THE COLLECTED ESSAYS OF ST. GEORGE TUCKER

Edited, with Introduction and Notes,

by

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CONTENTS

FOREWORD

CHRONOLOGY OF ST. GEORGE TUCKER

INTRODUCTION

A DREAM

THE DREAMER

No. 1: Address to the Public

No. 2: [The War of the Gothamites and the Bruti]

No. 3: [The Dilemmas of the Gothamites]

No. 4: [The Temple of Union]

THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN

I. Dr. Cecil's Legatee: The "Nuga" Notebook Essays

II. Essays On Diverse Matters, Chiefly Social and Political.

[Essay No.1]: To Solomon Squaretoes, Esqr.[from a Female Admirer]

Essay No. 13: [The Character of Avarice]

Essay No. 14: [In Praise of Virginian Women]

Essay No. 16: [American Language and Literature]

Essay No. 23: [On Eloquence]

Essay No. 9: [The Spirit of Patriotism]

Essay No. 26: [On Benevolence and Slavery]

Essay No. 12: [A Dream Voyage to Lilliput]

Essay No. 27: [The Jilting of Susannah Trifle]

III. Four Allegories

Essay No. 5: The History of Contentment. An Allegory

Essay No. 15: Generosity and Oeconomy. An Allegory

Essay No. 24: Youth, Health and Temperance. An Allegory

Essay No. 28: [Ignorance. An Allegory]
IV. Moses Dolittle's Narrative.

Essay No. 17: [Moses Dolittle's Narrative: Part I.]
Essay No. 18: [Moses Dolittle's Narrative: Part II.]

V. The Religion of a Deist.

Essay No. 19: [Are We Alone in the Universe?]
Essay No. 20: [Dialogue of the Skeptic and the Believer]
Essay No. 21: The Vision of Selim, Son of Alrashid

VI. The Duel: Two Cautionary Tales.

Essay No. 22: [The Sad Tale of Honorius and Amintor]
Essay No. 25: [The Unfortunate Plight of Amanda]

ESSAYS ATTRIBUTABLE TO ST. GEORGE TUCKER

I. "The Old Bachelor," No. XXVII, from the Richmond Enquirer, December 17, 1811.


NOTES
CHRONOLOGY OF ST. GEORGE TUCKER

1752 - July 10 (June 29, o.s.), born at "The Grove," Port Royal, Bermuda, youngest of six children of Henry and Anne (Butterfield) Tucker.

1771 - October 14, departs for New York en route to Williamsburg, Virginia.

1772 - January, enters William and Mary College for six months' general study; then studies law with George Wythe.

1773 - Returns (August-November) briefly to Bermuda.

1774 - April admitted to the bar of the county courts in Williamsburg and Petersburg, Va.

1775 - April 10, admitted to practice before the General Court of Virginia; in June, returns to Bermuda to enter father's shipping business.

1776 - Assists Silas Deane in smuggling gunpowder from Bermuda to aid American rebels.

1777 - January 3, returns permanently to Virginia with a cargo of salt.

1778 - September 23, marries Frances (Bland) Randolph, widowed mother of three sons (including John Randolph of Roanoke) and mistress of three plantations; takes up the life of a planter at Matoax.

1781 - Joins Virginia militia as a Major and (March) suffers slight wound at Battle of Guilford Courthouse; September-October, serves as a Lieutenant-Colonel of Virginia cavalry during the Yorktown campaign.

1785 - August-November, returns with family for final visit of Bermuda.

1786 - September, serves with James Madison and Edmund Randolph as Virginia delegates to the Annapolis Convention (forerunner of the Constitutional Convention); publishes The Knight and the Friars: An Historical Tale; after the Manner of John Gilpin (New York: Eleazar Oswald).
1788 - January 4, elected by Virginia General Assembly a judge of the reorganized General Court of Virginia; January 18, death of Frances Tucker; publishes Liberty, A Poem on the Independence of America, written in 1781 (Richmond; Augustine Davis).

1789 - Begins an anti-Federalist play, Up & Ride, or The Borough of Brooklyn (unfinished and unpublished).

1790 - March 6, receives honorary LL.D. from William and Mary and succeeds Chancellor Wythe as professor of law there; June, publishes five poems in The American Museum (Philadelphia).

1791 - October 8, marries Lelia (Skipwith) Carter, widowed daughter of Sir Peyton Skipwith and mistress of Corotoman plantation.


1793 - June-August, publishes first part of The Probationary Odes of Jonathan Pindar, Esq. in Freneau's National Gazette.


1798-1799 Composes an abortive series of four Addisonian essays ("The Dreamer").
intended for publication in the Richmond Examiner.

1803 - December, resigns William and Mary professorship amid controversy over his teaching methods; publishes 5-volume redaction of Blackstone's Commentaries: with Notes of Reference, to the Constitution and Laws, of the Federal Government of the United States; and of the Commonwealth of Virginia (Philadelphia: Birch and Small).

1804 - January 6, succeeds Edmund Pendleton as a judge on the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals.

1811 - March, resigns from the Virginia Supreme Court, resolved to retire from public life; August-September, writes 27 or 28 essays for Wirt's Richmond Enquirer series, "The Old Bachelor," only one of which is published; December 15, completes a "medley" (musical play), The Times, or The Patriot Rous'd.

1813 - January 27, accepts President Madison's appointment to succeed John Tyler (Sr.) as judge of the Federal District Court of Eastern Virginia; September 12, death of favorite daughter, "Fanny" (Frances Coalter) brings an end to his project to integrate his unpublished essays into Nuga: The Hermit of the Mountain.

1815 - March 22, writes draft of a 2-act "musical drama," The Patriot Cool'd as sequel to The Patriot Rous'd.

1822 - Death of Lelia Tucker.

1823 - Poem, "Resignation" (written 1807) published in The Mirror of Literature, Amusement and Instruction (London).

1825 - December, retires from judiciary because of declining health.

1827 - November 10, dies and is buried at Warminster, home of his stepson-in-law, Joseph C. Cabell.
INTRODUCTION

In several obvious ways the career of St. George Tucker challenges comparison with that of his older contemporary, Thomas Jefferson. Both men prepared for their legal studies at the College of William and Mary then trained as lawyers in Williamsburg under the tutelage of George Wythe whom Jefferson was later to appoint and Tucker to succeed as first professor of law and police in an American university. Both exhibited intellects and interests that ranged far beyond the law to make them "virtuosi" in the Renaissance sense, students of diverse sciences, amateur inventors, patrons or practitioners of various arts. Both were resolute agrarian democrats, passionate patriots of the American Revolution and, afterward, champions of individual liberty and localism against the encroachments of centralized power. Both held paradoxical views on chattel slavery, publicly deploring and writing against it while continuing to hold slaves themselves. That they knew each other and had mutual friends is beyond dispute as is Tucker's staunch adherence to Jeffersonian republicanism. Yet curiously, considering these parallels and the closed society in which they lived, they seem to have been scarcely more than polite acquaintances.

There are, moreover, some fundamental differences between them. These stem less from the fact that Tucker was an immigrant who married his way into the plantation oligarchy while Jefferson was a native-born Virginian than from their divergent choice of careers. Although educated to the law, Jefferson abandoned it for politics. To politics he brought
one of the keenest minds of his or any age and his choice ultimately vaulted him to the highest offices of the land and gave free rein to his talents. Tucker eschewed politics for the law and his unswerving pursuit of it gave his life at once a more serene and more restrictive course than might have been the case had he followed Jefferson into the political arena. Nevertheless, to be for a large part of his life simply "Judge Tucker," renowned for his legal learning as "the American Blackstone," was to this thoroughly affable but also guardedly private pater familias satisfaction enough. In a word, St. George Tucker nurtured no consuming ambitions and in view of this his quiet but undeniably significant contributions to American jurisprudence and to our early national letters seem all the more impressive.

Tucker's decision to confine his public career to bench and professorial lectern rather than seek elective office (which he doubtless could have won) may also have been responsible for another salient difference between the Williamsburg judge and the master of Monticello. While the acknowledged literary merits of his political writings (especially the Declaration of Independence), his Notes on the State of Virginia and his splendid late-life correspondence with John Adams provide ample evidence of Jefferson's powers as a writer and suggest what he might have achieved had he given himself more fully to literary composition, he had little interest in belles-lettres and less penchant for what Tucker liked to call "a literary jeu d'esprit." Jefferson's writings were utilitarian to a high degree, however felicitous their style. Tucker, on the other hand, was at least avocationally a man of letters who may often have hidden his light under a bushel but whose creative impulses...
and bellettristic aims were much the same as those of such celebrated lawyer-authors to the North as Royall Tyler and Joel Barlow. The law and the pulpit are the most literary of the learned professions and the ancient alliance between law and letters was particularly strong in the South from the colonial times of William Byrd II to the ante-bellum era of William Gilmore Simms. Thus, St. George Tucker's literary leanings were concomitants of his career as lawyer and judge.

Literary composition was not only a fashionable complement to his social position as a jurist but imaginative writing also provided him both an escape from the frustrations he encountered in his profession and a means other than prosaic legal writs to express himself on the issues and concerns he daily confronted in it.

Just what moved him to court the Muse in the first place is not hard to fathom. The Bermuda Tuckers were a writing family and some of the earliest extant pieces in the Tucker-Coleman Collection are verses that St. George wrote to or received from sisters and brothers who remained at home in Port Royal or went abroad. Nathaniel Tucker, St. George's next-older brother, harbored for many years unrealized ambitions to be more than a mere "Sunday poet." While studying medicine in the Charleston, South Carolina office of another older brother, Dr. Thomas Tudor (later Treasurer of the United States), Nathaniel composed a lengthy poem entitled The Bermudian which he published in both Edinburgh and Williamsburg. Emigrating to England, where he practiced medicine, translated Emmanuel Swedenborg and wrote verse sporadically until his death in 1807, Nathaniel also turned out in 1783 an allegorical verse drama of the American Revolution, entitled Columbinus:
A Mask, which he curiously intended as a kind of national patriotic play to "be presented annually on some public occasion, such as a meeting of Congress, or at the time of some public ceremony."^1

It is difficult not to sense some sibling rivalry and emulation in St. George's early literary efforts as well as in the public spirit that animated many of his bellettristic endeavors throughout his long life. Of the two Tucker poets, Nathaniel may have been in some respects the more polished performer but St. George was unquestionably the more prolific.

In Tucker's papers in the Earl G. Swem Library there are 210 poems that can be positively identified as by St. George Tucker and several more that might be his. Many of these poems exist in more than one version, either in the Tucker-Coleman Collection itself or in a notebook in the Archives of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation. A handful of additional verse manuscripts (some of them copies of poems in the Tucker-Coleman Collection) are scattered in other repositories. Tucker published only about two dozen poems during his lifetime. Some forty others have recently been given first publication in a selected edition by William S. Prince,^2 Although there were periods in his life when his creative activity was intense, Tucker seems to have indulged in poetic composition throughout most of his years from his student days until near the end of his long life. His earliest extant verse manuscripts date from the mid-1770's, his last from 1823. In 1825, two years before he died, he drew up an unfulfilled scheme for publishing a collected edition of his patriotic poetry by interleaving his copy of Liberty, A Poem on the Independence of America (1781/1788) with "Fairy Hill" and his other
Revolutionary War and later patriotic verses extending to the then just-completed final version of a much-revised poem complete with notes that he seems to have considered a *magnum opus*: "Ode for the Fourth of July 1784." 'Tis a pity this project was never realized since much of this work remains unpublished and Tucker awaits recognition as one of the most prolific patriot poets of the Revolutionary War era.

Not all of Tucker's verse is public or patriotic. Much of it is amatory, in celebration of private occasions such as family birthdays, mildly scatological, elegiac, even religious. On the whole, it is distinctly imitative verse, full of unmistakable echoes from Pope, Prior, Dodsley, Gray, Thomson, Cowper or Robert Burns. His models are English Augustans and the early, lesser Romantics. Nevertheless, his anti-Federalist *Probationary Odes of Jonathan Pindar* (1793-1796), written in patent imitation of the English "Peter Pindar" (John Wolcot) and originally attributed to Philip Freneau, remain among the best political satires penned in this country and his oft-reprinted valedictory, "Resignation" (1807), was much admired in the poet's lifetime by, among others, Dolley Madison and that frequent target of Tucker's vitriolic attacks, ex-President John Adams himself.

If poetry was in some respects Tucker's first and most enduring *metier*, the drama was not far behind. Like brother Nathaniel, he composed in 1781 a short patriotic allegorical masque on events of the American Revolution, entitled "Fairy Hill" and based on some rather unlikely material from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This and other short dramatic sketches by him for which no manuscripts survive were, according to Tucker's biographer, Mary Haldane Coleman,
occasionally acted out at home by members of his family and household. In June 1789 he began a satirical play which he called "Up and Ride; or The Borough of Brooklyn: a Farce, as Acted by the American Company of Comedians," attacking Federalist factionalism in Washington's first administration, and in particular, Vice-President Adams, but he gave it up after completing only the first and part of a second act. Another dramatic fragment from the same period is an "olio" entitled "The Profligate," which he intended as an adaptation of scenes from his favorite romance, LeSage's Gil Blas. This time he got only as far as the opening scene before abandoning the task.

Tucker's most ambitious and most polished play, written in less than three weeks during the Christmas and New Year's holidays of 1796-97, is a five-act comedy, "The Wheel of Fortune," concerning Western land speculation and influence-peddling in the Federal government. It is highly topical and was obviously intended as political propaganda. Through his close friend, John Page, then serving as a Congress­man in Philadelphia, Tucker sought to have this piece produced by Thomas Wignell at the Chestnut Street Theatre but the impressrio de­murred on the grounds that he had but recently produced a play on similar themes and feared an adverse box office. Thereafter Tucker seems to have forgotten his "Wheel of Fortune" or, at least to have made no further efforts toward its production or publication. The surviving manuscript is a first draft with numerous cancellations and emendations that exhibit the playwright's considerable skill in drama­turgy.

In December 1811, responding to a suggestion from his friend, the
distinguished Richmond lawyer, William Wirt, that he would try his hand at a drama in which two politically divided families, "like the Capulets and Montagues," would be united by the common dangers and sufferings of their children, Tucker wrote "The Times, or The Patriot Rous'd," a full-length play dealing with impressment at sea and other issues contributing to the causes of the approaching war which the United States declared against Great Britain the following June. Tucker called this play a "Medley," meaning a musical melodrama, and into it he interpolated several of his earlier patriotic poems to be sung to traditional tunes or to original airs he hoped might be composed for his play. It is possible that, through Wirt's connections, "The Patriot Rous'd" might have been performed in Richmond with or without original music had it not been for the disastrous fire which destroyed the theatre there with tremendous loss of life on December 26, 1811—an event which Tucker memorialized in an elegy in March 1812. Whatever the case, Tucker's efforts following the burning of the theatre to persuade the former Richmond impresario, Joseph Green, to mount this play in Norfolk or Petersburg, where there were also theatres at that time, came to nothing.

In March 1815 Tucker returned to dramatic composition in the midst of a busy court calendar long enough to complete the rough draft of a sequel to "The Patriot Rous'd" dealing with the end of hostilities with England and called, appropriately, "The Patriot Cool'd." This work is, however, little more than a farrago of dramatized news accounts interlarded with clippings of newspaper poetry and tired left-overs from some of Tucker's earlier endeavors. By 1815 Tucker was preoccupied
with his duties as a Federal judge and may well have become disillu-
sioned with the theatre by his inability to get any of his plays pro-
duced. Aside from these four completed manuscripts and the two fragments, 
the Tucker-Coleman papers provide only one other effort related to this 
genre: a prologue Tucker composed for William Wirt's "The Path of 
Pleasure" in 1813, another unproduced and unpublished play for which 
no manuscript has survived. If the American stage was not really im-
poverished by Tucker's failure to get his plays mounted, these works 
yet deserve print to gain their rightful place in the history of our 
eyearly strivings toward a national drama. Beyond this, "The Wheel of 
Fortune" and perhaps also "The Patriot Rous'd" may be stageworthy 
today as historical curiosities for our university and other non-com-
mercial theatres.

Aside from poetry and drama the other literary genre in which 
Tucker worked was the familiar essay. In the century between the 
effusions of Silence Dogood (1722) and those of Geoffrey Crayon, 
Gent. (1820) the informal periodical essay written in imitation of 
Addison and Steele, Goldsmith or Johnson or Hawkesworth, et al. was 
unquestionably the most frequent and most popular form of literary 
composition in North America. Every colonial newspaper had its "Monitor" 
or "Centinel" or other pseudonymous kinsman of Mr. Spectator and The 
Rambler and, during the Revolutionary and early national eras, partisan 
propaganda and Constitutional debates proliferated the Addisonian essay 
in newspapers and magazines on these shores. Virginia, no less than 
the other States of the new Union, shared in this proliferation and 
the wonder is that Tucker, given his interests, talents and predilections
was actually so little involved in this kind of literary activity. Thirty of his essays have survived to be included in this collection. We can be certain of five more, now lost, and there may--indeed, probably were--others of which we know not or which, if published pseudonymously, cannot readily be identified as his. Even so, Tucker's total production is less than one might have expected from one of his proclivities. In both quantity and literary worth Tucker's essays are overshadowed by those of William Wirt and George Tucker (St. George's cousin who has sometimes been confused with him by literary historians) among Virginians, to say nothing of those of Washington Irving and James Kirke Paulding in New York. Now is this owing to the fact that most of Tucker's essays have remained unpublished while those of these contemporaries were printed and have in some instances been frequently reprinted. Tucker's essays only occasionally rise above the level of pedestrian imitation. Still, they warrant rescue from oblivion and critical attention if we are to see Tucker clearly as a man of letters in all his strengths and weaknesses and, quite frankly, because a few of his essays merit comparison with some of the best contemporaneous efforts in this genre in America.

Tucker's earliest known efforts in this vein are a single essay, "A Dream" (dated Aug. 25, 1796), and a four-part series ("The Dreamer") written in the winter of 1798-99 supposedly for publication in a newly-founded daily newspaper, The Richmond Examiner. Why this series was abandoned after its fourth number and why no "Dreamer" essays were printed in the Examiner or elsewhere remains a mystery. Perhaps it had something to do with the fact that John Dixon, an old Williamsburg friend of Tucker's
who was one of the paper's founders and co-editors, departed within
a few months of the paper's founding, leaving behind an editor (Meriwether
Jones) who may have been unsympathetic to Tucker's views. The truth is,
however, that we do not even know whether he submitted these essays for
consideration. He says in the first number that the publisher had "pro-
mised me a Column in his paper every Friday, so long as my Lucubrations
may contribute to the Entertainment of his Customers, or the Sale of
his paper" but no "Dreamer" columns appeared in any extant issue of the
Examiner before its demise in 1804.

What is certain is that "The Dreamer" constitutes some of Tucker's
most ingratiating essay-writing. In his "Address to the Public" in the
first essay he gives The Dreamer's literary genealogy, citing as his
models and predecessors a veritable catalogue of eighteenth-century English
periodical essays from The Tatler and Spectator to John Wilkes's North
Briton and then, switching to America, he includes Dickinson's Letters
from a Pennsylvania Farmer and The Federalist papers. He thus estab-
lishes his resolutely political purpose in "The Dreamer" and invites
judgment of his essays as examples of one of the best traditions of
political journalism. Then he discourses upon the traditions of
his fictive persona, displaying erudition verging upon pedantry. To
legitimize his character and indicate its nature he cites precedents
from dreams alluded to in The Bible, Homer, Virgil, Ovid and Plutarch,
by Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, More's Utopia, Harrington's
Oceana, Locke's Treatises on Civil Government, the Letters of Cato,
Price's Essay on Civil Liberty, the words of an unnamed Indian chief
and Paine's Common Sense and The Rights of Man, concluding with an
incomplete reference to Gil Blas.

In the second number Tucker commences the dream itself, which continues into the third and fourth numbers. Although it is supposedly induced by "The Dreamer's" reading before bedtime a passage from The Iliad, Book III (in Pope's translation), the substance and manner of the tale is unmistakably Swiftian. It is, in brief, a three-part allegorical account of the American Revolution (the war between the Bruti and the Gothamites), the post-Revolutionary disputes that arose under the Articles of Confederation (the dilemmas of the Gothamites), the Constitutional Convention (the creating of a model for a Temple of Union) and the subsequent ratification debates told as if all of these events were being witnessed by a detached observer whose manner is distinctly akin to that of Lemuel Gulliver. The allegorical narrative is so titillating that, even though one knows the history and can foretell the conclusion, one is dismayed when it breaks off just as The Temple of Union is about to be built (i.e., the Constitution adopted). Of unquestionable significance here also is Tucker's use of Gotham as the allegorical name for America, anticipating by nearly a decade the first previously recorded use of this meaning of Gotham (later restricted to New York City) by Irving in the seventh number of Salmagundi. The source for both was, of course, the nursery rhyme about the three "wise" men (in reality, fools) of Gotham who went to sea in a tub or one of the many other tales of the foolist behavior of the legendary Nottinghamshire village, but the coincident use of Gotham with an American signification by two American writers defies explanation, the more so in view of the fact that Tucker's earlier use
remained unpublished. A basic difference in their significations should be noted, however: Irving's is satirical while Tucker's quite clearly has neutral connotations.  

The single, detached essay, "A Dream," which preceded "The Dreamer" series by about two years and which, despite its title and their similar employment of dream visions, seems to have no connection with the series itself, is a highly interesting early example of apocalyptic writing in America. In this essay Tucker dreams that he is in some heavenly resort of old Revolutionary leaders resembling that Elysium of the ancient Greeks wherein the shades of the departed great were wont to hold converse. Tucker imagines that the passage to this state takes seven hundred years even though it seems but a twinkling to the deceased. Arriving at this pantheon after the requisite seven centuries, Tucker meets General Nathanael Greene (under whom he had served at the Battle of Guilford Courthouse) and is conducted by him into the presence of "the venerable Benjamin Franklin." Dr. Franklin is just then relating to the newly-arrived David Rittenhouse (who, in fact, had died two months before Tucker wrote this essay) an outline of United States history during Rittenhouse's seven hundred-year passage thither and Tucker "eavesdrops" on the discourse.

Franklin's narration is truly horrifying. Not long into the early years of the new republic, according to this "history," controversy over funding the national debt and the various state debts leads to civil war which results in the decline of republicanism and the rise of military despotism and imperialism. The United States gradually conquers or subjugates the entire Western Hemisphere and even establishes colonies on the West coast of Africa, a great imperial capital city is erected in the Middle West, the Presidency evolves into an elective and then a hereditary absolute
monarchy and the American Empire ultimately meets its nemesis in a contest for dominion in the Orient with a new imperial power that has risen from the ashes of the old Russian Empire. Tucker's nightmare history would thus seem to belie the notion of a general optimism about the "rising glory of America" pervading our early national period.

If Tucker again turned his hand in this genre in the dozen or so years following "The Dreamer" the only evidence we have it might be in the eighth number of a collaborative essay series called "The Rainbow" which ran in the Richmond Enquirer between August 11 and October 20, 1804 and was republished in a collected edition later that year. The Rainbow Association, whose members contributed to the series, was presided over by William Wirt, who was unquestionably the premiere literary figure in Jeffersonian Virginia. Although these essays were signed only by single initials, Jay B. Hubbell has at least tentatively identified many of the contributors from inked notations, supposedly supplied by their original owners, in two copies of the collected edition. He does not include St. George Tucker among his attributions.

However, the eighth "Rainbow" essay, which bears no initial in token of authorship and has not even conjecturally been attributed to another contributor, could very well be Tucker's. Entitled "Truth and Eloquence. An Allegory," its manner and mode are virtually identical to Tucker's four allegorical essays in the "Old Batchellor" manuscripts and the ideas it contains parallel those in yet another Tucker essay "On Eloquence" included in the present collection. In both essays on this subject their author argues the need for a moral style in pulpit and politics, deplores the decline of true eloquence and warns against being taken in by false eloquence in the service of faction and
fanaticism. One may reasonably doubt that this "Truth and Eloquence" allegory is indeed Tucker's but its resemblances to those essays which are definitely his argue its conjectural inclusion here.

Between January 1804 and March 1811, while Tucker served as a judge of the State Supreme Court of Appeals, his belles-lettres efforts were few. Indeed, only a handful of lyrics dating from this period show that his Muse had not altogether departed. In the summer of 1811, however, Tucker again found leisure to indulge his creative talents and the thirty months that elapsed between then and his assumption of a Federal judgeship form one of his most active periods of literary composition. He again turned his hand to playwriting, to copying and revising those of his earlier poems he wished to preserve and to writing the bulk of the essays that appear in this collection.

As I have elsewhere delineated the circumstances that led Tucker in August and September 1811 to write the twenty-two extant essays he designed "For the old Batchelor" as well as those which, two years later, prompted him to add his "Hermit of the Mountain" framework essays and the provenance of these manuscripts, I shall recapitulate them only in outline here.8

In late July or early August 1811 Tucker was stimulated—or, more likely, solicited—to contribute to another collaborative essay series then running in the Richmond Enquirer under the title, "The Old Bachelor." The indefatigable Wirt was once again the chief contributor and coordinator of the series. To conduct it he assumed the persona of Dr. Robert Cecil, a genial, middle-aged bachelor physician living in rural retirement amid his books, regularly visited by a niece
and two nephews and surveying the Richmond scene with good humored if
sometimes a bit rueful disapprobation. Those essays in the series not
written by Dr. Cecil himself took the form of pseudonymous letters
sent him by one or another of the seven members of a coterie of
planters, physicians and fellow-barristers who lived within a 60-mile
radius of Richmond. The series ran through twenty-eight sporadic
numbers in the *Enquirer* between December 22, 1810 and December 24,
1811. Most of the "Old Bachelor" pseudonyms have been identified as
those of Wirt, Frank or Dabney Carr (nephews of Thomas Jefferson),
Richard E. Parker, Dr. Louis Girardin, or David Watson, but four of
them have thus far eluded positive identification. As I have also
earlier shown, two of them—"Diogenes" and "Susannah Thankful" in
the twenty-seventh number (December 17, 1811)—are almost certainly
St. George Tucker's.9

Why none of Tucker's other contributions saw print in this series
is not difficult to discern from his extant correspondence with Wirt.
Acknowledging receipt of Tucker's first submissions on August 7, 1811
Wirt indicated that he already had in hand twenty-eight of the projected
thirty pieces the publisher, Thomas Ritchie, wished to include in the
newspaper and, later, to republish in a book. Wirt added, nevertheless:
"I am bespeaking materials for the second volume, as it becomes a good
provider to do." As it turned out, the first volume did not appear
until two years later (October 1814) and whatever plans Wirt may have
had for a second series proved illusory. As late as December 10, 1812
Tucker still apparently hoped the "Old Bachelor" would be revived, as
he urged in the following poem:
To a Friend

My friend, I've heard, that beyond Measure,
You've prosper'd in the "Path of Pleasure."
And doublets thrown, and gain'd a prize,
On which you fix delighted Eyes,
More than the lucky Gamester feels
Who gets the prize from the Lottery Wheels,
Or Tabby Loveloo ever felt
When Flush & Palm were to her dealt.
Which proves perhaps that foaming wort,
Like porter strong will sometimes spurt,
When either warm'd by neighbouring Fire,
Or by a brighter Flame--Desire.
No more a Batchelor forsaken,
A path more pleasing you have taken
Alfred & Rosalie forgot,
And Doctor Galen gone to pot.
Yet might I urge for them a prayer,
Not render'd Hopeless by Despair.
Good Doctor Cecil I'd invoke,
Their dreadful Exile to revoke.¹⁰

On September 12, 1813, after chafing for some twenty months without any sign of progress from Wirt, Tucker devised the scheme which he communicated to his friend to "revive and continue the publication under the title of the Hermit of the Mountain." The same day
he set about composing the framework essays in his "Nuga" notebook. He intended to include all of the unpublished manuscripts Wirt might be able to return (several could not be located, as it turned out) and, with Wirt's collaboration, he hoped to add enough new material for "at least a couple of volumes" altogether. On the evening of September 26, 1813, however, as he sat composing his third "Hermit" essay, he received the not unexpected news that his favorite daughter, Fanny Coalter, had died. He broke off writing at this point and, for whatever reason, it appears that he never again took up his pen in this genre.

II

The range of topics and ideas in these essays and the attitudes Tucker expressed toward his subjects should be of considerable interest to the political and social as well as to the literary historian. In the third and fourth "Dreamer" essays, for example, Tucker seems to take an ambivalent stance toward the new Federal Constitution notwithstanding the fact that he had himself served as a delegate to the Annapolis Convention and subsequently had favored ratification of the Constitution. In "Dreamer" Number 4 he capsulizes in allegorical form the issues argued in such forums as The Federalist Papers and elsewhere concerning the merits and flaws of the proposed Federal system, thus:

"The model of the Temple of Union (i.e., the Constitution) was said to have been borrow'd from that noble structure of ancient Greece, in which the Council of Amphyctions assembled, to consult for the common
good of that illustrious republic. But those who pretended to skill in Architecture pointed out a thousand deviations from the Attic rules of that Science. The Pillars they said were of unequal size, though all of the same Heighth, standing upon the same Base, and supporting the same roof; some being of ten times the diameter of others, which not only gave to the fabric a most awkward appearance, but rendered it too weak to support the roof; which they asserted was in the heaviest stile of Gothic Architecture, and could not fail to crush the Pillars which supported it!" The arguments alluded to here are obviously those over the question of representation in the Federal Congress. Tucker continues: "Some of these remarks were perhaps dictated by the pride of Criticism, rather than the just maxims of that art; others seem to have been the mere suggestions of Fancy; notwithstanding which, all those who were cool and dispassionate, acknowledged & lamented that there were many prominent defects in the projected plan. The little wry-necked Man stoutly defended the whole, and in the course of more than fifty different Orations pronounced upon the Subject, undertook to prove that all its blemishes were beauties; its Defects Advantages; those parts which were supposed Weak, the Strongest; & those from whose cumbrous weight, and ill-adapted parts danger was apprehended, the most secure, convenient useful & necessary parts of the whole Fabric. Every new Religion is sure to have its prophets and its proselites. The little wry-necked Man was regarded in the light of the former, and the number of the latter began rapidly to encrease..."ll

It becomes increasingly clear as one reads this essay that
Tucker's seemingly dispassionate account is actually a not-so-veiled attack on President Adams and his party. The missionaries of the "wry-necked man," he says, have made numerous converts "notwithstanding which, a very large portion of the Inhabitants of Gotham steadfastly persisted in their Opposition to Innovations, which they seemed dangerous, or at best uncertain in their Consequence." It would be interesting to speculate where this argument was leading Tucker when he broke off the series at this point.

The first essay in those Tucker intended "For the old Batchellor," a letter addressed to one "Solomon Squaretoes, Esqr." from an unknown "female admirer," is noteworthy for containing the only detailed descriptions I have yet found in American writing of the exaggerated English and European fads in dress and coiffure of the late eighteenth century that went under the name of "Macaronis." The lady admirer recalls seeing Squaretoes at a great social occasion at "the House of a Gentleman not an Hundred Miles from Richmond" many years earlier when "... your hair-dresser had acquitted himself in a very superior stile, and given you a conical foretop of six or eight inches, with curls on each side, descending from the middle of the forehead, in a triple row, the last of which extended in the pigeon wing stile, about a foot from the face; your hair, aided I presume, as the Fashion was, with the addition of a pound of very long hair, was turned up so as to form what was then most appropriately called a Club, which if it had been of wood might have felled the Nemaenn Lion." The narrator continues to portray in precise detail both a male and a female "Macaroni." To what purpose was Tucker engaging
in this hilarious satire? "Macaroni" fads disappeared in England ca. 1785. One wonders if this 1811 composition can be taken as evidence that the fad lasted longer in Virginia and that it was then still a fresh memory.

Tucker's antedeluvian view of what he called "the fair and tender sex" is set forth with great explicitness in his fourteenth "Old Bachelor" essay signed "Philogenes" to which I have given the title, "In Praise of Virginian Women." Apparently ignorant of or imper­vious to the arguments in behalf of female emancipation then being advanced in England by William Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft and, in this country, Charles Brockden Brown, Tucker argues that a "general superiority of the female Character" may be observed in Virginia because its women fulfill classic feminine roles without complaint or fanfare. He apostrophizes Martha Washington and singles out for special praise the wives of Virginia patriots in the Revolutionary War, not because they resembled so many Molly Pitchers but because they were shy Penelopes tending their looms and offering abundant hospitality in their homes to the Continental troops. Nowhere is the legendary Southern chivalric view of womanhood given more thorough expression in our early literature than it is here.

Occasionally, as in the essay on "American Language and Literature" (No. 16 in the "Old Bachelor" group) one encounters views that might have been expressed by someone living nearer the present day. After defending American writing against repeated charges in The Edinburgh Review concerning its scarcity and thinness, Tucker admits that Virginia's literary culture is indeed not what it should be. He
attributes this in large measure to the lack of adequate public libraries, observing: "At this day, I speak it with shame, there is not even the skeleton of a library form'd at the public expense in Virginia. A few well-disposed clergymen, as I have heard, presented the College of William & Mary with their respective collections, consisting chiefly of some of the ancient fathers and other works on the subject of Divinity. The funds of that seminary have never been sufficient to enable them to purchase books and never, that I have heard, has there been any donation from the Legislature... In this State, public parsimony appears more anxious to exclude than to impart light; and should the same narrow policy continue to influence our Legislators it will not be surprising if Virginia should be regarded as the Boeotia of the American States."

Perhaps the paramount essay of this collection is that "on Benevolence and Slavery" (No. 26 in the "Old Bachelor" group) which offers a significant shift in position concerning a subject Tucker had earlier treated at length in his _A Dissertation on Slavery: With a Proposal for the Gradual Abolition of It, in the State of Virginia_ (1796). Tucker had prepared his original statement on slavery painstakingly after corresponding with Jeremy Belknap in Massachusetts, where emancipation had already occurred. As becomes a good lawyer, he wished to anticipate and neutralize as many as possible of the opposing arguments. Far from being a radical document, Tucker's _Dissertation_ of 1796 expounds the view that, although the Negro may indeed be inferior and slavery may hold some salutary civilizing effects for the bondsman, ownership of one human being by another is contrary to the laws of
nature, hence morally reprehensible. Immediate emancipation without compensation to slaveholders and wholesale removal of freed slaves Tucker deems financially impossible. Moreover, forced repatriation or relocation of former slaves to places not of their own choosing would also be undesirable.

Tucker therefore proposed a scheme which might require nearly a century to effect. Female slaves born after adoption of his proposal would be free and their children would inherit their mothers' freedom. Freed slaves and their progeny would serve their mothers' masters until age 28 after which they would receive some cash and clothing and an offer of employment from their former owners. They would, however, be denied most civil rights--such as voting, intermarriage with whites, serving on juries, entering the learned professions, etc.--in a deliberate effort to encourage their emigration to places (presumably in Spanish territories to the southwest) where they might enjoy full equality. Tucker laid his plan before the Virginia General Assembly which sent him a polite "thank-you" note but refused to take it up. In the summer of 1800 and again in 1806 slave uprisings further hardened resistance to emancipation in Virginia.12

By 1811, therefore, Tucker had ruefully to conclude in his "Old Bachelor" essay that "the Evil of Slavery remains among us and has taken such deep root that like a Cancer in the human body I fear it can never be effectually extirpated." (italics mine) The best we can hope for then is benevolence and compassion to make an evil system operate as humanely as possible. He pleads his case for benevolence eloquently, invoking the Golden Rule, citing a presumably
fictitious horrible example of an indifferent, unfeeling slaveholder who has a cruel overseer, and artfully interpolating a cogent passage from Cowper's poem, "The Task." Thus, in "Benevolence and Slavery" idealistic Professor Tucker has been metamorphosed into pragmatic Judge Tucker the ameliorist. The final mile toward an outright defense of slavery remained to be walked by Tucker's own son, Nathaniel Beverley, in his father's footsteps as a law professor, judge and the author of an important novel (The Partisan Leader, 1836) which would accurately forecast (and, indeed, advocate) secession and civil war over the issue. In essence, this "Old Bachelor" essay supplies a missing symptom of the evolution of Southern thought which might be characterized as intellectual arteriosclerosis between the age of Jefferson and that of John C. Calhoun. Nevertheless, St. George Tucker's views on slavery remained such that a year after this essay he could pen the following lines:

A FABLE

I dreamed last night, the debt of nature paid,
I, cheek by jowl, was by a negro laid:
Provoked at such a neighborhood, I cried,
"Rascal begone. Rot farther from my side."
"Rascal!" said he, with arrogance extreme,
"Thou are the only rascal here, I deem;
Know fallen tyrant, I'm no more thy slave!
Quaco's a monarch's equal, in the grave."13

Tucker's theological speculations expressed in three essays here (in Nos. 19-21 of his "Old Batchellor" series) give yet further evidence of just how old-fashioned his views had become by the beginning of the nineteenth century. An Anglican deist of sincere, conventional
piety, Tucker was writing in an age when the disestablished Episcopal Church was being eclipsed in Virginia by the rising tide of evangelicalism on the eve of the Second Great Awakening. Tucker's effort in these essays seems to be directed toward reconciling the classical deist position that the existence of God may be inferred from contemplating the natural order and the operations of natural law—that is, the argument from design—with the emotionalism and emphasis on fervid faith that characterized the renascent Calvinism of his day. Tucker must have been aware as early as the 1790's when his faculty colleague at William and Mary, the Rev. Samuel Henley (the translator of Beckford's Vathek) was dismissed from his professorship and his pulpit at Bruton Church for being a deist that the views he expressed in these essays came somewhere near a dangerous region of heterodoxy if not downright heresy.

Interesting as the ideas contained in Tucker's essays may be, their most impressive aspect is their stylistic variety. Tucker tried his hand, sometimes with indifferent success but sometimes splendidly, at nearly every mode and technique of the familiar essay known in his day. Moreover, he adopted in these compositions an astonishing array of both male and female personae, from the contemplative old Hermit to the love-sick maiden, Susannah Trifle; from the avuncular Benevolus to the pathetic widow, Amanda. In almost every instance he sustained the adopted character effectively. Since he did not appear undisguised anywhere in his essays, following "A Dream," his creative efforts to develop stylistic devices appropriate to his personae often brought Tucker close to the art of the novelist even when his aim was not extended narrative and
when his skill in constructing short narrative forms faltered.

Dream vision and allegory were his favorite modes. In this, as in other practices, he followed well-worn paths that led back to The Spectator and Tatler a century earlier and even beyond them to such diverse favorites as Pilgrim's Progress and The Faerie Queene.

In addition to "The Dreamer" essays in which he combined dream vision with allegory, his "Old Bachelor" pieces also included a dream voyage to Swift's island kingdom of Lilliput, and a dream essay, "The Vision of Selim, son of Alrashid," vaguely derived from material in The Thousand and One Nights and exhibiting yet another characteristic Addisonian form—the Oriental tale. His simple moral allegories without the dream framework include, in addition to the conjectural "Truth and Eloquence," a "History of Contentment" and pieces on "Generosity and Oeconomy," "Youth, Health and Temperance," "Ignorance" and "The Character of Avarice." At least two other allegories by him for which no manuscript survives—one on "Memory" and another (or perhaps another version) on "Contentment"—are referred to in a letter Tucker wrote to Wirt which also hints that he might have written yet more in this form had he not suspected Wirt was weary of it and wanted something else from him.

The exemplary or cautionary tale is another form of which Tucker was fond. He uses it with humorous effect in the tale of Susannah Trifle's apparent jilting, in the two-part narrative of the illiterate Moses Dolittle's dilemmas in seeking his fortune, and for serious purposes to show the evil effects of duelling in the story I have entitled "The Sad Tale of Honorius and Amintor" and its sequel, "The
Unfortunate Plight of Amanda." In one instance he couches an essay in the form of a Socratic dialogue on the existence and nature of the Deity, in yet another he indulges in pure burlesque to paint verbal portraits of a male and female "Macaroni." Fully one-third of the "Old Bachelor" pieces, however, are straightforward expositions couched in mildly polemical rhetoric. To discuss abstract topics such as patriotism and politics, language and literature, the virtues of Virginia womanhood, benevolence and slavery, Tucker takes few pains to construct a fictive persona beyond what might be suggested by such pseudonymous signatures as "Philogenes," "Diogenes," "Candidus," "Benevolus," and "Philanthropus."

As the notes to these essays serve to make clear, Tucker always worked close to his models and sources—sometimes too close. Daniel Harvey demonstrated in his unpublished M.A. thesis for example, that Tucker's essay on "The Spirit of Patriotism" (No. 9 in the "Old Batchellor" essays) borrows verbatim and without acknowledgement large chunks of Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke's A Letter on the Spirit of Patriotism (1749).14 Wirt felt it necessary to caution Tucker that "Bolingbroke is much more read in Virginia than you are aware of..." and to suggest that Tucker use quotation marks or acknowledge the excerpts in a note. Tucker tried to recast the essay, eliminating some of the plagiarism. A fragment of a reconstituted draft survives in the "Old Batchellor" manuscripts but if, as seems possible from the correspondence, he completed a laundered version for Wirt, that draft is missing. Although originality was not one of Tucker's obvious virtues and skillful paraphrases abound in his essays, none of the others contains the
kind of blatant borrowing that characterizes this polemic on the
"patriotic spirit" as opposed to the evils of "faction," Tucker's
code words for his party on the one hand and the Federalists on the
other.

On the whole, Tucker's rhetoric is moderate, even subdued, his
style direct and unadorned. The Latin epigraphs he was fond of using,
as often as not half-remembered misquotations from Horace or Virgil,
were simply a matter of current fashion. By his own admission he
was not a proficient Latinist and, except for the occasional Latin
word or phrase that might be used by a barrister there is nothing in
Tucker's style to betray the author's legal training. His sentences
are balanced and unusually short for the prose of that day and the
general effect of his writing is one of ease and grace. In short,
St. George Tucker was a felicitous stylist.

Something remains to be said of the pervasive tone of Tucker's
essays. Those which Tucker intended ultimately to include in his
"Hermit of the Mountain" series—the bulk of this collection—
have in general a somewhat crepuscular, melancholic tone. The over¬
riding theme of social criticism that runs through these pieces, as
it does through Wirt's Letters of the British Spy, the essays of The
Rainbow Association and those in the Enquirer's "Old Bachelor" series
is one of decline and decay. The message is clear: things are not
what they once were and Virginians should recognize their fallen state
and try to do something about it before it is too late. The Virginia
Wits are too gentlemanly, however, to say these things in shrill tones
or to appropriate the heaped-up rhetoric of the New England Jeremiad.
In the eleventh number of the Enquirer's "Old Bachelor" series Wirt states the general purpose of all these essays--Tucker's as well as his own and those of his other collaborators--as "virtuously to instruct, or innocently to amuse," and in the twelfth "Old Bachelor" essay he declares his aim "to awaken the taste of the body of the people for literary attainments; to make them sensible of the fallen state of intellect in our country, compared with the age even of the Revolutionary War; to excite the emulation of the rising race, and see whether a group of statesmen, scholars, orators and patriots as enlightened and illustrious as their fathers, cannot be produced without the aid of such another bloody stimulant." This was Tucker's aim as well, cogently stated, and the reference to "another bloody stimulant" reminds us of the extent to which the coming of another war with Great Britain--the Second War for Independence--furnished the background against which Wirt, Tucker and their friends, the Virginia Wits, wrote.

It is perhaps a bit puzzling why William Wirt, who was but an infant in 1776, should speak nostalgically of the Revolutionary War era but not at all surprising for Tucker to do so. Indeed, for Tucker the Revolution was the central epoch of his life, an age of fearful excitement which shaped his destiny as well as that of his adopted country. All of the old Revolutionary soldier's perceptions of the subsequent decades of the new republic in which he lived were colored by those glorious days when the nation was a-borning and nowhere in his writings is this fact more evident that in the essays in this volume.
A D R E A M
A DREAM

A few evenings ago, I was in a company where the conversation turned upon the rising greatness of the United States of America. Various were the conjectures of the several persons present respecting the future history of this infant republic. One foresaw that it had given rise to a new order of things and prognosticated the establishment of Universal Liberty and happiness among Mankind. Another predicted the dissolution of the Federal Government and intestine wars springing from a desire of establishing pre-eminence among the several States. A third foretold that the Arts and Sciences, deserting Europe, would here fix their final abode, leaving the rest of the world in Darkness. A fourth declared that we should be again subjugated to Europe, and held in a stricter Vassalage than before the Revolution. I listened with such attention to their various Conjectures that I found myself incapable of going to sleep for some hours after I went to bed. At length I sank into a slumber, when I was visited with the following extraordinary Dream.

Methought I was translated, I knew not by what means, into a most magnificent building of prodigious extent. In different parts of it I beheld various groups of persons who seemed to be in conversation. Some appeared earnest in explaining something which the residue in each group seemed to listen to with Attention. I advanced with caution and timidity. Amidst the first group that I approached I beheld with astonishment the person of the late General Nathaniel Greene. I had the honor of being known to him formerly and he seemed immediately to recognize me. Quitting the Circle of his friends he advanced to me with great apparent cordiality and complacency of Countenance.

"My friend," said he, "you are welcome to this place. This is the Abode
of those who during the struggle for the Liberties of our common Country obeyed the dictates of genuine patriotism and, enlisting themselves in the service of their country, either by their Councils or their corporeal exertions contributed to establish Liberty on the Basis of equal rights. Among those whom I have just left are the venerable Franklin, the patriotic Warren, the heroic Montgomery, the benevolent Mercer, and the philosophic Rittenhouse. The former is engaged in unfolding to the latter, who is just arrived, the Events that have happened since his death, which is just now seven hundred years, the Period which the Soul is destined to remain in a state of unconscious Existence, after it is separated from the Body, before it is permitted to obtain an Entrance into the world of Spirits which we now inhabit."

"Am I then," said I, "in that World?"

"Yes," replied he, "you may remember the approach of a thunderstorm the last night of your earthly existence just after you got to Bed. A flash of Lightning terminated your earthly Pilgrimage, and at this moment your Soul is absolved from its Union with your Body, and your Spirit visits these Regions unincumbered by corporeal weight."

I recollected at once that such a storm came on just as I fell asleep; but it seemed to me that not more than a moment had passed since that happened.

"To those who sleep in Death," said my Friend, "Time has no apparent existence. But come with me and be convinced from what you hear that seven ages have passed away since you were a mortal. I have been here scarcely ten years; some of those who are with me have not been as long."

"Tell me," said I, "is the great, the good Washington arrived?"
"No," said he, "but he is very shortly expected; the seven Ages of his sleep are not yet completely fulfilled. His arrival will be a day of Jubilee to those who inhabit this Mansion. But follow me, and listen to the words of the immortal Franklin; you have already lost an important part of this historical Sketch that he is giving to our new Associate."

So saying he walked slowly towards the group he had left. I followed him, and taking my stand within a convenient distance, listened with Attention to the narrative which the venerable Franklin was giving. He proceeded thus:

"This may be considered the fifth Epoque [sic] in the history of America. The moral character of the people had begun to change almost from the moment of the Revolution. The seeds of the Evil were then sown in that immense national debt which was necessarily and fatally incurred in the struggle for Independence. The inability of the States to perform their just engagements to their creditors laid the foundation of that rapacious speculation which ground the faces of the poor and filled the Coffers of their Oppressors. As soon as the means of Redemption were found to be in the power of the nation it created discordant and irreconcilable interests among the people. Honest Industry was discomfited, whilst rapacity and extortion were sure to thrive. New Schemes of Pillage were daily devised, and new victims daily became a Prey to the artifices of those who lived but to plunder and to amass. To this Evil one of a still more apprizing [sic] nature was soon united. The vast speculations in Land, which either had no actual existence or was not capable of supporting one Man for a thousand Acres of its mountainous and rocky extent, had proceeded so far as to shut men's hearts as well as their ears against the dictates of Humanity or Justice. [3] Thousands and tens of thousands were the innocent victims of these nefarious practices. They migrated from all parts of Europe under the idea of purchasing or having
already purchased comfortable and extensive farms for themselves and their families and found that a barren Mountain or, perhaps, a patent without Lands was the full amount of their purchase. Mutual Jealousies and recriminations between the States soon succeeded. It was enough that these should propose for those to reject. Honesty and Dishonesty, Industry and Idleness, Order and Anarchy were supposed to be separated by a Geographical Line drawn between the States and, as it generally happens, they were the most violent who had the least Reason on their side. The common Cement of external Danger no longer operating, the Parchment Chain of the Federal Constitution was easily broken.

"But this was not sufficient. To have separated amicably and have formed distinct Governments, still united by a Federal Alliance, as at the Commencement of the Revolution, although it would have weakened the Government, might not have destroyed the happiness of the people nor the principles of the Confederation. But, unhappily, the Idea of Coercion took the place of conciliation and the disjointed Republic was convulsed with intestine wars until the weaker were constrained to submit to the stronger who denied them the participation of their former privileges. To enforce this subjection standing Armies and Garrisons were necessarily resorted to; to recompense this Expense the Idea of Conquest, so abhorrent to the principles of a true Republic, was introduced.

"The ancient Canada, on the one side, the Floridas on the other, and that immense Country West of the Mississippi known in our days by the name of Louisiana but now peopled by an hundred nations, successively became appendages to the nominal republic of the United States -- a name which they still retained though every principle of the ancient Government had by imperceptible Incroachments been entirely changed. Wars with a great Maritime power had from time to time given Occasion to the establishment of a formidable Navy, and
maritime Conquests and distant colonies were thought necessary to retribute the States the Expense of a naval Establishment. All the Islands in the American Archipelago [sic] were successively attacked and most of them reduced to the subjection of the United States. The ports of New Spain and those of the Brasils [sic] were next visited by their victorious navies.

The distance of the ancient possessors of these Territories, the Spaniards and Portugese, names now scarcely recollected among men, facilitated the Conquest of these wealthy colonies.

A military Government succeeded to that peaceful commercial and agricultural Republic which we saw established in our days. The Genius of the nation was now wholly changed. War and Conquest were their delight; Ambition the only Diety except Mammon to which they sacrificed.

The President, for the name of Office was still the same, from an elective Magistrate had become insensibly a limited Monarch and now, by the arts of Corruption, the type of which was borrowed from that Country from whence our forefathers emigrated, was as absolute as the Kings of Great Britain or of France were in our days. The Office, though for succeeding Generations it had been held in the same family, was not yet declared to be hereditary.

It had been transmitted from Father to Son by the exterior forms of Election, as formerly the Emperor of Germany was previously constituted King of the Romans as a preliminary to his ascending the Imperial Chair. But the reigning President having survived his Son, it became necessary to declare the Office hereditary in order to secure the Succession of the Grandson who was as yet an Infant. This change was easily effected, the people regarding it, as in effect it was, nothing more than a change of Forms.

The popular Branch of the Government being found inconveniently numerous the principles of Representation were necessarily changed; the second Branch to which the former had become assimilated, likewise received [sic] a new
Constitution by which the Executive authority acquired greater strength and support; and the Judiciary was considered as a mere Emanation from and not a counterpoise to it. These Changes required less time to perfect them than in our days we imagined, and had we lived in the world when they took place, we should have been no more surprised at them than at what we actually saw. Human affairs are as transient as the Colours of the Rainbow. Like them, too, no two persons ever see the same Object in the same Colours. Hence, the diversity of Opinions as various as the human Faces and as numerous as the Species.

"The establishment of an hereditary Monarchy in gratifying the Ambition of an Individual Family added new Fuel to the ambition of the Prince. And never did any Country afford such a Scope for ambition to exert itself as in America at this Epoque [sic]. Nearly the whole Atlantic Coast, from Ancient Newfoundland to the Megallanic Straits (as they were formerly called) had been rendered tributary to the American Arms. The ancient Canada, Florida and Louisiana, as far as the Gulph [sic] of Honduras (as in our time it was called) to the south and to the heads [sic] Springs of the Mississipi [sic] and Missouri, Regions in our days unknown, and even to the mountains which form a Barrier between those Countries and the ancient Mexico, were already peopled by the numerous swarms who sought an Assylum [sic] from poverty and wretchedness in the western world. Incursions of plundering parties had not infrequently been made into those Wealthy Regions and the Spoils the Adventurers bore off enticed others to commit the like Depredations, but hitherto the Government had not a sufficient pretext for invading them.

"Whilst the Seat of Government remained upon the Borders of the Atlantic, Maritime Conquests seemed to promise more Advantage and fewer Difficulties than remote Attacks by armies which were to be marched to an immense distance
over Land. To subdue the whole interior of the Peninsula of South America was an Achievement which required the Operation of a naval force, not less than an Army, and the Colonies which had been established on the western coast of Africa also claimed the Attention of a maritime power. These Circumstances had hitherto retarded the progress of the American arms towards that Quarter whither they were now ready to be turned.

"A thousand towns and cities had been erected upon the various Rivers which empty themselves into the Missisipi [sic] above the Confluence of the Ohio and that river. Near this Spot another Byzantium destined to be more celebrated than the former had been by Degrees established and formed an Emporium where the productions of those immense Regions whose waters united at that Spot were deposited and whither the Commodities of Europe, Asia and Africa and of the Eastern Coast of America were transported by the several channels of the ancient St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Susquehanna and the Potomaco [sic] as well as by the more immediate but tedious route of the Missisipi itself. This spot, so favourable for the internal Commerce of America, may be compared to the human heart, which receives [sic] and again expels the blood to the remotest parts of the Animal frame. In no Country upon the face of the Globe is there one where so many waters flowing from different and remote Regions unite their currents and at the same time embrace so many and such easy communications with the rest of the Globe. Either a Multitude of Merchants, Mechanics and Tradesman had emigrated by degrees and laid the foundations of a commercial City which already began to vie with the most flourishing Towns on the borders of the Atlantic in extent, in Splendor, in Commerce and in the number of Inhabitants. The ancient Orleans, like another Alexandria, situated near the mouth of the Missisipi, might be considered as the port of this flourishing and imperial
City, as it was destined to become. The Commodities of the West were there deposited for exportation, such more especially as were of a more bulky nature. But they were first lodged at the new Byzantium, whose merchants furnished in return the productions of the most distant quarters of the Globe to the traders who brought them thither. Thus did this City enjoy advantages not surpassed by those of the ancient Byzantium. An Ambitious and enterprising Monarch could not be insensible of them.

"The ports of the Atlantic were filled with his navies. A combined Operation of sea and land forces would easily add Mexico to his Empire and the Southern Peninsula would follow its Fate. The new Byzantium was not only the Center of internal trade but of that vast population which had increased in a Geometrical ratio for a series of years. To concentrate the force of the Empire it was thought necessary to translate the Seat of Government thither. The numerous fleets and the various Garrisons established for the protection of the Atlantic frontier assured the Prince of the fidelity of the eastern parts of his Dominions. In the west a Spirit of Independence had more than once manifested itself but had been checked by early and prudent measures on the part of the Government. But a more extensive and still increasing population required the more immediate superintendence of the Government itself. The removal of the Seat of Empire would at once gratify and unite them. It would, moreover, facilitate the meditated Conquest, which being once achieved, would afford a proper pretext for a numerous standing Army which might be so stationed as not only to overawe the conquered but be ready to check the disorderly ambition of the Conquerors themselves. This measure was accordingly carried into effect soon after the establishment of an hereditary monarchy and completes
the fifth Epoch of the history of America of which I was speaking when you entered and which, for your sake, I have briefly retraced.

"Rapidly as these changes have happened, ought they to surprise us? America, in less than three centuries from its first discovery by Europeans, was peopled by four millions of Emigrants and their Descendants and became a sovereign, independent nation. An Inundation of Emigrants from all Quarters of Europe increased her population beyond its natural progress and changed the character of the primitive Colonists. An extensive, fertile, unsettled and unexplored Country encouraged the spirit of Adventure and of Commerce; the accumulation of Riches promoted Luxury and ambition among Individuals and the thirst of power and of Rapine led the prince, and those who built their hopes and Fortunes upon his, to the same measures which princes and their favorites have ever pursued. It must not, however, be supposed that the prince was in appearance absolute or the people slaves. Forms, except in some great Emergencies where the occasion seemed to justify dispensing with them, were still pursued. The people still boasted of their Liberty, the prince still condescended to stile himself their fellow-citizen, and the moderate title of President was still transmitted with the Sceptre from Father to Son. Even the semblance of popular Elections was not wholly lost, though differently modified. The very Pillars of the Throne did not appear to be so much the Creatures of the Monarch as the Guardians of the States, so easy is it to disguise or conceal the most horrid Deformities.

"The Extension of the Limits of the Empire to the western Ocean and the Conquest of the interior of the southern peninsula of the Continent produced another revolution in the aspect of the new Empire. The allurements of the preciable Metals, the access to which was now open to the Inhabitants of the United States, produced numerous Emigrations from those fertile regions which
but a century or two before had attracted myriads from Europe. The riches and magnificence of the Empire were equal to its extent and its power seemed not likely to admit of a rival. In the Californian Gulph (sic) Commodious harbours and advantageous seaports had been discovered and settled. The navies of the Empire were no longer constructed on the Atlantic and obliged to perform a voyage almost equal to half the circuit of the Globe. The ports of the western Ocean were filled with ships which were built and equipped on the spot. The western Archipelago (sic) now invited adventurers to explore and settle those new islands which in our days were not even numbered. From the ports of the Californian Gulph to those of China and Japan the passage was short and a new trade with the Indies was opened by that Channel, the Commodities of what was in our days called the East being brought from the west to the new Byzantium by the route of the Missouri and other channels which communicated with the rivers discharging themselves into the Californian Gulph.

"A contest for the possession of this valuable Territory was for a long time kept up with the Emperor of Kamskatchada, a new power created out of the ruins of the ancient Russian Empire which, from its situation and increasing Greatness, threatened to rival the Glory of the American Empire. These two neighbouring powers were separated only by a narrow sea and without any other counterpoise to their respective weight. The Kamskatchadale Empire extended from the Country formerly known by that name south along the sea coast as far as the Kingdom of China, which it now threatened to reduce to the State of a province together with the Island of Japan and numerous other Islands in the western Archipelago (sic). The Acquisition of these territories would afford such an Accession of Treasure, of Territory and of people as would render it a powerful rival to its eastern neighbor to whose maritime
superiority the Acquisition of the Californian Coast was solely to be attributed. The Kanskatchadales were in this respect as yet greatly their inferiors. But the foreseeing that the Dominion of the sea must finally decide the fate of such powerful neighbours they had turned their attention to that object and had even made a considerable progress. America was not inattentive to these designs and a state of perpetual warfare kept alive their mutual jealousies and Animosities.

"The prodigious extent of the American territory, the innumerable migrations to the Southern peninsula, the increasing population of that vast Country from natural causes and the advantages of soil and Climate, the riches of its productions, its distance from the capital and some symptoms of an independent Spirit, prompted the Idea of a second removal of the Seat of Empire to some more centrical spot from whence the Operations and Energy of the Government might be felt in the remotest part. This was the moment when the American Empire had attained its Acme [sic] and from that moment the period of its decline may be dated and this may be deemed the sixth Epoch of its history.

"The Migrations from the north to the south now gradually declined. Agriculture and Commerce which for a series of years had been evidently decreasing in the northern Regions seemed again about to revive there when the removal of the Seat of Empire from Byzantium to the Isthmus [sic] which connected the two parts of it gave a second shock to them. That part of the Empire which in our days constituted the United States gave the first symptoms of a Disposition to revolt. They had been neglected by the Government for a great length of time and Commerce having made to itself new ports and new channels on the western side of the Continent and on the coast of the Ancient Brasil, these had fallen to decay and were scarcely deemed worthy the attention of a Government whose Treasures were beyond all former Experience. The transmontane
or Byzantine States, disgusted and irritated by the removal of the seat of Empire, were not long after them in the symptoms of discontent which they manifested. The Kamtskatchadales at the same time threatened the Conquest of the Californian Coast. It required not many years for these causes to bring their several Effects to maturity.

"Neither the commerce nor the Produce of the Atlantic Provinces on the north produced any immediate revenue or sensible advantage to the Empire. The ports of the southern Peninsula were now filled with those ships which formerly resorted to the former. The Navy of the Empire in those ports was small compared with that in the western ocean, the Garrisons few and neglected. The Progress of discontent was either not seen or disregarded amidst a variety of more important objects to which the Attention of the Government was turned. It required only an ambitious Leader to give the signal of revolt. Such an one was soon found and a Crown was his reward for, by this time, all Ideas of a republican form of Government had been long exploded. Revolt succeeded revolt and Kingdoms and States multiplied from the crumbling ruins of the overgrown Empire. Alliances and Confederacies were for a time formed among the Revolters. In proportion as the dangers of Subjection to the Empire diminished mutual Jealousies and Quarrels among the revolted states succeeded and gave birth to new Wars which seemed to have no other object than the Destruction of Mankind. These under some pretext or another have yearly increased and either have disunited or subjugated the several nations so that America at this day exhibits nearly the same picture that Europe did in our time.

"Amidst all these Convulsions the new Byzantium, from the superior advantages of her situation for an internal Commerce, has preserved her importance
though not without diminution. The Separation from California and the occasional rivalship of the Ancient Orleans, not to mention temporary disputes with the Canadian and other Atlantic nations, have occasioned repeated Injuries to her Commerce and have even threatened her ruin. Those Atlantic nations which were formerly denominated the United States are now confined to that tract of Country which lies between the Ancient Apalachian [sic] Mountains and the Sea Coast. They are principally supported by Commerce, their produce compared with that of the Ultra-marine or Byzantium Nations being very little and not much in demand. It is easy to foresee that the like causes will produce similar Effects in the other parts of this once great Empire which, in the course of a few Centuries, will leave as few vestiges of its former greatness as the Roman or the Grecian in our days."

Whilst he was yet speaking a considerable crowd approached with demonstrations of Joy and Triumph. Upon enquiring the cause we were informed that the immortal Washington was approaching. Eager to see him I ran towards the crowd and in the Agitation of my Spirits awoke.

August 25, 1796.
About the beginning of the present Century a mode of writing was
introduced which hath been adopted by a number of essayists, who from
modesty, or other considerations, have been pleased for a while to
assume a fictitious name, and character, for the purposes of edifying,
or amusing the public. The Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians were
among the earliest of their productions, which the humour of a Steele
and the Morality of an Addison, aided by the occasional contributions
of some of the most elegant pens of the Age, supported with Eclat
for many years successively. These publications, which are still read
with pleasure, and admired by every reader of Taste, have been succeeded
by a great variety of others, upon a similar plan; among which the
Idler, the Rambler, the Lounger, the Adventurer, the Connoisseur, and
many other Characters of the same ideal Creation, have successively
aspired to the honor of public approbation by their Efforts in this
particular mode of writing. These have in general confin'd their
Lucubrations to subjects of Morality and polite Litterature: another
Class, such as the Examiner, The Whig Examiner, the North Briton, &c.
have chosen politics for their theme, and have produced some of the
best political essays that have issued from the British press during
the period in which they wrote. The encouragement which the Essays of
all these ideal Characters have successively met with, perhaps is not
ascribable solely to the superior talents of the Authors, but may be
referred, in some measure to the advantages resulting from so happy a method of engaging the Attention of the public.

Nor have we been without Writers in America, who, rous'd by some important Occasion, have trod the same path with equal celebrity and success. The Pennsylvania Farmer, though now repining under his own Vine, & his own Figtree, in the shades of retirement, once instructed his admiring Countrymen in their own Rights; of which, but for the Labors of Patriots of such a Stamp, they would perhaps have remained always ignorant; and, not many years after, the Federalist, like another Orpheus rear'd and cemented the Fabric of our federal Constitution, by the like means. The latter, it must be confess'd, ought not to have been placed among ideal Characters, who generally have thought it expedient to wear a Mask; had not subsequent events made it questionable whether he did not on some Occasions, assume a disguise.

It is not my intention to apprise my reader before hand, of all the advantages which I conceive this mode of writing possesses; suffice it to say, I shall endeavour to avail myself of them, for his Amusement, as well as for my own benefit; and if he is a man of as much good Sense and Discernment, as I am willing to believe him, he probably will not fail to make every discovery of that sort, himself, before we part.

The Character under which I have thought proper to appear before the public, on the present Occasion, is that of a Dreamer. Among the reasons which have prompted this choice, there are some which I deem solid, and substantial; there may be others which are purely fancifull. The former, it would be inconsistent with my assumed Character to disclose; since it will be readily granted that there is nothing solid or substantial in a dream. Of the latter, I shall make no secret.
Dreaming has in all Ages been held in great Respect. The Patriarchs appear to have considered Dreams as immediate communications from the Diety. If I mistake not the old testament informs us that God appeared more than once to Abraham in a Dream. I do not recollect that his son Isaac was favoured in the same way, but Jacobs ladder has made too deep an impression on my memory to have been forgotten. His Son Joseph was both a Dreamer, and an Interpreter of Dreams: and we must remember that the Calamities of a seven years famine were averted by Pharoah's faith, and Joseph's skill, in dreams. The prophet Daniel could not only interpret Dreams, but was moreover able to remind Nebuchadnezzar of a Dream which that King had forgotten, though so very remarkable that whoever peruses the Account of it once, is not likely to forget it as long as he lives. One of the Main Articles of the Christian faith was divulged in a Dream to the reputed Father of the Author of that Religion. After citing so many authorities from the Bible, it would be indecent to refer to the Opinions of Pagans, upon the subject, were there not among us in these days, some who have no more faith in the Bible, than Pagans themselves. But if we may believe Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Plutarch, and many others the Worshippers of the Heathen Gods were not less favoured by their tutelary Dieties, than than the Jews and Christians. I consider it therefore as a point settled from all antiquity that Dreams & Dreamers are entitled to the highest veneration. Among innumerable Instances which occur in profane history, I shall select two only. The Mother of Alexander of Macedon, when pregnant with that scourge of Mankind, dream'd she had brought forth a Fire-brand. If the dreams of Calphurnia had been attended to the Ides of March would not have proved fatal to Caesar. Modern infidelity will perhaps reject these well
attested dreams, as readily as if they were recorded in the sacred writings; but even modern infidelity will yield perhaps to the irrefragable demonstration of a Dream, which the late Sir William Johnson had when Indian Agent for the British Government, not long before our Revolution. The story is as follows.

An Indian Chief who was attending a Treaty at Albany, was so struck with the martial appearance of the British Agent, dress'd in a full suit of Regimentals decorated with a profusion of gold lace, that he did nothing else the night after the conferences were opened but Dream that the munificent Agent had presented him with a similar suit: as the Indians place great faith in Dreams, the Savage took an opportunity of telling his the next morning to Sir William. The Agent was too well vers'd in Indian Superstitions not to fulfill it, which he did immediately to, the great Satisfaction of the Dreamer. The Conferences proceeded with great Amity; they were not, however, concluded. The succeeding Night the British Agent dream'd that through the intervention of the same Indian whom he had so highly gratified, he had obtained, as a present to himself, an immense, and fertile tract of Country, just within the limits of the Indian Territory. He did not fail to communicate this auspicious dream to the Chief, whom he had so much oblig'd. "You shall have it, said the Indian, but I will never dream again with you, Sir William."

So recent an Instance of the respect paid to dreams, not only by a savage American, but even by an enlightened Englishman, may possibly have greater weight in the minds of some of my readers, than any of them which I mentioned before. And my reason for citing it was to prove, that although Prophets have ceas'd since the introduction of the Christian religion, in which all prophecies were accomplished, yet, even in our
times Men are visited with dreams, which are the fore-runners of Truth. Now, having myself been a Dreamer ever since my earliest recollection; and having at times been visited with some very remarkable Visions, the actual, or typical, Accomplishment of which has in due time succeeded, I have thought it incumbent on me not to withhold the Communication of them any longer; at least such as I may hereafter be visited with, if they shall appear to me to portend any good or harm to the public, or to contain anything which may edify, or amuse my readers.

I foresee that some of my Dreams will be supposed to be what are called waking dreams: but my reader must be told that Dreams, like the Camelion, borrow their Colour from some Object near. Is it to be wondered, that a Man who has pondered all day upon a Subject, should dream of it at night? As a Gamester if he does not dream of his Cards, and Dice; ask a Lawyer if he has never pleaded the Cause of a Client, when asleep -- Ask the Speculator how many Bargains he has struck in his Dreams. Ask the fawning Courtier if he has never kissed hands, in his Sleep, on being appointed to the long solicited Sine-cure. Ask the ambitious Man if he does not dream of Crowns and Sceptres; of Sycophantic addresses and pompous responses; of cringing Flatterers surrounding, and blood thirsty Soldiers supporting him on the Throne:--all these, if they dare to be candid, will confess that their Dreams are but the images of their waking thoughts. I shall therefore consider it as no imputation against my Dreams, if they should be supposed to resemble the thoughts of a Man wide awake: And in truth the greater part of those I have heretofore been visited with resembled the visionary speculations of Philosophers, Moralists and Patriots, rather than the brilliant Fancies of the Poets. I have not unfrequently maintained a Dialogue in a Dream, on the subject
of public Happiness; of the most eligible form of Government; of the Advantages of a Written Constitution; of the danger arising from gradual encroachments; from Standing Armies; from influence in the Executive over the legislative and judiciary Departments; from foreign Connexions: from Banks; from a large & accumulating public Debt; and on a variety of other subjects, which, if I had committed them to paper when fresh in my Memory might, for ought I know to the contrary, have been rank'd in the same class with Plato's Idea of a perfect republic, Sir Thomas Moore's Eutopia, Harrington's Oceana, Locke on civil government, Cato's Letters, Price's Essay on Civil Liberty, and Paine's Common Sense, and Rights of Man: all which launched their day, though now considered as mere Dreams by the superior intelligence of modern practical politicians. I shall therefore consider every Essay which has for its object the inculcation either of political, or moral truth, as coming under the general Description of Dreams, whether cloathed in the ordinary dress of nocturnal visions, or not.

It is customary, I am told, in the houses of great men, and even in some capital Taverns, in England, to put a bill of fare under every plate, that the Guests may be apprised what kind of Entertainment they may expect. This may do, where the Landlord can purchase as much Beef, Mutton, Venison, Fish, & Wildfowl, as he pleases, every day. But a Dreamer can not be expected to lay in a stock of solid Entertainment before hand. He must like most keepers of Ordinaries in Virginia, serve his Guests with whatever first comes to hand, having no market where he can make choice. I shall therefore not present to tell my readers what they are to expect, inasmuch as that must depend upon my nocturnal Visitations. But though I cannot undertake to inform them what they may
expect, I will venture to name a few things which they may not expect. For example, they need not expect to meet with any thing in my Reveries that may be inimical to a free Government; to the Sovereignty of the People, collectively, or their Liberties, individually; to a federal Union; to the Independence & Sovereignty of the several States, consistently with such an Union; to real good order, Justice, Sobriety, or Submission to Constitutional Authority. Should any of my Visions, contrary to former experience, have a tendency this way, I shall undoubtedly suppress them. I shall be no less careful in the suppression of some (if I should be curs'd with them) as may savour of immorality, or encourage Vice: with these Exceptions, I shall consider myself at liberty to communicate my Dreams, without reserve. If any Drawcansir Knight of the Quill should think proper to attack my Visionary Speculations, I shall leave him, like another Quixote, to combate the Giants of his own Creation, without thinkint it incumbent on me to interrupt my Dreaming, to answer him.

As Dreams are the Effect of a precedent Drowsiness, I shall expect to be told that some of mine partake of that Character; but so long as they do not make my readers Drowsy, I shall disregard the remark. As I think it may be proved to mathematical demonstration that a very large portion of the people of America are asleep, I conclude there must be a correspondent number of Dreamers in the United States — I invite all such to Correspondence with me: and their Dreams if consistent with the plan of my undertaking shall be duly noticed, if enclosed, post paid, and transmitted to the publisher of the Examiner, in Richmond, who has promised me a Column in his paper every Friday, so long as my lucubrations may contribute to the Entertainment of his Customers, or the Sale of
his paper.³

In my next number I shall enter upon my Office of Dreamer, but, before I take leave of my reader, I beg leave to recommend to his Attention the following Apologue, for which I am indebted to the ingenious Author of the History of Gil Blas de Santillana.⁴
I was lately perusing that part of Homers Iliad, wherein Helen, conducted by the Goddess Iris, repairs to the Walls of Troy; where Priam, with his ancient Warriors and Counsellors, whom Homer compares to Grasshoppers, on Account of their bloodless Veins, and feeble voice, overlood'd the field of Battle, in which the Greeks & Trojans were contending for the Fate of Troy. Those Chiefs in whom the fire of youth had long been extinguished, and in whose veins the feeble current of Life scarcely continued to flow, were nevertheless instantaneously warm'd by such a blaze of Charms, and,

When the Spartan Queen approach'd the Tower,
In secret own'd resistless Beauty's power.

They cried, no wonder, such celestial Charms
For nine long years have set the World in Arms!

I was so struck with the passage, that I closed the Book without reading any further, and going to Bed soon after, I was visited with the following Dream.

Methought I was standing upon a considerable Eminence near which a Torrent roll'd its impetuous waters with such Violence as to be utterly impassable, except over a Bridge of considerable breadth, which form'd a communication between the opposite Banks -- those on the Left Side of the Torrent were steep and inaccessible; on the right they were gradually sloping from the margin of the Water, without the smallest impediment or obstruction, so that it was infinitely more easy to throw over a bridge from the left, than the right Bank, whenever it was deemed necessary to cross the Torrent. On the left Bank, and near the Bridge
I beheld an immense Army in Scarlet uniforms, who seem'd ready to pass the bridge whenever their Aid was required by a smaller and well appointed Army clad in the same uniforms; who occupied the Bridge, and considerable portion of the Right Bank, where they committed every species of outrage, depredation and violence on all that fell into their hands. -- A number of small parties in white shirts, with here and there a blue Jacket among them, some of whom were furnish'd with rusty fowling speices, and some with Scythes and pitchforks, seem'd to present a contemptible opposition to the marial Host of these Invaders; for such the Army in Scarlet uniforms appeared to be. Nevertheless I could discover in the Countenances of these ill-appointed Peasants a manly resolution, which indicated that the fire of enthusiasm glow'd in every bosom. Among their leaders I discovered one, who conceal'd the Talents of the ablest General under the plain exterior of a Quaker; and many others whom I should have mistaken for ploughmen and waggoners had I not seen them leading on their troops to battle with the countenance of an Hector, and the intrepidity of an Achilles. A Chief of Superior Stature, dignified Aspect, and majestic port presided like another Agamemnon, by unanimous Choice, over his compeers in Arms. Wherever he turn'd his Eye, or pointed with his finger, his ready Associates flew to execute the necessary command. Never was obedience more cheerful; whilst repeated shouts and acclamations announced the Spot, which was animated by the presence of their beloved Chief. -- The plain on which their hostile Armies were assembled, extended a considerable distance, being bounded in front by the vast Torrent already mentioned, and rising gradually from its Margin, terminated at length in lofty and inaccessible mountains in the rear. Each side was covered by Forest of
prodigious extent; which form'd a considerable barrier for those parts which were not protected by Forest, or the mountains, so that the Bridge was almost the only passage by which an Enemy could approach or retreat. This beautiful Region was intersected with several Streams of limpid water, on whose borders numerous flocks and herds were feeding, under the shade of the most magnificent Oaks, and stately poplars. The yellow harvest waving with the breeze, and bending down under its own weight announced the happy fertility of the Soil, and the rosy Countenances of the Cottagers proclaimed it to be the abode of health and plenty. About a dozen Tents, ornamented with Ensigns of various devices were pitched in different parts of the plain. Near the center appeared one more considerable than the rest. It was decorated with a striped Flag, intermingled with a number of Stars. It seem'd as if the other Tents had been somewhat contracted, in order to furnish materials for this, which was evidently the residence of some favorite personage. A number of persons were continually passing to and from this & the other tents, hither also the Chiefs of the Armed parties frequently repaired, as if to receive Orders. In the Vicinity of the Tents a great number of both Sexes were employed in their ordinary Occupations, which were not unfrequently interrupted by Attacks from detachments of the invading Army. These Marauders when successful carried of [sic] Men, Women & Children, or murdered them on the spot without distinction of age or sex, setting fire to their Cottages & Barns, and driving off their Stocks; however, they were not unfrequently intercepted in this Banditti Warfare, by the armed parties of the peasants, who sometimes made them pay dear for their Enterprises. -- A general beating of Drums, and
sounding of Trumpets announc'd an approaching Attack on the part of the whole invading Army. Whilst I meditated upon all these things, a personage whom by the Lustre of his Countenance I conceived to belong to a superior order of Beings accosted me. Stranger, said he, for such I perceive you are, I read in your Countenance a Desire to know the Cause of all these things which you now behold. -- The plain before you is called Gotham.² The Inhabitants, whom by their Garb and Occupations you may discover to be peaceful cultivators of the Earth, are reported to be Idolaters, on Account of their Veneration (approaching indeed almost to Idolatry) for a certain beautiful Female, to whom they ascribe divine origin; who they allege resides among them, presides over their Councils, and according to their Tenets, is the Author and Bestower of Peace, Plenty & Contentment, and in short of every sublunary Blessing. Such is their Enthusiasm that they ascribe to her Ubiquity (which is indeed one of the attributes of the Diety) and believe that she is present with them every where, and on all Occasions. They describe her as uniting, like another Pallas, the wisdom, Fortitude and Courage of the other Sex, with all the Charms of her own. They celebrate her praises incessantly in Hymns & Songs. Their festivals are all dedicated to her; when they speak of her, the fire of Enthusiasm flashes from their Eyes, their whole Countenances are animated, a manly courage displays itself in every Gesture, and they rush forward to Battle with the intrepidity of Lions. The Women are not less enthusiastic than their Sons, & Husbands. The labours of the Loom are accompanied with Hymns and Songs: and the fond mother's Lullaby to her darling infant consists of the Paeans composed in honor of the tutelary Divinity—such is the enchanting Eleutheria,³ as described by her Votaries, who are
now prepared to shed their Blood in her Defence, and to vindicate the purity of her Character at the Expence of all they hold dear. Their Antagonists, those Invaders whom you behold distinguish'd by their glittering Arms, and scarlet uniforms paint her in very different Colours. They call her Perduelia, a name which in their Language is opprobious. They represent her as of Gigantic Stature, with the features of Gorgon, whose Snakes they have also bestowed upon her. They describe her as a Canibal, whose Altars, like those of the God Molock, are perpetually defiled with human gore, on which she feeds with the rapacity of the Tiger, and the insatiate appetite of the Vulture. Her votaries are stigmatis'd with all the Vices which are attributed to their impure divinity, and the Object of the Invaders is to immolate her upon her own Altars, and exterminate the race of her worshippers. Such is the Cause which now invites these hostile Armies to engage: the one fighting in Defence of themselves, their Wives, & their Children, but above all, in defence of the guardian Genius of their Country, the other urged on by a blood thirsty Ambition, and Desire of Extermination. Here the Genius paused.— Whoever thou art, said I, if there be any thing real in what you have related, O deign to grant me the Sight of that Being whom you have so variously described. At the Moment a sudden Lustre, spread around me, and a form divinely bright glided before me: her figure seem'd more than mortal, and her Countenance beam'd with the smiles of Complacence, enlivening the Features and complexion of the Goddess Hebe; The instant I beheld her, my bosom glow'd with a sacred fire, kindled by Love & admiration & prompting to immediate Adoration. I was about to fall down and worship the heavenly Vision, when a loud
Shout from the Armies of Gotham, proclaim'd that they, likewise had beheld the divine apparition. I turn'd my Eyes towards them and beheld them rushing upon their Enemies like Panthers springing upon the timid Deer. -- The Shock was impetuous on both sides; the valour of the Gothamites, and the enthusiasm inspired by the presence of their divinity supplied the place of Arms and numbers. But fresh supplies of Invaders from the opposite side of the Bridge, from time to time snatch'd the palm of Victory from their Hands; At that Moment a Well-appointed Army in light blue Uniforms from the opposite side of the Torrent pour'd down upon those in Scarlet, and gain'd possession of the Bridge, which they retained with irresistible Courage, while a part of their advanced guard crossing the Bridge was detach'd to join the Armies of Eleutheria. The Shouts of Victory were instantly heard throughout the Ranks of the Gothamies, and their Gallant Allies, and the Invaders perceiving their retreat cut off laid down their Arms. The plain of Gotham became in a moment the Scene of universal Joy and festivity; all felt, & confess'd the presence of their auspicious divinity. Songs of triumph attributed to the Victory to her aid & inspiration. A solemn procession attended her to the principal Tent, and from thence to the other Tents. The Spring seem'd to spread variegated beauties and delightful Odours around, as she mov'd along. The golden Harvest bending with its ripen'd Ears, and the right fruits of Autumn, were equally present wherever she approach'd. She look'd on all, and smil'd on all -- and all were transported at her presence. Never were such genuine Effusions of Joy seen among any other people, or on any former Occasion. A Peace was soon after concluded between the Gothamites, and their Invaders, the Bruti, or Brutes, so called, as they pretend, from a Trojan, who after the Destruction of
Troy settled a Colony in their Country.\textsuperscript{5}

Happy Gothamites! I exclaim'd -- Happiest of Mankind, you will now more than realize the poetic fictions of the Golden Age! United by the ties of Amity and Blood; taught to value the blessings of Peace and Concord; and instructed in those you derive from the presence of the Benevolent & divine Eleutheria, Ages of uninterrupted Happiness shall roll over your terrestrial Paradise. Divided from the hostile and corrupt world by Barriers which it remains for yourselves to render impregnable, your own wisdom will doubtless prompt the means of perpetuating your present Felicity."[sic]

Stranger, said the Genius, who still remained near to me, I perceive that your Bosom glows with the genuine Emotions inspired by the Divine Eleutheria. -- But know that not the most partial favor of protecting Genii, can preserve Mankind from irretrievable Errors. Even the divine Eleutheria, whose presence all here confess, and whose inestimable Blessings are profusely scattered over the plain; whose influence elevates the human Soul, and prompts to every noble Action, even she, of all the tutelary Genii that preside over the Affairs of Men, the most influential, as the most beneficent, hath not been able to preserve her votaries from the most fatal Counsels. Not even the Gothamites, happy as they now are, shall long remain exempt from this Calamity. Behold that Bridge, over which the Armies of the Bruti have march'd to invade them. In vain has a ten years war demonstrated the necessity of destroying that immediate Communication between the Gothamites and their late inveterate Enemies. In vain have they that seen the Tents of that imperious nation, are irreconcilable to the mild
& benevolent principles of the gentle Eleutheria: in vain have they heard them brand her with the most opprobrious Epithets, and seen them with the malvolence of Daemons endeavouring to compass her destruction; in vain have they seen and felt all the horrors of a predatory & exterminating War; in vain did they vow, during its continuance, instantaneously to destroy that fatal Communication as soon as their Arms should gain possession of it. That Bridge, that fatal Bridge, still remains, and will finally prove the Bane of Gotham. Not all that Eleutheria can prompt, her wisest Sons advise, shall avert the fatal Issues."[sic]

Alass! I replied, if this be the case deign to communicate the fatal progress of this calamitous Event.

Stranger, said the Genius, it is not permitted to Beings of our order to foretell the Events which ripen in the womb of Time. -- But in Vision thou mayest behold them. -- So saying he wav'd his Hand, and instantly a Vision arose before mine Eyes, which I shall give a particular Account in my next number.
My last paper concluded with that part of my Dream in which the Genius was about to disclose in a Vision the Causes which should lead to the destruction of the golden Age of Gotham.

The first object which attracted my Attention was the Bridge fill'd with the captive troops of the Bruti retiring to their own Country; the Air was fill'd with the Acclamations of the happy Gothamites. Trophies were every where erected, and the several Tents, which I now discovered to be the residence of the heads of their several tribes, were decorated with streamers and other Insignia of Triumph - The principal Tent, was called the Tabernacle of Concord, and was believed to be the chosen Residence of their tutelary Divinity, whither the heads of the Tribes daily met to consult in her presence, for the common good. It was the general belief that the Divinity presided over their Counsels, although she took no part in their Debates, her presence equally inspiring Wisdom and prompting Truth. - Soon after the troops of the Allies were likewise withdrawn, carrying with them honorable testimonials from the great Council, and the prayers of all the Gothamites, who vowed eternal gratitude and Friendship towards them. Scarcely had these last crossed the Bridge, when I beheld a number of the Bruti, with olive branches in their hands, coming over the Bridge towards Gotham, laden with Commodities of every kind, which they pretended to offer as presents to the Gothamites. Many of the latter, like the wise Trojan who advised to burn the insidious present of the Greeks, rejected them with disdain; others were prevailed upon not to distrust the Gifts,
whilst a far greater number inconsiderately accepted whatever were offered, and many went so far as to purchase with Avidity what they refused as a present. Whether these presents were really poisons as some of the Gothamites believed, or where only Phyltres, or whether it be that natural consequence of indulging in Luxury, to love and prefer those who minister to our pleasures, or Convenience, it certainly appeared to me that the Countenances of all who accepted or purchased the alluring Commodities of the Bruti instantly underwent a perceptible change: they were not indeed transform'd to Hogs or Wild Beasts, like those companions of Ulysses who tasted the fatal cup presented by Cyrus, but they lost that erect front, that open and undisguised Countenance, that manly Frankness, which before distinguish'd them from the rest of Mankind. Instead of celebrating, as before, the praises of the divine Eleutheria, in their discourses, in their Songs, and in their festivals, they regretted the interruption which a ten years war had given to their intercourse with their late Enemies, so suddenly transformed in benevolent friends. The vicinity of the Bridge was presently crowded with large houses for the reception of their welcome Guests, and their Merchandises; which were multiplied until the whole Bank of the Torrent was covered with towns and Villages; whither these insinuating Visitors repair'd in great numbers, mingling with the Gothamites on all Occasions, and even professing an Attachment to the divine Eleutheria. Many carried their dissimulation so far as to repair to the Altars of Eleutheria, and there with solemn vows and imprecations renounce their former Country, and in the sight of God and Man declare themselves Gothamites. Yet these hypocrites still retained their pristine devotion for the Gods of the Bruti, and in secret branded the divine Eleutheria with the opprobrious
Epithet of Perduelia; their voluntary Perjury increasing the Rancour of their former Animosity. Numbers of the Gothamites deserted their fields, and settled among these Missionaries of the Bruti on the Margin of the Torrent. - Many resolved to enter into Traffic with the people on the opposite Shotes: but the only passage thither was over the Bridge, which was now filled with the Bruti, and its entrance strictly guarded by their troops - every Gothamite attempting to cross it was stop'd by these arbitrary Legions, his Baggage search'd, his Letters broken open, his papers examined, and his business strictly enquired into. If his intentions were to visit any other people except the Bruti, he was maltreated, and sent back; often with the loss of his Baggage. With difficulty would they permit any but their own Merchants to cross into Gotham, pretending a prescriptive Right to the Way over the Bridge. All the Gothamites who had settled near the Torrent became dissatisfied. Many were employed in Fishing for a particular kind of Trout with which the Torrent abounded. The people on the opposite Banks would gladly have purchased the prodigious numbers which were caught on the Shores of Gotham, which could not afford a sufficient market for the multitudes which were taken, but the passage of the Bridge being ordinarily obstructed by the Troops of the Bruti, and the distance round very great, so that the Trouts were frequently spoild before they got to a Market, these Gothamites exclaim'd vehemently, that it was necessary to build another Bridge in a situation commodious for their particular Merchandise. They exclaimd at the Injustice and arbitrary Conduct of the Bruti, who would neither suffer them to bring their Trouts to their own Markets nor permit the Carts to pass without interruption elsewhere. They vow'd that they would willingly break down the old Bridge if their Countrymen would erect
another over a part of the Torrent as remote as possible from the nation
of the Bruti.

These well-grounded complaints against the Bruti rous'd the
resentment of the Gothamites in general. The Chiefs of the Tribes
assembled in the Tabernacle of Concord declared their inability to
redress them: it was impossible they said to demolish the Bridge, or
to erect another from the side of Gotham, the opposite Bank being too
lofty & steep, and the Torrent too wide and rapid for the Gothamites
to effect so great a work. The people on the opposite side might if
they chose it, much more easily construct one; until they should do so,
things must remain as they were, unless the Gothamites were willing to
go to War again with their late Enemies in order to recover the
possession of the Bridge. - Many would readily have adopted this measure,
but those more prudent or more phlegmatic, reminded them of the Calamities:
from which they had just recovered; of their weak, exposed, & defenceless
situation. Their late Allies were moreover rendered incapable from their
own internal Commotions of giving the said Aid, either Men, Money, or
Arms as they had done formerly. These Considerations prompted many to
bear with patience what roused their Indignation & resentment. The
divine Eleutheria became imperceptibly neglected. She was rarely seen,
and many suggested that she no longer presided in the Tabernacle of
Concord. It was even affirmed that the divinity to whom the Tabernacle
was consecrated had deserted it, and that the Book of the Covenant which
had been deposited there was either burnt, or so sadly torn, mutilated,
and blotted in every Page that it was become useless. Sadness and
Discontent now began to overspread the Countenances of the Gothamites.
The Songs and Hymns composed in honour of the beneficent Eleutheria
were succeeded by impatient Ejaculations, and incoherent Execrations, and the Voice of festivity was drown'd in Murmurs. At length a Voice arose, saying, "The Gothamites shall not prevail, neither shall Eleutheria continue to abide, nor Concord return to dwell among them, until the Book of the Covenant shall be written over again and bound together; nor until the Ark of the Covenant in which it shall be deposited shall be repaired & kept holy." This Voice, which appeared to come from Heaven, was heard by all the Gothamites. They cried out, with one Voice, "Let the Book of the Covenant be written over again and bound together; and let the Ark of the Covenant in which it shall be deposited be repaired & kept holy." The Elders of the Tribes were immediately assembled to consult together on the Manner of fulfilling the Advice of the Oracle, for such, all Men admitted the Voice to have been. Their first Deliverations were concerning the Manner in which the Book of the Covenant should be written again and bound together. One party advised that it should be fairly transcribed on Vellum or Parchment with necessary Corrections & Explanations of the former Text, and should be bound in strong Leather made of the Hide of a Buffalo, an Animal well known to the Gothamites. This proposition was immediately over-ruled, it being alledged that Vellum and Parchment might be torn & blotted, as readily as the paper book; and that the Buffaloe hide was by no means stout enough for the binding, which certainly would not last more than two or three Centuries without great Care and Circumspection. A second proposition was that the Covenant, like that of Moses, should be ingraved on Tables of Stone, and deposited like that, in the holy of holies, and be there kept by the High Priest, and the Levites. -- This proposal was said to have been made by a little wry-necked Man, who got a twist in his neck
from his Godmother, as she delivered him to be baptised. Many secretly favoured his opinions but as the Oracle had expressly mentioned a *Book*, & had suggested that it should moreover be a *bound Book*, they said their Consciences would not let them vote for *Stone Tables*. A substitute was proposed by a Party who profess'd to pay strict obedience to the Oracle, whilst they secretly favour'd the Advice of the wry-necked man, who had more names than I can remember. These proposed that the Covenant should be engraved on plates of Brass, united together by strong Hinges, and covered with Massive plates of the same metal: that the Covers should be moreover secured with Brass Clamps, and the whole rendered inviolable by a Chain of the same Metal, passing round the Covers, and united to them by a Steel-lock of curious workmanship. The Majority (among whom were, many who proposed the Parchment Book with its binding of Buffaloe hide as being much cheaper, sufficiently durable, and more portable) agreed, by a kind of compromise to this proposition. Many Alterations were also introduced into the Text, and upon the same principle, agreed to. It now remaind to consider of the manner of repairing the Ark of the Covenant, upon which the little wry-necked Man got up and made a long speech. He said that the Oracle would be equally obeyed whether a new Ark of the Covenant was built, or the old one was repaired, since the Essence of the Command was that there should be a proper repository for the Book. That the old Ark was so greas'd and dirtied by those who had Access to it, that it might be mistaken for a Sailor's Chest. That the Rats had gnaw'd several holes in it, which could not be repaired without plugs, which were a great deformity, and that the lock was so spoilt that it took half an hour to open it: and as it was nailed on, it could not be taken off without making bad worse. - Their Arguments were admitted
without Enquiry into the Truth of the facts alluded, since the Oracle itself imported that some repairs were necessary. This point being gained, it was next proposed to abandon the Tabernacle of Concord, as altogether inconvenient and ruinous. It had lasted during the War, and as they were then constrained to abide in Tents, answered the purpose tolerably well. But what civilised nation ever dwelt in Tents, except in War. The Jews, so long as they dwelt in Tents, were wanderers: So are the Tartars, and Arabs at this day. The Gothamites surely did not wish to imitate either. Besides, it was well known that as soon as the Jews began to dwell in Cities, their King David was commanded to build a Temple whither the Ark of God might be removed from the Tabernacle, its former place. That this Command was actually obey'd by the Son of David, to whom it was in a wonderful manner repeated. Many of the Assembly were allarm'd at this proposal to abandon the Tabernacle of Concord: but they were reconciled when they heard the mover explain himself, by proposing to erect a magnificent Temple to Union. This Divinity he allledged was the Parent of Concord. That it was the Type of the Godhead. - Some who were Christians, and consequently worshipers of the sacred Trinity, were shock'd at this Declaration. But the Orator maintained his ground with such plausible, if not convincing Arguments, that the Trinitarians gave up the point. The Concordists had already--yielded it, and it was carried with only two or three dissenting Voices. The difficulty was to reconcile the Gothamites to these proceedings as the whole were to be submitted to them for their final ratification. This Task, the little wry necked Man took upon himself. His success will constitute the subject of a succeeding Paper.
One of my Correspondents, who seems to be pretty well pleased with my Dream thus far, enquires how long one of my naps usually lasts, and seems to imagine that I must be a perfect Endymion in sleeping, or that I could not possibly have such long Dreams.

My Correspondent seems not much to have considered the nature of thought, which in an Instant passes from one object to another with such rapidity, that a person may take the tour of Europe in Imagination, in half the time that he could eat his Breakfast at the Inn on the road. This subject I recollect is beautifully exemplified in one of the Spectators; in which a story is told of an Eastern Prince, who was prevailed on by one of his Courtiers, that was a Magician, to dip his face into a Basin of water. The unhappy Monarch felt himself instantly driven; like another Nebuchadnezzar, from his Capital, & for a series of years exposed to all the hardships of Poverty, Captivity, and Slavery; till, at length weary of life, he plunged into a river to drown himself; but after remaining under water for some time, the Love of Life, or difficulty of holding his Breath, obliged him once more to rise to the Surface; in doing which he rais'd his face out of the Water in the Basin, & found himself standing in the precise place, and surrounded by the same Attendants, who had been with him, when his Calamities first began, many years before: enraged at the Magician whom he regarded as the Author of all his Misfortunes, he was about to put him to death, when his Attendants assured him he had not removed out of the Spot, nor had half
a minute elaps'd since he had first made the experiment of Immersion.

To this Story, which perhaps may be regarded as nothing more than a pleasing fable, I shall add others of modern date; the first of a person who in crossing a large & deep river, was accidentally thrown out of the boat by an unruly horse: being unable to swim, he sunk instantly: but, as it often happens to drowning persons struggling for Life, rose soon after to the Surface of the water, when one of the Ferrymen siezing him by the Hair of his head, drew him into the Boat, alive. The Gentleman, for such he was, declared to his friends, that during the short period of his submersion, all the principal events & actions of his Life passed in review before him. The second Instance is that of a Sailor boy, who being called up to hold the a [sic] Quarter minute Glass whilst the Log was thrown, fell asleep after turning the Glass, but waked again, in time to give the word to Stop the Log-reel, when the Glass had run out. In the intermediate Space of about fourteen seconds, he had a long dream, which he related very circumstantially to his Companions, as soon as he was dismiss'd from the Quarter-deck. - After enumerating these Instances of the quick succession of Ideas, it might seem superfluous to remind my Correspondent, that my dream has not yet lasted more than twenty, or twenty-five minutes moderate reading, and every person who has paid the least Attention to the Subject, must be aware that one man may dream as fast as another can read. - Having thus, I hope fully, satisfied the doubts of my Correspondent, I shall resume the Subject of my Dream.

Nothing could surpass the Astonishment of the Gothamites when the plan proposed by their Chiefs, together with a Model for the proposed
Temple of Union, were made public for their Inspection. They had expected nothing so little, as the proposed destruction of the Tabernacle of Concord, for which they had conceived and long cherish'd a devotion, not unlike that of the Jews. Several important Articles of the old Covenant were suppress'd, & many whose import they did not fully comprehend, were substituted in their Stead. They were not disposed to think favourably of the project of a Temple to be dedicated to a new Divinity, whose worship, they found it was intended to Substitute for that heretofore paid to the divine Eleutheria: the name of this favorite tutelary Divinity was not even mentioned in the new covenant, except once, in a cursory manner. The model of the Temple was said to have been borrow'd from that noble structure of ancient Greece, in which the Council of Amphyctions assembled, to consult for the common good of that illustrious republic. But those who pretended to skill in Architecture pointed out a thousand deviations from the Attic rules of that Science. The Pillars they said were of unequal size, though all of the same Heighth, standing upon the same Base, and supporting the same roof; some being of ten times the diameter of others, which not only gave to the fabric a most awkward appearance, but rendered it too weak to support the roof; which they asserted was in the heaviest stile of Gothic Architecture, and could not fail to crush the Pillars which supported it. The Basement story was allledged to be dark, gloomy, & uncomfortable, its little grated windows resembling those of a Jail; and the thick dead Walls which formed a quadrangle of prodigious extent were compared to the Curtain of a Fortification. The colossal statue of Union which was to be placed in the grand portico, was said to resemble
a Cyclops as having but one Eye; and an Elephant, as having a proboscis, in lieu of Arms and hands; Emblems which were deemed necessary to depict the unity of the Divinity; for the same reason the lower extremities, instead of feet, legs and thighs consisted only of a square stone sloping downwards, like the Roman God Terminus or the Chariatides of the Grecian Architects, whose Authority was much relied on for the Correctness of this part of the Design. Some of these remarks were perhaps dictated by the pride of Criticism, rather than the just maxims of that art; others seem to have been the mere suggestions of Fancy; notwithstanding which, all those who were cool and dispassionate, acknowledged & lamented that there were many prominent defects in the projected plan. The little wry-necked Man stoutly defended the whole, and in the course of more than fifty different Orations pronounced upon the Subject, undertook to prove that all its blemishes were beauties; its Defects Advantages; those parts which were supposed Weak, the Strongest; & those from whose cumbersome weight, and ill-adapted parts danger was apprehended, the most secure, convenient, useful & necessary parts of the whole Fabric. Every new Religion is sure to have its prophets and its proselites. The little wry-necked Man was regarded in the light of the former, and the number of the latter began rapidly to increase, in the Villages bordering upon the Torrent. The Brutiti Emigrants were among the most zealous followers of the Apostle. They found in the proposed mode of worships many things which reminded them of that of their native Country. When a few Converts are made to a new Religion nothing is more rapid than its subsequent progress: every new Convert becomes himself a proselite monger, and missionaries multiply as proselites increase. Every Village and every Grove resounded with the
Declamations of Missionaries retailing the Dogma's of their new prophet & all Gotham echoed with their Harrangues. Some became Converts from principle; others from Fashion; a third set because they could not answer all the Arguments advanced by the sophistical Prophet and his Apostles; a fourth from their love of unanimity & Concord; a fifth sort from fear; and a sixth from indifference; notwithstanding which, a very large portion of the Inhabitants of Gotham steadfastly persisted in their Opposition to Innovations, which they deemed dangerous, or at best uncertain in their Consequences.
NUCA: THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN
"I am never less alone, than when alone," said an ancient philosopher to a young man, who ask'd him why he delighted so much in solitude. The Answer was that of an old man, & a Sage. — Age is the Season for contemplation & reflection, as Youth is of ardor, & activity. An old man, tottering on the brink of the grave, yet endeavouring to struggle through a Crowd eager in pursuit of the things of this world, is a pitiful object; and, did not dotage lay claim to our Compassion, as contemptible as a young man, in the full vigour of youth, sitting still. With his arms folded, and nodding in his Chair, when he should be actively employ'd in those pursuits for which his education & talents qualify him. Inactivity, in the latter Case, is the pure effect of Indolence, both mental and corporeal: in the former, though the Limbs may be at rest, the mind may be most actively engaged on the most interesting subjects, as well to the Community at large, as to the individual. Men of the most profound genius and learning are generally noticed for a certain degree of Abstraction, which superficial observers might mistake for the total Absence of those qualities for which they are peculiarly pre-eminent. The anecdote which is related of Sir Isaac Newton, who was smoking his pipe, whilst engaged in some abstruse calculations, when his Sister took a seat near him; upon which he gently took hold of her hand, and, after some time, made use of one of
her fingers, as a stopper for his pipe, may serve as instance that the mind of a Sage, may be engaged in the most exalted speculations, whilst he appears to be thinking of nothing. --But this can hardly be the Case with young Men, whose stock of knowledge and information is more likely to be improved by the Information they may recieve from the labours of others, than their own original thoughts, and speculations. There may be some exceptions to the truth of this observation -- but it will hold good in general. Youth, therefore, is the period when Knowledge should be pursued with ardor. Riper years constitute the Season for active industry, by which practical experience may be acquired: Age is that for corporeal rest, and for that relaxation of mind, which consists in the Contemplation of the past, rather than the Events of the future, as far as respects our sublunary State; --this is the time when we may calmly review our Errors; discover the Misfortunes, or other evil Consequences, which have proceeded from them; repent of them, sincerely, where Cause of repentance has occurred; and endeavour to make Atonement for them, where atonement can be made; or amend our future lives, and conduct, on similar Occasions Should they occur; and, finally, purify our hearts, and prepare us to meet that awful change which all must undergo, and which at this period of our lives cannot be very remote. Retirement, and Solitude are best adapted for these purposes; occasional Conversation with Men of Reflection, observation, & experience, will no doubt contribute greatly to enlarge the Scope of a Man's own reflexions, and from books he can not fail of deriving great assistance, if well chosen. But the Application of these Aids will most generally be best made in a moment of retirement & Solitude. Who has not experienced this, when after some very interesting Event, which has
afforded a subject for discussion, he has waked in the night, & amidst darkness and Solitude viewed the Subject with more penetration & Judgement, than he felt even whilst the best Reasoners were speaking upon it? Or who ever found himself in a State of embarassment and perplexity, that did not after a Solitary walk, and Meditation feel that Solitude is a friend not only to Contemplation, but to the Judgement, also. —As the mind becomes habituated to this Situation, and this kind of exercise, it acquires, if I may so express it, a greater promptitude in selecting proper Subjects, and in the Arrangement of the Ideas, so as to form just Conclusions in the most ready & direct mode, in the same manner that a habit of mathematical reasoning leads by the shortest Course to the most remote Induction. And as the heart comes wean'd from the pursuits of this world, the vanity, or transient enjoyment, of which, it has experienced, it is attracted towards a future state of existence, where hopes, which can never be deemed visionary, may be indulged by the virtuous and upright; or horrors, the suggestions of conscious guilt, may rise in awful Terrors, to alarm the consciences of the profligate & wicked. These effects often repeated must produce some degree of reformation even in the most degenerate. Thus, while a state of solitude presents to the just & good, joyful anticipations of a future state, it may on the other hand operate as a betttering House for the wicked, and lead them, forever, from their evil ways. Of this, those who recommend penetentiary houses, where criminals are for a portion of their time denied the sight and converse of mankind, must be well convinced; since in support of their opinions it is advanced, and perhaps generally admitted, that the Convicts who have undergone these privations return to the world better Men, than when they left it. Having had no
experience on this subject I offer no opinion on the Correctness of that which I have mentioned. I adduce it merely as a proof, (if true) that Solitude may be an excellent moral agent even upon the minds of the young and profligate.

It will not I hope be inferred from anything that I have said, that I am an advocate for the Seclusions of a Monastery, or a Nunnery, or for the Austerities of an Ascetick Life: much less that I have the smallest tincture of the Misanthrope, in my temper and Composition. I have read too much of the vices of Monasteries, and have too sincere and Affection & partiality for the fair Sex, to advocate either of these Institutions; and I have enjoyed too many of the good things of this world, and still love innocent Enjoyments too much, to feel any desire to practice those self denials, and penances, which fanatics in every Age & Country have made the means of their own exaltation in the Eyes of the Vulgar. Neither could I without forgetting the many sincere & ardent friends which it was my good fortune to acquire in my younger days, change the character by which so inestimable an Acquisition was made, so far as to regard my fellow Men with an evil eye. If I know my own heart, I may say with Confidence,

"Homo sum, et humani nihil a me alienum puto."  

Some of my readers perhaps may enquire what do the foregoing observations lead to? I shall answer --frankly, to prepare them for our better acquaintance. Solitude, as I have already said gives rise to Reflection; the latter leads the way to Communication. A man who thinks much in a state of retirement, if he has ever been accustomed to the use of pen and Ink, will be very apt to commit his thoughts to writing: in process of time he begins to think, or some of his friends persuade him
that he ought not to withhold his observations & remarks from the world, inasmuch as one in an hundred perhaps, may derive some profit from them. Self love is a most persuasive Advocate; like the voice of the Syren, if listened to for a Moment, it seduces, and prevails. It is the lust of our passions that deserts us. Old men, and old women of ninety, or an hundred, are as easily beguiled by it, as a Girl of fifteen. It is immaterial to my readers whether the persuasions of my friends, or my own natural vanity, and self-love have prompted me to break silence after a solitude, and retirement from the busy world for the last fifteen years. During which period I have look'd back not only upon the events connected with my own life & fortunes, but on those within the ordinary reach of observation, with much Attention & Reflection. I have rarely committed my observations to writing, indeed, and therefore can not judge by reviewing them, which of them, if any, are worthy of the public eye. I will now make an attempt in that way.

Moral essays written in an entertaining manner, after the example of the Spectator, Tatler, & Guardian, have been generally supposed to produce excellent effects upon Society, in general. The example of Steele, & Addison in their Essays has been followed by several other writers in England, among whom Johnson, Hawksworth, & Goldsmith, I believe, have generally been admitted to take the lead. The Idolaters of Johnson prefer his Rambler to all the rest: but I must confess that both the Spectator and the Guardian please me more, and Doctor Hawkesworth's Adventurer I have considered as in every respect its equal. Some abortive attempts had been made in the same way, in Virginia, when my excellent and much regarded friend Doctor Robert Cecil commenced the
publication of his *Old Batchelor* about three years ago. The public were generally delighted with it, and he conducted it with all the Assiduity which his professional Avocations would permit. He did me the honor to request me to unite my labours with his, and I will frankly confess I had prepared some numbers, with an Intention to offer them to him. A few days after the publication of his last number, he was called to the Western Country by some important and urgent business. Before he set out on his Journey he wrote to request me to take charge of some numbers which he had partly prepared, with several Communications from a variety of Correspondents, all which he desired me to examine, and give him my opinion upon them when he should return, as he would make a point of calling on me at my Hermitage as he came back. I was greatly surprised at neither seeing nor hearing anything of him for several months. His -- friends became alarm'd for his safety; as it was thought that he had gone to Kentuckey, diligent enquiries were made after him as well within the State, as on the road thither. Nothing could be heard of him after he left Abington. About three months ago one of his friends having -- occasion to go to the Mississipi-territory, determined to enquire after him upon that route. On the borders of West-Tenessee, at a small house on the road he recieved the following information. That in the month of in the last year, a stranger without any Servant or Companion, alighted at the door, without any of the family having observed whether he came from the East, or from the West, it being then just dark; he complained of being very unwell, and ask'd permission to go to bed as soon as possible, without eating, or drinking anything. When his Bed was ready he ask'd for a pen, Ink, & paper, which he took with him into his Bed-chamber, and, as it afterwards
appeared, (for he shut the door when he went into the Bedroom, & told the Servant he would put out the Candle when he had done writing) sat down to write a Letter, which he began in these words. "My dear Alfred, I arrived here this Evening very unwell, and feeling some unusual, and rather alarming Symptoms, it is my wish." Here the pen apparently dropt from his hand; the three or four last words being scarcely legible, and himself found upon the floor, quite dead. This did not happen 'til the next morning, his Bed-room being detach'd from the house in which the family usually sat, and slept. He was not buried for several days in the expectation that some traveller or other might recognize the Corpse. The Landlord, who seems to have been an honest man, took charge of the Key of his Valise, which he was too scrupulous to open, but contented himself with shewing the unfinished Letter to travellers, and enquiring if they knew of such a person as Alfred. The name was sufficient to identify the dead person to his enquiring friend: he took the Key of the Valise, and opening it, found some papers which satisfied the Landlord, that if he had been less scrupulous, he might at once have known who his unfortunate Guest was. Since his return the Doctor's will has been found, & opened; among other Legacies to particular friends, he did me the favor to bequeath to me all the Manuscripts which he had confided to my Care, with a request that I would publish such of them, as I should approve of. It is in compliance with this request that I have undertaken to write this Introductory Essay, to which I shall subjoin another, before I present my readers with the Manuscripts which have been confided to me.
"Quis novus hic Hospes?"

When we meet a stranger who accosts us with Civility, and seems disposed to make an Acquaintance with us, it is very natural to wish to know who he is. --Considering this to be the Case with my Readers, and having no person to introduce me in form to them, or to give them any Account of me, I am constraind to give them some information on the subject myself.

I am an old man, who spent the first fifty years of my Life in active industry, for the support of a wife whom I loved most tenderly, and a family of Children towards whom I felt all a Fathers partiality, affection and tenderness. It having pleased Heaven to bless my Labours with a moderate Competence, the next ten years of my Life were spent in winding up my Affairs, and ultimately in the purchase, and Improvement of an excellent farm, west of the blue ridge of Mountains, on which I built a very comfortable House, where my beloved wife, and myself promised ourselves many happy days together, and where we both proposed to pass the remainder of our Lives, in that tranquility which our former mutual exertions for the Benefit of our Children now rendered desirable. Our house was just finished, and every comfortable arrangement made for our reception the next Spring, when Death, unexpectedly, robb'd me of the greatest Treasure of my Life; the tender, faithful & affectionate Companion of my happiness, & Cares for five and thirty years. Having disposed of my establishment
below the Mountains, and entertaining no wish or desire to occupy that
which I had built for the reception & Accomodation of one, without
whose participation the ordinary enjoyments of Life were tasteless
and insipid to me, I determined to give my House and farm to one of
my Sons, who was then about to marry a most amiable young Lady,
reserving only to myself an Acre or two of Land about three or four
hundred yards from the house, where I might build a Cottage for my
dwelling place, for the residue of my Life. At first, I intended
nothing more than a common Log Cabin; but my Son, who undertook to
have it built for me, took Care to have it built with Logs, very
nicely squared, and lathed & Plaistered on the inside, with a very
good floor, & an excellent Stone Chimney, and a couple of sash Windows,
one on each side, the door being at the end opposite the Chimney. I
confess I was no less pleased with the neatness and snugness of my
Cottage, than with the filial Attention which my Son had manifested
in building it in so neat and comfortable a stile. But this was not
all; at the distance of twelve or fourteen feet he had built another
Room of the same size, in a line with the former, to which he united
it my a roof stretching from one to the other, and covering a flat
rock, which serv'd as the floor of a passage between the two rooms,
into which the doors of both open, so as to render the Communication
between them perfectly convenient. A Bench on each side compleats the
furniture of this passage, which is delightfully shaded by a very large
oak, with spreading branches, on the south side, and is in some measure
protected from the northern blasts, by the Mountain which rises
immediately behind, at a distance not more than fifty or sixty yards.
One of these rooms serves me for a Bedchamber; the other for a dining
room, parlour, and study; and, whenever I take a fancy to a Beef-Steak, or a Mutton-chop, for a Kitchen also. The furniture consists of a Table, three Chairs, one for my Son, one for his wife, & one for myself, and three little stools for their Children: to these I shall soon have occasion to add a fourth, as my daughter's youngest Son is just beginning to walk, and will expect soon to be admitted to the honors of the sitting, with his Sisters and Brother. My black walnut Desk and Book-case, the first article of furniture that I was ever master of, with a few Books, completes the list of my parlour furniture. That of my Bed-chamber is much in the same stile, but perfectly good, and comfortable. My domestics consist of my old faithful Servant Tobey, a little dog, a Cat, a pair of tame Rabits, a couple of Mocking-birds, and a tame Crow, which my man Tobey found some years ago near a Corn field with the extremity of one of his Wings broken. The first of these is my factotum. After waiting on me at breakfast, and dinner, he sits down to table, and eats his own Meals, while I take a little walk in my Garden, or if the weather be bad, retire to my bedchamber, that I may be no restraint upon his Appetite. In the Evening he generally occupies a Chair on one side of the Chimney, where he amuses himself with picking Cotton for my daughter, while I occupy the other side with a table & Candles before me, and a book: the little dog and Cat in the meantime lie very sociably together before the fire, and might furnish an useful lesson to querelous persons, how easy it is for different tempers to live quietly and happily together. Not but they sometimes have their little spats; but they are soon forgot, and they will very quietly eat together out of the same plate, until it comes near to the last mouthful, when the
Dog generally begins a quarrel, which lasts 'till his meal is ended. They are then friends till the next meal. This is very often the case among Speculators, & other worldly minded persons, who will frequently unite in hunting down a fat Dupe, and then quarrel about the division of his Spoils. That quarrel ended, they are just as ready as ever, to unite in pursuit of the next Gull they meet with, though morally certain their Success will terminate in a quarrel, as before. The Rabbits, who in their wild State would be dreadfully alarm'd (and with reason) at the sight of a Cat, or a Dog, hop about before them, and feed with as much tranquility in their presence as an Hen with her Chickens, full grown: for when very young, she would be sure to assail them and drive them off the field. The mocking Birds not only entertain me with their delightful singing in the day time, when they frequently excite the Rivalship of a little wren, who has built her nest on the Wallplate of my passage, but sometimes regale me with a delicious Serenade for the whole night. Nothing can contribute more to tranquilize the Mind, and fit it for Reflection, and Contemplation, than such enchanting Music, at such a time. As a reward for the entertainment they afford me, I frequently open one of the Doors of their Cage, (which is double) and permit the little songster who occupies it to enjoy the pleasures of Liberty during the day: the plaintive notes of the deserted prisoner are sure to bring back its companion in the Evening, or sooner. The next day the same Indulgence is granted to the other: I have repeated this so often, that they seem to regard their Cage as their natural place of Residence. The Crow is, in his own estimation at least, the most important Character of the whole. He walks through the House, the Garden, & every where else, with the Air of a Cynic, turning up his eyes, most significantly, and
surveying every object with an Air of Contempt. He then climbs up a cloping fence stake, sets himself upon the top of the fence, and begins to Caw, and Croak, as vociferously, and with as much self importance as Lorenzo Dow, or any of his Disciples, or Competitors, at a Camp-meeting. --My little Grandson, about five years old, visits me regularly every Morning about the time I sit down to Breakfast, which generally consists of very nice bread & butter, with a bottle of butter-milk, cool from the springhouse. He always takes a chair with me, and entertains me with his innocent prattle, in return for his second breakfast, having eaten the first, at home. He generally repeats his visits three or four times a day, at some one of which I endeavour to prevail on him to say a lesson to me; this request sometimes manifests no small degree of Ingenuity in evading, by excuses, which from so young a Child have more than once surprised me. I make a point of checking these little instances of cunning, whenever they occur; in which I probably differ from some parents, who are prodigiously pleased with such early marks of Genius, as they consider it. To cherish, and encourage such a Disposition in a Child, is to prepare him for every Species of duplicity, fraud, and villainy. Child as he is, he is so far sensible of these checks, that he very rarely, if ever, repeats the excuses which gives occasion for one, a strong proof how susceptible the human Mind is of right, as well as wrong Impressions, from earliest Infancy. His Sisters, the one about eight, the other ten years of Age, are two lovely Children, and as amiable as they are lovely. They have both fine blue Eyes, fair Complexions, auburn hair curling in artless Ringlets over their whole
head, forehead, & neck. They visit me morning & afternoon, after
having said their Lessons to their Mama, who is their Preceptress, &
bring their books, that I too may hear them, which I always do with
infinite pleasure. A Conversation generally ensures between us, in
which they ask me an hundred questions, which I am sometimes puzzled
to answer, and amuse me with remarks upon what they have learnt, which
are highly gratifying to one who feels so near an Interest in them.
I have already said that their mother who is a pattern of female
excellence, is their preceptress: and the progress they have-made
clearly shews, that where a Mother possesses the Capacity, Leisure,
and Temper, to undertake to teach her Children, no Tutor is equal to
her. It is not so much in the Article of Instruction through the
Medium of Books, that a Mother's Eye, and a Mother's Attention is so
very important. It is in the all-important Circumstance of innocent
propriety, and moral rectitude of Conduct, of Conversation, and Sentiment,
that the instruction of a Mother differs from that of an ordinary
boarding School, or even the best of the Class. The Mother's - Chamber
is the Scene for female Education, unless her own deficiencies render
her example unfit for the Imitation of her Daughter. In that Case, if
the Father is rendered unhappy by his daughter, he must remember that
his own folly, and misconduct, in marrying the mother, has laid the
foundation of his wretchedness, in the degradation of his Child, for
whom it was his duty, as well as his Interest, to have provided a
proper parent. My daughter in law, of whom I have already spoken
usually postpones her morning visit to me, till he has got thro' the
necessary orders for the day, and heard her Children their Lessons; she
then commonly walks up, and sits a quarter or half an hour with me. Her
temper is at once mild, and warmly affectionate, and her manners and
conversation the most engaging, without the shadow of Affectation in
anything she says, or does. Simplex Munditiis, is the character of
her person & appearance. Her Conversation is generally cheerful,
sometimes very sprightly, at others grave, or serious, as Occasion
prompts. She sings charmingly, & plays delightfully on a piano forte,
or any other key'd instrument. She commonly pays me a second visit in
the Evening, and if the Moon Shines, & the weather be fair, I sometimes
walk down with her, and sit half an hour to hear her sing & play. I
was always partial to the Scottish Music, & she usually entertains me
with some of Allan Ramsays, and Burns's best songs. But what I value
far above any other piece of Music I ever heard, is the hundredth
Psalm, as played & sung by her, or as play'd, (when I was at College,)
by the celebrated Mr. Peter Pelham, organist to the Church in Williams-
burg. Having never heard Handel's Messiah, (nor, indeed, any of his
Oratorios) my Mind is incapable of forming an Idea, of any musical
performance, superior to that sublime Hymn, when well played on the
Organ, and sung by a Congregation whose hearts are duly impressed, &
warn'd by that heavenly exhortation, with which that psalm begins;
and with which my Daughter, with a pious fervor, which denotes that
her whole Soul is filled with devotion, always concludes her Music
for the Evening.

"With one Consent, let all the Earth

"To God their cheerful voices raise;

"Glad homage pay with humble Mirth,

"And sing before him songs of Praise."
The Hermit of the Mountain

No: 3.

I shall now proceed in conformity to the request of my much valued, & regretted friend, Doctor Cecil, to lay before my readers the Legacy, which he bequeath'd to me, as a Trustee for their benefit. Such of the papers as were prepared by him they will recieve without any, [or with only] the smallest, alteration.¹ Those of his Correspondents I shall consider myself at liberty to retrench, and even to suppress, entirely, according to the Confidence reposed in me: So that my readers will consider themselves as still edified, & entertained, by the Old Batchelor, except when the Hermit of the Mountain, ventures to address them in his own Character. This he may sometimes do, by way of varying the Scene a little, as some of his readers may occasionally wish for a little variety; but his Intrusions will not be frequent. . . . ²
II. On Diverse Matters, Chiefly Social and Political
Essay No. 1

To Solomon Squaretoes esqr. [from a female admirer]

I cannot express, Sir, the pleasure I have lately felt at discovering you under the disguise of an old Batchelor, in the Enquirer. Several years have passed away since I have heard anything of you, & I had often lamented in secret that the beau monde had probably lost one of its brightest ornaments, when I was most agreeably undecieved by the perusal of your first Essay, in which I discovered certain traits which soon convinced me that the object of my earlier Admiration still exists, and still retains some of those qualifications which first attracted my attention, and won------my Esteem.

Yes Sir, well do I recollect the day I first saw you, mounted on a fine Fearnought Colt full sixteen hands high, who seem'd so proud of his burthen, that he was continually curvetting & prancing though you did all you could by touching him in the Flanks with your spurs to teach him to behave more quietly. Well do I recollect your elegant figure when you rode up to the House of a Gentleman not an hundred Miles from Richmond, where a large Company was assembled at a wedding, followed by two Servants in laud [sic] Liveries, one of whom had a portmanteau behind him ovrtopp'd his head, & the other drove a pair of elegant Horses in a superb Phaeton, in which occasionally you seated yourself and drove with a grace & skill that would have ensured you a different Fate from the first Phaeton, if
you had attempted to drive the Chariot of the Sun. Well do I recollect the grace with which you dismounted from your Courser, and pulling off your gold laced hat, saluted the Ladies in the portico, before you had approached within fifteen yards of them; well do I recollect your high-topp'd Jack-boots--your chain-spurs; your Doe-skin Inexpressibles, that fitted as if nature herself had been your tailor; your scarlet broad cloth waistcoat with gold-lace at least three Inches broad, & flaps, that reached almost to your knees; and your London-brown riding Frock, with a double row of gold-frogs at the Buttons, & Button-holes; well do I recollect the glances expressive of pleasure & admiration, which the Ladies in the portico exchanged with each other as you advanced, each eager to press forward to receive your Salutations first, yet ashamed to betray the Emotions which the sight of such an accomplished Gallant inspired.

In that happy group was I, then a mere Child, in comparison of some in the Company. The happy Laura received your first salutation; the black-eyed Delia turn'd pale, as she saw you turning first to the left, instead of the right hand, where she stood; but the graceful and elegant manner in which you instantly turned round, & paid your devoirs to her recalled the blood into her fading cheek. Aurora blush'd like her from whom she derived her name, as you quitted Delia, and advanced with seeming impatience to her; the beautiful Monimia stood trembling behind; I was holding her hand & perceived her agitation: she received your compliments with a downcast eye, which said, "like Caesar, you come, see, & conquer." It was not for me, (child as I was!) to expect the same attentions from you. Nevertheless, you took my hand, with an air of gentleness, tenderness,
& most interesting inquisitiveness, & turning round to Laura (who
was a former acquaintance, I found) asked what beautiful little
Miss it was? Ah! Mr. Squaretoes, you have no Idea of the soft
Sensibility of our sex, nor at how early an age its distressing
effects are felt in our hearts. I insensibly squeez'd Monimia's
hand, and betrayed to her a secret, equal to her own: a thousand,
and a thousand times have we convers'd with each other on the subject,
[since] & had you at that period commenced those annual attacks of
which you tell us in your first number, victory, not defeat, must
have been the Issue. How different then might have been the course
of our Lives! But I forget that I was a mere Child! I forget
whether I had entered my Teens; for most unfortunately a year or two
after my dear Mother's death our home, with the Family-bible in it,
was burnt down; & my good Father, who was very intent upon marrying
a second time, never could be prevailed upon to tell his own age,
or that of any of his Children, so that I may truly be said to be
one of those Ladies who are of no particular Age.

But, to return from this Digression; at the moment of which I
was last speaking, Col: the master of the house advanced; he too
had seen foreign Countries, & Courts, and was thought the most polish'd
Gentleman of his day; and so he was--but his Sun was setting, while
yours was rising, and hastening to meridian splendor. Every eye drew
the Comparison between you, every heart felt the superiority of the
accomplished Mr. Squaretoes. The Col: was, however, ready dressed
for Dinner. His full-bottom'd wig flowed gracefully over his shoulders.
His full trimm'd suit of Genoa-velvet, gave a dignity to his appearance
that would have become a Lord Chancellor of England; & except your-
self, no Man ever bowed more gracefully, or addressed the Ladies
with a more easy politeness, or in a more elegant stile. He was courtesy itself; and though dinner was ready, he gave orders that it should be kept back till you had an opportunity of consulting your Toilette. —Our impatience for Dinner was lost in the desire of seeing you return with all the advantages which the contents of your portmanteau, with the attentions of your Barber & valet de chambre, might be expected to bestow. Every Eve in the drawing room was continually turn'd to the door, every ear listened, when a step was heard in the passage that led to it. In less than two Hours you entered, like another Hyperion: Well was it for the Ladies, and especially for the beautiful Monimia, that at that moment a servant opened the dining room door & announced that dinner was waiting. The Lady of the House had the Honour of your hand to escort her to the head of the table, and politely offered you a seat on her right hand: the lovely Monimia kept in the rear--I held her hand--Col: who was all attention, lead us to the dining room, & seated us on each side of him. Monimia sat on his left hand, I on his right, so that I had an opportunity of observing you, myself unobserved, during the whole time of dinner. The wing of a Chicken upon my plate serv'd me as a pretense for doing as the rest of the company was doing. But not a morsel entered my Lips; my appetite was only in my Eyes & Ears. It was just the same with Monimia—we interchang'd a few stolen glances whenever any brilliant Expression from your Lips had a chance to reach our end of the Table. Had the Gentlemen been as desirous of listening to you as the Ladies, the dinner would have gone untouch'd. But their noisy mirth soon drown'd the Music of your voice, and we were obliged to content ourselves with gazing on the bright object before us, until the sound of Fiddles gave the joyful summons to the
Ball-room. --The Bridegroom readily agreed to wave [sic] his privilege of opening the Ball, & Col__ requested the Favor of you to do it with Laura. --What a moment of anxious expectation was this! Ah! Mr. Squaretoes! Would you suppose it possible at this distant period to describe your dress, your Figure, your Movements, your easy & graceful manner of dancing, and the impression which all these attractions made upon the mind of a young girl in a child's-frock, dressed for the first time in a mock-pearl necklace & earings? Though I despair of doing you Justice, I will nevertheless attempt the description. Your hair-dresser had acquitted himself in a very superior stile, and given you a conical foretop of six or eight Inches, with curls on each side, descending from the middle of the forehead, in a triple row, the last of which extended in the pigeon wing stile, about a foot from the face; your hair, aided I presume, as the Fashion was, with the addition of a pound of very long hair, was turned up so as to form what was then most appropriately called a Club, which if it had been of wood might have felled the Nemaean Lion. A full suit of embroidered crimson velvet, the Skirts of the Coat reaching below the Calf of the Leg, & then of the waistcoat, to the Knees, supplied the place of the London brown-frock, the scarlet laced waistcoat, and the Doe-skin Inexpressibles in which you made your first appearance; and whitesilk stockings, Didsbury's Dogskin Pumps with high heels, stich'd all round, large paste Buckles, in imitation of diamonds almost covering your feet, with similar buckles at the kneebands decorated those limbs the elegant proportions, and muscular strength of which were before concealed by your Jack-boots. A pair of deep Brussels-lace ruffles hung over the ends of your fingers,
except when casually removed, so far as to discover a large Brilliant on the littlefinger [sic] of your right hand, and an elegant Topaz, on the fourthfinger [sic] of your left. The Ruffles at your Bosom were of the same fabric, as that at the wrists. A Solitaire ribbon loosely thrown round the neck, was confined a few Inches below the throat by a superb diamond-brooch. --A white Cambric handkerchief [sic] one third of which hung carelessly out of the pocket, & a pair of white Kid-skin gloves, one of which [cov]ered the three smallest fingers of the left-hand, and the other was held carelessly in the right, completed the picture which you then presented to my enraptur'd eyes. --Nor was that of the enchanting Laura unworthy of such a partner: she was arrayed in a rich brocade sack & petticoat, exhibiting most beautiful imitations of the richest flowers, from the Rose & the piony [sic], down to the Harebell & violet, over a Hoop, not less than six yards in Circumference at the Bottom, & nearly half as much at top. Her stays, of the nicest Whalebone tapering from the Bosom to the Hips, exhibited the appearance of a reversed Cone, the point of which was sunk in the Hoop, whilst from the top her swelling Bosom rose almost to a level with her throat, over which was thrown a handkerchief of Lace, which partially concealed what it was intended to decorate. --A necklace of real pearl, & diamond Earings in vain contended for distinction proportionate to their cost. --Her hair raised over a high Cushion, decorated with numerous curls, ornamented with a sparkling aigrette, of Diamonds & pearls, inter-mingled, & crowd'd with a Cap ornamented with various coloured ribbands, & wreaths of artificial flowers, rising near eighteen Inches above the head, carried the Eyes at once from the costly decorations of the Ears & neck. Such was the figure of Laura; it is not for a
female pen to do justice to a female face. I shall therefore not make an attempt, in which I am conscious I should fail. The grace with which she accepted your proffered hand, the elegance with which she moved to the lower end of the room, the enchanting smile which she cast around the Company from thence, at the moment she was preparing to make her honours to them, could not have escaped your Attention; but mine was riveted to you.

[unsigned]
Sir,

The arrival of a very extraordinary personage in this Country, of whom I have both heard & read a great deal, having prompted some further enquiries into his history, and character, I beg leave to communicate to you the Result, as a warning to our Countrymen against a character at once to specious, and so dangerous; and withal, whose story is so mysterious, and incomprehensible.

The Birth, and parentage of this personage, are entirely unknown; and together with his great Age, for he is said to be many Centuries older than the wandering Jew, make it doubtful whether he is a real mortal, or as some have suggested, a Demon, in the shape of a mortal. This is not all; it is said that he renews his Age, every Century; that he appears sometimes quite young, sometimes of a middle-age, and sometimes tottering under the weight of years, with a beard which descends to his waist, a bald head, furrow'd cheeks, famish'd looks, hollow eyes, and every symptom of approaching death; then, all of a sudden he is met bustling about upon the exchange, in the Coffee house, or snugly seated in a Merchants Compting house, or, in the likeness of a plump Alderman, at a City feast; or, habited like a Jockey, at a purse race; or, at a pharaoh bank, in a gambling house. Some have said, that like the God Janus, he has a double face, the one most captivating, smiling, & beautiful; the other as ferocious, as a Mameluke's; and what is equally extraordinary, if true, that like Tyresias, he is sometimes Male, and sometimes female. That when he, or rather she, is in the latter predicament, she is the most abandon'd of prostitutes; but when
restored to the Male character, he generally avoids the other sex.

These are not a twentieth part of the fabulous Tales I have heard of this wonderful Being; it is said that he has more than once been found, to all appearance, dead, with hunger; that he was once discovered in that Situation in the Cellar of a famous French financier, the door of which shutting with a spring lock, secured him till he perish'd, or seem'd to have perish'd with hunger, having gnaw'd off the flesh from his Arms: other similar stories are told of him; and yet he certainly lives to this day.

However fabulous some of these stories may be, there seems to be some good reasons to believe that he is actually as old as the days of Moses, & that it was he that recommended to the Israelites to borrow of their Egyptian neighbors their vessels of Gold, and Silver, their Jewels, & their precious Stones, when about to leave the land of Goshen: this circumstance is supposed to have rendered him a favorite with that nation, ever since. Many other traces of him may be found, not only in holy writ, but in the histories of ancient Greece, and Rome, where on many occasions he made a conspicuous figure. In modern history we have frequent notices of him: he was certainly privy Counsellor to Henry the Seventh of England, and he it was that advised his son & Successor Henry the eighth to suppress all the monasteries. He was several times in the Councils of the Holy - see; and is thought to have been at the bottom of all the penances, and absolutions, which were enjoyn'd on the one hand, or authorised on the other, by that Church: He accompanied the celebrated Hernando Cortez, and the brave Pizarro, to Mexico, & Peru, and assisted them in their Conquests: it is even said that he was with the Renowned Ferdinand de Gama, when he first
doubled the cape of good-hope.² Be that as it may, it is certain that he advised the Massacre of the English, at Amboyna, by the Dutch. That he accompanied the late Lord Clive in his Expedition to the East Indies, and was his prompter and adviser, on all occasions: it is alleged that he was also one of Governor Hastings' privy Council, whilst in India, and that he was the Author of a plan for the subjection and Government of that Country, which has been religiously pursued ever since. I had omitted to mention in order of time, that he was the confidential minister of Frederick the first of Prussia, and was highly honoured by his Son, Frederick the Great, in the latter part of his life. He has frequently commanded a Band of Arabs, and many a Caravans has been taken, & destroy'd by him, and his associates. He has often been honoured with a Command in the British navy, and has been the advisor, & conductor of many of their Expeditions; he has the rank of General and Commander in Chief in the Napoleon Legion of Honor, and has commanded the Armies in Spain, and Portugal, on both sides, at the same moment: for he possesses a kind of ubiquity that enables him to assist in the British and French Cabinets, and in the navy of the one, and the armies of both, at the same moment. He is suspected of having administered a potion to the superannuated King of England, which has occasioned the dreadful malady under which he has laboured for some years; but such is his influence that no one presumes to notice it. To come nearer to our own Country, and her concerns, he it is, that advised the depredations upon our Commerce, which have characteris'd the conduct of Great Britain, at Sea, and of the french government, on Land; and he it was that prompted those measures in opposition to our government, which have disturb'd and threat'ned the Union. --In short,
he has been the author and adviser of more wars, than are mentioned
in History, and of ten times as many Robberies, and Murders, as the
annals of the old Bailey, & every other criminal court in Europe, have
recorded for a thousand years.

Such is the parsonage, who, as I am very credibly inform'd, has
actually arriv'd in Virginia, and in some measure fixt his residence
amongst us. He has been sometimes seen traversing the Country in the
color of a Land-monger, with his pockets, and his valise stuff'd
with fictitious platts, of Lands, Rivers, Streams, Vallies, Meadows, &
Mountains, that might as well be in the Moon.3 In the time of the
Embargo, he was engaged in a most active, and lucrative commerce to
Europe, and other parts prohibited; he is thought to have been part
owner of every ship in which British and American Merchants have been
jointly concern'd since the establishment of the American Constitution;
he was a great Stockholder in the United-States Bank, and some others;
and as a Shaver, has distinguish'd himself beyond any other of that
honourable profession.4 He has sometimes been seen at the Bar, and
actually personated a certain Physician, not long since deceased, by
which it is thought he made an immense sum of money. —He has been
suspected of some intention of getting into the General Assembly of
this State; nay some have gone so far as to say that he has more than
once personated a certain leading Member; but of this there is no actual
proof, though strong circumstantial Evidence might be adduced to support
the conjecture. Others conjecture that he will get into Congress, some
how or other, and try to throw things there, into more confusion than
ever. —He is such a Proteus that I have very little doubt of his
success in the attempt, if he makes it: how dangerous a person he may be,
in either of those Assemblies, I leave to the cool and candid Consider-
ation of every Citizen of the Commonwealth.

The name of this extra-ordinary personage is, like everything
else that relates to him, a caballistical compound, of Letters, and
figures, intermingled with each other. I have seen it written thus;
-- A:5:a:r:l:100:[e]. --Perhaps Aaron Burr, or some of his Correspondents
might decypher it, as he certainly was one of the associates in their
Conspiracy.

I am, Sir, Your hble servt.

Misavarus.

The fanciful character which is drawn of Avarice, in the pre-
ceeding Letter, might have been much further extended: Even when it
leads not to the commission of crimes, Avarice, is amongst the most
unamiable of the human passions, inasmuch, as even that case, it absorbs
and annihilates every noble Sentiment, and every tender feeling, of
the heart. An avaricious person in the 'midst of his family, and
friends, is as perfectly alone, as if he were in a desert. Their
Attentions, their kindness, their caresses are all lost upon him;
wrapt in the contemplation of his wealth, or the means of increasing it,
or the dangers of losing it, his whole soul is abstracted from every
object around, however pleasing, or capable of conferring happiness
on others. Like another Tantalus he thirsts amidst waters, and starves
amidst plenty. Poverty itself does not suffer more from hunger, thirst,
Cold, and nakedness. The sick man, parching in a burning Fever, the
frantic Bedlamite, or the condemned Felon, who expects the next morning
to be his last, is not more sleepless. With millions at his command,
he gives not a penny to relieve the Miseries of others, or his own
imperious wants. No Astrologer, or Soothsayer, ever predicted so
many Calamities; the rise or Fall of the Stocks is in his eyes more
dreadful than the plague; and the loss of an advantageous Bargain,
more fatal than a Famine. —Dreading Death, he dares not afford
himself the means of living. He presumes not to look up to Heaven
for Comfort; for Despair hovers perpetually over him, and pictures to
his terrified imagination, the Ministers of everlasting Vengeance,
preparing eternal Tortures for him: he shreiks with horror at the
phantom, and hopeless, desponding, and trembling, gives up the Ghost.⁶
In Praise of Virginian Women

Sir,

It was not without the highest gratification that I perused that extract from the Letters of a Scottish Lady, containing a Sketch of the very exalted character of that excellent Lady, Madam Schuyler, of Albany, in the State of New York, with which you favoured your readers in a former number; more especially, as I flattered myself, that it would have been followed with some further notice of the character of our fair Country-women, in Virginia, than is contained in that number. --The retired situation, and recluse mode of life, of many of those who have exhibited in their conduct through Life, the most excellent patterns of domestic, and social, virtues, may well account for the silence of travellers, who ride through a Country, by a Map, and see, & converse with, none, but ordinary-keepers, and their disorderly customers; but they furnish no apology for the silence of Doctor Cecil, who from his birth must have seen and felt the general superiority of the female Character, in Virginia. Many of my fair Countrywomen to whom this tribute is most justly due, will blush, I am sure, to find themselves discovered, not less than the chaste Goddess of the woods, when she found Actaeon peeping through the thick umbrage, which, as she supposed, conceal'd her even from the penetrating Rays of fraternal light. Be not alarm'd, ye loveliest, and best of the Daughters of her, who once, like you,
was all Innocence, and purity: I mean not to profane the sacred
shades, in which you walk, nor to put aside the veil, under which
your bashful timidity conceals your charms: nor, did I possess the
pencil of a Titian, or a Guido, would I pourtray you in any Colours
that could raise a blush upon your modest Cheeks.—I will confine
my remarks to those sequestered walks, and domestic Scenes, in
which I have seen you engaged, where neatness, simplicity, industry,
and oeconomy, seem'd to borrow new Charmes from conjugal Affection,
parental care and tenderness, filial piety, and sisterly love and
kindness; where the character of the mistress, was lost, and forgotten,
in that of the kind and indulgent protectress, the mild, & humane
Guardian, the careful and attentive physician, and the watchful,
and tender nurse; where the constant interchange of neighbourly
kindness, and good offices, drew closer, & closer, the Bonds of
friendship, and sweetned the charms of social life; where the fond
Mother, with unceasing patience devoted herself to the instruction
of her children, and by her example manifested what her precepts
recommended. How ofter, Eugenia, have I seen thee surrounded by thy
Girls and Boys, each diligently conning over the lesson thou had'st
given them, and eagerly, in succession, flying to thee, to shew
their progress! 2—With what Alacrity, Eudocia, thou loveliest,
and most excellent of thy sex, have I seen thee listen to the
Instruction of thine incomparable husband, (the best and most amiable
of Men!) that thou mightest in his absense, supply his place as Tutor
to thy son, in Languages which thou hadst never before been taught!
In thee, I beheld a Cornelia; in thine infant Son, a descendant of
the Gracchi. —Thee, mild, venerable, gentle, Valeria, have I seen
surrounded by thy children to the third, & fourth Generation; to thee, their looks, their affections, their gratitude, their Veneration, were constantly directed, for in thee, if ever she assumed a mortal shape, is Benevolence personified. With thee, did thy noble partner share that godlike attribute: Have I not seen him, in the Hour of Calamity, with his sword drawn to meet the Enemies of his Country, in one hand, and giving his purse to his poor, and indigent neighbour, with the other! Illustrious Patriot! Thou wert the friend, the Coadjutor, and Companion, of Washington, in the Hour of Danger, and in the Field of Glory! Be thy name, like his, immortal, and, like his, thy memory, ever dear to thy grateful Country! --To the Genius of Hospitality, alone, it belongs to draw the picture of one who now sleeps in the Grave, and cannot blush to hear herself named. Yet her memory lives in the hearts of many a weary Traveller, many a War-worn Soldier, and many a gallant Officer, whose Lot it was to traverse the Continent in defence of the Liberty & Independence of his Country. She was the amiable Wife of Major Wall of Brunswick County, a Gentleman of moderate fortune, but of a noble, and liberal spirit, who resided on one of the most public and frequented roads, that lead from the Northern to the Southern States. --Their hospitable mansion was alike the resort of the rich, and the poor, the Hero advancing with ardour to encounter, the fugitive, escaping from the Cruelties of, the Enemy; and the Emigrant, compell'd to leave, or endeavouring to save a portion of, his property. Seven times in the morning, has their hospitable table been spread, for as many different companies of travellers, and as often at mid-day, and
in the Evening, for a like succession of half-famish'd guests. There, the war-worne Soldier was sure to find refreshment, and rest, after traversing a Country desolated by a ruthless Enemy. Confidently, he approach'd the Door, sure of a kind reception, whatever hour of the day, or night; for never was the Door of that temple of hospitality shut against a stranger; never did he knock twice, for admittance; never was he ask'd who he was, or whence he came, or whither he was going. Welcome, cordial Welcome, met him at the Door; generous Hospitality entertaind him, and often did godlike Charity help him on his way, by her well-tim'd aid, when about to take his leave. Ask of hundreds, yet alive, if this be true: they would answer, that the Master of the House met them with a Countenance open, and beneficent, as the Sun, and that the mistress with a look as cheerful as Spring, and benevolent as an Angel's, set before them a repast that cheer'd their Spirits, reviv'd their drooping Souls, and made them remember that there is a God who suffereth not a Sparrow, to fall to the ground, in vain? Thrice happy, blessed pair! Accept this small, but sincere tribute to the memory of your virtues: yet suffer me to add, with pride, and with truth, that not to you alone, among your generous Countrymen, is such a tribute due. Many have I known, and many do I still know, with whom, if living, you would cheerfully consent to share it.

How many Penelopes, whose Looms furnish'd cloathing for the humble Slave, as well as his Master, during our eight years struggle for Liberty and Independence, might Virginia have boasted! They wrought not for ornament, nor to procrastinate the Hour of submission to the importunities of insolent Suitors, but, like Charity herself,
to cloath the naked. Never were the efforts of a Band of Heroes so well seconded by the well-tim'd co-operation of the gentler sex. The patriotic Soldier clad in Homespun, or wrapt in a Blanket, the fabric of his wife, his Mother, his Sister, or his Daughter, felt a tenfold attachment, a tenfold duty, to his Country. He persevered in her cause with unshaken firmness, till victory, Liberty, and Independence crown'd his Hopes, and rewarded his perils, his Labours, and his sufferings. --The return of Peace did not banish the Looms, altogether; and the number which I have seen very lately, prompts a well-grounded hope that in case of another war, our modern Penelopes, will not only pattern after, but endeavour, if possible, to excel their Mothers. --Let it not be supposed that this Attention to their domestic duties engrosses them, so entirely, as to occasion the neglect to cultivate their understandings: the Ladies of Virginia are in general fond of reading; and without a compliment to them it might be said, that most of them write much better than their husbands, and Brothers; although the last might boast of a -- regular classical Education, and have left College with the Honor of being enumerated among the orators on the fourth of July.

It would be unpardonable to pass over in silence that heaven-born charity and benevolence, of which almost every house has furnished some Instance; I mean that parental tenderness to the Orphan, and that benevolent attention, which is shewn by our fair Countrywomen to the friendless, particularly, of their own sex. My amiable neighbour Mrs. Heartfree, when I first became acquainted with her, had three of her own nieces, a distant female relation, & a helpless orphan, whose parents she had never known, in addition to three or four Children
of her own, under her roof. The good Mrs. Bountiful had almost as many; and there are not less than a dozen, at this day, who regard the gentle, and benevolent Mrs. Motherly, with all the filial piety and affection that ever a daughter look'd up to a real mother. --My excellent friend Mrs. Neighbourly is another pattern of perfect kindness: she is sure to send my poor wife, who is generally in the longing way, in the Spring, a part of her first dish of peas, strawberries, and apricots; and when we have a christening, which happens generally about Christmas, the Parson and the whole company, are regaled with her mince-pies. --Nor ought I to omit the mention of my good Aunt Deborah, who mounts her little bald-face, sorrel poney and traverses the whole neighbourhood, for twenty miles round, whenever she hears of a sick Child, a Lady in the straw, or any person dangerously ill, who wants a nurse. Night after night, for weeks together, have I known her to perform that kind office; and when no longer wanted in one place, she is sure to be heard of, in some other, where they stand in need of such kind attentions: in addition to all this, there is not a poor person in the neighbourhood who does not apply to her for, and recieve from her hands, Medicines, and every comfort they stand in need of, whenever any of their family is sick.

How many have I known, shorn a sad reverse of fortune has compell'd to remove far, very far, from their own peaceful, and comfortable Homes, to some wretched Hovel, abandon the loved scenes of better days, and encounter the fatigues of long Journies, and every other Inconvenience, and privation, with fortitude, with resignation, with piety, and even with Cheerfulness, nor cast one look of Reproach, or discontent, upon the improvident Authors of their Misfortunes!
Till, by their well timed exertions, patience, & perseverance, they have overcome all the obstacles they had to struggle with, and once more have felt the unparallel'd happiness of domestic Comfort, Peace, and Harmony.

These, Sir, are barely the outlines, and Sketches, of those inestimable female Characters, with which Virginia abounds. I mean not to detract from the Fathers of our Country, by saying, that were all their Sons, worthy of their Mothers Virginia might boast of a Race, not unworthy of ancient Greece, or Rome.

I am, &c.

Philogenes
Sir,

In one of your former numbers, which, unluckily I lent to one of my neighbours, who forgot to return it to me, I recollect you appear to have been not a little offended, with some sarcastic remarks of the Edinburgh Reviewers, on Mr. Barlow's Columbiad, and, on American literature, in general. Having no pretensions to the character of a Critic, it is by no means my intention to take up the Gauntlet in their favor: permit me, however to say, that I think there is great force, in their observations respecting the multitude of words which are radically, & entirely new; such as multifluvian - cosmogyral - and, coloniarch; neither of which have as yet found their way into any dictionary that I am acquainted with, and might possibly, (the second especially,) puzzle any but a classical reader. To vagrante, to bestorm, and to transboard, not only stand in the same predicament, but have not any thing to recommend them to my Ear, or to my understanding; still less have the new coined verbs to rainbow, to road, to reroad, and to forester, to invite attention, or to furnish pleasure. In making these remarks I would not be supposed to deny to an American Epic poet, the priviledge of introducing new words into our language; but, that language is already so copious, that no new words, or expressions, ought to be introduced into it, which have not, evidently, a tendency
to enrich it. The privilege of Coinage, as it relates to our Language, may be aptly enough compared to that which is exercised, in respect to the circulating Medium to Commerce; there ought to be none below a certain standard of purity: and of this standard the classical Scholar is probably the most correct judge, in respect to language, as the essayist is, in respect to the precious metals. I am not disposed to deny to Mr. Barlow every qualification that may entitle him to the privilege of Coining, but I am inclin'd to think, that in some of the instances quoted by the Reviewers, he has exercised his privilege something in the same manner that crown'd heads have exercised their prerogative in regard to the current coin; by debasing it, in some Respects. Let it be remembered that we live in a Republic, where every Man lays claim to equal privileges and prerogatives, with his neighbour; if then, the example of Mr. Barlow should happen to fire the Imagination, and rouse the Ambition of our Orators, and Poets, consider what a Coinage we should have in a few years. --I am inclined to believe that the specimen of Oratory which you have given us in your XXV number, would not be confined to your friend Mr. D____'s Colleague. In my Attendance on the debates, both in Richmond, and in Washington, I have frequent occasion to wish for a greater scope of comprehension than I possess, as I very frequently hear Expressions, the meaning of which I cannot understand. Our political Controvertists (I had like to have called them controversialists.) both in their speeches, and their writings, seem to aim at this prerogative, of coining; and I am very much inclined to apprehend that if the public taste, or sentiment, do not put some check to their Ambition, very few of us
will, in time, be capable of understanding each other; and, like
Rabelais' Englishman, we shall be reduced to the necessity of
conversing by signs. 4

Another fault which the Reviewers find with Mr. Barlow, is,
his Innovations in prosody, as an Instance of which, they condemn
the following Line, because the middle syllable in Galaxies, is long
"New Constellations, new Galaxies rise." 5 Had I not the
Authority of that Colossus of Litterature, as he is frequently stiled,
Doctor Johnson, I should hardly venture to say, that in this instance
Messieurs the Reviewers have been very unlucky. But having him on
my side, as his Dictionary proves, I will venture to express an
opinion that neither Pope nor Dryden would have changed the Line.
I am inclined to apprehend, however, that many of our orators would
take sides with the Reviewers, as I think I have observed it to
have become a rule with them, to throw the Accent always as far back
as the first syllable, even in such words as indignant, magazine,
symptomatic, and systematically, which until within a few years,
have always had the accent upon the second, or third. 6 This very
frequently produces a kind of gutteral, indistinct, articulation,
as if the speaker had taken his mouth half full of water, as an
Auxiliary to his pronunciation. I have been told that the Dictionaries
of Sheridan and Walker, are vouch'd as authorities for this barbarous
suffocation of certain words, which formerly never stuck in the
speakers throat, nor were drown'd in a torrent issuing from the
salival Glands. 7 But I am inclin'd to believe that neither of these
Lexicographers carry their prosodial reformations quite as far as
certain Orators in this Country. The best guides to pronunciation
are certainly those poets, who have distinguish'd themselves by the Harmony, or as the modern critics call it, the Rhythm, of their versification, & numbers. Of these Pope I think is the most copious, the most uniform, and the most correct, except Goldsmith, whose numbers are sometimes even more musical to my Ear, than Pope's. If our Orators & Politicians were to peruse the Iliad, and the Odyssey, with the double view of enriching their Minds, and instructing themselves in the true pronunciation of their native language, I think their Hearers might sometimes be not only more edified, but more agreeably entertain'd than frequently happens. A vicious pronunciation is calculated to destroy the effect of even a good Composition. The Hearer's attention is diverted, or rather distracted, as it would be by a Child's rattling with a Stick, against the back of his pew, whilst he is trying to listen to a Sermon. For these Reasons I have often wish'd that our young Orators, especially, would pay more attention than is usual to a just, and harmonious pronunciation. But, there is another Rock, on which modern Oratory seems in great danger of splitting. I mean the prevailing dislike to words of one, or two syllables: the consequence of which is, that it takes three times as long to ask a Question, or to give an Answer, as it used to do; and very often the introduction of a word of five or six syllables, to express what is commonly express'd in one, puzzles me in such a Manner, that I am obliged to ask the speaker to repeat what he has said, or decline making any answer to what I do not well understand. One of my Nephews, who has not long since return'd from a certain Northern College, knowing that I was invited to dine with a neighbour on the other side of a Mill-pond, which divides our
plantations, ask'd me the other day "if I contemplated perambulating the Mound of the Reservoir of the comminuting grain-engine, or traversing it on Horseback"? I was so much puzzled that I requested him to write it down first, and then explain it to me, which with the assistance of his pronouncing dictionary he did in three or four minutes; "Lord! Papa!" said my little Betsy, when he had done, "he only means to ask you whether you will walk, or ride over the Mill-dam." --I was much obliged to the Child for her assistance, for I doubt very much whether I should ever have understood my Nephew, without it.

That America has not yet attained a very exalted character in the walks of literature may be accounted for from several causes, without adopting the opinion of Monsr. Buffon, or the English Reviewers, as to any natural inferiority of Genius in this Climate, or superiority, in that of Europe. The study of Belles-lettres, has not yet become a profession in America; or if it has, it is only to a very few, not more distinguish'd in respect to Genius, than the great Majority of those who for Centuries have filled the Fellowships at Oxford, and Cambridge, without producing one Specimen of Genius, or Learning. Authorship is a trade in England, in France, in Germany, and more, or less, in every part of Europe. Their works are daily brought into the Market, & serve for the Entertainment of the day; the next day, there is a fresh supply, and what is left of the day before, is wheeled off to the Trunk maker. One in an hundred is read, and talk'd of, for a year or two, and one in a thousand may survive the Author. These last are all that are remembered by the Critic, when he means to compare the state of Literature in his own Country, with what
it is in any other. Considering how very few productions in this Country have appear'd in print, I think it no vain boast to say that Britain has no right to reproach us with degeneracy, in respect to literature. Whatever faults a fastidious, or even candid, Critic may find in Mr. Barlow's poem, in Dr. Dwight's Conquest of Canaan, or in Trumbul's McFingal, they must all be considered, and especially the last, as affording grounds for a happy presage of what future times may produce in America, when Genius shall have more opportunities for Exertion, and Taste, to improve itself.

The Reviewers are pleased to observe, that the American People, is in all respects as old as the people of England; and therefore that our want of Literature is to be ascribed not to our immaturity, but to our Occupations, in which they condescend to compare us with the modern traders of Manchester, Liverpool, or Glasgow. Without disavowing the Justice of the Comparison, let me ask, if either of those Cities, or even their Metropolis London, has produced among that class of persons, such men as, within the last thirty years, have appear'd as authors in America? But without pressing this Question further, were not the Egyptians as a People in all respects as old two Centuries after the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, as their fathers when it was destroy'd? Were not the Athenians, after their City had been sack'd by Sylla & brought under Subjection not only to the Romans but their successors in Empire, the Turks, as a People in all respects as old as in the Days of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, & Demosthenes? Was not the Roman people as old, after their City had been destroyed by Alaric, and all their Libraries
consigned to Destruction, as it was before these Events? Why were they not afterwards as celebrated for their Learning? Because they had no longer before them those Models, and those Teachers, which had in better days furnish'd them with the Means of Instruction. Such was the Situation of our Forefathers migrating to this Country. They left their Books, and their Teachers, behind them. They had not the shelves of the Oxonian Library to resort to for Improvement, nor even such a Collection of Books as any ordinary Bookseller in London, who keeps what is called a circulating Library, could furnish. --At this day, I speak it with shame, there is not even the Skeleton of a Library form'd at the public Expense in Virginia. A few well disposed clergymen, as I have heard, presented the College of William & Mary with their respective Collections, consisting chiefly of some of the Ancient Fathers, and other works on the subject of Divinity. The funds of that seminary have never been sufficient to enable them to purchase books, and never, that I have heard, has there been any donation from the Legislature. Under such circumstances, is it at all surprising that literary Talents should seldom emerge from the darkness, with which, as far as depends upon the public, they are surrounded in this Country? I speak not of the other States, of whose progress in patronising Literature I am not inform'd: But, in this State, public parsimony appears more anxious to exclude, than to impart light; and should the same narrow policy continue to influence our Legislators, it will not be surprising if Virginia should be regarded as the Boeotia of the American States. --This apology for the state of Literature in Virginia will be acknowledged by all, who know how necessary Books are to Learning, and how unequal the resources
of those who would wish to pursue a studious, & scientific Course of Life, generally are, especially in this Country, to the Attainment of so great an Object.

I am Sir, yours &c

Candidus
Sir,

I have for some time indulged a hope that you would favor your readers with an essay on eloquence, a subject with which I may be permitted to suppose you very well acquainted. In the few remarks upon it which I propose to make in this Letter, my principal object is to turn your Attention to it, sensible that I can offer nothing that will be new, or entertaining on a Theme which has from the earliest ages engag'd the Attention, and the pens of the best writers.

If I may be excused for expressing a Sentiment so derogatory to the self love of the present Age, in this Country, I should be apt to express a doubt whether there exist in all America as many Eloquent Men, as the number of righteous, who might have saved Sodom from Destruction. In my Attendance in the congressional Gallery at Washington, and in the Capitol at Richmond, I have generally observed, not without some degree of Mortification, that Declamation has usurped the place of Eloquence, and Invective that of Argument, and Demonstration. In the pulpit, it often spends itself in horrible denunciations against those infidels, who do not adopt the particular Tenets of that Church, to which the Preacher wishes to make proselytes; and at the Bar, if I may judge from the few occasions in which I have

74
served as a Juror, its greatest efforts have been made "to varnish over Crimes, and screen the guilty." In the latter case, I have sometimes thought, I could discover that Sophistry, and misrepresentation, were mistaken for Eloquence, and the art of puzzling an Ignorant Jury, for the most consummate Oratory.

Genuine Eloquence, or that cultivated Talent for public speaking which distinguish'd a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Chatham, a Burke, and a Curran, from all their Contemporaries, and rivals, appears to be one of the most pre-eminent Gifts, which discriminate the Individual from the rest of the Species, and elevate him, as it were, to a Superior Grade of intellectual Being. This exalted Talent, requires more than Genius, alone, for its perfection. There is indeed a natural eloquence, generally the effect of some grievous Misfortune, which speaks more pathetically to the heart, than all the powers of studied oratory. Such is that pathetic exclamation of the patriarch Jacob, when his Sons returned from Egypt, without their Brother Simeon. "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not; if I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved." Here the very want of words speaks more forcibly to the heart, than the most elegant, and elaborate selection. Many other passages of the same character might be chosen from the scriptures; but to come down to our times, the Speech of Logan, the Indian Chief, which is preserved by Mr. Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, might be adduced as a model of natural eloquence, not surpassed by any other. But that Talent of which I meant to speak, in its perfect state, requires
an intimate familiarity with classical, and polite litterature, and Science; a thorough acquaintance with the history of Mankind, and a perfect knowledge of all the avenues to the human heart. --In this superior State, Eloquence fascinates the Imagination, and exercises a despotic empire over the passions: it can magnify objects, like the Telescope of Herschell, or diminish them, beneath the notice of the solar microscope [sic]; it can multiply them, as the Stars of the Heavens, and represent them in as many various, and fantastic forms, as the magic lanthorn; it can array Guilt in the robes of Innocence, and transform Innocence herself into an Angel of Darkness; it fills the minds of the Auditory with Joy and Grief, Pleasure and Pain, Benevolence and Malignity, Courage and Timidity, alternately: and excites Rage or Tranquility, Magnanimity or Meanness, Liberality or Sordidness, Cruelty or Compassion, Justice or Unrighteousness, as suits the Object of the Orator: It can animate with patriotism, or corrupt with treachery; it can soften with Love, and Gentleness; or melt with Tenderness; or harden with Hatred, and Malevolence; it can open the Fountains of Mercy, or bar the Gates of Clemency; it can procure pardon for the vilest malefactor, and condemn the Innocent to the Torture; it can call down, again, the Virtues from Heaven, or banish them a second time from the Face of the Earth. Such, Sir, is the Talent which it seems to me has been a good deal neglected among us of late years. A flowery exordium, a string of turgid metaphors, vehement imprecations, and furious execrations, with a violent apostrophe, or two, forms, in general, the sum total of the novitiate's first exhibition in the modern schools of oratory. He is applauded; and from that moment
he deems it unnecessary to do any thing more to add to a reputation so firmly established. It is to this self-sufficiency; that the decline of those exalted Talents by which the Fathers of our revolution were distinguish'd, is to be imputed. It was not till after a course of long study, and experience, that they expected to gain celebrity, or to possess the confidence of their country. They listened long, and attentively, before they presum'd to speak: and when they spoke, it was with the deference and respect of one asking for information, and not with the obtrusive arrogance of one dictating to others, better inform'd, and wiser than himself. In confirmation of this I might mention the names of several, who have since attain'd to the highest honours in the state; but I forbear from what might be deem'd invidious comparisons.

Whenever eloquence enlists itself on the side of real patriotism, it may be considered as the most efficient defender of the state: it is the author of every noble exertion, touching every string that vibrates in the human heart, and prompting to whatsoever the love of country, and the contempt of all selfish considerations, can suggest. On such occasions the genius of demosthenes, and of tully, seem to hover over the orator, and inspire him with all their fervor, grace and energy. He rises superior to the expectations of his audience, in every sentence; their hearts glow, their imaginations are on fire, and their courage is exalted above the fear of death. They rush, impatient, to the field of danger, and, with ardor, sacrifice their lives on the altars of honor, and glory; thus securing to themselves a perennial monument in the gratitude, and affection of their country. Not so, the vehement spokesman of faction, or the intemperate mouth of
party-spirit; not so, the venal sycophant, or the fawning Courtier; not so the wily Traitor, who prepares the snare, even while he professes himself to be foremost in the cause of his Country: These also, have in due time, their just rewards;

"Contempt ineffable, and Hate, and Scorn."

But, there is another cause, not less honourable, or less worthy of the noblest Talents, with which human nature is endowed, in which Eloquence too rarely enlists itself in our days, and in our Country: -- The cause of Moral-Virtue. If the politician may claim some excuse for his frequent neglect of this particular topic, the Legislator can not. It is his, practically to inculcate the observance of moral virtue, by wholesome Laws, and to render that a duty to Society, which the Study of Morals inculcates as a Duty to ourselves. -- The Gentlemen of the Bar, may perhaps urge in their own behalf, that they are very frequently its Advocates, since there is a right side to every cause, and to support that side, is to serve the cause of virtue. But, as far as I have had an opportunity of judging, Eloquence is more frequently enlisted on the other side. Moral-virtue, like the Hare with many Friends, very often finds those who profess the greatest regard for her, too much occupied by other, favorite, objects to attend to her forlorn case; and were it not for the occasional kindness and attention of some reverend, and respectable preachers, who are less animated with the desire of making proselytes, than some others, she might be considered as in a most forlorn, and abandon'd situation indeed. I have often thought that the connexion between Piety and moral virtue was so intimate, that the teachers of religion could probably never serve it's [sic] cause more effectually, than by recommending good works, as
as well as Faith: and it seems probable, at least; that a large portion of their flock would leave the Church as much edified by a plain, practical, moral Sermon, as by any effort to explain the incomprehensible Mysteries of the Religion which they profess. Christ's Sermon in the Mount; his parable of the good Samaritan; his answer to the Pharisee, who tempted him by his Enquiries, what he should do to be saved; and that most beautiful and benevolent precept, which he delivered to his Disciples on another Occasion -- "If thou comest to the Altar to offer up thy Gift, and there rememberest that thy Brother hath ought against thee, first go, and be reconciled to thy Brother, and then come and offer up thy Gift:"\(^5\) -- are, all, so many proofs, that those who profess to teach the Religion that he taught, are in duty bound to inculcate Morals, as the real fruit of true Piety, and Religion, on all occasions. Whenever Eloquence shall unite itself to the pure zeal of real piety, and the Fervour of Religious duty blend with itself the Love of Moral virtue, and the desire of promoting good works, and peace, among Men, the Pulpit will become the Fountain of Benevolence, Temperance, Charity, Truth, Justice, and Mercy, and will be Surrounded by all the venerable and respectable Members of Society, and even,

"Fools who come to scoff, remain to pray."\(^6\)

I am, Sir, your sincere welwisher, &c.

Benevolus
Sir,

The attention which you have been so obliging as to pay to my former Letters, encourages me to renew my Correspondence with you, on a subject somewhat connected with that of party-spirit; I mean, the spirit of Patriotism.¹

This, like Liberty, and Faction, in the Allegory with which you have favoured us, are sometimes mistakenly, but oftener, wilfully, confounded with each other.² The Enemies of Liberty are ever the most jealous Enemies of the spirit of Patriotism, which they represent, as rebellious, and endeavour to suppress, as the most formidable Barrier, against their own wicked machinations. In a republican government it is equally proper to display the character of the real patriot, in its genuine Lustre, as to pluck off the mask from the Monster Faction, or the wily Demagogue; who whilst he is in strict league, and confederacy with her, to destroy Liberty, and annihilate Patriotism, proclaims himself to be, like another Hercules, their most favoured & redoubted Champion.

In treating this subject I shall not scruple to avail myself, not only of the observations and opinions of a great and enlightened author, who has written on it, but I shall not hesitate to transcribe what I find to my purpose; promising only not to borrow from the
living without due acknowledgement, though I may venture to do so from the dead. One of my reasons for this proceeding is, that it has frown almost into an article of Faith among us, that we are wiser than any of our predecessors; consequently, were I to quote, an author who had written in any other Age, or Country, I might be reproach'd with Retrogression, instead of Advancement, in the subject, of which I am writing. I may say, with the dis-tinguish'd writer of whose observations I shall avail myself, "that it is a subject I have very much at heart: and that I shall, therefore, explain myself fully, nor blush to reason on principles that are out of Fashion among men, who intend nothing, by serving the public, but to feed their Avarice, their Vanity, and their Luxury, without the Sense of any Duty which they owe to God, or their Country."

It seems, that in order to maintain the moral world at a certain point, (far below that of ideal perfection) the Author of nature has thought fit to mingle, from time to time, among the Societies of Men, a few, and but a few of those on whom he is graciously pleased to bestow a larger portion of the ethereal spirit, than is given in the ordinary course of his providence to the Sons of Men. These are they who engross almost the whole Reason of the human species; who are born to instruct, to guide, and preserve; who are designed to be the Tutors, and guardians of humankind. When they prove such, they exhibit to us examples of the highest virtue, and the truest piety. Many of them have emerg'd from the most profound Obscurity, and, like the sun chasing away the Horrors of a dark tempestuous night, have illuminated, and blessed their Country.
These deserve Immortality, even on Earth. Their festivals should be kept, their virtues celebrated, their noble actions duly commemorated, and their Examples held up as patterns of Imitation, and Emulation. But when such men apply their talents to other purposes, when they strive to be great, and despise being good, they commit a most sacrilegious breach of trust; they pervert the means; they defeat, as far as in them lies, the designs, of providence, and disturb, in some sort, the system of infinite wisdom. To misapply these Talents is the most diffused, and, therefore, the greatest of crimes, in its nature and consequences; but, to keep them unexerted, and unemploy'd, (if occasion require it) is scarcely less a crime. Let any man look about him, and he will find that there are superior spirits, men who shew, even from their Infancy, though it be not always perceived by others, perhaps not always felt by themselves,

("Those village Hampdens, who with dauntless Breast,
The little Tyrants of their Fields withstood,")

that they were born for something more, and better. These are the Men to whom the part I mentioned is assigned. Their Talents denote their general designation: and the opportunities of conforming themselves to it, that arise in the Course of things, or that are presented to them by any circumstances of fortune, or situation in the Society to which they belong denote the particular vocation, which it is not lawful for them to resist, nor even to neglect. The duration of the lives of such Men as these, is to be determined by the length and importance of the parts they act, not by the number of years that pass between their coming into the world, and their going out. An Alfred, a Gustavus, a Penn, a Franklyn, or a Wash-
ington, have lived more centuries, according to this estimate of their Lives, than the epemerons of Sloth, Idleness, Avarice, and groveling Self-love, live days. --Such men can not pass unpercieved through a Country; if they retire from the world, their splendor accompanies them, and enlightens even the Obscurity of their retreat. If they take a part in public life, the effect is never indifferent: if real patriots, they are the guardian angels of the Country they inhabit, busy to avert even the most distant evil, and to maintain, or to procure peace, plenty, and, the greatest of human blessings, Liberty; If false, they appear like the Ministers of divine Vengeance, and their Course through the world is marked by Desolation and oppression, by poverty, and by servitude. Our own Country happily affords us the prototype of the former of these characters; let us pity the nations where that of the latter may be found.

An ambitious Demagogue, or false patriot, could not do all the mischief that he does by the misapplication of his own Talents, alone, if it were not, frequently, for the misapplication of much better Talents than his, who join with him, and the non-application, or the faint and unsteady exercise of their Talents by some who oppose him, as well as the general remissness of Mankind in acquiring knowledge, and improving the parts which God has given them for the service of the public. These are the great springs of national Misfortunes: the more genius, industry, and spirit are employ'd to destroy, the harder the task of saving our Country becomes; but the Duty encreases with the difficulty. They, who go about to destroy, are animated from the first by ambition, &
avarice, the love of power, and the love of money: they must be opposed, therefore, (or they will be opposed in vain) by Talents, and fortitude, able to cope with ambition, avarice, and despair itself; and by a Spirit able to cope with these passions, when fortified by the intrigues, or menaces, of external, as well as internal, enemies. In such exigencies there is little difference, as to the merit, or effect, between opposing faintly, and unsteadily, and not opposing at all: nay the former may be of worse consequence, in certain circumstances, than the latter. --The Service of our Country is not a chimerical, but a real duty; and the obligation to the performance of it, is in proportion to the means, and opportunities a man has of performing it; and nothing can discharge him from the obligation as long as he has these means, and these opportunities in his power, and as long as his Country continues in the same want of his Services. So thought our illustrious [illegible] and so he acted, when called from his happy retirement to take the Helm of that Government, to the establishment of which he had devoted a large, a splendid, portion of his Life: and so he thought, and so he was prepared to act, again, after his second retirement, when it was thought that his beloved Country was likely to be once more exposed to the Ravages of an invading Enemy!

The real Patriot, bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions to the good of his Country; he speculates in order to act, and persists in his Labors, until he has happily accomplish'd their only object, the good of his Country. If his Labours encrease, so does his satisfaction, at every obstacle that he surmounts, and so does his zeal in surmounting them. If the
Execution of his wishes be travers'd by unforeseen, and untoward circumstances, by the perverseness, indolence, or treachery of friends, or by the power, or malice of his Enemies; the first and last of these animate, and the fidelity and support of some friends, make amends for the falling off, of others. Whilst a great event is in suspense, the action warms, and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, while it agitates, also fortifies, his mind. [If the Event be successfully decided, he enjoys pleasure proportionable to the good he has done; a pleasure like to that which is attributed to the Supreme Being, on a survey of his works: if the Event be unfortunate, he has still the Testimony of his own Conscience, and a sense of the honor he has acquired, to soothe his mind, & support his Courage. And if, like a Wallace, or a Sidney, he is ignominiously dragged to the Scaffold, his last thought, and his last prayer, will be for his beloved Country.]^{5}

A real patriot, can have no mean, groveling, selfish views. He looks up to Heaven for his reward, in the Happiness he is endeavouring to procure for his Country. He asks not Honors; he seeks not power; he stipulates not for rewards, for himself, or his family. His integrity, like that of Fabricius, is incorruptible; and like pure gold, is neither chang'd, or diminish'd, by any trials to which it may be exposed.^{6} He is without artifice, or disguise, and perfectly free from those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party.^{7} In a word, he is neither the Father of his Country, or to be reckoned among the
best, and most distinguish'd of her Sons.

As different as a Beast of prey from the generous Steed, is the character of the Demagogue, from the real patriot. Like the animal to which I have compared him, he is perpetually prowling after plunder, or lurking in secret to surprise his victims, and feast upon their blood. In pursuit of them, his roaring is like unto the roaring of a Lion, and the blood-hounds of Faction follow his steps, and echo his roarings in full cry. —Yet, like the Hyena, he whines, and counterfeits gentleness, disinterestedness, and Patriotism, amongst those whom he wishes to cajole, & enlist in his party. To these he is a servile flatterer, until he has not longer need of their services: till then, he courts, and commands; supports, and is supported, by them, as the throne of the Caliphs by the Tanizaries. He finally throws off the mask, and becomes a Tyrant.

Cleon, says my Author, was a Man of no family, nor possess'd of any real Talents, but vain, daring, and violent, and on that account, acceptable to the multitudes. He was the most greedy and unjust of men. Cleon excited the people (of Athens) by his Declamation, his noise, and his furious gestures. They entrusted him with the command of an Army they were sending into Thrace; he there drew upon himself the contempt of both armies, and approaching the Enemy without Caution, suffered his army to be surprised, was one of the first to fly, and lost his Life. —Such is the character of one of the most popular Demagogues of Greece!!! Compare it with
that of the immortal Washington!!!

I shall add but one more observation. A Demagogue [differs] from a real Patriot, as much as an ordinary brass counterfeit from an highly finish'd medal of the purest gold, from the hands of a capital artist.

I am Sir, your sincere welwisher &c

Benevolus
Sir,

Benevolence, or that universal Sentiment of Humanity, and tenderness, which teaches to regard the whole human race as our Brethren, and to feel for their distresses the same compassion, which, under a change of circumstances, we should wish to be felt for our own; and to do, as far as is in our power, everything for their relief, which we ourselves could ask, or desire, were we under the like Calamity, appears to be that character of the human heart, which is probably most acceptable to our bountiful, and merciful Creator. Let us appeal to our own hearts for this truth: Which of us that has ever been overtaken by Misfortune, or threatened with Danger, has faild to implore the divine mercy & relief? From whence, is this instantaneous appeal made to the goodness of our Creator, if we were not well persuaded that Benevolence is among the first, and most important of his Attributes, as they relate to Man? Can we then suppose that a disposition in our Creator so essential to our happiness, even in this Life, can be either unnecessary, or beneath the Attention of the mere Creature? If Religion teaches us to endeavour to conform to the Will of God, is not the true meaning of the precept that we shall, as far as our nature is capable of so doing, copy after his perfections? Dare we then presume that we serve God, when we cease to love our neighbour? Or, when we do him an Injury, or even an act of mere unkindness, that we do unto him, as we would he
should do unto us? The moral Evil which Wars, Ambition, Rivalship, the thirst of power, and desire of conquest, among nations, have introduced into the world, is by no means confined to nations, or Societies at large. All these great Evils, upon the great Scale of nations, have their influence over the conduct of the individual, as it respects other individuals of his Species. The love of Empire has it's humble representative in the desire to extensive possessions; the Desire of Dominion, is not more vehement in the breast of an Alexander, or a Napoleon, than in that of a feudal Baron, or a modern Landlord, surrounded by his hundred Tenants; or a Virginia Planter proud of the possession of double that number of Slaves, and ten times as much Land as the whole of them could cultivate to advantage. The latter is as likely to forget the natural equality of Mankind, as the former is unattentive to the political equality of Nations. Power is Law, in both Cases, too often, without any, and always, without a Just regard to fundamental principles; since every exercise of power, beyond that which the Law of nature authorises, or under special Circumstances justifies, at least, is in a moral light condemnable. The first introduction of personal slavery, probably took its rise from the number of captives taken in battle, or the submission of some weak and defenceless nation, to their more warlike & tyrannical neighbours. If it had its rise in the humane desire of sparing the blood of those who were taken prisoners in War, on Condition of serving their Conquerors, as a retribution for sparing their lives, some apology might be offered for it in the early ages of Mankind, when the principles of civilization were not well understood. But what excuse can be offered in behalf of those, who being separated by an immense
ocean from a race of men, from whom it is in the nature of things impossible that they should ever have received an injury, fan the flames of War between them, that they might avail themselves of the opportunity of reducing the miserable captives, made on both sides, to their own arbitrary subjection? It is I conceive impossible to represent human nature under a more malignant aspect, than they deserve, who have acted thus, or than that government deserves, by which such conduct was encouraged, or promoted. Nor are they wholly exempt from some share of this reproach, who have so far been accessory to this infernal procedure, as to purchase the unhappy victims when brought hither for sale. Some apology, and even a very favourable one, may be offered for many who engaged in this practice. The lands required to be opened in order to cultivation: labourers were wanting, and could not be otherwise procured; the wretched victims themselves were probably in such a situation as to render a release from their infernal prison, desirable upon any terms; and no doubt many of them experienced a more humane treatment, than they had been accustomed to, even in their own country, where a great proportion of them, it appears, are held in the most abject slavery. A humane master would by such unfortunate beings be regarded, as in fact he would be, a great benefactor. It therefore by no means follows, in my opinion, that a slave holder in this country is a tyrant. Nor ought it ever to be forgotten, that among the first acts of our republican-government, was an absolute prohibition to the further introduction of slaves, directly, or indirectly, from any foreign country, whatever; and to our credit be it spoken, I believe no man in Virginia would be hardy enough (even if we had the power to do so) to make a motion in the legislature for the
repeal of that Law. Still, however, the Evil of Slavery remains among us, and has taken such deep root, that like a Cancer in the human body, I fear it can never be effectually extirpated. The moral Evil, as it affects the Mind of the master, is in many instances diminished, and the treatment of Slaves in such Cases is infinitely more humane, than before the revolution. The Sentiment of Liberty, which has gained strength since the commencement of that period, has no doubt contributed greatly to this happy reform, in a great number of Cases. But we may be permitted to doubt, whether the Evil is not as great in a large proportion, perhaps, even a Majority of Cases; and even where it is most lessened, whether it does not fall infinitely short of that Scale of Humanity, and Benevolence, which ought to be observed by Man, in his Conduct towards his fellow creature. My neighbour, Major Opulent, has a very large estate, both where he resides, and in two or three distant Countries. At his home plantation his Slaves are all very well cloathed, abundantly supplied with good, and wholesome provisions, and, except in the summer, and fall months, they are in general healthy. But he always makes it a point of having, what is called, a smart Overseer, whose duty it is to keep them tightly to their work. That is, the negroes are to be in the fields at the first dawn, of the day, and at their work, as soon as they can see to do any thing, in dark nights, when there is no moonshine; but, when the moon shines the latter part of the night, they must be at work before three OClock, in summer, and before four in winter. And when the moon shines in the Evening, they are to continue at work until nine o-Clock, except in the Tobacco-season, when they are not dismissed until eleven. This he seems to think is no more than they can do, & ought to do, though he
is generally allowed to be an active, stirring man, himself, but never rises earlier than five o'Clock, even in summer, and generally goes to bed between nine, and ten. --Scarce a month passes that he is not visited by one, or two negroes from his distant plantations with some complaint or other against the Overseer, such as over severe chastisement, the want of a due allowance of victuals, or the want of cloaths, which have not been made up for them, though provided by their master; but always happens that the Overseer is either justified, or excused. --By the bye, this class of men are generally very unfeeling: I recollect staying at the house of a very particular friend in the Country once, about midsummer, when I had a long Journey to take the next day, & made a point of setting out early, to avoid the heat. My Servant called me a few minutes after day break: I rose, and looking out of the window saw a negro woman whose appearance indicated that she was advanced in a state of pregnancy, walking tolerably fast towards the Corn field: she was presently met by her overseer, who gave her at least half a dozen severe stripes over the shoulders by way of quickening her pace. I can not well describe the shock I felt at this wanton act of inhumanity. Yet I found this fellow was not under a bad character for his Ill-treatment of Slaves. On the contrary I believe his Employer supposed him to be as unexceptionable, on that Account, as any other to be met with. Otherwise I am fully assured he never would have employed him, or retaind him in his Service, for he was, himself, one of the best of men, & knew nothing of the Case of the poor Woman.

Such Conduct surely can not stand the test of either Humanity, or even the remotest regard to Justice, if we consider this unfortunate race of men, as by nature our equals. Much is it to be desired that
their Condition could be softened, and especially that the practices of unfeeling overseers towards them should be checkt, not only by their employers, but by the public Sentiment, and the laws of the Land. --However tender, our legislature may be, of interfering with the rights of the owner of a Slave, certainly these petty tyrants, by whose hands those unhappy Beings are incessantly tormented, and in not a few instances have been actually murdered with a wanton barbarity, have no claim to favor, or exemption from Punishment when they violate the bounds of necessary and meritted Chastisement, and set at nought the precepts of Humanity.

"My Ear is pain'd,
"My Soul is sick with every day's report
"Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
"It does not feel for man. The nat'r'al Bond
"Of Brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
"That falls asunder at the touch of Fire.
"He finds his fellow guilty of a Skin
"Not colour'd like his own, and having pow'r
"T'inforce the wrong, for such a worthy Cause.
"Dooms, and devotes him as his lawful prey.
"And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
"As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
"Chains him, and tacks him, and exacts his sweat,
"With stripes, that mercy with a bleeding heart,
"Weeps when she sees inflicted on a Beast."

Coopers Task

I wish, Sir, that you would favor your readers with something from your own pen on this truly interesting, and important subject. For I fear that unless we are sometimes reminded that our unfortunate Slaves are our fellow creatures, our hearts may in time become obdurate, and callous to the Sentiments of Humanity, and Benevolence, even in our Intercourse with our fellow Citizens, and equals, and possibly with our dearest friends, and families.

Yours

Philanthropus
Sir,

My Wife having gone some days past to visit a female neighbour who was in daily expectation of encreasing her family, I resolved to pass [an] Evening in reading over again some of the numbers of the old Batchellor which I had curiously glanced over before. Among them were the pap[ers] on party spirit; before I got to the end of them, I felt an uncommon Drowsiness, by which I was soon completely overpowered, and dropt fast asleep in my Chair; where I was presented with the following dream.

Methought, that I was landed in the Island of Lilliput, and had fallen in company, at the great public square, with some of their leading politicians; On looking around me, I found that a great part of the Company had the Heel of their right shoes somewhat higher than the left, while the Heels of the rest were nearly, or quite the same heighth; some wore a Feather in their hats, and others something like a bucks-tail. They were very loud, & very boisterous, in so much that without stooping at all, I could hear every word that was said, except when the multitude and Confusion of Tongues prevented it. Being afraid to move about lest I should trample upon some of them, I sat down quietly in a Corner, near two venerable looking Figures, who were conversing somewhat more calmly than the rest. The subject of discussion was whether it was best to
break an Egg at the big, or the little end, in order to eat it.\footnote{1} The elder of the two was speaking when I took my place, and proceeded thus: --"Now, Sir, I think I have proved to you by the most uncontrovertible Evidence, that our Forefathers from the earliest records of this ancient and powerful nation were Big-endians. They were well aware of the advantages of this sublime course: for, first, you must confess, Sir, that an Egg may be more conveniently held between the Fingers, at the small End than at the large end; secondly, that the large end presents a more commodious surface of shell for breaking, and will admit the use of a spoon much more easily than the small end; or if instead of using a spoon, you prefer sucking the Egg, the aperture is better adapted to the size of the mouth, and the Cavity may even be so far enlarged that the whole contents of the Egg may be suck'd out and swallowed at a gulp. Those important considerations were never doubted or denied until the time that that abominable wretch Gulliver arrived among us, & under the pretext of extinguishing a Fire, which might have been put out in an hour or two, in the ordinary way, polluted the sacred palace of our Sovereign, & defiled the royal Residence in such a manner, that neither all the clouds of Heaven, nor all the waters of the Ocean will ever make it sweet again.\footnote{2} From that fatal night the party of the little-endians begun to gather strength; they justified the impious and profane act: they even went so far as to propose that a Statue should be erected to the horrid monster, in the very attitude of extinguishing the Flames, and that a huge reservoir for water should be constructed at the Expense of the Realm, within the Cavity
of the monstrous Statue, by which means a lively, and perennial representation of the Benefit, which he had rendered our gracious Sovereign, might be preserv'd among us. --Was there ever so blasphemous, so insulting a proposal made to the supreme head of any nation upon earth! Well might the Big-endians take the alarm; well might they dread the total overthrow and destruction of those principles, by which this great nation, the happiest, and most powerful upon Earth, has arrived at that towering superiority which it owes to the noble and indefatigable Exertions of the Big-endians; but which is now declining even more rapidly than it arose, through the horrid conspiracies, and Misconduct of the little-endians. It is they who have polluted the public mind, and made them all Gulliverians, to the great danger of our most gracious Sovereign, and their own perpetual disgrace.

"Sir, said the other, interupting him with some warmth, that I am of that party which you are pleased to stigmatise by the name of Little-endians, and Gulliverians, I shall never deny, though I shall ever deny the right of the Big-endians to denounce me for my opinions. Remember, Sir, that it was the Big-endians who introduced a law to compel every Man to break his Egg at the large end, under penalty, not only of confiscating the Egg, and losing his supper, if he attempted to break it, at the small End, but of paying a fine of one dozen Eggs to his Majesty, for every Egg which he should presume to break in that manner; and to stand committed until the Fine should be paid. It was this law which passed about the time of the Fire in the palace, which threatened the destruction of the capital, of which the Little-endians complained, and which separated our once happy country into different parties. The service that Gulliver
rendered the Empire, by extinguishing a Flame which threatened not only the palace, but the destruction of our superb capital, was regarded by us as too essential, not to be remembered with gratitude, by the real friends of our Country. Yet was he banish'd the Kingdom for that service, and his name become a reproach in the mouths of the Big-endians. Had he been an Enemy to this Country, how easily might he have deluged our Cities, or crush'd them under his Feet! The little-endians were aware of these things, and wish'd to conciliate him, and to part in Friendship; since he left the Country none of us have corresponded with him, or even heard of him. This is known to you, as well as to us; yet, on all occasions, whenever you want to raise a Riot, you cry out, a Gulliver! a Gulliver! And instantly every Big-endian, sets up such a hooting, and shouting, and roaring, that a Riot generally ensues." At that moment, the great square re-echoed from one end to the other, with the sound of a Gulliver! a Gulliver! a little-endian! A Gulliver! a Gulliver! Fistycuffs, canings, and bloody noses soon followed; in the midst of all this uproar & Riot, my Wife returning from her visit, knockt at the door, and I awoke, happy to find myself no longer in Lilliput.

Iam Sir,
yours

Gulliveriangis³
Dear Doctor Cecil,

Every body in our neighborhood speaks so highly of you, that I have been a good while resolved to ask your advice, of which I am sure you think I stand very much in need. I am now nineteen years old, and have been more than eighteen months engaged to my Cousin Tom Trifle, to be married; but though we have been so long engaged, he has never once ask'd me to fix the time for our wedding; and he behaves so, at times, that I think he must have forgot our Engagement. You must know that when he return'd from College last Spring--twelvemonth, just about the time of the races, in our part of the Country, I was on a visit to my uncles, with my Mother who is a Widow. Our Races were to be the next day; so as we were taking a little walk in the Evening, Cousin Sukey, says he, I hope you never intend to change your name. --Lord, Cousin Tom, said I, I never thought of such a thing. That's right, says he, giving me a Locket in the shape of a heart, with some of his hair in it, keep this for my sake, and then you'l have no Occasion to change your name. So I took the Locket, & have ever since worn it on my Bosom, in token of our engagement. Well, that night he ask'd me to play at Loo with him. I had the Queen of Hearts in my hand, and when I lead it, he took it with his King. Ha! Cousin Sukey, says he, now I have got you snug, & you are mine forever. Next day he drove me out to the Race field in a Gig, and as we were going along, Cousin Sukey, says he, when we are married, I intend to send to Philadelphia for a Coach that shall cost fifteen hundred dollars; how would you like that? Lord, Cousin Tom, said I, I should think that one that would cost a
thousand would do. No, said he, Mr. Stockwells cost twelve hundred; Col: Wheatfield's cost as much, and Lawyer Gobble's above a thousand, and I am determined that you shall ride in a finer than any of them. --Now, dear Doctor, could there be a firmer engagement under the sun? --Well, as I was saying, we went to the races together, and in the Evening there was a Ball, and we danced together the whole Evening; I never was happier in my life, for Cousin Tom is the handsomest young man that I know, and dances as if he could jump over the moon, if he chose it. My Uncle died about six weeks afterwards, & left him his whole Fortune, which is very large. Now, thinks I, the first thing Cousin Tom will do, will be to write to Philadelphia for our Coach, and I reckon we shall be married sometime in September, or October. Would you believe it, Doctor, from that time to this, he has never said one word about the Coach, nor about our being married? I never see him, but what I try to remind him of it, as well as I can, without saying anything directly about it, for I never see a Carriage without praising it, if it is tolerably handsome and I never hear of a wedding that I do not enquire of him if he is invited to it, and whether he means to go or not. But it all would not do. His whole time is taken up with going to the Races, or to Washington to hear the debates in Congress, or to the springs, or to the Assembly; for though he was not a Member last year, he was there a great part of the Session, and this year was elected a Member; and ever since the October races have been over he has talk'd of little else, but Richmond and the next Assembly. As soon as my Uncle died, he purchased a new Gig and Tandem from young Will Butterfly, who had just returnd in it from Philadelphia,
and gave him three hundred dollars more than it cost; he travels in it always with two horses Tandem, and has a servant on horseback, and a led horse besides, that he may ride whenever he is tired of the Gig; I heard he lost above a thousand dollars at the races, last spring, besides a much larger sum at the pharaoh-bank; and one still larger at the Loo-table with Capt: Kite, Major Hawk, and Dick Vulture. But his fortune is so large, that he need not mind such a trifling sum as the whole comes to, though to be sure it would have paid for the Coach double, and a set of elegant horses into the Bargain. As he never said a word to my Mother about our engagement, and very seldom comes to our home now, and when he does, as I told you before, says nothing about the Coach, or our being married. I am greatly at a loss how to behave, and my embarassment is much greater since I have got acquainted with Mr: Butterfly, who never sees me that he does not pay me some very handsome compliments, and particular Attentions. He once went so far as to ask me if my Affections were engaged: before I could determine what answer to give him Mama came into the room, and he rose and took his leave: and though I have seen him once or twice since, he has never repeated the Question. Now, Doctor, what do you think of all this? Am I to consider myself as still under an engagement to Cousin Tom, or has his neglect released me from it; and may I believe that Mr. Butterfly will repeat his Question, or, that like my Cousin Tom, he will go no further? Your Candid opinion upon these Questions is of great importance to me, & will infinitely oblige me. I am, Sir,

Yours most respectfully

Susannah Trifle
My fair Correspondent really seems to be in a delicate predicament; but I have no hesitation in advising her to renounce her resolution never to change her name. But at the same time I would not recommend to her to form an Alliance hastily with her new Admirer. The Family of the Butterflies are remarkable for their Inconstancy, and like her Cousin Tom, always on the wing; should she be fortunate enough to engage the affections of an honest, industrious young man, who understands driving the plough, as well as her Cousin can drive his Gig and tandem, and who will never approach nearer to a Coach and Six, than a good stout Waggon and Team, my advice to her is to give him her hand, at once, and send back the Locket, with its precious contents to her Cousin Tom, and never more think of riding in a Philadelphia built Coach.

It is mortifying to observe how many frivolous characters there are in our Country, whose lives are spent in a similar Course of Levity, as that which is described in the preceding Letter. But what is at first Levity, very soon proceeds to dissipation, and ends in absolute debachery; and is not unfrequently attended with a total loss of Fortune, Health, and Reputation. I might mention some Instances which have happened among our own Countrymen, to prove the Justice of what I here advance. But I prefere copying from an English annual Register, the following affecting article. 3

"March 4th: 1784. This morning were executed in the old Bailey, opposite Newgate, pursuant to their Sentence the six following Convicts. viz: John Lee for forging a Bill of Exchange for £ 16. (and five others.)
Mr. Lee, one of the unhappy convicts, was born and educated a Gentleman; he possessed a strong understanding, and polished manners. When very young he entered the Army as an Ensign, and by force of Merit, & address he obtained a Company. His Companions were of the first rank, which led him into expense, and obliged him to sell his Commission. He then attach'd himself to Miss I____ the Actress, and went upon the Stage, where, notwithstanding his Accomplishments he made but an indifferent figure. While they were as a part of the Edinburgh Company, playing at the Theatre of Aberdeen, they were encouraged to open an Academy for teaching the English Language. Mrs. Lee was much patronized, and had the daughters of the principal gentry in the Country at her House. Captain Lee was too fond of gambling long to preserve his character in a place, where, though they are less rigid than other parts of Scotland, they yet pay Attention to the morals of those who are invested with public duties; and on the death of Mrs. Lee he was again suffered without regret, to go abroad in the world. He renewed his Acquaintance with the Stage, and played at Portsmouth, and other Theatres. A few days previous to the Commission of the Crime for which he suffered, he arrived in London without a Farthing, and being literally starving, and ashamed to beg, urged by the Calls of nature, he went to the Rose-tavern, in Bridges-street, where he had often spent large sums, and having dined, borrowed from the proprietor of the House a Guinea and a half, giving him as security a paper purporting to be Lord Townsend's draft on the ordnance office; the draft being offered for payment was stopped, and Mr. Lee being soon apprehended was tried and convicted etc. His friends did every thing that Friendship could dictate to save his life, but in vain."
Such is the melancholy, and apparently, authentic, detail of this unfortunate Gentleman's progress through life, and sad conclusion. Humanity shudders at the perusal. It shudders, because it observes hundreds pursuing the same unhappy Course, who, though they may escape the disgrace of public infamy, are, yet, doomed to suffer all that poverty, neglect, disease, and remorse can inflict upon mind, as well as body. I could, were I so disposed, name at least four persons, natives of Virginia, whose Fate I have read in public Gazettes, who begun the world, and ended their Existence in it, precisely in the same Manner, as the unfortunate Captain Lee. In setting before my youthful countrymen such a melancholy picture, I obey the dictates of humanity, and the injunctions of my own Bosom. Nemo repente fuit turpissimus, is an Adage which every young Man who is about to enter upon a dissipated course of Life, should remember and ponder upon. And he who does so, will check himself in his first outset, and retrace, as speedily as possible, his former steps, towards utter ruin, and Destruction.
III. Four Allegories.
Essay No. 5

The History of Contentment. An Allegory.

"The Birth and Parentage of Contentment, whose Story I am about to relate, was for a long time a profound Mystery. She was a Foundling, laid at the door of an opulent and respectable Gentleman, who was married to an amiable Wife, by whom he had several most beautiful and promising Children. In the Basket which contained the beautiful little Foundling, were found a spindle & a Distaff, a Bottle of clear spring-water, and a loaf of plain, but excellent, household-bread; with a note in these words. --"Whosoever shall receive and cherish this Child as his own, shall receive an ample reward: let the Tokens which she brings be faithfully preserved."
--The good People were delighted with the Beauty, and Sweetness, of the little Innocent, who smiled in their faces the moment that she was taken into the House, and seem'd to return their caresses with a sensibility, and fondness, altogether wonderful in such an Infant. The Lady of the House, who had the day before lost an Infant only two days old, determined to adopt the little Foundling, as a substitute sent by Heaven to assuage her Grief, and to suckle her at her own Breast. Her eyes overflowed with Gratitude and Thanksgiving to the Almighty, for so well tim'd a Blessing, and the Bitterness of sorrow gave place to thankfulness, and Adoration. The tender & affectionate Husband very soon imbibed the feelings of his Wife, and the little Outcast was literally received and cherish'd as their own; and literally did they, without perceiving it, receive the promised Recompense for their Parental kindness. Her foster-brothers &
Sisters were soon taught by the example of their excellent parents, to consider her as a Sister, and she became the favorite of them all, insomuch that they were never easy, but when she was in the midst of them. In this happy family she continued, until the Sons were called away by Ambition, or other pursuits, and the Daughters by marrying. She frequently made them short visits, during which her absence always hung more heavily upon her Foster-Mother & Father, than that of their own Children, and, when she returned was received with more joy, than the prodigal Son, in Scripture, by his Father. In this manner she continued to live with them, till the Hand of Death finally separated them. --In the meantime her Foster-Brothers & Sisters, had either removed into distant places, or died, so that the poor Foundling, at the death of her kind Benefactors, found herself again destitute, forlorn, and without a friend. Many who had seen, & heard of her in the family, express'd a Willingness, and even a Desire to receive her into their houses; but there was so much of capriciousness, or Insincerity in their Conduct, that she soon discovered, wherever she was invited, that it was impossible for her to continue long. Many young Men of Fortune and Fashion pretended to court her: but the looseness of their Morals, the levity of their Conduct, or their Ardour in other pursuits made her uniformly reject their Advances. Some, more advanced in Age, made similar proposals to her; but though she listened to their proposals with respect, the difference of Age, the want of Fortune, or of Health, or some previous Attachments, or Connexion, or other Obstacle was soon discovered, sufficient to prevent their Union. Mean time she was frequently invited into the families of the Great, as well as those of the middle and
poorer classes. She was uniformly received with great professions of kindness by the former; was invited to every Wedding, in town or Country, and was professedly the most welcome Guest wherever she went. Those with whom she did not remain long, always complained of her Conduct in going away, & declared they would willingly have kept her with them forever, if they could: they now began to call her capricious, and coquettish. Florio swore that he would never court her again, but find Consolation for her Absence in the pleasures of the Bottle, the playhouse, and the gaming table. Pomposo drove off in his Coach & six, resolved, thenceforward, never to quit the Verge of the Court; and Servilius determin'd to follow him, and seek Consolation from the smiles of a Great-man, at a Levee. Equestris mounted his horse, and gallop'd off to the races; and Rusticus at full speed follow'd a pack of Hounds pursuing a Fox. Thrasis ordered the drums to Beat for his Regiment to parade immediately; and Nauticus hoisted his sails for a cruise, after a rich fleet that was known to be upon the Coast. Mercator retired to his Country House; while Rapax went to look for a half ruined Spendthrift who would borrow money of him; and Tom Flippant sat about writing a new speech for the next grand Occasion. In the mean time Contentment in company with a beautiful Lady whose name was Health, had gone into the Country and made an acquaintance with a virtuous and venerable pair, whose names were Temperance and Industry, by whom she was kindly received, and, from the Tokens she brought, recognized as their darling Child, who had been stolen from them by a Gipsy, whose name was Misfortune: And with this happy Trio she has remaind ever Since, and declares she will never change her abode. Lycidas
Essay No. 24

Youth, Health, & Temperance. An Allegory

Temperance was a Widow Lady, who resided in a beautiful valley, at the foot of a range of magnificent, and lofty mountains, whose summits were lost in the skies. She lived with a degree of elegant Oeconomy, & Simplicity, that was greatly admired by her intimates, but was sometimes, by strangers, imputed to a propensity to saving, of which, it was said, she did not stand in need. She had an exquisitely beautiful daughter, whose name was Health, the only fruit of her marriage with Labour, who died in a good old Age, leaving herself, and her daughter, in very comfortable Circumstances. Health daily rang'd the Mountains, & the vallies, in company with Exercise, a person of about five & twenty, who was entirely devoted to her, and sought, by his unremitting Attentions, to win her to his Arms. But she was secretly attach'd to Youth, a Lad of sixteen, or eighteen, for whom she had concieved an early partiality, which she could not help indulging, notwithstanding the slights she had repeatedly recieved from him. Though he had a general invitation to the House of her Mother, he rarely came, and when he did, his visits were very short; he seem'd always ill at ease while he staid, appeared dissatisfied with the Mother, and paid no Attention whatever to the Daughter. Yet such were the charms of his person, his ruddy Countenance, his brilliant Eyes, and his chearful looks, when not in the company of Temperance, that, although it was generally believed he was deeply enamoured of a Young Lady, who
was a Resident in a certain great City, and very generally admired, named Pleasure. Health pursued him with her Eyes, whenever he was in her sight, and when absent her imagination was continually occupied with his person, & attractions. At the Age of eighteen, Youth paid a visit to the City where Pleasure resided; he procured for himself the honor of an introduction to her, was most graciously received, and immediately enlisted himself in the train of her Admirerers, which were very numerous. At first, he never look'd at her, that he did not recieve from her a most enchanting smile, which fascinated his Soul; he became more & more devoted to her, and at length ventured to declare his passion for her. She threw herself into his arms, as he spoke, and clasping him about the neck, kiss'd him with a fervor which astonish'd, & disquieted him: a sickly qualm came over him, and he was obliged to leave her presence. It was some time before he could prevail upon himself to renew his visit: tired of staying by himself at his Lodgings, he determined at length to see her again. She recieved him, as at first, with a smile of infinite Sweetness, which made him forget the shock he had felt in her Arms: or if he recollected it, he imputed her fond embrace to the excess of her Affection for him, and the preference she gave him over his rivals; and his own indisposition, to some other cause, unconnected with so adorable an Object. He said nothing on the subject of his passion at this visit, and returned to his Lodgings more enamoured than ever. --He went to Bed, but awoke before morning in a burning fever, attended with many alarming symptoms. He sent for a physician, who having attended to his Case, pronounced his disease to be both dangerous and contagious, and recommended an immediate removal into the Country, as the only means of a perfect recovery. At parting, the good physician
gave him some hints respecting the character of the Lady, to whom he had attached himself, which greatly shocked the warm, and generous disposition of Youth. He represented her as a Siren, who had been the ruin of many, who had attach'd themselves to her; whose Advances she never faild [sic] to encourage, by throwing out all her Attractions to ensnare them; yet not one of those who had congratulated themselves, on winning her favor, has escaped ruin, in some way or other. Youth listened to the Tale with astonishment and Horror. A variety of Circumstances, which had passed unheeded at the moment, convinced him of the truth of it, and he determined most scrupulously to follow the advice of his Physician. He returned to the Country, where he received an invitation from Temperance to visit her, and make her house his home, until he recovered from his Indisposition. The invitation was, for the first time, gladly, accepted. The good Mother received him with her accustomed kindness, and took care to have nothing set before him which it was improper for him to eat: Health, who was not at home when he first came, return'd a few days after. Her charms had acquired new Lustre, during the period that Youth had been separated from her. He thought her more beautiful, a thousand times, than Pleasure, herself: in her company he was always cheerful, and happy; if she left the room for a moment he was uneasy till her return. His recovery was now rapid; his cheeks again became ruddy, his eyes sparkling, his Countenance cheerful, and his heart light, and happy. He became deeply enamour'd with Health, to whom he now made a declaration of his Attachment. She blush'd with unaffected modesty, whilst he spoke; she frankly acknowledged her partiality for him, telling him at the same time that he had a rival in the person of Exercise, to whose company she was extremely devoted; and, that she feared, she, herself,
had also a rival in the Lady to whom Youth had lately attach'd himself. He protested, solemnly, that he would never more think of Pleasure: that he felt no Jealousy of her partiality for Exercise, who was his intimate friend and companion, and who had often assured him, that if Health were more partial to him, than to Himself, he would still be the warm friend and Companion of Both. Exercise and Temperance now entered the room, where the former confirm'd what Youth had just said, and the latter gave her Consent to an union with her Daughter, upon Condition that he should forever renounce the fatal Siren, who had nearly brought him to the Grave. The nuptials were soon after celebrated at the house of Temperance; and Happiness, & Contentment, were two of the principal Guests, Exercise performing the part of a Father, and giving the Hand of Health, to Youth. --They continued to reside with the good Mother Temperance, whose manner of living was not at all chang'd. Exercise was invited to take up his abode with them, and the invitation was accepted. Every morning he called upon Youth to take a walk up the mountains, or to range the vallies, with him. Health, beautiful, rosy, sweet, and cheerful, as the morn herself, never fail'd to bear them company. They rang'd the woods, the meadows, and the fields, or ascended the tops of the highest Mountains, together, where a pure and elastic Air braced the nerves of Youth, & Exercise, and gave an additional bloom to the lovely cheeks of Health, & a brighter radiance to her Eye. Scarce a day passed that they did not visit the Cottage of Contentment, or the comfortable Mansion of Happiness, where they were sure to meet with a most kind welcome, and to spend the hours that they staid, most delightfully. Temperance set before them on their return the choicest fruits of the Earth, and water from the purest spring, which gush'd out under the root of a lofting
spreading oak, a few yards from their door. --In this manner they spent all their vacant hours, when **Youth** received a summons from his Grandfather, whose name was **Age**, to pay him a visit. His Residence was near the Confines of the Regions of **Death**, an hostile, & rapacious, Neighbour, who was perpetually threatening his Life, or that of some of his Family. **Youth** put off the Journey from time to time, being unwilling to part with **Health**, who was now become infinitely dear to him. The summons was repeated so often, and in such a peremptory stile, by the old Man, who was very arbitrary, and would take no denial, that **Youth**, though very reluctantly, consented to undertake the Journey, if **Health** would accompany him. On her part, She insisted that her Mother **Temperance**, and their steadfast friend **Exercise**, should, likewise, be of the party, to which both consenting, they all set out on the Journey together; **Temperance** undertaking to be **provider**, or **Caterer**, for the party, and **Exercise**, to call them up by times to take the road. The distance was very considerable, the roads often bad, sometimes almost impassable, and the Accomodations such as even **Temperance** herself would sometimes have wished better. **Youth** was generally very impatient whenever this happened. He sometimes grumbled when **Exercise** called him up in the morning, and even made a face at some of the frugal meals which **Temperance** set before them. Whenever he saw an Orchard near the road he would run off from his Companions, and not only regale himself on the spot, but bring away his pockets full of fruit. He would sometimes lag behind, that he might have an opportunity of stopping by himself, and taking a drink at a Tavern. On these Occasions **Temperance** was sure to stop, or to return back for him. At length they passed a most elegant, and superb Mansion, with extensive Woods, Lawns, Gardens, and Orchards, around it. All admired it; **Youth** surveyed it with Rapture. He express'd
a wish to stop. Temperance opposed the proposal: The bloom fled from the Cheek of Health, when she heard it. She felt a secret dread of losing the Object of her Affections, forever. Youth laugh'd at her fears, and leaving Exercise and Temperance to take Care of her, ran back, with all speed, to the Gate. He was immediately admitted, and conducted through a suite of Apartments to a spacious Saloon, where he found a Table spread with all the Luxuries of the East. A beautiful Lady invited him to sit down, & partake of the Refreshments before him. They were too inticing to be rejected: the Lady prest [sic] him to eat of every thing --he could not refuse her hospitality & politeness. The Attendents brought him the most delicious Wines, of which he drank freely, the Lady pledging him in every Glass. His cheeks were flush'd with the wine he had drunk, he became warm, giddy, and finally, intoxicated. --Forgetting his blooming & affectionate consort, he advanced towards the Lady, and taking her hand, was about to throw himself at her feet. She look'd at him with a smile of encouragement; embolden'd by it, and taking her in his Arms, he press'd his Lips to hers, with criminal Ardor. She return'd his caresses, and he sank into her Arms: instantly, he felt the same shock, and the same sickly Qualm, which he had before experienced in the Arms of the Syren Pleasure. It was herself, and he now discovered her; but it was too late, for he had already imbibed the same poison from her Lips, as before. He fell down, in a state of stupid intoxication: when he awoke, he felt all the horrors of Guilt, sharpening the acute pangs of Disease. He was alone, without an attendant, without a friend, without a Physician, and without even a nurse: the Syren had abandon'd him, the moment he had fell to the ground, and her attendents had born him off to a little
Hovel, the miserable habitation of Despair. Health appris'd of his perfidy to her, determined never more to return to his Arms. Temperance returnd to visit him, but she was too late to render him any service. Exercise remaind with Health, and never deserted her; Temperance, also, finding she could no longer render Youth any service, returnd to her Daughter. Youth, in consequence of the fatal poison he had imbibed, became a loathsome Cripple, whose Society was shunn'd by all that saw him. He was often seen begging at the Gate of Pleasure, but never reciev'd any relief from her. Health persisted in her refusal to be reconciled to him; at length overwhelm'd with Disease, and wretchedness, he breath his last in the miserable Mansion of Despair, on the very day he attaind his one and twentieth year.

Lycidas

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Generosity and Oeconomy were Schoolmates, & Companions, and notwithstanding occasional disputes, were in the main Friends. Whenever the Lesson turned upon some magnanimous, or liberal action, the Countenance of Generosity brightened, he read with an audible Emphasis, that mark'd the pleasure he recieved from it, & would occasionally make some remark, that shew'd a wish that He might be the Hero of such another Tale: Oeconomy, on the contrary smild whenever he read of a ruin'd Spendthrift, but seem'd to dwell with pleasure on those Characters, who by patience & perseverance, and prudence, have risen to great wealth and consideration among those, who were once their superiors. Each received a weekly allowance of pocket money, which was paid to them regularly by the Schoolmaster.

Generosity posted off immediately to a Cakewoman's who lived in the Village, laid out his whole wealth, and distributed the Cakes among his Schoolfellows; but if he happened to meet a Beggar in the way, (which after he became known, was not infrequent) he gave him at least the half, and sometimes the whole that he had, whether it were Money, or Cakes: Oeconomy, on the contrary, always laid by a part of his Cash, the moment he recieved it, and made it a rule never to begin to spend the first week's allowance till he had recieved the second; by this means he was always in Cash, & always prepared to contribute his proportion towards any purchase proposed to be made from the common-Stock; and generally advanced for his companion.
his contribution also, which he was sure to be repaid out of the next weeks allowance. In this amicable manner they lived the whole time they were at School together.

At sixteen Generosity went to a College, and Oeconomy became a Clerk in a compting-house; The Father of the former allow'd him a very liberal Stipend, which he so far exceeded as to leave College considerably in debt. The latter, after the second year received a moderate Salary, out of which he made it a point to lay up something, every Quarter; Before he was one & twenty he had accumulated enough to enable him to send a venture on board a ship belonging to his Employer, which he took care to ensure; the Voyage turned out very fortunate, so that the proceeds of this Venture amounted to a pretty little capitol to begin the world with. The Merchant with whom he lived, now took him in as a partner, & his Talent was encreased to ten Talents, at least, in a very few years.1

Meantime the Father of Generosity died and left him a very handsome Estate; his first care was to pay off his College debts, which he did with the most scrupulous Honour. He then thought of marrying, and fortunately becoming acquainted with a young Lady called Prudence, who was related to Oeconomy, he paid his Court to her, with such Success that he finally obtain'd her hand. They lived on his Estate in the Country, in a genteel stile [sic], entertaining their friends, and visitors, with great hospitality, but without profusion, as Prudence, who undertook the whole conduct of their domestic affairs, was determin'd that they should live within
their Income. By a scrupulous adherence to this resolution, Generosity found himself able to assist his poor neighbours, and friends in distress, without difficulty, and to gratify, occasionally, the finest feelings of his heart, especially when sanctioned [sic] by the approbation of Prudence, whose superior understanding, and Discretion, he held in the highest Veneration.

Oeconomy, by this time, begun to feel the Inconvenience of lying alone, and the comfortless entertainment of a chop-house, or a cook-shop, to a man worth an hundred thousand pounds. The alliance between Generosity and his relation Prudence had rendered him occasionally a Visitor at their House, where he became acquainted with Liberality, a maiden Sister of Generosity, who lived with him. He was struck with her appearance, her manners, and a certain irresistible benevolence in her general conduct; and after many consultations with his Cousin Prudence, proposed to marry her; offering at the same time to make a moderate settlement upon her; which was not a tenth part of what the law would have given her. Whether from the persuasions of her sister in law, or from the high opinion she entertain'd of her relation, it is unnecessary to decide, the offer was accepted, and Liberality became the respected consort of Oeconomy. They fixt their residence in an Opulent City, where Oeconomy had made his fortune. Their establishment was neat, commodious, agreeable; Oeconomy fixed the sum which he proposed to expend in furniture, & other accomodations, & went with Liberality to the cheapest stores, where every thing was bought with ready money,
upon the cheapest terms, and generally of the best Quality; there was not a single gaudy, or useless ornament, in their house; but nothing that was necessary, or useful, was wanting. Oeconomy wondered to see himself surrounded with so much comfort; and to find that Liberality gave a Lustre to every thing about them. He resolved, thenceforward, to live like a Gentleman; but true to his own original Maxims, "that a penny saved is a penny got," &c so he rose before the lark, went to market himself, and cheapened every Leg of Mutton that he bought.\(^2\) One of his Maxims was never to buy any Article, at the first of the Season for it. A shad at a shilling, green Peas, at ninepence a peck, and Veal, or Lamb, at ninepence a pound, he used to say were full as good, or better, than when the shad, & the peas, cost a dollar, and the Veal or Lamb twice as much, as he gave for them.--A small Leg of Mutton for a small Company he insisted was as good as a large one, and would not cost much more than half the money; and a female Turkey, much better than a Gobler \[sic\], at double the price.--Whatever he bought Liberality had served up in the best manner, and their Table was considered as very little inferior to that of Alderman Epicure, or Doctor Gourmand whose Tables groaned under the weight of all the Rarities of the Season. He frequently visited his Brother in Law in the Country, and a very happy intercourse was maintained between the Families, as long as the mistresses of them lived. But unfortunately some years after things had gone on in this admirable Train, Prudence died in Child-birth, and Liberality about the same time shared the same untimely fate.
The two husbands were for sometime inconsolable. Generosity most bitterly deplored the loss of his admirable Companion & Counsellor. Oeconomy was not endowed with quite as acute feelings; he paid a decent Tribute to the memory of his Wife, and by Degrees returned to his former course of life, dining by himself at a chop house, and spending his Evenings alone in his Compting-house. Generosity found Solitude intolerable. He determined once more to mingle with the world; for a time, every incident reminded him of his Loss; at length he became acquainted with a Lady whose name was Extravagance, who seem'd from the first moment, determind upon her conquest: and unfortunately, notwithstanding all the precautions which Generosity had resolved on, she became his Bride. —Aware of his liberal Temper, she immediately prevaild on him to purchase a town house, & furnish it in the most sumptuous manner. She set up a most expensive Equipage, kept three or four different Carriages, with as many different sets of Horses, and Drivers, and Footmen, for each. Two or three Splendid Dinners every week, as many Balls, Card-parties, or Concerts, at all of which she presided in some new, elegant, and costly dress, with the addition of Diamonds, & other Jewels, on her head, in her Ears, and about her neck, & Bosom, at once demonstrated the Folly, & Levity of her character. Generosity saw it, but like many other tender Husbands could not find it in his heart, to check it. He became unhappy, found himself embarras'd, first mortgaged, & then sold, the greater part of his Estate piece-meal; and finally, being serv'd with an Execution against his Body, was conducted to Gaol, where he was found dead the next morning. A phial of Laudanum, which was found on the outside of the window, prompts to a conjecture, but too probable, of the real
cause of his melancholy catastrophe.

Oeconomy in the meantime had either married, or closely connected himself with a miserable wretch, whose name was Parsimony. The former is probable, since she occupied his house, and, though not acknowledged by him as a lawful wife, tyrannized over him, in the most shocking manner. She made him sell every moveable in the house, even to the beds. How they lived was never known to any one, but they were found dead in the same room together, both almost naked, and to all appearance, starv'd to death. Every rat-hole in the house had one or more pieces of money hid in it, and the purchaser of the house, found under the brick-floor in the cellar, a treasure sufficient to have purchased an estate equal to that of an English Nobleman.

Lycidas
Ignorance was the daughter of Night, who dwelt in a deep Cavern at the foot of Mount Caucasus, where no ray of light had ever penetrated. Sleep, Sloth, and Error, all children of Night, occupied the Cave with her, without any other Tenant. The wild Beasts of the desert presumed not to enter it, frightened by the impenetrable darkness which filled the place; not even the Eye of the Lynx could dispel its obscurity: it seem'd to be the entrance into those Regions describd by the Poets, where all is "dark as Erebus, and black as night."

It happened that Genius, one of the Sons of Phoebus, in the course of a progress which he was making through the world, arrived at the mouth of the Cavern, after wandering sometime in darkness, occasioned, as he at first supposed by the setting Sun. He had with him a phosphoric Torch, a present from his Father, of which he always made use, to discover his way, when benighted. It was a Talisman of Truth and was called the Tourch of Experiment; with the aid of which he felt no hesitation in entering this, the most gloomy Cavern he had ever explored. Ignorance fled from his presence the Moment she discovered the light of his Torch, and hid herself in some distant Corner of the Cavern, whither he did not think proper to follow her. --Sleep rubbed his Eyes for a moment at the approach of the light, but soon turning from it, resigned himself again to the influence of the poppies which composed his pillow. Sloth, with an unmeaning
Stare, fixt his eyes upon the phoenomenon for a few minutes, like an Ideot gazing upon the Sun, without motion, & without Thought. After examining them awhile he passed further into the Cave, where he beheld an object, which in a moment assumed a thousand different shapes, and colours: now, beautiful as an Angel, and arrayed in all the glowing Tints of the Iris, she seem'd to invite the approach of the Stranger, as well by the Blandishments of Flattery, as by the Attractions of Beauty. But, whenever he presented the Torch of Truth towards her, she shrunk from it, and in a moment appeared to be deform'd, loathsome and terrible: then hissing more dreadfully than a thousand Serpents, she seem'd to threaten his destruction, whilst she was, herself, under the most terrible Apprehension from the Talisman of Truth in his hands. It was Error: a monster endued with the magic power of assuming different shapes, but when exposed to the light of Truth, discovered to be a venomous Serpent, with Heads more numerous than the Hydra. No longer capable of supporting the Radiant light of the Talisman, she followed Ignorance into the inmost recesses of the Cavern; in her retreat she reluctantly abandoned a young female whom she appeared to have held in her Embraces, and to have amused by her deceitful Attractions. It was Curiosity; from the moment of her birth she had been entrusted by her Mother Ignorance, to the Care of her eldest daughter Error, as a nurse; and till the present moment she had never been out of her Arms. Her Countenance was that of a new born Infant, dazzled, yet attracted, by light of the Talisman, Experiment which Genius held in his hand. He approach'd, and touched her gently with it, she sprung up with an Alacrity which surprised him, and seem'd desirous to follow him, keeping her eyes
fixt, on the Torch: by the light of it he conducted her to the opening of the Cavern; at every step she was more, & more alert. Her Countenance brightened, and a beam of intelligence shot from her eyes, whenever they encountered those of her Conductor. When they arrived at the mouth of the Cavern the meridian Sun, which was then in Cancer, dispelled the darkness which had before envelop'd it. Curiosity was astonished, and attracted by every object. At every step her Countenance underwent some change. Now wonder, and Amazement; now timidity and apprehension; now doubt, and confusion; now pleasure & delight; now intellection and confidence, were manifested in her looks, and actions. She soon became enamoured of her Guide, who perceiving her attachment, determined to conduct her to the Temple of Knowledge, where they were graciously received by the presiding Diety, and Curiosity was instructed by her in all that she wished to learn. Genius, aided by the Torch of Experiment became one of her Teachers, and perceiving after a time, Capacity, and inclination to improve herself, in whatever was desirable to be known, he proposed a union with her; the proposal was accepted; the fruit of this union was a Daughter called Philosophy; she was educated in the Temple of Knowledge under the immediate Auspices of her parents, whom she regards with filial reverence and respect on all Occasions, presuming to do nothing, to say nothing, and to determine nothing without previously consulting them, and never uttering a syllable contrary to their advice, and information. In Consequence of this Conduct invariably pursued, her merit is generally known, & acknowledged, and she is now courted, and caressed by all the Votaries of Knowledge, and has one of the most beautiful Niches in the Temple set apart for her. --But though
she has many Admirers, yet has she also her Enemies, and defamers. Some pretending that she is a daughter of Error, with all whose obvious qualities they reproach her. Others call her an Heathen, for no better reason than because she frequently looks at the Sun. Others are jocularly pleased to stile her a Lunatic, because they have heard of her making observations on the Moon. Many other Tales have been industriously circulated to her prejudice. Those are in general discredited by her friends and admirers. Yet Candour must acknowledge one fact, with which even her Enemies have fail'd to reproach her; though she has never been married she is undoubtedly the mother of a most lovely daughter called Science, who promises to be the brightest Ornament of the present age.

Lycidas
IV. Moses Dolittle's Narrative
Sir,

I have the honor of being descended from one of the most ancient and honorable families in this Country; my progenitors for several Generations before the Revolution were Members of his Majesty's most honourable privy Council for this Colony, and not a few of my uncles and great uncles, were members of the assembly, and Magistrates in the County Courts; and scarce a man among them was not at some time or other a County Lieutenant, or a Colonel in the Militia. When the Revolution came on it was resolved by the heads of our family not to oppose it, nor yet to take any part in it. Some few of them from that Circumstance were thought to be Tories in their hearts, but as everyone knew the family to be very harmless, they incurred no suspicion. My Father form'd some exception from this general character; my Grandfather having married into the family of the Busy-bodies, it was thought by many that he took after his mother's family, rather more than his father's. He went regularly to the Courthouse every Court day, was often the first man in the Courtyard, and shook every man by the hand as soon as he got from his horse. He generally went upon the Bench, and sat long enough to have his name entered among the Gentleman Justices, present; after which, unless there was to be a recommendation for Sheriffs, or militia officers, he generally quitted the Bench, and spent the rest of his day among his neighbours and Country-men, over
a Bowl of Toddy, enquiring after every individual in their families, and talking over the news of the day. He was no less attentive to his duty as a militia officer, never missing a muster, & sometimes ordering the Roll to be called; but as he was a very indulgent officer the Absentees were never cross'd, and it was generally too hot, or too cold, or too wet, to exercise the Men. When it came to his turn to serve as Sheriff he farm'd the Office 1 to an active clever fellow, against whom there could be no possible objection but the Suspicion that he was not honest, as the three preceeding high Sheriffs had all been ruined, altogether, as they said by his Delinquency. This, however, did not deter my Father from farming the office to him, as he relied upon one of his Mothers Brothers who was said to understand Accounts, to have an eye upon him, & see that he did not cheat the public, or himself. This precaution proved insufficient, for a Judgment in behalf of the Commonwealth was obtaind against my Father for an immense sum, of money, immediately after which his Deputy with all his securities disappear'd, and settled themselves in different parts of the western, & southern Country. This proved a severe stroke, and utterly disabled my Father from completing a large Merchant Mill, with six pair of stones, which he was building upon a stream that was very abundant during four, and sometimes five, months in the year, but was perfectly dry all the rest of it. The reason that my Father gave for erecting so large and expensive a Mill upon such an inconstant stream was, that by having so many pair of Stones, he could manufacture as much flour in four months, as a man of less enterprise, activity, and capital, could in twelve. The Mill was very nearly finish'd, having cost an immense sum of money, when an Execution in behalf of the common-
wealth was levied upon it, and it was sold for very little to a neighbour, who having reduced the works to a single pair of stones, repented of his Bargain, as he found the neighbourhood could not furnish Wheat enough to keep them employed above half the time, that there was water enough to work them. My Father, after this unlucky Business, determin'd to repair his injured fortune by speculating in the western Lands. He entered into partnership with a surveyor, who undertook to locate and survey several millions of Acres, for which my Father obtained Land warrants, by the sale of one of his best plantations; he now considered himself as the future Lord of a German principality at least. Every Opportunity brought him Letters from his friend in the western Country informing him of their rapid progress towards wealth; new supplies of money were from time to time required, and not without great inconvenience and loss, remitted. The day of Reimbursement could not be far off; every Dispatch brought it nearer and nearer. At length the Surveyor return'd with his saddle-bags filled with platts, and Certificates of Survey. Here were Rivers and Vallies, fertile as the Banks of the Nile; there were plains of immeasurable extent, covered with the most luxurient Poplars, Hicories, Sugar-trees, and other natives of the fatter soil, interspersed with beautiful streams, Mill-seats, and navigable waters, for the future transportation of their rich produce to a profitable market. My Fathers eyes glistened as he examined the platts, but whenever he saw the mark of a Mill-seat, he felt a secret horror creep over him, least they should prove as fatal to him as the former. --With difficulty, money was now procur'd for obtaining Patents. The Surveyor very prudently proposed, as they would amount to a large
sum, that patents should be taken out, for the present, only for one half the Lands; that they should be in his name, only, that he might have less difficulty in disposing of them on their joint account, in Philadelphia, or Newyork; and that he would as soon as he was in Cash remit my Father money enough to take out the Patents for the other half, in his own name, only, as he proposed to retain the greater part, for his own Family, whom he was very desirous of restoring once more to its Ancient Opulence, and Importance. This proposal met with my Fathers hearty concurrence, & warmest approbation. The Patents for one half, amounting to something short of three millions of Acres, were taken out in the Surveyors name, who posted off immediately with them to Philadelphia: there it was said that he entered into some connexion with a farmers land company, embarked for Europe, as their Agent, and according to the last accounts of him, it was he that imposed upon the unfortunate Tu-Buoef the twenty thousand Acres of Rocks & Mountains, which that unhappy Gentleman and his friends crossed the Atlantic to settle themselves upon.\(^3\) Be this as it may, my Father never recieved a letter, from him, nor as much money as would have paid the postage of one: he consoled himself however with the reflection, that the fellow had not cheated him out of all the Lands. --So he sold a negroe, or two, and rais'd as much money as would pay for the patents for the other half. By this time the frauds practiced by the land Speculator began to be detected; it was discovered that a great part of the Lands they took up were only Rocks & Mountains, such as poor Tu-Buoef had purchased; or if there were any good Lands in fact surveyed, in ninety nine Acres out of an hundred there were prior Titles to them. Nobody would now buy lands
upon the faith of a patent only, but they required a general warranty. Here was a new obstacle to my Fathers Expectations. To remove it he employed an Agent, at a considerable expense, to go to the western Country to look for the Lands, and examine the Titles, and their Quality, etc. The Agent at the end of two years made a faithful report, from which it appeared, that not a twentieth part of the plats were genuine, there being in reality no such lands as they described, and that not a single parcel, or tract of land that could be found, in actual Existence, was without prior claiment. This Intelligence was a severe stroke, indeed, to my Father. All his magnificent dreams were dispell'd, and he found himself more embarassed than ever: for had he continued to live as when he first came to his Estate, and though every now & then he had sold a plantation, with all the Slaves and Flocks upon it, he kept up his spirits, from the prospect he had of retrieving his Affairs from this indubitable source, of which I have been speaking. My great-Uncle Jack Busy-body now proposed to him to join him in the purchase of a newly imported Stud-horse. He represented how much money had been made by other Gentlemen from this fruitful Source, and my Father gave into it without Hesitation. The purchase was made in the month of September, and the Horse which had not yet recovered from his Sea-voyage was brought home, and a new, and commodious stable built for him; and the English groom who attended him on his passage was hired at a pretty considerable Salary to continue his attendence. As the Horse's name stood very high in the racing Calander, and the risque and expense of his Importation had been considerable, and as the purchase was made upon a twelvemonths Credit, the money being secured by a
deed of Trust, on some lands & negroes, the price of the horse was very high, amounting to several thousand dollars. My Uncle Busy-body was to have one fourth of the horse, but my Father was to advance the money for him. My uncle now proposed an addition to their plan; which was to purchase eight or ten fine blooded mares, whose Colts at three or four years of age, would always command a capital price, & yield immense profits. My Father saw the Advantage of this Scheme, in the clearest light, and eight or ten fine brood Mares were procured by the activity of my Uncle, in a short time, on nearly as good terms as the horse himself. They were brought home about the beginning of the Winter, and the Stables were further enlarged for their Accomodations. It happend most unfortunately that a severe gust in the month of August had done great damage to my Father's Corn, so that he had a very short crop of both Corn and Fodder. Nor were any of his neighbours better off. In consequence of this Misfortune he was obliged to purchase almost his whole years Corn, at a very high price, that his Stud might not suffer; and as there was no Fodder to be got any where, he bought Tom Thrifty's crop of Hay, which had been a little damaged in the Stacks for something more than double price, & had to bring it twelve miles, into the Bargain. Everything now went on very well; the horse recovered his Flesh, and the Mares lost none of theirs. My Uncle Busy-Body, now discovered that neither my Fathers plantation, nor his own were good Stands, for so fine a horse, and therefore proposed to take Will Whip, and Tom Stirrup, into partnership with them. That the horse should stand at their plantations, alternately, every Week, and in going & returning stop at their respective homes, etc. --This arrangement was accordingly made, and a due compensation
was to be given for it. --April came, and Fearnought in all the pride of imported stateliness, importance, and Superiority, was exhibited at the Court-house, at the Races, and the Musterfield. No Turk in his Seraglio ever strutted with more magnificence, nor did the Horse of Darius Niegh with more significant Vehemence. Hundreds of Visitants were engaged, the turns for the first year being rather moderate, and upon credit. Every time that Fearnought passed my Father, where he always stop'd one night, the Groom reported the immense profits that he had earned. My Father's Spirits reviv'd and my Uncle Jack Busy-body was never still. As he had some knowledge of Figures he was always calculating how much they should share that Season; and how much more they should make the next, when the horse's Fame should be fully established; and what immense profits the Brood Mares would yield. But, sad mischance! About the middle of May the horse was taken very suddenly ill with a Cholic, and in spite of the Groom's, and my Uncle Busy-Body's skill he died in a few hours; on opening him his Stomach was found full of Grubs; my Father met this Misfortune in perfect dismay. Even my Uncle Jack's hopes began to fail him; but he endeavourd to console himself by having a pair of very fine Boots made out of Fearnoughts hide, and Will Whip, and Tom Stirrup paid the same compliment to the deceased horse. I must reserve the sequel of my Fathers History for another letter.

Iam Sir your humble servant

Moses Dolittle.
Sir,

I shall now proceed in my poor Father's history, which draws near to a close; the loss of Fearnought depressed his Spirits more than anything that had ever happened to him; but misfortunes, they say, never come single, and so it proved in my poor Father's Case; his fine mare Camilla from whom he expected a foal by Fearnought staked herself in jumping over the fence that divided her pasture from a wheat field, and died in less than an hour. Diana, the only one except Camilla, that proved pregnant, slunk her Foal not long after. --Will Whip borrowed Thitty Fisher for a purse race in the fall; she slipt her shoulder in running, and falling was crippled in such a manner, that she was knock'd in the head out of pure Compassion. The others were taken on Execution to satisfy the farmer from whom my Father had purchased his Corn. The time of payment for them and for Fearnought being arrived, suits were brought, and Executions levied upon every shillings worth of personal property, which he possessed, except what was comprehended in the deed of Trust. --The Trustees, when the day of payment arrived, were called upon to proceed to sell. But my unhappy father did not live to see the day of the sale; it was postponed several times at his request, but he did nothing more to prevent it, and died just a week before the last of his property was sold.
Such, Sir, was the life, and such the End, of an honest Man, of unblemished Morals, and originally of very large property. I am confident he never ow'd a debt that he did not honestly pay, and some, two or three times over, for he kept no Books, nor ever took a reciept. The influence that [my] uncle Jack Busy-body had over him, who advised him first to build his Merchant Mill, & then engaged him in other projects of the same sort, was a great Injury; for my Father professed no learning, no knowledge of any Business whatever, nor any, the least energy of Character, and for such men to embark in projects which require knowledge, Information, Judgement, and incessant attention, appears to me, from his sad example, to be one of the surest, & readiest ways to Ruin.

Our family has, indeed, been generally very unfortunate; at least for the last five and thirty years. My Uncle Robert, my Fathers next Brother, was a Member of Assembly, and was nominated to fill a Vacancy in a high office, and though everybody spoke of him as a very good kind of Man, of whom they never heard any harm in their Lives, he got but one vote, and that was supposed to be his Colleague's. He was several years in the assembly, and always made it a point to vote on Col: Patriot's side, who was a great speaker, and a very popular Member, but it all would not do. My Uncle Benjamin never was in the Assembly; he used to ride over his plantation always attended by his man Billy, on horseback, with his double barrel'd fowling piece, powder horn and shot-bag, and a dozen times in the course of his ride would he call to Billy to hand him his Gun; but the partridges generally got out of Gunshot before he fired. I don't think he ever Kill'd a dozen in his whole life. I said, before, he never was in the assembly;
he offer'd once, and Col. Patriot, with whom he was a favorite, made a Speech, and recommended him very strongly, and concluded with telling the people, "they might rely upon him, for he was sure he would never do any Harm." Col: Readywit, who opposed him, ask'd the people if they expected "he would ever do them any good." This Sarcasm turnd the current at once; my uncle did not get the votes, and Col. Readywit carried his election all hollow. All this is very surprising considering what intimate friends he and Col: Patriot were. But it proves that people will sometimes think for themselves: For, Col. Patriot was Judge of the County Court, and had great Influence, on all Occasions. It was said in the County, that when my uncle Benjamin first took his seat as a Magistrate, Col. Patriot, being in the Chair, when the lawyers had done arguing, called for my Uncles opinion. "I am of your Opinion, Sir;" said my uncle, in the simplicity of his heart. The Col. with great Gravity proceeded to take the Opinions of the other Members, and he pronounced the decision of the Court to be according to his own, reckoning my uncle, as one who had concurred with himself. My Uncle Richard was sent to England for his Education; he returnd one of the most elegant and accomplish'd Gentlemen that I ever remember to have seen; nothing could exceed the elegance of his person, manners, & address; he was a man of the nicest and most unblemish'd honor, and Integrity; his heart was open, generous, benevolent. He won the esteem of his own sex, and the affections of the Fair, wherever he went. He had studied a profession, and brought over with him the proper credentials, representing his progress; in short he had obtaind a Degree. He entered on the Exercise of his
profession and gave favourable hopes of his Success in it. He married a Lady of very large Fortune; retired to the Country; lived moderately; was guilty of no Excess that I ever heard of. He seem'd in short to have every thing in his favor, except that degree of Attention to his Estate, (for he quitted his profession when he married) which so large a one required. In a very few years it began to be suspected that he was embarrassed, but as his Estate was very large, and he made no Complaints, none of his friends supposed that he was much involved. The loss of his Lady had induced him to break up his Establishment: he occasionally resided there a few weeks, but lived a Rambling sort of Batchelor Life, with never more than one Servant, & a couple of horses attending him, when all of a sudden it was reported that He was ruin'd. How, or by what means was never known to his most intimate friends; but he died about a year ago, without leaving a shilling of his once immense Fortune. I never more sincerely regretted the Misfortune of any friend, for I can with Truth aver that I never heard of any thing to the prejudice of his moral Character, in any respect, and I have ever considered him among the most honourable, benevolent, and generous hearts that I was ever acquainted with; nor can I persuade myself that he had a Fault, except his too easy temper in pecuniary transactions, and an Inattention, which must have been more real, than visible, to the management of his Estate. Such, Sir, was my uncle Richard—and his history is, I think, even a stronger Evidence of the fatal Consequence of the wont of that Energy, which in this Country is necessary for a man, to keep his Estate together, than that of my Father. My Father was the dupe of projectors, and Speculators; and so, I am inclined to suppose my Uncle Richard must
have been, though I have never heard in what Instances. My Uncle James was the youngest of the Brothers. He was passionately fond of hounds, and of hunting. At first he kept a large pack of hounds; but in a few years the number was considerably reduced; his principal plantation was about five or six miles from his dwelling house. He mounted his horse regularly, every morning, as soon as Breakfast was over, to go & visit it, generally attended with two or three couple of hounds, and some other Dogs; if they happened to put up a hare, or start a Fox, Tallyo! Tallyo! was the word immediately, and away he rode pell-mell after the Dogs, till they caught the Game, or the Game had made its escape from them. The consequence was, that my Uncle did not see his plantation three times a year, and as he had a manager who understood, & was very attentive to his own Interest, at least, my good uncle died insolvent before he was forty years old, and his manager became the purchaser of his Estate.

My own story is not very long; my good old Grandfather, whose namesake I am, left me, on that account, a plantation and some slaves by his will. I was then about a year old; as I was provided for in that manner, my father thought there was no occasion to send me to School till I was twelve years old, when I went for six months to learn to read & write at a School in the neighbourhood. My School-master us'd to say, Ah! Moses! Moses! I am afraid you will do Little." My Schoolfellows caught the expression, and teas'd me in such a manner with it, that I ran away from School, and never was sent back again to it, nor to any other. The little Girls, too, caught the story, and I could hear them say to one another, as they look'd at me, Ah! Moses! Moses! then, away they all ran, gigling, and laughing, ready to split their
Polly Languid, indeed, was an exception: I never saw her do anything like what her playmates did, and I began to feel a regard for her on that account. She sometimes look'd at me with great Kindness, or perhaps Compassion, and would say, "indeed, Moses, I think everybody treats you very ill." This won my heart, and so I made her an offer of it, which she was good enough to accept, and we have now been married more than three weeks, and I have never in all that time had an unkind word from her; no Complaints, whatever; so that I begin to hope that my Schoolmasters Joke will some day or other be forgot.

But, now to the Business of this Letter. Since I have got possession of the estate which my grandfather left me, which was only last January, my Uncle Tom Project, a Brother of my Mothers, and my Cousin Will Busy-body, a Son of my great uncle Jack's, have been incessantly endeavouring to persuade me to sell my Lands and negroes, and join them in a retail-store, a distillery, a Merchant-Mill, a tannery, a Cotton-gin, to go by water, and a cotton-spinning manufactory, which they propose engaging in, as soon as they can raise a sufficient capital, which they tell me I can very easily furnish; the Business to be conducted by themselves, without my having any trouble at all, under the Firm of "Project, Busy-body, Do-little, & Company". They point out so many advantages, and make so sure of making immense fortunes for themselves, as well as for me and my Children, (for I am not without hopes of having some,) that sometimes, they have almost persuaded me to come into their plan. But, whenever I think of my Father's Mill with six pair of stones; his three millions of counterfeit surveys; and the death of poor Fearnought, and Camilla, my heart fails me; when I ask my dear Wife's opinion, she answers only,
"my dear Mr. Do-little, you know best." But my neighbour, Major Stirabout, who is one of the best Managers in this part of the Country, advises me to hold fast, what I have got, and turning to my Dilworth's spelling, he read me the Fable of the Waggoner and Hercules, which I never understood, before, and tells me, I had better come and see him often, and he will instruct me how to manage my plantation; and this advice I find myself inclining to take: but let me do what I will I am afraid my unfortunate name will operate against me. So I have prevaild on the Major to write you these two letters, that you may thoroughly understand my Case, and request the favor of you to prepare a petition to the next general assembly to enable me to change my name to Stirabout; a name which I prefer on account of the good advice I have recieved from my good neighbour, who is kind enough to say, he hopes I shall become worthy of it, in time. So no more at present from your humble Servant to command,

Moses Do-little

N.
V. The Religion of a Deist
Sir,

I was extremely delighted with the sublime Theory of the Universe, with a sketch of which you favoured us in one of your former numbers. The Idea of a plurality of worlds, of which perhaps there may be none inferior, and many superior, to that which we inhabit, must appear very reasonable to any person who has ever devoted even a single hour to the contemplation of nature, and of nature's God. To those who reflect on the infinite number of brilliant objects, at immeasurable distance from us, which a single glance of the Eye discovers in a clear, starry, night, it is impossible to suppose that they are mere spangles, placed there to amuse the Tenants of this little Globe, the sole work, of the omnipotent Creator of the universe, which was designed for the habitation of intelligent Beings. Such a thought is altogether unworthy of that Eternal, and Omnipotent Being, whose wisdom is commensurate with his power, and whose power is infinite as Space and co-eval with Eternity. We are therefore naturally led to conclude, that our own world, like our own Bodies, is but one of many works, of the same kind, some as far superior, and other perhaps as far inferior to it, as some men, are above ourselves, in stature, strength, and intellect, or below us, in those respects. And inasmuch as our Sun which shines with perennial native light, is known to be the center of that system, about which our Earth moves with several other planets, some of which are greatly superior to ours in size, the same train of reasoning will lead us to suppose, that each of those stars which
appear to us fixed, at an immense distance from us, and, like our Sun, to shine with a native light, are in like manner the Suns of other systems, around which a greater, or lesser number of habitable worlds revolve. —And as observation proves that their orbs are retain'd within their proper spheres by a perpetual motion, by which that immense principle of attraction which exists between solid Bodies, is in some degree counteracted and regulated, I think we are warranted in supposing with you, that not only the planets revolve round their respective Suns, but that even their Suns themselves, revolve, like the planets, round one Universal Center of Attraction assigned to them all by the Author of nature. This appears to me to be one of the most sublime Conceptions that the Mind of Man is capable of forming, and if any thing which his Imagination can suggest, can be worthy of the Creator of the Universe, it must be such a magnificent Spectacle, as that of innumerable suns and worlds, revolving round the throne of omnipotent, and eternal wisdom. The abstract Idea of the Deity is so far above mortal comprehension, that we are obliged to borrow a figure from the potentates of the world, to express, however inadequately, our feeble notions of Incomprehensibility. But, if we cannot elevate our Ideas to him, this Idea of his works, may teach us to concieve more justly of our own littleness, than most of us are able, or willing, to do. Let the Being who knows, that he cannot command the sun to shine, nor the clouds to rain, nor the winds to blow, or to cease from their Blasts; that he can not even avert from himself Disease, or pain, or Death, at any moment, in all humility draw the contrast, between a Being capable of forming and giving laws to the Universe, and one so impotent, & insignificant as himself.
This is a first step to Religion; for until we conceive rightly both of God, and of ourselves, it is impossible to reverence him, as it becomes us to do. For as far above us as he is in physical power, and omnipotence, so far is he in intellectual perfection, and goodness! --an Emmet is more in comparison with man, than man with his Creator; --the distance between the former, is immense; but, great as it is, it is filled up with what appears to be a regular scale of Beings, in magnitude, strength, activity, ingenuity, and intelligence. May we not consider the scale as ascending still, from Man to his Creator, yet leaving an infinite Space between the Almighty, and the most perfect of his Works! When the inanimate world contains such an infinite variety in it; when the animal world, shews a progress so much farther; when we behold all the Regions of space, as far as our eyes can reach, or our Imagination extend, fill'd with the magnificent works of God, dare we have the presumption to suppose, as many do, that Man is the most perfect of his works, and the Image of his God! How presumptuous is the thought! Made of of Frailty, the slave of his passions, and the sport of accident, his feeble reason bending to every blast, yet presumes he to imagine, there is but one step from Earth, to Heaven; from himself, to the Almighty! Vain pismire! Sooner mays't thou crawl from hence to the Dog-star, than thine imagination conceive the distance between thyself, and thy Creator! Between thy weakness, and depravity, and his perfection!

But, to return; Since Man is the only Animal to whom, as far as we suppose, the Gift of Reason has been imparted by his Creator, is there not, by comparison with the scale of animal existence, from the Animalcule, which is discoverable only by the assistance of a Miscro-
scope [sic], to Man, some reason to suppose, that the immense distance between Man, as an intellectual Being, and his Creator, may in some measure be filled up by a similar gradation? Death shuts the gate upon the animal, the material Man" does it not open the portals of immaterial, or spiritual, Existence? And if so, may not those who enter therein, find others as far advanced beyond them, in those intellectual and moral endowments, in which, if in any thing, they may be supposed to resemble the Creator, as the Man, however enlightenened, and however virtuous, was at the moment of his death, above the meanest reptile that crawls upon the face of the Earth? --Frail, finite, and, as it were, swallowed up in moral infirmity, dare we to hope, that we shall in a moment be equal to the Angels, & Arch-angels, which in the beautiful language of Scripture, surround the Throne of the most High! If we should be permitted to approach the Mansions of blessed Spirits, will it not be, at most, as new born Babes, in comparison with those who have gone before us, a thousand years? How much greater then, the distance between us, & those pure spirits, whom the Father of the universe may have created, immaculate, from the first, & immortal? To whom such a portion of the divine essence has been graciously imparted, that they can at one view, see, and comprehend all the wonders of the Creation, material, and immaterial, and even look up, in humble adoration, to the Divinity, himself!

Such, Sir, is the train of reflection which your Essay upon the Starry Firmament has excited in the Bosom of one who feels himself but a worm, in the sight of his Creator, yet trusting, steadfastly, in his providence, humbly presumes to hope for a better State
The preceeding essay reminds me of a Hymn, which I recollect to have met with some years ago, in a small collection of poetical pieces; the author's name, as well as I recollect was not mentioned. 

Hymn to the Creator.

O God, whose voice spake into birth, 
What'er existence boasts; 
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the Earth, 
The Heavens, and all their Hosts!

From world, to world, from Sun, to Sun, 
I turn my wondering Eyes; 
Thy Works their swiftest glance outrun; 
New Suns, and Worlds, arise!

Thy wonders, still, my soul pursues, 
Through each remoter World; 
Till sight, and thought, their aid refuse, 
To utter darkness, hurld.

There lost; --through endless time, and space, 
I seek thy light divine: 
Turn not, O Lord! from me, thy Face! 
But, --let thy Mercy Shine!
Sir,

In my last letter I had occasion to remark, "that the first step to Religion, is to conceive rightly, both of God, and of ourselves; without which it is impossible to reverence him, as it becomes us to do." Permit me, by way of illustrating my meaning, a little further, to suppose a Dialogue between a Sceptic, and a rational Believer on the Existence, and Providence, of the supreme Being.

Sceptic. What do you mean by the word Religion, which you have just made use of?

Believer. I mean the study and contemplation of God, and his attributes.

Qu: What does Religion teach us respecting God?

Ans: That his Essence is incomprehensible; but that his Attributes are manifested to us, in his works.

Qu: Why is his Essence incomprehensible?

Ans: Because the faculties of Man are too limited to perceive, or to comprehend the State of an invisible, a self-existent, an eternal, and an omnipotent Being.

Qu: Wherefore do you say that God is a self-existent Being?

Ans: Because, being the Author of nature, and of the universe, we are necessarily led to him by our enquiries into the Causes thereof, as the first, original, and eternal cause of all things, past, present, and to come.
Qu: Is it not as easy to conceive the Universe itself to be self-existent, as to conceive that God is self-existent?

Ans: It might certainly be as easy to conceive how one Being should be self-existent, as how any other Being should be so: but in supposing the universe to be self existent, we are necessarily obliged to suppose millions of self-existent Beings or things, inanimate, as well as animate. Whereas in supposing God, alone, to be self existent, we may without difficulty refer the existence of all other things to him, as a first Cause. More especially since we are compelled to suppose, that the Universe, and all that it contains, are either self-existent, or created.

Qu: Why may we not suppose the immediate Author, or Creator of the universe which we behold to have been, himself, created, or proceeding from some prior Cause?

Ans: Because nothing inferior to an omnipotent, eternal, and infinite Being, could have been the Author of the Universe, which we behold around us; and there being no necessity to enquire further, than for an adequate Cause, or author, of those things which we see, having found a Being, competent to that Character, it would be an absurdity to pursue our Enquiry further.

Qu: Why do you suppose God to be eternal?

Ans: Because, necessary to the existence of the Universe: Secondly, Because no period can be imagined, at which he did not exist. Thirdly, Because his work, the Universe, bespeaks infinite duration; Wherefore the Author of it must necessarily be infinite, and eternal: that is, without beginning, or end.

Qu: Why is God supposed to be omnipotent?
Ans: Because nothing short of omnipotence could have been the Author of the Universe, such as we behold it; or could be competent to give Laws to Millions of worlds, and to retain the Universe in one regular order, and Course, as we constantly percieve.

Qu: What other attributes belong to God?

Ans: Wisdom, & Goodness: both infinite, and commensurate with his Omnipotence.

Qu: How is the Wisdom of God manifested to us?

Ans: By that infinite order, variety, Beauty, utility, and fitness, which is discernible in the Universe, and all things therein. All which bespeak their Author to be omniscient as well as omnipotent.

Qu: How is the Goodness of God manifested to us?

Ans: By that same infinite order, variety, Beauty, utility, & fitness, of the Universe, & of all things therein, adapted to the Accomodation, support, preservation, comfort, and happiness of all sentient Beings; & especially, of Man.

Qu: Does the law of nature prescribe to us Religion, as a Duty?

Ans: Certainly; The Creator having endow'd Man with the faculty of Reason, it becomes his Duty to make a proper use of that faculty, by the Study, and Acquisition of Knowledge; without which he would debase himself to a level with the Brute creation.

Qu: Why are we in duty bound to study to acquire a Knowledge of God?

Ans: Because by the Gift of Reason, and the capacity of acquiring Knowledge, Man is distinguish'd from Brutes, and in some
sort resembles his Creator, who is the perfection of Wisdom: he is therefore bound to use those faculties, by which he is so pre-eminently distinguish'd from the Brute creation, in humble imitation of that Wisdom, which is the Archetype of human knowledge. And because being the Creature of an infinitely wise and good Creator, he is bound to study the Attributes of that Creator, that he may conform his own actions to the Wisdom and Goodness of God, his Creator, and Law-giver, as the surest means of happiness.

Qu: What other advantages may we derive from Religion?

Ans: By habituating ourselves to the Contemplation of the Goodness of God, and of his peculiar bounty to Man, we are led to enquire into, to understand, and to practice, those moral duties, which a state of society imposes upon us in respect to our fellow-creature, Man, and which we owe to him, independent of human laws: such as charity, benevolence, & Justice, in all our intercourse with him. Secondly, by such an habitual Contemplation of the Goodness of the Creator, and of his Bounty towards us, we are led to hope humbly, that we are at all times the Objects of his divine providence; whereby we may be enabled to support ourselves under Adversity, by the trust we repose in that divine providence; and even to view death itself with Serenity, in the hope, and confidence, that it will conduct us to a happier, future, state?

Qu: On what Foundation, (independent of Revelation), does the hope of a future state rest?

Ans: On the likeness and Resemblance to our Creator, which the ineffable Gift of Reason teaches us to hope we partake of, in some degree,
however small. And since his Wisdom, and Existence are eternal, & infinite, we may be permitted to hope, that the Soul, the rational, & intelligent part of man, wherein he resembles his Maker, may, further partake of the divine nature, by being immortal, likewise."

How far these Answers might satisfy the mind of a real Sceptic, it would be presumption in me to say: but they carry sufficient conviction to my own Mind to induce a lively hope, that this transitory scene will not be the Be-all, and the End-all, of that divine spark, the Soul of Man.

But, what presumption would it not be for those to hope that they shall attain to such a state, who abuse the divine gift that has been bestowed upon them, instead of availing themselves of it, so as to be prepared to enjoy the proffered Blessing?

Can the Sot, the Glutton, the Libertine, the Miser, the Thief, the Robber, the Murderer, hope for enjoyment, where there is no opportunity of prosecuting the same Courses, to which they addicted themselves in this Life?

Can he who never practis'd Charity, or indulged a benevolent Sentiment in this Life, be happy in a state, where he can have no opportunity, or means, of exercising his Malignity?

Can he who delights in falsehood, hope for any satisfaction where truth, only, is ever admitted?

Can he whose soul thirsts after Ambition, delight in the Mansions of Peace? Or can they, whose progress through the world has been mark'd with Desolation, behold myriads of happy Beings, without a wish to destroy their Happiness?
Will not a candid answer to these questions satisfy our Minds, that it is not less our Interest, than our duty, steadfastly to persevere in the practice of those things, which a due sense of our duty both to God, & to our fellow creatures, imposes it upon us to perform?

In the practice of Religion, and the moral virtues, alone, can we hope for such a preparation for a future state, as to be capable of enjoying it. The naked Savage could as illy endure the trappings of Royalty, as he could perform its functions, according to the ceremonials of an European Court. Man must be prepared by Education, Exercise, and Habit, for the Scenes in which he is to act a part in this Life. Can it be supposed that without any preparation, he can sustain a part upon a far more exalted Theatre?
Sir,

Of the happiness of a future state we are as little capable of forming any adequate Ideas, as of the divine Author, & Bestower, of that happiness. Even the Genius of Homer has faileth him upon that subject. His Heroes in the Elysian Fields, always appear to me to be repining, and as it were saying, "In the midst of Life, we are in Death". --Christian divines have, generally, and probably, wisely, declined the attempt to set before the Eyes of their Audiences those Scenes of ineffable bliss, to which they invite, and exhort them to hope for. The reveries of Baron Swedenbourgh, if I remember rightly, are occasionally illumintated by some fanciful, and some rational, Ideas, on the subject, but I do not recollect them particularly enough to notice them further. It may seem then a very presumptuous attempt in one who has noticed such miscarriages in others, to venture to pass over the same ground, where they have faileth. Yet, a rational mind, I think, may be indulged in such Contemplations, on subjects far above its reach, as may tend to strengthen, and confirm our hopes, while they amuse and sweeten the rugged Journey of Life, which it still remains for us to travel over. But instead of venturing upon a theme so far above my powers, suffer me to invite your attention to an eastern Tale: the Vision of Selim, the Son of Alraschid.
"Selim, the Son of the Sultan Haroon Alraschid, or the Just, an Epithet which he acquired from the strict adherence to the precepts of Justice, which mark'd his whole administration, during a period of more than forty years, was the only Son of his beautiful Queen Selima, the most amiable, and most beloved of his wives. The good Genius Alhamran adopted him at the moment of his birth, and attended him ever after, first under the figure and disguise of his nurse, and afterwards under that of a faithful Slave, and preceptor, whose name was Hali. In that Character Alhamran instilled into his royal pupil the purest Ideas of the Divinity; embued his mind with the justest precepts of morality; and taught him to hope for, and expect immortality, in another life, by the observance of benevolence, charity, Justice, and universal morality in this. His pupil listened to his precepts with avidity, and attention; but often expressed to his preceptor his incapacity to imagine anything like the happiness of a future state. I know, said he, in what the pleasures of this world consist: the highest, as you have taught me, is that of doing good, by conferring Benefits on others: But how can this be done in another Life, where none can stand in need of the assistance of another? Where can Charity, where can Benevolence find objects, upon which to bestow their favors, which when bestowed, like seed sown in good ground, return a tenfold Harvest, to the Bestower? Alhamran penetrated the inmost recesses of his pupils mind: he saw the impossibility of explaining to him what is incomprehensible, in the mortal state: --yet he resolved to fix his Attention, and his hopes on a future state, in which alone happiness is to be found; he threw him into a deep Trance, in which he continued three days and nights,
without motion, and without any other sign of Life, than respiration, and the continued pulsations of the heart, attended with frequent intermissions, as if the Angel of Death were hovering over him, and waiting momentarily to receive his spirit. In the meantime he set before him this Vision.

It appeared to the Son of Alraschid that he had obtained the permission of his royal father to traverse the regions of the Earth, from the imperial City of Ispakur, the seat of his royal residence, to the remotest Corners of India, and Asia, attended only by the faithful Hali, who was to be his Conductor, and Instructor. They join'd a Caravans that was going to Sarmacand, and travell'd without Accident, till, towards noon of the eighth day, they discovered one of those Typhons, or whirlwinds, which sweep the Desert, filling the Air with clouds of Sand, and overwhelming every living thing that is exposed to their fury. Hali first discovered it, and giving notice of it to his master, they urged their Camels to their utmost speed, to avoid the destruction that threatened. Happily, they took a different course from the rest of the Caravans, which they saw enveloped by the Typhon, while their own Camels with difficulty avoided its rage. Blessed be Alla! said Selim, that thou, my faithful Hali, wast with me: Otherwise I had been swallowed up by the Typhon, and my body had become a prey to the Vultures of the Desert. They now continued their Journey through the Desert: they were without provisions, for themselves, or for their Camels, and without water. The sun was in the northernmost sign, his Rays were intense, and the white sands of the desert reflected them with augmented heat. A
dead calm had succeeded to the furious Typhon, and respiration became difficult, and obstructed, and thirst, vehement, and tormenting. Even their Camels oppress'd by excessive heat, and suffering from unusual thirst, were incapable of moving at their usual pace. They moved on slowly, not knowing whither, through loose, and burning sands, for the rest of the day; night brought no relief but the Absence of the Sun: the weary Camels, at their accustomed hour of repose, seem'd unwilling to move further. Selim and his Companion dismounted, and threw themselves upon the still hot Sands, as the only place of repose, their Camels kneeling near them. Hunger, thirst, and weariness opprest them; sleep fled from their eyelids and they rolled in Agony, in the parching Sands. The next morning they mounted their Camels again; hunger, thirst, weariness, and intolerable Heat, were again the Companions of their Journey. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a blade of grass, interrupted the dreadful continuity of the burning Sands. Hunger, thirst, weariness, and Heat, continued at every step; let us, said Selim to his guide, dismount, and resign ourselves to our Destiny; I feel the Angel of Death hovering over me. Be of good Courage, said Hali; yonder I discover some objects in motion; probably they are either another Carravan, or a troop of those wild Arabs which frequent these deserts. Whilst he was yet speaking the last of these conjectures was verified; the troop of arabs approach'd at full speed. Selim, by the advice of Hali, alighted from his Camel, and both of them prostrated themselves before the chief of the Arabs, as he approach'd. —We are thy suppliants said Hali; we are perishing
with Thirst and hunger; generous Arab! we throw ourselves upon thy mercy, upon thy hospitality: Our Camels are yours, and we are henceforward your Slaves. Not so, said the Chief: never shall the Son of Albumasar, refuse mercy to the supplicant, or food, to the hungry, or water, to the thirsty, traveller? So saying he directed his followers to bring water, and bread, for them; Merciful Alla! said Selim, these surely are thy Ministers! But for thee, generous Son of Albumasar, the Son of Alraschid had fallen a prey to the Angel of Death. --Depart in peace, said the generous Arab! I am the Enemy of thy Father, but I will not stain my Sabre with the Blood of his Son, who hath demanded of me the Rights of Hospitality. So saying, he departed with his troop leaving Selim, & Hali to pursue their Journey through the Desert. Two days more were spent like the two former; Selim began again to despair, and to sink under fatigue, and hunger, and thirst; be of good Courage, said Hali, a second time! Methinks I espy, yonder, the tops of some shrubs which grow not far from a spring of water. They urg'd their weary Camels towards the place, and found some prickly shrubs, which appeared to meander through the desert as far as the eye could reach: let us suffer our Camels, said Hali, to recruit their exhausted strength among these shrubs, on which they can feed, while you & I will endeavour to discover the spring to which they lead. They dismounted, and entered the thicket; they had not walk'd far, when they were rous'd by the roaring of a monstrous Lion, who made towards them with savage fury, and now was preparing to spring upon Selim; when Hali stepping forward, with his Sabre gave him a blow over the
forehead, which laid him prostrate at the feet of Selim. The monarch of the Beasts roar'd out his last breath at the moment. O holy Alla! cried Selim, what a deliverance hast thou again vouchsafed to give me! Surely Man is the object of thy providential Care! else, thrice, had I fallen victim to the Angel of Death! They remounted their Camels, and pursuing the winding course of the prickly shrubs, about Evening reach'd a valley, in which there was a spring of water. Here they found a Carravan, which was travelling towards Aracan which is situated near the principal mouth of the Ganges. With this they resolved to join company, and having travelled an hundred and sixty days, and encountered numberless perils, and inconveniences, as well from the predatory Attacks of the wandering Arabs, as from the difficulties of the way, and the dangers to which they were every where exposed, they arrived at length at the place of their destination which was a Sea port on the Borders of the Indian Ocean. Here Selim, by the advice of Hali determin'd to embark for Ormus, which stands near the Gulph of that name, and from thence to ascend the persian Gulph to Bossora, from whence the Journey to Ispakur, the royal Residence of his father, is but short. They took their passage accordingly on board a Felucca, but before they had reach'd the Island of Ceylon, they were boarded by a Malacca pirate, and plundered of every thing valuable on board, and of a great part of their provisions for the voyage. This compelled them to return towards Madrass, to obtain a new supply of provisions: by this delay the monsoons begun to decline, and finally changed, while they were yet in the midst of the Arabian Sea; here they experienced
all the horrors of famine, their water, and provisions being both expended. In this extremity an European Merchant who was on board proposed that they should cast lots, which of them should be slain to satisfy the ravenous hunger of the remainder of the famish'd crew. The lot fell upon the faithful Hali! Selim in an Agony, offered himself in his Stead; Hali would not consent to it, and the European Merchant terminated the generous dispute, by a blow of his Sabre, which separated the head of Hali from his Body. Father of Mercy! said Selim, are these human beings! rather will I patiently wait the arrival of the Angel of Death, than prolong my Life by tasting of the blood of my Friend! While he yet spoke a black cloud rose suddenly, as from the midst of the Ocean, and thunder and lightning proclaim'd the approach of a Tornado. The Felucca was overwhelm'd by the blast; masts, yards, and sails were blown away in a moment, and the unwieldy hulk lay exposed to the fury of the waves. They beat over her repeatedly, and Selim found himself the only one of all on board, that had, as yet, escaped the fury of the tempest. What would he not have given to have been blessed with the Company of his murdered friend! He sat down in despair, meditating on the miserable scene around him, and expecting that every wave would bear him off. At length one more towering than all the rest, burst upon the vessel and shattered her in a thousand pieces. Selim caught hold of one of them, and tried to support himself above the waves. In this manner he remain'd struggling, till overcome with weariness, and despair, he let go his hold, and having sunk twice, was striving with death, for one more gasp, when suddenly he awoke from his Trance.
His Father, the Sultan Alraschid, with his Mother, the beautiful Selima, were standing at his feet, their countenances exhibiting a mixture of sudden joy, bursting through tears of sorrow; his faithful Hali was kneeling beside him, rubbing one of his feet, and his old and affectionate nurse, the other; his Sister Selima, more beautiful than the morn, held his left hand, and the still more lovely Astarte, the only Daughter of the grand Vizir of his Father, whom he had long passionately loved, held his right. He believed himself to be in the world of spirits, and gazed upon them, alternately, with emotions, which he had never before known. Wonder, Amazement, and Rapture, fill'd his Breast. At length, clasping the hand of Astarte, he prostrated himself at the feet of his Father, in an Ecstasy, exclaim'd "O holy Alla! now I perceive the blessings, which Hali taught me to expect, in this new Life; of which, 'till now, I could form no conception! Blessed, be the name of Alla, forever, and ever!"

How far this little Tale may convey to the rational mind some faint idea of the extatic Emotions of a Soul which has just quitted its mortal Mansion, and entered the portals of Immortality, is submitted to your better Judgement, and that of your Readers.
VI. THE DUEL: TWO CAUTIONARY TALES
Sir,

Of all the social feelings a generous and disinterested friendship has ever appeared in my eyes among the most estimable: the Affection between Brothers who have suckt the same tender, parental Breasts, and have been brought up in harmony, and from their earliest infancy, taught the sacred Lessons of Benevolence, ripens generally into a pure, affectionate, and lasting Friendship, which grows with their growth, and becomes stronger with increase of years.

Parents cannot be too attentive to lay the Foundations of such strong fraternal Attachments between their Children; for in the hour of Calamity & Misfortune, where can we so naturally hope for aid or comfort, as from those whom nature herself has attach'd to us by such strong ties, as can only be weakened by unpardonable neglect in parents, or by the unhappy Loss of such parents as would have discharged this sacred duty towards their Children. On the contrary, how grateful to the reflecting mind it is to see a numerous family tenderly attach'd to each other, and exerting every effort to render Life a comfort and blessing, by the mutual interchange of kindness, and good offices on all occasions. This surely is one of those means of happiness which Providence in mercy to mankind hath placed abundantly within our own reach. Too much attention therefore can not be paid to cherish, and to cultivate it from earliest infancy, to the latest period of Life.
But, the Sentiment of which it is my intention to say a few words is that ardent, and enthusiastic feeling, by which persons, generally in early Youth, are attracted to each other with an Attachment, even more than fraternal. This, most commonly proceeds from a similarity of taste, and sentiment, producing between young persons such an intimate connexion and intercourse, that it would seem at length, as if one common soul animated both. Like Pylades & Orestes they become inseparable, and each would willingly sacrifice his own Life, for the preservation of his Friend's.\(^1\) Many are the instances in which such friendships have never suffered any diminution, and where Death itself could not wholly dissolve the sacred Tie; the Survivor transferring to the Children & Family of his deceased friend the same affectionate regard that he bore to himself, and in many instances, adopting them as his own. Nothing surely can give an higher Idea of the excellence of the human heart, and the noble elevation it is capable of attaining, than such instances of pure, disinterested, and unshaken Friendship. And yet, such is the Weakness, informity, and inconsistancy of human nature, that instances have not unfrequently occurred, where Friendship apparently built upon the most solid, and permanent Foundations, have been in a moment, renounced, and dissolved, by some frivolous or accidental Circumstance, not intended by the one, or not rightly understood by the other. And some occasions might be mentioned where a rancorous animosity, which nothing could soothe, or calm has succeeded to former friendship: in others, the passions being vehemently excited, the parties have been hurried into the most desperate extremities, before they had time to reflect on the fatal consequences of what they were doing.
An instance of this kind which occurred some years ago, in a retired part of the Country, has I believe never found its way into any of the public prints.

Honorius and Amintor were the Sons of two very respectable Gentlemen of moderate fortune, who resided within a Mile of each other, in the Country. The families were particularly intimate, and having no other near neighbours, scarce a day passed without some friendly intercourse between them. They were both numerous; and as there was no good school near, the Fathers agreed to hire a Tutor, who was to live at their houses alternately, and keep a school at a small house about half way between them. Honorius and Amintor were nearly of the same age, & classmates; and as there was no perceptible inequality either in their Genius, or Application, they continued so, as long as they were at school together; they always got their tasks together, assisting each other, whenever assistance was wanted; their recreation, and sports were always the same; they rambled together over the hills, or amused themselves with angling, or bathing together in the same rivulet, which was at no great distance from their school. During their holidays they were still constantly together, at the house of one or the other of their Fathers. Their Attachment was remarked by the whole School, by the whole of both Families, and by all who visited at their Father [sic] houses. If one was sick, the other staid with him till he got well, and that, without remitting their Attention to their Books. Thus they grew up together, until the period arrived when they were to go to some public School. They were sent at the same time, to the same College; by mixing in a larger society than they had ever been in formerly, their mutual Attachment became stronger
and stronger; they continued to be class-mates, and more than ever necessary to each other. It is not uncommon at public Schools to make some trial of the spirit of a Freshman; they did not escape such a trial; but the moment an insult was offered to the one, the other presented himself as his second, and supporter. Their Schoolmates being convinced that they did not want Courage, desisted from any further trials, and they prosecuted their studies with diligence and advantage, and obtained the Honor of a Degree at the same time; after which they return'd on a visit to their friends for a few months: they were still inseparable, and every day seem'd to strengthen their mutual friendship. Being, both, intended for the Bar, they contrived to be admitted to study Law with the same Gentleman of that profession, and prosecuted their studies together with equal zeal and diligence, and on the same day obtained their Licences to practice. The proposed, at first, to settle in the same town, and practice in the same Courts together; this plan however had some objections. They were too young to unite their practice, and form a partnership; and they were unwilling to run the risk of being opposed to each other. After mature deliberation they agreed to separate their practise [sic], except in one Court, where as each moved in a remote circle from the other, it was less probable that they would be opposed, and where, by this arrangements, they might meet two or three times a year, and indulge their mutual friendship, & partiality, with a few days of happy intercourse. This plan was finally carried into Execution, and for several years they continued to meet two or three times a year at a Court, whither they were drawn more from a predilection for each other's Society than from any other Cause. They
both married, and had two or three Children, a piece; and as they lived at no very great distance asunder, contrived to visit each other two or three times a year, with their wives & Children, and to spend a considerable portion of their leisure time in Winter, and during the Summer vacations, together, in the most affectionate manner. This friendly intercourse was kept up for several years, in a manner that contributed to cement their early Attachment more firmly than ever, till an unfortunate incident put a final period to it. It happened that on some public occasion they dined together with a very large party, and unfortunately yielding to the example of those around them, drank to a greater excess than either had ever done before; a dispute arose in which unhappily they engaged on opposite sides, and being warm'd with wine, the friend was, for the first time, forgotten in the Ardor of Disputation. Amintor dropt some expression which Honorius interpreted as a sarcasm upon himself; he redden'd, and replied with a degree of harshness, which would have shock'd him at another Moment. Amintor, rous'd by so unexpected an Insult, (for he had not intended any offence by what he had said) retorted with Anger, and Severity; and Honorius instantly rose from the table, and going into another room, wrote him a challenge, which was immediately carried by an Officious friend, and accepted. They met early the next morning before either had recovered from the Fumes of Debauch: the seconds, were in the same state; no proposal was made for an Accomodation, which both wish'd, but neither could propose. They exchang'd three fires without effect. At the fourth Amintor fell. Then it was that Reason, Recollection, and Friendship resum'd their places, in the Breast of Honorius; he dropt
the fatal pistol, and rushed towards his wounded friend with an
erection, which shew'd the horrors of his Mind. **Amintor** held out
his hand to him, as he advanced, and squeezing it with affection,
with difficulty said, "We shall meet in Heaven, I hope," and expired.
**Honorius** fell upon his Bosom, and clasping him in his Arms wept
aloud. The seconds stood aghast, whilst they witnessed the affecting
Scene. **Honorius** at length starting up from the Corpse of his friend,
siezed one of the pistols which was lying near to him loaded, and
clapping the muzzle to his Temple, discharged it through his Brain,
& falling upon the Corpse of his Friend expired. --

"How strong the Bands of Friendship! yet alass! [sic]

Behind yon Mouldering Tower with ivy crown'd,
of two, the foremost in her sacred Class,
One from his friend recieves the fatal Wound!"\(^3\)

Such was the Fate of Honorius, and Amintor; the Wife of the
former who was in a state of pregnancy, fell ill, lost her Child, and
died the day after hearing of her Husband's death. The family of
the latter, who was not in affluent Circumstances, has since been
exposed [to] all the Inconveniences and distresses, which may reasonably
be expected from the loss of him who was their only support. --Such
were the Consequences of this fatal misunderstanding between two
excellent persons, and affectionate Friends.
SIR,

I am the widow of the unfortunate Amintor, whose melancholy
Fate you have lately recorded. --But you have omitted several
interesting particulars, of which your correspondent, probably, was
not informed, but which contributed not a little to encrease the
weight of the great Misfortune to me, and mine. You must know,
then Sir, my unfortunate, and only Sister, was the Wife of Honorius.¹
We were both married nearly about the same time, and never were two Sisters
happier in their husbands, or in each other; and the affectionate
friendship between our husbands appeared equal to our own. I had
gone a few days before the fatal event which put a period to the
happiness of us all, to pay my Sister a visit, and to remain with
her until the birth of her child, which was almost daily expected.
Our husbands left us three days before the fatal morning, and had
promised to return together the Evening of that day. How will it be
possible for me to relate the sequel! Alass, Sir! I can not. You
have already told it, as it relates to my Sister: your own feelings
must paint to you a scene too distressing for me to attempt to
describe. --But, Sir, you do not yet know the full measure of my
Misfortunes; my dear & venerable Father had died not long before,
in Circumstances very different from what his family supposed. My
mother whose Age & infirmities had long been the subject of painful
Anxiety to her Children survived him; she had promised to divide the
remainder of her days between my Sister, and myself, her only children, and had now come to attend her in her expected Confinement. She too, was a Witness to our Calamity, and a victim to it. She expired in my Arms, a few days after the death of my Sister, of a broken heart; for surely never did grief wear so sad a countenance before. The care of my Sister's three unfortunate Babes, with four of my own has now entirely devolved upon me. I endeavor to forget that their unfortunate, and lamented Father, was the Cause of all my Wretchedness, and that of my beloved children. Yet, how hard is it to banish such painful recollections from a Bosom tortured with Agony, & overwhelm'd with Misfortune? Neither my Husband nor his unfortunate friend had made such a provision for their families, as to leave them without a considerable portion of pecuniary embarrassments. We have been in consequence (notwithstanding the generous Conduct of some of their Creditors) deprived of most of the Comforts, and many of the necessaries of Life; our Children have arrived at that age, that renders Education an object of necessary Attention. I have it not in my power to send them to School, but I endeavor, as far as I am capable, to instruct them myself; --one difficult task still remains. They were too young, when deprived of their unfortunate Fathers, to understand the story of their death. It has been my endeavour forever to conceal it from them: It was the dying request of my poor Sister, that I would. As yet, I believe and hope they remain ignorant; they call each other Brother and Sister, and myself they believe to be their common Mother. But how is it possible, Sir, that this pardonable deception can be continued much longer? Had I the means of removing into some distant place of residence, I should
not hesitate even to leave the few kind friends I have left in this world, and fix my abode among strangers, who could neither know, nor impart the fatal secret to them. The feigned names, under which you have been so kind as to disguise the tragical event which you have recorded, will I hope still continue to preserve the secret from their discovery. It is for the same reason, that instead of subscribing my real name, I shall use that, by which my beloved husband in the days of our happy union, was pleased to distinguish me.

The unfortunate

Amanda.

It is not, I conceive, easy to imagine a more afflicting situation than that of the distressed, and amiable Amanda. The Circumstances which she has disclosed add very much to the dreadful Misfortunes of her family, and the delicacy of her situation in respect to her unhappy Sister's Children, (towards whom her heroic Benevolence is probably without a parallel,) can not fail to excite the warmest sympathy in every benevolent breast. What further Misfortunes may be reserved for her should the important secret be discovered, it is impossible to conjecture. I therefore hope the veil will never be drawn aside, and that her amiable endeavours to educate her adopted Children as well as her own, and to conceal from them their unhappy story, may be crown'd with success.

This unfortunate Affair exhibits an awful warning to all those who are apt to indulge in the first sallies of passion, and rush on to immediate Revenge. Had Honorius when he withdrew from the Company to
write a challenge, gone into the open Air for half an hour, or to his Bed, the probability is, that the Perturbation of his mind would have abated before morning, at least so far as for him to have seen his friend, and have entered into some mutual explanation with him. And seeing the temper in which it is evident they must have met upon the fatal field, I cannot but suppose, that if either of the seconds had entertained any corresponding sensations, an amicable adjustment of their quarrel might have taken place upon the spot. Surely, they who are called upon to attend a friend upon such an awful Occasion, before they suffer matters to proceed to the last extremity, ought to exert every honourable means of effecting a reconciliation, instead of witnessing a Death unwillingly inflicted by the hand that gives the Wound. --In all Cases of sudden quarrels, especially between those who were before friends, there must be room for such an interposition; and wherever there is, can be who neglects it, and sees his friend a victim of that neglect, help accusing himself as an Accessary to his Death? 

The practice of Duelling seems to have received a salutary check in this Country lately; but I am somewhat Apprehensive it may be succeeded by those sudden encounters, which passionate Minds, inflated by Resentment, and the desire of Revenge are too apt to indulge in. To such let me recommend the serious perusal of the following beautiful Lines, for which I am indebted to an old collection of poems. It is part of an ode to Melpomene, by the late Mr. Dodsley of London.

Ha! what is He, whose fierce indignant Eye,
Denouncing Vengeance, kindles into flame?
Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high,
As with its thunder shakes his labouring Frame.
What can such Rage provoke?
His words their passage choak:
His eager steps nor time, nor truce allow,
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his Brow.

Protect me Goddess*! Whence that fearful shriek
Of Consternation? As grim Death had laid
His icy fingers on some guilty Cheek,
And all the powers of Manhood shrunk dismay'd;
Ah see! besmear'd with Gore,
Revenge stands threat'ning oer door.
A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
In vain for pity call --the wretched victim dies.

Nor long the space --abandon'd to Despair,
With Eyes aghast, or hopeless fixt on earth,
This Slave of Passion rends his scatter'd hair,
Beats his sad Breast, and execrates his birth:
While torn within, he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels;
And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below,
Beckoning his frightful Soul to realms of endless Woe.

Z.

*Melpomene
ESSAYS ATTRIBUTABLE TO ST. GEORGE TUCKER
THE OLD BACHELOR.

NO. XXVII.

----Hic nigrae succus coliginis: haec est,
Aerugo, mere; quod vitium procul afore chartis;
Atque anima prius, ut si quid promittere de me
Possum alium, vere promitto.

Horace Sat.:—1.100.

Such rancour this, of such a poisonous vein,
As never, never, shall my paper stain;
Much less infect my heart, if I may dare
For my own heart, in any thing to swear.

Francis.

No people have been so grossly misrepresented by foreigners
as the Virginians. The inhabitants of the U.S. have all of them
been sufficiently abused; but the "Old Dominion" seems to have
suffered the most, and has been, especially to English travellers,
the theme of particular obloquy—They have not yet acquired the
magnanimity to forgive us the sins of the revolution, and they take
a poor & pitiful revenge by ridiculing and distorting every thing
they see & hear. Received with the sincerest cordiality, and treated
with a thousand times the attention and politeness met with in their
own country, they, on their return, repay our excessive courtesy by
uttering and vending the basest calumnies—I know of no exception to
this rule, from the pseudo-Capt. Smith in 1784 or 5, to the Ashes
& Moores of later times—They have been uniformly caressed, as if
in the language of Dr. Franklin, in his examination, before the
House of Commons, "to be an old England-man was, of itself, a
character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us," and
they have, as uniformly proved ungrateful. They come among us indeed
predetermined to find fault, and seeing every thing through the medium
of their own prejudices, they estimate nothing justly.—Thus we are
according to them, very few removes from semi-barbarians—an indolent,
drinking, gambling, cock-fighting, atheistical race—hardly possessing
any other than the virtue common to savage nations—hospitality—A
virtue, which for their sakes I could almost wish we were without—Nor
are they content with exposing our moral deformities—for they sometimes
even descend to criticise our persons—and here our ladies, as if
to punish them for their extraordinary predilection for English
travellers, are the chief sufferers—My fair countrymen will not I
am persuaded readily forget or forgive their little idol, Anacreon
Moore—His offences against good morals, his inscivious songs, &
voluptuous descriptions, might have passed perhaps (I will not say
without their censure) yet without their observation—but to deprive
them of teeth & of beauty! Oh it was monstrous, and is inexpiable!!

I have no intention to repeat the calumnies that have been
heaped so liberally upon the Virginia character—nor in this place to
refute them—That they have faults no one will deny—and some of them,
especially their want of public spirit, and indifference to intellectual
improvement, it has been the business of this publication to censure—
but it would be easy to shew that their faults are counterbalanced
by many of the noblest qualities that can adorn the human character--a hospitality, the genuine offspring of the heart--unbounded generosity--a courage superior to all difficulties, & an instinctive abhorrence of every little, mean artifice, the miserable expedients of vulgar minds, are among the number--If any thing indeed peculiarly distinguishes the Virginian, from his confederated Brethren, it is, a lofty, & chivalrous spirit, which perhaps the high character of his state has contributed to keep alive--this spirit may betray him into errors & vices--and I am persuaded that nothing is wanting, to make this the Athens of our confederation than a greater attention to the business of education & a more equal diffusion of its benefits--To this object then (the observation cannot be too often repeated) our efforts should be continually directed.

These reflections have been excited by the perusal of the following letter from one of my correspondents, who with the true cynical spirit, seems to allow credit to a slanderous charge, although made by an English groom, because no one has taken the trouble to refute it--To the founder of a sect, out of humour with themselves and the world, such a conclusion may be allowed--but to no one else.

To the Old Bachelor,
Old Squaretoes,

I hear you set up for a reformer; that you expect to infuse public spirit, useful knowledge, a taste for the polite arts, morals, religion, heroism, liberal & noble sentiments, generosity, courtesy, politeness, courage, magnanimity, and other attributes of the ancient Greek and Roman characters. "Ex quovis Ligno."--You know the rest.
Read the following, which I have copied from a book published about a quarter of a century ago, in Philadelphia,* as exhibiting a view of the manners of this country, (Virginia) and ask yourself if you dare hope to work upon such materials.

"The gentleman of fortune rises about nine o'clock. He perhaps may make an exertion to walk as far as his stables to see his horses, which are seldom more than fifty yards from his house. He returns to breakfast between nine and ten; he then lies down on a pallet, on the floor, in the coolest room, in his shirt and trousers only, with a negro at his head, and another at his feet, to fan him, and keep off the flies. Between twelve and one, he takes a draught of toddy, which is kept cool. He dines between two and three: and at dinner drinks Cyder, Toddy, Punch, Port, Madeira, and Claret; having drunk some few glasses of wine after dinner, he returns to his pallet, with his two blacks to fan him, and continues to drink toddy and Sangree all the afternoon. He does not always drink Tea. Between nine and ten he eats a light supper, of milk and fruit, or wine, sugar and fruit, and almost immediately retires to bed for the night."

The lower and many of the middling classes live very differently. A man in this line rises about six o'clock. He then drinks a julip made of rum, water and sugar, but very strong. Then he walks, or more generally rides, round his plantation, and breakfasts about ten. The rest of the day he spends much in the manner above described of a man of the first rank."

This picture has been held up to the world for nearly five and twenty years; is it to be wondered that your brethren the Yankees
despise you? Or that John Bull should think you fit subjects for his sovereign contempt? Since no person that I know of has ventured publicly to deny the lineness, or to refute the calumny, if it be one, you would do well, if you can, to remove this stigma from the fathers, before you can hope to make any favourable impression upon the minds of the sons. If the picture is just, depend upon it they will all be chips of the old block, in spite of you, and all the old maids in the country to assist you, in your project of reformation.

DIOCENES

As this number is still not a very long one, I will venture to lay before my readers another letter, of a different character from the last, which presents so attractive a picture of American Virtue, as will, I am persuaded, obliterate any disagreeable impressions that Diogenes may have left on their minds.

To Doctor Cecil.

Sir—Will you be so obliging as to permit one among your earliest, and most sincere admirers, and well wishers, to present you with a pair of the most pleasing characters of virtue, public and private, that I recollect ever to have seen in any author who has pretended to give any account of America, or its inhabitants. I have met with it very lately in the Letters of a Scottish Lady, Mrs. Grant, from the Mountains; it appears to have been written in the year 1773, and contains so admirable a portrait of exalted benevolence, virtue and patriotism, united with the noblest traits of generosity, that I cannot forbear to request you to admit it to a place, in that admirable collection which you seem to be preparing for the inspection, consideration, and imitation, of our countrymen.

"Madam, or Aunt Scuyler, (for so, by universal consent, she was
indiscriminately called, in the province of New-York) was daughter to one of the first and most respectable characters in that province when it fell under the dominion of the English. His name was Cuyler, and his descendants, are still numerous, and prosperous, in that country, to which prosperity my friend's (his daughter's) wisdom and goodness contributed not a little. This Cuyler was the person who brought over the Mohawk Kings, who were mentioned by the Spectator, as exciting so much wonder in England. He was introduced to Queen Anne, and had several conversations with her. She offered to knight him, but he refused, not choosing an elevation unusual in that country, which would make an invidious distinction betwixt him and his friends. Some years after his return, his daughter, then about eighteen, was married to Col. Schuyler who possessed an estate above Albany, in the direction which led to the vicinity of the French, and hostile Indians. He was a person whose calm, temperate wisdom, singular probity, and thorough knowledge of the affairs and interests of the bordering nations, had given him a very great influence, not only in his own province, but among the Indians and Canadian French, whose respective languages he spoke fluently. He was wealthy, and very generous, and so public spirited, that though he did all in his power to prevent war, being in fact a "Lover of peace, and friend of human kind." Yet, when he saw it inevitable, he raised a regiment at his own expense, and was the first who gave character and energy to the provincial troops. To detail instances of public virtue in this great and good man, would, in fact, be giving the history of the province during his lifetime. From the place where he lived, he stood, as it were, a barrier between the Indians and the inhabitants. Of high and distinguished utility was
this mild, philosophic, and Christian character; yet, unless he had met a congenial mind, he could neither have done so much good, nor prevented so much evil. Luckily for the public, they had no family; therefore greatly resembling each other, both in taste and inclination, and intellectual powers, their efforts were all directed one way. At that time there were not many settlers in the province who were acquainted with the English Language; and these generally entertained a rooted prejudice, nay aversion, to the very army which came to protect them. In the hospitality, intelligence, and pleasing conversation of this very worthy pair, their officers always found a refuge; from them they met with a cordial kindness, sound advice, and useful information. Petty and crooked policy was unknown in this patriarchal family, where a succession of adopted children, judiciously educated, and a number of domestic slaves very kindly and tenderly treated, formed a happy community, who were directed with such prudence, that they left leisure to their rulers for beneficence still more widely diffused, and for studies of the most useful nature. Their acquaintance with elegant literature was perhaps not very extensive; the Spectator, the Tragedy of Cato, and the works of Milton and Young, being the only books I remember to have met with, exclusive of History, Biography, and Memoirs; of these indeed there was an ample collection, which had been carefully read, and thoroughly digested by the owners; and which not only furnished very frequently matter of conversation, but materials for reflection, and for that system of policy, by which their plans were regulated. They had three objects in view besides the great primary one of making their large family as good, and wise, and happy, as possible; the first was to prevent injustice being done to the Indians, to conciliate
their affections, and to meliorate their condition. The second, to alleviate the hardships and difficulties to which the British troops were exposed, from marching into unknown wildernesses, by receiving them into their family, making them acquainted with the nature of the country, &c. On these occasions they would accommodate in their house, those officers whose morals and manners recommended them most, and allow the parties of soldiers, as they passed a lodging in their offices, and an abundant supply of milk and vegetables: the third object to which their wisdom and humanity were directed, was, the protection and comfort of new settlers, to whom they were ever ready to extend a helping hand both in the way of advice and assistance. In the meantime, their house was an academy for morals, for manners, and for solid knowledge. The Colonel died before I knew her, after they had lived forty years together, in unexampled happiness; and reared, (from the time of their being weaned, till they married or launched out into active life,) fifteen nieces, nephews, and other relatives, several of whom have since been distinguished, both for their merit, and their uncommon success in various pursuits."

What a noble picture of benevolence, patriotism, morality, wisdom and prudence, is exhibited in this venerable pair! The writer proceeds to give an account of the manner she became acquainted with the angelic old lady, and of her own personal obligations to her, so like those, which I myself, sir, have experienced in a family in this country, into which it was my happiness to be received when an orphan, too young to be sensible of the misfortune of being bereft of parents whom I have reason to believe amiable and worthy; or, of that providential dispensation, by which I was snatch'd from poverty, and perhaps ruin, and received as a
child and a sister in a family, where to this hour I have found a tender mother, an indulgent and affectionate father, and fond and amiable brothers and sisters, to whose blood I am as perfect a stranger, as if I were descended lineally from the aborigines of America. I cannot, however, conceal from you, that one of my adopted brothers, a few years ago discovered to me the secret, that he was well apprised that we were not as nearly related to each other as Abraham and Sarah; but that it was his wish we might become so. I confess I had made a similar discovery not long before, and felt a corresponding sentiment in my own bosom. Our good parents were soon apprised of our mutual discoveries and wishes, which meeting their most cordial approbation, I have now the happiness of seeing myself not only the object of parental and brotherly love, but of conjugal affection and tenderness also; all which I am determined by every act of my life gratefully to acknowledge, and thankfully, as far as in me lies, to return.

I am with best wishes for the success of your patriotic and laudable undertaking,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

SUSANNAH THANKFUL.
NUMBER VIII.

TRUTH AND ELOQUENCE. AN ALLEGORY.

In the first ages of the world, Vice, it is said, was unknown among the sons of men. The descendants of our first parents, for many generations, spent their days in the enjoyment of those tranquil and pure pleasures, which spring from innocence and love, and from gratitude to the beneficent beings, by whom these blessings were bestowed. The earth was then watered by innumerable streams, and covered with perpetual verdure. The forests were filled with lofty and majestic trees, whose shade invited to meditation or repose; while on their wide-spread branches the feathered choir displayed the beauties of their plumage, and warbled throughout the day, either songs of joy, or solicitations to love. The fields and meadows were embellished by countless flowers, diffusing fragrance through the air; and produced, though not spontaneously, yet in abundance, those nourishing fruits, which imparted beauty to women, and health and strength to man. This was indeed the golden age: and the celestial beings contemplating the felicity which was enjoyed below, deigned sometimes to assume a human shape, and for a time, to make their abode on earth, among the wise and happy mortals who then possessed it. But
after the lapse of many centuries, man became tired of the pleasures which he had so long been permitted to enjoy. The Daemon of selfishness, escaping from the gulph of Tartarus, to which ages before, by a council of the Gods, he had been condemned, found his way to the habitations of men, and soon seduced the greater part of the human race from the allegiance which they owed to their celestial benefactors. The enemies of the invader were firm, and for a long time maintained an unequal conflict; but they were finally overpowered by numbers, and almost entirely destroyed. From that time the Gods renounced all intercourse with men, and left the earth and its inhabitants, a prey to those physical and moral evils which have since never ceased to afflict them.

Among those who had exerted themselves to oppose this humiliating revolution, Truth and Eloquence had borne the most conspicuous part.

Truth and Eloquence, it has been sometimes said, were of celestial origin. But this opinion is not correct. Truth was the legitimate daughter of Labor and Wisdom, the most venerable among the inhabitants of the antedeluvian world. Amidst the confusion and crimes, which induced the Gods to abandon the earth, Labor had been seized by the partizans of Selfishness, beaten with many stripes, loaded with chains, and compelled to toil for the benefit of others. Wisdom did not experience equal cruelty, but she was banished by a decree of the usurpers. The place of her retreat has never yet been discovered. It is said that her footsteps have been sometimes traced in Europe, and that they have been distinctly perceived in America; but it seems most probable, that Minerva, who respected her virtues and pitied her sufferings, soon procured her a seat in Heaven, and thus placed her beyond the reach of
men, who, in every age, and in every country, have proved by their conduct, their entire contempt for her character and counsels.

Truth had been the favorite of Minerva. Many of her infant years she had spent under the immediate guardianship of the Goddess, and by her she was irrevocably confirmed, in those principles which she had been taught by her venerable parents. On a first acquaintance, her countenance seemed gloomy, and her manner austere. Her conversation was generally serious and her language plain. The votaries of pleasure, awed by her looks, avoided her society; the advocates of vice trembled in her presence; but to those who knew her well, she appeared invariably graceful and benevolent; and even her worst enemies, after a few interviews, have sometimes acknowledged the injustice of their first impressions, and devoted their lives to her service, with unalterable fidelity and zeal.

The birth of Eloquence was not so respectable. She was the child of Enthusiasm, and on her mother's side, was nearly related to some of the first famil of the ancient world—to Taste, Fancy, Sensibility, Genius, Benevolence, and Virtue. But who her father was is yet unknown. Some have thought, that she displayed a strong resemblance to Ambition; others have been equally confident that she bore the features of Avarice. But however divided men might be as to her birth, they were unanimous in their approbation of herself. The expression of her eye, varying with every thought; the melody of her voice, whether in persuasion or command; the grace and dignity of her gestures; her prompt wit; her extensive knowledge, made her the object of universal admiration. But her fortune when young was not so auspicious as that of Truth. Her
mother, tho' passionately fond of her, sometimes left her. Carried away by her own contemplations, she forgot for a time her darling child. It chanced that Mercury found her during the absence of her mother, and struck with the readiness of her infantile replies, he carried her away. He retained her in his hands for a considerable time, and did not return her to her mother, until he and his friend Proteus had amused themselves with teaching her some of the arts by which they had been accustomed to impose upon mankind. The impression upon the mind of the infant, produced by this disastrous event, was not, however, immediately perceived.

At the commencement of the conflict, which we have mentioned, Truth and Eloquence were in full maturity. In the age of innocence they had been inseparable companions. Eloquence had imbibed from her mother, the most ardent affection for Truth, and notwithstanding her own aspiring temper, had, for a long time, voluntarily acted as her attendant and handmaid. Beloved by the Gods, and for a long time respected by men, they had exerted their united influence and powers, to avert from mankind the evils with which they foresaw their enemy designed, treacherously, to overwhelm them. Even now, notwithstanding the multitudes who had deserted, they did not despair; and in the presence, and with the approbation of the Gods, who had assembled before their final departure from the earth, they bound themselves to live in perpetual amity, and in the prosecution of their labours for the good of mankind, never to suffer any difficulties or dangers to separate them. Truth, tho' apparently austere in her deportment, and confident in her individual strength, did not disdain the alliance. Tho' not convinced of its necessity, she knew it might be useful, and without ceremony or
hesitation offered her hand to Eloquence as a pledge of her sincerity. Eloquence seized with promptitude the proffered hand of Truth, pressed it to her bosom with inimitable grace, and in a voice sweet as the sound of the harp touched by the hand of Apollo, congratulated herself on the solemn ratification of a compact, which alone could justify a hope that she could be useful to the world. The celestial audience, impressed with reverence for the exalted character of Truth, and delighted by the charms of Eloquence, gave them their benediction, and departed for ever.

Such were Truth and Eloquence, when they formed their compact. Truth reflected that this alliance would facilitate her progress, and that the aid of Eloquence would more effectually dispose mankind, to receive from her those salutary counsels, on which the welfare of the whole race depended. On the other hand, Eloquence knew that vicious as the world had become, her admonitions, unless enhanced by her ally, tho' they might be heard with pleasure, could not long be regarded with reverence.

The treaty being thus formed, the confederates began their career together, with entire good faith. The addressed all they saw, and endeavoured to reclaim those, who had patience to hear them, from the brutality of ignorance, and the misery of vice. Truth adhering firmly to her exalted principles, pursued an undeviating course. Without regard to wealth or power, in the gilded palace, and the straw-built shed, to the tyrant and the slave, her manners and her language were the same. Pride was always offended by her sincerity. Power always felt uncontrollable [sic] terror at her approach. They therefore combined against her, insulted her in gross and barbarous terms, and
often offered violence to her person. Upon occasions like these Eloquence, stepped forth to rescue her friend from danger. She often succeeded in appeasing the wrath of those who had been employed to prosecute her, and sometimes convinced them that she was worthy of their friendship and admiration.

In process of time, Eloquence began to perceive that she herself was acting only a secondary part. Truth was always treated by their mutual friends, with the most profound respect: while that which was paid to herself, seemed daily to be diminished—and what was still more mortifying, to be diminished exactly in proportion as their acquaintance with Truth increased. She never failed at first to receive the tribute of their fervent admiration; but in time this admiration subsided, and in some instances totally disappeared. In fact she discovered that she was still regarded merely as the handmaid of Truth, and that upon many occasions her presence was deemed not only unnecessary, but inconvenient: that she served no other purpose but to call the attention of mankind to the merits of her friend; of which, when her hearers were convinced, they gradually lost their respect for herself, by whom they were introduced. In the excess of her mortification, she one day made a pathetic complaint on this subject, in the hearing of Truth. With the candour with which she always spoke, Truth told her, it was in vain to repine, as her unaided talents, brilliant as they were, however they might amuse the idle, could never permanently secure for her the respect or friendship of the wise. Eloquence mortally offended at this reply declared the treaty void, and separated herself immediately from her friend. Truth, unmoved at this event, pursued steadily the same course which she had before marked out;
but finding herself sometimes impeded in her progress for want of her former associate, endeavoured to re-collect and to adopt some of the graces by which she had been distinguished. She learned, therefore, in process of time, to lay aside the awkward and negligent phraseology, which she was accustomed to use, and to express her sentiments, not only with the animation and firmness which she had before displayed, but in language which, tho' plain, was always correct, selected with care, and elegantly arranged. From the first moment of separation, Truth has never sought the society of Eloquence. It is true that she does not avoid her, but she never goes out of her way to seek her. The aid of Eloquence on any momentous occurrence, is accepted if offered, but it is never solicited. Truth is always content to rely upon herself. She is right. Her credit is daily rising, and she is now known to multitudes, by the simplicity of her manners, the plainness, perspicuity and brevity of her discourse, the unshaken firmness of her mind, and her unconquerable attachment to every principle tending to promote the liberty and happiness of mankind.

Eloquence, after she had leisure for reflection, soon perceived that this separation if generally known, would greatly impair if not destroy her influence. She took therefore the utmost care to conceal it. Even when she was animated by the most deadly hate, she failed not to profess the utmost veneration for her ancient ally, and often, availing herself of what she had learned in her infancy, assumed her appearance, as well as her name. In this character, and in this way, she has invariably imposed on ignorance and credulity, and scrupled not to advocate the most pernicious doctrines. She has not only defended
errors, but crimes. Influenced by ambition, or by avarice, she has become occasionally the advocate of murder, of tyranny, of persecution, war and desolation: of every act, which injures individuals, or lays waste a world. To gratify her intemperate love of fame, and fondness for wealth, she will take any side, of any question, and if her talents are admired, is content that her principles shall be condemned. Such is her abandoned effrontery, that she has been known to denounce Truth herself, as an impostor, and to claim in her name the homage and admiration of the world.

But this shameful prostitution of her splendid talents, is not without some interruption. Sometimes influenced by her mother's spirit, she devotes herself to the service of Truth, with the zeal and intrepidity of her ancient friendship. Then it is that she assumes a new form. Her voice seems more than human. Her eye seems to flash with the fire of heaven, and delivering only the precepts of Truth, she is heard with ten thousand emotions, which she alone is able to describe.

So profligate, however, has her conduct generally been, that she has excited the indignation of mankind; and unless she will be content to be again the handmaid of Truth, it is said, that a petition will be speedily presented to the Gods, praying that she may be forever banished from the earth.
INTRODUCTION


4 Ms. Letters, John Page to St. George Tucker, February 26, March 22 and July 13, 1797, in the Tucker-Coleman Collection, Earl G. Swem Library (hereinafter "TCC Mss.").

5 A comprehensive history of the Addisonian essay in eighteenth and early nineteenth century American literature by Bruce I. Granger is to be published in late 1978 by The University of Tennessee Press. Meanwhile, the only previous survey of this important subject has been Martin Christadler, Der amerikanische Essay, 1720-1820. Heidelberg: Carl Winter Universitaetsverlag, 1968.

6 A source for Tucker's, if not Irving's, use of Gotham might be located in one or another Revolutionary War cartoon, such as a mezzotint on the Boston Port Bill (entitled, "The Wise Men of Gotham and Their Goose") published in London in February 1776. In this instance, however, Lord Bute and the British Ministry, not the colonists, are represented as Gothamites. (See Mary Dorothy George, Catalogue of Political and
Personal Satires Preserved in the Department of Prints and Drawings
in the British Museum, Vol. 5, pp. 216-17.)

7 Jay B. Hubbel, "William Wirt and The Familiar Essay in Virginia,"
William & Mary Quarterly, 2nd Series, XXIII (1943), 139-144.

8 Carl Dolmetsch, "Tucker's 'Hermit of the Mountin' Essays:
Prolegomenon for a Collected Edition," in Essays in Early Virginia
Literature Honoring Richard Beale Davis, ed. J. A. Leo Lemay. New

9 Ibid.

10 TCC Mss. The reference to "Path of Pleasure" is to Wirt's lost
play, written at about this time, and those to "Alfred," "Rosalie" and
"Doctor Galen" are to pseudonyms of contributors to the "Old Bachellor"
series.

11 Tucker probably has reference here to The Federalist, the series
of 77 essays advocating ratification of the Constitution which appeared
in New York newspapers between October 27, 1787 and April 7, 1788 and,
with eight additional papers, in two volumes later (March-May 1788).
Alexander Hamilton was the author of 51 of these papers and, thus, is the
likeliest candidate for Tucker's "little wry-necked Man" who defends the
plan for the Temple of Union "in the course of more than fifty different
Orations. . . ."

12 Winthrop D. Jordan, White Over Black: American Attitudes Toward
the Negro, 1550-1812. (New York: W. W. Norton, 1977; reprint from the
13 Prince, p. 68.

14 See the notes to Essay No. 9, below.
CONCERNING THE TEXTS

Except for the two essays "attributable to St. George Tucker" which have printed sources, this collection has been transcribed from the author's holographs. A brief description of these manuscripts and an explanation of the editorial procedures employed herein is therefore necessary.

The first essay, "A Dream," is written on the recto sides of a nineteen-page coverless notebook of laid paper (22.86 cm. x 18.75 cm.), the first page of which is blank except for the pencilled date "Aug. 25, 1796" in the upper right corner recto. The four "Dreamer" essays are written recto and verso on six foolscap folios which have been trimmed of frayed edges (32.29 cm. x 19.05 cm.) and inserted into a blue paper folder of a sort commonly used by lawyers in Tucker's lifetime. The writing on these folios fills 22.3 of the available sides.

The "Hermit of the Mountain" framework essays are in a stitched notebook of laid paper (19.38 cm. x 16.51 cm.) in blue cardboard covers upon which paper has been pasted inside and out. The front cover paper, part of which has been torn away, contains a print (also partly torn) with the legend, "A View of the Lighthouse on Cape Henlopen, taken at Sea, August ... ." The entire notebook contains ninety-three closely written pages, recto and verso, and one tipped-in larger sheet. These essays, however, take up only the first 16.5 pages. The remainder until the sixty-third page contains miscellaneous verses and memorials and some essays on astronomy (with diagrams). After p. 63 Tucker has reversed the notebook, writing on thirty pages from back toward the first sixty-

196
three pages an exchange of mock odes between "Brother Jonathan" and "Brother Barebones" and other verse. These writings bear dates between 1815 and 1818.

The essays which constitute two-thirds of the present volume, those in the manuscripts Tucker headed "For the Old Batchellor," are written recto and verso on thirty-eight foolscap folios plus five extra sheets cut from foolscap and severely trimmed (various, 33.39–34.29 cm. x 19.69 cm.), the intact folios having been stitched and the loose sheets inserted in blue paper covers. Each folio or each pair of cut foolscap sheets contains a single essay headed on its first page "For the Old Batchellor." Three of the folios have creases which show them to have been folded to form a sealable letter with the bottom verso of the fourth page left blank except for the address: "For Dr. Robert Cecil." The remaining sheets are closely written, containing numerous cancellations and caretted emendations which would indicate that they are rough drafts. Two of the essays also have partially completed second drafts.

The stitched folios in this group have arabic numerals in the upper left recto corner of each first sheet. These may be page numbers, but since one has been cancelled, they may also have served as numbers of the compositions themselves and have been so used to designate the "Old Batchellor" group in this volume. Six of these essays also contain graphite or pencilled roman numerals in the upper left recto corners of the first sheets, possibly indicating a later intention for organizing these essays into the "Hermit of the Mountain" framework. Single capital initials—E, L, N, P, S, X and Z—on the bottom left corner
of the last page of each essay (recto or verso, as may be) cannot be readily explained but may be connected with a scheme to publish the "Hermit" series with initials rather than pseudonyms in the manner of "The Rainbow" essays, thus affording a deliberately false impression that these are the work of several hands.

In preparing these holograph essays for first publication I have not tried to make Tucker appear our contemporary. Rather than modernize or regularize, I have aimed to reproduce as faithfully as possible Tucker's erratic orthography and punctuation and, even for its own day, old-fashioned capitalization, in a few instances indicating his departures from standard Johnsonian practices with "sic." I trust this will make no difficulties for readers familiar with eighteenth-century conventions. The previously published essays, of course, have been reproduced exactly from the original printed sources. I have sparingly annotated or glossed only the most recondite material, wishing neither to insult my reader's learning nor to shirk my editorial duty to illuminate as many obscure or arcane elements as I can.

Finally, a word about titles and organizational scheme. Tucker supplied titles only to seven of the essays gathered here, the "Dreamer" and "Hermit" essays having only numbers to designate them and most of the "Old Batchellor" essays being in the form of letter to "Dr. Cecil" with the simple salutation: "Sir." Since I chose in several instances to organize these essays differently from the consecutive numbering in the "Old Batchellor" manuscripts it seemed desirable to provide some simple titles for the untitled essays in order to make identification easier. In supplying these I have tried to be descriptive rather than
fanciful and to indicate the supplied titles within brackets. The section headings, which have roman numerals are also mine, are not so indicated. Obviously, my sectional groupings of essays by subject or genre are arbitrary—Tucker might well have employed a different scheme (especially in sections II and III) had he carried out his plan to integrate the "Old Batchelor" and "Hermit" essays into a single work—but I have tried to indicate this clearly by also giving Tucker's manuscript numbering.
NOTES

A DREAM

1 Nathanael Greene, the successor to General Horatio Gates in the Southern Command of the Continental Army in the penultimate campaign of the Revolutionary War, had been Tucker's commander at the Battle of Guilford Courthouse (March 15, 1781). A New Englander by birth, he settled in the South after the War and died near Savannah, Georgia in June 1786.

2 Tucker is, of course, referring to Benjamin Franklin; Dr. Joseph Warren (1741-1775); Brig. Gen. Richard Montgomery, the "hero of Quebec" (1738-1775); Gen Hugh Mercer (c. 1725-1777); and David Rittenhouse (1732-1796), the famed scientist. It is interesting that Tucker chooses for his Revolutionary War Pantheon here three military figures (including Greene, mentioned earlier) and three non-military ones who were primarily writers. There is some accuracy here in Rittenhouse' recent arrival in the Pantheon inasmuch as he had died just two months before Tucker wrote "A Dream."

3 Tucker undoubtedly had in mind here the fraudulent speculations in land in his time such as those involving the Scioto Company in Ohio (1795) and the Yazoo land frauds in western Georgia during the same period (1795-96). He makes such fraudulent dealings a major theme of his play, "The Wheel of Fortune," written a few months after this essay (December 1796-January 1797).

4 Although his spelling of it is peculiar, it is clear that Tucker
has reference here to that area of southeastern Siberia called Kamchatka which is separated from the North American continent by the Bering Sea.

5 The fact that George Washington was still alive when Tucker wrote this may have weighed against any thought of immediate publication of "A Dream" if, indeed, Tucker intended to publish it.
Notes -

202

The Dreamer - No. 1.

1Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies, by John Dickinson (1732-1808), published in the Pennsylvania Chronicle (1767-68) and reprinted as a pamphlet (1768), were essays on British taxation of the Colonies that influenced public opinion among American colonists to resist "taxation without representation." The 85 essays, signed "Publius" (collective pseudonym of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay and James Madison), that made up The Federalist series (1787-88) are too well-known to need explanation here. Tucker's use of two examples of native political essays signals his purpose in writing The Dreamer series.

2In assuming the "Dreamer" persona and in his following discussion of the significance of dreams, Tucker seems to take his cue from Addison's Spectator, No. 487, for Thursday, September 18, 1712.

3The first of two newspapers in Richmond, Virginia (and the only one in Tucker's lifetime) called The Examiner, was published daily (except Sundays) from December 3, 1798 until January 10, 1804. It was founded by Meriwether Jones and John Dixon, a Williamsburg acquaintance of Tucker's and one of the erstwhile publishers of The Virginia Gazette. Dixon left the paper in May 1799 and, thereafter, it was published by Jones until his death, in 1803, when it was continued for a short while longer by his brother, Skelton Jones. In the extant issues of The Examiner for 1798 and 1799 (in the State Library of Virginia) Tucker's "Dreamer" essays cannot be found and, although many issues are missing for this period, it seems unlikely that they were published.
4Alain Rene LeSage's classic picaresque romance, The History and Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane (1715-1735), was a favorite of Tucker's. His unfinished play, The Profligate, started a few years before this essay, was to have been based on episodes in Gil Blas, and a copy of the novel is listed in his estate inventory, though it has not survived in the Tucker-Coleman Collection.

Gil Blas contains two "Apologues" and which of them Tucker intended to insert here can only be conjectured. In the first English translation (London, 1716), "The Author to the Reader" is as follows:

"There being some Persons who cannot read a Book without making Vicious and Ridiculous Applications of the Characters they find in it; I declare to those Malicious Readers, that they will be in the Wrong if they apply the Portraits in this to particular Persons. I make this publick Confession, That all I aim'd at was to represent the Life of Man such as it is. God forbid I should have a Design to mark out any Persons in particular. Let no reader therefore take that to Himself which suits others as well as him: Otherwise, as Phaedra says, he will shew himself mal a propos, stulte nudabit, animi conscientiam.

There are Physicians in Castile as well as in France, whose Method is to bleed their Patients too much. The same Vices, the same Originals are every where to be met with. I own I have not always exactly imitated the Manners of the Spaniards, and those that know what disorderly Lives the Players at Madrid lead, may blame me for not painting them in more lively Colours; but I thought it proper to soften some Parts of them, that they might be more conformable to our way of living in France."

The second "Apologue" ("Gil Blas to the Reader") in this translation is as follows:
"Before thou enterest upon the Story of my Life, Hearken, Kind Reader, to the Tale I am about to tell thee.

Two Scholars going together from Penasiel to Salamanca, and finding themselves weary and faint, stopp'd by the side of a Fountain which they came to in their Way. As they were resting themselves there, they by chance Spy'd a Stone with some Words written upon it, almost effaced by Time, and the Feet of the Flocks that came to drink at that Spring: They wash'd the Dirt off the Stone; and when they cou'd read the Words distinctly, they found This Inscription in the Castilian Tongue: Aqui esta encerrada el alma del Licenciado Pedro Garcias: "The Soul of the Licentiate Pedro Garcias is here enclosed." The Youngest of the Scholars, a brisk blunt Boy, had no sooner read the Inscription, but he laugh'd and cry'd, The Soul here enclosed,----a Soul enclosed? I would fain know the Author of such a foolish Epitaph. His Companion who had more Judgment, said to himself, There must be some Mystery in it; I'll stay and see whether I can find it out. Accordingly, he let the other Scholar go before him, and when he was gone, he pull'd out his Knife, and dug up the Earth about the Stone, which at last he remov'd, and found under it a Leather Purse which he open'd. There were a Hundred Ducats in it, with a Card, wherein was written Latin to this Effect. Be Thou my Heir, Thou who hast Wit enough to find out the Meaning of this Inscription, and make a better use of my Money than I did. The Scholar was overjoy'd at this Discovery, cover'd the Place with the Stone again, and proceeded to Salamanca with the Soul of the Licentiate in his Pocket.

Whoever thou art, Kind Reader, that art going to resemble one or t'other of these Two Scholars: If thou readest my Adventures without having regard to the Moral Instructions that are contain'd in them, this Work will
be of no Use to Thee; but if thou readest them with Attention, thou wilt
meet with the Utile and the Dulce in the Rule of Horace."
Notes -

206

The Dreamer, No. 2.

1 From The Iliad of Homer, Translated by Mr. Pope. (London: W. Bowyer, for Bernard Lintott, 1715), Book III, 11. 203-206. [There were several editions of Alexander Pope's popular translation of The Iliad in England and America in the eighteenth century and, although the work is in the estate inventory of Tucker's library, it is not in the Tucker-Coleman Collection in Swem Library and it is impossible to ascertain just which edition of this Tucker actually owned.]

2 This appears to be the first recorded use of "Gotham" to signify America or any part thereof. Previously it has been supposed that Washington Irving, in Salmagundi, XVII (November 11, 1807), was the first to naturalize the name of the town in Nottinghamshire, famous for its blundering fools, by applying it to New York City (Cf. OED, DAE, DA, et al.). Although both the DAE and DA cite occurrence of "Gotham" and "Gothamite" in Pennsylvania newspapers as early as 1800, it is clear from the contexts of such usages that their writers meant them in an English, not an American connotation. Tucker's application of "Gotham" here to mean America is a bit puzzling inasmuch as he is employing a dyslogistic term to signify a country and a people that Tucker clearly admires or, at least, finds sympathetic.

3 From the Greek, ἐλευθερίας, meaning "political freedom." The term "Eleutherian" was applied to Zeus as the protector of political freedom (OED: Comp. Ed., I, 844).

4 "Perduelia" is from the Latin, Perduellion (f., Perduellis), meaning "treason" or "hostility to the state." (OED: Comp. Ed., II, 2129).
According to an old Celtic legend, a Trojan named Brutus, fleeing the destruction of his home city, settled in Britain, founded "Troynovant" (London) and became the first British king. "Brute" was recorded as a synonym for a Briton as early as the seventeenth century (OED). Tucker Latinizes it here to "Bruti" and, later (No. 4), "Brutiti," to designate the British. He quite obviously means it as an epithet in the common sense of "brutish" or "brute-like" as well.

1From The Spectator, No. 94, Monday, June 18, 1711.

2In Delphi, ca. 650 B.C., the priestly class called Amphyctiones ("the dwellers around the temple") took an oath "not to destroy any city of the [Delian] league, not to cut any one of them off from spring water, either in war or peace, and to war against any who violated these rules." L. R. Farnell observes (in Cults of the Greek States, IV, 179-233) that one may "discern here that Greek religion offered the ideal of a federal national union that Greek politics refused to realize." The term was likewise applied to a number of associations of ancient Greek communities centering on a shrine.

1. Tucker has superadded a plus-sign after the first word of the title ("Nuga") on the manuscript and at the bottom of the first page of the notebook for this note: "Being very unwell this summer, both at home, and at Warminster, & not a little unhappy about my beloved Fanny, I have endeavoured to beguile my feelings, & dissipate melancholy, by several trifles, some of which I may possibly copy in this little Book. Sept: 12, 1813. Memo: NB. Diogenes- O:B: no: 27. printed Dec:br 17. 1811."

Nuga is Latin for "trifle" or "triviality." It is a term frequently used in jurisprudence, usually in the plural ("Nugae," meaning trivial or inconsequential evidence or matters) and from which such English words as "nugatory" are derived.

2. Nunquam...etc., is an adage attributed to Cicero which Tucker has translated in the first line of the essay.

3. Homo sum...etc.--I am a man; nothing that relates to mankind do I judge alien to me: Terence. "Heautontinorumenos" I,i,25. (There is no "et" in the original.)

4. "Alfred," in Wirt's Old Bachelor series, was the fictional nephew of "Dr. Cecil" and pseudonym of Judge R. E. Parker.

THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN. No. 2

1. This epigraph is evidently derived from a line in Virgil:

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?  (What do you think of this wondrous guest who has come to our abode?) In abbreviated form it means simply: "What new thing is in this house?"
Notes - The Hermit of the Mountain. No. 2

2 Simplex munditiis - "Elegant in simplicity:" Horace.

3 Robert Burns's "best songs" need no explanation but Allan Ramsay's The Tea-Table Miscellany (4 vols., 1724-1732), a collection of English and Scottish songs (including some by himself and his contemporaries), is now somewhat obscure.

4 Peter Pelham (1721-1805) was born in London and reared in Boston, Mass., from whence he emigrated to Virginia. He was the step-brother of the famous artist, John Singleton Copley, and was a jailer in Williamsburg and organist of Bruton Parish Church for nearly fifty years (ca. 1754-1800). He was a composer of skill and the chief ornament of the musical life of Virginia's colonial capital. See: Parke Rouse, Jr., "'The Modern Orpheus': Peter Pelham," The Iron Worker, XXXIX, Winter 1975, 2-9.

5 Tucker's note here: "Ou: if thankful or grateful be not preferable?" The correct word is actually neither, but "awful." Obviously, Tucker was writing from memory here.

6 This version of the "old hundredth" is that of Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, from A New Version of the Psalms of David (1696), which from Tucker's day to ours has been included in the hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN. No. 3.

1 The bracketed words here have been editorially supplied.

2 Tucker breaks off composition here in mid-sentence, leaving the rest of the page in the notebook blank. On the overleaf appears the...
"Warminster, Sept: 27. 1813. Last Evening I received the long expected, and almost wished-for Account of my beloved & darling Fanny's release from her long & painful Sufferings, in a Letter from Mr. Cabell, (at Mr. Rives's) where he met with Mrs. Rutherford, of Richmond, from whom he received the following Information. --That she expired at the Red-Sulphur-Springs on Sunday the 12th of this month, & was buried at Staunton, the Saturday following. Mr. Coalter set off with her Corpse the day after her death; & came alone as far as General Blackburne's in Bath County, where the General joined him, & accompanied him to Staunton. Heavy rains prevented many persons from attending the burial, & it was in great measure private. But the affectionate farewell of the people at Staunton, & on the road, followed her to her grave. The Children were much affected, although they had been in some measure prepared for it. --This is all I yet know of this afflicted subject, having received no Letter from Mr. Coalter, or any friend in his behalf, which I impute to the usual remissness, & inattention at the post Offices.

Thus it has pleased Heaven to deprive me of one of the greatest Comforts, & Blessings of my Life; for never had any Father, a more tender, affectionate, or dutiful Daughter, nor ever did a Father's heart cling to his Child with more paternal warmth, & Tenderness.

The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away! Blessed be the Name of the Lord."
"Fearnought" was one of the most illustrious of early Virginian equine names. There were several thoroughbreds of that name in Virginia in Tucker's day, the most famous of which was acquired in 1761 by John Baylor of "Newmarket," Caroline County (1705-1772), a racing enthusiast and breeder, and inherited by his son, John Baylor, Jr. This Fearnought was bred in England by William Warren and foaled in 1755. Col. Baylor purchased the horse, described as "a bright bay, 15 hands 3 inches high, remarkably strong and active and the full brother to the late Mr. Warren's invincible horse, Careless," through his Liverpool agent for £289.5s.9d. and the horse quickly paid for itself many times over in stud fees and winnings. So numerous was its progeny (many of whom were named after their sire) that one equine historian has asserted that "few modern pedigrees, which reach into eighteenth century Virginia at all, are without several crosses of Fearnought" (Fairfax Harrison. The Equine F.F.V's. Richmond, Va.: The Old Dominion Press, 1928, p. 104). See also the same author's Early American Turf Stock, 1730-1830. 2 Vols. (Richmond: Old Dominion Press, 1935), I, 116ff. et passim.

For an appearance in Tucker's writing, not of a "Fearnought Colt," but of the horse of that name, see Essay No. 18 herein.

"Inexpressibles," according to the OED, like "unmentionables" later, was a euphemism for breeches or trousers in the late eighteenth century.

The description that follows here is really a verbal cartoon of a "Macaroni." For a discussion with illustrations of this bizarre dress fad, with its exaggerated hair-styles, etc., see: Joan Dolmetsch, "A New
Look at the Old Mod," Antiques, XCII (December 1967), 854-857. Outside the Revolutionary War song, "Yankee Doodle" ("stuck a feather in his cap and called it Macaroni") very little is known of this fad in early America. By 1811 it was certainly long dead, so Tucker must be engaging here in a bit of nostalgia, albeit a satiric one. That there were something akin to "Macaronis" in Williamsburg in Tucker's time, however, is attested by the following detail in a character description in The Virginia Gazette, August 25, 1774, over the signature of James Mercer: "He is about twenty, of slim and genteel Make, and fair Complexion, rather pale and foul Skin, black Hair, very long, and clubbed like a Macaroni!"
Essay No. 13

1 "Pharoah bank" is a reference to "Faro," a favorite card-game for gambling in eighteenth-century America.

2 Tucker confused Vasco de Gama (1469-1525), who first rounded the Cape of Good Hope, with Ferdinand Magellan (c. 1480-1521), the first circumnavigator.

3 Tucker's concern over fraudulent land speculation in the Northwest Territory may also be seen in an unpublished play he wrote on this subject, The Wheel of Fortune and in the "Moses Dolittle" essays in this collection.

4 Shaver was a popular term in Tucker's day for a banker or money-lender who, according to Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms (1860) "purchase(s) notes at more than legal interest."

5 By substituting Roman for Arabic numerals in this "caballistical compound," one may spell the word "avarice."

6 At the conclusion of this essay, Tucker appended this note to Wirt:

"The following passage is proposed as a motto to this paper. I have not the Book, and am not certain I have cited it accurately. It might be well to add Mr. Francis's Translation.

'Ore captat aquas fugientes Tantalus sitiens:
'Quid rides! Mutate nomine de te Fabula narratur.'

Horace"

This is indeed an inaccurate citation which should read as follows:

"Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientis captat / Flumina: Ouid rides? mutato nomine de te fabula narratur." (Horace, Satires, I,1, 70).

The translation of Philip Francis is: "Burning with thirst, when Tantalus
would quaff / The flying the waters--wherefore do you laugh? / Change
but the name, of thee the tale is told."

See also: Mary Beth Wentworth, "St. George Tucker's Essay 'For
Miss Wentworth for some of the information in the notes to this
essay.
Notes -

Essay No. 14

1"That extract from the letters of a Scottish Lady . . ." refers to two passages quoted directly from "Letter XVI," dated July 1773, in Anne McVickar Grant's Letters from the Mountains: Being the Real Correspondence of A Lady Between the Year 1773 and 1807, first published in London in 1807 and reprinted in Boston (E. Larkin) in 1809 in two volumes. In the Boston edition this extract may be found in I, 128-131, 131-132. It is quoted by "Susannah Thankful" in "The Old Bachelor," No. 27, in the Richmond Enquirer, Dec. 17, 1811 (See Appendix I). Tucker's reference to that essay, which was not published until four months after this was written, makes it seem likely that "Susannah Thankful" (as well as "Diogenes," in the same essay) was Tucker's own pseudonym.

2Tucker's choice of metaphoric names for his Virginian ladies is interesting. There are three distinct classes: aristocratic ladies who have classical Roman names (Eugenia, Eudocix, Cornelia, Valeria); a bourgeois group with allegorical names (Mrs. Heartfree, Mrs. Bountiful, Mrs. Motherly, Mrs. Neighbourly); and lowly "Aunt Deborah," possibly a black slave woman or, more likely an impoverished dependent spinster or widow of good family. The only actual name seems to be that of Mrs. Wall of Brunswick County (Cf., Edith Bell and William Heartwell, Brunswick Story: A History of Brunswick County, p. 29.) and even this identification can only be tenuous. One might conjecture that "Valeria" is Mrs. Thomas Nelson, the widow of the man under whom Tucker served at Yorktown, but the originals of these characters remain unidentifiable.
3 Cf., Hamlet, V, ii, 232: "there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow"; and Matthew 10:29: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

4 and 5 The contexts here suggest that "in the longing way" may be a euphemism for pregnancy (in its early stages) and "a Lady in the straw" another euphemism, for lying-in.

Notes -

Essay No. 16

1 Francis Jeffrey, in The Edinburgh Review (October 1809, Article 2), had condemned Joel Barlow’s epic, The Columbiad (1807) for its "barbarous neologisms."

2 Multifluvian is not in either the OED or DAE; cosmogyral is defined in the OED as "whirling around the universe," with the only citation being from The Columbiad (IX, 58); coloniarch, also cited by the OED only from The Columbiad (IV, 517) is defined as "a ruler or founder of a colony"; the OED’s source for vagrate, "to range or wander," is also only The Columbiad (IX, 314); bestorm, according to the OED, was used by Davenant in 1651 (Condibert, III, vi) to mean "to storm on all sides, to assail with storms or storming"; the OED designates transboard as "rare" and the DAE as "obsolete," both citing a late 19th century source as first use (Cf. The Columbiad, VI, 38); to rainbow, to road and to reroad were also genuine coinages by Barlow, while to forester, actually first used by Barlow, is cited in the OED as from Keats’s Endymion, II, 305 (1818).

3 Essay No. 25 of "The Old Bachelor," Richmond Enquirer, Aug. 20, 1811, p. 4 cols. 1-3, (Old Bachelor, 1814 ed., pp. 160-1), signed "John Truename" (pseudonym of David Watson), tells of a "Mr. D__" who was "distressed at hearing a member from his County make a speech in the Assembly when it used to sit at Williamsburg" because the member’s remarks demonstrated "the great want of learning among our people generally, and the necessity of something being done by the Assembly to encourage it."

"The publication date (August 20) gives some indication of the earliest possible date in 1811 upon which Tucker could have written his Essay No. 16.
4 Tucker wrote "controversialist" on the manuscript, deleted the last two syllables and added "-tist." (In OED, the two words are given as synonyms.)


6 Tucker owned the fourth edition of Johnson's Dictionary (1773) in which "galaxies" is clearly accented on the second syllable ("gala-xy").

7 Cf. Thomas Sheridan, A General Dictionary of the English Language (1780) and John Walker, Critical Pronouncing Dictionary and Expositor of the English Language (1791).

8 Samuel Johnson defines comminute as: "to grind; to pulverize; to break into small parts."


Essay No. 23

1"An expression used by one of the most successful Advocates that ever defended a criminal" [Tucker's note]. Cf., "Cato's voice was ne'er employed to clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes."--Joseph Addison, The Tragedy of Cato, II, ii.

2Genesis 42:36 and 43:14, paraphrased.

3"The pathetic tenderness, and simplicity of that solemn apostrophe to the City of Jerusalem, pronounced by the author of the Christian Religion, is not less affecting. 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as an Hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!' See Matth:23:37." [Tucker's note].

4"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Col. Cresap, the last Spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never
felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."


Essay No. 9

1 At the bottom of the first manuscript page of this essay, Tucker has written: "Thrown into a somewhat different form." From his correspondence with Wirt we can deduce that this is one of at least three drafts of his essay on "the spirit of Patriotism," and the only completed one extant. He may have sent Wirt a completed revision that was not returned and, in any case, there exists in Tucker's manuscripts an unnumbered fragment of yet a third version, as follows:

On Patriotism

The real patriot is indebted to nature, and to natures God, for those distinguished qualities, and Endowments, which constitute the Essence of his Character; to his own indefatigable Labour, application, perseverance, and Study, for the ripening, and Improvement of them; and to Circumstances and Events for their Evolution, and Exhibition, to the honor of the human race, his own immortal glory, and the Salvation of his Country: That pure, and pre-eminent virtue, that spotless integrity, that immaculate Fidelity, that noble disinterestedness, that genuine self-denying preference of the best interests of his Country to his own; that Devotion, Zeal, Courage, Fortitude, patience, perseverance and Heroism; and those splendid and exalted Talents, wisdom, Discernment, penetration, caution, and Foresight, which compose the fundamentals of his character, are inherent in his nature, and incorporated with his very existence. Some of these Talents, may, indeed be often found [in] others. Ambition may be allied to wisdom, Foresight, Fortitude,
Enterprise, Zeal, Courage, patience, and perseverance; and this
alliance may dazzle the Eyes of the multitude, and even of the wise-
man, for a moment: it may produce an Hero, a Demagogue, or a Conquerer;
but not a Patriot. Virtue, immaculate Virtue, and her faithful
unpolluted, and inseparable associates and Companions incorruptible
Integrity, Fidelity, Disinterestedness, Zeal and perennial Devotion
to the best Interests of his Country, are the discriminative attributes,
of the real Patriot. Whoso'er wants these, or any of them, if ever he
were a Patriot, degenerates into a Party-tool, a Selfish Sycophant,
a Traitor, and Usurper, or a Tyrant, immediately.\(^+\) --Confin'd to
no particular Country, or Race, or Rank, or Station; the eastern &
the western Hemispheres, the Cottage, the Palace, and the middle-
walks of Life, have in their turn asserted their claims as the Birth-
place of the Patriot, and have produced an Epaminondas, a Cincinnatus,
an Alfred, a Gustavus, a Wallace, and a Washington, to evince them:

The Village Hampden, who with dauntless Breast,

The little Tyrants of his Fields withstood,
might under different Circumstances have hurld a Philip, or an
Alexander, from his Throne, or laid a Caesar prostrate at his Feet;
or like another Washington, been hail'd as the Father of his Country.

Destin'd by providence for the happiness of his Country, the
real Patriot, in prosperity, is her ornament, Instructer, and Guide;
in Adversity her Guardian Genius, her champion, and protector. --The
public Calamity is the signal that rouses him to Reflection, and

\(^+\)Ten thousand times ten thousand Fathom deep, in Infamy, did the
Traitor Arnold fall, the moment he became corrupt. [Tucker's note,
cancelled.]
Exertion in her Cause, and brings him acquainted with Himself. The Horrors of Despotism, the Terrors of Persecution and oppression the Rage of Animosity, and the Malignity of Vengeance appal him not: the Thunders of Tyranny, and the Tempests of war serve but to awaken him to his duty, to shew him his Course, and to conduct him to his Enemy.

2 This evidently refers to an essay Tucker had already sent to Wirt and which he expected would be published before this one. No such allegory was published in the Enquirer "Old Bachelor" series and, if Tucker wrote one, it has been lost.

3 As Daniel G. Harvey has pointed out in detail (see his unpublished M.A. thesis, "St. George Tucker's Essay 'For the old Batchellor' on Patriots and Demagogues: A Critical Edition," College of William and Mary, 1972.) Tucker lifted more than half of this essay verbatim and without acknowledgment from Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke's "A Letter on the Spirit of Patriotism" (London, 1749). In letters on August 18 and 19, 1811, William Wirt cautioned Tucker that "Bolingbroke is much more read in Virginia than you are aware of..." and advised him either to "avow the quotation by inverted commas..." (August 18th) or "on reflection...to acknowledge in a note the excerpts from Bolingbroke..." (August 19th).


5 Why Tucker bracketed these sentences is unclear, but he may have been thus indicating an intention to revise or excise them in a later draft. He refers here to the Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace (1272?-1305) and to Algernon Sidney (1622-1683), an opponent of Charles II,
both of whom were executed for resisting tyranny.

6 Gaius Fabricius Lascinus, Roman consul in 282-278 B.C., had a legendary reputation for integrity.


8 Tucker's note: "Cleon succeeded Pericles in his Authority, at Athens." It is debatable whether Cleon (who died in 422 B.C.) was quite as evil and demagogic as he is depicted as being by both Aristophanes and Thucydides.
Essay No. 26

1. In 1778 the Virginia General Assembly passed an act prohibiting the further importation of slaves into Virginia.


3. Tucker's note: "Motto recommended for this number./ ______ Homo sum,/ Et humani nihil a me alienum puto. *Terence*. / - / Myself a Man; ___ from my own heart I find,/ That touches me, which touches human kind. *Anon*:") (See note 3 to "Nuga. The Hermit of the Mountain, No. 1," above). Tucker's choice of Terence here is apt since that writer was born a slave in Africa, educated by his master (the Roman senator, Terentius Lucanus) and freed by him in Rome.

[For an excellent, detailed discussion of the relationship of this essay to Tucker's other writings on slavery and the general climate of opinion on the subject in his time, see Richard C. Kerns, "St. George Tucker's 'Old Bachelor' Essay on Benevolence and Slavery," unpub. M.A. Thesis, College of William and Mary, 1974.]
This burlesque "dream voyage" is based on the political satire in Chapter Four, Part One: "A Voyage to Lilliput," of Jonathan Swift's Gulliver's Travels (1727). The two principal parties of Lilliput, "Tramecksan" and "Slamecksan" are so-called because one group wears high heels and the other low heels, presumably intended by Swift to represent the Tories (high church) and Whigs (low church). The controversy between the "Big-endians" and "Little-endians" supposedly refers to that between the Roman Catholics and Anglicans, respectively, over the doctrine of transubstantiation during the time of Henry VIII and later. The relevant passage from Gulliver's Travels is as follows: "It is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs before we eat them was upon the larger end: but his present Majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have, at several times, suffered death rather
than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the Big-Endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Brundecral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text: for the words are these: "That all true believers shall break their eggs at the convenient end"; and which is the convenient end, seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now the Big-Endian exiles have found so much credit in the Emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for six and thirty moons with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his Imperial Majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I desired the Secretary to present my humble duty to the Emperor, and to let him know that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard
of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders."

Tucker has skillfully naturalized the political referants here to construct a satire in support of Jeffersonian Republicanism ("little-endians") and against the Federalists ("Big-endians").

In Chapter Five of "A Voyage to Lilliput" Gulliver extinguishes the fire in the apartment of the Empress in the royal palace by urinating on it.

Tucker's note: "Motto, proposed for this paper

Ridiculum acri,/ Fortius ac milius plerumque secat res./ Horace./
add Francis's Translation." This is a slight misquotation from Horace's *Satires*, Book I, X, 14, thus: "Ridiculum acri, Fortius et milius magnas plerumque secat res." Philip Francis's translation (1765) is: "For ridicule shall frequently prevail,/ And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail."

After this, Tucker has this further note: "Would not Diogenes's second Letter--(see no. 10.) come in well enough after the preceeding Letter?" This is apparently intended for Wirt. There is no letter signed "Diogenes" nor any "no. 10" in Tucker's extant manuscripts, but this note adds further circumstantial evidence that Tucker may be the author of "Old Bachelor" essay No. 27, which has this signature (See Appendix I).
Essay No. 27

1. This engagement of cousins, as well as numerous other details here, clearly places the Trifle family among the Virginia gentry, among whom marriage between cousins was not at all uncommon. (See, for example, the genealogy in Appendix B to John Spencer Bassett's *The Writings of "Colonel William Byrd of Westover in Virginia, Esqr."

2. "Faro" was the more usual English term for the popular 18th century French card game, "Pharoah," so-called because the honor cards bore the face of an Egyptian pharoah. The names of the gentlemen who play Faro here (all birds of prey) may be Tucker's sly dig at the Byrd family, some of whom (especially William Byrd III) had a prodigious reputation for gambling.

3. From *The New Annual Register, or General Repository of History, Politics, and Literature, for the Year 1784.* (London: Printed for G.G. and J. Robinson, 1785), pp. 279-280. Although this volume is not in the Tucker-Coleman Collection, those for the two immediately preceding years are, and we may surmise that it was once in Tucker's library. The story Tucker quotes is indicative that the New Annual Register was more moralistic than its famous, older competitor and model, Dodsley's Annual Register.

4. No one becomes depraved in a moment: Juvenal, *Satires*, Book II.
Essay No. 5

1 Most of Tucker's Latinate character-names here are fairly obvious metaphors (Florio from "florid," Pomposo from "pomposity," Servilius from "servility," etc.) but a few may need explanation, viz.: Thrasis may be derived from the name of a braggart soldier (Thraso) in Terence's play, The Eunuch; and Mercator does not refer to the geographer but to the Latin word for "merchant."

2 The remainder of this essay, after "recognized" and including the signature, is written along the left margin of the last manuscript page.

3 Below the signature Tucker has this note: "Written over again & altered--Aug. 9th. / Title--History of a Foundling." If Tucker is referring thus to another draft or version of this essay, it is not among his extant manuscripts.


Essay No. 15

1 Reference to the "Parable of the Talents" (Matthew 25: 14-30).

2 Cf., The Spectator, No. 509 (Tuesday, October 14, 1712) and Henry Fielding's play, The Miser (1733), III, 12. A number of other details in this essay also suggest the latter as a source of Tucker's character, Oeconomy.
Essay No. 28

1 In the Tucker manuscripts is this unsigned and perhaps incomplete draft (first or second) of this essay, with numerous cancellations:

Ignorance was the Daughter of Night: she was born in a deep cavern at the foot of Mount Caucasus, where no ray of the sun light ever penetrated; nor was the solemn and impenetrable gloom interrupted by even the sparks of a single Gem; all was Darkness. Sleep, Ignorance, and Sloth, and Error, all Children of the same Mother, occupied with her, the Cave, without any other Tenant. Not even the wild Beasts of the desert presumed not to enter it, frightened by the impenetrable Darkness invisible, which filled the Cavern; for not even the Eye of the Linx could dispel the obscurity of a place, which seemed to be the entrance of those Regions, described by the Poets, where all is "dark as Erebus, and black as Night."

It happened that Curiosity, one of the Sons of Phoebus, in one of his rambles through the world arrived at the mouth of the Cavern, after having wandered sometime in darkness, occasioned as he supposed by the setting Sun. He had with him a phosphoric torch, a present from his Father, which he always made use of when benighted, to discover his way. It was a Talisman of Truth; with the aid of that torch which he felt no hesitation in entering this, the most gloomy Cavern, he had ever visited. Night fled from his presence the Moment he entered, and hid herself in a distant Corner of her Cave, whither he did not then think it worth his while proper to follow her. Sleep rubbed his Eyes for a moment, at the approach of the light, but turning from it, resign'd himself again to the influence of the poppies which composed his pillow.
Sloth with an unmeaning stare, fixt his eyes upon the Phenomenon, for a few minutes, like a madman idiot gazing upon the Sun; without Motion, & without Thought. Curiosity after examining them sufficiently passed further into the Cave, where he saw beheld an Object which at first he mistook for a Statue; it was a female form which seem'd not yet to have recived the last touches from the plastic hand of nature. It's countenance was that of a new born infant, dazzled, with-the yet attracted, by the light of the phosphoric torch of Curiosity; wherever Curiosity He held the torch, he perceived that the Eyes of the figure which he had at first mistaken for a Statue followed it. Convinced that it was animated not inanimate he approach'd and took her, (for-it was-a-female) by the hand; his touch immediately rous'd her, & she sprung up with an Alacrity which surprized him, & seem'd desirous to follow him. He conducted her by the light of his torch to the opening of the Cavern; at every step she was more and more alert. Her Countenance brightened and a beam of intelligence shot from her Eyes as she encounter'd those of her Conductor. — When they had arrived at the Mouth of the Cave, the Meridian Sun, which was then in Cancer, dispers'd the darkness which had before enveloped it. Ignorance was astonish'd, and at first afraid of every object that she beheld: she seem'd desirous of retracing her steps to the interior of the Cave, but Curiosity not only held her fast, but prevailed on her to accompany him. At every step her Countenance underwent some Change; now wonder, and amazement, now timidity, and apprehension, now now a gleam of intelligence, now doubt and confusion, now pleasure and Delight, now Confidence in her Guide, and now a desire of accompanying him further, and seeing more than she had yet seen, and all that could be seen, were manifested in her looks, and actions. But if for a moment Curiosity let
go of her hand, she relaps'd into the same infantile State in which he
found her, and would have sunk, listless, upon the ground, had he not
again rous'd her, by taking her hand again, & conversing with her.

Whenever he did so, she sprung forward with Alacrity, and fixing her
Eyes upon him seem'd resolved to accompany him wheresoever he went.

Curiosity percieving her Attachment to him determin'd to conduct her to
The Temple of Knowledge. Thitherward they bent their steps together,
Curiosity, warn'd by repeated observations, taking care never to let

go of the hand of his Companion, lest she should again relapse into
the State in which he found her. At the door of the Temple they were
met by Observation Experiment [sic], two of the Daughters of the Diety
to whom it was consecrated. They united their efforts with Curiosity
to *inform* instruct Ignorance in the various branches of Knowledge which
were to be acquired in that place. Under their Auspices she was every
moment improving, and by their means, & the favor of the presiding Diety,
finally made such a progress, that her origin and the particulars of
her Birth were forgotten: *and that her name might no longer be a repreach
to her; she was by common consent distinguished by that of Philosophy.*

Yet, Conscious of her birth, her original weakness, & utter Incapacity
of herself, to have changed her situation, or her Destiny, she looks upon
Curiosity Observation Curiosity and Experiment as the Authors of her Being,
& pays them filial reverence and respect on all occasions, presuming to
do nothing, to say nothing, & to determine nothing, without previously
consulting them; and never uttering a syllable contrary to their Advice.

In consequence to this conduct, invariably persued, she is now courted &
caressed by all the Votaries of Knowledge, and has assigned to her one of
the most considerable Niches in the Temple set apart for her Accomodation: and that her name may no longer a reproach to her, she was by common-consent distinguish'd by that of Philosophy, or a lover of Learning; --She is reported to be the Mother of Science, who now holds the most distinguished rank in the Temple of Knowledge.
Essay No. 17

1"farm'd the Office": According to the DAE (I, 934) the use of "farm" as a verb, meaning "to lease or let out (the right of trading, collecting rents, customs duties, etc.) for a fixed payment" can be found in this country as far back as John Winthrop (1649). The practice of paying someone to discharge the onerous duties of one's appointive or elective office was common in Colonial America. If the surrogate proved corrupt or inefficient, however, the titular office-holder was held responsible.

2Tucker's concern with speculations and swindles in the sale of lands in the old Northwest Territory may be seen as early as 1796, when he made it the subject of his still-unpublished play, The Wheel of Fortune. There, as in this essay, he describes situations or creates plot incidents that parallel the scandalous Scioto speculations of 1789-1790 in which French settlers were lured to Ohio, believing they had purchased lands to which, in fact, someone else held title. It took an act of Congress to extricate these settlers. See: Thomas T. Belote, The Scioto Speculation and the French Settlement at Gallipolis. Cincinnati: The Ohio Valley Historical Society, 1907 (reprinted, New York: Burt Franklin, 1971).

3Like the other names employed in this essay (including "Moses Dolittle" himself), "Tu-Buoef" seems to be a fanciful tag name rather than an actual person, but his situation closely parallels that of Comte de Barth, a leader of the unfortunate French immigrants in the Scioto Land Company scandal, cited above.

4For the identification of Fearnought, see above Essay No. 1, n. 1 (p. ).
Essay No. 18

1Thomas Dilworth's A New Guide to the English Tongue (London: Henry Kent, 1740) was, according to the editor of the Scolar Press facsimile reprint (1967) of the 1751 edition of this work, "undoubtedly the most popular and frequently reprinted of the many spelling-books produced in England during the eighteenth century and enjoyed considerable popularity in America." It went through over one hundred editions in England including at least fifteen in America before 1800 beginning with Franklin's (Philadelphia, 1747) and sold then in excess of one million copies.

Like most early schoolbooks, Dilworth's speller was designed to inculcate religion and morality in the young along with orthographic, grammatical and lexical lessons. It included exemplary prayers, maxims, didactic verses and twelve "Select Fables," containing the following (p. 139), illustrated by a crude woodcut of a farmer with a broken-down wagon observed by a god-like figure in a cloud above:

"He that will not help himself, shall have
Help from no Body.

Fable I. Of the Waggoner and Hercules.

As a Waggoner was driving his Team, his Waggon sunk into a Hole, and stuck fast.

The poor Man immediately fell upon his Knees, and prayed to Hercules, that he would get his Waggon out of the Hole again.

Thou Fool, says Hercules, whip thy Horses, and set thy Shoulders to the Wheels; and then if thou wilt call upon Hercules, he will help thee.
The Interpretation.

Lazy Wishes never do a Man any Service; but if he would have Help from God in the Time of Need, let him not only implore his Assistance, but make use of his own best Endeavors."
Notes

Essay No. 19

1See [William Wirt], "The Old Bachelor," No. XXIII, The Richmond Enquirer, August 6, 1811, p. 4, cols. 1-3. This essay, like Tucker's, owes much thematically and stylistically to one by Addison in The Spectator, No. 519 (Saturday, October 25, 1712). In Tucker's copy of Addison's essay in the 1767 reprint of The Spectator (London: J. & R. Tonson, Vol. 7, p. 180), the following passage is marked in the margin, in Tucker's hand, "Respice hoc!!!":

"The author of the Plurality of Worlds [a phrase Addison derived from Fontenelle's Entretiens sur la pluralité des mondes, 1686] draws a very good argument for this consideration for the peopling of every planet; as indeed, it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be deserted and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with Beings adapted to their respective situations."

There are also important ideational and verbal parallels to this essay in The Spectator Nos. 565, 571, 580, 590, 600 and 635, all of which Tucker has listed in notations in the inside covers of his editions (now in the Tucker-Coleman Collection, Earl G. Swem Library) and asterisked and cross-referenced on the texts of these Spectator essays.

2Cf., Richard Lewis, Description of The Spring. A Journey from Patapsco in Maryland to Annapolis, April 4, 1730

"Are these bright Luminaries hung on high
Only to please with twinkling Rays our Eye?
Or may we rather count each Star a Sun
Round which full peopled Worlds their Courses run?" (ll. 251-54)
This poem was first published in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, II (March 1732), 669-671 and was reprinted frequently in English and American periodicals throughout the eighteenth century so that Tucker might very well have known it.

3Here Tucker is being coy about his own poem, first published in Matthew Carey's *The American Museum*, Vol XII, December 1792 Appendix I, p. 30, and reprinted (probably in the same year) in a collection of verses by Tucker, John Page, Margaret Lowther Page, John McClurg and others of their Williamsburg circle, a unique copy of which is in the Tucker-Coleman Collection of Earl G. Swem Library. In the *American Museum* printing the third line reads "The Moon, the Stars..." rather than the reverse word order Tucker used here, apparently from memory.
Essay No. 21

1 Cf., The Spectator, No. 635, Monday, December 1714, which elaborates upon this idea. In Tucker's copy (Vol. 8 of the Edinburgh reprint, 1776, p. 326) he has annotated the concluding paragraph of Addison's essay in the bottom margin with: "It must be so! -- Plato, Thou reasonest well!!! Addison's Tragedy of Cato No. 628." The reference is to this speech ("It must be so! etc.") in Act V, Sc. 1 of Addison's Cato as printed at the end of Spectator, No. 628, Friday, December 3, 1714 in Latin and English parallel texts.


3 Although St. George Tucker may not have been able to "recollect" much of the "reveries" of Emmanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772), the Swedish scientist, philosopher and mystic who wrote The Doctrine of Correspondences and Heaven and Hell, his brother, Nathaniel Beverley Tucker, was a confirmed Swedenborgian.

4 Although I have been unable to find Tucker's immediate source for this tale, I am convinced there is one other than its general source in the Arabian Nights, in which Haroun Al-Raschid, the most famous of the Abbasid Caliphs of Baghdad, figures prominently. Oriental tales based upon or derived from Antoine Galland's popular Les mille et une nuits (12 vols., 1704-1717; Englished by R. Heron, 1792, and W. Bedloe, 1795) appear frequently in English and American periodicals, from Addison's "Vision of Mirzah," in The Spectator, No. 159, Saturday, September 1, 1711, to Anthony Trumbull's "Visions of Aleph," in The Columbian Magazine (January 1789) and beyond. The character and place
names, modes of address and other details here are too authentic to have been invented by Tucker without some literary source close at hand.

Neither in actuality nor in tales in the Arabian Nights did Haroun Al-Raschid (765-808 A.D.) have a son named Selim. Tucker may have borrowed the name from that of the Turkish Sultan who ruled during his own lifetime. It appears coincidentally as the name of a main character in Byron's *Bride of Abydos* (1813).

Ispakur (also spelled Istakhar and Ispahan) is the Arabic name for the ancient Persian city, Persepolis. It appears under this name prominently as a setting in both John Hawkesworth’s *Almoran and Hamet: An Oriental Tale* (1749) and William Beckford's *Vathek* (1786).

Albumasar is the name of a celebrated Persian astrologer (805-886 A.D.) who was the subject of plays by Giovanni Battista della Porta (1606) and John Dryden (1668), among others.

[N.B. - Some of the persons and places explained in my notes to this essay have been identified by Miss Angela Helen Patmore in the course of her preparation of a critical edition of this essay under my direction as an M.A. Thesis at The College of William and Mary. Her thesis is forthcoming at the time this goes to press.]
Notes -

Essay No. 22

(For these annotations the editor is indebted to Major Gary D. Turner, Department of English, The United States Military Academy, whose unpublished M.A. thesis, "St. George Tucker's 'Old Batchellor' Essays on Duelling: An Edition with Critical Commentary," College of William & Mary, 1979, was prepared under my direction.)

1 Pylaedes, the son of Strophius, was the cousin and closest friend of Orestes in Greek legend and drama. After Orestes murdered his mother and stepfather, Pylaedes accompanied him on his mission of penance and shared his trials.

2 Honorius is the name of a late Roman emperor (Honorius Flavius, 384-423 A.D., son of Theodosius I), four Medieval popes and one anti-pope and a pen-name of Tucker's contemporary, Noah Webster. Amintor is the name of the hero of Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Maid's Tragedy" (1619) who fights a duel with his ex-sweetheart (who has disguised herself as her brother) and kills her. Whether or not Tucker knew this play cannot be ascertained.

3 These lines were taken from the seventeenth stanza of a 25-stanza poem, "Melpomene: or, the Regions of Terror and Pity, an Ode" by Robert Dodsley. See: Robert Dodsley, Cleone, a Tragedy (London: n.p., 1759) pp. 83-91.
Essay No. 25

(For these annotations the editor is indebted to Major Gary D. Turner, Department of English, The United States Military Academy, whose unpublished M.A. thesis, "St. George Tucker's 'Old Batchellor' Essays on Duelling: An Edition with Critical Commentary," College of William & Mary, 1979, was prepared under my direction.)

1 Cf., Essay No. 15 in which the two schoolmates and friends, "Generosity" and Oeconomy", also marry relatives of each other and thus become inter-related.

2 By "salutary check" Tucker may be referring to "An Act to Suppress Duelling" passed by the Virginia General Assembly, January 26, 1810, making it a capital offense to kill someone in a duel. Although several states enacted laws against dueling about this time, Tucker was by no means expressing a universal or even very widespread sentiment against dueling in the Virginia of his day. His cousin, George Tucker, wrote (under the pen-name "Eugenius") a vigorous "Argument for Duelling," in the Richmond Enquirer, August 11, 1804, and (as "X") a "Vindication of Duelling," in the second "Rainbow" series in the Enquirer, March 30, 1805. George Tucker re-worked this last essay for inclusion in his Essays on Various Subjects of Taste, Morals, and National Policy (Georgetown, D.C., 1822) in which he asserted that the Code Duello was then so "interwoven with the manners, sentiments, and education of the polished classes of society" that attempts to legislate against it would be useless!
From the fifth, sixth and seventh stanzas of Robert Dodsley's "Melpomene: or, the Regions of Terror and Pity, an Ode." (London, 1759).