparison of the works of art produced in a barbarous age with those of enlightened times, it must appear that the former are defective in truth and elegance, and many other subordinate properties. If we restrict our observations to painting; the works of the Brazen-Age are deficient in design, colouring, drawing, grouping, and every other principle of the art; all which are held, and practiced as essentials, by the moderns. From the pictures which have escaped the general wreck of time and military destruction, we cannot in justice think, that the painters of ancient Greece and Rome are to be compared with those which flourished soon after the revival of the arts, and those which exist at the present time.

The sculpture of the Brazen-Age shews a very incorrect knowledge of the human figure, an ignorance of graceful folds in the drapery—of disposition of parts so as to produce effect for the whole—and in ornamental foliage, a stiffness and want of taste. In our times, every thing that tends to accuracy and grace is justly considered as the foundation of true effect, which cannot, to the learned eye, be produced by other principles.

Sculpture in all its parts was undoubtedly carried to a greater height in Greece than in ancient or modern Rome, France, or England. There are some statues and busts, and many engraved gems, held to be superior in greatness of design and accuracy of execution to any works of modern times.

The same bad taste, which in the preceding age prevailed in painting and sculpture, was conspicuous in architecture.

ture. The castles were vast heaps of stone, calculated neither for defence nor residence; the churches were Gothic, a style of building which is certainly barbarous, notwithstanding some illustrious instances of irregular grandeur;* and the houses inconvenient and unhealthy, or mere cabins. We, in the Silver-Age, make fortifications which are difficult to be assailed, and easy to be defended. When we build churches, if we had the same opportunity and encouragement for exerting our abilities as our ancestors, we should produce much better works—of which the principal church at Namur—several churches in Paris, St. Paul's in London, and above all, St. Peter's at Rome, are striking instances. Perhaps, architecture was purest in Greece—its greatest magnificence was in ancient Rome

* See some remarks on Gothic architecture immediately following this essay.

Rome—and, in our times, without being deficient in purity or magnificence, it has the addition of two other principles, comfort and convenience, which are more attended to in England than in any other country.

Naval architecture, from this its very improper term, seems to be connected with civil architecture, but its use and principles are widely different.

Trees hollowed by fire became vessels sufficient for the purposes of navigation in the first ages of society—in some countries canoes were formed of leather, and continue to be so made upon the Wye—but if in this instance we adhere to the custom of our forefathers, we have left them far behind in the present structure of our ships, which is upon the most perfect principles of mathematics and mechanics, as far as they are yet practiced.

Different

Different nations are constantly endeavouring to rival each other in ship-building—to construct vessels of greater force, more tonnage, and swifter sailers. By this constant emulation, ships have been built uniting these properties, which former ages must have deemed impossible to have accomplished. The fleets of the Saxon kings were but row-boats—the great ship of Harry the eighth (and so named) far exceeded all others hitherto built, and was esteemed the wonder of the world; yet it was not equal to one of our fourth rates. A modern frigate of forty-four guns would have been an overmatch for the stoutest vessel of Queen Elizabeth's fleet, as a seventy-four upon the present establishment is of superior force to a first-rate of the last century.

By the natural progress towards perfection, ship-building would keep pace with the other arts, and we find that it did so from historic facts. Long after

the beginning of this century the different rates of men of war proceeded by round numbers—it was a ship of 20, 30, 40, 50 guns, &c. The French navy being commonly worsted in their engagements with ours, the force of their ships was increased—Thus, a 70 gun ship became a 74 with greater tonnage, more men, and heavier cannon, and so of the other rates. This advance of strength was instantly imitated by the other maritime powers, so that all having increased, things remained in the same relative situation as before.* This must always be the case, so that we contend for superiority in points which must soon be equal. It is the opinion of the English, that the French ships sail better than their own. If this were so, it seems difficult to account for the French ships not getting away from ours when it is their

* Since writing the above, the Spaniards have built ships of 130 guns, and the French of 120. The English first-rates, as yet, remain as before.

their purpose to escape—this so seldom happens, that we must suppose the opinion is more liberal than just. As far as I have had an opportunity of observing, the ornamental carvings at the head and stern are designed and executed with much more taste by the French artists than by our own.

Engraving is practised in every country of Europe that has advanced into the Silver-Age, but at this time it is thought to be best understood in England. It was in our country that mezzo-tinto was invented, and our artists in this branch are confessedly the first in Europe. It was in England that etching and engraving were first united, and where the point was first used. Etching, engraving, scraping, and pointing seem to include every possible method of producing effect for the taking off impressions—but let us not set bounds to human invention—it is the purpose of this imperfect essay to

shew that in all studies, arts, and sciences, we have better times and greater improvements still to expect.

The sinking of dies for coins was in a deplorable state in every part of Europe, except Italy, until within the last 150 years. The savages of New Zealand could produce nothing worse than the pieces of our early Henrys and Edwards. They were improved by degrees, but the principle on which they were formed was quite false, until Simon, in his works for the Protector, gave a specimen how coins should be designed and executed, by taking the Greek for his model, as the Romans had done before him. The moderns have attained to so great a perfection in this art, that they are not unequal to their Roman and Greek predecessors in design, and superior in execution; which may arise from the great advantage of our machinery for coining, over the punch and hammer.

Man

Man, in the earliest stages of society, seems sensible to the pleasure of musical measures before the existence of musical sounds. There are many savage nations who have no idea of tune, but beat a rhythmus with great precision on pieces of wood, with which they mark their steps in dancing*—this is the Iron-Age of music. The next advance is musical sounds joined to the measure, which by degrees produces melody, and together with the first imperfect attempts towards harmony, or putting parts together, mark
the

* “The negroes (speaking of those at Surinam) in their music never use triple-time, but their measure is not unlike that of a baker’s bunt, sounding tuckety-tuck, tuckety-tuck, perpetually—to this noise they dance with uncommon pleasure.”

STEDMAN.

Are we to suppose from this passage that equal measure is more natural than unequal? However this may be, it is certain that the common people understand short tunes best—in a cathedral they like the chant better than the service, and next to that, the responses to the commandments.

the Brazen-Age of music. The gracefully uniting harmony with melody (including measure, of course) is that state of the art to which it is arrived in the present times, the superiority of which over the precedent, is my subject; not a dissertation on the art.

Modern music must be considered under the heads of composition and performance.* I will first make a few observations on the present state of performance, because it has had a considerable influence on our compositions.

About the beginning of this century the real art of performance was first studied. Corelli may be reckoned the first improver of the violin, and consequently of the viola and violoncello. It was
many

* I purposely omit the philosophy of sound, and the mathematical proportion of intervals, as having in fact nothing to do with composition or performance.

many years later that the hautbois, bassoon, French-horn, and trumpet were studied, and later still that the different Fort of instruments was attended to—for this last improvement (and many others) we are indebted to the German musicians. Handel was the earliest performer in the true style of the harpsichord and organ, which has since been brought to so great a pitch of perfection. The invention of the Piano-forte is very modern—this instrument has, not improperly, superceded the harpsichord. The progressive state of the human powers has produced an excellence in style, and facility in performance, of which former times could have no conception.

The cultivation of the vocal powers has been equally successful, and although in search of novelty we may sometimes seize absurdity, yet the art of singing has been equally improved with that of instrumental performance.

Excellent

Excellent performance naturally produces music which is to keep pace with it—for no artist can shew his superiority over his predecessors, were his powers to be limited by the old music; and though the desire of improvement may lead us beyond the mark, yet by degrees, we are brought back again within the bounds of good sense; and, upon the whole, advance nearer to perfection.

In the Silver-Age then, melody has been united with harmony, and both have been adorned by grace, taste, and expression.

If our practice and experience were to preclude a possibility of improvement, the very high antiquity of agriculture might be supposed long since to have made it perfect—but, to the great credit of the present Age, the science of cultivation is considered as yet in its infancy, and that more remains to be discovered
 than

than is yet known. Chemistry is employed to ascertain the first principles of manures, and the philosopher communicates the result of his studies to the farmer, who adopts or rejects it according to circumstances, of which the practical husbandman is the best judge—that is, after making due allowance for old prejudices, which too frequently and successfully oppose all improvement. Truth cannot be expected to advance smoothly; let us be thankful that it advances at all. The general progress of science is conspicuous in agriculture, which has already brought it far beyond its former boundaries; and we may reasonably expect, from the attention of the legislature, to have this progress accelerated.

Gardening is a branch of agriculture—the discoveries of the latter are for its advantage; but there are other circumstances which are peculiar to gardening only. The production of early fruits and
flowers

flowers, in their present perfection, is an attainment of the Silver-Age. The vast addition made to the old catalogue of plants by modern discoveries and feminal varieties, has given us a new vegetable world, unknown to our forefathers—as the exertion of the same industry and ability may cause the present times to be classed with those of ignorance.

Landscape-gardening is an English art, notwithstanding some attempts to derive it from China; and it is a modern art, in spite of the prior existence of the garden of Alcinous, and the much older and finer one of Eden. There is more genius and practice required for its proper application than may at first be imagined. The being in possession of ground gives the owner power, but not ability to lay it out; and it is the exertion of this power that has covered so much ground with deformity, and brought disgrace upon an art calculated to produce pleasure

fure

ture by the creation of beauty. To enter upon its principles makes no part of my design.

The bare mention of the numerous modern inventions and improvements in the mechanic arts, would take more time and space than I can devote to my whole treatise—I mean not to insinuate, that if I had both in profusion, I am capable of treating the subject. Nor is this any disgrace, as it certainly is much beyond the opportunities of information that can be attained by any one person. However, enough may be said to establish my position—that the present age is still in a rapid state of improvement, although already in possession of discoveries of which past times could not entertain the most distant idea. The application of machinery instead of the hand, has given an exactness and expedition to the mechanic arts, and been the means of spreading modern manufactures over the world,
and

and giving comforts and conveniencies to countries, which else, might ever have wanted them. The working of metals by the vast powers obtained from a falling current of water, or that stupendous machine the steam-engine, could not, before the modern discoveries, have been even supposed to exist. That barbarous ages were ignorant of the water-wheel, I mean not to assert; but to the present times must be attributed a thousand new and ingenious applications of it as a first power. The steam-engine, however, is in every respect new, and in its invention as well as application belongs to the Silver-Age. The various ways by which these two powers are applied, and the perfect productions of the joint effects of genius to invent, and ability to execute, in so many thousand articles of use and elegance, are impossible to be noticed by the slightest mention, or comprized in a large volume. Iron has been lately applied to a very new purpose—the construction

struction of bridges—for which it seems superior to stone—for, of the latter material I conceive no arch could be executed of 236 feet span, and of 33 only in height above the chord. This stupendous work, erected at the time of writing these observations, naturally attracted notice, and occasioned a departure from the intention of not remarking particular instances. With the mention of another modern performance I will finish these imperfect hints, lest “another and another should succeed”—The telescope of Herschel! which, whether considered as an instance of invention or execution, leaves all other works of the same nature at an immeasurable distance!

Great are these triumphs of art; nor can we suppose that such illustrious instances will be unnoticed, even when the human powers have attained that degree of perfection which we attribute to the Golden-Age.

With a few observations on the general state of things I will conclude this section.

The progress towards perfection may be seen in the face of the country, and the appearance of towns—the increase of cultivated land, and plantations of trees—the connection of places far distant, by canals and fine roads—the numberless ships, boats, waggons, and other carriages for use and luxury—the quick conveyance by the post—the superior style of modern houses, and their furniture—of modern streets and their pavement—the plenty, ease, comfort, and luxury which every where surround us—the great alteration for the better in a thousand other circumstances, assuredly marks the improvement of the present age, and gives a promise of a greater degree of perfection still to be expected.

As the poets formed a Golden-Age, according to their imagination of what is
good

good or desirable; I may, in my turn, imagine what will be the situation of mankind, when genius, corrected by science, and assisted by reason and virtue, shall have produced that improvement of society to which it naturally aspires—this is the millennium of philosophy.

The idea of reversing the order of the Four Ages, by this time, must have received its support, or must be considered as chimerical.—To suppose, with the ancients, that a state of virtue and happiness could subsist in the early and ignorant ages of society, is contrary to all observation; but that the world may grow better as it grows wiser, may be inferred from the property of knowledge to purify the heart while it enriches the mind. There are not many instances of eminence in art or science being attained by vicious persons—the best philosophers, poets, historians, and the most eminent professors of the liberal arts, are men of integrity

grity and virtue. When great knowledge and good principles are separated, it may be considered as contrary to the nature of things, and an exception to a rule founded on experience. It being then the tendency of a progress in knowledge to produce perfection, let us amuse our imagination with designing a picture of society in this state, which is the real Golden-Age, even tho' it never arrives—for ever approaching, but never touching, like the diagonal line between two parallels.

War makes a necessary part of the character of early society, and a constituent part of it when farther advanced. It has already been observed, that an age may for a time, and in some instances, revert to a more barbarous period; and by a parity of reasoning, may be advanced into the times which shall succeed. Thus war may be carried on with a ferocity in the Brazen-Age that only belongs to the
Iron-

Iron-Age, or with a generosity of manners belonging to a later period. Yet each Age has its fixed character from barbarity to humanity; and war, in some shape or other, must exist in every stage of society, but the last.

Nothing but that rectitude of intention and action which belongs to times of the greatest degree of refinement, can annihilate war. It will by degrees be perceived, that wars do not often produce the end for which they are undertaken; and when they do, the purpose attained is not equal to the cost and mischief. Thus, experience, co-operating with the progress of reason, will at last overcome that appetite for mutual destruction by which the nature of mankind is disgraced and the world desolated.

The next great business of mankind is commerce, which, founded on the supply of mutual wants, will be free and un-

shackled with any restraints, except such as reason and convenience dictate for mutual advantage. Nature has dispensed different gifts to different regions, and as art has taken directions in some countries which are impracticable in others, it will, by degrees, be perceived that it is for the benefit of mankind rather to remove the various productions of nature and art from one country to another, than endeavour to force productions contrary to climate or the genius of the people. By this interchange of good offices, countries become connected not only by interest but by mutual esteem.

All vain unprofitable studies will cease to be pursued. This end is already partly attained. What was esteemed learning in the Brazen-Age, is considered as ignorance in the Silver-Age. School-divinity was once held to be the height of human wisdom, and it is now thought the depth of folly. False learning, in all its various forms,

forms, will gradually cease to exist, and no studies will be considered as worthy attention, but those which contribute to our pleasure, instruction, or advantage. As nothing is more simple, and at the same time more comprehensive, than the ideas of protection and obedience, probably our present perplexed, mysterious systems of divinity, will be reduced to a very small compass, and, by degrees, meet with the same fate that school-divinity has already experienced. Moral philosophy will also be much compressed, and our golden successors will be astonished at the number and bulk of the volumes which have been written on a subject, which, for every practical purpose, is so soon exhausted; a few plain maxims, whose truth is universally acknowledged, being sufficient to guide us through the paths of life with ease and security.

If we trace the art of physic from the Iron-Age to the present, we shall see

with pleasure how the progress of reason and truth have put prejudice and falsity to flight—

“ As steals the morn upon the night
And melts the shades away !”

Perhaps, in the Golden-Age, the care to prevent diseases may, in great measure, supersede the use of a physician ; for as Iago well observes, “ it is in *ourselves* that we are thus, or thus.” Diseases are created by misconduct and intemperance, but in the days of perfection, (and not ’till then) there will be no misconduct nor intemperance. If accidents require assistance, and art is found necessary, it will be considered not as a director of nature, but an humble assistant only—this is almost the case at present, as was observed in the Silver-Age.

“ To chastise, so as to prevent crimes by the influence of example, and to restore the culprit to society by restoring
him

him to virtue; these are the principles which ought to direct the legislature in its establishment of penal laws"—says M. Jallet. At present, the legislature seeks no more than to prevent crimes in general, by the punishment of individuals, but we may suppose that the progress of virtue will at last make penal laws unnecessary; for man sins only when reason ceases to govern, and we are supposing a state when it reigns unfettered by custom, and unopposed by folly or vice.

As science is an accumulation of acquirements by a long succession of individuals, given to the world, and preserved throughout all ages by the art of writing, and more perfectly by that of printing; one man possessing former discoveries, begins where his predecessors ceased, and after extending the line of knowledge, leaves it to be farther extended by his successors. If science were not in its nature infinite, we must, according to our
 plan,

plan, suppose it arrived at perfection in the Golden-Age—but, it is no detraction from human capacity to suppose it incapable of infinite exertion, or of exhausting an infinite subject—in the Golden-Age, the progress to perfection will not be checked, but continued to the last existence of society.

Studies, which have the different departments of nature for their pursuit, are inexhaustible—every animal, vegetable, mineral, stone, earth, all natural productions furnish a field for interesting enquiry; the more we examine, the greater are our discoveries.

An idea of the formation of the world, and its subsequent variations, is in some measure already attained. This subject has much attracted the attention of modern philosophers, but longer and more extended enquiries are necessary to perfect the theory of the globe. At present
it

it seems to be established, that the surface of the earth was once beneath the ocean, and that it has also received many modifications from the action of fire—that both fire and water are continually destroying and new-forming this surface, and most probably will continue their action to its last existence. The geographical study of the globe must wait for a more advanced period than the present, before it will be completed. Not much above three centuries have elapsed, since any attempts of consequence have been made to attain a knowledge of the planet we inhabit, and we are still but very imperfectly acquainted with it. In the Golden-Age these entertaining and interesting enquiries will attain the certainty and perfection which are characteristic of that happy æra.

To judge of future improvements in the microscope and telescope, by the past—the time will arrive, when our present instruments

instruments will be considered as first efforts, if the production of the Herschelian telescope may not be considered as an anticipation of the period we are describing.

Perhaps, some other power may be discovered as forcible and as manageable as the evaporation from boiling water—another gunpowder that may supersede the present—and other applications of the mechanical powers, which may make our present wonders sink into vulgar performances.

In poetry, we shall discriminate between subjects capable of being adorned by numbers, and those which are better expressed in prose. By rejecting common phraseology, we shall appropriate a language for poetical purposes, and at last attain to unite the correct with the sublime.

In music, we shall seek to express passion and measure, by pleasing melody joined with pure harmony, and reject all attempts to impose on our feelings when drawn from illegitimate sources.

In painting, it will no longer be found impossible to combine grandeur of design with the hue and forms of nature, which will be found more perfect than any the invention of man can supply.* The province of the painter is rather to arrange than to create. Nature produces men, animals, and inanimate objects, but does not often dispose of them to the painter's fancy.

Architecture will not be slavishly held in Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian bonds, but formed on such aliquot parts as correct judgement, joined with elegant taste, shall find most proper for use and grandeur of effect.

If

* See Sir J. Reynolds's Discourses passim.

If the progress of human attainments lead at last to that Golden-Age which the ancients held to be our primitive state; the philosopher will consider this as the happy future state of society—a state of reward to the species, not to the individual—a state of bliss, the natural consequence of scientific and virtuous exertions.

Thus we have endeavoured to shew, that nothing but rudeness can exist in the first age, that it becomes smoother in the second, and more polished in the third; but that we are not to look for the last degree of refinement, until human nature, having proceeded through all the different stages of improvement, becomes perfectly instructed by science, and purified by virtue.

ESSAYS.

On Gothic Architecture.

SO much has been written lately on Gothic Architecture, that I am tempted to depart from the conciseness I have hitherto observed, and to convert what was intended as a note (see page 67) into an essay on a subject of which I may be supposed to have spoken too slightly.

The Saxon Architecture may be clearly traced from the Roman, from which it differs no more than the Italian language from the Latin, so that it may be considered only as a barbarous corruption of the old Orders. But the Architecture usually

usually termed Gothic, having its principles totally distinct from the Roman, must be derived from another source. Its origin has not been satisfactorily traced, but its rules, as far as they have a foundation in art, may be ascertained. This subject has been treated of by writers more conversant with it than myself—my intention is not to go over their ground farther than a few remarks make necessary, which may not be found in their works.

To the circle, or portions of it, and to the right-angle, may be referred the general forms in the Roman and Saxon Architecture.

From acute arches, or acute angles, may be derived the general forms of Gothic Architecture—but caprice and whim are as prevalent as principle.

Warburton

Warburton (in a note upon Pope) conceives that the first idea of Gothic Architecture arose from observing the effect of branches crossing each other in an alley of trees.* The resemblance is undoubtedly very great, and had before been observed by Stukely; † if admitted, it only gives a principle for the pillars and roof, and of the inside only.

A late writer derives this order from the pyramid, which is the most general principle,

* A Theatre at Paris is constructed to represent a bower of trees: the interlacing of the branches form the cieling. As it is used for summer amusements the thought is judicious, and the effect pleasing.

† “ Gothic Architecture (as it is called) for a gallery, library, or the like, is the best manner of building, because the idea of it is taken from a walk of trees, whose branching heads are curiously imitated by the roof.”

STUKELY'S ITINERARY.

H

principle, and applies equally to the outside, which Warburton's does not.

To both these principles it seems necessary to add (as above-mentioned) the caprice of the builder; sometimes dictated by good-sense, more frequently by the barbarisms of the times, but never by real taste, because in the state of society in which these edifices were erected, Taste did not exist.*

In those buildings erected by the Greeks and Romans, a general fixed principle may be easily traced, and from which they seldom deviated, unless in the subordinate parts. The Gothic architects were quite at liberty to do with their pyramidal principle what seemed good in their eyes—their arches and pinnacles were more or less acute—every possible angle, if less than a right-angle,
has

* See Letter 23—in the Thirty Letters.

has been used—every proportion of length to breadth, so that there are scarcely any two churches that bear more than a general resemblance to each other—nor would there be even this, but from a conceived obligation to preserve the form of a cross; to have the altar at the east-end, and other fixed religious points which necessarily produced some coincidences.

The Gothic architects seem perfectly ignorant of the effect of aliquot parts, and the necessity of satisfying the eye by having the massy parts below, and the slighter ones above. The west-front of Salisbury Cathedral is a collection of minutiae, perfectly without principle, in which the architect gave full scope to his caprice. The effect of grouping some parts together, and of giving repose to the eye by the absence of all ornaments, was unpractised, perhaps unknown to these architects, although an illustrious
H 2 exception

exception is in the spire of the above-mentioned church, which is kept quite plain, except where it seems to be bound round with net-work.

They frequently affected a variety where the form ought to be repeated. The church at Laufanne has different pillars and different ornaments for every arch, which may also be seen in some pannels in a very old and curious house opposite Little-Style, Exeter. The windows of the cathedral in that city not only vary in the subordinate, but in the principal parts; nay, they vary in the general form and dimensions. The old bridge at Exeter, and old London bridge, had no two arches the same, this is also the case of so many others, that perhaps the variation was occasioned from reparations made at different times—admitting it, yet nothing but caprice or extreme inattention, prevented the new arches from being like the old ones. There is
every

every appearance that the Gothic architects were not confined to rule, although they worked *generally* upon the pyramidal principle—and yet they occasionally departed from it, as in the instance of square battlements, which in such buildings have always an ill effect. If battlements are necessary, they are easily made pointed, but they are best avoided. Radcliffe church at Bristol, and the Abbey at Bath, have better copings than battlements.

One of the most prevalent faults in Gothic buildings is the want of truth in positions—thus, you look through the vista of an ayle, and you find the terminating window not in the middle, for which no possible reason can be assigned. This is a more common fault than is apprehended, and even in buildings noticed for their beauty. As I recollect, there are some instances of this in Tinterne Abbey—in Exeter Cathedral there are

H 3 many ;

many; the east windows of the two ayles are not in the middle, nor is the window of the chapel at the north-west end, which is used as the spiritual court: the two largest pinnacles of the west front, tho' in corresponding positions, are of very different dimensions—many instances of such inattention might be found in other churches of this period.

It is a common idea that modern architects cannot execute a Gothic building—the fact is, that they have seldom succeeded; but it surely is in their power to make a finer Gothic building than any existing, by working upon the following principles.—If the form of a cross be still observed (which has its advantages) let it be single—the east-end terminating in a niche like the cathedral at Amiens, Canterbury, and many others*—the north
and

* Sir C. Wren, fully aware of the effect of the recess, has with great judgement given it to St. Paul's.

and south ends of the transept should be enlightened with circular windows, like those of the Abbey of St. Dennis, and of Westminster. The west end should invariably have a large window nearly filling the whole space.*

The proportions should be aliquot from the general plan to the subordinate parts, and all upon the principle of some certain acute angle, and some certain acute arch, which should be adhered to after being first determined.

The

* Nothing atones for the want of a considerable window at each end of a large church, except it be terminated with a niche. The effect of the view from the east, of the Cathedral at Amiens, is spoiled by the organ hiding the west-window. Radcliffe Church and the Chapel at Winfor are spoiled by the stopping of windows, the latter indeed is not an instance exactly to the present purpose, but no pictures should be admitted within a Gothic building, if they must deprive it of light.

The columns and spaces should be over each other—the more maffy, below ; and the lighter, above.*

The application of these principles, with others naturally arifing from the good taste of the present age, would produce a Gothic building much fuperior to any that ever exifted.

I have already obferved, that modern Gothic churches are generally bad—but this does not arife from the difficulty of inventing or executing Gothic Architecture, but from not taking at firft a certain angle and proportion ; and mixing principles, which, in their nature, are incompatible. Windows with acute arches will not make a building Gothic, if the other parts are not fo—a chapel at Bath has fuch windows to a flat roof—and the new church of St. Paul, at Bristol, has fuch

* The reverse is feen in the weft front of Salifbury Cathedral.

such a mixture of incoherent, capricious forms, as renders it the most absurd piece of architecture which ancient or modern times ever produced.

These, and many other instances of a false style, only shew the want of skill in the builders, in mixing forms which cannot accord; but by no means prove the impossibility of success, if a church were designed upon the principle of the acute arch and angle, and had its other additions from the good taste of a modern artist, instead of the barbarous caprice of antiquity.

Although I am clearly of opinion that a Gothic church might at this time be built greatly superior to any of old times, yet I doubt, whether the association of ideas, upon which so much depends, would not be wanting to give it the due effect. Our reverence for antiquity, and our reverence for religion,
in

in some measure go together. There is a solemnity attached to an old church, because it is old, which we do not feel in a new church, because it is new. How often has it been remarked of St. Paul's, that although a large and fine building, yet it does not produce the religious effect of a Gothic cathedral—which is undoubtedly true, partly for the above reason, and partly by our being more used to see the Grecian orders applied to buildings for common purposes. The language of the prayers is not that of common discourse, nor is it the style of authors at this period—it does not suit with any place so well as a Gothic church, which our imagination makes to be older than one built after the Grecian orders, because, in our country, they were first used after the Gothic Architecture had been long practised.

The middle way not always best.

THE safety of taking the middle way is evident, when we are assailed by disputants, each violent in his cause—it is the most secure path while we journey through life, where the difficulty lies in steering between extremes that are equally hurtful—and this maxim may be generally applied to morals, philosophy, and even to religion itself: in all which, violence and coolness are equally to be avoided. But in the imitative arts, as they are called, the reverse of this maxim is our rule and guide, as appears by an examination of its effect in painting, music, and poetry.

When we would strike the imagination, which is the end of all the arts, it
must

must be by something that operates instantly, and with precision—this effect cannot be produced by mediocrity.

In a picture, the subject must be told with some degree of violence to arrest the attention. If it be historical, the figures must be eagerly engaged, or they will not seem to be engaged at all. Strong men must be *very* strong—beautiful women, *supremely* so. In landscape, it is not such an assemblage of objects as we *do* see, but such as we *wish* to see—every thing must have a brilliancy and agitation beyond nature, if we are to think it a representation of nature.

It is this principle which has established fiery instead of warm colouring—that makes the heightening touches of trees red or yellow instead of light green—that makes grey hills, blue—that makes a front and side light in the same picture, and other extravagancies. As our endeavour

deavour to give a just representation of nature generally fails of effect, we try to impose on the imagination, by substituting an exaggerated resemblance.

Not only in the subject, drawing, and colouring of a picture we consider the middle path as dangerous, but there must also be a boldness in the touch of the pencil, or all our other elevations above mediocrity will be of no avail. The very essence of Drawings depends upon effects suddenly produced by broad and full touches.

In music, quick and slow movements are distinctly marked, but what is between both seems uncharacteristic, and though it often has the power to please, it seldom possesses sufficient force to affect us. This remark may be extended to the effect of the piano and forte, and even to the manner of performance.

Poetry,

Poetry, in its very nature, possesses an energy superior to prose—in thought and language it must scorn the safety of the middle path, and find one more elevated, or perish in the attempt! If it be dramatic (as I have elsewhere remarked*) the characters must have a degree of extravagance in language and sentiment much beyond common nature. The dresses of the actors, and their painted faces, are equally necessary, for without all these exaggerations upon the sobriety of nature, we should be too feebly touched to be affected.

In epic poetry the characters must be like the figures in historical painting: the men should be either young and strong, or old and feeble. The middle-aged man, if absolutely necessary for the story, must of course be introduced; but at the time of life when youth is lost,
and

* In the Thirty Letters.

and old-age not attained, the character is unpicturesque and unaffecting. It is so in common portraits: none have a worse effect than those of middle age.

Perhaps it may be urged against the truth of the maxim I would establish; that there are in music, many movements in moderate time; that there are many landscapes of simple nature, and many characters in dramatic, and other poetry, which are excellent, although of that middle class which I seem to reprobate.

I can only answer, that there is nothing beyond the power of genius; and it is never so evident, as in producing effect where circumstances are unfavourable.

Perhaps it is the consciousness of this difficulty being vanquished, that adds to the pleasure we receive from such instances, and raises our feelings so far above mediocrity, that the sensation is as
 much

much elevated as if produced by violence. For one musician who can make a simple tune like Carey, there are five hundred who can compose a noisy symphony like Stamitz. There is no subject so easy for a landscape-painter as a warm evening—it requires but little skill to *imitate* Claude, it is the first effort of the smatterer in landscape-painting; but no one ventures upon Ruydale's green banks, roads, and puddles of water. There will be a thousand successful imitators of Raffaele before another Hogarth will arise. Our present historical painters are much nearer their prototype, than any of the burlesque caricature designers are to their great original. Pitt, in his Translation of the *Æneid*, is a very successful imitator of Pope—but who dares venture to tell a tale like Prior?

The Villa.

CALLING upon a citizen of my acquaintance on a Saturday, I found him and his family just setting off for his villa in the country. Having nothing particular to hinder me, I accepted a hearty invitation to make one of the party; and as the ladies condescended to submit to a worse accommodation than usual, I squeezed into the well-filled carriage, which very soberly brought us to the place of our destination.

A citizen's box by the road side is so perfectly known, and has been so often painted in its dusty colours, that I have no new touches to add—It was one of the thousands that are in the vicinity of London, with nothing to distinguish it from its neighbours.

In the evening, as we were taking repeated turns on the small space of the garden which permitted it, I believe my friend perceived an involuntary smile of contempt playing about my face, which he considered as a reproach on his taste—to which he made this reply.

“ A Londoner’s country-house has been the subject of much ridicule, and given occasion to some excellent papers in periodical publications, from the *Spectator*, down to our own times. I have laughed heartily at the wit and humour it has produced—but we still are in the same state—and ought to be so.”

I acknowledged that my smile was occasioned by recollecting those humorous descriptions to which he alluded; that admitting the propriety of having a villa; yet, I saw no reason why it must always possess some points for ridicule—

“ Every

“ Every reason, says he, why it should not, if those points were ridiculous to the possessor ; but if sources of enjoyment to *him*, he may excuse their being laughed at by *others*—permit me to offer something in defence of these our little boxes.

“ Should you dispute the propriety of our going into the country at all—I reply, that we return the keener to our business for having had a little relaxation from it—that change of air and exercise contributes to our health. The hope of future enjoyment gives us present spirits. If you knew the pleasure with which we look forward to Saturday, that is to carry us to the little garden, where we survey the accumulated vegetation of the days we have been absent, you would think it a sensation not to be despised.

“ From what I have observed, no persons *really* enjoy the country but the London citizens. Those who possess

magnificent villas seem insensible to the beauties in their possession. It is the appetite which gives pleasure to the feast. If we have this inclination, and it is gratified, there is nothing farther to ask. Touchstone is properly matched with Audrey: the finest lady in the land could only give him pleasure, and that he receives from his Dowdy.

“ But, in my opinion, there is more still to be said for us—Are you sure that a box by the side of a dusty road, is less calculated for enjoyment, than a palace situated in a vast park?—My neighbour who possesses such a palace, like you, wonders at my bad taste, which he continually abuses, for fear I should suspect that he receives pleasure, when sitting in my window, which he does for hours together (notwithstanding the dust) inwardly envying my happiness that I can see the world in motion.

lished. In short, we find by experience, that a small house and garden, from whence something may be seen that excites amusement and attention, is more for our purpose, than an extent of ground, which offers nothing but the same objects for ever repeated—it may be well calculated for magnificence; but it should be remembered, that our pursuit is relaxation from business, and such relaxation as is attended with something we can really understand and enjoy.”

On Wit.

HAVING mentioned in my short *Essay on Taste** that wit was never satisfactorily defined; perhaps it may lead us to suspect a want of precision in the idea: which is more natural, than to suppose such persons as Locke, Dryden, and Pope, should not have sagacity enough to define what is so well understood by the greatest part of the world.

Locke's Reflection on Wit (as I find it in the *Spectator*) is, "Men who have
 " a great deal of wit and prompt memo-
 " ries, have not always the clearest judg-
 " ment, or deepest reason. For wit ly-
 " ing most in the assemblage of ideas,
 " and putting these together with quick-
 I 4 " nefs

* In the *Thirty Letters*.

“ nefs and variety, wherein can be found
 “ any refemblance or congruity, thereby
 “ to make up pleafant pictures and agree-
 “ able vifions in the fancy; judgment,
 “ on the contrary, lies quite on the other
 “ fide, in feparating carefully one from
 “ other ideas, wherein can be found the
 “ leaft difference, thereby to avoid being
 “ mifled by fimilitude, and by affinity to
 “ take one thing for another. This is a
 “ way of proceeding quite contrary to
 “ metaphor and allufion; wherein, for
 “ the moft part, lies that entertainment
 “ and pleafantry of wit which ftrikes fo
 “ lively on the fancy, and is therefore fo
 “ acceptable to all people.” Sterne, in
 his obfervations on this paffage, has, *in*
his manner, demonftrated, that wit and
 judgment, inftead of being feparated, go
 together—which is fo far true, that wit
 is frequently connected with judgment;
 but judgment will not often own wit as
 a relation.

Dryden's

Dryden's Idea of Wit (taken also from the Spectator) is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject"—on which it is properly remarked, that "if this be a true definition of wit, Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper. Addison does not give a definition of his own, but seems to approve of Locke's idea of the subject.

Wit, according to Pope, is

——— "Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd."

This does not belong peculiarly to wit, but to all fine writing, where the expression is newer and better than the subject.

If it be the property of a definition that it peculiarly suits the thing defined, neither of the above can be just—each differs from the other, and may be applied to other subjects. The definition
about

about to be offered, is of wit only, and cannot agree with any thing else.

Wit, then, is the dexterous performance of a legerdemain trick, by which one idea is *presented* and another *substituted*. In the performance of this trick, an opposition of terms is *frequently*, though not *always* necessary. The effect produced is an agreeable surprize, arising from expecting one thing and finding another, or expecting nothing and having something. A juggler is a wit in *things*. A wit is a juggler in *ideas*—and a punster is a juggler in *words*. Should there be some instances of wit, which seem not to agree with this definition; like other particular instances, they must be considered as exceptions to a general rule, but not of sufficient consequence to destroy it. I mention this by way of anticipating and obviating an objection that might possibly be made; but I declare my ignorance of any example of real wit, which, if properly

perly analyzed, does not come under this definition—for some things pass for wit, which are not so—humour is frequently mistaken for it—both, it is true, are sometimes blended together; but, by attending to the above definition, and a few observations I shall make upon humour, they may easily be separated, and each set in its proper province. Wit is also frequently joined with a pun—they are easily mingled, for, as is above hinted, a pun is itself a species of wit—it exists upon the same principle, but is formed of less valuable materials—as a word is inferior to an idea.

Let us examine such common pieces of wit as occur, and see whether they conform to my definition.

The trick of wit may be performed without the aid of opposition.

“ *I* like port wine, says one, *I* like claret, says another, “ what wine do *you* like ?”

like?" speaking to a third—"That of other people."

But it may be performed better *with* opposition.

The weather in July proving wet and ungenial; "when," says one to Quin, "do you remember such a summer as this?"—"Last winter."

Sometimes there is an opposition of *terms* joined with an opposition of *ideas*—

A lawyer making his will bequeathed his estate to fools and madmen—being asked the reason—"from such," said he, "I had it, and to such I give it."

Wit is now and then mixed with a pun—

"How d'ye like the short petticoat of the present fashion?" says a lady to a gentleman—"extremely," he replied, "I care not to what height it is carried."

Wit

Wit is sometimes mixed with humour—

Two persons disputing upon religion, one of them reproving his adversary for his obstinacy, offered to wager that he could not repeat the Lord's Prayer—done, says the other, and immediately begun, "I believe in God," &c. repeating the Creed throughout very correctly. Well, says the other, I own I have lost, I did not think he could have done it.

In all these examples it must be perceived, that it is the unexpected change which produces the wit; as in the dexterity of hand, it is something unlooked for which makes the trick.

I have just given an instance of wit joined with a pun, and another of wit connected with humour—the terms being well understood I did not interrupt my subject to explain them, but I have a little to say upon each.

A pun is upon a smaller scale, that which wit is upon a greater. As wit consists in a dexterous change of *ideas*, so does a pun in a dexterous change of *words*—the principle in both being the same, punning ought to be considered as wit.

Manners, Earl of Rutland, telling Sir Thomas More, that “Honores mutant Mores,” the other retorted, that it did better in English, Honours change Manners.

A person being asked for a toast, gave the beginning of the third Psalm—which was found to be—“Lord How.”

Punning then consists in the dexterous change of the meaning of the *same* word, or of substituting *some others*, which to the ear convey a likeness of sound. “I am come to see Orpheus,” says a gentleman at the Theatre (in boots)—“yes,” says his friend, “and You-rid-I-see.”

The

The essence of a pun consists in some such changes as these: therefore, if it be admitted that it is the dexterous change which constitutes wit, punning possesses the change and the dexterity.

Humour has no such change, but consists either of treating a grave subject ludicrously, or a light one gravely—if the subjects admit of being so treated. The Tale of a Tub is a humorous satire on the absurd tenets of religious sects, not on religion itself—the former may, without offence, be connected with humour, but the last is in its nature above it.

The most perfect humour exists in Shakespeare,* Swift, and Addison, and in many writers among the moderns: no instances of which will be found to be wit, if tried by the above rule. An idea
has

* Shakespeare abounds in humour, sometimes pure, more frequently mixed with puns—but has not many instances of real wit.

has prevailed, that humour is only known in England: this cannot be true—Cervantes, Voltaire, and many other foreign writers, afford proofs to the contrary.

There seem to be some subordinate sources of humour which are not easily to be accounted for. Intemperance, no doubt, is an odious vice, and every delicate mind must be offended at it—but, drunken-characters in a play have frequently a humourous and laughable effect—Sir John Brute, and the Drunken-Man in *Lethe*, are strong instances.

The Irish brogue is surely no subject for ridicule—a man born in Ireland must of course speak like his neighbours—but on the stage it is a never-failing source of humour—divest an Irish character of the brogue and it becomes nothing.

Stammering, by some means or other, has a connection with humour, especially
if

if imitated on the stage, as we find from Serjeant Bramble, in the *Conscious Lovers*—but, to return to my subject.

True wit, says Voltaire, is universal—it is so, provided all nations are in equal possession of the circumstances which attended its production, and which necessarily accompany it. There are few pieces of wit, but are, in some measure, local. The sprightly sallies in conversation are not only local, but temporary; yet they are as truly wit for the time and place, as the most general subject would be for the universe, and would be so acknowledged, if explained and understood. Many a witty reply owes all its force to some allusion only known to the company, or perhaps to one single person—explain that circumstance, and the wit would be universally confessed.

Some expressions pass for wit which certainly belong to a different class.

A foldier, finding a horfe-shoe, ftuck it into his girdle—a bullet hit him on the very part. “ Well, fays he, I find a little armour will ferve the turn, if it be but rightly placed.” A fenfible reflection, but not wit.

Garrick asked Rich “ how much Covent-Garden houfe would hold?” “ I fhould know to a fhilling, replied Rich, if you would play Richard in it.” An elegant compliment, and better than wit.

Having, perhaps, thrown fome light on this fubject, I will leave it to the reader’s fagacity to improve thefe fhort hints, and compleat what I have haftily fketched—but, before I conclude, permit me to give an inftance of wit combined with humour and pun, and the rather, as it ftands in need of a flight introduction, which will ferve as a proof of local wit becoming univerfal, when rightly underftood.

When

When the Jesuits were dispersed, Voltaire's Chateau afforded an asylum to one of them, an inoffensive priest called Adam. "Give me leave," says Voltaire to his company, "to introduce to you Father Adam—but not *the first of men*"—it is short, but comprehends more than may appear at the first glance.

After having, I hope, proved that a wit is a jugler; I do not think it necessary to prove, that a jugler is a wit, it being a self-evident proposition, if we admit the principle I have endeavoured to establish, of *both depending on a substitution of one thing for another by a dexterous change.*

An Indian Tale.

WHEN the hosts of the mighty Timur spread from the deserts of Tartary over the fertile plains of Indostan, numerous, and destroying as locusts; their chief, glorying in the greatness of his strength, surveyed with an averted look the mountains he had passed, and smiled at the barrier he had surmounted. “By fortitude and valour, said he, we subdue our enemies; by patience and perseverance we overcome even the stupendous works of nature, which has elevated mountains in vain, to stop the progress of him determined to conquer!” While his heart dilated with pride, the soldiers ravaged the country through which they passed, committing all the excesses an unresisted army inflicts on the wretched inhabitants.

—“Bring

—“ Bring me to your chief,” exclaimed a sage they had dragged from his retreat, “ let me behold this mighty conqueror before my eyes are closed in endless night ; perchance the words of Zadib may enter his ears—may reach his heart !”

The air of dignity with which he uttered this, arrested the sword of the soldiers—“ Behold,” said they to Timur, “ a man of years who seeketh thy presence.” “ My desire,” said Zadib, “ is to confer with the mighty Scythian—he is great, but will not turn aside from the wisdom of experience.” “ Speak freely,” replied Timur, “ an enemy incapable of resistance I treat as a friend—enter with me this Temple of Vistnoo—instruction cannot be heard amid the noise of a passing army.”

“ The silence of this sacred place,” begun Zadib, “ is favourable to my subject—O Vistnoo endue thy votary with

confidence to utter the words of truth before this leader of armies, and prepare his mind to receive thy wisdom; of which my tongue is but the feeble organ!" "Vistnoo," says Timur, "is no God of mine, but a benefit is always to be received with gratitude—if I profit from his inspiration, this temple shall flame with my offerings."

"What could induce the chief," commenced Zadib, "of the wide-extended plains of Tartary, to leave the habitation of his progenitors, and seek in lands remote for what his own so much better afforded?—Are the pastures of Indostan more fertile than those of Scythia, is the milk of our mares more plentiful, or the flesh of our horses superior to those of the country which gave thee life? No, these things are not so—the burning sun scorches our herbage, our cattle yield but little milk, nor afford flesh worthy the hunger of a Tartar. Why then dost thou

thou inflict the miseries of war on the innocent inhabitants of this country, at the loss of so many enjoyments to thyself?" "To increase my glory!" sternly replied Timur, "the desire of glory is the passion of us who are elevated into the rank of heroes; for *this* we thirst, for *this* we hunger, and leave to common mortals the flesh and milk of mares!"

"If the desire of glory cannot be gratified but by the destruction of mankind," meekly returned Zadib, "surely it had better be repressed—what good can arise from glory that is to be compared to the mischief by which it is attended?" "Thou talkest like a sage and a philosopher," said Timur more mildly, "and desirest to make man as he should be, which is impossible—my part to act, is that of a prince, who considers man as he is; and who treats mankind, as every individual would treat *him*, had he the same means in his power. It is destiny, and the im-

provement of opportunity, that makes a tyrant—those to whom fate is averse, must submit and be silent.”

“Brahma forbid!” exclaimed Zadib: “None can withstand destiny; but what virtuous man would seek an opportunity to lord it over his fellow-mortals?” “Be assured,” returned Timur, “that virtue is an acquirement. Man, by nature, is selfish and cruel; all infants are so—these natural passions are by education opposed, and by degrees concealed; but never perfectly subdued—my desire for glory, then, is assisted by my original passions of cruelty and selfishness; which, by being a prince, I can extend to the utmost.”

“If, by being a prince,” said Zadib, “I must, from necessity, be cruel and selfish—may the humble state be ever mine!”—“Man also possesses a desire for superiority,” continued Timur, “which produces a wish for splendor and riches.

By

By nature all are equal, but circumstances have fixed thee in a station where desires must be restrained, and have placed me where they may be indulged—could we change conditions, be assured, thy passions would expand as soon as their restraint was taken off, and thou wouldst be then, as Timur is now.”

“ Can a worm of the earth be proud ?” humbly replied Zadib,—“ What is man but an atom, which can only be considerable by virtue? When I consider this, I avoid the first approach of pride, and abhor that wicked principle which seeks its gratification by the misery of others.” “ Call not a conqueror wicked,” returned Timur sharply, “ he is simply *a man*—he has an opportunity of shewing his nature undisguised, and uses it. The sage is something more, and something less than man. He is more, as he has added to the gifts of nature; he is less, by discarding his natural propensities; but they

they retire no farther than to be within call"—

“ They are discarded for ever !” uttered Zadib. The suddenness of the reply occasioned, for a while, a pause in this moral and philosophical conference, in which neither party gained on his adversary—at length Timur, with complacence, broke silence—“ Zadib,” said he, “ thy good qualities shall no longer be hidden in obscurity—thou shalt be my Vizir—be it my business to subdue, and thine to govern.”

“ Unworthy of the high honour as I am,” replied Zadib, his eyes sparkling with pleasure ; “ yet shall thy slave endeavour to discharge the duties of so great a function.” “ But dost thou reflect,” said Timur, “ that the higher the station, the greater is the scope for vice ? Thou art now low, poor, and virtuous ; but when thou art the second person in my empire,

empire, thou wilt be great, rich, and wicked"—“That philosophy I have early acquired,” replied Zadib, “shall secure me from the first approaches of vice—invest me with the robe of honour, and be confident of my obedience to thy high commands.”

“Zadib,” returned Timur, “thou must now be convinced, that original pride, and a wish for greatness, lay lurking within thee, and was never effaced—that thy virtue is an artificial acquirement, which vanishes before the original impressions of nature—but why should I proceed? Thy heart bears witness to the truth of my words, for the blush of consciousness is on thy face—reply not—I will give thee no opportunity to lose what thou hast with so much difficulty acquired, for the man of nature must soon appear—thou seest him in *me*!—go in peace to thy cell—go, and continue to be virtuous—but leave me to lead on my
victorious

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victorious Tartars, until I acquire that
glorious appellation, THE CONQUEROR
OF THE WORLD !”

Different

Different Uses of Reading and Conversation.

IN barbarous times, when conversation had no other topic than what immediate occasion or necessary employment produced (which was once the case) it is evident, that no knowledge could be obtained but from books.

As civilization advanced, and commerce produced social intercourse, conversation grew more enlarged, and knowledge was gained from the mouth as well as from the pen. This undoubtedly was an improvement in every sense. In France both sexes first assembled on an easy footing, and it was in that country where knowledge from books was first neglected.

This

This principle spread with the language and manners, and it soon became fashionable to call the learning acquired from reading, pedantry. As I consider this to be the present state of things in our own country, I have a few words to say in defence of the instruction obtained from books, and to give some reasons why it ought, for all substantial purposes, to be preferred to that which arises from conversation.

The object of conversation is entertainment—the object of reading is instruction. No doubt, conversation may instruct, and reading may entertain; but this occasional assumption of each other's characteristic, only varies the principle, without destroying it.

When persons converse, deep disquisition is out of place—the subjects should be general and light, in which all may be supposed capable of joining. Every
 thing

thing professional is avoided, which, whether from the divine, the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, or soldier, is equally pedantic as from the scholar. All debate is shunned, lest warmth might become heat. If fire be produced by the collision of sentiments, it should just shine for a moment, like the harmless coruscations of a summer evening, but not pierce like lightning.

Conversation, to be agreeable, should be divided equally—no one should engross it, or neglect to furnish his quota—but as it requires some practice, and perhaps, talents, to engage in small-talk, without ascending into an upper region, or sinking into vacuity; those who find a difficulty in steering this middle course, and think it necessary to keep up the shuttle-cock of conversation; occasionally hazard an expression, which will not bear strict examination, but it may appear sufficiently like truth for the present purpose,

purpose, and to be adopted as such hereafter. Truth is sometimes overcome by wit—a lively repartee will at any time put it to flight. Strength may crush and kill, but smartness makes the stroke to be felt.

In conversation it is not easy to avoid falsties. A story is begun, of which the relator has only a general knowledge—as he proceeds, he is obliged to fill up the deficiencies of memory by invention; the next relator does the same, and probably, in different places. After a few of these oral editions, truth is entirely supplanted by falsehood. If this happen when there is no intention to deceive, what must be the effect when the variation is not accidental?

To discover truth is seldom the intention of conversation. Should a dispute arise, its object is not to establish facts, but to obtain victory. If the maxims of our

our

our great moralist were to be taken from topics he has defended, or contradicted in company, he must be considered as the most absurd of mortals—this might be sport to him, but it was death to others: the worshippers of this idol considering him as a real divinity, and his words as oracles.

These circumstances, and many others not enumerated, very much disqualify conversation from being a school of instruction. If we wish for real information, we must undoubtedly seek it from its old source.

As conversation is furnished from the impulse of the moment; books consist of digested thoughts; which are selected from many others—these are improved, added to, or curtailed, upon mature and frequent deliberation—the author is hurried into nothing, but whatever his ideas are upon the subject he has chosen,

L

he

he may give them that order and expression which will shew his meaning clearest and best. And surely it cannot admit of a moment's doubt, whether mature conceptions, put into form, are not superior to expressions from accident, and momentary impulse—not to mention the multitude of subjects, which, in company, will not admit of any discussion.

We may then venture to assert the superiority of books over conversation, where instruction is the object; without having the least intention of depreciating the pleasures of society.

Character of Gainsborough.

IN the early part of my life I became acquainted with Thomas Gainsborough the painter; and as his character was, perhaps, better known to me than to any other person, I will endeavour to divest myself of every partiality, and speak of him as he really was. I am the rather induced to this, by seeing accounts of him and his works given by people who were unacquainted with either, and, consequently, have been mistaken in both.

Gainsborough's profession was painting, and music was his amusement—yet, there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter,

mention what degree of merit he professed as a musician.

When I first knew him he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his *then* unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainborough enamoured of that instrument; and conceiving, like the Servant-maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the *very* instrument which had given him so much pleasure—but seemed much surprized that the music of it remained behind with Giardini!

He had scarcely recovered this shock (for it was a great one to *him*) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from “morn to dewy eve!” Many an Adagio and many a Minuet were begun

begun, but none completed—this was wonderful, as it was Abel's *own* instrument, and therefore *ought* to have produced Abel's own music !

Fortunately, my friend's passion had now a fresh object—Fischer's hautboy—but I do not recollect that he deprived Fischer of his instrument: and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the least attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to bear the disagreeable sounds which necessarily attend the first beginnings on a wind-instrument. He seemed to content himself with what he heard in public, and getting Fischer to play to him in private—not on the hautboy, but the violin—but this was a profound secret, for Fischer knew that his reputation was in danger if he pretended to excel on two instruments.*

The

* It was at this time that I heard Fischer play a solo on the violin, and accompany himself on the

The next time I saw Gainborough it was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath—the performer was soon left harplefs—and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini were all forgotten—there was nothing like chords and arpeggios! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and, in a little time, would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation, (this was not a pedal-harp) when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

He now saw the imperfection of sudden sounds that instantly die away—if you wanted a *staccato*, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow, and you might also have notes as long as you please. The viol-di-gamba is the only instrument,

same instrument—the air of the solo was executed with the bow, and the accompaniment *pizzicato* with the unemployed fingers of his left hand,

instrument, and Abel the prince of musicians !

This, and occasionally a little flirtation with the fiddle, continued some years ; when, as ill-luck would have it, he heard Crofdill—but, by some irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up, nor bought, the violoncello. All his passion for the Bass was vented in descriptions of Crofdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree.

More years now passed away, when upon seeing a Theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's ; he concluded (perhaps, because it was finely painted) that the Theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor, who, though no more, I shall forbear to name—ascended *per varios*

gradus to his garret, where he found him at dinner upon a roasted apple, and smoking a pipe—* * * says he, I am come to buy your lute—

“ *To pay my lude!*”

Yes—come, name your price, and here is your money.

“ *I cannod shell my lude!*”

No, not for a guinea or two, but by G— you must sell it.

“ *May lude ish wert much monnay! it ish wert ten guinea.*”

That it is—see, here is the money.

“ *Well—if I musht—but you will not take it away yourshelf?*”

Yes, yes—good bye * * *

(After he had gone down he came up again)

* * * I have done but half my errand—What is your lute worth, if I have not your book?

“ *Whad poog, Maishter Cainsporough?*”

Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute.

“ *Ah,*

“ *Ah, py cot, I can never part wit my poog!*”

Poh! you can make another at any time—this is the book I mean (putting it in his pocket)

“ *Ah, py cot, I cannot*”—

Come, come, here's another ten guineas for your book—so, once more, good day t'ye—(descends again, and again comes up) But what use is your book to me, if I don't understand it?—and your lute—you may take it again, if you won't teach me to play on it—Come home with me, and give me my first lesson—

“ *I will come to marrow*”

You must come now.

“ *I musht trefs myshelf.*”

For what? You are the best figure I have seen to day—

“ *Ay musht be shave*”—

I honour your beard!

“ *Ay musht bud on my wik*”—

D—n your wig! your cap and beard become you! do you think if Vandyke

was

was to paint you he'd let you be shaved?—

In this manner he frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step, the second was of course out of his reach; and the summit became unattainable.

As a painter, his abilities may be considered in three different departments.

Portrait,

Landscape, and

Groups of Figures—to which must be added his Drawings.

To take these in the abovementioned order.

The first consideration in a portrait, especially to the purchaser, is, that it be a perfect likeness of the sitter—in this respect, his skill was unrivalled—
the

the next point is, that it is a good picture—here, he has as often failed as succeeded. He failed by affecting a thin watshy colouring, and a hatching style of pencilling—but when, from accident or choice, he painted in the manly substantial style of Vandyke, he was very little, if at all, his inferior. It shews a great defect in judgment, to be from choice, wrong, when we know what is right. Perhaps, his best portrait is that known among the painters by the name of the *Blue-boy*—it was in the possession of Mr. Buttall, near Newport-market.

There are three different æras in his landscapes—his first manner was an imitation of Ruyfdael, with more various colouring—the second, was an extravagant looseness of pencilling; which, though reprehensible, none but a great master can possess—his third manner, was a solid firm style of touch.

At

At this last period he possessed his greatest powers, and was (what every painter is at some time or other) fond of varnish. This produced the usual effects—improved the picture for two or three months; then ruined it for ever! With all his excellence in this branch of the art, he was a great mannerist—but the worst of his pictures have a value, from the facility of execution—which excellence I shall again mention,

His groups of figures are, for the most part, very pleasing, though unnatural—for a town-girl, with her cloaths in rags, is not a ragged country-girl. Notwithstanding this remark, there are numberless instances of his groups at the door of a cottage, or by a fire in a wood, &c. that are so pleasing as to disarm criticism. He sometimes (like Murillo) gave interest to a single figure—his Shepherd's boy, Woodman, Girl and pigs, are equal to the best pictures on such subjects—his Fighting

ing-dogs, Girl warming herself, and some others, shew his great powers in this style of painting. The very distinguished rank the Girl and pigs held at Mr. Carlonne's sale, in company with some of the best pictures of the best masters, will fully justify a commendation which might else seem extravagant.

If I were to rest his reputation upon one point, it should be on his Drawings. No man ever possessed methods so various in producing effect, and all excellent—his washy, hatching style, was here in its proper element. The subject which is scarce enough for a picture, is sufficient for a drawing, and the hasty loose handling, which in painting is poor, is rich in a transparent wash of bistre and Indian ink. Perhaps the quickest effects ever produced, were in some of his drawings—and this leads me to take up again his facility of execution.

Many

Many of his pictures have no other merit than this facility ; and yet, having it, are undoubtedly valuable. His drawings almost rest on this quality alone for their value ; but possessing it in an eminent degree (and as no drawing can have any merit where it is wanting) his works, therefore, in this branch of the art, approach nearer to perfection than his paintings.

If the term *facility* explain not itself ; instead of a definition, I will illustrate it.

Should a performer of middling execution on the violin, contrive to get through his piece, the most that can be said, is, that he has not failed in his attempt. Should Cramer perform the same music, it would be so much within his powers, that it would be executed with ease. Now, the superiority of pleasure, which arises from the execution of a Cramer, is enjoyed from the facility of a
Gainborough.

Gainsborough. A poor piece performed by one, or a poor subject taken by the other, give more pleasure by the *manner* in which they are treated, than a good piece of music, and a sublime subject in the hands of artists that have not the means by which effects are produced, *in subjection to them*. To a good painter or musician this illustration was needless; and yet, by them *only*, perhaps, it will be felt and understood.

By way of addition to this sketch of Gainsborough, let me mention a few miscellaneous particulars.

He had no relish for historical painting—he never sold, but always gave away his drawings; commonly to persons who were perfectly ignorant of their value.*

He

* He presented twenty drawings to a lady, who passed them to the wainscot of her dressing-room. Sometime after she left the house: the drawings, of course, become the temporary property of every tenant.

He hated the harpsichord and the pianoforte. He disliked finging, particularly in parts. He detested reading; but was so like Sterne in his Letters, that, if it were not for an originality that could be copied from no one, it might be supposed that he had formed his style upon a close imitation of that author. He had as much pleasure in looking at a violin as in hearing it—I have seen him for many minutes surveying, in silence, the perfections of an instrument, from the just proportion of the model, and beauty of the workmanship.

His conversation was sprightly, but licentious—his favourite subjects were music and painting, which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own. The common topics, or any of a superior cast, he thoroughly hated, and always interrupted by some stroke of wit or humour.

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The indiscriminate admirers of my late friend will consider this sketch of his character as far beneath his merit; but it must be remembered, that my wish was not to make it perfect, but just. The same principle obliges me to add—that as to his common acquaintance he was sprightly and agreeable, so to his intimate friends he was sincere and honest, and that his heart was always alive to every feeling of honour and generosity.

He died with this expression—“ We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the party”—Strongly expressive of a good heart, a quiet conscience, and a love for his profession, which only left him with his life.

Character of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

IN a short time after the loss of Gainborough, the world sustained a greater by the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds. My acquaintance with him and his works enable me to give a sketch of both, which, if short, shall be faithful.

Sir Joshua had the reputation of being a man of genius and knowledge, in his profession and out of it—to deny this would be absurd, but our assent must not be an implicit faith. I will first enquire into his merits as an artist, and then as a man of general science.

He began his profession as a portrait painter, and his works were soon distinguished by an elegance of design that had
not

not been seen in England since the time of Kneller. To balance this excellence, his likenesses were frequently defective, and his colouring cold and weak—but this must be considered only as the general character of his performances at that time; for even in his earliest days, there were instances of his producing pictures of considerable merit.

A very few years had elapsed, before it was observed, that his pictures were changed from their original hue; and the change, in some, was so great, as to occasion a belief that the colours were gone off. Persons, who are ignorant of the mechanical part of painting, reported, that Reynolds knew not how to fix his colours, and that his pictures, in a short time, would cease to exist. As this matter has never been understood, I will stop a moment to explain it.

The dead-colouring* of his pictures, at this period, was little else than flake, Pruffian blue, and lake. All the laying-in consisted of these three tints. When the picture was quite dry, he gave it a warm glaze, which supplied all that was originally wanting, and produced a harmony in the whole, which was very agreeable and seducing to the eye, when fresh done—but after a while, the drying-oil, (sometimes exchanged for varnish) with which the pictures were glazed turned dark; and, by degrees, grew more and more obscure, until the effect was as bad as if they had been covered with a dirty piece of horn. There are great numbers where the face can scarce be distinguished, and where the drapery is entirely hidden with this brown crust.

The colours then, are not gone off, but imprisoned—they are obscured beyond

* It is impossible to write on Art without using technical terms.

yond the reach of art to restore ; and all pictures of this description, will continue to grow worse and worse, until the change of the oil, or varnish, has attained its maximum.

This practice (of depending so much upon glazing) occasioned the painters to whisper, that Reynolds did not paint *fair*, and that he dealt too much in trick.

I dare say that the severest censures came from himself ; and he, at last, grew tired of a practice which he knew must obstruct his progress to fame, and began, at last, to paint *honestly*.

The first picture that I recollect, after this change in his manner, was the portrait of the Lord Primate of Ireland—admirable in every respect ! It was followed by many others truly excellent ; and he continued in this style for many years.

As he possessed some pictures of Rubens, and might see as many as he pleased, it was difficult not to be seduced by their splendor. I once heard him say, “that a single picture of Rubens was enough to illuminate a room!” There is something like an emanation of glory from a fine picture of this master, which is felt and adored by a kindred genius. In one of the churches at Antwerp is a picture of Rubens, at the High Altar, which seems to be seen by its own light, at the farther end of the church.

This magic of colouring was the favourite pursuit of Sir Joshua for the last ten years of his life : but, like other eager pursuers, he was not always in the right track. He may surely be supposed wrong, when, to obtain force, he loaded his lights with so great a quantity of colour, that the different layers and touches frequently

frequently separated from the ground, merely by their weight.*

This excess he wisely abandoned, and long before his death he considered pictures, not as models, but surfaces.

It was at this period of his practice that he introduced the red shadows of Rubens; which, though unnatural, are the chief cause of the splendor of the pictures of that master. Gainborough once dealt in red shadows; and as he was fond of referring every thing to nature, or where nature was not to be had, to something substituted for it, † he con-
trived

* I once heard him *blest* by a house-maid, who said (wiping the floor) “ that the stuff which was always falling from that great picture made the room in a perpetual litter! I wish it would all come down at once!”

† He made little laymen for human figures. All the female figures in his Park-scene he drew from a doll of his own creation. He modelled his horses

trived a lamp with the sides painted with vermilion, which illuminated the shadows of his figures, and made them like the splendid impositions of Rubens.

After Sir Joshua had abated something of the violence of these shadows, he was in the zenith of his art. It was at this period he produced his *Venus and the Death of Cardinal Beaufort*, which will make his name equal with the greatest masters. Of the *Venus* there is a duplicate with some small variation. The colouring is at least equal to Titian, but much superior to that painter in elegance of design. The *Cardinal Beaufort* has a warm glaze, which is rather too apparent.

He

and cows, and knobs of coal fat for rocks—nay, he carried this so far, that he never chose to paint any thing from invention, when he could have the objects themselves. The limbs of trees, which he collected, would have made no inconsiderable wood-rick, and many an ass has been led into his painting-room.

He had tried, if not *all* things, yet, *many* things, and held fast those which were right—but in one circumstance he was ever wrong. In common with Vandyke, and a host of other painters, he had two, and sometimes three different points of sight in the same picture. I have elsewhere * demonstrated the falsity of this practice in a scientific view, and its ill effect in every sense. A whole-length portrait of a child, with an horizon no higher than the ankles, gives one the idea of an infant as tall as a steeple, which is discordant and ridiculous—one of his prettiest pictures was a child with such an horizon.

The above observations on colouring apply equally to his portraits and histories.

The first historical subject, in point of time, that occurs to me, is Garrick between

* In the Thirty Letters.

tween Tragedy and Comedy—which is a modernizing of Hercules between virtue and pleasure. It was painted long before the reformation in his colouring; but, notwithstanding that disadvantage, it is so perfect in all other respects, that it must be considered as one of the happiest efforts of his pencil.

It is not my intention to enter upon a criticism, or even catalogue of his performances, or indeed to mention any picture; unless it contains some peculiarity, by which a more correct judgement may be formed of his skill, or the want of it. Suffice it then to say, that there are trifling defects in most of them, which an ordinary genius might have avoided; and transcendent beauties, which few, perhaps none, could have reached but himself. The *sketch** of the infant Hercules

* I call it a sketch, because it was evidently a study for the great picture, but it was compleat in every

cules I have ever considered as the first production of his pencil, and the greatest effort of modern art.

He frequently painted historical portraits—one of the best is that of Mrs. Siddons in the character of the Tragic Muse—it has grandeur in the conception and execution—but the sublimity of this picture is much abated by the abominable chair, which is so ugly and discordant, as to force our attention to such a subordinate circumstance—nor is that the worst, for one of the odious knobs cuts the line of the arm, and substitutes a disagreeable break, where every thing should be broad and grand. I very much dislike the effect of the chair in the King's portrait at
the

every respect. Surely one of the grandest characters that ever mind conceived, or hand executed! If the rest of the figures had been only a woman or two, and in the same style, the infant would have kept its consequence, which is now lost amid a group of figures that offend probability, and destroy the effect of the picture.

the Royal Academy: although it be the coronation chair, we should observe, that when the King sat in it, the whole was richly covered—as a plain chair, it is scarcely good enough for a country barber's shop—where I heartily wish it had been sent, before the imitation occurred, which has so much hurt this capital performance.

In one of his early historical portraits, the idea seems to be a reproach instead of a compliment, he painted Lady Sarah Lennox as sacrificing to the Graces. A little examination of the subject, will, I believe, shew that it was a wrong conception.

A poet once carried his verses to a friend (says Addison, from whom I take the story) who returned them with advising him “to sacrifice to the Graces”—plainly insinuating, that he thought his poetry destitute of elegance, and that he
should

should endeavour to propitiate the deities who were unfavourable to him—the application is obvious.

About the beginning of this century was a painter in Exeter called Gandy,* of whose colouring Sir Joshua thought highly. I heard him say, that on his return from Italy, when he was fresh from seeing the pictures of the Venetian School, he again looked at the works of Gandy, and that they had lost nothing in his estimation.

It has been observed, that Sir Joshua was shy of painting feet, and seldom ventured beyond the toe of a shoe peeping out from a petticoat—there is some reason for this remark—but many things
might

* There are many pictures of this artist in Exeter, and its neighbourhood. The portrait Sir Joshua seemed most to value, is in the Hall belonging to the College of Vicars in that city—but I have seen some very much superior to it.

might be offered to excuse, though not sufficient to defend the practice.

There are fewer drawings by this great artist than by any other of eminence; Perhaps, prevented by more important occupations, or for want of early practice, he might not possess the faculty of producing effect by chalks, washing, penning, or any other of the numberless methods by which drawings are made. The great merit of which consists of effect quickly produced. This facility cannot be attained, however good our ideas may be, without immense practice. Gainborough was for ever drawing, and had this facility; but there are not many proofs, that, in this sense, Sir Joshua drew at all.

His judgment of pictures differed from connoisseurs in general; was peculiar, and his own. Very moderate ones (to the common judge) he has spoken highly of, and very good ones (upon the usual principle)

principle) he has much undervalued. His own collection (with some illustrious exceptions) and the little attention paid to Ralph's exhibition, seem to justify this remark. Fifty quotations* from as many different authors will never make the Joconde of Leonardo da Vinci worth fifty pence—the same may be said of the Leda of Michael Angelo, and of many others which wanted other requisites to make them of value. But it should be observed, that an artist frequently buys a picture for its possessing something that is of use to *him*, and which is undiscernable by the common eye—and this accounts for his having many pictures, the merit of which was only known to himself.

It was not apparent that Sir Joshua was a scholar, in the usual acceptance of
the

* In the catalogue were extracts, from a variety of writers, to shew the excellence of some of the pictures.

the word—but his conversation and writings shewed a mind strongly tinged with modern literature and refinement. There is much ingenuity and originality in all his academic discourses—perhaps there would have been more of both, if he had dared to shake off the fetters in which long literary slavery has confined us. Where he has done so, as in his Notes on Fresnoy, and his Eloge on Gainsborough, it is evident that he could think, and think justly, for himself. His style is simple and unaffected, and perfectly expressive of his ideas, which, in fact, is saying every thing. Those who thought his discourses had been corrected by Dr. Johnson, were absurd in the extreme. Sir Joshua knew perfectly well that Johnson was the last man in the world for such a purpose, and, besides, must be confident that he himself was fully equal to the expression of his own thoughts. Johnson and Sir Joshua, it is true, were intimate friends, but they
were

were as unlike in every thing as two sensible men could be. This matter admits of proof—their writings bear not the least resemblance to each other in subject, manner, or style.

Whatever defects a critical eye might find in his works, a microscopic eye could discover none in his heart. If constant good-humour and benevolence, if the absence of every thing disagreeable, and the presence of every thing pleasant, be recommendations for a companion, Sir Joshua had these accomplishments. His unfortunate deafness occasioned a practice of loud speaking at his table, which to those who were unused to it was very unpleasant;* but it was, notwithstanding,

* The greatest part of what is said in company is only good at the moment—if you are obliged to repeat it, and with vehemence; what was before important enough for the occasion, pretends to too much, and becomes a mere nothing.

ing, the constant resort of the first people in England for rank and talents, by whom Sir Joshua was esteemed and beloved—and this is the utmost to which man can attain. The great, the wise, the ingenious, and the good, ever considered it as an honour to be known as the friends and intimates of Sir Joshua Reynolds !*

With the same freedom that I have sketched the characters of those two great painters, I will set their merits *in opposition* to each other—for the usual word of *parallel* will not serve the purpose.

Sir Joshua was always in the way of information and improvement, by constantly associating with men of talents and learning.

Gainsborough

* This sheet was in the press at the time Mr. Malone's considerable work on the same subject was announced—so that any agreement with, or difference from it, is perfectly accidental.

Gainsborough avoided the company of literary men, who were his aversion—he was better pleased to give, than to receive information.

Sir J. (not because he was deaf) wanted all idea and perception of music, being perfectly destitute of ear.

G. had as correct an ear as possible, and great enjoyment of exquisite instrumental performance—vocal music he did not relish.

Sir J. considered historical painting as the great point of perfection to which artists should aspire, and was himself in the first rank of excellence.

G. either wanted conception or taste, to relish historical painting, which he always considered as out of his way, and thought he should make himself ridiculous by attempting it.

Sir J. never painted a landscape, except the two views from his villa at Richmond—subjects altogether improper for a picture, and by no means happily executed—the little touches of landscape which he frequently introduced in the back-ground of portraits were in a much superior style, and well calculated for the effect intended.

G. painted some hundreds of landscapes of different degrees of merit—some, little better than washed drawings, others very rich—but they all possessed that freedom of pencilling which will for ever make them valuable in the eye of an artist.

Sir J. never painted cattle, shipping, or other subordinate subjects.

G. painted cattle of all denominations very finely. He never pretended to the correctness of rigging, &c. but I have
seen

seen some general effects of sea, sea-coast, and vessels, that have been truly masterly.

Sir J. in portraits was different according to the æra of his practice—in his best times his pictures possessed an elegance of design—pictoresque draperies—beautiful disposition of parts and circumstances; and certainly were greatly superior to those of all other artists.

G. was always sure of a likeness—not frequently happy in attitude or disposition of parts. His pencilling was sometimes thin and hatchy, sometimes rich and full; but always possessing a facility of touch, which, as in his landscapes, makes the worst of his pictures valuable.

Sir J. made very few drawings—it is natural to suppose that he made some; but as I never saw any, they cannot be supposed to be numerous, nor can I say any thing upon the subject.

Of Gainſborough, on the contrary, perhaps, there are more drawings existing than of any other artist, ancient or modern. I must have seen at least a thousand, not one of which but possesses merit, and some in a transcendent degree—two small ones in flight tint, varnished, in the possession of Mr. Baring of Exeter, are invaluable !

Sir J. as an author, wrote two or three papers in the *Idler*, some Notes for Johnson's Edition of Shakespeare, and a few other incidental performances. His greatest literary work are his Discourses at the Royal Academy, which are replete with classical knowledge in his art—original observations—acute remarks on the works of others, and general taste and discernment. In his Eloges on Gainſborough are traits of kindness and goodness of heart, exceedingly affecting to those who knew the subject ! His Discourses are collected and published together—they will

will be most valued by those who are best qualified to judge of their excellence.

G. so far from writing, scarcely ever read a book—but, for a letter to an intimate friend, he had few equals, and no superior. It was like his conversation, gay, lively—fluttering round subjects which he just touched, and away to another—expressing his thoughts with so little reserve, that his correspondents considering the letter as a part of their friend, had never the heart to burn it!

Sir Joshua's character was most solid—Gainsborough's most lively—Sir J. wished to reach the foundation of opinions. The swallow, in her airy course, never skimmed a surface so light as Gainsborough touched all subjects—that bird could not fear drowning more, than he dreaded deep disquisitions. Hitherto we have marked the difference of these great men. In one thing, and, I believe, in

one only they perfectly agreed—they each possessed a heart full-fraught with the warmest wishes for the advancement of the divine art they professed—of kindness to their friends—and general benevolence to men of merit, wherever found, and however distinguished.

Whether

Whether Genius be born, or acquired?

THOSE who hold the doctrine of "*Poeta nascitur*," conceive human nature as consisting of two parts, matter and spirit; and although each of these acts upon the other, yet that they are two distinct things; for the body may be excited to action by sensation only, and the soul may perform all its functions while the body remains perfectly at rest.

By extending this principle, they say, that the mind may be weak while the body is strong; or that the body may be emaciated by disease, while the mind possesses all its vigour. Hence they confirm the first idea, that body and soul are independent of each other, and that the latter may, and will remain, when the
former

former lives no more—but the certainty, or even possibility of a separate existence, makes no part of my subject.

Admitting the point to be established, that man is a compound of a spiritual and corporeal nature, and that the two qualities, tho' united in him, are in themselves distinct, we feel no difficulty of assigning all intellectual faculties to the soul only. Of course, genius is a property of the soul; and, together with all other modifications of intellect, perfectly independent of the body.

Of late, it has been thought that *Poeta fit*. It is circumstances, say the professors of this new doctrine, that determine our pursuits, our judgment, our apprehensions, and that give genius or withhold it. A child just born may be made any thing you please—an orator, poet, painter, or musician. If you wish that your son should speak like Cicero, write
like

like Homer, paint like Apelles, or compose like Timotheus ; set the models before him which he is to imitate, keep him intent on his subject, put his thoughts in the train they should go, and, if accidents do not interrupt their progress, they will proceed onward to the goal, until they successfully reach it.

The philosophers of the first sect consider genius as inspiration—those of the latter, as imitation. If nature has denied you genius, say the former, you can never attain it—if you wish to be a genius, say the latter, the means are in your own power.

Upon the presumption that this is the true state of the question, we will examine whether the old or the new doctrine agrees best with the facts which history furnishes relating to men of genius, and how far our daily experience will lead us to adopt one or the other.

Since

Since the existence of history, not more than two or three poets are recorded to be of the first class—perhaps only one who is *universally* allowed to be in the very first rank. Few are the painters and statuaries of antiquity whose works have descended to the present times. The same may be said of architects and professors of the liberal arts and sciences in general. As fame is “the universal passion,” all may be supposed to covet the enjoyment of it; but so very few possessing their wish—which is the most natural supposition, that the productions of genius depend upon our own power, or upon something which is beyond our command or attainment?

If I rightly understand the modern doctrine, it asserts, that if you desire to make two children artists in the same profession, and one proves deficient and the other excellent; the difference does not arise from the children, but their
mode

modè of treatment—that certain circumstances put the good artist in the way of becoming excellent, and different circumstances prevented the other from improvement; but if you had applied the treatment which the ingenious artist received, to the other, then their talents would have been reversed. If you say, that to the best of your ability you gave to each equal opportunities of information; you are told, that the furnishing the mind with ideas depends upon a thousand niceties, which will not admit of variation, and although your intention was good, it was not executed. As this seems to shew that the affair is not in our own power, we may presume it to be in other hands.

In those things which depend upon precept or example, we always perceive the force of early instruction and custom. A family educated in the principles of the Church of England, or in those which
dissent

dissent from it, generally continues in the same persuasion. Children, which are early accustomed to virtuous and moral precepts, are undoubtedly more likely to become good members of society than if their education had been neglected. Those who in their infancy are taught the personal graces, have the easiest carriage. In these instances, and many others, we confess the full force of external impressions, tho' we cannot so readily assent to their power of producing genius. But admitting, for a moment, that genius is not innate, yet if the means for acquiring it be not in our power, it is of very little signification to the argument, whether a child is *born* with that propensity to poetry, painting, or music, which we call genius, or whether he afterwards imbibes it: whether it be a property of the soul, or a quality of the body.

That these means are not in our power, is evident, from past experience, and present

sent observation : if you cannot tell how to produce another Homer, Apelles, or Timotheus ; should such beings again exist, it must depend upon something which does not belong to our efforts, and is beyond our knowledge.

Those who conceive genius to be nothing but a *taste* for the arts, very much under-rate its importance. Genius, indeed, possesses this taste, but its essence is a *creative* power to “ body forth the shapes of things unknown, and give to every thing a local habitation and a name.” Whoever read the original passage without that thrill of delight always attendant on sublime expressions ? Who, but earnestly wished to equal its force and beauty ? But yet, out of the millions of men who have peopled this globe in long succession, not one, no, *not one* ever did, perhaps, ever could conceive, and utter this idea in terms equally sublime !

If

If genius could be acquired, it seems unaccountable that we have not another Shakespeare—nay, a poet as much his superior as he is above all others; for why should we stop, when by continual exertion we may at last ascend a height to look down on the top of Helicon? —*feriens sidera vertice.*

I have already hinted, that genius must not be mistaken for taste to relish the productions of others, or ability to imitate them. One half the world might be taught to copy high-finished drawings, as that kind of talent is by no means unusual. To produce effect with little trouble can only be attained by long practice, which induces facility. But original conceptions, and new arrangements of those forms and circumstances of which pictures are composed, are the property of genius alone: they do not depend upon imitation, and can never be taught.

Perhaps

Perhaps the subject may be farther illustrated by some observations with which music will furnish us.

Some persons are born without ear, which no art can create. Let them hear music ever so often, let those who wish to give, and those who wish to acquire this sensation, exert their utmost efforts—it is in vain—earless they were, and so they will remain to the last moment of their lives.

Those who have an ear for music may become proficient in that art, in proportion to their ability—they may sing, or perform on an instrument, and proceed in excellence, according to the extent of their practice, or opportunity for improvement—but all this is far short of genius. Perhaps, twenty persons have an ear for one that wants it; but not one performer in a hundred has genius to create music of his own—the greater
 O number

number of practical musicians are as far from the *invention* of melody, as if they had never heard, or touched an instrument; and, what makes altogether for the support of the first opinion, notwithstanding their utmost wishes and incessant endeavours, it is not in the power of human art to give them this invention.

Should those unacquainted with music, say, that the want of success is because the proper means have not been tried—I can only reply, that no means which the knowledge and practice of the art can furnish, ever succeeded to give ear and genius where nature had denied them; and it seems hard to suppose that persons ignorant of the science should possess a secret denied to professors.

This is intended as a fair enquiry into the different merit of the two opinions, and the result is undoubtedly in favour of the first. The cause, or consequence of
genius

genius not depending on ourselves, fortunately makes no part of my subject, for I confess myself ignorant of the first step towards so abstruse an investigation. I only wished to shew, and in as few words as possible, that genius was something not mechanical; that it is given, not acquired; and whether it be corporeal or immaterial, whether making part of our first existence, or afterwards imbibed, yet that it is not in the power of man to give, or take it away.

The difference of opinion on this subject may be owing to the not distinguishing between genius and talents. At first sight they may appear the same, but upon examination we shall discover more than a shade of distinction. A man of genius must have talents, but talents are possessed by many, without it. Genius, tho' possessing talents, has not always the power of shewing them, for want of mechanical facility; and talents are frequently

quently exercised with so much excellence, as to be mistaken for genius. However paradoxical this may appear, all difficulty vanishes, by considering that the characteristic of genius is *invention, a creation of something not before existing*; to which talents make no pretence: and although talents and genius are sometimes united, yet they are in their nature distinct.

An actor may possess every propriety of speaking and action without the ability of writing a play, in which case, he has talents only: but, if he add to his performance the invention of a dramatic fable, he has then talents and genius.

A musician may be an exquisite performer without having one musical idea of his own—he has talents: but if he possess a fund of original melody, he has genius; for harmony already exists independent of invention, and that succession
of

of chords, and structure of parts, termed composition, are the fruit of information and practice : by these we judge of his *skill*, but we estimate the *invention* of a composer from his melody.

As talents are commonly mistaken for genius, and are the consequence of cultivation, it is natural to give the same origin to both : but let the qualities of each be considered, and they will appear, as from the above instances, to be different things, and to arise from different sources.

A man of talents has a much fairer prospect of good fortune than a man of genius. There are few instances of talents being neglected, and fewer still of genius being encouraged. The world is a perfect judge of talents, but thoroughly ignorant of genius. Any art already known, if carried to a greater height, is at once rewarded ; but the new crea-

tions of genius are not at first understood, and there must be so many repetitions of the effect before it is felt, that most commonly death steps in between genius and its fame. This idea is farther pursued in another place.*

I make a *distinction* between talents and genius, but it must not be imagined that I wish to set them at variance; for the nearer talents can be brought to resemble genius, the stronger will be their effect; and the more genius possesses the ability of making its creations manifest, the less will its powers be confined to that mind in which they were originally conceived.

* In the Thirtieth Letter.

The Venetian, French Captain, and Priest.

WHEN Buonaparte invaded the Duchy of Milan, one of his advanced parties, not strictly attentive to the bounds of territories, encroached upon the State of Venice. The owner of a villa in the neighbourhood, perceiving a band of foreign soldiers marching up the avenue, thought it prudent to advance half-way to meet them. The Captain, in a few words, acquainted him, that they were troops of the new Republic, meant no offence to that of Venice, and would quit the territory immediately—"Not before you have dined," replied the gentleman, "enter the house with me—your men shall be entertained in Fresco."

During the dinner, the discourse turned on the great events of the present times.

“Vivent les Républiques!” says the Captain, filling his glass—

“Vive la République!” said the Venetian.

C. Do you mean a flight to France, Signor?

V. I thought if the meaning of an expression was doubtful, a Frenchman always understood it for his advantage. I drank success, Monsieur, to the Republic of France—our own Republic is sunk too low to be worth a glass of wine, or even a wish for its prosperity.

C. Impossible! all Republics, because they are so, must flourish.

V.

V. *Our* time is past—we grew—came to maturity, and are now decayed.

C. A Republic decay! kings, tyrants, despots, cause the ruin of countries; but where freedom is established—

V. Ha, ha, ha!—and so you really think that a republican government produces freedom?

C. Can you doubt it? A very few years ago, we in France were all slaves—now, thank Heaven—no—thank our own efforts—we are free!

V. We Venetians think differently—during the monarchy of France, all looked up to you as the great, the happy nation of Europe—now we think you miserable slaves, like ourselves.

C. Slaves!—explain yourself—

V.

V. Readily. Nothing flatters the imagination more than the idea of liberty—but let us not seek it where the search must be vain. *Absolute* liberty cannot exist in social life. If liberty be better than every thing else, give up society, and rove the woods as a savage.

C. What! is there no liberty consistent with society?

V. Yes—but the *absolute* liberty you contend for, is not. It is the first principle of government to abridge liberty.

C. Allowing it; there is a difference in governments—under some you have a certain degree of liberty; under others, you have less; but under an absolute prince you have none at all.

V. Say rather, that under a mixed monarchy, you have a little tyranny; under an unlimited monarch, you have
more;

more ; but in a Republic, the unhappy citizen, flattered with the *idea* of liberty, is most enslaved, and with the additional mortification, that he is so by persons no greater than himself. As the old lion, in the fable, justly remarked, the kick of an ass is not only pain, but indignity.

C. You speak an odd language for a Republican—but, now I recollect, you are governed by an Aristocracy.

V. I spoke of the different forms of government in general, without any particular application. But you are governed by an Aristocracy as much as we are—notwithstanding your aversion to the term Aristocrat. In fact, a pure Republic is no government at all—there must be persons either naturally or artificially elevated to manage the business of the state, and these persons are an Aristocracy. In Venice, the nobles are born our governors ; in France, you elevate from your

own rank the persons who govern—the difference to the people is nothing.

C. There is surely *this* difference—the power of our rulers is only for a time—yours is for life.

V. It seems to be so, but it is a distinction, without a difference, as far as the people are concerned. In Venice the whole body of nobles furnishes the officers of government; we know their number and their character, so that we are enabled to direct an opposition, if necessary, when, and how we please. In France there is an indefinite number of persons, who, by good-fortune, intrigue, bribery, by talents, and some even by vices, stand forward in your Republic as the nobles do in ours—and these govern your country—

C. In a pure Republic, like ours, all places are open to all persons—in
yours,

yours, no one can succeed that is not a noble.

V. This, which you mention as an advantage, is certainly a dire misfortune. At the commencement of your revolution, many different parties were striving for their own purposes, to which the public good was subservient—the party in power sacrificed the others, and were in turn destroyed by their successors. As you in the beginning declared, that all were equal, it gave a pretence to every individual to govern the state, and by his elevation to contradict your principle—and this must ever be the case. I can easily conceive that the people may be aggrieved under any government. When they feel themselves oppressed, it is natural to wish for a change, and, if possible, effect it. If there were no Republics in Europe, a country might be excused for blundering into a constitution which looks so speciously; but as there
are

are so many, why not first examine whether they are the abodes of liberty? From their history, also, it would be found, that they began upon your principle, but could not continue their existence until another was adopted. Venice, Genoa, and Holland, were obliged to have a Chief Magistrate, who at least *represented* a Sovereign—the new Republic of America could not act without a President, nor could you without a Directory. In fact, a kingly government is the most natural of all others, and although people upon ill-usage may fly from it with fury, like a pendulum swung violently, yet, every vibration brings it nearer and nearer to the centre, where, at last, it naturally rests. The French Republic is at present passing furiously through this centre of vibration, but unless there is some new force to continue the motion, it must cease at last. England was once precisely in the same situation, and ended her vibration in monarchy.

C. Our constitution is now fixed—our Cinq-Vir can *execute* our laws, but cannot infringe them—they have the necessary splendour of a sovereign without his power to hurt.

V. This is all very good—but why did you change your old government?

C. To be free.

V. Good again—but even freedom itself is of no value if it does not procure happiness. Under the monarchy, a powerful army (assembled without force) was at your command; the third commerce of Europe was yours; and you had the second fleet; money, at least to individuals, was in plenty; arts and sciences flourished; your people increased, and every thing was so pleasant and comfortable about you, that foreigners preferred a residence in France to any other country. But since you have been a Republic, the
reverse

reverse has taken place : your commerce, fleet, and money, are not merely diminished, but almost annihilated ; you have wantonly thrown away two millions of lives, which you forced into your army, and France is considered no longer the seat of elegant pleasure, but the abode of vulgarity, poverty, and wretchedness.

C. Whenever there is a struggle for liberty it must cost something ; it may cost much, but the prize, when obtained, is invaluable !

V. Gold may be bought too dear—but *are* you free after all ? We think, not. Your lives and property are less secure than under your kings ; and, instead of having liberty of speech and action, you are more watched than we are by our inquisition. Be not deceived—the state may be free, and yet individuals may be slaves. In the ecclesiastical territories, governed by the most absolute of princes,
is

is more liberty than is to be found in all the Republics of Europe—so, in compliment to the Red-cap Goddess wherever found (filling his glass) *Viva il Padre santissimo!*

Viva, viva! said the Confessor of the Household, entering with priestly freedom—*viva il Padre santissimo!* lifting up his eyes with true devotion, and emptying his glass. The French Captain felt some difficulties—as a national officer he could not drink the Pope's health; but as a guest in a house, where he had been civilly treated, some remains of the old French politesse prompted him to dribble a little wine into his glass, which he sipped in silence.

V. I see you do not join us cordially; but if you really loved freedom, you would not object to its patron.

P

C.

C. You know that our civil and religious reformation have kept pace together—when we abolished our old government we destroyed our church establishments—

Here the Priest exclaimed—

P. Destroy church establishments! How can you expect a blessing upon your undertaking when you stop the source of it?

C. We expect no blessing—we only desire success, and that we shall procure by our invincible troops.

P. Santa Maria!

C. Pray, my good father, can you give me a single instance of a blessing being obtained in consequence of asking it, or any petition you have preferred to Heaven, being granted?

P.

P. We hope for the best—it is our business to pray—but to grant, is in other hands.

V. Well answered, Padre—It is said (speaking to the Captain) that you have discarded religion, but as that is so much greater than your other follies, I never until now believed it. Let us suppose that you could by a law abolish all the forms of religion, would it then be eradicated from hearts where it was so early implanted? If you could root it out, do you not leave a vacancy that nothing else can supply? Are there not numberless duties which are termed, of imperfect obligation, that no laws can reach, and which can only be enforced by religion?

C. These points are rather out of a foldier's line of life, to whom it is more natural to cut knots than to untie them—however, it is my inclination, as well as my duty, to defend my country and li-
 P 2 berty.

berty. When we first began to think, which despotism so long prevented, we soon perceived that superstition was the right hand of tyranny—that it was religion run mad, and that to destroy superstition for ever we must begin our attack at the source. We did so, and presently found that religion was less founded on truth than on custom, and that custom had produced prejudice in its favour—

P. What dreadful!—

C. That all the benefit supposed to be derived from religion, was attainable in a greater degree by the practice of virtue—

P. Which cannot—

C. —but that even virtue could not exist without liberty, therefore we made liberty our first point, in expectation
tion

tion that “all the rest,” as my impatient Padre would say, “should be added.”

P. If I am impatient, excuse me—but is it for your *worldly* interest to reject the only comfort in affliction?

C. We either seek consolation by bearing our misfortunes like men, or braving them as heroes. If we are to die, we do not ask a Priest to frighten us day after day in a long interval between doom and execution, or sickness and death; but give up our lives with resolution, in many instances with triumph, the instant we know that our fate is determined.

P. All this does for the present moment, but—think of the future!

C. That certainly makes no part of the character of my countrymen—however, to oblige you, I will consider it. The future is not in our power—if our
fins

sins have made us worthy of punishment, we shall certainly receive it—you cannot be so foolish to imagine, that by a few repentant words we shall alter eternal decrees. Besides, we have discarded the doctrine of a future state. Supposing it to exist, our chance for happiness is as good as yours.

P. Those who have strayed but little from the fold may be brought back again to it; but what can recover the sheep that is totally lost? Son, if you do not believe, you cannot be saved!

C. Surely, my good Padre, if I have a soul, it does not cease to exist because I *disbelieve* its existence—and although I may be so blind, so foolish, or so obstinate, as to deny a future state, yet if there *be* such a state, I shall, I must partake of it as well as your reverence, and be happy or miserable according to my actions, not my belief.

V.

V. Your constitution and religion are both of a piece—one would not have been perfect without the other.

C. We think so—whereas *your* constitution and religion are at variance—a Republic under the denomination of priestcraft is only free by halves—but hark! the drum beats—Signor, farewell!—Padre, adieu! perhaps the time is not far remote when truth will demolish all our private opinions, and spread, like the arms of the Republic, over the face of the earth!

V. He is gone off like a cannon—

P. The joy of the wicked is but for a moment. Son, we have both finned in listening to this French Atheist—let us forget what we have heard, and go to Vespers.

The Bard.

POETRY, to deserve our attention, must either be regular and faultless; or it must be irregularly great, and possess transcendent beauties, to atone for eminent defects. The moderns are chiefly of the former character, and the ancients of the latter.

It by no means follows from this distinction, that the moderns are never sublime, or the ancients never regular and equal; but the early age of society (which is the ancient, let it happen at any period) is most favourable to Genius, and the advanced state of mankind to Taste. It was in our own times that Gray writ the Ode which makes my present subject—it is entitled *The Bard*, and possesses
much

much of the ancient fire combined with modern taste.

Perhaps it is this combination which weakens the sublimity of the poem; for in this respect it is very inferior to Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*: but when the regularity of the structure is considered, and the exquisite polish with which the whole is finished, we ought to consider it as one of the most perfect productions of our time. This perfection will plainly appear upon a cursory review (for I mean no more) of its fable—structure—versification—sentiments—and general effect.

Story.

A small event is sufficient for an ode, but yet there should be *some* event. Compare the odes which are dramatic, to those which are only sentimental, and the superior effect of story will be very apparent. Even the *Elegy in the Country Church-*

Church-yard, beautiful as it is, depends as much upon the scenery, and the little incident which makes its fable, as upon the sentiment and poetry—we have the latter in other pieces of the same poet, which wanting the former, fail of exciting our feelings, and commanding our attention.

This Poem has incident sufficient to make it interesting, but not enough to be oppressed by adventure. It is not only interesting, but picturesque, in an eminent degree—an old Bard sitting on the edge of a precipice that overhangs a torrent, addressing his prophetic strains to a king who descends a mountain at the head of his army, is a subject as proper for painting as poetry. The scenery is farther enriched by ideal personages, and romantic splendour is added to natural magnificence. The conducting of the story is altogether epic—it begins in the midst of a great incident—it informs of
all

all that is necessary to be known preceding—it looks into futurity, and ends triumphantly. The incidents of the English History, which it was necessary to introduce, although slightly touched, yet it is done “with a master’s hand and poet’s fire.”

The Structure

Is a regular pindaric. What the critics term the ode, epode, and antistrophe, are each divided into three parts; every line of the ode has precisely the same number of syllables with the corresponding line of the epode and antistrophe—the rhymes are in the same places, and the fifteenth and seventeenth lines of the third stanza of the ode, having a word in the middle which rhymes with one at the end, are answered by lines of the same structure in the third stanzas of the epode and antistrophe. If there be any merit in this regularity, the poem has the fullest claim
to

to it—the difficulty was great, and it is happily vanquished.

The Versification

Is various—much studied, and if artificial, it is at least easy, flowing, and full of dignity.

Perhaps, the most exceptionable line is the first, in which is the appearance of an affected alliteration. If this affectation be once suspected, we rather withhold our fancy than indulge it, and read with caution instead of enjoyment.

The Sentiments

Are characteristic of the personages who speak in this dramatic ode—the Bard is deeply impressed with sorrow for the loss of his companions, and pours forth his imprecations on the tyrant who had taken their lives. The ghosts of the
murdered

murdered bards express their prophetic curses in the spirit of the Northern Scalds, of whose works Mr. Gray was an admirer. These, to use an expression of the authors, are “ thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.” The breaking off from the ghosts to the vision of the bard, (to whose imagination are presented the great poets that are to flourish in future ages) is truly poetical; it has the farther use of reconciling him to his fate, and making him triumph in that death which was inevitable.

Effect.

The effect of a pindaric ode (and indeed of all sublime writing) is to produce that elevation of soul, which, while we read, seems to add increase of Being.

The first line commands our attention, and we feel ourselves expanding as the poem advances, which never sinks
so

fo low as mediocrity ; and if no particular passage can be quoted as the highest pitch of sublimity, yet the whole together has a degree of perfection that has seldom been attained, and perhaps never exceeded by any poet ancient or modern.

The Ghost.

IT was shrewdly remarked by Voltaire, that the early stages of society are the times for prodigies—Scotland was not civilized when Macbeth met the Witches; nor was Rome, when Curtius leaped into the Gulph. People of weak intellects, have, at all times, believed in apparitions. It is unnecessary now to say, that stories of Ghosts are mistakes or impositions, and that they might always be detected, if people had ingenuity to discover the trick, or courage enough to search out the cause of their fright:

In all relations of this kind there is manifestly an endeavour to make the event as supernatural, wonderful, and as well-attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion

cion of trick, and to cut off all objections which might be made to its credibility. I am about to comply with the established custom, and shall relate a story of a Ghost, which, I will be bold to say, has the strongest circumstances of the wonderful, the supernatural, and the well-attested, of any upon record. The story, as yet, only lives in tradition, but it is much too good to be lost.

At a town in the west of England was held a club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Rubens's Academy at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the President's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course, his chair, while he was absent, remained vacant.

The club being met on their usual night, enquiries were naturally made after
 their

their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to enquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings that he could not possibly survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual.

About midnight, (the time, by long prescription, appropriated for the walking of spectres) the door opened—and the Form, in white, of the dying, or rather of the dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in the accustomed chair—there he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all present of the reality of the vision; at length, he arose and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and then shut the door after him.—

After a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, “ if only *one* of us had seen this, he would not have been believed, but it is impossible that so many persons can be deceived.”

The company, by degrees, recovered their speech ; and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home.

In the morning, enquiry was made after their sick friend—it was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly at the time of his appearing in the club. There could be little doubt before, but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together.

It is needless to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit
even

even from infidels: for in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact attested by three and twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed.

Years rolled on—the story ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten, unless when occasionally produced to silence an unbeliever.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman, whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him, that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience but for one thing which lay on her mind—“ Do you not
 “ remember Mr. * * * whose Ghost has
 “ been so much talked of? I was his
 “ nurse. The night he died I left the
 Q 2 “ room

“ room for something I wanted—I am
 “ sure I had not been absent long; but
 “ at my return I found the bed without
 “ my patient. He was delirious, and I
 “ feared that he had thrown himself out
 “ of the window. I was so frightened
 “ that I had no power to stir; but after
 “ some time, to my great astonishment,
 “ he entered the room shivering, and his
 “ teeth chattering—laid down on the
 “ bed, and died. Considering myself as
 “ the cause of his death, I kept this a
 “ secret, for fear of what might be done
 “ to me. Tho’ I could contradict all the
 “ story of the Ghost, I dared not to do
 “ it. I knew by what had happened
 “ that it was *he himself* who had been
 “ in the club-room (perhaps recollecting
 “ that it was the night of meeting) but
 “ I hope God, and the poor gentleman’s
 “ friends will forgive me, and I shall die
 “ contented!”

On Gentlemen-Artists.

TO attain excellence in the arts is the lot of very few professors, who have spent their lives in the pursuit.

Gainborough, after a close application to painting for fifty years, said on his death-bed—"I am but just *beginning* to do something, and my life is gone!" I could repeat expressions of architects, sculptors, and musicians, grown old in the study of their professions, to the same purpose; from whence we may conclude, that the usual term of the duration of our faculties, is not sufficient to attain that perfection to which genius aspires.

This truth being admitted, for it cannot be denied, what shall we say to those

Q₃ peremptory

peremptory judgments which are passed upon the works of genius by persons who never had, nor, perhaps, could have, a thought upon the subject? In any other case we should judge them rash and presumptuous. No man, who is unacquainted with the common professions and trades, ever pretends to know any thing about them—but every man fancies he can be an architect, painter, or musician, with simply saying, like the Elector of Brandenburg—“ I will be a King !” Every one feels himself equal to the designing and building a house—very few who do not think they might, if they chose it, be painters—and what numbers of diletanti are there, who, because they possess ear, and perhaps a taste for music, fancy they can compose?

Should these *foi-difant* Artists exhibit proofs of their skill, it is natural to imagine, that their impotent attempts would only be despised, and make them ridiculous

lous—just the reverse—their works are most favourably received—what they may possibly want in skill, say the public, they possess in taste, and a natural taste is every thing.

I will leave it to the architects to express their feelings in finding their plans rejected, and designs of these *tasty* persons substituted for them; or, what is worse, having their plans corrected by them, because then there is such a mixture of ignorance and science, that we cannot always separate the alloy from the gold. I will leave it to the painters to fret at the criticism of the gentlemen-artists, and their being obliged to abandon their own conceptions to substitute the ideas of those, who, on this subject, cannot think at all—but, I will make a few observations on the gentlemen-musicians, as being more in my province, and which, indeed, was the occasion of this short essay.

To persons who have no ear, nor, of course, any real pleasure from music, this subject must seem to be ridiculous, from my considering it, in any respect, important—it is intended for those of another description.

The gentlemen-musicians may be divided into two classes—the cultivators of performance, and composition; to which may be added, those who unite both.

Nothing is more certain than that a great portion of time must be applied to the practice of an instrument before we can attain the rank of even a tolerable performer—to those who have other pursuits, this would be an unprofitable employment; it would be time mispent, and cannot be afforded—from this consideration alone, there is a presumption, that a person, not of the musical profession, cannot have attained excellence on any instrument, notwithstanding some illustrious

trious exceptions. How many a concert is spoiled by gentlemen whose taste is to supply their deficiency of practice and knowledge? However, although our ears are offended at the instant, the affair is soon over, and we think no more of it—but this cannot be said of the gentlemen-composers.

These, for the most part, employ their talents in vocal music. If they are members of a Cathedral Church, they try their hand at a chant, and then boldly venture upon an anthem. Should it bear some abortive resemblance to air and harmony, it is immediately considered as a prodigy, and the works of Croft and Greene must give way to the tasteful production; which is spread about the kingdom, that our church-music may be universally improved.

Others amuse themselves in making a succession of chords and call them Gleees,
which

which do the same mischief in concerts and musical parties, as the works of the reverend composers do in the church—that is, they exclude real music, and produce first an endurance, and then a liking of its opposite.

It is my love to the arts, and respect to their professors, that call forth these animadversions. To those who are placed by nature or fortune in a station of life that makes the trouble of these acquisitions unnecessary, and the pretensions to them ridiculous, let me apply this short story.—When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the *Centurion* had a ball upon some court holiday—while they were dancing, a Chinese, who very quietly surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party—“ Why don't you let your servants do this for you ? ”

Permit me to add—that, though music has its foundation in nature, the whole
of

of the superstructure is art—that much application is necessary* before knowledge will be acquired—and that no substitute for continual practice can produce facility. Previous to the first step, nature must have bestowed a talent for the invention of melody; but if this talent be not directed by the knowledge of composition, and that knowledge continually exercised, the talent had better have remained always “hidden in a napkin.”

Coincidences.

Coincidences.

IN the last century, when astrology flourished, it was usual to remark a coincidence of days and circumstances. The unenlightened mind has a strong propensity to such fancies, which administer real joy, or sorrow, according to the nature of the subject. Superstition easily gives a religious turn to them, and such accidental concurrences are brought as proofs of the superintending care of providence, in preference to the general arrangement of causes and events.

The 3d of September was a day particularly ominous to Oliver Cromwell—two or three of his battles were fought and won upon that day, which, I think, was also the day of his death.

De Foe, strongly tinged with superstition, in the true spirit of the times, gives ominous days to Robinson Crusoe, who had a variety of events which fell out on the 23d of September.

It did not escape the observation of Aubrey, that Alexander the Great was born on the 6th of April—conquered Darius—won a great victory at sea—and died on the same day of the same month. In his Miscellanies is a precious collection of such instances.

An author, in the year 1736, published a pamphlet, called Numerus Infauftus, or a short View of the unfortunate Reigns of William 2—Henry 2—Edward 2—Richard 2—Charles 2—and James 2. This book came out in tempore fausto, for the Reign of George 2 could not properly have been added to the catalogue.

In

In 1733, two hundred and four Members of the House of Commons voted against the Excise Bill, 8 of them made speeches against it. These two numbers of 8 and 204 occasioned the follow remark

1	-	-	-	-	1
2	-	-	-	-	4
3	-	-	-	-	9
4	-	-	-	-	16
5	-	-	-	-	25
6	-	-	-	-	36
7	-	-	-	-	49
8	-	-	-	-	64
					204

The square of each number, from 1 to 8 inclusive, makes united, the sum of 204. This I consider as the most ingenious of all those conceits. But yet another occurs, which is also of the first consideration—the famous number of the beast, 666,

666, that has puzzled so many divine arithmeticians, is thus explained by the Rev. Mr. Vivian.

L	-	-	-	-	50
V	-	-	-	-	5
D	-	-	-	-	500
O	-	-	-	-	0
V	-	-	-	-	5
I	-	-	-	-	1
C	-	-	-	-	100
V	-	-	-	-	5
S	-	-	-	-	0
					666

This beast has now “received his deadly wound.”

There was a time, and that not very remote, when 45 was extolled beyond any other assemblage of numerals which art could invent. The coincidences with ancient and modern events made the sub-
ject

ject of some paragraphs in every newspaper—sometimes it was *numerus infaustus*. One man swore that he would eat 45 pound of beef-steaks—another that he would drink 45 pots of porter; but they both died before the glorious purpose could be accomplished—perhaps, neither gluttony nor drunkenness were the motives to this excess, but an ambition to be connected with 45.

Whoever might be the worse, to John Wilkes himself this was a lucky number—almost every article of life poured in upon him in forty fives—among the rest I recollect 45 dozen of claret, and 45 dozen of candles, from an Alderman of the name of White—this last gave occasion to a humourous ballad, ending

— my muse I no longer will dandle,
 So I wish you good night
 Mr. Alderman White
 With your 45 dozen of candle.

Very

Very lately, in a newspaper, was the following article. “ We left Falmouth “ the 7th of August, 1794—nothing ma- “ terial occurred until the 23d, on which “ day we do in general look for success, “ as all our captures have been made on “ the 23d.” (Letter from an officer of the Flora, who I presume had read Robinson Crusoe). I heartily wish this honest gentleman may take a good French prize the 23d of every month as long as the war lasts!

I am so truly sorry for the following coincidences, (taken from a newspaper,) that I shall give them simply, without remark—

On the 21st of April, 1770, Louis XVI. was married.

——— 21st of June, 1770, was the Fête when 1500 persons were trampled to death.

On

R

On the 21st of Jan. 1782, Fête for
the birth of the Dauphin.

———— 21st of June, 1791, the flight
to Varennes.

———— 21st of Sept. 1792, the abo-
lition of royalty.

———— 21st of Jan. 1793, his deca-
pitation.*

—but let me quit this disagreeable sub-
ject.

There is nothing beyond the power of
accident. If it be a million to one that
an event shall not happen, it is still one to
a million that it may happen, and there-
fore

* It is an odd circumstance, that one of the King
of France's Council should be named *Target*; which
is the dramatic name of a Counsellor in *The Con-
scious Lovers*. Nothing can be more serious and
affecting than the trial of Louis XVI. but this un-
fortunate name, *Target*, to an Englishman, occa-
sions an association of ideas totally abhorrent to
the sensations which would else be excited by such
severe distress.

fore within possibility.—I will mention a coincidence which had more chances against it than any I have yet mentioned. I once saw five keys, belonging to a stranger, connected with a ring, which were so precisely the counterpart of other five keys and a ring in my possession, that there was no distinguishing between them in any respect—the keys were of very different ages and sizes, and the rings particularly formed—I leave it to mathematicians to calculate the odds against this coincidence, which is all but miraculous.

On Literary Thievery.

INSTANCES have been given of Sterne's borrowing, perhaps, stealing, some thoughts and passages from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. As I myself never steal, at least, knowingly, it may be expected that I should cry out vehemently against thieves. Whether my principles and practice are, as usual, at variance, or whether that rogue Falstaff has given me medicines to make me love the *vocation* because it was his, I know not; but I am willing to let all such thieves as Sterne escape punishment—I say this to avoid the suspicion of malice, in bringing two or three additional instances of the use Sterne has made of his reading.

The

The Note C. in the article Francis d’Affisi of Bayle’s Dictionary, contains the doctrine which Sterne has so whimsically applied in his *Tristram Shandy*—“ I wish my father, says he, had minded what he was about, &c.”*—Bayle says, “ one of the most celebrated of Aristotle’s Commentators maintained, that the public welfare requires, that, in this action, &c.”*—Again, Gaspar a Rees says, “ that wise and thoughtful men, &c.”*

Bayle has also furnished Sterne with the names of Rebours and La Fosseuse, and many little circumstances in his story of *The Whiskers*, which may be found in the article of Margaret de Valois, together

* If the reader turns to these passages he will see that they could not decently be quoted ; which is a great disadvantage to my position, as the imitation is so manifest.

ther with the name of La Fleur a footman, and a little trait of his character.*

In Montaigne is a Chapter on Names, which Sterne has imitated, and much improved. The following passage from that author probably gave Sterne the first hint of Obadiah's Adventure with Dr. Slop at the turning of the garden wall.

“ In the time of our third, or second
 “ troubles (I do not remember which)
 “ going one day abroad to take the air,
 “ about a league from my own house,
 “ which is seated in the very centre of
 “ all the bustle and mischief of the late
 “ civil wars of France—thinking myself
 “ in all security, and so near to my re-
 “ treat that I stood in need of no better
 “ equipage; I had taken a horse that
 “ went

* It is to be found in the *New Voyage into Terra Australis*, by James Sadeur (a feigned name). This book seems also to be the original of some passages in De Foe, and of Addison's *Allegory of the Androgynes*, though he refers to Plato.

“ went very easy upon his pace, but was
 “ not very strong. Being upon my re-
 “ turn home (a sudden occasion falling
 “ out to make use of this horse in a kind
 “ of service that he was not acquainted
 “ with) one of my train, a lusty fellow,
 “ mounted upon a strong German horse,
 “ that had a very ill mouth, but was
 “ otherwife vigorous and unfoiled, to
 “ play the bravo, and appear a better
 “ man than his fellows, comes thunder-
 “ ing full-speed in the very track where
 “ I was, rushing, like a Colossus, upon
 “ the little man, and the little horse,
 “ with such a career of strength and
 “ weight, that he turned us both over
 “ and over topsy-turvy, with our heels
 “ in the air—so that there lay the horse
 “ overthrown and stunned with the fall,
 “ and I ten paces from him, stretched
 “ out at length, with my face all bat-
 “ tered and broken, my sword which I
 “ had in my hand, above ten paces be-
 “ yond that, my belt broke all to pieces,

“ &c.” In adventures of this fort there is always a little dash of the ridiculous mixed with the misfortune. It is worth remarking, how Sterne has abated of the misfortune, and added to the ridicule.

Trim’s Differtation on Death, and Remarks on the same subject from Mr. Shandy and Uncle Toby, seem to originate from these reflections of Montaigne —

“ I have often considered with myself,
 “ whence it should proceed, that war,
 “ the image of death, whether we look
 “ upon it as to our own particular danger,
 “ or that of another, should, without comparison, appear less dreadful
 “ than at home in our own houses, and
 “ that being still in all places the same,
 “ there should be, notwithstanding, more
 “ assurance in peafants, and the meaner
 “ sort of people, than others of better
 “ quality and education; and I do verily
 “ believe, that it is those terrible ceremonies and preparations, wherewith
 “ we

“ we fet it out, that more terrify us than
 “ the thing itself.”*

As I have already declared myself in perfect charity with “ a clean neat-handed thief;” for the above instances I have only instituted a court of enquiry—but if Sterne should be indicted for the next thievery, he has no other way of getting off, but by pleading “ his clergy.”

In the year 1697, were published, Twelve Sermons by Walter Leightonhouse, Prebendary of Lincoln. From the Twelfth of these Sermons I have extracted the following passages, which will be found in the Seventh posthumous Sermon of Sterne, word for word, except where the difference is noted,

“ The

* If my reader loves Montaigne half as well as I do, he will pardon the length of these quotations, which are taken from Cotton's Translation,

* (Sterne)
 " It is obser-
 vable that the
 Apostle Paul "

" The Apostle St. Paul* en-
 couraging the Corinthians to
 " bear with patience the tryals
 " incident to human nature,
 " reminds them of the delive-
 " rance that God did formerly
 " vouchsafe to him, and his
 " fellow-labourers, Gaius and
 " Aristarcus, and thence builds

† " And on
 that ground
 builds a rock
 of encourage-
 ment for fu-
 ture, &c."
 This is alter-
 ed for the
 worse—we
 may build a
 fortress, but
 not a rock—
 however, this
 very expres-
 sion is taken
 from Leigh-
 tenhouse, p.
 434, " builds
 a rock of en-
 couragement
 not only for
 himself, &c."

" a fortress † of future trust and
 " dependance on him; his life
 " had been in very great jeo-
 " pardy at Ephesus, where he
 " had like to have been brought
 " out to the Theatre to have
 " been devoured by wild beasts;
 " and indeed had no human
 " means to avert and conse-
 " quently to escape it. And
 " therefore he tells them, that
 " he had this advantage by it,
 " that the more he believed he
 " should be put to death; the
 " more he was engaged by his
 " deliverance

“ deliverance never to depend on any
 “ worldly trust, but only on God, who
 “ can rescue from the greatest extremity,
 “ even from the grave or death itself.
 “ For we would not, Brethren, says he,
 “ have you ignorant of our trouble which
 “ came to us in Asia, that we were
 “ pressed out of measure, above strength,
 “ insomuch that we despaired of life.
 “ But as we had the sentence of death in
 “ ourselves, that we should not trust in
 “ ourselves, but in God, which raiseth
 “ the dead: who delivered us from so
 “ great a death, and doth deliver: in
 “ whom we trust, that he will deliver
 “ us. And indeed a stronger argument
 “ cannot be brought for future affiance
 “ than past deliverance; for what ground
 “ or reason can I have to distrust the
 “ kindness of that person who hath al-
 “ ways been my friend and benefactor?
 “ On whom can I better rely for affis-
 “ tance in the day of my distress, than
 “ on him who stood by me in all mine
 “ affliction;

“ affliction ; and when I was at the very
 “ brink of destruction delivered me out
 “ of all my troubles ? Would it not be
 “ highly ungrateful, and reflect either
 “ upon his goodness or sufficiency, to
 “ distrust that providence which hath al-
 “ ways had a watchful eye over me ; and
 “ who, according to his gracious pro-
 “ mises, would never yet leave me, nor
 “ forsake me ?

Again—

“ Hast thou ever laid upon the bed
 “ of languishing, or laboured under any
 “ grievous distemper ? Call to mind thy
 “ sorrowful pensive spirit at that time,
 “ and add to it who it was that had
 “ mercy on thee, and brought thee out
 “ of darkness and the shadow of death,
 “ and made all thy bed in sickness. Hath
 “ the scantiness of thy condition hurried
 “ thee into great straits and difficul-
 “ ties, and brought thee almost to thy
 “ wit’s end ? Consider who it was that
 “ spread

“ spread thy table in that wilderness of
 “ thoughts, and made thy cup to over-
 “ flow, &c. &c.”

These are pretty strong instances of the liberties that one preacher takes with another, and it ought to make publishers of posthumous sermons a little careful, lest, instead of their friend's composition, they may only republish what has already been printed—perhaps more than once before. Leightenhouse has not only furnished Sterne with matter, but seems also to have been his original for that dramatic cast in his Sermons, so engaging to some, and so disagreeable to others.

I now part with Sterne—but it is to put him in better company:

“ A criminal about to be executed,
 “ answered his confessor, who promised
 “ him he should that day sup with the
 “ Lord—Do you go then, said he, in
 “ my

“ my room, for I keep fast to day.”
 (Montaigne.) This repartee gave Prior
 the subject for his ballad of the *Thief and
 Cordelier*—but he has much improved
 the wit, by making the priest allege his
 fasting, in compliance with the rules of
 the church, prevented him from supping
 in Paradise in the room of the criminal.
 The song is too well known to need
 quotation.

Affuredly we owe the existence of
 Prior’s Alma, one of the most finished
 and original Poems in our language, to
 the following passage from Montaigne.
 “ The natural heat first seats itself in the
 “ feet—that concerns infancy. Then it
 “ mounts into the middle region, where
 “ it makes a long abode, and produces,
 “ in my opinion, the only true pleasure
 “ of human life ; all other pleasures, in
 “ comparifon, sleep. Towards the end,
 “ like a vapour that still mounts upward,
 “ it arrives at the throat, where it makes
 “ its

“ its final residence, and concludes the “ progress.” If this had been written after the Poem, it would have passed for an abridgement of it—perhaps, Prior’s calling it the *Progress* of the mind, might have been occasioned by the last word of the quotation. Besides taking Montaigne’s ideas as the plan of his Poem, he has verified the above passage as a prospectus of the whole design.

My simple system shall suppose,
 That Alma enters at the toes ;
 That then she mounts by just degrees,
 Up to the ancles, legs, and knees ;
 Next, as the sap of life does rise,
 She lends her vigor to the thighs :
 And, all these under-regions past,
 She nestles somewhere near the waste :
 Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter ;
 As we shall show at large hereafter.
 Mature, if not improv’d, by time,
 Up to the heart she loves to climb :
 From thence, compell’d by craft and age,
 She makes the head her latest stage.

It has been often said, that Voltaire is much obliged to English literature—he
 is

is so, but then it is in such a sort as to do honour to the sources of his imitation.

Who but himself could have made the following passages so dexterously his own?

“ There is a tall long-sided dame
(But wondrous light) ycleped Fame

* * * *

Two trumpets she does found at once,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before and one behind,
&c. &c.”

HUDIBRAS.

“ La Renommée a toujours deux Trompettes,
L'une à sa bouche appliquée à propos,
Va celebrant les Exploits des Héros,
L'autre est au cu” — — —

LA PUCELLE.

As an owl that's in the barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch.

HUDIBRAS.

Ainsi

“ Ainsî qu’un chat qui, d’un regard avide
 Guette au passage une souris timide,
 Marchant tout doux, la terre ne sent pas
 L’Impression de ces pieds délicats,
 Dès qu’il l’a vue, il a sauté sur elle.”

LA PUCELLE.

The thievery of a fool is never excused, because no one can return the compliment; but, we pardon a genius, because if he takes, he is qualified to give in return. The great natural possessions of Sterne, Prior, and Voltaire, will afford ample resources to those of their successors who have abilities to make reprisals.

On Pope's Epitaphs.

“ If there is any writer whose genius can embellish impropriety, and whose authority can make error venerable, his works are the proper objects of critical inquisition.”

RAMBLER, No. 139.

AN endeavour to restore fame where it has been taken away, is a pleasing employment; but if it be necessarily connected with the same fault in yourself which you wish to correct in another, there seems cause for at least as much pain as pleasure.

I am in this very predicament—and hope my intention to reinstate a poet in his ancient honours, will be held as an equivalent to any just motive which may be assigned for abating the credit of his critic—I wish the one could be done without

out the other—and must beg to have it remembered, that this is not an attack upon Johnson, but a vindication of Pope.

The desire of having a dead friend remembered by a good Epitaph, occasions frequent applications to those poets who enjoy public reputation, which they are expected to comply with, as if answering a demand for a commodity in which they dealt. Pope, I believe, had nothing of this sort to dispose of, unless his heart very powerfully seconded the application—in consequence, his Epitaphs have generally a pathetic cast, and seem rather intended to affect our feelings, than to be objects of criticism. Dr. Johnson thought differently—my intention is to hyper-criticize his criticism. Where I could abridge his remarks without prejudice to the sense, I have done it. The Epitaphs for the most part could not be abridged; which forces me to transcribe (what I would willingly have avoided) lines so

well known, and once so much applauded.

On the EARL *of* DORSET.

* (1) Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses pride,
 (2) Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd.
 The scourge of pride, though sanctify'd or great,
 Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state. (3)
 Yet soft in nature, (4) though severe his lay,
 His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
 (5) Blest satyrift! who touch'd the mean so true
 As shew'd, vice had his hate and pity too.
 Blest courtier! who could King and country please,
 Yet (6) sacred kept his friendship and his ease.
 Blest peer! his great forefather's every grace
 Reflecting, and reflected on his race;
 Where other Buckhurfts, other Dorsets shine
 And patriots still, or poets, deck the line!

POPE.

(*Johnson.*) “ The first distich of this Epitaph contains a kind of information which few would want—that the man
 for

* The same references do for the Epitaph, Criticism, and Reply, which, in reading, should *follow* each other. In some instances, the Criticism and Reply are necessarily without a corresponding number in the Epitaph.

for whom the tomb was erected (1) died, &c. What is meant by *judge of nature*, is not easy to say. Nature is not the object of human judgment; for it is vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by nature is meant what is commonly called *nature* by the critics, a just representation of things really existing and actions really performed, nature cannot be properly opposed to art; nature being in this sense only the best effect of art." (2)

“ The scourge of pride”—

POPE.

“ Of this couplet, the second line is not, what is intended, an illustration of the former, pride in the great, is indeed well enough connected with knaves in state * * * but the mention of *sanctified* pride will not lead the thoughts to *fops in learning* * * * but to something more gloomy and more formidable than foppery.” (3)

“ Yet soft his nature”

POPE.

“ This is a high compliment, but was no first bestowed on Dorset by Pope. (4) The next verse is extremely beautiful :

“ Bleft fatyrift”—

POPE.

“ In this distich is another line, of which Pope was not the author. (5) * * *

“ Bleft courtier”—

POPE.

“ Whether a courtier can be properly commended for keeping his *ease sacred*, may, perhaps, be disputable. * * * I wish our poets would attend a little more accurately to the use of the word (6) *sacred*, which surely should never be applied in a serious composition, but where some reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some duty is exacted or implied. * * * I know not whether this Epitaph
be

be worthy either of the writer or of the man entombed." (7)

(*Reply.*) (1) The poet's meaning is very clear, unless it be purposely perverted—"Neither the rank nor accomplishments of Dorset exempted him from the common lot of all men"—this was not intended for information, but it is a natural reflection. (2) "A patron to artists, and himself a philosopher."

(3) "He was the scourge of pride wherefoever he found it—he corrected those pretensions to learning where vanity was predominant, and had no respect to knaves in power." (4) If this was his real character, should it be suppressed because it had been said before? Besides, it has nothing particular, and may be justly said of many, without incurring the censure of plagiarism.

(5) This

(5) This is an assertion without proof—as it is in the nature of an accusation, it ought to have been supported.

(6) The word “*sacred*” is frequently used without the least idea of a religious application—

“*Sacred* to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.”

POPE.

Nay, it required not Dr. Johnson’s learning to know, that the Latin word from whence it is derived, sometimes signifies the very reverse to any thing set apart for *divine* uses—

Ego sum malus, ego sum *sacer*, scelestus.

PLAUTUS.

(7) It is worthy of both for ought that has appeared to the contrary—however, there is a fault, which, as it escaped the notice of the poet (who surely had the best ear of the two) his critic may

may be excused for not discovering.—
This is the jingle of the same sound, occasioned by the blameable repetition of “*pride*” in the first and third lines.

On Sir W. TRUMBAL.

A pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest;
An honest courtier, (9) yet a patriot too, (10)
Just to his prince, and to his country true.
(11) Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd
(12) At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

POPE.

(*Johnson.*) “ In this Epitaph * * is a fault * * the name is omitted (8) * * *
There is an opposition between an *honest courtier* and a *patriot*; for an honest courtier cannot but be a *patriot* (9) * *
It was unsuitable to the nicety required in short compositions, to close his verse
with

with the word *too* (10) * * *Fill'd* is weak and profane (11) * * * The thought in the last line is impertinent * * * it would have been just and pathetic if applied to Bernardi, who died in prison after a confinement of forty years without a crime; but why should Trumbal be congratulated on his liberty, who had never known restraint? (12)

(*Reply.*) (8) Undoubtedly, a fault in the Epitaph.

(9) Most certainly, an "*honest*" man is so in all stations, but Pope himself explains his meaning "He was just to his prince (an honest courtier) and true to his country (a patriot too)."

(10) To be sure, if this monosyllable be taken out of its place, and looked at very particularly, there is nothing in it to engage much attention—for this the poet is not accountable.

(11) The

(11) The foregoing remark will in part apply to this—in fact, there is nothing of sufficient consequence to justify any observation.

(12) Dr. Johnson's religion undoubtedly taught him, that the soul, when united to the body, is in a state of confinement—"When shall I be delivered from this body of death?" exclaims St. Paul—"While we are confined in this *penfold* here," says Milton. There is nothing new or particular in this: the doctrine is held by all orthodox believers, in which number the Doctor is most surely included.

On the Honorable S. HARCOURT.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear,
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he died.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrow mix his own.

POPE.

(*Johnson.*) “ The *name* in this Epitaph is inserted with a peculiar felicity, &c. * * * I wish the two last lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the sense.” (13)

(*Reply.*) (13) There is a better reason still—the first quatrain ends with “ Or gave his *father* grief, but when he died”—the second ends with “ And with a *father's* sorrow mix his own”—The word *father* in so short a piece should not have been repeated at all, but if there had been a necessity for it, the repetition should not have been in the same part of the line.

On JAMES CRAGGS, *Esq.*

JACOBUS CRAGGS

Regi magnæ Britannix, &c. &c.

* * * * *

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere;
 In action faithful, and in honour clear, (14)
 Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend, (15)
 Ennobled by, himself, by all approv'd;
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.

POPE.

(*Johnson.*) * * * “ There is a redundancy of words in the first couplet: it is superfluous to tell of him who was *sincere, true, and faithful*, that he was in honour *clear*. (14) There seems to be an opposition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious: where is the wonder that he who *gain'd no title*, should *lose no friend*? (15) * * * It is absurd to join in the same inscription Latin and English, or verse and prose,” (16) &c.

(*Reply.*) (14) It is true that the epithets of *themselves* are of the same class, but if connected with their substantives, the sameness ceases. Besides, the opposition between “ Statesman, yet friend to truth” takes “ true” out of the catalogue. Surely, though a sincere soul includes all virtues, yet, in detail it is different from being “ faithful in action,” or “ clear in honour.”

(15) There

(15) There is certainly no opposition between "title" and "friend," but there is between "gain'd" and "lost," which are sufficient for all the *effect* of opposition.

(16) It is undoubtedly, false taste.

On Mr. ROWE.

Thy reliques, Rowe, &c. &c.

* * * *

Peace to thy gentle shade, (17) &c.

POPE.

(*Johnson.*) * * * "To wish, *peace to thy shade* (17) is too mythological to be admitted into a Christian Temple, the ancient worship has infected almost all our other compositions, and might therefore be contented to spare our Epitaphs. "Let fiction cease with life, &c. &c."

(*Reply.*) (17) As Dr. Johnson (like Parson Adams) "though he was not afraid of ghosts, did not absolutely disbelieve
lieve

lieve them," why should he object to the word "shade?" Would "foul" have been better? But, as Trim says, that would have been but a "Popish shift."

On Mrs. CORBET.

(Nothing particular.)

On the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY.

(Nothing remarked, except)

(*Johnson.*) "The scantiness of human praises can scarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often Pope has, in the few Epitaphs which he composed, found it necessary to borrow from himself. (18)

(*Reply.*) (18) It ought to be remembered, that each Epitaph is a single unconnected thing, and has nothing to do with any other—that it is the critic, and not the poet, that has brought them to quarrel with each other, or to agree
where

where they ought to differ. It is certain, that all these Epitaphs together make but an exceeding small body of poetry, but it is as certain, that no other poet has made so many that were really inscribed upon monuments.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER.

Kneller, &c. * * *

Lies crown'd (19) with prince's honours, poet's lays.

POPE.

(*Johnson.*) The third couplet is deformed by a broken metaphor, the word “*crowned*” (19) not being applicable to the “*honours*” or the “*lays*.”

(*Reply.*) (19) To crown with *honour*, or *glory*, is justified by common use.

“Crown me with glory, take who will the bays”

And

“With honour let desert be crown'd.”

Certainly neither Honour nor Glory are tangible substances, and of course cannot
be

be put upon the head—it is needless to dwell on such objections.

On General WITHERS.

* * * *

(20) O! born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd;
O soft humanity in age below'd!

For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,

And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere. (21)

* * * *

POPE.

(*Johnson.*) * * * “ The particle O! (20) used at the beginning of a sentence, always offends * * There is something of the common cant of superficial satyrists, to suppose, that the insincerity (21) of a courtier destroys all his sensations, &c. At the third couplet I should wish the Epitaph to close, (22) &c. &c.

(*Reply.*) (20) The double repetition of “ O” certainly offends. (21) I believe it is a generally received opinion, that dissimulation is a necessary part of a courtier’s character, which is sufficient to justify the expression.

T

(22) If

(22) If the Epitaph had ended here, it would have had nothing to mark the conclusion.

On Mr. E. FENTON.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, here lies an honest man, (23)
 A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
 Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great :
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace.
 Calmly he look'd on either life ; and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
 From nature's temperate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd and that he dy'd.

POPE.

(*Johnson.*) “ The first couplet of this Epitaph is borrowed. (23) The four next lines contain a species of praise peculiar, original, and just. (24) Here, therefore, the inscription should have ended, the latter part containing nothing but what is common to every man who is wise and good, (25) &c.”

(*Reply.*)

(*Reply.*) (23) It is common enough to say, “ Here lies an honest man ”—the Epitaph takes off from the objection, by hinting, that upon few tombstones it has a right to be engraved.

(24) See (22).

(25) To be in general “ wife and good ” was the real character of Fenton—there were no particular traits in it.

On Mr. GAY.

Of manners (26) gentle, of affections mild ;
 In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child :
 With native humour tempering virtuous rage, (28)
 Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age : (29)
 Above temptation, in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great :
 A safe companion (30) and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end, (31)
 These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

POPE.

(Johnson.) * * * “ The two parts of the first line are only echoes of each other ; “ *gentle manners*” and “ *mild (26) affections,*” if they mean anything, must mean the same.

“ That Gay was a “ *man in wit*” is a very frigid commendation ; to have the *wit of a man* is not much for a poet. “ The wit (27) of *man,*” and the “ *simplicity of a child,*” make a poor and vulgar contrast, and raise no ideas of excellence, either intellectual or moral.

“ In the next couplet “ *rage*” is less properly introduced after the mention of “ *mildness*” and “ *gentleness,*” which are made the constituents of his character ; for a man so “ *mild*” and “ *gentle*” to “ *temper*” his “ *rage*” was not difficult. (28)

“ The next line is unharmonious in its sound, and mean in its conception ; the opposition is obvious, and the word
“ *lash*”

“*lath*” used absolutely, and without any modification, is gross and improper. (29)

*** to be a “*safe* (30) *companion*” is praise merely negative, arising not from the possession of virtue, but the absence of vice, and that one of the most odious.

“As little can be added to his character, by asserting that he was “*lamented in his end.*” Every man that dies, is, at least by (31) the writer of his Epitaph, supposed to be lamented, and therefore this general lamentation does no honour to Gay.

“The eight first lines have no grammar; (32) the adjectives are without any substantive, and the epithets without a subject.

“The thought in the last line, that Gay is buried in the bosoms of the “*worthy*” and the “*good,*” who are distinguished

guished only to lengthen the line, is so dark, that few understand it; and so harsh, when it is explained, that still fewer approve. (33)

(*Reply.*) (26) It is true, that “gentle” and “mild” are of the same family, but I never knew before that “manners” and “affections” were the same—our manners may be mild, and our affections strong, or our manners may be rough, and our affections weak, or they may both be violent, or mild; which latter was Gay’s character.

(27) He was in wisdom (for so *wit** means in this place) a mature man, but as artless as a child—I believe this was never but *once* considered as a poor and vulgar contrast, nor could I have thought it

* This was its first signification—“*mother-wit*” —“I thought you had more *wit*, &c. &c.”

it *ever* had failed in raising ideas of excellence, both intellectual and moral.

(28) As he was a virtuous man he was displeased (a poet may say, *enraged*) at the vices of the times, but as he was a man of humour, he might express his indignation rather like Horace than Juvenal—this is the natural meaning of the passage.

(29) See (28) for the poet's thought—the objection to *lash* I do not understand.

(30) If to be a “*safe companion* and an *easy friend*” be only *negative* praise, let no one pretend to praise *positive*. If there are two virtues more particularly pleasing in society than any other, they are those which Pope found in his friend, and published to the world in his Epitaph.—As the whole is universally read with emotions of sympathy and tenderness,

this line in particular justifies the propriety of our sensations.

(31) To use an expression of Dr. Johnson's own, "there is a *frigidity*" in this, which sets at nought all attempts to enliven it.

(32) If they have not grammar they have taste and feeling, which were subjects not so well understood by the critic—but why have they not grammar? Is it so unusual to delay, in construction, the *first* part of a sentence until the end of it?

"Of man's first disobedience, &c.

* * * sing heav'nly muse."

Is it necessary to explain this? "Sing heavenly muse of man's first disobedience, &c."—In like manner, "These are thy honours, to be of manners gentle, &c."—It should be observed, that though "*to be*"

be" was necessary in my explanation, it is not so for the original.

(33) It is confessed that there is but a shade of difference between "worthy and good;" but if there were none, such pleonasm is common enough; particularly in the Common Prayer, "we have *erred* and *strayed* from thy ways"—"we are *tyed* and *bound*, &c." The expression *here lies*, as commonly used, admitting but of one sense, and that fixed by long custom; it cannot (though for a better) be easily departed from.

Intended for Sir I. NEWTON.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS

Quem immortalem

Testantur, Tempus, Natura, Cælum:

Mortalem (34)

Hoc Marmor fatetur.

Nature, and nature's laws, lay hid in night:
God said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.

POPE.

(*Johnson.*)

(*Johnson.*) “ Of this Epitaph, short as it is, the faults seem not to be very few. * * * In the Latin, the opposition of *immortalis* and *mortalis*, is a mere sound or a mere quibble ; he is not immortal in any sense contrary to that in which he is mortal. (34)

“ In the verses the thought is obvious, and the words “ *night*” and “ *light*” are too nearly allied.” (35)

(*Reply.*) (34) He is immortal (that is, as long as science exists) by his great discoveries in natural philosophy ; but by his tomb we find him to be mortal—no one before ever found any difficulty or impropriety.

It is obvious from whence Pope took the allusion, and it ought to be so ; but that is different from the *thought* being obvious. (35) “ *Night*” and “ *light*” to the ear are more alike than to the eye.

On

On EDMUND Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age.

If modest youth with cool reflection crown'd, (36)
 And every opening (37) virtue blooming round,
 { Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
 Or add one patriot to a sinking state ;
 (38) { This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
 Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here !
 The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
 The Senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
 Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
 Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham :
 In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art, (39)
 Ends in the milder merit of the heart ;
 And chiefs or sages long to Britain given
 Pay the last tribute of a Saint to Heaven.

POPE.

(*Johnson.*) * * * “ To “ *crow*n” with “ reflection” is surely a mode of speech approaching to nonsense. “ *Opening virtues blooming round*” is something like tautology ; the six following lines are poor and prosaic. (38) “ *Art*” is used for “ *arts*,” that a rhyme may be had to “ *heart*,” &c.”

(*Reply.*)

(*Reply.*) (36) To crown with reflection is certainly not very correct—this expression cannot be justified by (19)—yet, we say, the end *crowns* all—as the crowning of a king is the greatest honour he can receive, so a fortunate ending puts the crown on former actions.

(37) If we *must* take exception to this phrase, we should rather think it a contradiction than a tautology—flowers that are *opening* cannot be said to be *blooming*—but the first poet in the universe may be dissected in this manner, until he loses both substance and form, and is reduced to nothing!

(38) What is generally understood by prosaic, is, sentences having the common form of structure—whereas poetry consists of inversions, and a dignity of expression, which suit not with prose. If these lines be examined upon this principle,

ciple, the objection will be found to have no force.

(39) “ *Art*” for “ *arts*” is not to be defended.

There is an expression in this Epitaph, which, though not uncommon, is improper. “ This weeping marble,” no doubt, every one understands without explanation—but it is impossible not to attend to the *immediate* meaning—marble, on which moisture is condensed in drops—and which, in fact, is much more like tears, than a Cupid with his hand to his eyes. I see all the poverty and meanness of such a conceit, but it really obtrudes itself on the imagination, in consequence of “ marble” being mentioned instead of the sculptured figure.

The Hermit.

NOT long since a Gentleman, whose real name I shall disguise under that of Adraftus, took it into his head to give up, or rather to shun society, and retire to a poor cottage, which may still be found between Brecknock and the neighbouring mountain called the Beacon. The place, tho' lonely, was not secluded from observation—besides, he was obliged to attend the market at Brecknock for necessaries, so that it was well known such a person was there, and lived by himself. It is true, that once a day a middle-aged woman called at the house to clean it, which when she had done, she departed; and now and then a person going by would ask if he wanted any thing from the town—with these exceptions,

tions, he might be said to live absolutely alone. Acquaintance he had none, altho' he cheerfully joined in such conversation as chance threw in his way. If the weather was unfavourable, he staid at home—when it was fine, he explored the vales, or ascended the mountains of the beautiful country he had chosen for his residence. As his pace was sometimes slow and solemn, and at other times quick and impetuous, his air was not like one of this world, especially as he would at times pause to look at some trifling object, and seem to observe a great deal where the common eye could see nothing. These, and other circumstances, occasioned Adraftus to be considered as a peculiar character, and, tho' always mentioned as a whimsical being, yet, as no one found he did any harm, he was left to pursue his vagaries in peace. Almost the greatest favor the world has to bestow!

One summer-morning, carrying his day's provision in his pocket, he ascended the Beacon, and seated himself on the edge of that rapid descent which overlooks the vale of the Ufke. He was alone, it is true, but the surrounding objects furnished such a quick succession of ideas, that before he could half finish one subject, another presented itself for consideration, and altogether produced that agreeable tumult of the mind which is supposed to be found only in society. The keen air of the place reminding him of his dinner, he drew forth his cold mutton and bread, unconscious of being observed, and was eating with a sensation of pleasure unknown where it is endeavoured to be excited at a great expence.

“ Suppose you washed it down with a glass of punch,” said a gentleman behind him, who made one of a large party of both sexes, that had come from Brecon to spend a day on the mountain—“ Very willingly,

willingly, Sir," replied Adraftus, who was too collected and firm in himself to be alarmed at an unexpected address. He arose from the turf, and joined the company, who were mixing their shrub from the adjoining natural basin of purest water.

"Pray Sir," says the stranger, "can you possibly account for this spring on the top of a mountain? or for that round basin that is down in yonder hollow, which they tell me is unfathomable?" "Perhaps," replied Adraftus, "I might give a satisfactory answer to your question, but it would be encroaching too much upon the subjects of general conversation." "It was the very subject which engaged our attention," replied the other, "and the shortest way of introducing a new one would be to dispatch this." "The spring," said Adraftus, "may possibly be supplied by the vapours which most commonly rest on the mountain head, or it

U may

may ascend from below like water through sand—perhaps both causes are combined—the circumstance is common, and we need not recur to any extraordinary principle.”

The ladies were listening to the mountain-philosopher with great attention; when the guide whispered who it was they had accidentally met, and gave all the traits of his character the short time afforded. The conversation now had more of the company to join in it—“The water is delicious,” says a lady, “and makes admirable punch,” said a gentleman—“But, there is the punch-bowl below,” said another, pointing down to the lake—“That bowl,” pleasantly replied Adraftus, “was once as full of fire as it is now of water”—here he was interrupted by a general interjection of surprise—he continued—“This mountain was once a volcano; that round basin is the crater—it bears a general resemblance
to

to twenty other mountains in Wales, all which have their craters; now become small circular lakes of a vast depth."

This language was by no means understood by the company, who knew more of punch-bowls than craters, and poor Adraftus was considered as a little cracked, by all, but the person to whom the guide had described him, who very oddly conceived an idea, which afterwards produced a resolution we shall again have an occasion to mention.

When the ham, cold beef, and chicken-pye were eaten, and the punch drank; the company having finished their business, bade adieu to Adraftus, and departed. He traced them down the different stages of the mountain, remarking the diminution of objects by distance, and their increasing faintness by aerial perspective. After waiting to see the full-moon in opposition to the setting sun, he

also descended; and with his usual occupation of mind came home—but the moon surveyed through his telescope robbed him of some hours repose.

As the company proceeded to Brecon, the guide acquainted them more at large with all he knew, and all he had heard of Adraftus: and although a great part of the latter was untrue, yet that person mentioned above, and whom we will call Crito, who was one of those characters that fancy themselves geniuses—that they have taste, and presume to be critics in the arts—“most ignorant of what they’re most assured”—who never felt any real pleasure in his life, tho’ he was ever in search of it—This person remarking the occupation of mind and cheerful air of Adraftus, conceived that retirement was the only plan for enjoyment, and determined also to retire—which accordingly not long after he did, choosing for his retreat a solitary place among the
lakes

lakes in Cumberland. Finding himself in a few minutes, very stupid ; and in a few hours, the most miserable of mortals, and conceiving some displeasure against Adrastus, by whose example he had been misled ; he very prudently determined to resume his former mode of life, but in his way back to call on Adrastus. Being at Brecon directed to his cottage, they had the following conversation—

C. The last time we met was on that mountain—do you recollect me, Sir ?

A. I dare say I shall soon—an acquaintance begun on a mountain, with me is a sacred thing—it is not like an introduction at a formal visit.

C. I see that you have still that cheerfulness which led me first to imagine it was your retirement that produced such happy effects—in consequence, I also retired—with much difficulty I held out

one day; and on the next, if I had not left my dismal solitary cell I must have sent to the next town for a cord or a pistol.—You fairly took me in.

A. Admirable! a person like you acquainted with the world (for so I suppose) must often have heard that there is no trusting to appearances—perhaps I am a cheat—but I will not deceive you—I really am as I appear—your mistake was in thinking that you and I are beings of the same class—What says the poet? “Man differs more from man, than man from beast.”

C. This is certain, that *I* find no pleasure in solitude, *you* do.

A. You again mistake—solitude is to me the most dreadful of all ideas—for which reason I am never alone.

C.

C. Then I was misinformed—

A. I confess, appearances are against me, but, to quote another poet—

“ And this my life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

Whatever I see and hear is to me a subject of amusement, delight, or instruction; which perhaps is more than I should receive if I sought either from what is called society. The works of nature, considered by themselves, are a perpetual source of entertainment to a mind in the habit of observation—to a *cultivated* mind, great pleasure arises, from calling up remembrance of passages in poets, which apply to the objects before you; and when we are reading these passages, in referring them to the object or circumstance which first inspired them. The same mutual reference applies to painting. We trace in nature the scenes which fired the imagination

gination of Salvator, Pouffin, or Ruyf-dael; and the pictures themselves remind us of that assemblage of objects to which we owe those divine exertions of genius. Where these fail, not an insect, or even stone, but may be considered as a subject of disquisition in natural-history or philosophy.—Do you call this solitude? Am I not always in good company?

C. You have a particular turn—all this is nothing to *me*—but suppose the weather be unfavourable, and you cannot go out?

A. Look on these shelves—they contain about fifty volumes of the choicest English, French, and Italian authors. In that port-folio are some drawings of the best artists—and see—there is a pile of music-books, and an excellent piano-forte.—Is this solitude?

C.

C. I have no relish for reading, painting, or music—that is, in *your* way. I like a newspaper at my breakfast—pictures are delightful at the exhibition, when the room is full of company; and if I wish for music I go to the Opera, and there too the company is my chief inducement—I am not particular—all people of taste agree with me, and so does an old verse-maker :

“ Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The *people*, sure the *people*, are the fight.”

A. But, with these ideas in your head, how could you think of living by yourself? If it will not punish you too much, permit me to read you a few thoughts on retirement, which I committed to paper the last wet day—some passages are not inapplicable to yourself, although the subject be on the propriety of retirement for persons advanced in life, which certainly is not your case—Have I your permission?

C.

C. You will oblige me.

A. There is not a great deal of it—
(reading) The idea of young persons retiring from the world is too absurd to be made a question; but there are strong reasons for the retirement of old persons; and, indeed, there are powerful arguments against it.

Those who believe a preparation for death to be necessary, and think it of consequence to keep their thoughts undisturbed by the affairs of the world, should have nothing to interrupt their meditations.

If we have lived a busy life, and enjoyed a reputation for brilliant parts or personal accomplishments; the consciousness of those faculties decaying may mortify our consequence, and be a perpetual source of disgust if we still continue to mix with the world.

Although

Although the body must droop and fade, yet, if the mind enjoy its pristine vigour, retirement prevents occasions of exposing the decay of our personal faculties, and affords opportunities of enjoying mental pleasures, perhaps in a superior degree ; as from experience we may have learnt to make a proper estimate of ourselves, of men, and their opinions : and knowing that these enjoyments are all that we have left, we value them as our sole possessions.

Retirement also puts in our power what remains of life, undisturbed, and unbroken by the interruptions of those, who, having no pursuit nor employment of their own, seem sent into world “ to take us from ourselves ”—these reasons apply solely to persons who have something to engage their thoughts and attention, and can derive entertainment and enjoyment from their own proper sources.

C. Meaning *yourself*.

A. But for those of a contrary description, retirement is altogether improper—

C. Meaning *me*.

A. Such people should still continue their worldly pursuits and employments; as they are, from habit, and want of mental occupations, incapable of any other. Let the tradesman then, whose life has been long in the same course of employment, still pursue his business, although his fortune be far superior to his wants and expences—retirement to him is misery.

C. Right, right—

A. Those who have spent their youth in dissipation are constrained to persist in the same course, or to do nothing—the most disagreeable state of all others.

From

From this consideration I am much more inclined to pity, than to blame, persons of the other sex, who to avoid vacancy, still continue to haunt places of gay resort, “and tho’ they cannot play, o’erlook the cards.” Retirement then, is only for those who find in *themselves* amusement, employment, or happiness. —And thus ends my sermon.

C. And my visit—adieu!

The Restraint of Society.

ADRASTUS, tho' left "to pursue his vagaries in peace," as we have already remarked, yet many attempted to seek his acquaintance—some, because they thought him an oddity; some, because they thought him sensible; but most, because they saw he shunned all advances towards intimacy: for mankind has a natural propensity to teaze peculiar characters, even if the peculiarity be innocent. However, he contrived, by his perseverance, to carry his point, and by his prudence to avoid offence.

The want of a few necessaries directed his steps to Brecon one fine morning, which, as customary in a mountainous country, becoming a rainy day, he dined
at

at the inn with a variety of strangers, whose conversation chiefly turned upon the spirit of liberty which had broke forth of late in different parts of the world. Persons who live in society, and are in habits of conversation, never make long speeches, from a principle of politeness, and soon exhaust all they have to say upon a subject. The reverse takes place with the recluse—he having but few opportunities of conversation, indulges those few when they occur; and having treasured up a large store of matter, makes an ostentatious display of his riches. Adrastus, without duly reflecting on the laws of conversation, at last had all the discourse to himself, and gave a turn to his oration on liberty, as new as it was unexpected—he expressed himself as follows:—

“ There is no subject of late has more agitated the minds of men than liberty; upon the blessing of which they agree, although they materially differ upon the
means

means of obtaining it. However, all seem to limit their enquiries to what *form of government* liberty is most truly attached, and when they have determined the form agreeable to their own ideas, they seek no farther, conceiving the point to be established.

The enjoyment of liberty under an absolute prince seems so much like a contradiction, that blame may be incurred for even mentioning them together. It may be had under a limited monarchy, say the English; it is better obtained by a Republic and President, say the Americans; but it is best of all enjoyed when every man is a citizen, and no more than a citizen,* say the French; who are not contented with having it in this form themselves, but they seem determined that all the rest of the world shall be of their opinion. Thus Mahomet, thoroughly

* Written in 1793.

roughly persuaded of the truth and superior goodness of his Koran, conceived it a duty to propagate his doctrine by conquest. Thus the fanatics of the last century

* * * “prov'd their doctrines orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks”—

And thus the Catholics of all times, except the modern, thought they were doing God and his Son good service, by forcing a belief of christianity by the means of tortures and death—hitherto *religious* opinions only have been thought worthy of such great exertions, but our good neighbours have made *politics* of equal importance.

As a man is not fed by hearing of good dinners, but by what he puts into his own stomach, so, it may be presumed, no one feels the enjoyment of liberty farther than that portion which comes to his own share. The reverse of the po-

position is equally true—if a man's person and actions are free, he enjoys liberty even under a despot, but if his person or his actions are confined, he is a slave although a member of a Republic. Admitting the truth of this position; if circumstances in private life take our liberty from us, what are we the better for living under a free government; or how are we hurt by despotism if we may go, act, and speak as we please?

Should it be said, that the essence of a free government is to give liberty, and that the nature of despotism is to take it away; I can subscribe to this opinion no farther than it is true—and its truth only reaches to purposes and occasions which do not occur in daily life, while either form of government leaves the slavery unremedied with which we are daily environed. If we are engaged in a lawsuit, or called to answer for some offence, then we feel the advantage of a free government

vernment with fixed laws, over a sentence pronounced by an arbitrary judge, appointed by an arbitrary master—but most men pass their days without going to law, and not one in fifty thousand becomes a victim to justice.

The real slavery we feel, and it is equal under all governments, is the restraint of society; under which we are more compleatly shackled in all our actions, words, and even thoughts, than by the most imperious commands of the most absolute tyrant—for a despotic mandate does not descend to minute particulars; it puts on a chain, but leaves some limbs at liberty; while the tyranny of society draws a thousand slender threads over us from head to foot, by which we are more compleatly hampered than Gulliver in Lilliput.

I can scarce flatter myself to have proceeded thus far without incurring some

censure, nor to finish my subject, without more. I certainly might, without trespass, have walked in a beaten path; which if I quit, it must be to my own peril—I tremble while I say—that the marriage-vow—the reciprocal duty between parents and children—the offices of friendship—the ceremonies of civility—all these take from us more personal liberty than can be ballanced by any political liberty which the most perfect form of government can bestow.

Should you think that more pleasure arises from such restraints than without them—be it so; but do not say they are consistent with liberty. If a father gives up his own enjoyment to encrease that of a son—if a son abridges his own pleasures because he will not violate his duty to a parent—if my friend has my money, and I want it myself—if my time, instead of being my own, is consumed in attentions to acquaintance and the ceremonies of
company

company—all these circumstances may perhaps encrease our enjoyment, but they surely diminish our liberty. The more we feel an *obligation* to do an action, the more is the choice taken from us of doing it, or not, as we please; of course, the more is our liberty abridged. If nature, custom, or the rules of society *require* us to fulfil certain duties to our relations, friends, or acquaintance; our not having it in our power to act otherwise is certainly the definition of real slavery.

Let not my intention be mistaken. I am not speaking against natural or social attachments; my opinion of them perfectly agrees with the rest of the world—I only attempt to prove, that our greatest restraints do not arise from despotism in any form of government, but from ourselves. “We complain of our taxes,” says Dr. Franklyn, “we tax ourselves more than we can be taxed by a Minister.” It is our *private* habits by which we are

affected—in the common duties of society is a greater portion of slavery than can be inflicted by the most despotic sovereign.”

The rapidity with which this satirical oration was delivered, did not permit a single word to be thrust in by way of interruption—but no sooner was it concluded, than the company made amends for their retention, by all speaking together; some to commend, but most to object. Adraftus being truly sensible of his indiscretion, with great dispatch paid for his ordinary, and left the company to cut up his argument as a desert to their dinner.

verse, when used by good poets, we may venture upon some distinctions, although we dare not make laws.

When we read the *Iliad* by Pope, and the *Paradise Lost*, we are ready to pronounce, from their difference, that long poems ought to be in blank verse:* and short ones, being constantly in rhyme, (with a very few exceptions) we may be assured that they ought to be so. There is certainly a difference of character between long and short pieces—a poem of length is not many short ones put together, nor will a small part of a long poem make a short one. Take any detached part of the *Paradise Lost*, however beautiful, yet it evidently belongs to some great whole; whereas a short piece has the

* The *Lycidas* and *Samson Agonistes* of Milton have rhymes in a scattered irregular manner, which is a very pleasing structure for a poem of length—it gives a connection of parts without the constant artificial return of the stanza or couplet.

the air of something begun, and concluded, in a few lines. There is a greatness of design and a breadth of pencilling in the one—a neatness of touch and high-finishing in the other. In some very few instances both these qualities are united: *Hudibras* and the *Alma*, although poems of length, have all the point of epigram. If then high-finishing and neatness be characteristics of short pieces, it accounts for rhyme being so essential to their perfection—blank verse, as before observed, belongs to something large in design and manner. Another essential of small poems is, that the conclusion should have something to mark it. As I have mentioned this more at large elsewhere, I shall only here remark, that Horace's Odes in general are deficient in this particular, and that the short pieces of Voltaire never want it.

Another effect of rhyme is, connecting the parts of the poem, as far as the structure

ture

ture is concerned. To shew the good effects of this connection was the occasion of the above prefatory remarks; and, by reducing it to a figure, perhaps we may have a rule for judging of the merit of different dispositions of rhyme in the various species of poetry.

A piece composed of couplets may be expressed thus

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- - - - - a )
- - - - - a )
- - - - - o )
- - - - - o )

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which has the appearance of two things joined together, or one divided into halves.

The alternate rhyme—thus—

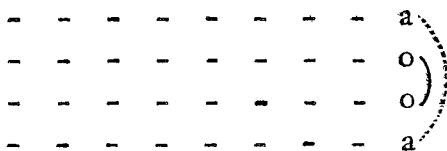
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- - - - - a )
- - - - - o )
- - - - - a )
- - - - - o )

```

Here the lines are so connected, that the first two cannot subsist without the two last; therefore the four lines make a whole. But if a long piece were so constructed, each quatrain would appear one single unconnected thing, and have a worse effect than the couplet.

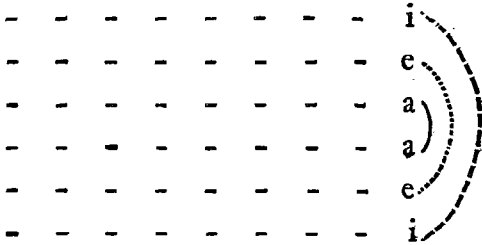
There is yet another disposition of four lines



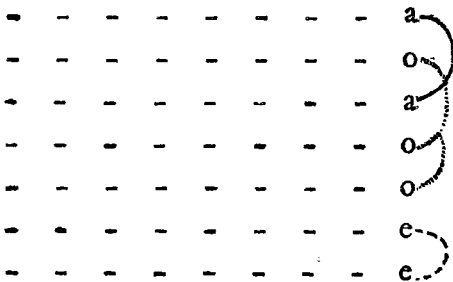
which does better for long pieces, and worse for short.

The stanza of six, seven, eight, and nine lines, is variously composed, and sometimes very artfully; but its merit altogether consists, as far as relates to structure, in a proper connection and variety

riety of the rhymes—let us express a few of them



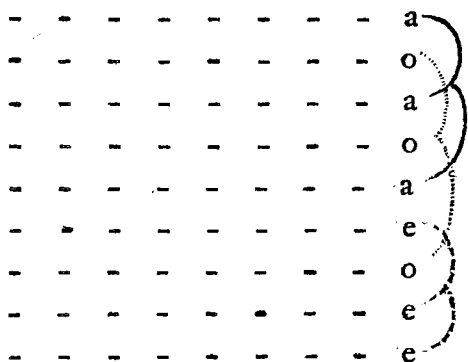
used by an unknown author in a fine poem on his birth-day.



The above is Chaucer's Stanza, which has not an ill effect—the disconnected couplet rather gives a precision and finish to the stanza, and would be an exception

tion to the rule, if its constant return had not in some measure the effect of connection.

In Spencer's and Beattie's Stanza the lines are thus connected.



The rhymes in all stanzas of this kind are finely disposed for connection, and the whole is tyed together so effectually, that the lines cannot be disjoined from each other. If the stanza had consisted of couplets, the lines might have been separated into pairs.

From

From the above observations it does not seem difficult to determine, whether the legitimate Sonnet of Petrarch, and his numberless successors, has any advantage over the modern little poem, consisting, like its original, of fourteen lines, but the rhymes disposed at pleasure. All rules which do not tend to produce good effect “are more honoured in the breach than the observance.” But if it be a point of perfection that the parts of a short poem should be connected, and not capable of disunion; it will be found that the old sonnet possesses this perfection, and that the modern wants it.

Petrarch and his imitators, Spencer and Milton, generally connected their lines in this manner.

1	-	-	-	-	-	-	a
2	-	-	-	-	-	-	o
3	-	-	-	-	-	-	o
4	-	-	-	-	-	-	a
5	-	-	-	-	-	-	a
6	-	-	-	-	-	-	o
7	-	-	-	-	-	-	o
8	-	-	-	-	-	-	a
						*	
9	-	-	-	-	-	-	e
10	-	-	-	-	-	-	i
11	-	-	-	-	-	-	u
12	-	-	-	-	-	-	e
13	-	-	-	-	-	-	i
14	-	-	-	-	-	-	u

The irregular sonnet sometimes consists of couplets, usually of quatrains, either in alternate rhyme or otherwise; so that although the thought may be simple, and run through the whole, yet the structure consists of distinct parts, succeeding each

* At this break the rhymes begin upon a new system.

each other—this may be easily conceived after the preceding illustrations. The one possessing union, and the other wanting it, undoubtedly determines the point in favour of the old sonnet. It must be observed, (although it has been hinted already,) that when we use the terms connection, &c. that they relate entirely to the form, and not to the subject—a piece may be disjoined in its structure, but entire in its subject, which may prevent the disconnection from being observed; but if the lines are tyed together, we perceive the effect increased, as the sonnet is one in its thought and expression. These irregular little pieces should have some appropriate term, because the old form of a sonnet seems as essential as its consisting of fourteen lines.*

Perhaps

* It is not altogether foreign to the subject, to remark, that in Chaucer a paragraph often ends with a half-couplet; which is still the custom of the
the

Perhaps the above observations may furnish a principle for determining the respective merit of the different kinds of poetry. If it be admitted—blank-verse is better than rhyme for long works—rhyme better than blank-verse for short pieces—alternate rhyme best for the quatrain‡; and the fixed form of the ancient sonnet, is to be preferred to the irregular structure of that poem to which the moderns have affixed the same appellation.

the French poets. It certainly has an unpleasing effect, as the sense and the rhyme do not conclude together, but the completing of the couplet connects the present paragraph with the past.

‡ This word is assumed to save the trouble of frequently using the long term of The four-line stanza.

Odd Numbers.

THAT there should be some general principles which are common to all men, is easily conceived—but it seems difficult to assign a reason why distinct nations, having no connection with each other, should agree in some odd peculiarity.

To those people who are acquainted with numeration beyond the ends of their ten fingers, it seems most natural, that whole numbers should be employed for general purposes. Thus we make prizes of £.1000 or £.10,000 in the lottery, rather than 999 or 9999. But if we had chosen the odd numbers, there would have been instances enough to be found in different parts of the world, and even among ourselves, to keep us in countenance.

nance. Take a few as they occur, which might be much increased from accounts of the manners and customs of different nations.

“ The Mandingoes (an African nation) according to a precept of the Alcoran, limit the number of stripes for small crimes to forty lacking one, and for greater offences to ninety and nine.” (Mathews.) St. Paul says, he received forty stripes save one. A slave in the West-Indies is also punished with forty save one. On board our ships of war all punishments of this sort were formerly inflicted in odd numbers: they gave (as they term it) a merry eleven; and for greater faults, two or three merry elevens—whether this agrees with the present discipline I know not.

The game of cribbage is 101—if I die (say the common people) within a twelve-month and a day.

There are 999 fish-ponds within the walls of Nankin. The Emperor of China has 9999 boats. The number of idols in a Temple at Jedo, the capital of Japan, Thunberg tells us, is 33333. With the last number we have nothing to compare, but let us not forget our leaves for 999 years.

Why people so different in manners, and distant in situation, should agree in this peculiarity, which surely is the reverse of a general principle; or why 11, 39, 99, 999, or lastly 33333, should be preferred to the even numbers which stand next them, and have so superior a claim, requires more skill, than I possess, to explain.

Is it superstition? If so, are all people superstitious, and in the same particular?—The first may be admitted, but not the latter—the same principle, in other instances, is various in its operation. Perhaps

haps an oddity of this sort, although found in a civilized nation, had its first origin when it was barbarous. As civilization makes all nations uniform, so the want of it may produce a sameness of character between people remote from each other. It is in the early stages of society that such whimsies make their first appearance. But this subject makes part of another which I have before treated at large.*

* In the Four Ages.

Late.

THE manners of the present age may be characterized by one short word, *Late*. Whatever hour is fixed for an engagement of any sort, it is never kept. If you invite your guests at five, they come at six—if a public entertainment begins at seven, you leave your house at eight. This practice is inconvenient even in trifles, but in things of consequence, it is thoroughly reprehensible. It was no less truly than wittily said, by Lord Chesterfield, of the old Duke of Newcastle—“ His Grace loses an hour in the morning, and is looking for it all the rest of the day.”

Perhaps the real source of our want of success with a vigilant and *punctual* enemy,

my, is protracting the time for action—not considering, that according to the proverb, it stays for no man, and that if we are too late, it signifies not whether it be by a minute or a year.

In the American war many wise and brilliant plans were adopted, which had no other fault than being *too late*—we had the victory to gain, when we ought to have been enjoying the fruits of it. The last public instance of this destructive principle (at the time of writing this) was in the failing of the Channel fleet, which, by losing a fortnight, most probably will occasion a train of misfortune which distant ages may not recover. Whatever virtues the present Ministry may possess, they are more than balanced by this pernicious *monosyllable*; and as there is not the least reason for supposing that the members of opposition have more punctuality, we should gain nothing by an exchange.

The following anecdote would be ridiculous, if the cause of it did not make part of all our concerns, either in private or public life. An appointment was made with an astronomer to be at his observatory to see an eclipse. The good company considering cœlestial and terrestrial engagements in the same light, attended the philosopher, and after chatting for some time, at last recollected their business, and begged to see the eclipse—I am sorry, says the Doctor, that I could not prevail on the sun and moon to wait for you—the eclipse was ended long before your arrival.

The Use of Accumulation.

HASSAN of Shiraz possessing wealth, which he rashly deemed inexhaustible, became the slave of pleasure. Tartarian females were employed by turns in fanning him through the night, and, at times, sprinkling his skin with rose-water. Ice-fruits and costly comfitures were his morning regale, which being ended, he bathed in polished basons of white marble, and inhaled the breeze of fragrance from the Jasmims of Arabia. Borne by his servants in a stately litter to the Bazar, he passed slowly before the shops of the artificers, looking with a languid, but curious eye, on their various productions of ingenuity; endeavouring to find a want, or to create a wish—but his wants and wishes had been too often
supplied

supplied to be still importunate. The workers in filligree and embroidery, the carvers in ivory, the goldsmiths, the jewellers, had nothing to engage his attention. The Armenian merchants, indeed, would shew him, in secret, the costly works of the Frangis, pictures exhibiting resemblances of human figures, which, because they are forbidden by our law, he eagerly purchased. On his return, stopping where provisions are sold, he ordered a sumptuous supper to regale his numerous friends, who never failed to associate at his entertainment, quaffing, in cups of crystal, the delicious liquor which the holy prophet commands us not to drink, while troops of dancers and jugglers, succeeding each other, furnished the passing moments with delight.

Having no source of employment from his own mind, he found himself constrained to continue his dissipation, to avoid that frightful state of vacancy felt
by

by all who depend upon external circumstances for pleasure. The wealth of the Khan of Shiraz was too little to supply his constant expences. When his last Toman was spent; ashamed to continue in poverty where he had lived in splendor, he wandered from the city over the plain without direction, as his wish was rather to avoid his home than to reach any other place.

Evening approached; the stately mosques of Shiraz were vanishing in aerial obscurity, but no other town opened on his view; and as he had not compleated a usual day's journey, even the solitary caravan-ferai was wanting to give him shelter and repose.

The cold dews of night moistened his turban, and stood in drops upon his cangiar and scymetar, when he heard in the mountains not far distant, the barking of jackalls, the howling of hyænas, and the
roaring

roaring of the mighty tyger; for now was the time when the wild-beasts of the forest assume their turn to reign—the day they give up to man.

Fear of immediate danger banished from his mind the regret for having spent his substance—displaced the horror of finding himself without companions, upon whom had rested his sole dependance to fill up the frightful void of life—and even prevented his attending to the calls of hunger; a sensation, which, until this day, he had never felt. “There is no other God but one—Mahomet is his prophet!” said he earnestly, for the first time with *devotion*—before the hour of danger, it had only been his *custom* when the crier from the Minaret called the faithful to prayer.

The wandering fires which nightly flit across the plain, to the accustomed traveller are objects of amusement, to Haf-
fan

fan they were fights of terror: yet he followed them with his eye, and, by degrees, with his feet, until he had deviated from the road which had brought him from Schiraz.—Dismal reflections occurred in comparing his present situation with that of the preceding evening, when the sounds and lights were those of mirth and festivity.

While he was resting, without a motive to retire or advance, he heard a creaking noise just before him, which was followed by a man arising from the earth with a taper in his hand, who presently shut the trap-door from whence he had ascended. Unconscious of being observed, he advanced where Hassan was standing, and started back at the reflection from the scymetar, drawn by Hassan on the first impulse of fear. “Alas!” said the stranger, “I am discovered—do not take the life of one disarmed, and who has not offended.” “Thy life,” replied Hassan,
 “ I

“ I cannot take, unless the angel of death permits ; and, if thy moments are exhausted, thou canst not by entreaties add to their number. I am a traveller who seeks shelter and repose—if thy habitation is near, conduct me to it.”

The stranger fearing the scymetar of Haffan, returned to the trap-door—“ Follow me,” says he, descending—“ my abode is contrary to that of other mortals—they live *upon* the earth, I *under* it.” Haffan, who had never seen any apartments but those of magnificence ; as he surveyed aſkance the gloomy passages, felt that he had only changed one terror for another.

They, at laſt, entered a ſpacious arched hall, nearly full of coffers and bags, arranged round the walls, and which left but a ſmall ſpace for the owner and his gueſt.

Haffan,

Hassan, now protected by the laws of hospitality, sheathed his scymetar, while his host put on the table two small loaves, some grapes, and a vessel of the amber wine of Shiraz. “ Eat and refresh yourself,” says Dahir (the owner of the cave) “ I have supped already, and cannot eat with you, being about to depart for Shiraz, where I go twice or thrice in a week to renew my stock of provision—I always travel by night for fear of discovery ; but as you are now as much in *my* power as I at first was in *yours*, let mutual confidence succeed to mutual fears.”

H. As I am in your power, and promise you fidelity, I may ask an explanation of appearances which at present puzzle me.

D. Those coffers and bags you see are all full of coined gold from our early emperors to Schah Abbas—the accumulation of five generations ! They are here deposited

posited as in a place of safety against the rapacity of the Khan of Schiraz or his Ministers.

H. They are, perhaps, in safety, but are of no use—if your coffers contained only earth, it would be of equal value to riches not used.

D. The value of a thing is in proportion to the happiness it bestows. If my coffers were only full of earth they would give me no pleasure, but I receive much from reflecting that they are full of gold.

H. How you can receive any when your money is not bestowed, is past my conception. Pleasure may be purchased—as I know to my cost:

D. To your cost? Then I suppose *your* plan was spending your money—has it led you to happiness?

H.

H. I cannot say it has—my misery is extreme!

D. Very well; now, mark the difference between us. I have pleasure in surveying my chests—I count them—I sometimes regale my eyes by looking at my money—after which I lock it up, and reflect, that the means of procuring every thing are in my power—but if I part with my gold, I then lose the means and the pleasure of the reflection.

H. But do you never intend to use your money?

D. I at present use it to the best of purposes—to give me happiness; but if I spent it, I should have none. How can you be so obstinate to continue a dispute, when you confess that a conduct contrary to mine has led you to misery?

Haffan was silent, but not convinced; so deep had the common opinion of the use of riches sunk within his mind—“But, pray,” says he, “may not happiness be found in something between both our systems?”

“I do not want,” replied Dahir, “to confine happiness in one path: all I contend for is, that I feel it myself—you certainly are at liberty to seek happiness wherever it may be found. But what can I do with you? Here you cannot stay, and if you go you will discover my treasure—swear to me by the head of the prophet, that you will come here no more, and I will take the same oath to send you a camel-load of my gold—it is better to part with some than lose the whole.

The mutual oath was sworn, and at day-break Haffan returned to the city.

The

The gold was sent according to promise, together with a roll of perfumed paper, beautifully embellished, on which was written in elegant characters—

“ Haffan, oppose not thy particular opinion to the general system of the most high! Various are the situations in life, and all concur to fulfill the decrees of eternal wisdom. *The use of accumulation is to repair the waste of prodigality.*”

On a Reform of Parliament.

HAVING for some time heard nothing of the Robin-Hood Society, perhaps it ceases to exist; if so, the public has to regret the cheapest school for oratory ever instituted. Many a Templar would have been dashed at his first motion in Westminster-Hall, but for the opportunity this society afforded for trying the steadiness of his face, and the strength of his voice. Many a youth, who has since supported or opposed the Minister, here first made essay of his talent for assertion or contradiction, and learnt to bear, without being interrupted, the cheering sounds “*Hear him! hear him!*”

Whatever may have become of this learned seminary of eloquence, there still
exists

exists (if not destroyed by a late law) establishments for the useful purpose of mending our decayed Constitution, where a young beginner may study what effect his voice may have on himself and auditory. It is rather an hazardous undertaking for a person to speak contrary to the sense of his hearers, as he may not, (tho' ever so faithful) get off with flying colours like Abdiel; yet, a rash youth, depending upon liberal treatment, where liberty was supposed to be the first principle of a popular club, ventured thus to address his audience—

Mr. PRESIDENT,

There are many societies, besides this, in the kingdom, that have for their object a Reform of Parliament, and it seems to be the intention of Ministry to oppose this Reform. If I am not intimidated by this respectable assembly of patriots, from expressing and connecting my ideas, I

hope to shew, that if the societies attain their purpose, no better measures would be pursued than at present; and that the Ministry might grant their desire without losing any of the influence they would wish to obtain over the Parliament.

It is confessed by all parties, that there are many boroughs represented that are without sufficient consequence, and many places which ought to send members, unrepresented—that the mode of election, and the electors themselves, are exceptionable.—If this be granted, then why not reform? I have not the least objection—suppose it done—

A Parliament is now assembled, to which every place that ought, has sent members; and every place that ought not, has sent none. Not only freemen and freeholders, but all men, women, and children, have united in their choice, without one dissentient voice—I think,
Mr.

Mr. President, I have made a House of Commons more perfect than even the most sanguine reformers have yet projected. Now, if ever, the sense of the people will be declared in the House, and, as it ought, govern every thing. (*Applauses.*) But, Sir, not to be lost in a crowd of five hundred persons, let us take one single representative, and see first, whether the people have made a proper choice; and, supposing it made, whether there is a possibility of his speaking the sense of his constituents.

Let us imagine a town in which are some virtuous citizens occupied in their professions, or in literary pursuits. Knowing the value of their time, they do not throw it away, but employ it for some honourable or profitable purpose, by which they are to become richer, wiser, or better. Such persons are of no estimation in the eyes of the vulgar—they have no glitter to attract their notice.

But if there be within their observation, a 'Squire Western, who loves his dogs and his bottle, who consumes his time in idleness and dissipation; they consider him as a hearty fellow—a jolly dog, and of course has the good-fortune to win their hearts.

A new Parliament is to be chosen—Where will the people look for a representative? Not in their own town, but at the residence of their favourite—for, say they, this man is of family and fortune, therefore he has consequence, and is above being influenced—this may be true, but still he wants a principal qualification—knowledge of the duty of a senator. The utmost that can be expected is, that he is too ignorant to do harm.

But admitting his abilities—a question comes on in the house—“ Shall there be war or peace ! ”—His private opinion is for war, and that is also the wish of many
of

of his constituents; but there are many others, perhaps the greater part, who are for peace. He votes according to his own opinion, by which the majority of his constituents are, in this case, unrepresented: (indeed the last observation is equally true in all representative assemblies). Multiply this single instance by 534, and you have a compleat idea what a House of Commons would be, so chosen.

How it ever could get into the imagination of a sensible man, that the people have a better judgement of integrity or abilities, than persons of education and honour, is difficult to conceive. Supposing the common-people impossible to be influenced, the reverse of which, is the fact; what reason can be assigned why their choice should be preferred, where they are incapable of judging? (*Murmurs of disapprobation*) I am perfectly sensible that the head to contrive would signify nothing, unless there be hands to execute,

cute, and that the people are these hands (*Bravo, bravo!*)—But, if you disturb the order, and convert the hands into the head, your work can neither be contrived nor executed. If a painter were ever so skilful he could do nothing without the colourman, nor could the organist without the bellows-blower. But does it therefore follow that the colourman and bellows-blower are judges of painting and music? Is it not a similar argument to say, that tho' it is from the labour of the people that we are maintained, that our taxes are paid, and that the means of our commerce are produced; yet, if you take them from this their proper station, they not only lose their consequence, but would, as well as their superiors, soon lose their existence. In short, it is for the interest of the whole together, and of separate individuals as well, (without which general interest is but a name) that the people do not become governors. The old fable of the Belly and Members has

has somewhat of this application. (*Symptoms of impatience; but the orator not daunted, proceeded*).

I cannot fancy that the House of Commons would consist of better persons, tho' chosen in proportion to the consequence of the place—for Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox would be as honest and as eloquent whether they represented a Cornish borough, or the metropolis. Neither can I suppose that any House of Commons is out of the influence of a minister who has so much to bestow. (*Applause.*) If a man is to be bought, he is as obnoxious to a bribe, tho' chosen by the swinish herd (a term I much approve) as if - - - - (*Off, off, off, down with him, down, down!*)

Mr. PRESIDENT,

No disputant can ever wish for a more fortunate circumstance than when he can
make

make his adversary to answer himself (*Off, off.*) (President. *Hear him!*) I thank you, Sir—a certain person hostile to our principles; as we all know, compared the people to an herd of swine—Why? “Because,” says he, “they go as they are driven.”—I make use of the same figure, because, (as every hog-driver will tell you) they go the *contrary* way to that they are driven (*Ha, ha, ha!*) therefore let not the allusion offend, but suffer me to proceed—

It is the nature of man to be dependent where he cannot rule, and as all cannot rule, some must be dependent. The minister is always considered as the ruler of a country; and those who are not ministers, must submit to be governed. There is nothing got by resistance—suppose the man in power turned out, some one else must be put in—let monarchy be destroyed, some other government (and a ministry in course) must be established

blished—suppose the most perfect democracy ; even then the power of government must be given to a few individuals, and one of these will govern. Whether the government be in a king, an aristocracy, or democracy ; still whatever governs must be absolute. The French Directory is as absolute as the French Monarchy, with this difference in favour of the latter—that redress of grievances was easier to be obtained.

If then the House of Commons would most probably consist of the same sort of people as at present (where the change was not for the worse) it is scarce worth while to be very anxious for another mode of electing representatives—and, from the same consideration, the minister need not oppose the wish of the people for a reform (if they really have the wish) for he would find, as it is found at present, that the House of Commons will always consist of a few of great abilities, a few
of

of small abilities, and the bulk, of middling people—of some that will support, of others that will oppose him, but the principal part must always be as they ever have been, persons more likely to follow than to lead, and whose hands—I mean, whose ears, are not always shut to reason.”

The last sentence being pronounced in rather a sly manner, made the audience conceive something of a joke was intended—while, looking at each other, they were puzzling to find it out; the orator descended softly from the rostrum, and, in as few steps as possible, happily escaped into the street.

Authors should not exceed common judgment.

TO the many obstructions in the way of fame, which I have elsewhere remarked, may be added another, of as much force as any, or perhaps all of them together.

If an author or artist be *too* clever, he is as far from notice as if he were deficient. The science of success, is the knowledge of what the world is *up to*. This Oxford vulgarism so well expresses my idea, that I shall use it for the present purpose.

A genius who is possessed of abilities to carry his art *far* beyond the point to which it has already attained, must be
very

very careful of shewing these abilities. As the public is not *up* to the judging of them, they cannot distinguish what is above their comprehension, from what is beneath their notice. The common effect of this ignorance is, that the author or artist, in order to live, must let himself down to the level of the understanding of those whom Fate has constituted his judges. If he be not impatient for fame, he ought rather to elevate the public judgement to *him*, so that it may be competent to his productions. This conduct he seldom can pursue, and all the good which might be obtained from superior abilities, is lost by the deficiency of the public taste, or the want of resolution (perhaps, want of bread) in the artist.

This may possibly account for the wretched performances which disgrace our theatres and places of public amusement. The like reason has been assigned
 why

why Shakespear so frequently descends below himself—it may be so—I mean not to insinuate that he had sufficient taste to lead him to reject absurdities—but if he had possessed it, the want of taste in the public would have suppressed his efforts towards correctness.

If you present to the public any production they are not *up to*; persons who feel they know nothing, yet have the credit of knowing a great deal, instantly abuse it to shew their judgement; and discover their ingenuity, by pointing out particular parts for disapprobation not apparent to the common eye. Others, who have no great reputation in the world, look vacant and say nothing: but those who are esteemed wits, turn it to ridicule—and noisy wit is more than a match for silent truth.

It is this want of knowledge in the public that is the real cause why most

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original

original geniuses are starved. The world is not malicious, but it cannot be said to be interested in the advancement of genius. The public is only indifferent in this affair, which indifference arises from ignorance of the value of the thing.

These reflections derive the bad fate of genius from a source not mentioned in the Thirty Letters. Unfortunate for original merit, that there should be such a variety of causes to hinder its advancement!

On the joining Poetry with Music.

IN some late remarks* on a musical publication, a wish is expressed, that the alliance of music and poetry were dissolved. If by this is meant, that they are two distinct things, and exist independently of each other, it cannot be doubted; but if it means, that they ought always to be kept afunder, or that they are not the stronger from being properly united; the assertion, at least, may be questioned.

When we read the Faery-Queene or Paradise-Lost, it is without the intrusion of any musical idea; the poems might have been written if music had never ex-

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isted,

* In the Monthly Review.

isted, for the measure of the verse, which is all the analogy that can be pretended, bears no relation to *musical* measure. Nay, those pieces which have lines of such a length as easily coincide with equal bars, are written and read, without any reference to music.

In like manner, when we hear a symphony, or any composition merely instrumental, it is unaccompanied by poetical ideas; the composer thought of nothing but his subject, and the audience do not associate with it either verse or prose—in this sense then, there is no natural union between poetry and music: but an artificial union may be formed, and with increased effect. After we have been accustomed to hear the same words sung to a particular air, the latter, if heard alone, will weakly excite the same kind of passion as when performed together—but if the tune had never been applied to the words, no such passion would
have

have been excited, for music receives a determinate meaning from the words, which alone, it can never attain.* The song and chorus of “Return O God of Hosts,” in the Oratorio of Samson, is undoubtedly a fine piece of devotional music, but it might with equal ease have been adapted to the complaints of a lover for the loss of his mistress. The old psalm-tunes, so expressive of religious solemnity, were formerly in the French court applied to licentious songs; and that peculiarly

* It is true that we find the terms *summer* and *winter*, *noon* and *night*, *battle* and *chace*, given to pieces from some fancied resemblance between them. The proving that summer and winter, &c. have no connection with musical expression, I suppose will not be expected. As marches are performed by military bands, they induce the idea of soldiers—when we hear *one* we think of the *other*; and as French-horns make part of the paraphernalia of hunting, in pieces where we find a frequent interchange of fifths, sixths, and octaves, we join with it the idea of a chace—but all this is association.

cularly fine melody appropriated to the hundredth psalm, was sung to a popular love-ditty. At present we may observe the reverse—many of our favourite song-tunes, are, by some religious establishments, applied to their hymns; which, as one of their teachers observed, is rescuing a good thing out of the clutches of Satan. These conversions could never have succeeded, if poetry had not the power to determine what idea the music should express—take a yet stronger instance. Let us imagine ourselves unacquainted with the well-known chorus of “For unto us, &c.” and that we heard the instrumental parts only—we should think it a fugue upon a pleasing subject, without applying it to any particular meaning, sacred or profane. Conceive it part of a comic opera—nothing is more easy than preserving the same form of words in a parody, to suit the purpose—suppose it done, and that there were common names in place of the sublime appellations

though they also evidently shew that music alone expresses no *determinate* sentiment, yet that it increases the expression, and even meaning of the words, whenever they are judiciously conjoined; for whether the music had been *only* applied to the psalms or songs—to the choruses either for a serious or comic effect; yet it is most certain that the words and the music are the more expressive for each other.

Let music and poetry then be kept distinct, when it is for their mutual advantage to be so; they have each their particular, and sufficient consequence, to subsist, without collateral support; but all the world has felt that they may be combined, and receive so much additional effect, that we must oppose the slightest wish to dissolve an union productive of such exquisite pleasure,

Almanacks.

“ **T**HE ancient Saxons used to engrave
“ upon certain square sticks about a foot
“ in length, shorter or longer as they
“ pleased, the courses of the moons of
“ the whole year, whereby they could
“ always certainly tell when the new-
“ moons, full-moons, and changes should
“ happen; and such carved sticks they
“ called Al-mon-aght, that is to say,
“ All-moon-heed; to wit, the regard or
“ observation of all the moons; and hence
“ is derived the name of Almanack.”

VERSTEGAN.

This is a clear derivation of the term Almanack, and shews the mistake of those who would derive it from the Arabic, because of the first syllable *Al*.

There

There is in St. John's College, Cambridge, a Saxon Almanack exactly answering to the above description; and I have in my possession an Almanack made in the reign of Edward the Third, of parchment; not in the usual form of a sheet, or a book, but in separate pieces, folded in the shape of a flat stick or lath, in the Saxon fashion. It is perfectly fair, and exhibits the best specimen of the ancient numerals I have yet met with.

The method of beginning and dividing the year, as in our Almanacks, is barbarous enough, but might easily be reformed. There are, no doubt, numberless objections to the disturbing a fixed method of reckoning time; but if a new form must be adopted, I would recommend, as a model, the druidical year, which commenced at the winter solstice, when the days having gone through their total increase and decrease, begin their course anew. These are the bounds
which

which nature dictates for the year, but what could dictate the modern French Calendar, is difficult to say—it differs from the old Almanack in every respect for the worse.

Authors improperly paired.

THERE is scarcely a great genius in any country that has not a resemblance found for him in another.

Thus Moliere is the Terence of France—Spencer is the Ariosto, and Milton the Tasso of England—Prior and La Fontaine are associated—and Corneille is placed by his countrymen in the same class as Shakespeare.

Moliere and Terence possess nothing in common, but each having written comedies—they differ in genius, in style, and in every other respect. Spencer and Ariosto are less unlike, but Milton and Tasso vary in every point, except employing their genius in epic poetry.

Prior

Prior and La Fontaine tell stories with equal grace,* but the latter has told most. Shakespeare and Corneille, it is true, writ many plays, which circumstance is all that they have in common.

Passages may be extracted to shew a resemblance of authors ; but as a diffimilitude cannot be proved by the same means, I would request the reader's attention to the following letter of Corneille to St. Evremond, and let him endeavour, by the utmost effort of his imagination, to conceive it written by one
 who

* These lines were written on a blank leaf of Prior.

Mat Prior (to me 'tis exceedingly plain)
 Deserves to be reckoned the English Fontaine,
 And Monsieur la Fontaine can never go higher
 Than praise to obtain as the French Matthew Prior.
 Thus when Elizabeth desir'd
 That Melville would acknowledge fairly,
 Whether herself he most admired,
 Or his own Sovereign Lady Máry,
 The puzzled Knight his answer thus express'd :
 In her own country, *each* is handiomest.

who could possibly be the same in any country, that Shakespearè is in England.

“ Vous m’honorez de vôtre estime en
 “ un tems où il semble qu’il y ait un
 “ parti fait pour ne m’en laisser aucune.
 “ Vous me consolez glorieusement de la
 “ délicatesse de nôtre Siecle, quand vous
 “ daignez m’attribuer le bon goût de
 “ l’antiquité. Je vous avoüe après cela,
 “ que je pense avoir quelque droit de
 “ traiter de ridicules ces vains trophées,
 “ qu’ on établit sur le débris imaginaire
 “ des miens: et de regarder avec pitié
 “ ces opiniâtres entêtemens qu’ on avoit
 “ pour les anciens Héros refondus a nôtre
 “ mode.”

If Corneille must have a counterpart in England, I should rather seek it in Rowe than Shakespearè.

In fact they did not live in the same state of society—France was advancing
 in

in refinement and taste when Corneille lived, but neither one nor the other existed in England in the days of Shakspeare. This circumstance alone would be a presumption against their being in the same class of writers.

The Cup-bearer. An Indian Tale.

BEFORE the contention of Schâh Jehan's four sons to determine who should possess the throne of their father, Indostan was in perfect peace and tranquillity. The empire was not then divided into contending parties, mutually seeking each other's destruction, but the great officers of the court sought health and amusement by hunting the beasts of the forest.

Jeffom, Emir al Omrah, Cup-bearer to the Schâh, one day pursuing a swift Nyl-gau, it led him to the mountains adjacent to Dehli, where the creature eluded the dogs and the hunters. The Emir dismounting from his horse, and winding his way between the rocks, at last sat down under the shade of a spreading platanus.

tanus. Nature exhausted by fatigue was recruiting herself by sleep—moments of insensibility, yet delicious on reflection. Awaking, he found before him an old man wrapped in a shawl, who, after his Salam, expressed a fear that he had unintentionally disturbed his repose, and asked whether he chose any refreshment? A draught of water would be pleasant to me said the Cup-bearer. The other retired, but soon returned with a bowl filled with the purest element, and cool as the rock from whence it issued. As the Emir took it in his hand; “Stay,” says the old-man, adding three drops from a chrystal vessel. After the Emir had drank, he required the meaning of the addition? “The water was drink,” said the other, “but the drops were medicine. You have fatigued yourself by the chace, and something was wanting to restore the strength you had lost by exercise.” “Strength lost by exercise!” exclaimed the Emir, “I exercise myself to *procure*, not to *lose* strength.”

strength." "How strength is to be acquired by fatigue, I am yet to learn," replied the old-man; the human machine, like every other, wears out by friction, and it is preserved by rest." "I thought," returned the other, "that all men were agreed in the use, and indeed, necessity of exercise." "Not all," replied the old man; "our neighbours, the Persians, are not fond of unnecessary motion, and their neighbours, the Turks, have a proverb, That it is better to ride, than to walk—to sit, than to stand—and that death is the best of all. The Frangis, indeed, who of late have forced themselves into this country, have that restlessness which you consider as essential to health. Where there is intemperance, exercise may be necessary; and hard labour requires additional nourishment; but the easy office of Cup-bearer to the Schâh (for so your robe declares you) requires not the labour of exercise to
 counteract

counteract any ill effects arising from your high station.”

The Emir did not altogether agree to this, but before he could reply, a peasant addressed the old-man, complaining of tormenting pains in his stomach, and begged his assistance. “Friend,” says the doctor, “address thyself, through the prophet, to the great disposer of health; I can do nothing without superior assistance—but this is thy *earthly* remedy—drop thrice from this small vial into a large draught of water, and eat nothing until to-morrow. Remember—three drops, and no more.”

He was scarce gone when another patient came with a different complaint; but the prescription was the same.

The Emir wanted not curiosity, but finding himself sufficiently refreshed, withheld farther enquiry—thanked the
B b 2
doctor,

doctor, for so he appeared to be, and departed.

When Schâh Jehan drank ; to do his Cup-bearer honour, he always presented him with the remainder of his draught, which the Emir took, offering up a prayer to the prophet for the Emperor's welfare.

The Schâh loved wine, and could bear much without intoxication : the Emir being of a contrary temperament, it frequently happened that he had more cups to finish than were consistent with that clearness of understanding that should accompany an address to the holy prophet. In consequence, large pimples began to cover his nose, his legs swelled, his beard became scanty, and the ladies of the Haram complained that his breath was offensive. The court physicians were called in, who prescribed all the costly medicines of the east ; but to no purpose.

The

The symptoms growing worse and worse, by mere chance the Emir recollected the old-man of the mountain. Too weak to sit on horseback, he was conveyed to him in a litter. "When I was here before," said the Emir, "I was your guest, permit me now to be your patient." "Willingly," said the other, "put three drops from this vial into a vessel of water, drink it, and nothing else, for the rest of the day." "Impossible," replied the other, "I must often take the cup of honour from the hand of my bountiful master." "Then," pronounced the physician, "you will take the cup of death—the least particle of heterogeneous mixture with my medicine instantly becomes fatal!"

As the Schâh loved the Emir better than his other attendant slaves, he permitted the favourite to be absent for a season; conceiving that the talisman of the sage (for such he thought the doc-

tor's three drops to be) required the presence of the patient.

The doctor continuing the same prescription, and the patient his prompt obedience; many days had not elapsed, before the health of the Emir was in all respects much improved. The carbuncles had left his nose, his beard increased, his legs decreased, and his breath no longer poisoned the atmosphere. "Yet, " a little while," said the learned physician, " and the angel of health may deign to take up his abode with you, and dismiss the angel of death to search for other victims."

Many people came from the adjacent country seeking the doctor's advice, which was always given in the same words, with the same medicine; and with such great success, that the physicians of the province lost their reputation and practice.

" Of

“Of what can these precious drops consist?” revolved the Emir, equally admiring the simplicity and efficacy of the prescription. Tho’ unable to penetrate the mystery, yet finding that he was quite recovered, and longing to present himself to his master, and indeed to his mistresses, he took a grateful leave of the doctor, who, refusing all reward, dismissed his patient by saying—“My medicine (under the power in whose hands are health and sickness) has performed its accustomed effects; but as some time must elapse before the narrow pores of the skin can discharge what yet remains of it in your constitution, the cup of honour must be refused, unless you wish to make another visit to your doctor.

A horse richly caparisoned carried the Emir to Dehli, attended by troops of servants rejoicing in his health.

When he kissed the ground before the feet of Schâh Jehan, he was at first received as one unknown; the efficacious medicine having made him a new man.

“ A cup of wine ! ” said the Schâh, “ let the great physician know, who it is that wishes him a long enjoyment for himself of the blessing he procures for others. Give him a robe of honour, and let me see and reward the sage who possesses the source of health ! ” Two messengers departed with speed to carry the words and robe to the old man of the mountain.

When the Schâh had drank, he graciously presented the remaining wine to his restored Cup-bearer; who, taking the vessel, attempted thrice to bear it to his lips—but in vain! the doctor’s injunction at parting being still fresh in his remembrance—and, not to drink, was loss of his high office; perhaps, of life.

The

The Schâh perceiving that his cup was rejected, gave way to wrath—"Take that slave from my presence," he exclaimed, and as he refuses *wine* from the hand of his master, let *water* be his only beverage—Begone!"

The messengers to the mountain were not long in speeding across the plain of Dehli; they hastily invested the doctor with his Kalaat, and brought him into the presence of the Emperor. "Approach," said the Schâh, "relate by what good fortune thou art possessed of that grand elixir which the sages of the east and west have been so long endeavouring to obtain." "Thy slave," replied the doctor, "has no such possession." "Is it a talisman, then?" said the Schâh—"Nor talisman have I," continued the old man; "If thou commandest me to disclose my secret—thy slave must obey—but, once disclosed, the virtue of the medicine ceases." "Thou dost but more and
more

more inflame my curiosity," uttered the Schâh with impatience—"It becomes my duty to gratify it," humbly replied the doctor—"In my early youth I remarked the effects of imagination on the human mind—nothing is too strange for the imagination to conceive, and no effect too great for it to produce—by imagination we almost become the thing we wish to be. This discovery is open to all, and all may make the same use of it as myself. Much later in life I discovered intemperance to be the origin of disease, and the hastener of death. Of this truth experience only brings a belief, we having long fixed habit, the appetite for pleasure, and prejudice, to oppose and vanquish. As the works of nature are all-perfect, it is by acting contrary to her laws that we induce imperfection and disease; and nothing but the propensity of nature to recover, and rest in the centre from which we have forced her, can ever restore us to our pristine perfection and health. If
there

there are medicines which can assist this propensity, let us use them; but how can we be certain that we do not retard, instead of assist, operations, the causes of which are beyond our weak intellects to investigate?"

"But, the Three drops"—interrupted the Schâh; (for all sovereigns hate information, tho' they ask it, and scarcely admit a reply to their own questions.)

"These," answered the doctor, "come under the head of imagination."—

"Tell me the secret of the Three drops," said the Schâh, (beginning to lose his temper) "and keep all the rest to yourself."

"I was hastening to convince the Emperor," meekly replied the old-man, "that I possess neither medical secret nor
talifman

talisman—but thy slave ceases to speak, as his words find no favour before thee” —

“ Proceed,” said the Schâh—

“ When a patient comes to me,” continued the doctor, “ I consider him as having suffered, by forcing nature from her seat. If we knew what would restore her first position, or knowing the medicine how to make the application, it would be well—but, as we do not, I leave the work to her own powerful efforts. Intemperance being most probably the cause of the disorder, abstinence is most likely to be the cure. But this is too simple a remedy: there must be something to act on the imagination. My Three drops do this office, which are the same fluid as that which receives them—*water*—but they have an air of mystery, and appear in the form of a powerful medicine, whose quantity must not be mistaken. To prevent my patient re-
lapping

lapping into the intemperance which produced his complaint, and must retard his cure ; I enjoin strict abstinence, that the effect of the medicine may not be counteracted. But the whole, means no more, than removing the effect by destroying the cause, and leaving nature at liberty to do a work which cannot safely be trusted in other hands."

"What!" says the Schâh, with contempt, "are thy so-much-famed Three drops, nothing but water?"

"If they have fame," respectfully replied the doctor, "let us suppose they deserve it—I told you, Sir, that the discovery once made, my art was at an end."—

"So," said the Schâh, with apparent good-humour, "instead of punishing the Cup-bearer, I have been his physician, and ordered him the invaluable medicine
of

of the Three drops ! Bring him again to my presence, and it shall not be my fault if ever again he has occasion to visit the old man of the mountain.”

On Beauty.

MUCH has been written upon the principle of beautiful forms, but nothing seems to have been determined, unless for *European* Beauty. If the Asiatic artists have treated this subject, their principle, as we may judge from their taste and practice, must be very different from ours; whence we may conclude that there is no principal of *general* Beauty, but as Prior says,

“ 'Tis rested in the Lover's fancy.”

This consideration should not prevent us from studying our own principle of beautiful forms, as it is the foundation of the ornamental part of sculpture, painting, and architecture, and of the proportion and features of the human figure.

We

We seem to have implicitly adopted Grecian ideas, from whence we may account for the prevalence of the antique profile in modern pictures; by which, if the subjects are from our own history, we have the incoherent mixture of ancient faces expressing modern characters, and Greeks performing the parts of Englishmen. But from whence did the Greeks take their straight profile? Not from nature, for it has every appearance of artifice, although it exists in a few faces which must possess other qualifications to be thought beautiful. Professor Camper, in his Book upon the different Forms of the Human Cranium, seems to have traced this style of face to its source.*

The projection of the mouth and flat nose marks that kind of face which is nearest allied to brutality. There is but
one

* In what follows, his ideas and mine are so blended, that I cannot pretend to separate them.

one degree between a dog—monkey—ape—ouran-outang—kalmuc and negro. From the last to the European face are many degrees,* which might be supplied by a general acquaintance with the human

* The time seems approaching when the European and African face will be more nearly of the same character; and the European and Indian features are also blending apace. There is scarce a school for either sex in the kingdom, in which are not to be found many children of the mixed race belonging to opulent fathers—some of these are born to great fortunes, or may naturally expect them: they marry with persons of this country, and communicate their shape and colour to their future families; by degrees, perfectly destroying the English form, feature, and complexion, which have been the envy and admiration of the European world. Perhaps the Spanish phrase of “Old Christian,” to distinguish a person not sprung from Moorish connections, may have in this country some equivalent to express a family untainted with African or Indian mixture. I mean no disrespect to my sable brethren, but as we were intended by nature to be separate, I am sorry that commerce has been the means of uniting us to our mutual disadvantage.

human species—between the best modern faces and the antique are still many gradations.

It is highly probable that the Greeks observed the near resemblance between the lowest class of human faces and monkeys, and, in consequence, conceived Beauty to be far removed from it. As the lower part of the brutal face projected, the human face sublime should be depressed in that part; and, as in the former there was a descent from the forehead to the nose, in the latter it should be perpendicular. † As a small space between the eyes resembles an ape, therefore, to look like a man, they made the distance wide. As a great breadth of cranium at the eyes ending above in a narrow forehead, and below in a peaked chin, marked the face of a savage, the
Greeks

† Nor was this always thought sufficient, for to remove as far as possible from the projecting mouth, the head (as in the Antinous) is made to recline.

Greeks gave a squareness of forehead, and breadth of face below, to express dignity of character.

These principles clearly account for the Grecian face ; but as all extravagance is bad, the antique cast of features, to impart eyes, is not the most beautiful, because it is beyond the mark.

An Odd Character.

WHEN we are at peace with the world, and the world is at peace with us, the summer ramblers of England visit the Continent, and go through France to Switzerland; where, without any relish of the peculiar circumstances of the country, they spend their time most dolefully. At their return, they triumph over the ignorance of those who never strayed from home, and assure them of the infinite pleasure they have had from their tour.

But when war confines us within our own island, we go as far as we can; that is, to the sea-coast, which must serve instead of going farther.

All

All well-frequented watering places offer to the attentive observer a great variety of characters, more or less amusing. Some few really come for health, more for pleasure, but with most the motive is idleness—persons to whom not only the day, but every hour is much too long—persons, as Ranger in the play expresses it, “who had rather go to the Devil than stay at home.” Sometimes we meet with an agreeable exception, and sometimes with an oddity.

A week’s residence at Weymouth gave me an opportunity of conversing with a singular character. We had often met—at the coffee-house—at the library, and had made some little progress towards an acquaintance; when, without any provocation on my part, he seemed rather to shun, than to seek me. However, we were accidentally imprisoned in the Camera-Obscura, and could not well avoid going down the hill in company together,

when he expressed himself nearly in this manner. “I am afraid you think me something worse than an odd fellow.”—To which, receiving no reply—he continued—“I confess the apparent absurdity of my way of life. It is upon a principle which differs so much from common custom, that it lies perfectly open to attacks which I shall not even attempt to repel—I am content to be thought incapable of defending myself, and if non-resistance in one party can communicate any honour to the other, my adversary may enjoy all the triumph of such a victory—my system is my own, and made for myself alone.

“In my early days I was not long in observing, that by far the greatest part of life’s troubles were not upon our own account, but that of others—that it was in the power of one person to make a hundred miserable, by their partaking of his personal afflictions; but that he could
make

make but one happy, by partaking of his personal pleasures—this is undoubtedly a losing trade, but yet this is the commerce of society. A man of a philanthropic temper becomes acquainted with those about him; his acquaintance with some produces friendship, and his friendships produce sorrow. Every trouble of mind, or disease, of your friends, affects you: it is true you also participate their pleasures, as far as they can be communicated; but these are not in equal proportions.

“Should your friend increase his possessions, you are not the richer; but if he is in want, you are the poorer—if he be in health, as it is a thing in course, you do not rejoice; but if he is sick, you mourn—if he possesses an agreeable wife, you have none of his pleasure; but if he loses her, his pain is poured into your bosom.

“ Suppose life passes without any exertions of friendship, but merely in a belief, that if they were required they would be made—I then see my friend advance in years—he loses his person and strength by degrees—death sets his mark upon him, and at last claims him for his own. What I see in him, he sees in me ; and all those sensations are multiplied according to the number of our intimate connections.

“ Fully sensible of this truth, I very early in life determined to have no friend at all. To accomplish this intention, my plan has been to shift my residence from place to place ; to have many acquaintance, but no friends. The common scenes of public amusement I visit occasionally, and sometimes bury myself in London. If I wish to improve, I retire ; if to amuse myself, I join in such accidental parties as occur, and like the butterfly, play among the flowers, but fix on none. If an acquaintance

quaintance with an agreeable person improves too fast, and I begin to feel something like an attachment, I take it as a hint for shifting my quarters, and decamp before the fetter is fastened. To confess the truth, I more than suspect that I have been too long acquainted with you: I shall quit this place immediately, lest to-morrow I should feel myself your friend."

He then redoubled his pace, as if willing to avoid my reply. I indulged him in his wish, and was not sorry to be excused from continuing a conversation I could not support with any other than common arguments; which seldom have any effect upon those who so boldly differ from principles long established, and supposed to be true.

Something

Something beyond us, necessary.

“ I COULD move this globe, said Archimedes, if I had another whereon to fix my lever.” Hume shrewdly observes, that priests having found, what Archimedes wanted, another world to rest on, it is no wonder they move this at their pleasure.

In all pursuits, whether of the artist, moralist, or the divine, it is necessary to have something *beyond ourselves* on which we are to fix; or else, to use the above figure, our machinery is of no effect.

A painter has, or ought to have, something in his imagination beyond the immediate objects of his attention. The moralist searches for the *perfect good*, and the

the religionist directs all his hopes to a life hereafter.

If we could demonstrate to the artist, the moral philosopher, and the christian, that they are in pursuit of a shadow—that there is no *beau ideal*—no *perfect good*—and that this life is the “Be-all and End-all,” we should do these people irreparable damage—for this world can never be moved, unless there is another whereon to fix the lever.

Should it be asked, What are those points of perfection to which man aspires? It may be answered, That, perhaps, they do not exist at all. But as such a reply would discourage a meritorious pursuit, let us rather say, that great effects are not produced by exact definitions, or by perfectly knowing the things to which we aspire. The sublime is always painted by a broad pencil. The poet who de-
scribes

scribes minutely, is not great—distinct description is for inferior purposes.

“ I saw a smith stand on his hammer, thus—
With open mouth swallowing a taylor’s news.”

The expression for the subject is admirable, but no one would call it sublime.

When Milton, in his Description of Satan, says that

“ On his crest sat horror plum’d”—

No particular idea is presented, for what is the form of horror? Just what your imagination chuses to make it—some terrible thing, but what, we know not; and because we know it not, our ideas expand until we create a grand, tho’ indistinct image, and feel its sublimity. The height of a mountain enveloped with clouds, rises upon the imagination, because its top is concealed.

This

This principle is equally efficacious on religious subjects.

When we are told in general terms that the future life is to be happy or miserable beyond conception ; there is something placed out of our reach, which is the ideal point—but if we descend to particulars, and figure, as we see in pictures of the Last Judgement, Angels playing on harps, and Devils brandishing pitch-forks ; not even Michael Angelo's genius could prevent the subject from being ridiculous. Perhaps it is the effect of this principle that induces me to think meanly of the ceremonies of the Roman Church, which appear to me minute, and particular—therefore not sublime.

It has been justly remarked, that the French, by considering Popery and Christianity as the same, have made the latter suffer for the faults of the former. The
late

late revolution seems to have taken from the French in every respect “the other world on which to fix the lever.” Their exhibition of a real woman to be worshipped under the character of the Goddess of Liberty, is less ideal than when, in their Popish days, they represented the Deity under a corporeal form—in both they offended true taste as much as true religion, for from the above principle the object of our devotion should not be seen, but conceived.

By the destruction of royalty there is no court from which we are to take the *beau ideal* of politeness. That of France had been long in possession of the privilege of setting fashions for the rest of Europe. Even the London newspapers (notwithstanding the brilliancy of our own court) once a month at least, gave us a detail of the modes of Paris; but since there has been no King or Queen to consider as the points above us, they
see

see the absurdity of taking a fashion from Citizens* — or their wives. These august personages, though followed by all the Mother Red-caps in the Republic, can hardly be offered as models to be copied by the Dukes and Duchesses of England.

By fixing the attention of the people upon the mean vulgar tunes of *Ça ira*, and the *Carmagnole March*, † there is an
end

* When this essay was written, the names of two persons were inserted, who soon after lost their heads—two others were added, who met with the same fate—I will mention no more, but leave it to the reader to fill up the blanks with “the poor players of the present hour,” as they pass in succession.

† Major Tench, in the account of his imprisonment in France, has the following passages:—“I went upon Easter Sunday to the Cathedral—in the most solemn part of the service, the *Marseillois Hymn* was heard from the organ: that war-whoop to whose sound the bands of regicides who attacked their sovereign in his palace marched; and which, during the last three years, has been the watch-
word

end of all attempts to the musical sublime.† Poetry is degenerated into jacobine ballads; and painting, having lost its grand and religious subjects, does not aspire beyond the death of a Marat or Pelletier.

By

word of violence, rapine, and murder. I was once carelessly humming at the fire-side the Carmagnole, when a Lady suddenly interrupting me, exclaimed—"For God's sake cease that hateful tune! It brings to my remembrance nothing but massacres and guillotines." Again—"The national taste has suffered equal degradation. The Dramas of Racine, and the Odes and Epistles of Boileau, are supplanted by crude declamatory productions, to which the revolutionary spirit has given birth."

† We may pronounce, from experience, on the effect of having our ears dinned by the eternal repetition of some popular tune, which is to supercede all other music, let its merit be ever so great. Formerly the musical performances at the Theatres were interrupted by *Roast-beef*. Of late, *Roast-beef* has been abandoned, and given place to that devout and delectable canticle *God save the King*; which we must sing over and over again, by way of a loyal English reply to French Republican ditties. Would that France were a Monarchy again!

By their abolition of Christianity (whatever opinion they may entertain of its truth) one great source of the sublime in music, painting, morality, and religion, is utterly destroyed.

For the rest of the world it is a melancholy consideration, that the studies of so great and enlightened a country as France should be wrongly directed. This unfortunate circumstance may tend to the destruction of those arts and sciences which have cost us so much trouble and study to acquire.

When the above observations were made, the French in two years had become in manners a new people, and altered, in most respects, very much for the worse: perhaps, before these remarks will be read, another alteration may take place

place*—it will give the writer much pleasure if every circumstance he has mentioned may accord only with the present moment.

* “ En tems d'orage, le Ciel change á tout moment : et le tableau, qu'on en a fait, n'a été vrai, qu'un instant.”

Influence

Influence of Appellations.

“WHAT is there in a name,” says Juliet, “that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet.” No doubt, if the rose had not that appellation, its sweetness would speak for itself; but if distinguished by a word to which we had previously attached some disagreeable meaning, the association of ideas might produce a sensation to the disadvantage even of this lovely flower.

Montaigne, and Sterne (his imitator) think that a man's success in life may depend on his name; which is not altogether so fanciful—how many owe their fortune to their being called after a godfather?

There are some instances of our continuing in a constant state of misconduct, from a misapplication of names, or by applying the usual meaning of a term to a purpose with which it is totally disconnected. Thus, when Boniface is told, “that his ale is confounded strong,” he replies, “how else should we be strong that drink it?” When the common people are depressed, they take a dram because it is called spirit; they then conceive they have got what they wanted, and must of course be merry. Had it not been for the unfortunate epithet of *strong*, applied to beer, and the term *spirit* being given to brandy, people would never have guessed that ale gave them strength, or brandy created spirits. It is an unfortunate circumstance that brandy is called also aqua-vitæ, and eau-de-vie, by which it has proved to nations, who never heard of the English term, *spirit*, to be aqua-mortis and eau-de-mort. This liquid having a name so contrary to its
real

real effect, has been, and will continue to be, the cause of more destruction than the sword or the pestilence.

The common disorder, a cold, by being so named, has been the death of thousands—being called a *cold*, people conceive it should be opposed by *heat*, and heat must necessarily expel cold. By acting upon this principle, a slight fever becomes dangerous, and what the usual efforts of nature would have cured in a few days, is now changed to a disorder frequently beyond the reach of medicine.

The *word* Tax is detestable, although the *thing* be unavoidable; it is therefore prudent in a minister to prevent (if possible) its being ever pronounced. He does prevent it, by concealing the tax in the price of the commodity instead of keeping it distinct—Thus, if we buy a pair of shoes, and the tax is included in the cost, we only buy the shoes dear, we

do not pay a tax ; but if we gave half the price for the shoes, and paid, separately, a tax, the fifth part of that included in the shoes, the burthen would be thought intolerable. A two-shilling stamp being separated from the price of the hat, is a tax that is felt ; but the five-shilling tax included in the shoes is unnoticed. We are content to buy dear, but much displeas'd at being taxed—let the rose have its perfume, but call it by another name.

The word *excise* is rather worse than *tax*, and an exciseman the worst of all tax-gatherers. The late Duke of Bedford had nearly lost his life at Exeter, by simply giving his vote for making a commodity subject to the excise—had it been only taxed, he might have pass'd to Tavistoke unmolested.

When the people of Europe first began to cultivate the lands in the West-Indies, they soon experienced that the climate
was

was too hot for hard work—they had recourse to Africa for labourers, in which they did no more on the western coast, than had been done in the eastern part of that vast continent, from the earliest antiquity. The slave-trade on the shore of the Red-sea, as Bruce informs us, takes off thousands of negroes for Arabia, Persia, and India; so that the inhabitants of Africa seem to be doomed to labour, that the rest of the world may live in luxury.

In those days of philanthropy, when prisons must be palaces, when the rich must be poor, the poor rich, and all men and things reduced to a happy equality—who can bear the thought of eating the produce of a plant which is watered with the tears and blood of its miserable cultivators? This might be made a most pathetic picture, but does it not owe all its effect to the word *slave*? Suppose at first the planters had called these labourers black servants, would any person have

objected to their being brought from Africa, (where, in fact, they are in the most vile of all situations) and exalted from slaves to servants?

My intention is not to enter upon a subject which has of late employed so many writers, but merely to shew the effect of a *word* independently of the *thing* to which it is applied.

No army or navy can possibly exist without subordination or discipline—but, if living under an absolute government constitutes slavery, what slaves are more compleatly so than soldiers and sailors? * However, as the disgraceful term is not bestowed on them, they feel that they are in the full enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of free-born Englishmen.

A

* This being written many years since, ought not to be applied to late events.

A misnomer, we see, is of consequence in the common affairs of life, as well as in law, with this difference to its disadvantage, that it cannot so easily be corrected; but we must submit to its effects, without hope of redress, until something shall be found sufficient to subdue the force of custom long-established.

On Executions.

“MY betters are worse than me,” says Betty in Joseph Andrews. To adopt the same paradoxical style, it may be said, that some of our improvements are for our disadvantage.

Mr. Howard has been the occasion of many alterations for the worse, under an idea of remedying grievances upon philanthropic principles.

When a man by committing a crime has incurred the penalty of the law, it is necessary that he should be kept in safe custody until he is tried or punished—but if his prison be a large magnificent building (notwithstanding the misery of the cells) he considers himself as a Being
of

of consequence—most probably the grandeur of the place takes from him all humiliating thoughts which lead to repentance.

If I have some objections to our improvements of prisons, I have more to the improvements in the mode of executions.

Formerly, a culprit walked to the gallows, where he spent an hour in praying and singing a penitential psalm (which produces a great effect upon the spectators) after which, he was thrown off a ladder, and left hanging, according to the vulgar phrase, like a dog.

The first improvement was conveying condemned prisoners in a cart—this lessened the ignominy of the execution, but increased the horror of the previous circumstances, as a cart is an ignoble carriage, and the persons of the criminals
were

were more exposed, and marked out as objects of attention—but it had one bad consequence—the cart (by those who could pay for it) was frequently changed for a coach—and to ride in a coach is a desirable thing in the idea of the common people.

The place of execution for London was once two miles out of town—by degrees, the houses reached it, and the people who lived in them not relishing such exhibitions as well as the common people, got the place changed for the prison door—this brought on the dropping platform. The effect of executions, as examples, is much diminished by these improvements. The long procession and disgraceful exposure are lost, and instead of being “hanged like a dog,” as was once the case, it is now dying like a gentleman.

Let me digress a moment from my present subject, to censure the mode of executions

executions in Italy and Spain, as I find it related in books of travels. In Rome, when a man is hanged, the executioner sits upon his shoulders—in Spain he does the same, with the addition (as I am informed) of running into the criminal's body long spurs, which he wears at his heels. This does not produce the effect of a criminal suffering the penalty of the law, but of a man murdered in public for the entertainment of the rabble, especially when they add to it the twirling round of the body, as is the custom in some places.

Perhaps there are few natural deaths but are more painful than hanging—no one would wish to add to its pains whatever they are, but it is surely unwise to take from the apparatus that which adds so much to the effect produced upon the spectators. These reflections were occasioned by the following incident.

Two

Two robbers had been taken up in the country—confined in the county gaol (before Mr. Howard's improvements)—tried, and condemned to be hanged. Some circumstance occurred on their trial which made it necessary for a turnkey of Newgate to visit them in the country prison. He was asked, "How he found them, and what was their behaviour?" "As low as the Devil," he replied, "but there is no one can blame them—they don't like being in a shabby country prison—if they were with us in Newgate, and were to be hanged at our Drop, I'd be d—d if they'd care a farthing."

*A proper Length necessary for Musical and
Literary Productions.*

ALL productions of art which cannot, like painting and statuary, produce an instant effect; ought to be of that duration as neither to fatigue the attention by length, nor prevent the necessary impression on the mind for want of it.

If this principle had ever been fixed as necessary to produce effect, so many compositions in music and literature would not have failed in giving that pleasure to the sense or imagination, which their excellence must otherwise have commanded. But so far from any such principle being fixed, it does not seem to have occurred that there is any reason for its existence.

If

If the Iliad had not been longer than one of its books, it would certainly have been too short ; and there are few persons, if they would be honest, but feel twenty-four books much too long. Virgil, says Addison, by comprizing his Poem in twelve books, pretended but to half the merit of the Iliad. What his pretensions were cannot now be known, but if his plan were compleated in the present length of the Æneid, it must have diminished its effect to have made it longer.

The Oratorio of Judas Maccabæus possesses some of the finest specimens of Handel's compositions. The song "*Father of Heaven*" has no other fault than being a little too long. I remember it encored twice, and a third encore attempted. The effect of this repetition, on my sensations, was exceedingly distressful, and produced a mental surfeit, which, like that of the stomach, took much time to remove.

All

All German composers have too many movements in their symphonies, and make their movements too long. Croft's Anthems merit the same censure. Each act of an Opera or Oratorio, is at least one third too long. Any song, except the old ballad (where the same air is repeated) should consist but of three verses, which, in general, is the best number. An air, with variations, must have peculiar merit to admit of more than six. I once heard a German lutenist play an air of this sort with four and twenty variations, every strain of which he most punctually repeated! In the performances of music, long cadences, long swells, and long shakes, are most distressing things to the afflicted audience—for afflicted they are, notwithstanding they applaud so loudly.*

Whoever saw a set of books of many volumes without a sensation of disgust?

E e

Tho'

* See Observations on the State of Music in London in 1790.

Tho' I never beheld the "dreadful front" of De Lyra, yet I have seen so many others in great libraries, as to make one cry out with the Host in Joseph Andrews, "What can they all be about?"

If the noble author of the reign of Henry the Second had reduced his book, half, or rather, two thirds, it would still have contained all we wish to know about the subject—and great obligations would the world have had to Mr. Gibbons, if the gaudy flowers in his extensive garden had never vegetated, for alas! "We better like a field."

If a preacher were to end with merely giving his text, or after pronouncing a few sentences, we should think he had mounted the pulpit for nothing; but good must be his doctrine, and great must be his powers, if we wish him to remain in it the usual length of a long sermon.

No person in Parliament, to be heard with pleasure and attention, should in speaking exceed an hour—he may be assured that a longer speech is only listened to by Jupiter, who, we are told, exerts perpetual watchfulness.

Half a minute is very long for a speech in company—extend it much farther, the looks of our audience shew that they think us profing.

I might much encrease these instances, but they are sufficient to establish my position—“ That a *due* length is necessary to produce *good* effect.”

Aboulhamed and the Brahmin.

ABOULHAMED was the only son of a wealthy merchant at Ormus, and on his father's death possessed all his treasure. Everything that riches could bestow was within his power; but he found that there were some blessings which riches could not procure—long-life was not to be purchased; perhaps, for that very reason he earnestly wished for it.

This idea became strongly impressed upon his mind; it was his last thought at going to rest, and the first when he awoke.

When once the spirits are strongly moved, they continue the agitation without a fresh effort; it was not then unnatural

tural that his dreams should be sometimes on the subject which had engaged his waking thoughts. One of these dreams appeared to him a revelation in vision of what he so earnestly wished to obtain—his guardian Angel bade him depart for Benares, where he should find in the observatory, a Brahmin sitting near the great quadrant, who would inform him how to lengthen life.

His imagination dwelt with so much pleasure on this injunction, that he conceived it to be repeated, and that to delay his voyage would be criminal. After the usual time he arrived safely at Benares, and took the earliest opportunity of visiting the observatory.

Upon actually finding a Brahmin in the place as he had seen him in his dream, Aboulhamed accosted him with a confidence founded on the hope of the Brahmin being sent there to meet him. “Ve-

nerable sage," says he, " need I acquaint you with the cause which brought me to Benares?" " It is needless," replied the Brahmin—" Why dost thou desire long-life? Is it to perfect thyself in knowledge, or in virtue? Hast thou predicted some conjunctions of the planets which thou desirest to see accomplished—Hast thou entered upon a course of study which the Angel of Death may prevent thy finishing, or commenced works of benevolence which the usual term of human life is too short for bringing to perfection? Aboulhamed with blushes confessed, that he wished for long-life solely to enjoy his riches—" Alas!" said the Brahmin, " what enjoyment is there of life when old-age has destroyed our appetites and passions? Thy first wish should have been for perpetual youth, and then the other would have been rational. Know, stranger, that before thy heart had begun to beat, the number of its contractions was determined. No art or
earthly

earthly power can add one to the sum, but it depends on thyself whether it shall be exhausted sooner or later. At the beginning of things, when Brahma was appointed to create the human species, he judged that 2,831,718,400* pulsations were the proper number for the duration of a life of seventy years—of these 100,800* are daily expended. If instead of this allowance thou wilt force thy heart to beat twice as many, although thy destiny be not changed, thou livest but half thy time. By a life of reason and temperance the last stroke is long delayed, but by wasting thy spirits in folly and riot the appointed number is quickly accomplished. Remove the balance from the machine with which Europeans measure time, and the wheels will hurry through their proper revolution of thirty hours in a few seconds. Immense should thy possessions be to af-

* Brahma made his enumeration on the proportion of seventy strokes in a minute.

ford the daily expence of 100,800 of the smallest coin—One day's income is too great to be lost—Of how much more consequence then is this sum if applied to Time, which is invaluable? In the dissipation of worldly treasure the frugality of the future may balance the extravagance of the past; but who can say, “I will take from minutes to-morrow, to compensate those I have lost to-day?”

“Thou desirest long-life—are there not many hours in every day which pass unimproved, unemployed, and even unnoticed? Use these first, before thou demandest more. Be assured that the term which nature has allotted to our existence, is sufficient for all *her* purposes, and for all *ours*, if we employ it properly; but if we waste our time instead of improving it, what right have we to complain of wanting that, of which we already possess more than we use?”

Aboulhamed,

Aboulhamed, making his salam to the Brahmin, departed; and like his fellow mortals, felt all the inferiority of being instructed, without the benefit of the instruction; for he still continued to wish for life, and still continued to squander it away.

On Antiquities.

MERCIER, in his *Tableau de Paris*, remarks—“ That ancient names without
“ splendor—dismal, plain stone coffins—
“ figures sad and uninteresting, scul-
“ tured without taste or proportion ; are
“ the things which fill our churches.
“ Genius seems to be abused under the
“ dominion of terror, and her trembling
“ hand can only venture to trace images
“ dismal and monotonous. Contemplate
“ the ruins of Herculaneum and Portici ;
“ they carry not the impression of so dark
“ an imagination.”

This remark is worthy of some consideration.

The

The ruins of Rome first gave the moderns a hint for studying Antiquities—nothing could be more laudable—those remains shewed the state of the arts in a great empire which had copied them from the purest Grecian models. Every building, statue, and coin, became a lesson from a polished, to a barbarous age; and besides being an object of curiosity, was of the greatest use, as holding up a point of perfection which we should endeavour to attain.

This study had not long been in vogue, before *barbarous* Antiquity became an object of attention—and deservedly so, as far as satisfying our curiosity, in discovering what ideas our forefathers entertained of the arts. But when we consider Gothic subjects as models for approbation or imitation; we lose all the advantages of acquired taste, and revert to the days of ignorance.

Dugdale's

Dugdale's *Monasticon* and his *St. Paul's*, are useful and proper subjects, with the above restriction. To Hollar we are much indebted for preserving the old Cathedral of London; but let it not be imagined that because Gothic Antiquity is old, it is, therefore, in a polished age* to be accounted beautiful, although it undoubtedly possesses its own proper merit.

In the beginning of this century was a rage for Roman Antiquities—most of our travellers confined their remarks to ruined temples, broken columns, mutilated altars, and obliterated coins—subjects for ridicule to many—but all these had their use, and led to the improvement of a country in its progress towards perfection.

At this time we seem to exert all our powers in reading inscriptions on broken tombstones belonging to “ancient names
without

* See the Essay on this subject, p. 95.

without splendour"—in publishing mutilated figures "sad and uninteresting, sculptured without taste or proportion"—in seals of forgotten bishops and abbots, which offer nothing for imitation or improvement, and are scarcely objects of curiosity.

Elegant Antiquity engages our attention from its excellence—Barbarous Antiquity we should almost fear to see, lest custom might make us approve what we ought to avoid.

On Derivation.

ACCIDENT frequently gives birth to words which in succeeding times are with difficulty traced to their origin.

The terms Whig and Tory have been derived from so many different sources, that we may presume their real origin is unknown. The cant words of the moment, being hasty productions, are most commonly short-lived—but sometimes they get firmer hold, and by degrees gain a settlement in the language, and become part of it.

The term *club* is of this latter sort—it is not only admitted into our own tongue, but has been adopted in France, and is now extending itself to other countries.

It

It is therefore become of sufficient consequence to claim the attention of the literary herald, and to have its origin searched; which I believe may be found in Rushworth. Who tells us, that in 1645 “there were *associations* of people to prevent themselves from being plundered by either army, called *club-men*, from the weapons they carried.” *Club-men* was, as usual, soon abbreviated to *club*—and the term, from being peculiar, grew by degrees to be general, and applied to associations of people which had not before an appropriated title.

It presently spread rapidly, and at the beginning of this century was firmly established in England, and now bids fair to be one of the most general terms in Europe.

On Climate.

*** “ I SET out for Dover. Having
 “ been accustomed to consider the climate
 “ of this country as much colder than
 “ that of France, I was astonished at the
 “ mildness of the air, the charming ver-
 “ dure of the fields, the trees in blossom,
 “ and the spring in general in a more for-
 “ ward state than I had left it in my own
 “ country.”

DE PAGÈS.

If we were to estimate the heat and cold of a country simply by its distance from the equator, Mr. Pagès was quite right in the judgment he had formed of England—but there are many other circumstances to be considered—

Whether

Whether the country be an island or part of the Continent ?

Whether it has ridges of high mountains ?—and

What is its state of cultivation ?

If it be an island, it is less hot in summer, and less cold in winter. Of course, vegetation begins sooner, and continues longer—but as the summer heat is greater on the Continent ; fruits, such as grapes and figs, &c. will ripen there in the same latitude, which will not bring them to perfection in an island. On the other hand, vegetables for the table will flourish through the winter in an island, which would be destroyed by frost on the Continent.

If there be ridges of high mountains, such as the Alps or Pyrenees, the snow which remains on them undissolved thro'

F f

the

the summer, gives a keenness to the wind blowing from them, which is not felt in a more level country, and retards the spring—Now, there are no mountains of this sort in England.

If land be well managed, it pushes forth vegetation sooner and stronger. The ground in France, it is true, is extensively cultivated, but most miserably manured; nor is the corn-harvest in the north of that country so forward as in the south of England by some weeks.

One would think these truths must have been long since discovered, but they seem to be as much unknown to the general part of mankind, as if they did not exist.

To this let me add a few extracts from a sensible, modern traveller, on the climate of Italy—

*** “ The climate of Naples disap-
 “ pointed us no less. Perpetual rain and
 “ storms, with really cold weather during
 “ the greater part of our abode there,
 “ made large fires necessary, &c.”

“ The weather at Rome was far from
 “ uniformly pleasant during our stay.
 “ We had much rain, many dull days,
 “ and some very cold ones, though no
 “ snow. The most disagreeable and un-
 “ wholesome circumstance in the climate
 “ of Italy, is the cold wind that occa-
 “ sionally blows from the mountains for
 “ a day or two, often with such piercing
 “ severity, that no exercise, even in sun-
 “ shine, can keep the body warm. ***

“ May 1. Even at this season we had
 “ very cold weather.”

“ May 2. A most terribly cold day,
 “ with much rain, and a violent north-
 “ east wind, &c.”

“ May 13. The *first* thoroughly fine
“ day since we left Rome.”

“ May 20. The wind so extremely
“ cold, that it was impossible to enjoy
“ anything in the open air.”

“ May 17. Being Ascension-Day, and
“ the painted Madonna having with much
“ ado procured very fine weather (for it
“ seems to be esteemed a miracle to have
“ a fine day at Venice in the middle of
“ May) &c.” SMITH.

I could add many more testimonies*
to the inclemency of the winters (if that
season

* Nor indeed are they wanting to prove, that even the summers have at times a dash of cold, which one knows not how to think possible in a climate so much extolled. The sensible and observing author of *Lettres d'Italie*, has the following remark—“ *Tranfis de froid comme j'aurois crû ne l'etre jamais en Italie, ni nulle part en cette Saison (19 Juillet) nous avons longè la côte sous Ville-franche laiffant Nice, &c. &c.*”

season may be extended to the end of May) in Italy. A party went from Rome to Naples—resided there a fortnight, in which time not a single day occurred that would admit of taking the smallest excursion—the weather was a continued course of cold wind, rain, sleet, and snow.

The often-quoted saying of Charles the Second, on the climate of England, is perhaps as true as it is common.

The south-coast of our island is naturally resorted to by valetudinarians who wish for a mild air: and although the difference of latitude between Dover and Penzance is not very material, yet the winter is by far most temperate at the latter of these places. This must arise from other circumstances. There seem to be several causes combined, to produce this effect.

1. When the wind is North, it comes over a large tract of land before it reaches the coast of Dorsetshire, Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent, which is not so with the south-western counties—the eastern coast then from this cause must be colder.

2. The county of Cornwall is surrounded by the sea, except where it joins to Devonshire. The sea being less warm in summer, and less cold in winter, communicates its property to the adjoining land, which is here but of small dimensions, and necessarily partakes of the sea's temperature.

3. As frosts, in general, come with a wind in some point between the north and east; they are found to commence on the Continent before they reach England, and to begin on the north-eastern side of our island before the south-western part is affected: from which cause it happens that many short frosts never reach Devonshire

vonshire and Cornwall. Suppose a frost established in these two counties, in common with the rest of the kingdom—There will be no thaw until the course of the air be reversed: as soon as the wind changes to the south-west, Cornwall feels the change first, and it is no uncommon circumstance to hear of frost still continuing to the north-east, long after it is quite gone in that, and the next county.

These causes, taken together, clearly account for the mildness of the winter in the two south-western counties, where, perhaps, is a more steady temperature, and less difference between the extreme points of heat and cold, than is to be found in any other part of Europe. As these facts may now be considered, from repeated observation, as established, it is probable, that a practice begun from necessity, may be continued by choice, and those medical cases, which require a milder climate, may be more effectually

relieved in our own country than any other ; especially if the inconveniences (hardships, indeed, to sick persons) be taken into the account, which must unavoidably be endured in foreign countries where the accommodations for travelling, to which we are accustomed, do not exist.

On Poetical and Musical Ear.

SOME years ago a controversy was carried on in a periodical publication upon this question—"Whether there was a necessity of a musical ear for an orator?" Both parties, as usual, were obstinate in their respective opinions.—Let us examine them.

Those that hold a musical ear to be necessary for an orator, support their opinion in this manner. Every voice has its proper key, from which, though the speaker may wander for the sake of expression, yet he must return to it again—The different modulations of the voice must be either a little above, or a little below the key, in which it should always close—Anything out of the key of the
voice

voice offends as much in speaking as in singing—Music, besides tune, having rhythmus, so is there a measure in oratory, which we cannot falsify without offending the ear—As there are rests in music, so there are pauses in speaking—from all these considerations, it is evident, that a good ear is equally necessary for an orator and for a musician.

To this the other party replies—

As all persons speak, but as all have not a musical ear, it is evident, that if the latter were necessary for the well-doing of the former, those who have no ear would speak in a manner peculiar and disagreeable. If the assertor say, that it is not in common speaking, but in oratory, that a musical ear is requisite, the other answers—That as oratory is but the perfection of speaking, there is nothing in oratory that has not its foundation in common speech.

But,

But, the fact is, that the tone of the voice in speaking, and the tune of the voice in singing, bear not the least resemblance to each other—they are formed upon principles directly opposite*—the different inflections of the voice in speaking, are not musical intervals—in singing, they are, or should be, nothing but musical intervals. If we feel the outside of the throat while speaking, and then change from speaking to singing, it will be perceived that the arrangement within which produced speaking, must be changed before we can form a musical sound. Recitative is that species of music which bears the nearest resemblance to speaking—and speaking it is, in musical sounds; but this, as far as tune is concerned, is more removed from common speaking, than from singing, because the intervals are tones, semitones, &c.

Pope,

* To a person of real musical feeling, there is nothing more disagreeably dissonant, than the sounds occasioned by speaking during the performance of music.

Pope, though so musical a poet, had no ear for music; the same thing is reported of Swift. One of the most agreeable speakers I ever knew, had no ear; and the same may be said of some of the first orators in both Houses of Parliament, but the strongest instance is found in Garrick—it is an undoubted fact, that he had no ear. This seems to decide the question at once, for it was universally allowed that no one ever possessed the tones of speaking in a superior degree to this incomparable actor.

I could much strengthen what has been advanced by some illustrious instances of present stage-performers, and it is to the disadvantage of my argument that I must necessarily avoid mentioning the names of persons still living—my proof must therefore rest on Garrick, in whom could never be discovered any defect of tones appropriated to the various passions, in the
many

many characters he so successfully represented.

Perhaps, the mistake may have arisen from using the same terms, in poetry, oratory, and music—as ear, that is, the discrimination of intervals, is absolutely necessary in music, so it has also been supposed essential to poetry, and oratory—and this is not the only instance of confusion arising from a wrong application of terms.

On Mental and Corporeal Pleasure.

“**I**PITY her to my heart,” says a lady, when she heard that the husband of her friend was no more, “she will be miserable for the remainder of her life.” “She will,” replied one of the company (more remarked for his bluntness than discretion) “she will be miserable until her grief has worn itself out, or some superior pain engages her attention.”—“*Superior pain!*” interrupted the lady, “what suffering can be superior to that which we endure from the loss of friends!”—“Our pains are various,” replied her antagonist, “whatever we feel at the instant, we think to be the worst possible—he that has the head-ache will never believe the pain in the teeth to be worse—but when the tooth-ache comes, then we exclaim,
“ anything

“ anything but this I could have borne with patience !” “ What are all the aches in nature when compared to the heart-ache ? which is what my poor dear friend suffers !” said the lady, earnestly. “ If you mean by heart-ache,” returned the gentleman, “ actual bodily pain, I am of opinion that the grief of Mrs. —— will not be of long duration ”—“ I never heard anything like this,” said the lady, “ how can pain of the mind be removed by that of the body ? ” “ It is the most certain way to remove it,” said the other.

The lady not replying, perhaps, from astonishment ; her opponent basely took advantage of her silence, to support the part he had taken by a much longer speech than he ought to have made, had he been contented with his proper share of the conversation—

“ That the pleasures and pains of the mind (says he) are superior to those of the
the

the body, is one of the false maxims which custom has sanctified, and which we are taught to believe, in common with other opinions, under the same authority.

“ It can be no false maxim to assert, that the scale which is heaviest, must preponderate. If we are possessing a moderate pleasure, and can enjoy a greater, we naturally quit the former for the latter. If we are enduring pain, and a greater be inflicted, the first sensation is done away by the latter. Let us examine corporeal and mental sensations upon this principle.

“ The pleasures of the mind consist in reflection on such subjects, by which it is either instructed, or entertained. Suppose it engaged in the most interesting enquiry in morals, philosophy, or divinity; that it was receiving all the pleasures which the most favoured author could bestow, or enjoying a creation of its own, and roving at large from one
fancied

fancied bliss to another. All these sensations give place on the sight of a fine picture, or the hearing of exquisite music, (if we have a feeling of such enjoyment,) or any other delightful appeal to the senses—but they become annihilated in the presence of a person we love—the pleasures of the mind cannot then be attended to, even in their greatest perfection.

“ Let us now see if bodily pain be not also superior to that of the mind.

“ Suppose ourselves treated with ingratitude where obligations have been conferred—that we have parted from friends for ever—that we have buried our nearest and dearest connections—“ Now, you come to the point,” interrupted the lady.—“ That we are “ steeped in poverty to the very lips,” continued the orator.—“ Let us imagine the heart assailed by any, or all of these torments—in such circumstances should we attend to a fit of the

colic?—No—Of the gout?—The stone?—You begin to doubt—I will determine the point in a moment—let this hot poker touch you, I warrant all your affliction vanishes, and bodily pain is alone triumphant.

“To make this the surer, as in the other case, reverse the proposition. While your arm is burning, let any one bawl aloud, that misfortunes are coming on you thicker than they did upon Job; you will find that the poker must be removed, before you can receive the information.”

“Now, though we all must acknowledge the truth of this argument; there is no one but fears, that to believe it would be something like wickedness. “It *is*, it *is* wickedness,” replied the afflicted lady, “and I do not believe a syllable of all you have said.”

Having

Having furnished the reader with so short an answer to the writer's opinions—let us, for the present, part.

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