II ზემო მოღვაწეობას ემსახურება
მთავრობის ამოღების გამოუხატავად

ობიექტები მთავარი საქმის გამო

ზარათური წინამძღვარი მილოსაღელი
(მიღება ინტონაციით მსახურთამდე)

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ფილოლოგიის ელგონვირამი გამოვალა

სამეწარმეო ჯარისკაცის გათხრება

სამეწარმეო ჯარისკაცს მინარევალი ღარიბობა,

ფილოლოგიის სსერ. ჯ. ჯ. ჯ. ჯ.

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Tacit obedience implies no force upon the will, and consequently may be easily and without any pains, preserved;* but when a wife, a child, a relation, or a friend performs what we desire with grumbling and reluctance, with expressions of dislike and dissatisfaction, the manifest difficulty which they undergo must greatly enhance the obligation.

As this is one of those deep observations which very few readers can be supposed capable of making themselves, I have thought proper to lend them my assistance; but this is a favour rarely to be expected in the course of my work. Indeed I shall seldom or never so indulge him, unless in such instances as this, where nothing but the inspiration with which we writers are gifted can possibly enable any one to make the discovery.

At these words Miss Bridget discomposed her features with a smile (a thing very unusual to her). Not that I would have my reader imagine that this was one of those wanton smiles which Homer would have you conceive came from Venus when he calls her the laughter-loving goddess; nor was it one of those smiles which Lady Seraphina shoots from the stage-box and which Venus would quit her immortality to be able to equal. No, this was rather one of those smiles which might be supposed to

* დახმარებით საუბრობით ფაქტებით როგორც განმახორცია
have come from the dimpled cheeks of the august Tisiphone or from one of the misses, her sisters.

N 3, B. I, ch. XIII, p. 38

One of the maxims which the Devil in a late visit upon earth left to his disciples is, when once you are got up, to kick the stool from under you. In plain English, when you have made your fortune by the good offices of a friend, you are advised to discard him as soon as you can.

N 4, B. I, ch. XIII, p. 40

The doctor, however, had much the larger share of learning, and was by many reputed to have the better understanding. This the captain knew and could not bear, (for though envy is at best a very malignant passion, yet is its bitterness greatly heightened by mixing with contempt towards the same object; and very much afraid I am that whenever an obligation is joined to these two, indignation and not gratitude will be the product of all three).

N 5, B. II, ch IV, p. 49-50

Perfect calms at sea are always suspected by the experienced mariner to be the forerunners of a storm; and I know some persons who, without being generally the devotees of superstition, are apt to apprehend that great and unusual peace or tranquillity will be attended with its opposite; for which reason the ancient used on such occasions to sacrifice to the goddess Nemesis, a deity who was thought by them to look with an invidious eye on human felicity, and to have a peculiar delight in overturning it.

As we are very far from believing in any such heathen goddess or from encouraging any superstition, so we wish Mr. John Fr____, or some other such philosopher, would bestir himself a little in order to find out the real cause of this sudden transition from good to bad fortune, which hath been so often remarked and
of which we shall proceed to give an instance; for it is our province to relate facts, and we shall leave causes to persons of much higher genius.

Mankind have always taken great delight in knowing and descanting on the actions of others. Hence there have been in all ages and nations certain places set apart for public rendezvous, where the curious might meet and satisfy their mutual curiosity. Among these, the barbers’ shops have justly borne the pre-eminence. Among the Greeks, barbers’ news was a proverbial expression, and Horace in one of his epistles makes honourable mention of the Roman barbers in the same light.

Those of England are known to be nowise inferior to their Greek or Roman predecessors. You there see foreign affairs discussed in a manner little inferior to that with which they are handled in the coffee-houses, and domestic occurrences are much more largely and freely treated in the former than in the latter. But this serves only for the men. Now, whereas the females of this country, especially those of other nations, our polity would be highly deficient if they had not some place set apart likewise for the indulgence of their curiosity, seeing they are in this no way inferior to the other half oh the species.

In enjoying, therefore, such places of rendezvous, the British fair ought to esteem themselves more happy than any of their foreign sisters, as I do not remember either to have read in history or to have seen in my travels anything of the like kind.

This place, then is no other than the chandler’s shop, the known seat of all the news, or as it is vulgarly called, gossiping, in every parish in England.

N 6, B. II, ch. V, p.53

I believe it is a true observation that few secrets are divulged to one person only, but certainly it would be next to a miracle that a fact of this kind should be known to a whole parish and not transpire any farther.
N 7, B. II, ch. VII, p. 67-68

It is possible, however that Mr. Allworthy saw enough to render him a little uneasy, for we are not always to conclude that a wise man is not hurt because he doth not cry out and lament himself like those of a childish or effeminate temper. But, indeed, it is possible he might see some faults in the captain without any uneasiness at all; for men of true wisdom and goodness are contended to take persons and things as they are without complaining of their imperfections or attempting to amend them. They can see a fault in a friend, a relation, or an acquaintance without ever mentioning it to the parties themselves or to any others; and this often without the least lessening their affection. Indeed, unless great discernment be tempered with this overlooking disposition, we ought never to contract friendship but a degree of folly which we can deceive; for I hope my friends will pardon me when I declare I know none of them without a fault, and I should be sorry if I could imagine I had any friend who could not see mine. Forgiveness of this kind we give and demand in turn. It is an exercise of friendship, and perhaps none of the least pleasant. And this forgiveness we must bestow without desire of amendment. There is, perhaps, no surer mark of folly than an attempt to correct the natural infirmities of those we love. The finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest china, may have a flaw in it, and this, I am afraid, in either case is equally incurable, though, nevertheless, the pattern may remain of the highest value.

N 8, B. III, ch. II, p. 78

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's was the manner of one of those gentlemen who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with which they revenge the death of a hare or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstition with the Banians in India, many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and protection of certain animals, was it not that our English Banians, while they preserve them from other enemies, will most
unmercifully slaughter whole horse-loads themselves, so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

I have, indeed, a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by some, as I take them to answer the order of Nature and the good purposes for which they were ordained in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us that there are a set of human beings,

_Frogs consumere nati,_

"born to consume the fruits of the earth," so I make no manner of doubt but there are others,

_Fears consumere nati._

"born to consume the beasts of the field," or, as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that those squires fulfil this end of their creation.

N 9, B. III, ch. IX, p. 99

It hath been observed by some men of much greater reputation for wisdom than myself that misfortunes seldom come single. An instance of this may, I believe, be seen in those gentlemen who have the misfortune to have any of their rogueries detected, for here discovery seldom stops till the whole is come out.

N 10, B. IV, ch. VI, p. 122-123

This somewhat may be indeed resembled to the famous trunk-maker in the playhouse; for whenever the person who is possessed of it doth what is right, no ravished or friendly spectator is so eager or so loud in his applause; on the contrary, when he doth wrong, no critic is so apt to hiss and explode him.

To give a higher idea of the principle I mean, as well as one more familiar to the present age, it may be considered as sitting on the throne in the mind like the Lord High Chancellor of this Kingdom in his court, where it presides, governs, directs, judges, acquits, and condemns according to merit and justice, with a knowledge
which nothing escapes, a penetration which nothing can deceive, and an integrity which nothing can corrupt.

This active principle may perhaps be said to constitute the most essential barrier between us and our neighbours the brutes; for if there be some in the human shape who are not under any such dominion, I choose rather to consider them as deserters from us to our neighbours, among whom they will have the fate of deserters, and not be placed in the first rank.

N 11, B. IV, ch. XII, p. 146

The diseases of the mind do in almost every particular imitate of the body. For which reason, we hope that learned Faculty, for whom we have so profound a respect, will pardon us the violent hands we have been necessitated to lay on several words and phrases which of right belong to them, and without which our descriptions must have been often unintelligible.

Now, There is no one circumstance in which the distempers of the mind bear a more exact analogy to those which are called bodily than that aptness which both have to a relapse and avarice. I have known ambition, when cured at court by frequent disappointments (which are the only physic for it), to break out again in a contest for foreman of the grand jury at an assizes, and have heard of a man who had so far conquered avarice as to give away many a sixpence that comforted himself at last on his death-bed by making a crafty and advantageous bargain concerning his ensuing funeral with an undertaker who had married his only child.

In the affair of love, which out of strict conformity with the Stoic philosophy we shall here treat as a disease, this proneness to relapse is no less conspicuous.

N 12, B. V, ch. V, p. 171

The extremes of grief and joy have been remarked to produce very similar effects, and it is apt to create such a total perturbation and confusion that we are often thereby deprived of the use of all our faculties.
N 13, B. V, ch. VI, p. 180

But, to say the truth, there is a more simple and plain method of accounting for that prodigious superiority of penetration which we must observe in some men over the rest of the human species, and one which will not only serve in the case of lovers but of all others. For whence is it that to know is generally so quick- sighted to those symptoms and operations of knavery which often dupe an honest man of a much better understanding? There surely is no general sympathy among knaves, nor have they like freemasons any common sign of communication. In reality, it is only because they have the same thing in their heads, and their thoughts are turned the same way.

N 14, B. V, ch. IX, p. 195-196

To say the truth, nothing is more erroneous than the common observation that men who are ill natured and quarrelsome when they are drunk are very worthy persons when they are sober; for drink, in reality, doth not reverse nature or create passions in men which did not exist in them before. It takes away guard of reason, and consequently forces us to produce those symptoms which many when sober have art enough to conceal. It heightens and inflames our passions (generally, indeed, that passion which is uppermost in our mind), so that the angry temper, the amorous, the generous, the good humoured, the avaricious, and all other dispositions of men are in their cups heightened and exposed.

And yet, as no nation produces so many drunken quarrels, especially among the lower people, as England (for, indeed, with them to drink and to fight together are almost synonymous terms). I would not, methinks, have it hence concluded, that the English are the worst-natured people alive. Perhaps the love of glory only is at the bottom of this; so that the fair conclusion seems to be that our countrymen have more of that love and more of bravery than any other plebeians. And this the rather as there is seldom anything ungenerous, unfair, or ill natured exercised on those occasions;
nay, it is common for the combatants to express good-will for each other at the time of the conflict; and as their drunken mirth generally ends in a battle, so do most of their battles end in friendship.

N 15, B. VI, ch. III, p. 218-219

To say the truth, in discovering the deceit of others it matters much that our own art be wound up, if I may use expression, in the same key with theirs; for very artful men sometimes miscarry by fancying others wiser or, in other words, greater knaves, than they really are. As this observation is pretty deep, I will illustrate it by the following short story. Three countrymen were pursuing a Wiltshire thief through Brentford. The simplest of them, seeing the Wiltshire House written under a sign, advised his companions to enter it, for there most probably they would find their countryman. The second, who was wiser still, answered, answered, “Let us go in, however, for he may think we should not suspect him of going amongst his countryman”. They accordingly went in and searched the house, and by that means missed overtaking the thief, who was at that time but a little way before them, and who, as they all knew but never once reflected, could not read.

The reader will pardon a digression in which so invaluable a secret is communicated, since every gamester will agree how necessary it is to know exactly the play of another in order to communicate him. This will, moreover, afford a reason why the wiser man, as is often seen, is the bubble of the weaker, and why many simple and innocent characters are so generally misunderstood and misrepresented; but what is most material, this will account for the deceit which Sophia put on her polite aunt.

N 16, B. VI, ch. III, p. 220-221 ("ঠাকুরলীলা"-বনবাসীকালীন)

And here, in defiance of all the barking critics in the world, I must and will introduce a digression concerning true wisdom, of which Mr. Allworthy was in reality as great a pattern as he was of goodness.
True wisdom, then, notwithstanding all which Mr. Hogarth's poor poet may have writ against riches, and in spite of all which any rich, well-fed divine may have preached against pleasure, consists not in the contempt of either of these. A man may have as much wisdom in the possession of an affluent fortune as any beggar in the streets, or may enjoy a handsome wife or a hearty friend and still remain as wise as any sour popish recluse who buries all his social faculties and starves his belly while he well lashes his back.

To say the truth, the wisest man is the like to possess all worldly blessings in an eminent degree, for as that moderation which wisdom prescribes is the surest way to useful wealth, so can it alone qualify us to taste many pleasures. The wise man gratifies every appetite and every passion while the fool sacrifices all the rest to pall the satiate one.

It may be objected that very wise men have been notoriously avaricious. I answer, “Not in that instance.” It may likewise be said that the wisest men have been in their youth immoderately fond of pleasure. I answer, “they were not wise then”.

Wisdom, in short, whose lessons have been represented as so hard to learn by those who never were at her school, teaches us only to extend a simple maxim universally known and followed even in the lowest life a little farther than that life carries it. And this is not to buy at too dear a price.

Now, whoever takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world and constantly applies it to honours, to riches, to pleasures, and to every other commodity which that market affords is, I will venture to affirm, a wise man, and must be so acknowledged in the worldly sense of the word; for he makes the best of bargains, since in reality he purchases everything at the price of a little trouble, and carries home all the good things I have mentioned while he keeps his health, his innocence, and his repetition, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himself.

From this moderation, likewise, he learns two other lessons, which complete his character. First, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the best bargain, nor
dejected when the market is empty or when its commodities are too dear for his purpose.

But I must remember on which subject I am writing, and not trespass too far on the patience of a good-natured critic. Here, therefore, I put an end to the chapter.

N 17, B. VII, ch. III, p. 265-266

As a bailiff, when well authorized by his writ, having possessed himself of the person of some unhappy debtor, views all his tears without concern; in vain the wretched captive attempts to raise compassion; in vain the tender wife, bereft of her companion, the little prattling boy frightened girl, are mentioned as inducements to reluctance. The noble bumptrap, blind and deaf to every circumstance of distress, greatly rises above all the motives to humanity and into the hands of the gaoler resolves to deliver his miserable prey.

N 18, B. VII, ch. IV, p. 270

Hence some of my readers will, perhaps, wonder that the squire had not noted Sophia as much as he had hated her mother; but I must inform them that hatred is not the effect of love, even through the medium of jealousy. It is, indeed, very possible for jealous persons to kill the objects of their jealousy, but not to hate them. Which sentiment being a pretty hard morsel, and bearing something of the air of a paradox, we shall leave reader to chew the cud upon it to the end of the chapter.

N 19, B. VIII, ch. VII, p. 347

As for Jones, he was well satisfied with the truth of what the other had asserted, and believed that Partridge had no other inducements but love to him and zeal for the cause, a blameable want of caution, and diffidence in the veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of censure. To say the truth, there are but two ways by which men become possessed of this excellent quality: the one is from long experience and the other is from nature; which last, I presume, is often meant by genius, or great
natural parts, and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are masters of it much earlier in life but as it is much more infallible and conclusive, for a man who hath been imposed upon by ever so many may still hope to find others more honest, whereas he who receives certain necessary admonitions from within that this is impossible must have very little understanding, indeed, if he ever renders himself liable to be once deceived. As Jones had not this gift from nature, he was too young to have gained it by experience; for at the different wisdom which is to be acquired this way we seldom arrive till very late in life, which is perhaps the reason why some old men or apt to despise the understandings of all those who are a little younger than themselves.

N 20, B. VIII, ch. IX, p. 359

I am led into this conjecture by having remarked that though love, friendship, esteem, and such like have very powerful operations in the human mind, interest, however, is an ingredient seldom omitted by wise men when they would work others to their own purpose. This is indeed a most excellent medicine and, like the Ward's pill, flies at once to the particular part of the body on which you desire to operate, whether it be the tongue, the hand, or any other member, where it scarce ever fails of immediately producing the desired effect.

N 21, B. IX, ch. V, p. 418-419

Heroes, notwithstanding the high ideas which by the means of flatters they may entertain of themselves or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their minds may be, their bodies at least (which is much the major part of most) are liable to the worst infirmities and subject to the vilest offices of human nature. Among these latter the act of eating, which hath by several wise men been considered as extremely mean and derogatory from the philosophic dignity, must be in some measure performed by the greatest prince hero, or philosopher upon earth; nay, sometimes Nature hath been so
frolicsome as to exact of these dignified characters a much more exorbitant share of this office than she hath obliged those of the lowest order to perform.

To say the truth, as no known inhabitant of this globe is really more than man, so none need be ashamed of something to what the necessities of man demand; but when those great personages I have just mentioned condescend to aim at confining such low offices to themselves, as when by hoarding or destroying they seem desirous to prevent any others from eating, they then surely become very low and despicable.

Now, after this short preface, we think it no disparagement to our hero to mention the immoderate ardour with which he laid about him at this season. Indeed may be doubted whether Ulysses, who by the way seems to have had the best stomach of all the heroes in that eating poem of the ‘Odyssey’ ever made a better meal. Three ponds at least of that flesh which formerly had contributed to the composition of an ox now honoured with becoming part of the individual Mr. Jones.

N 22, B. IX, ch. VII, p. 427

Though Nature hath by no means mixed up an equal share of curiosity or vanity in every human composition, there is perhaps no individual to whom she hath not allotted such a proportion of both as requires much art, and pains too, to subdue and keep under – a conquest, however, absolutely necessary to every one who would in any degree deserve the characters of wisdom or good breeding.

N 23, B. XI, ch. X, p. 516-517

Of this (suspicion – o. 3.) there have always appeared to me to be two degrees. The first of these I choose to derive from the heart, as the extreme velocity of its discernment seems to denote some previous inward impulse, and the rather as this superlative degree often forms its own objects, sees what is not, and always more than really exists. This is that quick-sighted penetration whose hawks eyes no symptom of evil can escape; which observes not only upon the actions but upon the
words and looks of men; and as it proceeds from the heart of the observed and there espies evil, as it were, in the first embryo, nay, sometimes before it can be said to be conceived. An admirable faculty if it were infallible, but as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being, so from the fallibility of such acute discernment have arisen many sad mischiefs and most grievous heart-aches to innocence and virtue. I cannot help, therefore, regarding this vast quick-sightedness into evil as a vicious excess, and as a very pernicious evil in itself. And I am the more inclined to this opinion as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reasons I have above mentioned, and for one more: namely, because I never knew in the property of a good one. Now, from this degree of suspicion I entirely and absolutely acquit Sophia.

A second degree of this quality seems to arise from the head. This is indeed no other than the faculty of seeing what is before your eyes and of drawing conclusions from what you see. The former of these is unavailable by those who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no less certain and necessary a consequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt as the former is to innocence; nor can I see it in an unamiable light, even though through human fallibility it should be sometimes mistaken. For instance, If a husband should accidentally surprise his wife in the lap or in the embraces of some of those pretty young gentlemen who profess the art of cuckoldom, I should not highly, think, blame him for concluding something more than what he saw from the familiarities which he really had seen, and which we are at least favourable enough to when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will easily suggest great plenty of instances to himself; I shall add but one more, which, however unchristian it may be thought by some, I cannot help esteeming to be strictly justifiable, and this is a suspicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is possible for one who hath been a villain once to act the same part again. And to confess the truth, of this degree of suspicion I believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of suspicion she had in fact, conceived an opinion that her cousin was really not better than she should be.
Virgil, I think, tells us that when the mob are assembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner and all sorts of missile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity and authority appears amongst them, the tumult is presently appeased and the mob, which when collected into one body may be well compared to an ass, erect their long ears at the grave man's discourse.

On the contrary, when a set of grave men and philosophers are disputing, when Wisdom herself may in a manner be considered as present and administering arguments to the disputants, should a tumult arise among the mob, or should one scold, who is herself equal in noise to a mighty mob, appear among the said philosophers, their disputes cease in a moment, Wisdom no longer performs her ministerial office, and the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the scold one.

The learned Dr. Misauhin used to say the proper direction to him was To Dr. Misauhin, in the World; intimating that there were few people in it to whom his great reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice examination into the matter, we shall find that this circumstance bears no inconsiderable part among the many blessings of grandeur.

The great happiness of being known to posterity, with the hopes of which we so delighted ourselves in the preceding chapter, is the portion of few. To have the several elements which compose our names, Sudenham expresses it, repeated a thousand years hence is a gift beyond the power if title and wealth, and is scarce to be purchased unless by the sword and the pen. But to avoid the scandalous imputation while we yet live of being one whom nobody knows (a scandal, by the by, as old as the days of Homer) will always be the envied portion of those who have a legal title either to honour or estate.
Nothing more aggravates the ill success than the near approach to the good. The gamester who loses his party at piquet by a Single point laments his bad luck ten times as much as he who never came within a prospect of the game. So in a lottery, the portion of the next numbers to that which wins the great prize are apt to account themselves much more unfortunate than their fellow-sufferers. In short, these kind of hairbreadth missings of happiness look like the insults of Fortune, who may be considered as thus playing tricks with us and wantonly diverting herself at our expense.

Such, therefore, were properly called the men of wit and pleasure, but I question whether the same appellation may with the same propriety be given to those young gentlemen of our times who have the same ambition to be distinguished for parts. Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their due, they soar a step higher than their predecessors, and may be called men of wisdom and virtu (take head you do not read virtue). Thus, at an age when the gentlemen above mentioned employed their time in toasting the charms of a woman or in making sonnets in her praise, in giving their opinion of a play at the theatre or of a poem at Will’s or Button’s these gentlemen are considering of methods to bribe a corporation, or meditating speeches for the House of Commons, or rather for the magazines. But the science of gaming is that which above all other employs their thoughts. These are the studies of their graver hours, while for their amusements they have the vast circle of connoisseurship, painting, music, statuary, and natural philosophy; or rather unnatural, which deals in the wonderful and knows nothing of Nature except her monsters and imperfections.
N 28, B. XIII, ch. VI, p. 598-599

Reader, if thou hast any good wishes towards me, I will fully repay them by wishing thee to be possessed of this sanguine disposition of mind; since, after having read much and considered long on that subject of happiness, which hath employed so many great pens, I am almost inclined to fix it in the possession of this temper, which puts us in a manner out of the reach of Fortune and makes us happy without her assistance. Indeed, the sensations of pleasure it gives are much more constant, as well as much Keener, than those which that blind lady bestows, nature having wisely contrived that some satiety languor should be annexed to all real enjoyments lest we should be so taken up by them as to be stopped from further pursuits. I make no manner of doubt but that in this light we may see the imaginary future chancellor just called to the bar, the archbishop in crape, and the prime minister at the tail of an opposition more truly happy than those who are invested with all the power and profit of these respective offices.

N 29, B. XIII, ch. VIII, p. 611

I have in truth observed, and shall never have a better opportunity than at present to communicate my observation, that the world are in general divided into two opinions concerning charity, which are the very reverse of each other. One party seems to hold that all the acts of this kind are to be esteemed as voluntary gifts, and however little you give (if indeed no more than your good wishes), you acquire a great degree of merit in so doing. Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly persuaded that beneficence is a positive duty, and that whenever the rich fall greatly short of their ability in receiving the distress of the poor, their pitiful largesses are so far from being meritorious that they have only performed their duty by halves and are in some sense more contemptible than those who have already neglected it.

To reconcile these different opinions is not in my power. I shall only add that the givers are generally of the former sentiment, and the receivers are almost universally inclined to the latter.
N 30, B. XIV, ch. VII, p. 651

The good or evil we confer on others very often, I believe, reconciles on ourselves; for as men of a benign disposition enjoy their own acts of the beneficence equally with those to whom they are alone, so there are scarce any natures so entirely diabolical as to be capable of doing injuries without paying themselves some pangs for the ruin which they bring on their fellow-creatures.

N 31, B. XIV, ch. VIII, p. 656

Notwithstanding the sentiment of the Roman Satirist which denies the divinity of Fortune, and the opinion of Seneca to the same purpose, Cicero, who was, I believe, a wiser man than either of them, expressly holds the contrary; and certain it is, there are some incidents in life so very strange and unaccountable that it seems to require more than human skill and foresight in producing them.

N 32, B. XV, ch. X, p. 705-706

But there are a sort of persons who, as Prior excellently well remarks, direct their conduct by something

   Beyond the fixed and settled rules
   Of vice and virtue in the schools;
   Beyond the letter of the law.

To these, it is so far from being sufficient that their defence would acquit them at the Old Bailey that they are not even contented though conscience, the severest of all judges, should discharge them. Nothing short of the fair and honourable will satisfy the delicacy of their minds and if any of their actions fall short of this mark, they mope and pine, are as uneasy and restless as a murderer who is afraid of a ghost or of the hangman.
N 33, B. XVI, ch. VI, p. 738

It is almost impossible for the best parent to observe an exact impartiality to his children even though no superior merit should bias his affection, but sure a parent can hardly be blamed when that superiority determines his preference.

3) հոգատեսեր, ձեռքիներ, ձերեր

N 34. B. I, ch. XI, p. 31-32

It hath been observed by the wise men or women, I forget which, that all persons are doomed to be in love once in their lives. No particular season is, as I remember, assigned for this; but the age at which Miss Bridget was arrived seems to me as proper a period as any to be fixed as for this purpose; it often indeed happens much earlier, but when it doth not, I have observed, it seldom or never fails about this time. Moreover, we may remark that at this season love is of a more serious and steady nature than what sometimes shows itself in the younger parts of life. The love of girls is uncertain, capricious, and so foolish, that we cannot always discover what the young lady would be at; nay, it may almost be doubted whether she always knows this herself.

Now, we are never at a loss to discern this in women about forty; for as such grave, serious and experienced ladies well know their own meaning, so it is always very easy for a man of the least sagacity to discover it with the utmost certainty.

.......................... .................................................................

And to say the truth, there is in all points great difference between the reasonable passion which women at this age conceive towards men and the idle and childish liking of a girl to a boy, which is often fixed on the outside only, and on things of little value and no duration: as on cherry cheeks, small lily-white hands, shoe-black eyes, flowing locks, downy chins, dapper shades, nay, sometimes no charms more worthless than these, and less the party’s own: such are the outward ornaments of the person, and for which men are beholden to the tailor, the lace-man, the periwigmaker,
the hatter, and the milliner, and not to Nature. Such a passion girls may well be ashamed, as they generally are, to own either to themselves, or to others.

N 35, B. II, ch. VI, p. 61

Here, reader, I beg your patience a moment while I make a just compliment to the great wisdom and sagacity of our law, which refuses to admit the evidence of a wife for or against her husband. This, says a certain learned author who, I believe, was never quoted before in any but a law-book, would be the means of creating an eternal dissent between them. It would, indeed, be the means of much perjury, and of much whipping, fining, imprisoning, and hanging.

N 36, B. II, ch. VII, p. 66

One situation only of the married state is excluded from pleasure, and this is a state of indifference; but as many of my readers. I hope, know what an exquisite delight there is in conveying pleasure to a beloved object, so some few, I am afraid, may have experienced the satisfaction of tormenting one we hate. It is, I apprehend to come at this latter pleasure that we see both sexes often give up that case in marriage which they might otherwise possess, though their mute was never so disagreeable to them. Hence the wife often puts on fits of love and jealousy, nay, even denies herself any pleasure, to disturb and prevent those of her husband; and he again in return puts frequent restraints on himself and stays at home in company which he dislikes in order to confine his wife to what she equally detests. Hence, too, must flow those tears which a widow sometimes so plentifully sheds over the ashes of a husband with whom she led a life of constant disquiet and turbulency, and whom now she can never hope to torment any more.

N 37, B. IV, ch. XIII, p. 149-150

The generosity of Sophia’s temper construed this behaviour of Jones into great bravery, and it made a deep impression on her heart; for certain it is, that there is no
one quality which so generally recommends men to women as this, proceeding, if we believe the common opinion, from that natural timidity of the sex, which is, says Mr. Osborne, so great that a woman is "the most cowardly of all the creatures God ever made" – a sentiment more remarkable for its bluntness than for its truth. Aristotle in his Politic doth them, I believe, more justice hen he says, "The modesty and fortitude of men differ from those virtues in women; for the fortitude which becomes a woman would be cowardice in a man, and the modesty which becomes a man would be perniss in a woman." Nor is there, perhaps, more of truth in the opinion of those who derive the partiality which women are inclined to show to the brave from this excess of their fear. Mr. Bayle (I think in his article of Helen) imputes this, and with greater probability, to their violent love of glory; for the truth of which we have the authority of him who of all others saw farthest into human nature, and who introduces the heroine of his 'Odyssey', the great pattern of matrimonial love and constancy, assigning the glory of her husband as the only source of her affection towards him.

N. 38, B. V. c. XI, p. 201

As in the season of RUTTING (an uncouth phrase by which the vulgar denote that gentle dalliance which in the well-wooded* forest of Hampshire passes between lovers of the ferine kind), if while the lofty-crested stag meditates the amorous sport, a couple of puppies or any other beasts of hostile note should wander so near the temple of Venus Ferina that the fair hind should shrink from the place, touched with that somewhat, either of fear or frolic, of nicety or skittishness, with which Nature hath bedecked all females, or hath at least instructed them how themselves to put on; lest, through the indelicacy of males, the Same an mysteries should be prayed into by unhallowed eyes; for at the celebration of these rites the female priestess cries out

* This is an ambiguous phrase, and may mean either a forest well clothed with wood, or well stripped of it.
with her in Virgil (Who was then probably hard at work on such celebration),

- Procul, O procul este. profani:
  Proclamat vates, totoque abstite luco.
- Far hence be souls profane,
  The sylt cried, and from the grove abstain.

Dryden

If, I say, while these sacred rites, which are in common to genus omne animantium, are in agitation between the stag and his mistress any hostile beasts should venture too near, on the first hint given by the frightened hind, fierce and tremendous rushes forth the stag to the entrance of the thicket; there stands he sentinel over his love, stamps the ground with his foot, and with his horns brandished aloft in air proudly provokes the apprehended foe to combat.

or well stripped of it.

N 39, B. VI, ch. IX, p. 238

As when two doves, or two wood-pigeons, or as when Strephon and Phyllis (for that comes nearest to the mark) are retired into some pleasant solitary grove to enjoy the delightful conversation of Love, that bashful boy who cannot speak in public and is never a good companion to more than two at a time; here, while every object is serene, should hoarse thunder burst suddenly through the shattered clouds and rumbling roll along the sky, the frightened maid starts from the mossy bank or verdant turf, the pale livery of death succeeds the red regimentals in which Love had before dressed her cheeks, for shakes her whole frame, and her lover scarce supports her trembling, tottering limbs.

Or as when the two gentlemen, strangers to the wondrous wit of the place, are cracking a bottle together at some inn or tavern at Salisbury, if the great Dowdy, who acts the part of a madman as well as some of his setters-on do that of a fool, should rattle his chains and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling catch along the gallery, the frightened strangers stand aghast, scared at the horrid sound; they seek some place of
shelter from the approaching danger, and if the well-barred windows did admit their
exit, would venture their necks to escape the threatening fury now coming upon them.

N 40, B.IX, ch. V, p. 420

To speak out boldly at once, she was in live, according to the present universally
received sense of that phrase, by which love is applied indiscriminately to the
desirable objects of all our passions, appetites, and senses, and is understood to be
that preference which we give to one kind of food rather than to another.

But though the love to these several objects may possibly be one and the same in
all cases, its operations, however, must be allowed to be different; for how much
soever we may be in love with an excellent sirloin of beef or battle of burgundy, with
a damask rose or Cremona fiddle, yet do we never smile, nor ogle, nor dress, nor
flatten, nor endeavour by any other arts or tricks to gain the affection of the said beef,
etc. Sigh indeed we sometimes may, but it is generally in the absence, not in the
presence, of the beloved object. For otherwise we might possibly complain of their
ingratitude and deafness with the same reason as Pasiphae doth of her bull, whom she
endeavoured to engage by all the coquetry practiced with good success in the drawing
room on the much more sensible as well as the drawing room on the much more sensible as well as tender
hearts of the fine gentlemen there.

The contrary happens in that love which operates between persons of the same
species but of different sexes. Here we are no sooner in love than it becomes our
principal care to engage the affection of the object beloved. For what other purpose
indeed are our youth instructed in all the arts of rendering themselves agreeable? If it
was not with a view to this love, I question whether any of these trades which deal in
setting off and adorning the human person would procure a livelihood. Nay, those
great polishers of our manners, who are by some thought to teach what principally
distinguishes us from the brute creation, even dancing-masters themselves, might
possibly find no place in society. In short, all the graces which young ladies and
young gentlemen too learn from others, and the many improvements which by the help of a looking-glass they add of their own, are in reality those very specula et faces amoris so often mentioned by Ovid, or, "the whole artillery of love".

N 41, B. X, ch. IX, p. 464

Notwithstanding the many pretty arts which ladies sometimes practice to display their fears on every little occasion (almost as many as the other sex uses to conceal theirs), certainly there is a degree of courage which not only becomes a woman but is often necessary to enable her to discharge her duty. It is, indeed, the idea of fierceness, and not of bravery, which destroys the female character; for who can read the story of the justly celebrated Arria without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleness and tenderness as of her fortitude? At the same time, perhaps, many a woman who shrieks at a mouse or a rat may be capable of poisoning a husband or, what is worse, of driving him to poison himself.

N 42, B. BII, ch. II, p. 523-524

Thus fable reports that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus at the desire of a passionate lover converted from a cat into a fine woman, no sooner perceived a mouse than, mindful of her former sport and still retaining her pristine nature, she leapt from the bed of her husband to pursue the little animal.

What are we to understand by this? Not that the bride was displeased with the embraces of her amorous bridegroom; for though some have remarked that cats are subject to ingratitude, yet women and cats too will be pleased and purr on certain occasions. The truth is, as the sagacious Sir Roger L’Estrange observes in his deep reflections, that if we shut Nature out at the door, she will come in at the window; and that purr, though a madam, will be a mouser still.
N 43, B. XII, ch. V, p. 536

In strong and healthy constitutions love hath a very different effect from what it causes in the puny part of the species. In the latter it generally destroys all that appetite which tends towards the conversation of the individual; but in the former, though it often induces forgetfulness and a neglect of food, as well as of everything else, yet place a good piece of well-powered buttock before a hungry lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his part.

N 44, B. XIII, ch. VI, p. 600

Now, if the antient opinion that men might live very comfortably on virtue only, be, as the modern wise men just above mentioned pretend to have discovered, a notorious error, no less false is, I apprehend. That position of some writers of romance that a man can live altogether on love; for however delicious repasts this may afford to some of our senses or appetites, it is most certain it can afford none to others. Those, therefore, who have placed too great a confidence in such writers have experienced their error when it was too late, and have found that love was no more capable of allaying hunger than a rose is capable of delighting the ear or a violin of gratifying the smell.

N 45, B. XIII, ch. XII, p. 624

The elegant Lord Shaftsbury somewhere objects to telling too much truth, by which it may be fairly inferred that, in some cases to lie is not only excusable but commendable.

And surely there are no persons who may so properly challenge a right to this commendable deviation from truth as young women in the affair of love, for which they may plead precept, education, and, above all, the sanction, nay, I may say the necessity, of custom, by which they are restrained not from submitting to the honest impulses of nature (for that would be a foolish prohibition) but owning them.
N 46, B.XV, ch. II, p. 669

I remember a wise old gentleman who used to say, “When children are doing nothing, they are doing mischief. I will not enlarge this quaint saying to the most beautiful part of the creation in general, but so far I may be allowed; that when the effects of female jealousy do not appear openly in their proper colours of rage and fury, we may suspect that mischievous passion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine what it doth not attack above-ground.

N 47, B. XVI, ch. VIII, p. 746

Now, I would desire such reader to look carefully into human nature, page almost the last, and there he will find in scarce-legible characters that women, not withstanding the preposterous behaviour of matters, do in reality think it so great a misfortune to have their inclinations in love thwarted that they imagine they ought never to carry enmity higher than upon these disappointments; again, he will find it written much about the same place, that a woman who hath once been pleased with the possession of a man will go above half-way to the Devil to prevent any other woman from enjoying the same.

N 48, B. XVI, ch. IX, p. 750

There are some fine women (for I dare not here speak in too general terms) with whom self is so predominant that they never detach it from any subject, and as vanity is with them a ruling principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever praise they meet with and, though the property of others, convey it to their own use. In the company of these ladies it is impossible to say anything handsome of another woman which they will not apply to themselves; nay, they often improve the praise they seize: as, for instance, if her beauty, her wit, her gentility, her good humour, deserve so much commendation, what do I deserve who possess those qualities in so much more eminent a degree?
To these ladies a man often recommends himself while he is commending another woman, and while he is expressing ardour and generous sentiments for his mistress, they are considering what a charming lover this man would make to them, who can feel all this tenderness for an inferior degree of merit. Of this, strange as it may seem, I have seen many instances besides Mrs. Fitzpatrick, to whom all this really happened, and who now began to feel a somewhat for Mr. Jones, the symptoms of which she much sooner understood than poor Sophia had formerly done.

To say the truth, perfect beauty in both sexes is a more irresistible object than it is generally thought, for notwithstanding some of us are contented with more homely lots, and learn by rote (as children to repeat what gives them no idea) to despise outside and to value more solid charms, yet I have always observed at the approach of consummate beauty that these more solid charms only shine with that kind of lustre which the stars have often the rising of the sun.

N 49. B.II, ch. IX. p. 72-73

To say the truth, every physician, almost, hath his favourite disease, to which he ascribes all the victories obtained over human nature. The gout, the rheumatism, the stone, the gravel, and the consumption have all their several patrons in the faculty; and none more than the nervous fever, or the fever on the spirits. And here we may account for those disagreements in opinion concerning the cause of a patient’s death which sometimes occur between the most learned of the college, and which have greatly surprised that part of the world who have been ignorant of the fact we have asserted.

There is nothing more unjust than the vulgar opinion by which physicians are misrepresented as friends to death. On the contrary, I believe, if the number of those who recover by physic could be opposed to that of the martyrs to it, the former would
rather exceed the latter. Nay, some are so cautious on this head that to avoid a possibility of killing a patient, they abstain from all methods of curing and prescribe nothing but what can neither do good nor harm. I have heard some of these with great gravity deliver it as a maxim that Nature should be left to do her own work while the physician stands by, as it were, to clap her on the back and encourage her when she doth well.

N 50, B. V, ch. V, p. 173-174

But to confess the truth, this inconsistency is rather imaginary than real. Philosophers are composed of flesh and blood as well as other human creatures, and however sublimated and refined the theory of these may be, a little practical frailty is as incident to them as to other mortals. It is, indeed, in theory only and not in practice, as we have before hinted, that consists the difference; for though such great beings think much better and more wisely, they always act exactly like other men. They know very well how to subdue all appetites and passions and to despise both pain and pleasure, and this knowledge affords much delightful contemplation, and is easily acquired; but the practice would be vexatious and troublesome, and, therefore, the same wisdom which teaches them to know this teaches them to avoid carrying it into execution.

N 51, B. V, ch. VII, p. 183-184

This he had, however neglected, as it was usual with him to do all manner of disorders which did not confine him to his bed or prevent his several faculties from performing their ordinary functions – a conduct which we would by no means thought to approve or recommend to imitation; for surely the gentlemen of the Aesculapian art are in the right in advising that the moment the disease is entered at one door, the physician should be introduced at the other. What else is meant by that old _adage venienti occurite morbo?_ “Oppose a distemper at its first approach”. Thus the doctor and the disease meet in fair and equal conflict; whereas by giving time to
the latter we often suffer him to fortify and entrench himself like a French army, so
that the learned gentleman finds it very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to come
at the enemy. Nay, sometimes by gaining time the disease applies to the French
military politics, and corrupts nature over to its side; and then all the powers of
physics must arrive too late. Agreeable to these observations was, I remember, the
complaint of the great Doctor Misabunin, who used very pathetically to lament the late
applications which were made to his skill, saying, "Bygar, me believe my pation take
me for de undertaker; for dey never send for me till de physicion have kill dem."

N 52, B. XI, ch. VIII, p. 506

On this subject, reader, I must stop a moment to tell thee a story. The famous
Nell Gwynn, stepping one day from a house where she had made a short visit into her
coach, saw a great mob assembled and her footman all bloody and dirty. The fellow,
being asked by his mistress the reason of his being in that condition, answered, "I
have been fighting, madam, with an impudent rascal who called your ladyship a wh-
re." "You blockhead," replied Mrs. Gwynn, "at this rate you must fight every day of
your life; why, you fool, all the world knows it". "Do they?" cries the fellow in a
muttering voice after he had shut the coach-door. "They shan't call me a whore's
footman for all that".

N 53, B.XII, ch. XII, p. 567-569

And here we will make a concession which would not perhaps have been
expected from us: that no limited form of government is capable of rising to the same
degree of perfection or of producing the same benefits to society with this. Mankind
have never been so happy as when the greatest part of the then known world was
under the dominion of a single master, and this state of their felicity continued during
the reigns of five successive princes*. This was the true era of the Golden Age, and

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini
the only Golden Age which ever had any existence, unless in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulsion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one solid objection to absolute monarchy. The only defect in which excellent constitution seems to be the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an absolute monarch; for this indispensible requires three qualities very difficult, as it appears from history, to be found in princely natures: first, a sufficient quantity of moderation in the prince to be contented with all the power which is possible for him to have; secondly, enough of wisdom to know his own happiness; and thirdly, goodness sufficient to support the happiness of others when not only compatible with, but instrumental to, his own.

Now, if an absolute monarch with all these great and rare qualifications should be allowed capable of conferring the greatest good on society, it must be surely granted on the contrary that absolute power vested in the hands of one who is deficient in them all is likely to be attended with no less a degree of evil.

In short, our own religion furnishes us with adequate ideas of the blessing as well as curse which may attend absolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes; for though the prince of the latter can have no power but what he originally derives from the omnipotent Sovereign in the former, yet it plainly appears from Scripture that absolute power in his infernal dominion is granted to their diabolical ruler. This is indeed the only absolute power which can by Scripture be derived from heaven. If, therefore, the several tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a divine authority, it must be derived from this original grant to the prince of darkness, and these subordinate deputations must consequently come immediately from him whose stamp they so expressly bear.

To conclude: As the examples of all ages show us that mankind in general desire power only to do harm, and when they obtain it for no other purpose, it is not consonant with even the least degree of prudence to hazard an alteration where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance by only two or three exceptions out of a thousand instances to alarm our fears. In this case, it will be much wiser to submit to
a few inconveniences arising from the dispassionate deafness of laws than to remedy them by applying to the passionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the example of the gypsies, though possibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged, since we must remember the very material respect in which they differ from all other people and to which, perhaps, this their happiness is entirely owing: namely, that they look on shame as the most grievous punishment in the world.

1. 2. əնգտոմերձ խորաբերձ

N 54, B.I, ch. IX, p. 27

To this place, therefore, wherever it was, we will wish her a good journey, and for the present take leave of her and of the little foundling, her child, having matters of much higher importance to communicate to the reader.

N 55, B. III, ch. V, p. 92

To return, therefore: the reader will not, I think, wonder that the different behaviour of the two lads above commemorated produced the different effects of which he hath already seen some instance; and besides this, there was another reason for the conduct of the philosopher and the pedagogue, but this being the matter of great importance, we shall reveal it in the next chapter.

N 56, B. IV, ch. XII, p. 147

But Fortune, who had other designs in her head, put an immediate stop to any such proceeding by introducing an accident, which will be related in the next chapter.

N 57, B. V, ch. XII, p. 206-207  (անգտոմերձ-խորաբերձ)

Here we cannot suppress a pious wish that all quarrels were to be decided by those weapons only with which Nature, knowing what is proper for us, hath supplied us;
and that cold iron was to be used in digging no bowels but those of the earth. Then would war, the pastime of monarchs, be almost inoffensive, and battles between great armies be fought at the particular desire of several ladies of quality, who, together with the kings themselves, might be actual spectators of the conflict. Then might the field be this moment well strewed with human carcasses, and the next, the Dead men or infinitely the greatest part of them might get up like Mr. Baye’s troops, and march off either at the sound of the drum or fiddle, as should be previously agreed on.

I would avoid, if possible, treating this matter ludicrously, last grave men and politicians, whom I know to be offended at a jest, may cry pish at it; but, in reality, might not a battle be as well decided by the greater number of broken heads, bloody noses, and black eyes as by the greater heaps of mangled and murdered human bodies? Might not towns be contended for in the same manner? Indeed this may be thought too detrimental a scheme to the French interest, since they would thus lose the advantage they have over other nations in the superiority of their engineers; but when I consider the gallantry and generosity of that people, I am persuaded they would never decline putting themselves upon a par with their adversary, or as the phrase is, making themselves his match.

But such reformations are rather to be wished than hoped for; I shall content myself therefore, with this short hint, and return to my narrative.

N 58, B. X, ch. VI, p. 463

Here, reader, it may be necessary to acquaint thee with some matters which, if thou dost know already, thou art wiser than I take thee to be. And this information thou shalt receive in the next chapter.

N 59, B. XII, ch. XIII, p. 569

The honest lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digression into which we were led at the close of the last chapter to prevent our history from being
applied to the use of the most pernicious doctrine which priestcraft had ever the wickedness or the impudence to preach.

N 60, B. XVI, ch. IX, p. 751

Fortune, however, who was not his friend, resolved, as he intended to give her no second opportunity, to make the best of this, and accordingly produced the tragical incident which we are now in sorrowful notes to record.

1. 3. მსჯელონი შესძლებდა

N 61, B. I, ch. X, p. 30

Is it that some natures delight in evil, as others are thought to delight in virtue? Or is there a pleasure in being accessory to a theft when we cannot commit it ourselves? Or lastly (which experience seems to make probable), have we a satisfaction in aggrandizing our families, even though we have not the least love or respect for them?

N 62, B. IV, ch. II, p. 108

Reader, perhaps thou hast seen the statue of the Venus de Medicis. Perhaps, too, thou hast seen the gallery of beauties at Hampton Court. Thou mayest remember each bright Churchill of the galaxy, and all the toasts of the Kit-cat. Or if their reign was before the times, at least thou hast seen their daughters, the no less dazzling beauties of the present age, whose names, should we here insert, we apprehend they would fill the whole volume.

Now, if thou hast seen all these, be not afraid of the rude answer which Lord Rochester once gave to a man who had seen many things. No. If thou hast seen all these without knowing what beauty is, thou hast no eyes; if without feeling its power, thou hast no heart.
N 63, B. IV, ch. VIII, p. 128

Ye Muses, then, whoever ye are, who love to sing battles, and principally thou, who whilom didst recount the slaughter in those fields where Hudibras and Trulla fought, if thou wert not starved with thy friend Butler, assist me on this great occasion. All things are not in the power of all.

N 64, B. I, ch. II, p. 6-7

Reader, I think proper, before we proceed any farther together, to acquaint thee, that I intend to digress, through this whole history, as often as I can see occasion, of which I am myself a better judge than any pitiful critic whatever; and here I must desire all those critics to mind their own business and not to intermeddle with affairs or works which no ways concern them; for till they produce the authority by which they are constituted judges, I shall not plead to their jurisdiction.

N 65, B. I, ch. III, p. 7

Matters of a much more extraordinary kind are to be the subject of this history, or I should be grossly mis-spend my time in writing so voluminous a work; and you, my sagacious friend, might with equal profit and pleasure travel through some pages which certain droll author have been facetiously pleased to call “The History of England”.

N 66, B. I, ch. IV, p. 11

Reader, take care, I have unadvisedly led thee to the top of as high a hill as Mr. Allworthy’s, and how to get thee down without breaking my neck I do not well know. However, let’s e’en venture to slide down together, for Miss Bridget rings her bell and Mr. Allworthy is summoned to breakfast, where I must attend, and if you please, shall be glad of your company.
N 67, B.I, ch. VI, p. 15

The sagacious reader will not from this simile imagine these poor people had any apprehension of the design with which Mrs. Wilkins was now coming towards them; but as the great beauty of this simile may possibly sleep these hundred years till some future commentator shall take this work in hand, I think proper to lend the reader a little assistance in this place.

N 68, B. I, ch. XI, p. 34

Not to tire the reader by leading him through every scene of this courtship (which, though in the opinion of a certain great author it is the pleasantest scene of life to the actor, is perhaps, as dull and tiresome as any whatever to the audience), the captain made his advance in form, the citadel was defended in form, and at length, in proper form, surrendered at discretion.

N 69, B. I, ch. XIII, p. 38

The reader from what hath been said may imagine that the reconciliation (if indeed it could be so called) was only matter of form; we shall therefore pass it over and hasten to what must surely be thought matter of substance.

N 70, B. III, ch. IV, p. 84-85 (‘καὶ τὸ ἐποίημα’—εἰσοδεύειν)

Before I proceed farther, I shall beg leave to obviate some misconstructions into which the zeal of some few readers may lead them; for I would not willingly give offence to any, especially to men who are warm in the cause of virtue or religion.

I hope, therefore, no man will, by the greatest misunderstanding or perversion of my meaning, misrepresent me as endeavouring to cast any ridicule on the greatest perfections of human nature; and which do, indeed, alone purify and ennoble the heart of man and raise him above the brute creation. This, reader, I will venture to say (and by how much the better man you are yourself by so much the more will you be
inclined to believe me): that I would rather have buried the sentiments of these two persons in eternal oblivion than have done any injury to either of these glorious causes.

On the contrary, it is with a view to their service that I have taken upon me to record the lives actions of two of their false and pretended champions. A treacherous friend is the most dangerous enemy, and I will say boldly that both religion and virtue received more real discredit from hypocrites than the wittiest profligates or infidels could ever cast upon them; nay, farther, as these two in their purity are rightly called the bands of civil society and are indeed the greatest blessings, so when poisoned and corrupted with fraud, pretence, and affectation, they have become the worst of civil courses and have enabled men to perpetrate the most cruel mischiefs to their own species.

Indeed, I doubt not but this ridicule will in general be allowed; my chief apprehension is, as many true and just sentiments often came from the mouths of these persons, lest the whole should be taken together and I should be conceived to ridicule all alike. Now, the reader will be pleased to consider that as neither of these men were fools, they could not be supposed to have holden none but wrong principles and to have uttered nothing but absurdities; what injustice, therefore, must I have done to their characters had I selected only what was bad, and how horridly wretched and maimed must their arguments have appeared!

Upon the whole, it is not religion or virtue, but the want of them which is here exposed. Had not Thwackum too much neglected virtue, and Square religion, in the composition of their several systems, and had not both utterly discarded all natural goodness of heart, they had never been represented as the objects of derision in this history, in which we will now proceed.

N 71, B. III, ch. VII, p. 96-97 ("განიხილავთ"-"გამოქცენი"

In recording some instances of these, we shall if rightly understood afford a very useful lesson to those well disposed youths who shall hereafter be our readers; for
they may here find goodness of heart and openness of temper, though these may give great comfort within and administer to an honest pride in their own minds, will by no means – alas! – do their business in the world. Prudence and circomspection are necessary even to the best of men. They are, indeed, as it were, a guard to Virtue, without which she can never be safe. It is not enough that your designs, nay, that that your actions, are intrinsically good; you must take care they shall appear so. If your inside be never so beautiful, you must preserve a fair outside also. This must be constantly looked to, or malice and envy will take care to blacken it so that the sagacity and goodness of an Allworthy will not be able to see through it and discern the beauties within. Let this, my young readers, be your constant maxim: that no man be good enough to enable him to neglect the rules of prudence, nor will the outward ornaments of decay and decorum. And this precept, my worthy disciples, if you read with due attention, you will, I hope, find sufficiently enforced by examples in the following pages.

I ask pardon for this short appearance, by way of chorus, on the stage. It is in reality for my own sake that, while I am discovering the rocks on which innocence and goodness often split, I may not be misunderstood to recommend I intend to show them they will be undone. And this, as I could not prevail on any of my actors to speak, I was obliged to declare myself.

N 72, B. IV, ch. VI, p. 122

Now, though I shall not, perhaps be able absolutely to acquit him of either of these charges (for want of prudence admits of no excuse, and what I shall produce against the latter charge will, I apprehend, be scarce satisfactory), yet, as evidence may sometimes be offered in mitigation, I shall set forth the plain matter of fact and leave the whole to the reader’s determination.
N 73, B. IV, ch. VI, p. 123

This principle therefore prevented him from any thought of making his fortune by such means (for this, as I have said, is an active principle, and doth not content itself with knowledge or belief only).

N 74, B. IV, ch. VIII, p. 131

This accident was luckily owing to Mr. Square for he, Master Blifil, and Jones had mounted their horses after church to take the air, and had ridden about a quarter of a mile when Square, changing his mind (not idly, but for a reason which we shall unfold as soon as we have leisure), desired the young gentlemen to ride with him another way than they had at first proposed.

N 75, B. IV, ch. VIII, p. 131

Upon which, forgetting the sex of Goody Brown, or perhaps not knowing it in his rage (for in reality she had no feminine appearance but a petticoat, which he might not observe), he gave her a lash or two with his horsewhip; and then flying at the mob, who were all accused by Molly, he dealt his blows so profusely on all sides that unless I would invoke the Muse (which the good-natured reader may think a little too hard upon her, as she hath so lately been violently sweating), it would be impossible for me to recount the horsewhipping of that day.

N 76, B. IV, ch. XI, p. 142

In fact, the good squire was a little too apt to indulge that kind of pleasantry which is generally called rodomonde, but which may with as much propriety be expressed by a much shorter word; and, perhaps, we too often supply the use of this little monosyllable by others, since very much of what frequently passes in the world for wit and humour should, in the strictest purity of language, receive that short appellation which, in conformity to the well-bred laws of custom, I here suppress.
N 77, B. VII, ch. XI, p. 296

By which the reader may perceive (a circumstance which we have not thought necessary to communicate before) that this was the very time when the late rebellion was at the highest;

N 78, BXI, ch. II, p. 475

Our history, just before it was obliged to turn about and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia, and her maid from the inn; we shall now, therefore, pursue the steps of that lovely creature and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill luck, or rather his ill conduct.

N 79, B. XI, ch.IX, p. 513-514 (σπουδαία-μάλαγες-δυνατομογένος)

We will therefore take our leave of these good people and attend his lordship and his fair companies, who made such good expedition that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the second evening arrived in London without having encountered any one adventure on the road worthy the dignity of this history to relate. Our pen, therefore, shall imitate the expedition which it describes, and our history shall keep pace with the travellers who are its subject. Good writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this instance, who always proportions his stay at any place to the beauties, elegancies and curiosities which it affords. At Eshur, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Eastbury, and at Prior’s Park, days are too short for the ravished imagination, while we admire the wondrous power of Art in improving Nature. In some of these, Art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, Nature and Art contend for our applause, but in the last, the former seems to triumph. Here Nature appears in her richest attire, and Art dressed with the modestest simplicity attends her benignant mistress. Here Nature indeed pours fourth the choicest treasure which she hath lavished on this world, and here human nature presents you with an object which can be only exceeded in the other.
The same taste, the same imagination, which luxuriously riots in these elegant scenes, can be amused with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lawns of Devon and Dorset, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy heath of Bagshot plain which extends itself westward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one single tree only is sixteen miles presents itself to the view, unless the clouds in compassion to our tired spirits kindly open their variegated mansions to our prospect.

Not so travels the money-meditating tradesman, the sagacious justice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dullness. On they jog with equal pace through the verdant meadows or over the barren heath, their horses measuring four miles and a half per hour with the utmost exactness, the eyes of the beat and of his master being alike directed forwards and employed in contemplating the same objects in the same manner. With equal rapture the good rider surveys the proudest boasts of the architect and those fair buildings with which some unknown name hath adorned the rich clothing-town, where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument to show that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haste to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy sagacity to apply all this to the Boeotian writers and to those authors who are their opposites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Bestir thyself. Therefore, on this occasion; for though we will always lend thee proper assistance in difficult places, as we do not, like some others, expect thee to use the arts of divination to discover our meaning, yet we shall not indulge thy laziness where nothing but thy own attention is required for thou art highly mistaken if thou dost imagine that we intended when we began this great work to leave thy sagacity nothing to do, or that without sometimes exercising this talent thou wilt be able to travel through our pages with any pleasure or profit to thyself.
N 80, B. XII, ch.III, p. 526

At length we are once more come to our hero; and, to say the truth, we have from this reason alone often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent descriptions out of our work, which would otherwise have been in it. And this suspicion, to be honest, arises as is generally the case, from our own wicked heart; for we have ourselves been very often most horribly given to jumping as we have run through the pages of voluminous historians.

But, in reality, if we have not all the virtues, I will boldly say, neither have we all the vices of a prudent character; and though it is not easy to conceive circumstances much more miserable than those of poor Jones at present, we shall return to him, and attend upon him with the same diligence as if he was wantoning in the brightest beams of fortune.

N 81, B. XII, ch. VIII, p. 549-550

But so matters fell out, and so I must relate them; and if any reader is shocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I must remind such persons that I am not writing a system but a history, and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received nations concerning truth and nature. But if this was never so easy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For instance, as the fact at present before us now stands without any comment of mine upon it, though it may at first sight offend some readers, yet upon more mature consideration it must please all; for wise and good men may consider what happened to Jones at Upton as a just punishment for his wickedness with regard to women, of which it was indeed the immediate consequence, and silly and bad persons may comfort themselves in their vices by flattering their own hearts that the characters of men are rather owing to accident than to virtue. Now, perhaps the reflections which should be here inclined to draw would alike contradict both these conclusions, and would show that these incidents contribute only to confirm the great, useful, and uncommon doctrine which
we must not fill up our pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary parson fill his sermon by repeating his text at the end of every paragraph.

N 82, B XVII, ch. II, p. 753

Some readers may, perhaps, be pleased with these minute circumstances, in relating of which we follow the example of Plutarch, one of the best of our brother historians, and others, to whom they may appear trivial, will we hope at least pardon them, as we are never prolix on such occasions.

1. 5. ḫaṣětḥēm – ḥāḏām

N 83, B. I, ch. I, p. 3-5

The introduction to the work, or bill of fare to the feast

An author ought to consider himself, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemosynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all persons are welcome for their money. In the former case, it is well known that the entertainer provides what fare he pleases; and though this should be very indifferent, and utterly disagreeable to the taste of his company, they must not find any fault; nay, on the contrary, good breeding forces them outwardly to approve and to commend whatever is set before them. Now the contrary of this happens to the master of an ordinary. Men who pay for what they eat will insist on gratifying their palates, however nice and whimsical these may prove; and if everything is not agreeable to their taste, will challenge a right to censure, to abuse, and to d—n their dinner without control.

To prevent, therefore, giving offence to their customers by any such disappointment, it hath been usual with the honest and well-meaning host to provide a bill of fare which all persons may peruse at their first entrance into the house; and having thence acquainted themselves with the entertainment which they may expect,
may either stay and regale with what is provided for them, or may depart to some other ordinary better accommodated to their taste.

As we do not disdain to borrow wit or wisdom from any man who is capable of lending us either, we have condescended to take a hint from these honest victuallers, and shall prefix not only a general bill of fare to our whole entertainment, but shall likewise give the reader particular bills to every course which is to be served up in this and the ensuing volumes.

The provision, then, which we have here made is no other than Human Nature. Nor do I fear that my sensible reader, though most luxurious in his taste, will start, cavil, or be offended, because I have named but one article. The tortoise – as the alderman of Bristol, well learned in eating, knowing by much experience – besides the delicious calipash and calipee, contains many different kinds of food; nor can the learned reader be ignorant, that in human nature, though here collected under one general name, is such prodigious variety, that a cook will have sooner gone through all the several species of animal and vegetable food in the world, than an author will be able to exhaust so extensive a subject.

An objection may perhaps be apprehended from the more delicate, that this dish is too common and vulgar; for what else is the subject of all the romances, novels, plays, and poems, with which the stalls abound? Many exquisite viands might be rejected by the epicure, if it was a sufficient cause for his contemning of them as common and vulgar, that something was to be found in the most paltry alleys under the same name. In reality, true nature is as difficult to be met with in authors, as the Bayonne ham, or Bologna sausage, is to be found in the shops.

But the whole, to continue the same metaphor, consists in the cookery of the author; for, as Mr. Pope tells us –

True wit is nature to advantage drest;

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest.

The same animal which hath the honour to have some part of his flesh eaten at the table of a dike, may perhaps be degraded in another part, and some of his limbs
gibbeted, as it were, in the vilest stall in town. Where, then, lies the difference between the food of the nobleman and the porter, if both are at dinner on the same ox or calf, but in the seasoning, the dressing, the garnishing, and the setting forth? Hence the one provokes and incites the most languid appetite, and the other turns and pall science that which is the sharpest and keeneest.

In like manner, the excellence of the mental entertainment consists less in the subject than in the author’s skill in well dressing it up. How pleased, therefore, will the reader be to find that we have, in the following work, adhered closely to one of the highest principles of the best cook which the present age, or perhaps that of Heliogabalus, hath produced. This great man, as is well known to all lovers of polite eating, begins at first by setting plain things before his hungry guests, rising afterwards by degrees as their stomachs may be supposed to decrease, to the very quintessence of sauce and spices. In like manner, we shall represent human nature at first to the keen appetite of our reader, in that more plain and simple manner in which it is found in the country, and shall hereafter hash and ragoo it with all the high French and Italian seasoning of affectation and vice which courts and cities afford. By these means, we doubt not but our reader may be rendered desirous to read on for ever, as the great person just above-mentioned is supposed to have made some persons eat.

Having premised thus much, we will now detain those who like our bill of fare no longer from their diet, and shall proceed directly to serve up the first course of our history for their entertainment.

N 84, B. II, ch. I, p. 41-42

Showing what kind of history this is; what it is like, and what it is not like

Though we have properly enough entitled this our work, a history, and not a life; nor an apology for a life, as is more in fashion; yet we intend in it rather to pursue the method of those writers, who profess to disclose the revolutions of countries, than to imitate the painful and voluminous historian, who, to preserve the regularity of his
series, thinks himself obliged to fill up as much paper with the detail of months and years in which nothing remarkable happened, as he employs upon those notable aeras when the greatest scenes have been transacted on the human stage.

Such histories as these do, in reality, very much resemble a newspaper, which consists of just the same number of words, whether there be any news in it or not. They may likewise be compared to a stage coach, which performs constantly the same course, empty as well as full. The writer, indeed, seems to think himself obliged to keep even pace with time, whose amanuensis he is; and, like his master, travels as slowly through centuries of monkish dullness, when the world seems to have been asleep, as through that bright and busy age so nobly distinguished by the excellent Latin poet:

\[
\text{Ad conflagrmond venientibus undique panis,}
\]
\[
\text{Omnia cum belli trepido concussa tumultu}
\]
\[
\text{Horrida contremuere sub altis aetheris auras;}
\]
\[
\text{In dubioce fuit sub utrorum regna cadendum}
\]
\[
\text{Omnibus humanis esset. terraque marique.}
\]

Of which we wish we could give our readers a more adequate translation than that by Mr. Creech:

\[
\text{When dreadful Carthage frightened Rome with arms,}
\]
\[
\text{And all the world was shook with fierce alarms;}
\]
\[
\text{Whilst undecided yet, which part should fall,}
\]
\[
\text{Which nation rise the glorious lord of all.}
\]

Now it is our purpose, in the ensuing pages, to pursue a contrary method. When any extraordinary scene presents itself (as we trust will often be the case), we shall spare no pains nor paper to open it at large to our reader; but if whole years should pass without producing anything worthy his notice, we shall not be afraid of a chasm in our history; but shall hasten on to matters of consequence, and leave such periods of time totally unobserved.
These are indeed to be considered as blanks in the grand lottery of time. We therefore, who are the registers of that lottery, shall imitate those sagacious persons who deal in that which is drawn at Guildhall, and who never trouble the public with the many blanks they dispose of; but when a great prize happens to be drawn, the newspapers are presently filled with it, and the world is sure to be informed at whose office it was sold: indeed, commonly two or three different offices lay claim to the honour of having disposed of it; by which, I suppose, the adventurers are given to understand that certain brokers are in the secrets of Fortune, and indeed of her cabinet council.

My reader then is not to be surprised, if, in the course of this work, he shall find some chapters very short, and others altogether as long; some that contain only the time of a single day, and others that comprise years; in a word, if my history sometimes seems to stand still, and sometimes to fly. For all which I shall not look on myself as accountable to any court of critical jurisdiction whatever; for as I am, in reality, the founder of a new province of writing, so I am at liberty to make what laws I lease therein. And these laws, my readers, whom I consider as my subjects, are bound to believe in and to obey; with which that may readily and cheerfully comply, I do hereby assure them that I shall principally regard their case and advantage in all such institutions: for I do not, like a jure divino tyrant, imagine that they are my slaves, or my commodity. I am, indeed, set over them for their own good only, and was created for their use, and not they for mine. Nor do I doubt, while I make their interest the great rule of my writings, they will unanimously concur in supporting my dignity, and in rendering me all the honour I shall deserve or desire.

N 85, B. II, ch. I, p. 75-76

Containing little or nothing

The reader will be pleased to remember, that, at the beginning of the second book of this history we gave him a hint of our intention to pass over several large
periods of time, in which nothing happened worthy of being recorded in a chronicle of this kind.

In so doing, we do not only consult our own dignity and ease, but the good and advantage of the reader: for besides that by these means we prevent him from throwing away his time, in reading without either pleasure or emolument, we give him, at all such seasons, an opportunity of employing that wonderful sagacity, of which he is master, by filling up these vacant spaces of time with his own conjectures; for which purpose we have taken care to qualify him in the preceding pages.

For instance, what reader but knows that Mr. Allworthy6 felt, at first, for the loss of his friend, those emotions of grief, which on such occasions enter into all men whose hearts are not composed of flint, or their heads of as solid materials? Again, what reader doth not know that philosophy and religion in time moderated, and at last extinguished, this grief? The former of these teaching the folly and vanity of it, and the latter correcting it as unlawful, and at the same time assuaging it, by raising future hopes and assurances, which enable a strong and religious mind to take leave of a friend, on his deathbed, with little less indifference than if he was preparing for a long journey; and, indeed, with little less hope of seeing him again.

Nor can the judicious reader be at a greater loss on account of Mrs. Bridget Blifil, who, he may be assured, conducted herself through the whole season in which grief is to make its appearance on the outside of the body, with the strictest regard to all the rules of custom and decency, suiting the alterations of her countenance to the several alterations of her habit: for as this changed from weeds to black, from black to grey, from grey to white, so did her countenance change from dismal to sorrowful, from sorrowful to sad, and from sad to serious, till the day came in which she was allowed to return to her former serenity.

We have mentioned these two, as examples only of the task which may be imposed on readers of the lower class. Much higher and harder exercises of judgment and penetration may reasonably be expected from the upper graduates in criticism.
Many notable discoveries will, I doubt not, be made by such, of the transactions which happened in the family of our worthy man, during all the years which we have thought proper to pass over: for though nothing worthy of a place in this history occurred within that period, yet did several incidents happen of equal importance with those reported by the daily and weakly historians of the age; in reading which great numbers of persons consume a considerable part of their time, very little, I am afraid, to their emolument. Now, in the conjectures here proposed, some of the most excellent faculties of the mind may be employed to much advantage, since it is a more useful capacity to be able to foretell the actions of men, in any circumstance, from their characters, than to judge of their characters from their actions. The former, I own, requires the greater penetration; but may be accomplished by true sagacity with no less certainty than the latter.

As we are sensible that much the greatest part of our readers are very eminently possessed of this quality, we have left them a space of twelve years to exert it in; and shall now bring forth our hero, at about fourteen years of age, not questioning that many have been long impatient to be introduced to his acquaintance.

N 86, B. IV, ch. I, p. 105-107

**Containing five pages of paper**

As truth distinguishes our writings from those idle romances which are filled with monsters, the productions, not of nature, but of distempered brains; and which have been therefore recommended by an eminent critic to the sole use of the pastrycook; so, on the other hand, we would avoid any resemblance to that kind of history which a celebrated poet seems to think is no less calculated for the emolument of the brewer, as the reading it should be always attended with a tankard of good ale —

> While — history with her comrade ale,
>
> Soothes the sad series of her serious tale.

For as this is the liquor of modern historians, nay, perhaps their muse, if we may believe the opinion of Butler, who attributes inspiration to ale, it ought likewise to be
the potation of their readers, since every book ought to be read with the same spirit and in the same manner as it is writ. Thus the famous author of Hurlothrumbo told a learned bishop, that the reason his lordship could not taste the excellence of his piece was, that he did not read it with a fiddle in his hand; which instrument he himself had always had in his own, when he composed it.

That our work, therefore, might be in no danger of being likened to the labours of these historians, we have taken every occasion of interspersing through the whole sundry smiles, descriptions, and other kind of poetical embellishments. These are, indeed, designed to supply the place of the said ale, and to refresh the mind, whenever those slumbers, which in a long work are apt to invade the reader as well as the writer, shall begin to creep upon him. Without interruptions of this kind, the best narrative of plain matter of fact must overpower every reader; for nothing but the everlasting watchfulness, which Homer has ascribed only to Jove himself, can be proof against a newspaper of many volumes.

We shall leave to the reader to determine with what judgment we have chosen the several occasions for inserting those ornamental parts of our work. Surely it will be allowed that none could be more proper than the present, where we are about to introduce a considerable character on the scene; no less, indeed, than the heroine of this heroic, historical prosaic poem. Here, therefore, we have thought proper to prepare the mind of the reader for her reception, by filling it with pleasing image which we can draw from the face of nature. And for this method we plead many precedents. First, this is an art well known to, and much practiced by, our tragic poets, who seldom fail to prepare their audience for the reception of their principal characters.

Thus the hero is always introduced with a flourish of drums and trumpets, in order to rouse a marital spirit in the audience, and to accommodate their ears to bombast and fustian, which Mr. Locke's blind man would not have grossly erred in likening to the sound of a trumpet. Again, when lovers are coming forth, soft music often conducts them on the stage, either to soothe the audience with the softness of
the reader passion, or to lull and prepare them for that gentle slumber in which they will most probably be composed by the ensuing scene.

And not only the poets, but the masters of these poets, the managers of playhouses, seem to be in this secret; for, besides the aforesaid kettle-drums, &c., which denote the hero’s approach, he is generally ushered on the stage by a large troop of half a dozen scene-shifters; and how necessary these are imagined to his appearance, may be concluded from the following theatrical story:

King Pyrrhus at dinner at an ale-house bordering on the theatre, when he was summoned to go on the stage. The hero, being unwilling to quit his shoulder of mutton, and as unwilling to draw on himself the indignation of Mr. Wilks (his brother-manager) for making the audience wait, had bribed these his harbingers to be out of the way. While Mr. Wilks, therefore, was thundering out, ‘Where are the carpenters to walk on before king Pyrrhus?’ that monarch very quietly ate his mutton, and the audience, however impatient, were obliged to entertain themselves with music in his absence.

To be plain, I much question whether the politician, who hath generally a good nose, hath not scented out somewhat of the utility of this practice. I am convinced that awful magistrate my lord-mayor contracts a good deal of that reverence which attends him through the year, by the several pageants which precede his pomp. Nay, I must confess, that even I myself, who am not remarkably liable to be captivated with show, have yielded not a little to the impressions of much preceding state. When I have seen a man strutting in a procession, after others whose business was only to walk before him, I have conceived a higher notion of his dignity than I have felt on seeing him in a common situation. But there is one instance, which comes exactly up to my purpose. This is the custom of sending on a basket-woman, who is to precede the pomp at a coronation, and to strew the stage with flowers, before the great personages begin their procession. The antients would certainly have invoked the goddess Flora for this purpose, and it would have been no difficulty for their priests, or politicians to have persuaded the people if the real presence of the deity, though a
plain mortal had personated her and performed her office. But we have no such
design of imposing on our reader: and therefore those who object to the heathen
theology, may, if they please, change our goddess into the above-mentioned basket-
woman. Our intention, in short, is to introduce our heroine with the utmost solemnity
on our power, with an elevation of stile, and all other circumstances proper to raise
the veneration of our reader. Indeed we would, for certain causes, advise those of our
male readers who have any hearts, to read no farther, were we not well assured, that
how amiable soever the picture of our heroine will appear, as it is really a copy from
nature, many of our fair countrywomen will be found worthy to satisfy any passion,
and to answer any idea of female perfection which our pencil will be able to raise.

And now, without any farther preface, we proceed to our next chapter.

N 87, B. V, ch. I, p. 156-160

Of the serious in writing and for what purpose it is introduced

Peradventure there may be no parts in this prodigious work which will give the
reader less pleasure in the perusing, than those which have given the author the
greatest pains in composing. Among these probably may be reckoned those initial
essays which we have prefixed to the historical matter contained in every book; and
which we have determined to be essentially necessary to this kind of writing, of
which we have set ourselves at the head.

For this our determination we do not hold ourselves strictly bound to assign any
reason; it being abundantly sufficient that we have laid it down as a rule necessary to
be observed in all prosai-comi-epic writing. Who ever demanded the reasons of that
nice unity of time or place which is now established to be so essential to dramatic
poetry? What critic hath been ever asked, why a play may not contain two days as
well as one? Or why the audience (provided they travel, like electors, without any
expense) may not be wafted fifty miles as well as five? Hath any commentator we;;
accounted for the limitation which an antient critic hath set to the drama, which he
will have contain neither more nor less than five acts? Or hath any one living
attempted to explain what the modern judges of our theatres mean by that word *low*; by which they have happily succeeded in banishing all humour from the stage, and have made the theatre as dull as a drawing-room! Upon all these occasions the world seems to have embraced a maxim of our law, *viz. cuicunque in arte sua perito credendum est*: for it seems perhaps difficult to conceive that any one should have had enough of impudence to lay down dogmatic rules in any art or science without the least foundation. In such cases, therefore, we are apt to conclude there are sound and good reasons at the bottom, though we are unfortunately not able to see so far.

Now, in reality, the world have paid too great a compliment to critics, and have imagined them men of much greater profundity than they really are. From this complacency, the critics have been emboldened to assume a dictatorial power, and have so far succeeded, that they are now become the masters, and have the assurance to give laws to those authors from whose predecessors they originally received them. The critic, rightly considered, is no more than the clerk, whose office it is to transcribe the rules and laws laid down by those great judges whose vast strength of genius hath placed them in the light of legislators, in the several sciences over which they presided. This office was all which the critics of old aspired to; nor did they ever date to advance a sentence, without supporting it by the authority of the judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in process of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk began to invade the power and assume the dignity of his master. The laws of writing were no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critic. The clerk became the legislator, and those very peremptorily gave laws whose business it was, at first, only to transcribe them.

Hence arose an obvious, and perhaps an unavoidable error; for these critics being men of shallow capacities, very easily mistook mere form for substance. They acted as a judge would, who should adhere to the lifeless letter of law, and reject the spirit. Little circumstances, which were perhaps accidental in a great author, were by these critics considered to constitute his chief merit, and transmitted as essential to be
observed by all his successors. To these encroachments, time and ignorance, the two
great supporters of imposture, gave authority; and thus many rules for good writing
have been established, which have not the least foundation in truth or nature; and
which commonly serve for no other purpose than to curb and restrain genius, in the
same manner as it would have restrained the dancing-master, had the many excellent
treatises on that art laid it down as an essential rule that every man must dance in
chains.

To avoid, therefore, all imputation of laying down a rule for posterity, founded
only on the authority of ipse dixit — for which, to say the truth, we have not the
profoundest veneration — we shall here waive the privilege above contended for, and
proceed to lay before the reader the reasons which have included us to intersperse
these several digressive essays in the course of this work.

And here we shall of necessity be led to open a new vein of knowledge, which if
it hath been discovered, hath not, to our remembrance, been wrought on by any
antient or modern writer. This vein is no other than that of contrast, which runs
through all the works of the creation, and may probably have a large share in
constituting in us the idea of all beauty, as well as natural as artificial: for what
demonstrates the beauty and excellence of anything but its reverse? Thus the beauty
of day, and that of summer, is set off by the horrors of night and winter. And, I
believe, if it was possible for a man to have seen only the two former, he would have
a very imperfect idea of their beauty.

But to avoid too serious an air; can it be doubted, but that the finest woman in the
world would lose all benefit of her charms in the eye of a man who had never seen
one of another cast? The ladies themselves seem so sensible of this, that they are all
industrious to produce foils: nay, they will become foils to themselves; for I have
observed (at Bath particularly) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as possible in
the morning, in order to set off that beauty which they intend to show you in the
evening.
Most artists have this secret in practice, though some, perhaps, have not much studied the theory. The jeweller knows that the finest brilliant requires a foil; and the painter, by the contrast of his figures, often acquires great applause.

A great genius among us will illustrate this matter fully. I cannot, indeed, range hi, under any general head of common artists, as he hath a title to be placed among those

*Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes.*

Who by invented arts have life improved.

I mean here the inventor of that most exquisite entertainment, called the English Pantomime.

This entertainment consists of two parts, which the inventor distinguishes by the names of the serious and the comic. The serious exhibited a certain number of heathen gods and heroes, who were certainly the worst and dullest company into which an audience was ever introduced; and (which was a secret known to few) were actually intended so to be, on order to contrast the comic part of the entertainment, and to display the tricks of harlequin to the better advantage.

This was, perhaps, no very civil use of such personages: but the contrivance was, nevertheless, ingenious enough, and had its effect. And this will now plainly appear, if, instead of serious and comic, we supply the words duller and dullest; for the comic was certainly duller than anything before shown on the stage, and could be set off only by that superlative degree of dullness which composed the serious. So intolerably serious, indeed, were these gods and heroes, that harlequin (though the English gentleman of that name is not at all related to the French family, for he is of a much more serious disposition) was always welcome on the stage, as he relieved the audience from worse company.

Judicious writers have always practiced this art of contrast with great success. I have been surprised that Horace should cavil at this art in Homer; but indeed he contradicts himself in the very next line:

*Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus;*
Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

I grieve if e’er gret Homer chance to sleep,

Yet slumbers on long works have right to creep.

For we are not here to understand, as perhaps some have, that an author actually falls asleep while he is writing. It is true, that readers are too apt to be so overtaken; but if the work was as long as any of Oldmixon, the author himself is too well entertained to be subject to the least drowsiness. He is, as Mr. Pope observes,

Sleepless himself to give his readers sleep.

To say the truth, these soporific parts are so many scenes of serious artfully interwoven, in order to contrast and set off the rest; and this is the true meaning of a late facetious writer, who told the public that whenever he was dull they might be assured there was a design in it.

In this light, then, or rather in this darkness, I would have the reader to consider these initial essays. And after this warning, if he shall be of opinion that he can find enough of serious in other parts of this history, he may pass over these, in which we profess to be laboriously dull, and begin the following books at the second chapter.

N 88, B. VI, ch. I, p. 209-211

Of love

In our last book we have been obliged to deal pretty much with the passion of love; and in our succeeding book shall be forced to handle this subject still more largely. It may not therefore in this place be improper to apply ourselves to the examination of that modern doctrine, by which certain philosophers, among many other wonderful discoveries, pretend to have found out, that there is no such passion in the human breast.

Whether these philosophers be the same with that surprising sect, who are honourably mentioned by the late Dr. Swift, as having, by the mere force of genius alone, without the least assistance of any kind of learning, or even reading,
discovered that profound and invaluable secret that there is no God; or whether they are not rather the same with those who some years since very much alarmed the world, by showing that there were no such things as virtue or goodness really existing in human nature, and who deduced our best actions from pride, I will not here presume to determine. In reality, I am inclined to suspect, that all these several fingers of truth, are the very identical men who are by others called the finders of gold. The method used in both these searches after truth and after gold, being indeed one and the same, viz. the searching, rummaging, and examining into a nasty place; indeed, in the former instances, into the nastiest of all places, A BAD MIND.

But though in this particular, and perhaps in their success, the truth-finder and the gold-finder may very properly be compared together; yet in modesty, surely, there can be no comparison between the two; for who ever heard of a gold-finder that had the impudence or folly to assert, from the ill success of his search, that there was no such thing as gold in the world? Whereas the truth-finder, having raked out that lakes, his own mind, and being there capable of tracing no ray of divinity, nor anything virtuous or good, or lovely, or loving, very fairly, honestly, and logically concludes that no such things exist in the whole creation.

To avoid, however, all contention, if possible, with these philosophers, if they will be called so; and to show our own disposition to accommodate matters peaceably between us, we shall here make them some concessions, which may possibly put an end to the dispute.

First, we will grant that many minds, and perhaps those of the philosophers, are entirely free from the least traces of such a passion.

Secondly, that what is commonly called love, namely, the desire of satisfying a voracious appetite with a certain quantity of delicate white human flesh, is by no means that passion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly hunger; and as no glutton is ashamed to apply the word love to his appetite, and to say he LOVES such and such dishes; so may the lover of this kind, with equal propriety, say, he HUNGERS after such and such women.
Thirdly, I will grant, which I believe will be a most acceptable concession, that this love for which I am an advocate, though it satisfies itself in a much more delicate manner, doth nevertheless seek its own satisfaction as much as the grossest of all our appetites.

And, lastly, that this love, when it operates towards one of a different sex, is very apt, towards its complete gratification, to call in the aid of that hunger which I have mentioned above; and which it is so far from abating, that it heightens all its delights to a degree scarce imaginable by those who have never been susceptible of any other emotions than what have proceeded from appetite alone.

In return to all these concessions, I desire of the philosophers to grant, that there is in some (I believe in many) human breasts a kind and benevolent disposition, which is gratified by contributing to the happiness of others. That in this gratification alone, as in friendship, in parental and filial affection, as indeed in general philanthropy, there is a great and exquisite delight. That if we will not call such disposition love, we have no name for it. That though the pleasures arising from such pure love may be heightened and sweetened by the assistance of amorous desires, yet the former can subsist alone, nor are they destroyed by the intervention of the latter. Lastly, that esteem and gratitude are the proper motives to love, as youth and beauty are to desire, and, therefore, though such desire may naturally cease, when age or sickness overtakes its object; yet these can have no effect on love, nor ever shake or remove, from a good mind, that sensation or passion which hath gratitude and esteem for its basis.

To deny the existence of a passion of which we often see manifest instances, seems to be very strange and absurd; and can indeed proceed only from that self-admonition which we have mentioned above: but how unfair is this! Doth the man who recognizes in his own heart no traces of avarice or ambition, conclude, therefore, that there are no such passions in human nature? Why will we not modestly observe the same rule in judging of the good, as well as the evil of others? Or why, in any case, will we, as Shakespeare phrases it, 'put the world in our own person'?
Predominant vanity is, I am afraid, too much concerned here. This is one instance of that adulation which we bestow on our own minds, and this is almost universally. For there is scarce any man, how much soever he may despise the character of a flatterer, but will condescend in the meanest manner to flatter himself.

To those therefore I apply for the truth of the above observations, whose own minds can bear testimony to what I have advanced.

Examine your heart, my good reader, and resolve whether you do believe these matters with me. If you do, you may now proceed to their exemplification in the following pages: if you do not, you have, I assure you, already read more than you have understood; and it would be wise to pursue your business, or your pleasure (such as they are), than to throw away any more of your time in reading what you can neither taste nor comprehend. To treat of the effects of love to you, must be as absurd as to discoursor on colours to a man born blind: since possibly your idea of love may be as absurd as that which we are told such a blind man once entertained of the colour scarlet; that colour seemed to him to be very much like the sound of a trumpet: and love probably may, in your opinion, very greatly resemble a dish of soup, or a sirloin of roast-beef.

N 89, B. VII, ch. I, p. 258-261

A comparison between the world and the stage

The world hath been often compared to the theatre; and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have considered human life as a great drama, resembling, in almost every particular, those scenical representations which Thespis is first received with so much approbation and delight in all polite countries.

This thought hath been carried so far, and is become so general, that some words proper to the theatre, and which were at first metaphorically applied to the world, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both; thus stage and scene are by common use grown as familiar to us, when we speak of life in general, as when we
confine ourselves to dramatic performances: and when transactions behind the curtain are mentioned, St. James's is more likely to occur to our thoughts than Drury-lane.

It may seem easy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical stage is nothing more than a representation, or, as Aristotle calls it, an imitation of what really exists: and, hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high compliment to those who by their writings or actions have been so capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures in a manner confounded with, or mistaken for, the originals.

But, in reality, we are not so fond of paying compliments to these people, whom we use as children frequently do the instruments of their amusement; and have much more pleasure in hissing and buffeting them, than in admiring their excellence. There are many other reasons which have induced us to see this analogy between the world and the stage.

Some have considered the larger part of mankind in the light of actors, as personating characters no more their own, and to which in fact they have no better title, than the payer hath to be in earnest thought the king or emperor whom he represents. Thus the hypocrite may be said to be a player; and indeed the Greeks called them both by one and the same name.

The brevity of life hath likewise given occasion to this comparison. So the immortal Shakspear:

- Life's a poor player,
  That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
  And then is heard no more.

For which hackneyed quotation I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a poem called the Deity, published about nine years ago, and long since buried in oblivion; a proof that good books, no more than good men, do always survive the bad.

  From thee* all human actions take their springs,
  The rise of empires and the fall of kings!

* The Deity
See the vast Theatre of Time display’d,
While o’er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign’d,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin’d:
Awhile they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says – *The things have been!*

In all these, however, and in every other similitude of life to the theatre, the resemblance hath been always taken from the stage only. None, as I remember, have at all considered the audience at this great drama.

But as nature often exhibits some of her best performances to a very full house, so will the behaviour of her spectators no less admit the above-mentioned comparison than that of her actors. In this vast theatre of time are seated the friend and the critic; here are claps and shouts, hisses and groans; in short, everything which was ever seen or heard at the Theatre-Royal.

Let us examine this in one example; for instance, in the behaviour of the great audience on that scene which Nature was pleased to exhibit in the twelfth chapter of the preceding book, where she introduced Black George running away with the £500 from his friend and benefactor.

Those who sat in the world’s upper gallery treated that incident, I am well convinced, with their usual vociferation; and every term of scurrilous reproach was most probably vented on that occasion.

If we had descended to the next order of spectators, we should have found an equal degree of abhorrence, though less of noise and scurrility; yet here the good
women gave Black George to the devil, and many of them expected every minute that
the cloven-footed gentleman would fetch his own.

The pit, as usual, was no doubt divided; those who delight in heroic virtue and
perfect character objected to the producing such instances of villany, without
punishing them very severely for the sake of example. Some of the author’s friends
cryed, ‘Look’e, gentlemen, the man is a villain, but it is nature for all that.’ And all
the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, &c., called it low, and fell a
groaning.

As for the boxes, thy behaved with their accustomed politeness. Most of them
were attending to something else. Some of those few who regarded the scene at all,
declared he was a bad kind of man; while others refused to give their opinion, till
they had heard that of the best judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the scenes of this great theatre of Nature
(and no author ought to write anything besides dictionaries and spelling-books who
hath not this privilege), can censure the action, without conceiving any absolute
detestation of the person, whom perhaps Nature may not have designed to act an ill
part in all her dramas; for in this instance life most exactly resembles the stage, since
it is often the same person who represents the villain and the hero; and he who
engages your admiration to-day will probably attract your contempt tomorrow. As
Garrick, whom I regard in tragedy to be the greatest genius the world hath ever
produced, sometimes condescends to play the fool; so did Scipio the Greta, and
Laelius the Wise, according to Horace, many years ago; nay, Cicero reports them to
have been ‘incredibly childish.’ These, it is true, played the fool, like my friend
Garrick, in jest only; but several eminent characters have, in numberless instances of
their lives, played the fool egregiously in earnest; so far as to render it a matter of
some doubt whether their wisdom or folly was predominant; or whether they were
better intitled to the applause or censure, the administration or contempt, the love or
hatred, of mankind.
Those persons, indeed, who have passed any time behind the scenes of this great theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the several disguises which are there put on, but also with the fantastic and capricious behaviour of the Passions, who are the managers and directors of this theatre (for as to Reason, the patentee, he is known to be a very idle fellow and seldom to exert himself), may most probably have learned to understand the famous nil admirari of Horace, or in the English phrase, to stare at nothing.

A single bad act no more constitutes a villain in life, than a single bad part on the stage. The passions, like the managers of a playhouse, often force men upon parts without consulting their judgment, and sometimes without any regard to their talents. Thus the man, as well as the player, may condemn what he himself acts; nay, it is common to see vice sit as awkwardly on some men, as the character of Iago would on the honest face of Mr. William Mills.

Upon the whole, then, the man of candour and of true understanding is never hasty to condemn. He can censure an imperfection, or even a vice, without rage against the guilty party. In a word, they are the same folly, the same childishness, the same ill breeding, and the same ill nature, which raise all the clamours and uproars both in life and on the stage. The worst of men generally have the words rogue and villain most in their mouths, as the lowest of all wretches are the aptest to cry out low in the pit.

N 90, B. VIII, ch. I, p. 322-327

A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous; being much the longest of all our introductory chapters

As we are now entering upon a book in which the course of our history will oblige us to relate some matters of a more strange and surprising kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiss, in the prolegomenous or introductory chapter, to say something of that species of writing which is called the marvellous. To this we shall, as well for the sake of ourselves as others, endeavour to set some
certain bounds, and indeed nothing can be more necessary, as critics* of different complexions are here apt to run into very different extremes; for while some are, with M. Dacier, ready to allow, that the same thing which is impossible may be yet probable,** others have so little historic or poetic faith, that they believe nothing to be either possible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own observation.

First, then, I think it may very reasonable be required of every writer, that he keeps within the bounds of possibility; and still remembers that what it is not possible for man to perform, it is scarce possible for man to believe he did perform. This conviction perhaps gave birth to many stories of the antient heathen deities (for most of them are of poetical original). The poet, being desirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant imagination, took refuge in that power, of the extent of which his readers were no judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite, and consequently they could not be shocked at any prodigies related of it. This hath been strongly urged in defence of Homer’s miracles; and it is perhaps a defence; not, as Mr. Pope would have it, because Ulysses told a set of foolish lies to the Haitians, who were a very dull nation; but because the poet himself wrote to heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith. For my own part, I must confess, so compassionate is my temper, I wish polyphemus had confined himself to his milk diet, and preserved his eye; nor could Ulysses be much more concerned than myself, when his companions were turned into swine by Circe, who showed, I think, afterwards, too much regard for man’s flesh to be supposed capable of converting it into bacon. I wish, likewise, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule prescribed by Horace, to introduce supernatural agents as seldom as possible. We should not then have seen his gods coming on trivial errands, and often behaving themselves so as not only to forfeit all title to respect, but to become the objects of scorn and derision. A conduct

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* By this word here, and in most other parts of our work, we mean every reader in the world.

** It is happy for M. Dacier that he was not an Irishman.
which must have shocked the credulity of a pious and sagacious heathen; and which could never have been defended, unless by agreeing with a supposition to which I have been sometimes almost inclined, that this most glorious poet, as he certainly was, had an intent to burlesque the superstitious faith of his own age and country.

But I have rested too long on a doctrine which can be of no use to a Christian writer; for as he cannot introduce into his works any of that heavenly host which make a part of his creed, so it is horrid puerility to search the heathen theology for any of those deities who have been long since dethroned from their immorality. Lord Shaftsbury observes, that nothing is more cold than the invocation of a muse by a modern; he might have added, that nothing can be more absurd. A modern may with more elegance invoke a ballad, as some have thought Homer did, or a mug of ale, with the author of Hudibras; which latter may perhaps have inspired much more poetry, as well as prose, than all the liquors of Hippocrene or Helicon.

The only supernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghosts; but of these I would advise an author to be extremely sparing. These are indeed, like arsenic, and other dangerous drugs in physic, to be used with the utmost caution; nor would I advise the introduction of them at all in those works, or by those authors, to which, or to whom, a horselaugh in the reader would be any great prejudice or mortification.

As for elves and fairies, and other such mummary, I purposely omit the mention of them, as I should be very unwilling to confine within any bounds those surprizing imaginations, for whose vast capacity the limits of human nature are too narrow; whose works are to be considered as a new creation; and who have consequently just right to do what they will with their own.

Man therefore is the highest subject (unless on very extraordinary occasions indeed) which presents itself to the pen of our historian, or of our poet; and, in relating his actions, great care is to be taken that we do not exceed the capacity of the agent we describe.
Nor is possibility alone sufficient to justify us; we must keep likewise within the rules of probability. It is, I think, the opinion of Aristotle; or if not, it is the opinion of some wise man, whose authority will be as weighty when it is as old, 'That it is no excuse for a poet who relates what is incredible, that the thing related is really matter of fact.' This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the historian; for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them, though they may be of so extraordinary a nature as will require no small degree of historical faith to swallow them. Such was the successless armament of Xerxes described by Herodotus, or the successful expedition of Alexander related by Arrian. Such of later years was the victory of Agincourt obtained by Harry the Fifth, or that of Narva won by Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. All which instances, the more we reflect on them, appear still the more astonishing.

Such facts, however, as they occur in the thread of the story, nay, indeed, as they constitute the essential parts of it, the historian is not only justifiable in recording as they really happened, but indeed would be unpardonable should he omit or alter them. But there are other facts not of such consequence nor so necessary, which, though ever so well attested, may nevertheless be sacrificed to oblivion in complacence to the scepticism of a reader. Such is that memorable story of the ghost of George Villiers, which might with more propriety have been made a present of to Dr. Drelincourt, to have kept the ghost of Mrs. Veale company, at the head of his Discourse upon Death, than have been introduced into so solemn a work as History of the Rebellion.

To say the truth, if the historian will confine himself to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumstance, which, though never so well attested, he must be well assured is false, he will sometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raise the wonder surprise of his reader, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace. It is by falling into fiction, therefore, that we generally offend against this rule, of deserting probability, which the historian seldom, if ever, quits, till he forsakes his character and commences a writer of
romance. In this, however, those historians who relate public transactions, have the advantage of us who confine ourselves to scenes of private life. The credit of the former is by common notoriety supported for a long time; and public records, with the concurrent testimony of many authors, bear evidence to their truth in future ages. Thus a Trajan and an Antoninus, a Nero and a Caligula, have all met with the belief of posterity; and no one doubts but that men so very good, and so very bad, were once the masters of mankind.

But we who deal in private character, who search into the most retired recesses, and draw forth examples of virtue and vice from holes and corners of the world, are in a more dangerous situation. As we have no public notoriety, no concurrent testimony, no records to support and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us to keep within the limits not only of possibility, but of probability too; and this more especially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, though never so exorbitant, will more easily meet assent; for ill-nature adds great support and strength to faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little danger, relate the history of Fisher; who having long owed his bread to the generosity of Mr. Derby, and having one morning received a considerable bounty from his hands, yet, in order to possess himself of what remained in his friend’s scrutore, concealed himself in a public office of the Temple, through which there was a passage into Mr. Derby’s chambers. Here he overheard Mr. Derby for many hours solacing himself at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fisher had been invited. During all this time, no tender, no grateful reflections arose to restrain his purpose; but when the poor gentleman had let his company out through the office, Fisher came suddenly from his lurking-place, and walking softly behind his friend into his chamber, discharged a pistol-ball into his head. This may be believed when the bones of Fisher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited, that the villain went two days afterwards with some young ladies to the play of Hamlet; and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies, who little suspected how near she was to the
person, cry out, 'Good God! If the man that murdered Mr. Derby was now present!' manifesting in this a more seared and callous conscience than even Nero himself; of whom we are told by Suetonius, 'that the consciousness of his guilt, after the death of his mother, became immediately intolerable, and so continued; nor could all the congratulations of the soldiers, of the senate, and the people, allay the horrors of his conscience.'

But now, on the other hand, should I tell my reader, that I had known a man whose penetrating genius had enabled him to raise a large fortune in a way where no beginning was chalked out to him; that he had done this with the most perfect preservation of his integrity, and not only without the least injustice or injury to any individual person, but with the highest advantage to trade, and a vast increase of the public revenue; that he had expended one part of the income of this fortune in discovering a taste superior to most, by works where the highest dignity was united with the purest simplicity, and another part in displaying a degree of goodness superior to all men, by acts charity to objects whose only recommendations were their merits, or their wants; that he was most industrious in searching after merit in distress, most eager to relieve it, and then as careful (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done; that his house, his furniture, his gardens, his table, his private hospitality, and his public beneficence, all denoted the mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinsically rich and noble, without tinsel, or external ostentation; that he filled every relation in life with the most adequate virtue; that he was most piously religious to his Creator, most zealously loyal to his sovereign; a most tender husband to his wife, a kind relation, a munificent patron, a warm and firm friend, a knowing and a cheerful companion, indulgent to his servants, hospitable to his neighbours, charitable to the poor, and benevolent to all mankind. Should I add to these the epithets of wise, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable epithet in our language, I might surely say,

- *Quis credet? Nemo Hercule! Nemo;*
And yet I know a man who is all I have here described. But a single instance (and I really know not such another) is not sufficient to justify us, while we are writing to thousands who never heard of the person, nor of anything like him. Such *rarae aves* should be remitted to the epitaph writer, or to some poet who may condescend to hitch him in a distich, or to slide him into a rhyme with an air of carelessness and neglect, without giving any offence to the reader.

In the last place, the actions should be such as may not only be within the compass of human agency, and which human agents may probably be supposed to do; but they should be likely for the very actors and characters themselves to have performed; for what may be only wonderful and surprising in one man, may become improbable, or indeed impossible, when related of another.

This last requisite is what the dramatic critics call conversation of character; and it requires a very extraordinary degree of judgement, and a most exact knowledge of human nature.

It is admirably remarked by a most excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct opposition to itself, than a rapid stream can carry a boat against its own current. I will venture to say, that for a man to act in direct contradiction to the dictates of his nature, is, if not impossible, as improbable and as miraculous as anything which can well be conceived. Should the best parts of the story of Mr. Antoninus be ascribed to Nero, or should the worst incidents of Nero’s life be imputed to Antoninus, what would be more shocking to belief than either instance/whereas both these being related of their proper agent, constitute the truly marvellous.

Our modern authors of comedy have fallen almost universally into the error here hinted at; their heroes generally are notorious rogues, and their heroines abandoned jades, during the first four acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy gentlemen, and the latter women of virtue and discretion: nor is the writer often so kind as to give himself the least trouble to reconcile or account for this monstrous
change and incongruity. There is, indeed, no other reason to be assigned for it, than because the play is drawing to a conclusion; as if it was no less natural in a rogue to repent in the last act of a play, than in the last of his life; which we perceive to be generally the case at Tyburn, a place which might indeed close the scene of some comedies with much propriety, as the heroes in these are most commonly eminent for those very talents which not only bring men to the gallows, but enable them to make an heroic figure when they are there.

Within these few restrictions, I think, every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleases; nay, if he thus keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he can surprise the reader the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him. As a genius of the highest rank observes in his fifth chapter of Bathos, ‘The great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the credible with the surprising.’

For though every author will confine himself within the bounds of probability, it is by no means necessary that his characters, or his incidents, should be trite, common, or vulgar; such as happen in every street, or in every house, or which may be met with in the home of a newspaper. Nor must he be inhibited from showing many persons and things, which may possibly have never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer strictly observes the rules abovementioned, he hath discharged his part; and is then intitled to some faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity if he disbelieves him.

For want of a portion of such faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the stage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large assembly of clerks and apprentices; though it had the previous suffrages of many ladies of the first rank; one of whom, very eminent for her understanding, declared it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.
Of those who lawfully may, and of those who may not,
write such histories as this

Among other good uses for which I have thought proper to institute these several introductory chapters, I have considered them as kind of mark or stamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to distinguish what is true and genuine in this historic kind of writing, from what is false and counterfeit. Indeed, it seems likely that some such mark may shortly become necessary, since the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately produced for their works of this nature from the public, will probably serve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a swarm of foolish novels and monstrous romances will be produced, either to the great impoverishing of booksellers, or to the great loss of time and deprivation of morals in the reader; nay, often to the spreading of scandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honest people.

I question not but the ingenious author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottos to every paper, from the same consideration of guarding against the pursuit of those scribblers, who having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing-master, are yet nowise afraid nor ashamed to assume the same titles with the great genius, than their good brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's skin.

By the device therefore of his motto, it became impracticable for any man to presume to imitate the Spectators, without understanding at least one sentence in the learned languages. In the same manner I have now secured myself from the imitation of those who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whose learning is not equal to an essay.

I would not be here understood to insinuate, that the greatest merit of such historical productions can ever lie in these introductory chapters; but, in fact, those parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than those which are composed of observation and reflection. Here I
mean such imitators as Rowe was of Shakespear, or as Horace hints some of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and sour faces. To invent good stories, and to tell them well, are possibly very rare talents, and yet I have observed few persons who have scrupled to aim at both: and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that most of the authors would not have attempted to show their teeth (if the expression may be allowed me) in any other way of writing; nor could indeed have string together a dozen sentences on any other subject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique passim,* may be more truly said of the historian and biographer, than of any other species of writing; for all the arts and sciences (even criticism itself) require some little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry, indeed, may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or something like numbers: whereas, to the composition of novels and romances, nothing is necessary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. This, I conceive, their productions show to be the opinion of the authors themselves: and this must be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any such.

Hence we are to derive that universal contempt which the world, who always denominates the whole from the majority, have cast on all historical writers who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehension of this contempt that hath made us so cautiously avoid the term romance, a name with which we might otherwise have been well enough contented. Though, as we have good authority for all our characters, no less indeed than the vast authentic doomsday-book of nature, as is elsewhere hinted, our labours have sufficient title to the name of history. Certainly they deserve some distinction from those works, which one of the wittiest of men regarded only as proceeding from *a pruritus,* or indeed rather from a looseness of the brain.

But besides the dishonour which is thus cast on one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is just reason to apprehend, that by

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* - Each desperate blockhead dares to write:
Verse is the trade of every living wight. – FRANCIS.
encouraging such authors we shall propagate much dishonour of another kind; I mean to the characters of many good and valuable members of society; for the dullest writers, no more than the dullest companions, are always inoffensive. They have both enough of language to be indecent and abusive. And surely if the opinion just above cited be true, we cannot wonder that works so nastily derived should be nasty themselves, or have a tendency to make the others so.

To prevent therefore, for the future, such intemperate abuses of leisure, of letters, and of the liberty of the press, especially as the world seems at present to be more than usually threatened with them, I shall here venture to mention some qualifications, every one of which are in a pretty high degree necessary to this order of historians.

The first is, genius, without a full vein of which no study, says Horace, can avail us. By genius I would understand that power or rather those powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential differences. These are no other than intention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of those gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which many seem to have into very great errors; for by invention, I believe, is generally understood a reactive faculty, which would indeed prove most romance writers to have the highest pretensions to it; whereas by invention is really meant no more (and so the word signifies) than discovery, or finding out; or to explain it at large, a quick and sagacious penetration into the true essence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exist without the concomitancy of judgment; for how we can be said to have discovered the true essence of two things, without discerning their difference, seems to me hard to conceive. Now this last is the undisputed province of judgment, and yet some few men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the representing these two to have been seldom or never the property of one and the same person.
But though they should be so, they are not sufficient for our purpose, without a good share of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was necessary to prove the tools are of no service to a workman, when they are not sharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All these uses are supplied by learning; for nature can only furnish with capacity; or, as I have chose to illustrate it, with the tools of our profession; learning must fit them for use, must direct them in it, and lastly, must contribute part at least of the materials. A competent knowledge of history and of the belles-lettres is here absolutely necessary; and without this share of knowledge at least, to affect the character of an historian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a house without timber or mortar, or brick or stone. Homer and Milton, who, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both historians of our order, were masters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another sort of knowledge, beyond he power of learning to bestow, and this is to be had by conversation. So necessary is this to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned pedants whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges, and among books; for however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers, the true practical system can be learnt only in the world. Indeed, the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither Physic nor law are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener, must perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately soever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have described the plant, he himself would advise his disciple to see it in the garden. As we must perceive, that after the nicest strokes of a Shakespear or a Jonson, of a Wycherly or an Otway, some touches of nature will escape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive,*

* There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor, and these two mist justly celebrated actresses, in this place, as they have all formed themselves on the study of nature only. and not on the imitation of their predecessors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the servile herd of imitator can never possibly arrive at.
can convey to him; so, on the real stage, the character shows himself in a stronger and bolder light than he can be described. And if this be the case in those fine and nervous descriptions which great authors themselves have taken from life, how much more strongly will it hold when the writer himself takes his lines not from nature, but from books? Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the justness nor spirit of an original.

Now this conversation in our historian must be universal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men; for the knowledge of what is called high life will not instruct him in low; nor, è converso, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind teach him the manners of the superior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may sufficiently enable him to describe at least that in which he hath been conversant, yet he will even here fall greatly short of perfection; for the follies of either rank do in reality illustrate each other. For instance, the affection of high life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the simplicity of the low; and again, the rudeness and barbarity of this latter, strikes with much stronger ideas of absurdity, when contrasted with, and opposed to, the politeness which controls the former. Besides, to say the truth, the manners of our historian will be improved by both these conversations; for in the one he will easily find examples of plainness, honesty, and sincerity; in the other of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of spirit; which last quality I myself have scarce ever seen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, says Horace, must first weep himself. In reality, no man can paint a distress well which he doth not feel he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have writ with tears. In the same manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily but where I have laughed before him; unless it should happen at any time, that instead of laughing with me he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been
the case at some passages in this chapter, from which apprehension I will here put an end to it.

92, B. X, ch. 1, p. 432-434

**Containing instructions very necessary to be perused by modern critics**

Reader, it is impossible we should know what sort of person thou wilt be; for, perhaps, thou May's be as learned in human nature as Shakespeare himself was, and, perhaps, thou May's be no wiser than some of his editors. Now, lest this latter should be the case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome admonitions; that thou May's not as grossly misunderstand and misrepresent us, as some of the said editors have misunderstood and misrepresented their author.

First, then, we warn thee not too hastily to condemn any of the incidents in this our history as impertinent and foreign to our main design, because thou dost not immediately conceive in what manner such incident may conduce to that design. This work may, indeed, be considered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critic to presume to find fault with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final catastrophe, is a most presumptuous absurdity. The allusion and metaphor we have here made use of, we must acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occasion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to express the difference between an author of the first rate and a critic of the lowest.

Another caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou dost not find out too near a resemblance between certain characters here introduced; as, for instance, between the landlady who appears in the seventh book and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteristics in which most individuals of every profession and occupation agree. To be able to preserve these characteristics, and at the same time to diversify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice distinction between the two persons actuated by
the same vice or folly is another; and, as this last talent is found in very few writers, so is the true discernment of it found in as few readers; though, I believe, the observation of this forms a very principal pleasure in those who are capable of the discovery; every person, for instance, can distinguish between Sir Epicure Mammon and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Courtly Nice requires a more exquisite judgment: for want of which, vulgar spectators of plays very often do great injustice in the theatre; where I have sometimes known a poet in danger of being convicted as a thief, upon much worse evidence than the resemblance of hands hath been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the stage would run the hazard of being condemned as a servile imitation of Dido, but that happily very few of our playhouse critics understand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

In the next place, we must admonish thee, my worthy friend (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head), not to condemn a character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these models of perfection, there are books enow written to gratify thy taste; but, as we have not, in the course of our conversation, ever happened to meet with any such person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here. To say the truth, I a little a question whether mere man ever arrived at this consummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever existed a monster bad enough to verify that

- nulla virtute redemptum

A vitiis - *

In Juvenal; nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purposes served by inserting characters of such angelic perfection, or such diabolical depravity, in any work of invention; since, from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with sorrow and shame than to draw ant good uses from such patterns; for in the former instance he may be both concerned and ashamed to see a pattern of

* Whose vices are not allayed with a single virtue.
excellence in his nature, which he may reasonably despair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter he may be no less affected with those uneasy sensations, at seeing the nature of which he is a partaker degraded into so odious and detestable a creature.

In fact, if there be enough of goodness in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-disposed mind, though there should appear some of those little blemishes _quas humana parum cavit natura_, they will raise our compassion rather than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral use than the imperfections which are seen in examples of this kind; since such form a kind of surprise, more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds than the faults of very vicious and wicked persons. The foibles and vices of men, in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects from the virtues which contrast them and shew their deformity; and when we find such vices attended with their evil consequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught to shun them for our own sake, but to hate them for the mischiefs they have already brought on those we love.

And now, my friend, having given you these few admonitions, we will, if you please, once more set forward with our history.

N 93 B. XI, ch. I, p. 471-475

A crust for the critics

In our last initial chapter we may be supposed to have treated that formidable set of men who are called critics with more freedom than becomes us; since they exact, and indeed generally receive, great condescension from authors. We shall in this, therefore, give the reasons of our conduct to this august body; and here we shall, perhaps, place them in a light in which they have not hitherto been seen.

This word critic is of Greek derivation, and signifies judgment. Hence I presume some persons who have not understood the original, and have seen the English translation of the primitive, have concluded that it meant judgment in the legal sense, in which it is frequently used as equivalent to condemnation.
I am rather inclined to be of that opinion, as the greatest number of critics hath late years been found amongst the lawyers. Many of these gentlemen, from despair, perhaps of ever rising to the bench in Westminster-hall, have placed themselves on the benches at the playhouse, where they have exerted their judicial capacity, and have given judgment, i.e. condemned without mercy.

The gentlemen would, perhaps, be well enough pleased, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the most important and honourable offices in the commonwealth, and, if we intended to apply to their favour, we would do so; but, as we design to deal very sincerely and plainly too with them, we must remind them of another officer of justice of a much lower rank; to whom as they not only pronounce, but execute, their own judgment, they bear likewise some remote resemblance.

But in reality there is another light, in which these modern critics may, with great justice and propriety, be seen; and this is that of a common slanderer. If a person who prys into the characters of other, with no other design but to discover their faults, and to publish them to the world, deserves the title of a slanderer of the reputations of men, why should not a critic, who reads with the same malevolent view, be as properly stiled the slanderer of the reputation of books?

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject slave; society produces not a more odious vermin; nor can the devil receive a guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a slanderer. The world, I am afraid, regards not this monster with half the abhorrence which he deserves; and I am more afraid to assign the reason of this criminal lenity shown towards him; yet it is certain that the thief looks innocent in the comparison; nay, the murderer himself can seldom stand in competition with his guilt: for slander is a more cruel weapon than a sword, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the basest and most execrable of all, which bears an exact analogy to the vice here disclaimed against, and that is poison: a means of revenge so base, and yet so horrible, that it was once wisely distinguished by our laws from all other murders, in the peculiar severity of the punishment.
Besides the dreadful mischiefs done by slander, and the baseness of the means by which they are effected, there are other circumstances that highly aggravate its atrocious quality; for it often proceeds from no provocation, and seldom promises itself any reward, unless some black and infernal mind may propose a reward in the thoughts of having procured the ruin and misery of another.

Shakespear hath nobly touched this vice, when he says:

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been slave to thousands:
But he that fishes from me my good name
Rob's me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,
BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.

With all this my good reader will doubtless agree; but much of it will probably seem too severe when applied to the slanderer of books. But let it here be considered that both proceed from the same wicked disposition of mind, and are alike void of the excuse of temptation. Nor shall we consider the injury done this way to be very slight, when we consider a book as the author's offspring, and indeed as the child of his brain.

The reader who hath suffered his muse to continue hitherto in a virgin state can have but a very inadequate idea of this kind of parental fondness. To such we may parody the tender exclamation of Macduff, 'Alas! Thou hast written no book.' But the author whose muse hath brought forth will feel the pathetic strain, perhaps will accompany me with tears (especially if his darling be already no more), while I mention the uneasiness with which the big muse bears about her burden, the painful labour with which she produces it, and lastly, the care, the fondness, with which the tender father nourishes his favourite, till it be brought to maturity, and produced into the world.

Nor is there any paternal fondness which seems less to savour of absolute instinct, and which may so well be reconciled to worldly wisdom, as this. These children may most truly be called the riches of their father; and many of them have
with true filial piety fed their parent in his old age: so that not only the affection, but
the interest, of the author may be highly injured by these slanderers, whose poisonous
breath brings his book to an untimely end.

Lastly, the slander of a book is, in truth, the slander of the author: for, as no one
can call another bastard, without calling the mother a whore, so neither can any one
give the names of sad stuff, horrid nonsense, &c., to a book, without calling the
author a blockhead; which, though in a moral sense it is a preferable appellation to
that villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly interest.

Now, however ludicrous all this may appear to some, others, I doubt not, will
feel and acknowledge the truth of it; nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the
subject with decent solemnity; but surely a man may speak truth with a smiling
countenance. In reality, to depreciate a book maliciously, or even wantonly, is at least
a very ill-natured office; and a morose snarling critic may, I believe, be suspected to
be a bad man.

I will therefore endeavour, in the remaining part of this character, and to show
what criticism I here intend to obviate: for I can never be understood, unless by the
very persons here meant, to insinuate that there are no proper judges of writing, or to
endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature any of those noble critics
to whose labours the learned world are so greatly indebted. Such were Aristotle,
Horace, and Longinus, among the antients, Dacier and Bossu among the French, and
some perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authorized to execute at least a
judicial authority in foro literario.

But without ascertaining all the proper qualifications of a critic, which I have
touched on elsewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the censures of any one past
upon works which he hath not himself read. Such censurers as these, whether they
speak from their own guess or suspicion, or from the report and opinion of others,
may properly be said to slander the reputation of the book they condemn.

Such may likewise be suspected of deserving this character, who, without
assigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; such
as vile, dull, d---d stuff, &c., and particularly by the use of the monosyllable low; a word which becomes the mouth of no critic is not RIGHT HONORABLE.

Again, though there may be some faults justly assigned in the work, yet, if those are not in the most essential parts, or if they are compensated by greater beauties, it will savour rather of the malice of a slanderer than of the judgment of a true critic to pass a severe sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious part. This is directly contrary to the sentiments of Horace:

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura –
But where the beauties, more in number, shine,
I am not angry, when a casual line
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
A careless hand or human frailty shows. – MR. FRANCIS.

For, as Martial says, Aliter non fit, avite, liber. No book can be otherwise composed. All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed of everything human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel indeed would it be if such a work as this history, which hath employed some thousands of hours in the composing, should be liable to be condemned, because some particular chapter, or perhaps chapters, may be obnoxious to very just and sensible objections. And yet nothing is more common than the most rigorous sentence upon books supported by such objections, which, if they were rightly taken (and that they are not always), do by no means go to the merit of the whole. In the theatre especially, a single expression which doth not coincide with the taste of the audience, or with any individual critic of that audience, is sure to be hissed; and one scene which should be disapproved would hazard the whole piece. To write within such severe rules as these is as impossible as to live up to some spleenetic opinions: and if we judge according to the sentiments of some critics, and of some Christians, no author will be saved in this world, and no man in the next.
N 94, B. XII, ch. I, p. 520-522

Showing what is to be deemed plagiarism in a modern author, and what is to be considered as lawful prize

The learned reader must have observed that in the course of this mighty work, I have often translated passages out of the best antient authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the least notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

This conduct in writing is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbé Bannier, in his preface to his Mythology, a work of great erudition and of equal judgment. 'It will be easy,' says he, 'for the reader to observe that I have frequently had greater regard to him than to my own reputation: for an author certainly pays him a considerable compliment, when, for his sake, he suppresses learned quotations that come in his way, and which would have cost him but the bare trouble of transcribing.'

To fill up a work with these scraps may, indeed, be considered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by such means imposed upon to buy a second time, in fragments and by retail, what they have already in gross, if not in their memories, upon their shelves: and it is still more cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of use to them. A writer who intermixes great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the same poultry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour so to confound and mix up their lots, that, in order to purchase the commodity you want, you are obliged at the same time to purchase that which will do you no service.

And yet, as there is no conduct sop fair and disinterested, but that it may be misunderstood by ignorance, and misrepresented by malice, I have been sometimes tempted to preserve my own reputation at the expense of my reader, and to transcribe the original, or at least to quote chapter and verse, whenever I have made use either
of the thought or expression of another. I am, indeed, in some doubt that I have often suffered by the contrary method; and that, by suppressing the original author's name, I have been rather suspected of plagiarism than reputed to act from the amiable motive assigned by that justly celebrated Frenchman.

Now, to obviate all such imputations for the future, I do here confess and justify the fact. The antients may be considered as a rich common, where every person who hath the smallest tenement in Parnassus hath a free right to fatten his muse. Or, to place it in a clear light, we moderns are to the antients what the poor are to the rich. By the poor here I mean that large and venerable body which, in English, we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour to be admitted to any of intimacy with this mob, must well know that it is one of their established maxims to plunder and pillage their rich neighbours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither sin nor shame among them. And so constantly do they abide and act by this maxim, that, in every parish almost in the kingdom, there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on against a certain person of opulence called the squire, whose property is considered as free-booty by all his neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in such depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligation to conceal, and to preserve each other from punishment on all such occasions.

In like manner are the antients, such as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the rest, to be esteemed among us writers, as so many wealthy squires, from whom we, the poor of Parnassus, claim an immemorial custom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I profess, and all I require of my brethren, is to maintain the same strict honesty among ourselves which the mob show to one another. To steal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be strictly stiled defrauding the poor (sometimes perhaps those who are poorer than ourselves), or, to set it under the most opprobrious colours, robbing the spittal.

Since, therefore, upon the strictest examination, my own conscience cannot lay any such pitiful theft to my charge, I am contended to plead guilty to the former
accusation; nor shall I ever scruple to take to myself any passage which I shall find in
an antient author to my purpose, without setting down the name of the author from
whence it was taken. Nay, I absolutely claim a property in all such sentiments the
moment they are transcribed into my writings, and I expect all readers henceforwards
to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim, however, I desire to be
allowed me only on condition that I preserve strict honesty towards my poor brethren,
from whom, if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are possessed, I shall
never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all times ready to be restored to
the right owner.

The omission of this was highly blameable in one Mr. Moore, who, having
formerly borrowed some lines of Pope and company, took the liberty to transcribe six
of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr. Pope, however, very lucky found them
in the said play, and, laying violent hands on his own property, transferred it back
again into his own works; and, for a further punishment, imprisoned the said Moore
in the loathsome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains,
and eternally will remain, as a proper punishment for such his unjust dealings in the
poetical trade.

N 95, B. XIII, ch. I, p. 578-580

An invocation

Come, bright love of fame, inspire my glowing breast: not thee I call, who, over
swelling tides of blood and tears, dost bear the hero on to glory, while sighs of
millions waft his spreading sails; but thee, fair, gentle maid, whom Mnesis, happy
nymph, first on the banks of Hebrus did produce. Thee, whom Maeonia educated,
whom Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill which overlooks the proud
metropolis of Britain, sat'st, with thy Milton, sweetly tuning the heroic lyre; fill my
ravished fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretell me that some
tender maid, whose grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious
name of Sophia, she reads the real worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall
from her sympathetic breast send forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by a solemn assurance, that when the little parlour in which I sit at this instant shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those who never knew nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.

And thou, much plumper dame, whom no airy forms nor phantoms of imagination cloathe; whom the well-seasoned beef, and pudding richly stained with plums, delight: thee I call: of whom in a treckschuyte, in some Dutch canal, the fat Jufvrouw Gelt, impregnated by a jolly merchant of Amsterdam, was delivered: in Grub-street school didst thou suck in the elements of thy erudition. Here hast thou, in thy maturer age, taught poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of the patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and solemn air; while tragedy storms aloud, and rends th’ affrighted theatres with its thunders. To soothe thy wearied limbs in slumber, alderman History tells his tedious tale: and, again, to awaken thee, Monsieur Romance performs his surprising tricks of dexterity. Nor less thy well-fed bookseller obeys thy influence. By thy advice the heavy, unread, folio lump, which long had dozed on the dusty shelf, piecemealed into numbers, runs nimbly through the nation. Instructed by thee, some books, like quacks, impose on the world by promising wonders; while others turn beaus, and trust all their merits to a glided outside. Come, thou jolly substance, with thy shining face, keep back thy inspiration, but hold forth thy tempting rewards; thy shining, chinking heap; thy quickly convertible bank-bill, big with unseen riches; thy often-varying stock; the warm, the comfortable house; and, lastly, a fair portion of that bounteous mother, whose flowing breasts yield redundant sustenance for all her numerous offspring, did not some too greedily and wantonly drive their brethren from the teat. Come thou, and if I am too tasteless of thy valuable treasures, warm my heart with the transporting thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy bounty, the prattling babes, whose innocent play hath often been interrupted by my labours, may one time be amply rewarded for them.
And now this ill-yoked pair, this lean shadow and this fat substance, have prompted me to write, whose assistance shall I invoke to direct my pen?

First, Genius; thou gift of Heaven; without whose aid in vain we struggle against the stream of nature. Thou who dost sow the generous seeds which art nourishes, and brings to perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the hand, and lead me through all the mazes, the winding labyrinths of nature. Initiate me into all those mysteries which profane eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult task, to know mankind better than they know themselves. Remove that mist which dims the intellects of mortals, and causes them to adore men for their art, or to detest them for their cunning, in deceiving others, when they are, in reality, the objects only of ridicule, for deceiving themselves. Strip off the thin disguise of wisdom from self-conceit, of plenty from avarice, and of glory from ambition. Come, thou, that has inspired thy Aristophanes, thy Lucian, thy Cervantes, thy Rabelais, thy Molière, thy Shakespear, thy Swift, thy Marivaux, fill my pages with humour; till mankind learn the good nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almost the constant attendant on true genius, Humanity, bring all thy tender sensations. If thou hast already disposed of them all between thy Allen and thy Lyttleton, steal them a little while from their bosoms. Not without these the tender scene is painted. From these alone proceed the noble, disinterested friendship, the melting love, the generous sentiment, the ardent gratitude, the soft compassion, the candid opinion; and all those strong energies of a good mind, which fill the moistened eyes with tears, the glowing cheeks with blood, and swell the heart with tides of grief, joy, and benevolence.

And thou, O Learning! (for without thy assistance nothing pure, nothing correct, can genius produce) do thou guide my pen. Thee in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling Thames washes thy Etonian banks, in early youth I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have sacrificed my blood. Come then, and from thy vast, luxuriant stores, in long antiquity
piled up, pour forth the rich profusion. Open thy Maeonian and thy Mantuan coffers, with whatever else includes thy philosophic, thy poetic, and thy historical treasures, whether with Greek or Roman characters thou hast chosen to inscribe the ponderous chests: give me awhile that key to all thy treasures, which to thy Warbutton thou hast entrusted.

Lastly, come Experience, long conversant with the wise, the good, the learned, and the polite. Nor with them only, but with every kind of character, from the minister at his levee, to the bailiff in his spunging-house; from the duchess at her drum, to the landlady behind her bar. From thee only can the manners of mankind be known; to which the recluse pedant, however great his parts or extensive his learning may be, hath ever been a stranger.

Come all these, and more, if possible; for arduous is the task I have undertaken; and, without all your assistance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to support. But if you all smile on my labours, I hope still to bring them to a happy conclusion.

N 96, B. XIV, ch. I, p. 627-630

An essay to prove that an author will write the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes

As several gentlemen in these times, by the wonderful force of genius only, without the least assistance of learning, perhaps without being well able to read, have made a considerable figure in the republic of letters; the modern critics, I am told, have lately begun to assert, that all kind of learning is entirely useless to a writer; and, indeed, no other than a kind of fetteres on the natural sprightliness and activity of the imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from soaring to those high flights which otherwise it would be able to reach.

This doctrine, I am afraid, is at present carried much too far: for why should writing differ so much from all other arts? The nimbleness of a dancing-master is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move: nor doth any mechanic, I believe, exercise his tools the worse by having learnt to use them. For my own part, I cannot conceive
that Homer or Virgil would have writ with more fire, if, instead of being great masters of all the learning of their times, they had been as ignorant as most of the authors of the present age. Nor do I believe that all the imagination, fire, and judgment of Pitt, could have produced those orations that have made the senate to Greece and Rome, if he had not been so well read in the writings of Demosthenes and Cicero, as to have transferred their whole spirit into his speeches, and, with their spirit, their knowledge too.

I would not here be understood to insist on the same fund of learning in any of my brethren, as Cicero persuades us is necessary to the composition of an orator. On the contrary, very little reading is, I conceive, necessary to the poet, less to the critic, and the least of all to the politician. For the first, perhaps, Byshe’s *Art of poetry*, and a few of our modern poets, may suffice; for the second, a moderate heap of plays; and, for the last, an indifferent collection of political journals.

To say the truth, I require no more than a man should have some little knowledge of the subject on which he treats, according to the old maxim of law, *Quam quisque norit artem in ea se exerceat*. With this alone a writer may sometimes do tolerably well; and, indeed, without this, all the other learning in the world will stand him in little stead.

For instance, let us suppose that Homer and Virgil, Aristotle and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy, could have met all together, and have clubbed their several talents to have composed a treatise on the art of dancing: I believe it will be readily agreed they could not have equalled the excellent treatise which Mr. Essex hath given us on that subject, entitled, *The Rudiments of Genteel education*. And, indeed, should the excellent Mr. Broughton be prevailed on to set fist to paper, and to complete the above-said rudiments, by delivering down the true principles of athletics, I question whether the world will have any cause to lament, that none of the great writers, either antient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and useful art.

To avoid a multiplicity of examples in so plain a case, and to come at once to my point, I am apt to conceive, that one reason why many English writers have totally
failed in describing the manners of upper life, may possibly be, that in reality they know nothing of it.

This is a knowledge unhappily not in the power of many authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect idea of it; nor will the stage a much better: the fine gentleman formed upon reading the former will almost always turn out a pedant, and he who forms himself upon the latter, a coxcomb.

Nor are the characters drawn from these models better supported. Vanbrugh and Congreve copied nature; but they who copy them draw as unlike the present age as Hogarth would do if he was to paint a rout, or a drum, in the dresses of Titian and of Vandyke. In short, imitation here will not do the business. The picture must be after Nature herself. A true knowledge of the world is gained only by conversation, and the manners of every rank must be seen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher order of mortals is not to be seen, like all the rest of the human species, for nothing, in the streets, shops, and coffee-houses: nor are they shown, like the upper rank of animals, for so much a-piece. In short, this is a sight to which no persons are admitted without one or other of these qualifications, viz. either birth or fortune, or, what is equivalent to both, the honourable profession of a gamester. And, very unluckily for the world, persons so qualified very seldom care to take upon themselves the bad trade of writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer sort, as it is a trade which many think requires no kind of stock to set up with.

Hence those strange monsters in lace and embroidery, in silks and brocades, with vast wigs and hoops; which, under the name of lords and ladies, strut the stage, to the great delight of attorneys and their clerks in the pit, and of the citizens and their appearances in the galleries; and which are no more to be found in real life, than the centaur, the chimera, or any other creature of mere fiction. But to let my reader into a secret, this knowledge of upper life, though very necessary for preventing mistakes, is no very great resources to a writer whose province is comedy, or that kind of novels, which, like this I am writing, is of the comic class.
What Mr. Pope says of women is very applicable to most in this station, who are, indeed, so entirely made up of form and affectation, that they have no character at all, at least, none which appears. I will venture to say the highest life is much the dullest, and affords very little humour or entertainment. The various callings in lower spheres produce the great variety of humorous characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the pursuit of ambition, and the fewer still who have a relish for pleasure, all is vanity and servile imitation. Dressing and cards, eating and drinking, bowing and courtesying, make up the business of their lives.

Some there are, however, of this rank, upon whom passion exercises its tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the bounds which decorum prescribes; of these, the ladies are as much distinguished by their noble intrepidity, and a certain superior contempt of reputation, from the frail ones of meaner degree, as a virtuous woman of quality is by the elegance and delicacy of her sentiments from the honest wife of a yeoman or shopkeeper. Lady Bellaston was of this intrepid character; but let not my country readers conclude from her, that this is the general conduct of women of fashion, or that we mean to represent them as such. They might as well suppose that every clergyman was represented by Thwackum, or every soldier by ensign Northerton.

There is not, indeed, a greater error than that which universally prevails among the vulgar, who, borrowing their opinion from some ignorant satirists, have affixed the character of lewdness to these times. On the contrary, I am convinced there never was less of love intrigue carried on among persons of condition, than now. Our present women have been taught by their mothers to fix their thoughts only on ambition and vanity, and to despise the pleasures of love as unworthy their regard; and being afterwards, by the care of such mothers, married without having husbands, they seem pretty well confirmed in the justness of those sentiments; whence they content themselves, for the dull remainder of life, with the pursuit of more innocent, but I am afraid more childish amusements, the bare mention of which would ill suit the dignity of this history. In my humble opinion, the true characteristic of the present
beau monde is rather folly than vice, and the only epithet which it deserves is that of frivolous.

N 97, B. XV, ch. I, p. 668-669

Too short to need a preface

There are a set of religious, or rather moral writers, who teach that virtue is the certain road to happiness, and vice to misery, in this world. A very wholesome and comfortable doctrine, and to which we have but one objection, namely, that it is not true.

Indeed, if by virtue these writers mean the exercise of those cardinal virtues, which like good housewives stay at home, and mind only the business of their own family, I shall very readily concur the point; for so surely do all these contribute and lead to happiness, that I could almost wish, in violation of all the antient and modern sages, to call them rather by the name of wisdom, than by that of virtue; for, with regard to this life, no system, I conceive, was ever wiser than that of the antient Epicureans, who held this wisdom to constitute the chief good; not foolisher then that of their opposites, those modern epicures, who place all felicity in the abundant gratification of every sensual appetite.

But if by virtue is meant (as I almost think it ought) a certain relative quality, which is always busying itself without-doors, and seems as much interested in pursuing the good of others as its own; I cannot so easily agree that this is the surest way to human happiness; because I am afraid we must then include poverty and contempt, with all the mischiefs which backbiting, envy, and ingratitude, can bring on mankind, in our idea of happiness; nay, sometimes perhaps we shall be obliged to wait upon the said happiness to a jail; since many by the above virtue have brought themselves thither.

I have not now the leisure to enter upon so large a field of speculation, as here seems opening upon me; my design was to wipe off a doctrine that lay in my way; since, while Mr. Jones was acting the most virtuous part imaginable, in labouring to
preserve his fellow-creatures from destruction, the devil, or some other evil spirit, one perhaps cloathed in human flesh, was hard at work to make him completely miserable in the ruin of his Sophia.

This, therefore, would seem an exception to the above rule, if indeed it was a rule; but as we have in our voyage through life seen so many other exceptions to it, we chuse to dispute the doctrine on which it is founded, which we don’t apprehend to be Christain, which we are convinced is not true, and which is indeed destructive of one of the noblest arguments that reason alone can furnish for the belief of immorality.

But as the reader’s curiosity (if he hath any) must be now awake, and hungry, we shall provide to feed it as fast as we can.

N 98, B. XVI, ch. I, p. 715-716

Of prologues

I have heard of a dramatic writer who used to say, he would rather write a play than a prologue; in like manner, I think, I can with less pains write one of the books of this history, than the prefatory chapter to each of them.

To say the truth, I believe many a hearty curse hath been devoted on the head of that author who first instituted the method of prefixing to his play that portion of matter which is called the prologue; and which at first was part of the piece itself, but of latter years hath had usually so little connexion with the drama before which it stands, that the prologue to one play might as well serve for any other. Those indeed of more modern date, seem all to be written on the same three topics, viz. an abuse of the taste of the town, a condemnation of all contemporary authors, and an eulogium on the performance just about to be represented. The sentiments in all these are very little varied, nor is it possible they should; and indeed I have often wondered at the great invention of authors, who have been capable of finding such various phrases to express the same thing.
In like manner, I apprehend, some future historian (if any one shall do me the honour of imitating my manner) will, after much scratching his pate, bestow some good wishes on my memory, for having first established these several initial chapters; most of which, like modern prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other book in this history as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other history as to this.

But however authors may suffer by either of these inventions, the reader will find sufficient emolument in the one as the spectator hath long found in the other.

First, it is well known that the prologue serves the critic for an opportunity to try his faculty of hissing, and to tune his catcall to the best advantage; by which means, I have known those musical instruments so well prepared, that they have been able to play in full concert at the first rising of the curtain.

The same advantages may be drawn from these chapters, in which the critic will be always sure of meeting with something that may serve as a whetstone to his noble spirit; so that he may fall with a more hungry appetite for censure on the history itself. And here his sagacity must make it needless to observe how artfully these chapters are calculated for that excellent purpose; for in these we have always taken care to intersperse somewhat of the sour or acid kind, in order to sharpen and stimulate the said spirit of criticism.

Again, the indolent reader, as well as spectator, finds great advantage from both these; for, as they are not obliged either to see the one or read the others, and both the play and the book are thus protected, by the former they have a quarter of an hour longer allowed them to sit at dinner, and by the latter they have the advantage of beginning to read at he fourth or fifth page instead of the first, a matter by no means of trivial consequence to persons who read books with no other view than to say they have read them, a more general motive to reading than is commonly imagined; and from which not only law books, and good books, but the pages of Homer and Virgil, of Swift and Cervantes, have been often turned over.

Many other are the emoluments which arise from both these, but they are for the most part so obvious, that we shall not at present stay to enumerate them; especially
since it occurs to us that the principal merit of both the prologue and the preface is that they be short.

N 99, B. XVII, ch. 1, p. 755-756

**Containing a portion of introductory writing**

When a comic writer hath made his principal characters as happy as he can, or when a tragic writer hath brought them to the highest pitch of human misery, they both conclude their business to be done, and that their work is come to a period.

Had we been of the tragic complexion, the reader must now allow we were nearly arrived at this period, since it would be difficult for the devil, or any of his representatives on earth, to have contrived much greater torments for poor Jones than those in which we left him in the last chapter; and as for Sophia, a good-natured woman would hardly wish more uneasiness to a rivals than what she must at present be supposed to feel. What then remains to complete the tragedy but a murder or two, and a few moral sentences!

But to bring our favourites out of their present anguish and distress, and to land them at least on the shore of happiness, seems a much harder task; a task, indeed, so hard that we do not undertake to execute it. In regard to Sophia, it is more than probable that we shall somewhere or other provide a good husband for her in the end – either Blifil, or my lord, or somebody else; but as to poor Jones, such are the calamities in which he is at present involved, owing to his imprudence, by which, if a man doth destitute is he now of friends, and so persecuted by enemies, that we almost despair of bringing him to any good; and if our reader delights in seeing executions, I think he ought not to lose any time in taking a first row at Tyburn.

This I faithfully promise, that, notwithstanding any affection which we may be supposed to have for this rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our heroë, we will lend him none of that supernatural assistance with which we are entrusted, upon condition that we use it only on very important occasions. If he doth not, therefore, find some natural means of fairly extricating himself from all his distresses, we will
do no violence to the truth and dignity of history for his sake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at Tyburn (which may very probably be the case) than forfeit our integrity, or shock the faith of our reader.

In this the antients had a great advantage over the moderns. Their mythology, which was at that time more firmly believed by the vulgar than any religion is at present, gave them always an opportunity of delivering a favourite heroe. Their deities were always ready at the writer’s elbow, to execute any of his purpose; and the more extraordinary the invention was, the greater was the surprise and delight of the credulous reader. Those writers could with greater ease have conveyed a heroe from one country to another, nay from one world to another, and have brought him back, than a poor circumscribed modern can deliver him from a jail.

The Arabians and Persians had an equal advantage in writing their tales from the genii and fairies, which they believe in as an article of their faith, upon the authority of the Korean itself. But we have none of these helps. To natural means alone we are confined; let us try therefore what, by these means, may be done for poor Jones; though, to confess the truth, something whispers me in the ear, that he doth not yet know the worst of his fortune; and that a more shocking piece of news than any he hath yet heard remains for him in the unopened leaves of fate.

N 100, B. XVIII, ch. I, p. 792-793

A farewell to the reader

We are now, reader, arrived at the last stage of our long journey. As we have, therefore, travelled together through so many pages, let us behave to one another like fellow-travellers in a stagecoach, who have passed several days in the company of each other; and who, notwithstanding any bickerings or little animosities which may have occurred on the road, generally make all up at last, and mount, for the last time, into their vehicle with cheerfulness and good humour; since after this one stage, it may possibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.
As I have here taken up this simile, give me leave to carry it a little farther. I intend, then, in this last book, to imitate the good company I have mentioned in their last journey. Now, it is well known that all jokes and raillery are at this time laid aside; whatever characters any of the passengers have for the jest-sake personated on the road are now thrown off, and the conversation is usually plain and serious.

In the same manner, if I have now and then, in the course of this work, indulged any pleasantry for thy entertainment, I shall here lay it down. The variety of matter, indeed, which I shall be obliged to cram into this book, will afford no room for any of those ludicrous observations which I have elsewhere made, and which may sometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a nap when it was beginning to steal upon thee. In this last book thou wilt find nothing (or at most very little) of that nature. All will be plain narrative only; and, indeed, when thou hast perused the many great events which this book will produce, thou wilt think the number of pages contained in it scarce to tell the story.

And now, my friend, I take this opportunity (as I shall have no other) of heartily wishing thee well. If I have been an entertaining companion to thee, I promise thee it is what I have desired. If in anything I have offended, it was really without any intention. Some things, perhaps, here said, may have hit thee or thy friends; but I do most solemnly declare they were not pointed at thee or them. I question not but thou hast been told, among other stories of me, that thou wast to travel with a very scurrilous fellow; but whoever told thee so did me an injury. No man detests and despises scurrility more than myself; nor hath any man more reason; for none hath ever been treated with more; and what is a very severe fate, I have had some of the abusive writings of those very men fathered upon me, who, in other of their works, have abused me themselves with the utmost virulence.

All these works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this page shall offer itself to thy perusal; for however short the period may be of my own performances, they will most probably outlive their own infirm author, and the weakly productions of his abusive contemporaries.
Miss Sedley was almost as flurried at the act of defiance as Miss Jemima had been; for, consider it was but one minute that she had left school, and the impressions of six years are not got over in that space of time. Nay, with some persons those awes and terrors of youth last for ever and ever. I know, for instance, an old gentleman of sixty-eight, who said to me one morning at breakfast, with a very agitated countenance, “I dreamed last night that I was flogged by Dr. Raine”. Fancy had carried him back five-and-fifty years in the course of that evening. Dr. Raine and his rod were just as awful to him in his heart then, at sixty-eight, as they had been at thirteen. If the Doctor, with a large birch, had appeared bodily to him, even at the age of threescore and eight, and had said in awful voice, “Boy, take down your pant - ” Well, well, Miss Sedley was exceedingly alarmed at this act of insubordination.
alone a little more, small harm would accrue, although a less quantity of *as in praesenti* might be acquired.

N 3, B.I, Ch. XI p. 124
These money transactions – these speculations in life and death – these battles for reversionary spoil – make brothers very loving toward each other in Vanity Fair. I, for my part, have known a five-pound note to interpose and knock up a half-century’s attachment between two brethren; and can’t but admire, as I think, what a fine and durable thing Love is among worldly people.

N 4, B. I, Ch. XV, p. 191-192
I remember one night being in the Fair myself, at an evening party. I observed old Miss Toady, there also present, single out for her special attentions and flattery little Mrs. Briefless, the barrister’s wife, who is of a good family certainly, but, as we all knew, is as poor as poor can be.

What, I asked in my own mind, can cause this obsequiousness on the part of Miss Toady; has Briefless got a county court, or has his wife had a fortune left her? Miss Toady explained presently, with that simplicity which distinguishes all her conduct. “You know,” she said, “Mrs. Briefless is granddaughter of Sir John Redhand, who is so ill at Cheltenham that he can’t last six months. Mrs. Briefless’s papa succeeds; so you see she will be a baronet’s daughter”. And Toady asked Briefless and his wife to dinner the very next week.

N 5, B. I, Ch. XVII, p. 204-206
If THERE is any exhibition in all Vanity Fair which Satire and Sentiment can visit arm in arm together, where you light on the strangest contrasts laughable and tearful; where you may be gentle and pathetic, or savage and cynical with perfect propriety – it is at one of those public assemblies, a crowd of which are advertised every day in the last page of the Times newspaper, and ever which the late Mr.
George Robins used to preside with so much dignity. There are very few London people, as I fancy, who have not attended at these meetings, and all with a taste for moralizing must have thought, with a sensation and interest not a little startling and queer, of the day when -- their turns shall come, too, and Mr. Hammerdown will sell by the orders of Diogenes’s assignees, or will be instructed by the executors, to offer to public competition the library, furniture, plate, wardrobe, and choice cellar of wines of Epicurus, deceased.

Even with the most selfish disposition, the Vanity-fairian, as he witnesses this sordid part of the obsequies of a departed friend, can’t but feel some sympathies and regret. My Lord Dives’s remains are in the family vault; the statuaries are cutting an inscription veraciously commemorating his virtues, and the sorrows of his heir, who is disposing of his goods. What guest at Dives’ table can pass the familiar house without a sigh? -- the familiar house of which the lights used to shine so cheerfully at seven o’clock, of which the hall-doors opened so readily, of which the obsequious servants, as you passed up the comfortable stair, sounded your name from landing to landing, until it reached the apartment where jolly old Dives welcomed his friends! What a number of them he had, and what a noble way of entertaining them! How witty people used to be here who were morose when they got out of the door; and how courteous and friendly men who slandered and hated each other everywhere else! He was pompous, but with such a cook what would one not swallow? He was rather dull, perhaps, but would not such wine make any conversation pleasant? We must get some of his Burgundy at any price, the mourners cry at his club. “I got this box at old Dives’s sale,” Pincher says, handing it round, “one of Louis XX’s mistresses – pretty thing, is it not? – sweet miniature,” and they talk of the way in which young Dives is dissipating his fortune.

How changed the house is, though! The front is patched over with bills, setting forth the particulars of the furniture in sharing capitals. They have hung a shred of carpet out of an up-stairs window a half dozen of porters are lounging on the dirty steps – the hall swarms with dingy guests of Oriental countenance, who thrust printed
cards into your hand and offer to bid. Old women and amateurs have invaded the upper apartments, pinching the bed-curtains, poking into the feathers, shampooing the mattresses and clapping the wardrobe drawers to and fro. Enterprising young house-keepers are measuring the looking glasses and hangings to see if they will suit the new ménage – (Snob will brag for years that he has purchased this or that at Dives’s sale) – and Mr. Hammerdown is sitting on the great mahogany dining-tables in the dining-room bellow, waving the ivory hammer, and employing all the artifices of eloquence, enthusiasm, entreaty, reason, despair; shouting to his people: satirizing Mr. Davids for his sluggishness; inspiriting Mrs. Moss into action; imploring, commanding, bellowing, until down comes the hammer like fate, and we pass to the next lot. O Dives! Who would have ever have thought, as we sat round the broad table sparkling with plate and spotless linen, to have seen such a dish at the head of it as that roaring auctioneer?

N 6, B. I, Ch. XIX, p. 232

Sick-bed homilies and pious reflections are, to be sure, out of place in mere story-books and we are not going (after the fashion of some novelists of the present day0) to cajole the public into a sermon, when it is only a comedy that the reader pays his money to witness. But, without preaching, the truth may surely be borne in mind that the bustle and triumph and laughter and gayety which Vanity Fair exhibits in Public do not always pursue the performer into the private life, and that the most dreary depression of spirits and dismal repentances sometimes overcome him. Recollection of the best-ordained banquets will scarcely cheer sick epicures. Reminiscences of the most becoming dresses and brilliant ball-triumphs will go very little way to console faded beauties. Perhaps statesmen, at a particular period of existence, are not much gratified at thinking over the most triumphant divisions; and the success or the pleasure of yesterday becomes of very small account when a certain (albeit uncertain) morrow is in view, about which all of us must some day or other be speculating. O brother wearers of motley! Are there not moments when one grows sick of grinning
and tumbling, and the jingling of cap and bells? This, dear friends and companions, is my amiable object – to walk with you through the fair, to examine the shops and the shows there; and that we should all come home after the flare and the noise and the gayety, and be perfectly miserable in private.

N 7, B. II, h. XXXVII, p. 33

I wonder how many families are driven to roguery and to ruin by great practitioners in Crawley’s way? – how many great noblemen rob their tradesmen, condescend to swindle their poor retainers out of wretched little sums, and cheat for a few shillings? When we read that a nobleman has left for the Continent, or that another noble nobleman had an execution in his house, and that one or other owes six or seven millions, the defeat seems glorious even, and we respect the victim in the vastness of his ruin. But who pities a poor barber who can’t get his money for powdering the footmen’s heads; or a poor carpenter who has ruined himself by fixing up ornaments and pavilions for my lady’s déjeuner; or the poor devil of a tailor whom the steward patronizes, and who has pledged all he is worth, an more, to get the liveries ready which my lord has done him the honour to be-speak? When the great house tumbles down, these miserable wretches fall under it unnoticed. As they say in the old legends, before a man goes to the devil himself, he sends plenty of other souls thither.

N 8, B. II, Ch. XXXVIII, p. 49-50

You and I, my dear reader, may drop into this condition one day; for have not many of our friends attained it? Our luck may fail; our powers forsake us: our place on the boards be taken by better and younger mimes – the chance of life roll away and leave us shattered stranded. Then men will walk across the road when they meet you – or, worse still, hold you out a couple of fingers and patronize you in a pitying way – then you will know, as soon as your back is turned, that your friend begins with a “Poor devil, what imprudences he has committed, what chances chap has thrown away!”
Well, well – a carriage and three thousand a year is not the summit of the reward nor the end of God’s judgement of men. If Quacks prosers as often as they go to the wall – if zanies succeed and knaves arrive at fortunes, and vice versa, sharing ill luck and prosperity for all the world like the ablest and most honest among us – I say, brother, the gifts and pleasures of Vanity Fair cannot be hold of any great account, and that it is probable … but we are wandering out of the domain of the story.

N 9, B. II. Ch XLI, p. 95
Could the best and kindest of us who depart from the earth have an opportunity of revisiting it, I suppose he or she (assuming that any Vanity Fair feelings subsist in the sphere whither we are bound) would have a pang of mortification at finding how soon our survivors were consoled. And so Sir Pitt was forgotten – like the kindest and best of us – only a few weeks sooner.

N 10, B. II, Ch. XLIV, p. 128
Bon Dieu! It is awful, that servants’ inquisition! You see a woman, in a great party in a splendid saloon, surrounded by faithful admirers, distributing sparkling glances, dressed to perfection, curled, rouged, smiling and happy: Discovery walks respectfully up to her, in the shape of a huge powdered man with large calves and a tray of ices – with calumny (which is as fatal as truth) – behind him; in the shape of the hulking fellow carrying the wafer-biscuits. Madam, your secret will be talked over by those men at their club at the public-house tonight. Jeames will tell Chawles his notions about you over their pipes and pewter-beer-pots. Some people ought to have mutes for servants in Vanity Fair – mutes who could not write. If you are guilty, tremble. That fellow behind you may be a janissary with a bow-string in his plush breeches pocket. If you are not guilty, have a care of appearances; which are as ruinous as guilt.
N 11, B. II, h. XLVII, p. 156-157
And let us, my brethren, who have not our names in the Red Book, console ourselves
by thinking comfortably how miserable our betters may be, and that Damocles, who
sits on satin cushions, and is served on gold plate, has an awful sword hanging over
his head in the shape of a bailiff, or an hereditary disease, or a family secret, which
peeps out every now and then from the embroidered arras in a ghastly manner, and
will be sure to drop one day or other in the right place.

N 12, B. II, Ch. LI, p. 195-197
Dear brethren, let us tremble before those august portals. I fancy them guarded by
grooms of the chamber with flaming silver forks, with which they prong all those
who have not the right of the entrée. They say the honest newspaper fellow who sits
in the hall, and takes down the names of the great ones who are admitted to the feasts,
dies after a little time. He can’t survive the glare of fashion long. It scorches him up,
as the presence of Jupiter in full dress wasted that poor imprudent Semele – a giddy
moth of a creature who ruined herself by venturing out of her natural atmosphere.
Herr myth ought to be taken to heart among the Tyburnians, the Belgravians – her
story, and perhaps Becky’s too. Ah, ladies! – ask the Reverend Mr. Thurifer if
Belgravia is not a sounding brass, and Tyburnia a tinkling cymbal. These are vanities.
Even these will pass away. And some day or other (but it will be after our time, thank
goodness), Hyde Park Gardens will be no more better known than the celebrated
horticultural outskirts of Babylon, and Belgrave Square will be as desolate as Baker
Street, or Tadmor in the wilderness.

Ladies, are you aware that the great Pitt lived in Baker Street? What would not
your grandmothers have given to be asked to Lady Hester’s parties in that now
decayed mansion? I have dined in it – moi qui vous parle. I peopled the chamber with
ghosts of the mighty dead. As we sat soberly drinking claret there with men of to-day,
the spirits of the departed came in and took their places round the darksome board.
The pilot who wheathered the storm tossed off great bumpers of spiritual port; the
shade of Dundas as did not leave the ghost of a heel-tap; Addington sat bowing and
smirking in a ghastly manner, and would not be behind-hand when the noiseless
bottle went round; Scott, from under bushy eyebrows, winked at the apparition of a
bee’s wing; Wilberforce’s eyes went up to the ceiling, so that he did not seem to
know how his glass went up full to his mouth, and came down empty – up to the
ceiling which was above us only yesterday, and which the great of the last days have
all looked at. They let the house a furnished lodging now. Yes, Lady Hester once
lived in Baker Street, and lies asleep in the wilderness. Eothen saw her there – not in
Baker Street, but in the other solitude.

It is all vanity, to be sure; but who will not own to liking a little of it? I should
like to know what well-constituted mind, merely because it is transitory, dislikes
roast beef. That is a vanity; but may every man who reads this have a wholesome
portion of it through life, I beg; ay, though my readers were five hundred thousand.
Sit down, gentlemen, and fall to, with a good hearty appetite; the fat, the lean, the
gravy, the horse radish – as you like it – don’t spare it. Another glass of wine, Jones,
my boy – a little bit of the Sunday side. Yes, let us eat our fill of the vain thing, and
be thankful therefore. And let us make the best of Becky’s aristocratic pleasures
likewise; for these, too, like all other mortal delights, were but transitory.

N 13, B. II, Ch. LI, p. 205-507

I protest it is quite shameful in the world to abuse a simple creature, as people of her
time abuse Becky, and I warn the public against believing one-tenth of the stories
against her. If every person is to be banished from society who runs into debt and can
not pay – if we are to be peering into everybody’s private life, speculating upon their
income, and cutting them if we don’t approve of their expenditure – why, what a
howling wilderness and intolerable dwelling Vanity Fair would be! Every man’s hand
would be against his neighbor in this case, my dear sir, and the benefits of civilization
would be done away with. We should be quarrelling, abusing, avoiding one another.
Our houses would become caverns; and we should go down. Parties wouldn’t be
given any more. All the tradesmen of the town would be bankrupt. Wine, wax-lights, comestibles, rouge, crinoline petticoats, diamonds, wigs, Louis-Quatorze gimcracks, and old china, park hacks, and splendid high-stepping carriage horses – all the delights of life, - I say – would go to the deuce, if people did but act upon their silly principles, and avoid those whom they dislike and abuse. Whereas, by a little charity and mutual forbearance, things are made to go on pleasantly enough: we may abuse a man as much as we like, and call him the greatest rascal unhanged – but do we wish to hang him therefore? No. We shake hands when we meet. If his cook is good we forgive him, and go and dine with him; and we expect he will do the same by us. Thus trade flourishes – civilization advances; peace is kept; new dresses are wanted for new assemblies every week; and the last year’s vintage of Lafitte will remunerate the honest proprietor who reared it.

At the time whereof we are writing, though the Great George was on the throne and ladies wore gigots and large combs like tortoise-shell shovels in their hair, instead of the simple sleeves and lovely wreaths which are actually in fashion, the manners of the very polite world were not, I take it, essentially different from those of the present day; and their amusements pretty similar. To us, from the outside, gazing over the policeman’s shoulders at the bewildering beauties as they pass into court or hall, they may seem beings of unearthly splendor, and in the enjoyment of an exquisite happiness by us unattainable. It is to console some of these dissatisfied beings that we are narrating our dear Becky’s struggles, and triumphs, and disappointments, of all of which, indeed as is the case with all persons of merit, she had her share.

N 14, B. II, h, LXI, p. 325-327
As you ascend the staircase of your house from the drawing- toward the bed-room floors, you may have remarked a little arch in the wall right before you, which at one gives light to the stair which leads from the second story to the third (where the nursery and servants’ chambers commonly are), and serves for another purpose of
utility, of which the undertaker's men can give you a notion. They rest the coffins upon that arch, or pass them through it, so as not to disturb in any unseemly manner the cold tenant slumbering within the black arch.

The second floor arch in a London house, looking up and down the well of the staircase, and commanding the main thoroughfare by which the inhabitants are passing: by which cook lurks down before daylight to scour her pots and pans in the kitchen; by which young master stealthily ascends, having left his boots in the hall, and let himself in after dawn from a jolly night at the club; down which miss comes rustling in fresh ribbons and spreading muslins, brilliant and beautiful, and prepared for conquest and the ball; or Master Tommy slides, preferring the banisters for a mode of conveyance, and disdaining danger and the stair; down which the mother is fondly carried smiling in her strong husband's arms, as he steps steadily step by step, and followed by the monthly nurse, on the day when the medical man has pronounced that the charming patient may go down-stairs: up which John lurks to bed, yawning, with a sputtering tallow candle and to gather up before sunrise the boots which are awaiting him in the passages: that stair up or down which babies are carried, old people are helped, guests are marshalled to the ball, the parson walks to the christening, the doctor to the sick-room, and the undertaker's men to the upper floor — what a memento of life, death, and vanity it is — that arch and stair — if you choose to consider it, and sit on the landing, looking up and down the well! The doctor will come up to us too; for the last time there, my friend in motley. The nurse will look in at the curtains, and you take no notice — and then she will fling open the windows for a little, and let in the air. Then they will pull down all the front blinds of the house and live in the back rooms — then they will send for the lawyer and other men in black, et. — Your comedy and mine will have been played then, and we shall be removed, oh, how far, from the trumpets, and the shouting, and the posture-making. If we are gentlefolks they will put hatchments over our late domicile, with gilt cherubim and mottoes, stating that there is "Quiet in Heaven". Your son will new furnish the house, or perhaps let it, and go into a more modern quarter; your name
will be among the “members deceased” in the lists of our clubs next year. However much you may be mourned, your widow will like to have her weeds neatly made – the cook will send or come up to ask about dinner – the survivor will soon bear to look at your picture over the mantelpiece, which will presently be deposed from the place of honor, to make way for the portrait of the son who reigns.

Which of the dead are most tenderly and passionately deplored? Those who love the survivors the least, I believe. The death of a child occasions a passion of grief and frantic tears, such as your end, brother reader, will never inspire. The death of an infant, which scarce knew you, which a week’s absence from you would have caused to forget you, will strike you down more than to loss of your closest friend, or your first-born son – a man grown like yourself, with children of his own. We may be harsh and stern with Judah and Simeon – our love and pity gush out for Benjamin, the little one. And if you are old, as some reader of this may be or shall be – old and rich, or old and poor – you may one day be thinking for yourself – “These people are very good round about me; but they won’t grieve too much when I’m gone. I am very rich, and they want my inheritance – or very poor, and they are tired of supporting me”.

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N 15, B. I, Ch. III, p. 41
When she called Sedley a very handsome man she knew that Amelia would tell her mother, who would probably tell Joseph, or who, at any rate, would be pleased by the compliment paid to her son. All mothers are. If you had told Sycorax that her son Caliban was as handsome as Apollo, she would have been pleased, witch as she was.

N 16, B.I, Ch. XIV, p. 172
GratITUDE among certain rich folks is scarcely natural or to be thought of. They take needy people’s services as their due. Nor have you, O poor parasite and humble
hanger-on, much reason to complain! Your friendship for Dives is about as sincere as the return which it usually gets. It is money you love, and not the man; and were Croesus and his footman to change places, you know, you poor rogue, who would have the benefit of your allegiance.

N 17, B. I, h. XIX, p. 230

The different conduct of these two people is pointed out respectfully to the attention of persons commencing the world. Praise everybody, I say to such; never be squeamish, but speak out your compliment both pointblack in a man’s face, and behind his back, when you know there is a reasonable chance of his hearing it again. Never lose a chance of saying a kind word. As Collingwood never saw a vacant place in his estate but he took an acorn out of his pocket and popped it in, so deal with your compliments through life. An acorn costs nothing but it may sprout into a prodigious bit of timber.

N 18, B. II, Ch. XLI, p. 99

And for my part, I believe that remorse is the least active of all a man’s moral senses – the very easiest to be deadened when wakened; and in some never wakened at all. We grieve at being found out, and at the idea of shame or punishment; but the more sense of wrong makes very few people unhappy in Vanity Fair.

N 19, B. II, h. LVI, p.269-270

Little boys who cry when they are going to school, cry because they are going to a very uncomfortable place. It is only a very few who weep from sheer affection. When you think that the eyes of your childhood dried at the sight of a piece of gingerbread, and that a plumcake was a compensation for the agony of parting with your mamma and sisters; oh, my friend and brother, you need not be too confident of your own feelings.
N 20, B.II, Ch. LVII, p. 284

How many thousands of people are there, women for the most part, who are doomed to endure this long slavery? – who are hospital nurses without wages – sisters of charity, if you like, without the romance and the sentiment of sacrifice – who strive, fast watch, and suffer, unpitied; and fade away ignobly and unknown.

The hidden and awful Wisdom which apportions the destinies of mankind is pleased so to humiliate and cost down the tender, good, and wise; and to set up the selfish, the foolish, or the wicked. Oh, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity! Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think, what right have you to be scornful, whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor’s accident, whose prosperity is very likely a satire.

N 21, B. I, Ch. III, p. 38-39

If Miss Rebecca Sharp had determined in her heart, upon making the conquest of this big beau, I don’t think, ladies, we have any right to blame her, for the task of husband-hunting is generally, and with becoming modesty, intrusted by young persons to their mammas, recollect that Miss Sharp had no kind parent to arrange these delicate matters for her, and that if she did not get a husband herself, there was no one else in the wide world who would take the trouble off her hands. What causes young people to “come out” but the noble ambition of matrimony? What sends them trooping to watering-places? What keeps them dancing till five o’clock in the morning through a whole mortal season? What causes them to labor at piano-forte sonatas, and to learn four songs from a fashionable master at a guinea a lesson, and to play the harp if they have handsome arms and neat elbows, and to wear Lincoln-green toxophilite hats and feathers, but that they may bring down some “desirable” young man with those killing bows and arrows of theirs? What causes respectable
parents to take up their carpets, set their houses topsy-turvy, and spend a fifth of their year’s income in ball suppers and iced champagne? Is it sheer love of their species, and an unadulterated wish to see young people happy and dancing? Psha! they want to marry their daughters; and as honest Mrs. Sedley has in the depths of her kind heart, already arranged a score of little schemes for the settlement of her Amelia, so also had our beloved but unprotected Rebecca determined to do her very best to secure the husband who was even more necessary for her than for her friend.

Charming Alnaschar visions! It is the happy privilege of youth to construct you, and many a fanciful young creature besides Rebecca Sharp has indulged in these delightful day-dreams ere now!

N 22, B.I, Ch. XIII, p. 153-154
Some cynical Frenchman has said that there are two parties to a love-transaction: the one who loves and the other who condescends to be so treated. Perhaps the love is occasionally on the man’s side; perhaps on the lady’s. Perhaps some infatuated swain has ere this mistaken insensibility for modesty, dullness for maiden reserve, mere vacuity for sweet bashfulness, and a goose, in a word, for a swan. Perhaps some beloved female subscriber has arrayed an ass in the splendor and glory of her imagination; admired his dullness as manly simplicity; worshipped his selfishness as manly superiority; treated his stupidity as majestic gravity, and used him as the brilliant fairy Titania did a certain weaver at Athens. I think I have seen such comedies of errors going on in the world. But this is certain, that Amelia believed her lover to be one of the most gallant and brilliant men in the empire, and it is possible Lieutenant Osborne thought so too.

N 23, B. I, Ch. XVI, p. 196-197
As an observer of human nature, I regularly frequent St. George’s, Hanover Square, during the marriage season; and though I have never seen the bridegroom’s male
friends give way to tears, or the beadle and officiating clergy any way affected, yet it is not at all uncommon to see women who are not in the least concerned in the operations going on – old ladies who are long past marrying, stout middle-aged females with plenty of sons and daughters, let alone pretty young creatures in pink bonnets, who are on their promotion, and may naturally take an interest in the ceremony - I say it is quite common to see the women present piping, sobbing, sniffing, hiding their little faces in their little useless pocket-handkerchiefs, and heaving, old and young, with emotion. When my friend, the fashionable John Pimlico, married the lovely Lady Belgravia Green Parker, the excitement was so general that even the little snuffy old pew-opener who let me into the seat was in tears. And wherefore? I inquired of my own soul: she was not going to be married.

N 24, B. I, Ch. XVIII, p. 221-222

Be cautious, then young ladies; be wary how you engage. Be shy of loving frankly; never tell all you feel, or (a better way still) feel very little. See the consequences of being prematurely honest and confiding, and mistrust yourselves and everybody. Get yourselves married as they do in France, where the lawyers are the bridesmaids and confidants. At any rate, never have any feelings which make you uncomfortable, or make any promises which you cannot at any required moment command and withdraw. That is the way to get on, and be respected, and have a virtuous character in Vanity Fair.

N 25, B. II, h. LIX, p. 311

Such an attachment from so true and loyal a gentleman could make no woman angry. Desdemona was not angry with Casio, though there is very little doubt she saw the Lieutenant’s partiality for her (and I for my part believe that many more things took place in that sad affair than the worthy Moorish officer knew of); why, Miranda was even very kind to Caliban, and we may be pretty sure for the same reason. Not that
she would encourage him in the least – the poor uncouth monster – of course not. No more would Emmy by any means encourage her admirer, the major.

II

N 26, B. I, Ch. IV, p. 46-47

It was an advance, and as such, perhaps, some ladies of indisputable correctness and gentility will condemn the action as immodest; but, you see, poor dear Rebecca had all this work to do herself. If a person is too poor to keep a servant, though ever so elegant, he must sweep his own rooms; if a dear girl has no dear mamma to settle matters with the young men, she must do it for herself. And oh, what a mercy it is that these women do not exercise their powers oftener! We can’t resist them, if they do. Let them show ever so little inclination, and men go down on their knees at once; old or ugly, it is all the same. And this I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry WHOIM SHE LIKES. Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the field, and don’t know their own powers. They would overcome us entirely if they did.

N 27, B. I, Ch. IV, p. 54-55

For the affection of young ladies is of as rapid growth as Jack’s beanstalk, and reaches up to the sky in a night. It is no blame to them that after marriage this Sensucht nach der Leibe subsides. It is what sentimentalists, who deal in very big words, call a yearning after the ideal, and simply means that women are commonly not satisfied until they have husbands and children on whom they may centre affections which are spent elsewhere, as it were, in small change.

N 28, B. I, Ch. XVII, p. 211

The best of women (I have heard from my grandmother say) are hypocrites. We don’t know how much they hide from us; how watchful they are when they seem most
artless and confidential; how often those frank smiles which they wear so easily are traps to cajole or elude or disarm – I don’t mean in your mere coquettes, but your domestic models and paragons of female virtue. Who has not seen a woman hide the dullness of a stupid husband, or coax the fury of a savage one? We accept this amiable slavishness, and praise a woman for it; we call this pretty treachery truth. A good house-wife is of necessity a humbug; and Cornelia’s husband was hoodwinked, as Potiphar was – only in a different way.

N 29, B. I, Ch. XIX, p. 236
Managing women, the ornaments of their sex – women who order everything for everybody, and know so much better than any person concerned what is good for their neighbors, don’t sometimes speculate upon the possibility of a domestic revolt, or upon other extreme consequences resulting from their overstrained authority.

N 30, B. II, h. XXXVII, p. 39
An article as necessary to a lady in this position as her brougham or her bouquet, is her companion. I have always admired the way in which the tender creatures, who cannot exist without sympathy, hire an exceedingly plain friend of their own sex from whom they are almost inseparable. The sight of that inevitable woman in her faded gown seated behind her dear friend in the opera-box, or occupying the back seat of the barouche, is always a wholesome and moral one to me, as jolly a reminder as that of the Death’s head which figured in the repasts of Egyptian bon-vivants, a strange sardonic memorial of Vanity Fair. What? – even battered, brazen, beautiful, conscienceless, heartless Mrs. Firebrace, whose father died of her shame; even lovely, daring Mrs. Mantrap, who will ride at any fence which any man in England will take, and who drives her grays in the Park, while her mother keeps a huckster’s stall in Bath still – even these who are so bold, one might fancy they could face anything, dare not face the world without a female friend. They must have somebody to cling to, the affectionate creatures! And you will hardly see them in any public
place without a shabby companion in a dyed silk, sitting somewhere in the shade close behind them.

N 31, B. II, Ch. XXXVIII, p. 57-58
It is the pretty face which creates sympathy in the hearts of men, those wicked rogues. A woman may possess the wisdom and chastity of Minerva, and we give no heed to her, if she has a plain face. What folly will not a pair of bright eyes make pardonable? What dullness may not red lips and sweet accents render pleasant? And so, with their usual sense of justice, ladies argue that because a woman is handsome, therefore she is a fool. Oh, ladies, ladies! there are some of you who are neither handsome nor wise.

N 32, B. II, Ch. XVIII, p. 168-169
To know nothing, or little, is in the nature of some husbands. To hide, is the nature of how many women? O, ladies! how many of you have surreptitious milliners’ bills? How many of you have gowns and bracelets which you daren’t show, or which you wear trembling? – trembling, and coaxing with smiles the husband by your side, who does not know the new velvet gown from the old one, or the new bracelet from last year’s, or has any notion that the ragged-looking yellow lace scarf cost you forty guineas, and that Madame Bobinot is writing dunning letters every week for the money!

N 33, B. II. Ch. LVI, p. 279-280
What do men know about women’s martyrdom? We should go mad had we to endure the hundredth part of those daily pains which are meekly borne by many women. Ceaseless slavery meeting with no reward; constant gentleness and kindness met by cruelty as constant; love, labor, patience, watchfulness, without even so much as the acknowledgement of a good word; all this how many of them have to bear in quiet,
and appear abroad with cheerful faces as if they felt nothing. Tender slaves that they are, they must need be hypocrites and weak.

N 34, B. II, Ch. LXII, p. 348

And as every one of the dear sex is a rival of the rest of her kind, timidity passes for folly in their charitable judgements; and gentleness for dullness; and silence – which is but timid denial of the unwelcome assertion of ruling folks, and tacit Protestantism – above all, finds no mercy at the hands of the female inquisition. Thus, my dear and civilized reader, if you and I were to find ourselves this evening in the society of green-grocers, let us say, it is probable that our conversation would not be brilliant; if, on the other hand, a green-grocer should find himself at your refined and polite tea-table, where everybody was saying witty things, and everybody of fashion and repute tearing her friends to pieces in the most delightful manner, it is possible that the stranger would not be very talkative, and by no means interesting or interested.

2. 2. ვიტალ განყოფილი სასწავლები

N 35, B. I, h. VIII, p. 105-107

But my kind reader will please to remember that this history has “Vanity Fair” for a title, and that Vanity Fair is a very vain, wicked, foolish place, full of all sorts of humbugs and falseness and pretensions. And while the moralist, who is holding forth on the cover* (an accurate portrait of your humble servant), professes to wear neither gown nor bands, but only the very same long-eared livery in which his congregation is arrayed; yet, look you, one is bound to speak the truth as far as one knows it, whether one mounts a cap and bells or a shovel hat; and a deal of disagreeable matter come out in the course of such an undertaking.

* A reference to a woodcut on the cover of the original edition.
I have heard a brother of the story-telling trade, at Naples, preaching to a pack of good-for-nothing honest lazy fellows by the sea-shore, work himself up into such a rage and passion with some of the villains whose wicked deeds he was describing and inventing, that the audience could not resist it; and they and the poet together would burst out into a roar of oaths and execrations against the fictitious monster of the tale, so that the hat went round, and the bajocchi tumbled into it, in the midst of a perfect storm of sympathy.

At the little Paris theatres, on the other hand, you will not only hear the people yelling out "Ah gredien! Ah monstre!" and cursing the tyrant of the play from the boxes, but the actors themselves positively refuse to play the wicked parts, such as those of infames Anglais, brutal Cossacks, and what not, and prefer to appear at a small salary, in the real characters as loyal Frenchmen. I set the two stories one against the other, so that you may see that it is not from mere mercenary motives that the present performer is desirous to show up and trounce his villains; but because he has a sincere hatred of them, which he cannot keep down, and which must find a vent in suitable abuse and bad language.

I warn my "kyind friends," then, that I am going to tell a story of harrowing villainy and complicated – but, as I trust, intensely interesting – crime. My rascals are no milk-and-water rascals, I promise you. When we come to the proper places we won't spare fine language – no, no! But when we are going over the quiet country we must perforce be calm. A tempest in a slop-basin is absurd. We will reserve that sort of thing for the mighty ocean and the lonely midnight. The present chapter is very mild. Others – But we will not anticipate those.

And as we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave, as a man and a brother, not only to introduce them, but occasionally to step down from the platform, and talk about them if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand; if they are silly to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve; if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms which politeness admits of.
Otherwise you might fancy it was I who was sneering at the practice of devotion, which Miss Sharp finds so ridiculous; that it was I who laughed good-humoredly at the reeling old Silenus of a baronet – whereas the laughter comes from one who has no reverence except for prosperity, and no eye for anything beyond success. Such people there are living and flourishing in the world – faithless, hopeless, charityless; let us have at them, dear friends, with might and main. Some there are, and very successful too, mere quacks and fools, and it was to combat and expose such as those, no doubt, that Laughter was made.

N 36, B. I, h. XVIII, p. 214

Our surprised story now finds itself for a moment among very famous events and personages, and hanging on to the skirts of history. When the eagles of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Corsican upstart, were flying from Provence, where they had perched after a brief sojourn in Elba, and from steeple to steeple until they reached the towers of Notre Dame, I wonder whether the imperial birds had any eye for a little corner of the parish off Bloomsbury, London, which you might have thought so quiet that even the whirring and flapping of those wings would pass unobserved there?

N 37, B. I, Ch, XXV, p. 304

Our history is destined in this chapter to go backward and forward in a very irresolute manner seemingly, and having conducted our story to to-morrow presently, we shall immediately again have occasion to step back to yesterday, so that the whole of the tale may get a hearing. As you behold at her Majesty’s drawing-room, the ambassadors’ and high dignitories carriages, whisk off from a private door, while Captain Jones’s ladies are waiting for their fly; as you see in the Secretary of the Treasury’s antechamber, a half-dozen petitioners waiting patiently for their audience, and called out one by one, when suddenly an Irish member or some eminent personage enters the apartment, and instantly walks into Mr. Under-Secretary over
the heads of all the people present; so in the conduct of a tale, the romancer is obliged
to exercise this most partial sort of justice.

N 38, B. I, Ch, XXX, p. 365

We do not claim to rank among the military novelists. Our place is with the non-
combatants. When the decks are cleared for action we go below and wait meekly. We
should only be in the way of the manoeuvres that the gallant fellows are performing
overhead. We shall go no further with the –th than to the city gate; and leaving
Major O’Dowd to his duty, come back to the major’s wife and the ladies and the
baggage.

N 39, B. I, h. XXXIII, p. 410

The kind reader must please to remember – while the army is marching from
Flanders, and after its heroic actions there, is advancing to take the fortifications on
the frontiers of France, previous to an occupation of that country – that there are a
number of persons living peaceably in England who have to do with the history at
present in hand, and must come in for their share of the chronicle.

N 40, B. I, Ch. XXXIV, p. 442
Peace to thee, kind and selfish, vain and generous old heathen! – we shall see thee no
more. Let us hope that Lady Jane supported her kindly, and led her with gentle hand
out of the struggle of Vanity Fair.

N 41, B. II, Ch. XXXIX, p. 64

Our duty now takes us back for a brief space to some old Hampshire
acquaintances of ours, whose hopes respecting the disposal of their rich kinswoman’s
property were so woefully disappointed.
The ASTONISHED reader must be called upon to transport himself ten thousand miles to the military station of Bundlegunge, in the Madras division of our Indian empire, where our gallant old friends of the -th regiment are quartered under the command of the brave colonel, Sir Michael O’Dowd.

In a word everybody went to wait upon this great man – everybody who was asked: as you the reader (do not say nay) or I the writer hereof would go if we had an invitation.

The muse, whoever she be, who presides over this comic history, must now descend from the genteel heights in which she has been soaring, and have the goodness to drop down upon the lovely roof of John Sedley at Brompton, and describe what events are taking place there.

If I had time and dared to enter into digressions, I would write a chapter about that first pint of porter drunk upon English ground. Ah, how good it is!, It is worth while to leave home for a year, just to enjoy that one draught.

I know that the tune I am piping is a very mild one (although there are some terrific chapters coming presently), and must beg the good-natured reader to remember that we are only discoursing at present about a stock broker’s family in Russel Square, who are taking walks, or luncheon, or dinner, or talking and making love, as people do in common life, and without a single passionate and wonderful
incident to mark the progress of their loves. The argument stands thus: Osborne, in love with Amelia, has asked an old friend to dinner and to Vauxhall; Jos Sedley is in love with Rebecca. Will he marry her? This is the great subject now in hand.

We might have treated this subject in the genteel, or in the romantic, or in the facetious manner. Suppose we had laid the scene in Grosvenor Square, with the very same adventures, would not some people have listened? Suppose we had shown how Lord Joseph Sedley Fell in love, and the Marquis Osborne came attached to Lady Amelia, with the full consent of the Duke, her noble father; or, instead of the supremely genteel, suppose we had resorted to the entirely low; and described what was going on in Mr. Sedley’s kitchen; how black Sambo was in love with the cook (as indeed he was), and how he fought a battle with the coachman in her behalf; how the knife-boy was caught stealing a cold shoulder of mutton, and Miss Sedley’s new *femme de chambre* refused to go to bed without the wax candle: such incidents might be made to provoke much delightful laughter, and be supposed to represent sense of life“. Or if, on the contrary, we had taken a fancy for the terrible, and made the lover of the new *femme de chambre* a professional burglar, who bursts into the house with his band, slaughters black Sambo at the feet of his master, and carries off Amelia in her nightdress, not to be let loose again till the third volume, we should easily have constructed a tale of thrilling interest, through the fiery chapters of which the reader should hurry panting.

Thus you see, ladies, how this story might have been written, if the author had but a mind; for to tell the truth, he is just as familiar with Newgate as with the places of our revered aristocracy, and has seen the outside of both. But as I don’t understand the language or manners of the Rookery nor that polyglot conversation which, according to the fashionable novelists, is spoken by the leaders of ton, se must, if you please, preserve our middle course modestly, amid those scenes and personages with which we are most familiar. In a word, this chapter about Vauxhall would have been so exceedingly short but for the above little disquisition, that it scarcely would have
deserved to be called a chapter at all, and yet it is a chapter, and a very important one too. Are not there little chapters in everybody’s life, that seem to be nothing, and yet affect all the rest of the history?

N 47, B. I, Ch. VI, p. 80-81

That bowl of rack-punch was the cause of all this history. And why not a bowl of rack-punch as well as any other cause? Was not a bowl of prussic acid the cause of fair Rosamond’s retiring from the world? Was not a bowl of wine the cause of the demise of Alexander the Great, or, at least, does not Dr. Lempiere say so – so did this bowl of rack punch influence the fates of all the principal characters in this “Novel without a Hero”, which we are now relating. It influenced their life, although most of them did not taste a drop of it.

N 48, B. I, Ch. XXVIII, p. 340

But it may be said as a rule that every Englishman in the Duke of Wellington’s army paid his way. The remembrance of such a fact surely becomes a nation of shop-keepers. It was a blessing for a commerce-loving country to be overrun by such an army of customers, and to have such creditable warriors to feed. And the country which they came to protect is not military. For a long period of history they have let other people fight there. When the present writer went to survey with eagle glance the field of Waterloo, we asked the conductor of the diligence, a portly, warlike-looking veteran, whether he had been at the battle. “Pas si bete” – such an answer and sentiment as no Frenchman would own to – was his reply. But, on the other hand, the postilion who drove us was a viscount, a son of some bankrupt imperial general, who accepted a penny worth of beer on the road. The moral is surely a good one.

N 49, B. I, Ch. XXVIII, p. 344-345

Those who like to lay down the history-book, and to speculate upon what might have happened in the world but for the fatal occurrence of what actually did take
place (a most puzzling, amusing, ingenious, and profitable kind of meditation), have no doubt often thought to themselves what a specially bad time Napoleon took to come back from Elba, and to let loose his eagle from Gulf San Juan to Notre Dame. The historians on our side tell us that the armies of the allied powers were all providentially on a war footing, and ready to bear down at a moment’s notice upon the Elban emperor. The august jobbers assembled in Vienna, and carving out the Kingdoms of Europe according to their wisdom, had such causes of quarrel among themselves as might have set the armies which had overcome Napoleon to fight against each other but for the return of the object of unanimous hatred and fear. This monarch had an army in full force because he had jobbed to himself Poland, and was determined to keep it; another had robbed half Saxony, and was bent upon maintaining his acquisition; Italy was the object of a third’s solicitude. Each was protesting against the rapacity of the other; and could the Corsican but have waited in prison until all these parties were by the ears, he might have returned and reigned unmolested. But what would have become of our story and all our friends then? If all the drops in it were dried up, what would become of the sea?

N 50, B. II, h. LI, p. 199-200

We must be brief in descanting upon this part of her career. As I can not describe the mysteries of the freemasonry, although I have a shrewd idea that it is a humbug; so an uninitiated man can not take upon himself to portray the great world accurately, and had best kept his opinions to himself whatever they are.

N 51, B. I, Ch. VII, p. 97-99 (ｄｅｔａｉｌｅｄ-ｍｅｍｏｒｙ)

How the young man from Cambridge sulkily put his five great-coats in front, but was reconciled when little Miss Sharp was made to quit the carriage, and mount up beside him, when he covered her up in one of his Benjamins, and became perfectly good-humored; how the asthmatic gentleman, the prim lady, who declared upon her sacred honor she had never travelled in a public carriage before (there is always such
a lady in a coach – alas! was; for the coaches, where are they?) , and the fat widow
with the brandy-bottle, took their places inside; how the porter asked them all for
money, and got sixpence from the gentleman and five greasy halfpence from the fat
widow; and how the carriage at length drove away – now threading the dark lanes of
Aldersgate, anon clattering by the Blue Cupola of St. Paul’s, jingling rapidly by the
strangers’ entry of Fleet Market, which with Exeter change has now departed to the
world of shadows; how they passed the White Bear in Piccadilly, and saw the dew
rising up from the marketgardens of Knightsbridge; how Turnham Green, Brentford,
Bagshot, were passed – need not be told here. But writer of these pages, who has
pursued in former days, and in the same bright weather, the same remarkable journey,
cannot but think of it with a sweet and tender regret. Where is the road now, and its
merry incidents of life? Is there no Chelsea or Greenwhich for the old, honest,
pimple-nosed coachman? I wonder where are they, those good fellows? Is old Weller
alive or dead? and the waitress, yea, and the inns at which they waited, and the cold
rounds of beef inside, and the stunted ostler, with his blue nose and clinking pail,
where is he, and where is his generation? To those great geniuses now in petticoats,
who shall write novels for the beloved reader’s children, these men and things will be
as much legend and history as Nineveh, or Coer de Lion, or Jack Sheppard. For them
stage coaches will have become romances – a team of four bays as fabulous as
Bucephalus or Black Bess. Ah! how their tails shook as with smoking sides at the
stage’s end they demurely walked away into the inn-yard! alas! we shall never hear
the horn sing at midnight, or see the pike-gates fly open any more. Whither, however,
is the light four-inside Trafalgar coach carrying us? Let us be set down at Queen’s
Crawley without further divagation, and see how Miss Rebecca Sharp speeds there.

N 52, B. I, Ch. XV, p. 184 (גיהנמה-גיהנמה)

Every reader of a sentimental turn (and we desire no other) must have been
pleased with the tableau with which the last act of our little drama concluded; for
what can be prettier than an image of Love on his knees before Beauty?
I suppose there is no man in this Vanity Fair of ours so little observant as not to think sometimes about the worthy affairs of his acquaintances, or so extremely charitable as not to wonder how his neighbor Jones, or his neighbor Smith, can make both ends meet at the end of the year. With the utmost regard for the family, for instance (for I dine with them twice or thrice in the season), I can not but own that the appearance of the Jenkinse in the Park, in the large barouche, with the grenadier footmen, will surprise and mystify me to my dying day; for though I know the equipage is only jobbed, and all the Jenkins people are on board wages, yet those three men and the carriage must represent an expense of six hundred a year at the very least – and then there are the splendid dinners, the two boys at Eton, the prize governess and masters for the girls, the trip abroad, or to Eastbourne or Worthing, in the autumn, the annual ball with a supper from Gunter’s (who, by the way, supplies most of the first-rate dinners which J. gives, as I know very well, having been invited to one of them to fill a vacant place, when I saw at one that these repasts are very superior to the common run of entertainments for which the humbler sort of J’s acquaintances get cards) – who, I say, with the most good-natured feelings in the world, can help wandering how the Jenkinse make out matters? What is Jenkins? We all know – Commissioner of the Tape and Sealing Wax Office, with 1200 pounds a year for a salary. Had his wife a private fortune? Pooh! – Miss Flint – one of eleven children of a small squire in Buckinghamshire. All she ever gets from her family is a turkey at Christmas, in exchange for which she has to board two or three of her sisters in the off season; and lodge and feed her brothers when they come to town. How does Jenkins balance his income? I say, as every friend of his must say, How is it that he has not been out-lawed long since; and that he ever came back (as he did, to the surprise of everybody) last year from Boulogne?
“I” is here introduced to personify the world in general – the Mrs. Grundy of each respected reader’s private circle – every one of whom cab point to some families of his acquaintance who live nobody knows how. Many a glass of wine have we all of us drank, I have very little doubt, hob-and-nobbing with the hospitable giver, and wondering how the deuce he paid for it.

N 54, B. II, Ch. LXIV, p. 368-369 (Վենիտի արտահանման շքեղություն)

We must pass over a part of Mrs. Rebecca Crawley’s biography with that lightness and delicacy which the world demands – the moral world, that has, perhaps, no particular objection to vice, but an insuperable repugnance to hearing vice called by its proper name. There are things we do and know perfectly well in Vanity Fair, though we never speak of them; as the Ahrimanians worship the devil, but don’t mention him; and a polite public will no more bear to read an authentic description of vice than a truly refined English or American female will permit the word breeches to be pronounced in her chaste hearing. And yet, madam, both are walking the world before our faces every day, without much shocking us. If you were to blush every time they went by, what complexions you would have! It is only when their naughty names are called out that your modesty has any occasion to show alarm or sense of outrage, and it has been the wish of the present writer, all through this story, differentially to submit to the fashion at present prevailing, and only to hint at the existence of wickedness in a light, easy, and agreeable manner, so that nobody’s fine feelings may be offended. I defy any one to say our Becky, who has certainly some vices, has not been presented to the public in a perfectly genteel and inoffensive manner. In describing this syren, singing and smiling, coaxing and cajoling, the author, with modest pride, asks his readers all round, has he once forgotten the laws of politeness, and showed the monster’s hideous tail above water? No! Those who like may peep down under the waves that are pretty transparent, and see it writhing and twirling, diabolically hideous and slimy, flapping among bones, or curling round corpses; but above the waterline, I ask, has not everything been proper, agreeable and
dangerous, and has any the most squeamish moralist in Vanity Fair a right to cry fie! When, however, the syren disappears and dives below, down among the dead men, the water of course grows turbid over her, and it is labor lost to look into it ever so curiously. They look pretty enough when they sit upon a rock, twanging their harps and combing their hair, and sing, and beckon to you to come and hold the looking-glass; but when they sink into their native element, depend on it, those mermaids are about no good, and we had best not examine the fiendish marine cannibals, revelling and feasting on their wretched pickled victims. And so, when Becky is out of the way, be sure that she is not particularly well employed, and that the less that is said about her doings is in fact the better.

2.3. თავისუფალი ჰქონებად

3) არაუთით არცხლობი

N 55, B. II, Ch. XXXV, p. 9-10

Have you ever had a difference with a dear friend? How his letters, written in the period of love and confidence, sicken and rebuke you! What a dreary mourning it is to dwell upon those vehement protests of dead affection! What lying epitaphs they make over the corpse of live! What dark, cruel comments upon life and vanities! Most of us have got or written drawers full of them. They are closet-skeletons which we keep and shun. Osborne trembled long before the letter from his dead son.

N 56, B. II, Ch. XXXV, p. 14

Which of us is there can tell how much vanity lurks in our warmest regard for others, and how selfish our love is?
Ah! Vanitas Vanitatum! Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied? – come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets for our play is played out.

Who among us is there that does not recollect similar hours of bitter, bitter childish grief? Who feels injustice; who shrinks before a slight; who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude for kindness, as a generous boy? and how many of those gentle souls do you degrade, estrange, torture, for the sake of a little loose arithmetic and miserable dog-latin?

What a dignity it gives an old lady, that balances at the banker’s! How tenderly we look at her faults if she is a relative (and may every reader have a score of such), what a kind, good-natured old creature we find her! How the junior partner of Hobbs and Dobbs leads her smiling to the carriage with the lozenge upon it, and the fat, wheezy coachman! How, when she comes to pay us a visit, we generally find an opportunity to let our friends know her station in the world! We say (and with perfect truth), I wish I had Miss MacWriter’s signature to a check for five thousand pounds. She wouldn’t miss it, says your wife. She is my aunt, say you, in an easy, careless way, when your friend asks if Miss MacWriter is any relative. Your wife is perpetually sending her little testimonies of affection, your little girls work endless worsted baskets, cushions and footstools for her. What a good fire there is in her room when she comes to pay you a visit, although your wife laces her stays without one! The house during her stay assumes a festive, neat, warm, jovial, snug
appearance not visible at other seasons. You yourself, dear sir, forget to go to sleep after dinner, and find yourself all of a sudden (though you invariably lose) very fond of a rubber. What good dinners you have – game every day Malmsey-Madeira, and no end of fish from London. Even the servants in the kitchen share in the general prosperity; and somehow, during the stay of Miss MacWriter’s fat Coachman, the beer is grown much stronger, and the consumption of tea and sugar in the nursery (where her maid takes her meals) is not regarded in the least. Is it so, or is it not so? I appeal to the middle class. Ah, gracious powers! I wish you would send me an old aunt – a maiden aunt – an aunt with a lozenge on her carriage, and a front of light coffee-colored hair – how my children should work work-bags for her, and my Julia and I would make her comfortable! Sweet, sweet vision! Foolish, foolish dream!

N 60, B. II, Ch. LXI, p. 329
Which, I wonder brother reader, is the better lot, to die prosperous, and famous, or poor and disappointed? – to have, and to be forced to yield, or to sink out of life, having played and lost the game? That must be a strange feeling, when a day of our life comes and we say, “Tomorrow success or failure won’t matter much; and the sun will rise, and all the myriads of mankind go to their work or their pleasure as usual, but I shall be out of the turmoil”.

N 61, B. II, h. LXII, p. 349
Perhaps it was the happiest time of both their lives indeed, if they did but know it – and who does? Which of us can point out and say that was the culmination – that was the summit of human joy!
N 62, B. I, h. XVI, p. 194

And who on earth, after the daily experience we have, can question the probability of a gentleman marrying anybody? How many of the wise and learned have married their cooks? Did not Lord Eldon himself, the most prudent of men, make a runaway match? Were not Achilles and Ajax both in love with their servant-maids? And are we to expect a heavy dragoon with strong desires and small brains, who had never controlled a passion in his life, to become prudent all of a sudden, and to refuse to pay any price for an indulgence to which he had a mind? If people only made prudent marriages, what a stop to population there would be!

N 63, B. II, Ch. L, p. 194

By heavens, it is pitiful, the bootless love of women for children in Vanity Fair.

N 64, B. II, Ch. LVII, p. 283-284

O poor women! O you poor secret martyrs and victims, whose life is a torture, who are stretched on racks in your bedrooms, and who lay your heads down on the block daily at the drawing-room table; every man who watches your pains, or peers into those dark places where the torture is administered to you, must pity you – and – and thank God that he has a beard. I recollect seeing, years ago, at the prison for idiots and madmen at Bicetre, near Paris, a poor wretch bent down under the bondage of his imprisonment and his personal infirmity to whom one of our party gave a half-pennyworth of snuff in a cornet of “screw” of paper. The kindness was too much for the poor epileptic creature. He cried in an anguish of delight and gratitude; if anybody gave you and me a thousand a year, or saved our lives, we could not be so affected – And so, if you properly tyrannize over a woman, you will find a halfp’orth of kindness act upon her, and bring tears into her eyes, as though you were an angel benefiting her.
O ignorant young creatures! How little do you know the effect of rack-punch!

What is the rack in the punch at night to the rack in the head of a morning? To this I can vouch as a man; there is no headache in the world like that caused by Vauxhall punch. Through the lapse of twenty years, I can remember the consequences of two glasses! – two wine glasses! – but two, upon the honour of a gentleman: and Joseph Sedley, who had a liver complaint, had swallowed at least a quart of the abominable mixture.
3. 1. ფართობისფართო ქრონიკა

a) დამაგლის უღელტეხი

N 1, Chapter I, p. 21

I do not speak of that greatness which is achieved by the fortunate politician or the successful soldier; that is a quality which belongs to the place he occupies rather than to the man; and a change of circumstance reduces it to very discreet proportions. The Prime minister out of office is seen, too often, to have been but a pompous rhetorician, and the General without an army is but the tame hero of a market town.

N 2, Chapter I, p. 25

Dr. Weitbrecht-Rotholz belongs to that school of historians which believes that human nature is not only about as bad as it can be, but a great deal worse; and certainly the reader is safer of entertainment in their hands than those of the writers who take a malicious pleasure in representing the great figures of romance as patterns of the domestic virtues. For my part, I should be sorry to think that there was nothing between Antony and Cleopatra but an economic situation; and it will require a great deal more evidence than is ever likely to be available, thank God, to persuade me that Tiberius was as blameless a monarch as king George V.

N 3, Chapter V, p. 34-35

It (the gift of sympathy – o.3.) is a charming faculty, but one often abused by those who are conscious of its possessions: for there is something ghoulish in the avidity with which they will pounce upon the misfortune of their friends so that they
may exercise their dexterity. It gushes forth like an oil well, and the sympathetic pour out their sympathy with an abandon that is sometimes embarrassing to their victims. There are bosoms on which so many tears have been shed that I cannot bedew them with mine.

N 4, Chapter XI, p. 53

I had not yet learnt how contradictory is human nature; I did not know how much pose there is in the sincere, how much baseness in the noble, or how much goodness in the reprobate.

N 5, Chapter XIV, p. 66

But how strange it was that the creative instinct should seize upon this dull stockbroker, to his own ruin, perhaps, and to the misfortune of such as were dependent on him; and yet no stranger than the way in which the spirit of God has seized men, powerful and rich, pursuing them with stubborn vigilance till at last, conquered, they have abandoned the joy of the world and the love of women for the painful austerities of the cloister. Conversation may come under many shapes, and it may be brought about in many ways. With some men it needs a cataclysm, as a torrent; but with some it comes gradually, as a stone may be worn away by the ceaseless fall of a drop of water.

N 6, Chapter XIV, p.66

The cuckoo lays its eggs in the strange bird’s nest and when the young one is hatched it shoulders its foster-brothers out and breaks at last the nest that has sheltered it.
And it was just that which had most disconcerted me in my dealings with him. When people say they do not care what others think of them, for the most part they deceive themselves. Generally they mean only that they will do as they choose, in the confidence that no one will know their vagaries; and at the utmost only that they are willing to act contrary to the opinion of the majority because they are supported by the approval of their neighbours. It is not difficult to be unconventional in the eyes of the world when your unconventionality is but the convention of your set. It affords you then an inordinable amount of self-esteem. You have the self-satisfaction of courage without the inconvenience of danger. But the desire for approbation is perhaps the most deeply seated instinct of civilized man. No one runs so hurriedly to the cover of respectability as the unconventional woman who has exposed herself to the slings and arrows of outraged property. I do not believe the people who tell me they do not care a row of pins for the opinion of their fellows. It is the bravado of ignorance. They mean only that they do not fear reproaches for peccadilloes, which they are convinced none will discover.

Nor with such a man could you expect the appeal to conscience to be effective. You might as well ask for a reflection without a mirror – I take it that conscience is the guardian in the individual of the rules which the community has evolved for its own preservation. It is the policeman in all our hearts, set there to watch that we do not break its laws. It is the spy seated in the central stranghold of the ego. Man’s desire for the approval of his fellows is so strong, his dread of their censure so violient, that himself has brought his enemy within his gates; and it keeps watch over him, vigilant always in the interests of its master to crush any half-formed desire to break away from the herd. It will force him to place the good of society before his own. It is the very strong link that attaches the individual to the whole. And man, subservient to interests he has persuaded himself are greater than his own, makes
himself a slave to his task-master. He sits him in a seat of honour. At last, like a courtier fawning on the royal stick that is laid about his shoulders, he prides himself on the sensitiveness of his conscience. Then he has no words hard enough for the man who does not recognize its sway; for, a member of society now, he realizes accurately enough that against him he is powerless. When I saw that Strickland was really indifferent to the blame his conduct must excite, I could only draw back in horror as from a monster of hardly human shape.


9, Chapter XV, p. 73

I did not realize how motley are the qualities that go to make up a human being. Now I am well aware that pettiness and grandeur, malice and clarity, hatred and love, can find place side by side in the same human heart.


10, Chapter XVII, p. 77

It is not true that suffering ennobles the character; happiness does that sometimes, but suffering, for the most part, makes men petty and vindictive.


11, Chapter XLII, p. 154-155

A man's work reveals him. In social intercourse he gives you the surface that he wishes the world to accept, and you can only gain a true knowledge of him by inferences from little actions of which he is unconscious, and from fleeting expressions, which cross his face unknown to him. Sometimes people carry to such perfection the mask they have assumed that in due course they actually become the person they seem. But in his book or his picture the real man delivers himself defenceless. His pretentiousness will only expose his vacuity. The lath painted to look like iron is seen to be but a lath. No affection of peculiarity can conceal a commonplace mind. To the acute observer no one can produce the most casual work without disclosing the innermost secrets of his soul.
The faculty for myth is innate in the human race. It seizes with avidity upon any incidents, surprising or mysterious, in the career of those who have at all distinguished themselves from their fellows, and invents a legend to which it then attaches a fanatical belief. It is the protest of romance against the commonplace of life. The incidents of the legend become the hero’s surest passport to immortality. The irony philosopher reflects with a smile that Sir Walter Raleigh is more safely enshrined in the memory of mankind because he set his cloak for the Virgin Queen to walk on than because he carried the English name to undiscovered countries.

Now the war has come, bringing with it a new attitude. Youth has turned to gods we of an earlier day knew not, and it is possible to see already the direction in which those who come after us will move. The younger generation, conscious of strength and tumultuous, have done with knocking at the door; they have burst in and seated themselves in our seats. The air is noisy with their shouts. Of their elders some, by imitating the antics of youth, strive to persuade themselves that their day is not yet over; they shout with the lustiest, but the war-cry sounds hollow in their mouth; they are like poor wantons attempting with pencil, paint and powder, with shrill gaiety, to recover the illusion of their spring. The wiser go their way with a decent grace. In their chastened smile is an indulgent mockery. They remember that they too trod down a seated generation, with just such clamour and with just such scorn, and they foresee that these brave torch-bearers will presently yield their place also. There is no last word. The new evangel was old when Nineveh reared her greatness to the sky. These gallant words which seem so novel to those that speak them were said in accents scarcely changed a hundred times before. The pendulum swings backwards and forwards. The circle is ever travelled anew.
N 14, Chapter VII, p. 40

That must be the story of innumerable couples, and the pattern of life it offers has a homely grace. It reminds you of a placid rivulet, meandering smoothly through green pastures and shaded by pleasant trees, till at last it falls into the vast sea; but the sea is so calm, so silent, so indifferent, that you are troubled suddenly by a vague uneasiness. Perhaps it is only by a kink in my nature, strong in me even in those days, that I felt in such an existence, the share of the great majority, something amiss. I recognized its social value, I saw its ordered happiness, but a fever in my blood asked for a wilder course. There seemed to me something alarming in such easy delights. In my heart was a desire to live more dangerously. I was not unprepared for jagged and treacherous shoals if I could only have change - change and the excitement of the unforeseen.

N 15, Chapter XVII, p. 76

My friends pursued their course with uneventfulness, they had no longer any surprise for me, and when I met them I knew pretty well what they would say’ even their love affairs had a tedious banality. We were like tramcars running on their lines from terminus to terminus, and it was possible to calculate within small limits the number of passengers they would carry. Life was ordered too pleasantly. I was seized with panic.

N 16, Chapter XLII, p. 157-158

Each one of us is alone in the world. He is shut in a tower of brass, and can communicate with his fellows only by signs, and the signs have no common value, so that their sense is vague and uncertain. We seek pitifully to convey to others the treasures of our heart, but they have not the power to accept them, and so we go lonely, side by side but not together, unable to know our fellows and unknown by them. We are like people living in a country whose language they know so little that, with all manner of beautiful and profound things to say, they are condemned to the
banalities of the conversation manual. Their brain is seething with ideas, and they can only tell you that the umbrella of the gardener’s aunt is in the house.

IN 17, Chapter XLIII, p. 161

It may be that in order to realize the romance of life you must have a something of the actor in you; and, capable of standing outside yourself, you must be able to watch your actions with an interest at one detached and absorbed.

IN 18, Chapter L, p. 186

I have an idea that some men are born out of their due place. Accident has cast them amid certain surroundings, but they have always a nostalgia for a home they know not. They are strangers in their birthplace, and the leafy lanes they have known from childhood or the populous streets in which they have played, remain but a place of passage. They may spend their whole lives aliens among their kindred and remain aloof among the only scenes they have ever known. Perhaps it is this sense of strangeness that sends men far and wide in the search for something permanent, to which they may attach themselves. Perhaps some deep-rooted atavism urges the wanderer back to lands which his ancestors left in the dim beginnings of history. Sometimes a man hits upon a place to which he mysteriously feels that he belongs. Here is the home he sought, and he will settle amid scenes that he has never seen before, among men he has never known, as though they were familiar to him from his birth. Here at last he finds rest.

3.) Ḍemā bāmovādayā

IN 19, Chapter I, p. 26

No mystic ever saw deeper meaning in common things. The mystic sees the ineffable and the psycho-pathologist the unspeakable. There is a singular fascination in watching the eagerness with which the learned author ferrets out every
circumstance which may throw discredit on his hero. His heart warms to him when he can bring forward some example of cruelty or meanness, and he exults like an inquisitor at the *auto da fé* of an heretic when with some forgotten story he an confound the filial piety of the Rev. Robert Strickland.

N 20, Chapter II, p. 27

I forgot who it was that recommended men for their soul’s good to do each day two things they disliked: it was a wise man, and it is a precept that I have followed scrupulously; for every day I have got up and I have gone to bed. But there is in my nature a strain of asceticism, and I have subjected my flesh each week to a more severe mortification. I have never failed to read the Literary Supplement of The Times. It is a salutary discipline to consider the vast number of books that are written, the fair hopes with which their authors see them published, and the fate which awaits them. What chance is there that any book will make its way among the multitude? And the successful books are but the success of a season. Heaven knows what pains the author has been at, what bitter experiences he has endured and what heartache suffered, to give some chance reader a few hours’ relaxation or to while away the tedium of a journey. And if I may judge from the reviews, many of these books are well and carefully written; much thought has gone to their composition; to some even has been given the anxious labour of a lifetime. The moral I draw is that the writer should seek his reward in the pleasure of his work and in release from the burden of his thought; and, indifferent to aught else, care nothing for praise or censure, failure or success.

N 21, Chapter II, p. 28-29

Sometimes a man survives a considerable time from an era in which he had his place into one which is strange to him, and then the curious are offered one of the most singular spectacles in the human comedy. Who now, for example, thinks of George Crabbe? He was a famous poet in his day, and the world recognized his
ggenius with a unanimity which the greater complexity of modern life has rendered
infrequent. He had learnt his craft at the school of Alexander Pope, and he wrote
moral stories in rhymed couplets. Then came the French Revolution and the
Napoleonic Wars, and the poets sang new songs. Mr. Crabbe continued to write
moral stories in rhymed couplets. I think he must have read the verse of these young
men who were making so great a stir in the world, and I fancy he found it poor stuff.
Of course, much of it was. But the odes of Keats and Wordsworth, a poem or two by
Coleridge, a few more by Shelley, discovered vast realms of the spirit, that none had
explored before. Mr. Crabbe was as dead as mutton, but Mr. Crabbe continued to
write moral stories in rhymed couplets. I have read desultorily the writings of the
younger generation. It may be that among them a more fervid Keats, a more ethereal
Shelley, has already published numbers the world will willingly remember. I cannot
tell. I admire their polish – their youth is already so accomplished that it seems
absurd to speak of promise – I marvel at the felicity of their style; but with all their
copiousness (their vocabulary suggests that they fingered Roget’s Thesaurus in their
cradles) they say nothing to me: to my mind they know too much and feel too
obviously; I cannot stomach the heartiness with which they scalp me on the back of
the emotion with which they hurl themselves on my bosom; their passion seems to
me a little anaemic and their dreams a trifle dull. I do not like them, I am on the shelf.
I will continue to write moral stories in rhymed couplets. But I should be thrice a fool
iff I did it for aught but my own entertainment.

Neil 22, Chapter VIII, p. 40-41

On reading over what I have written of the Stricklands, I am conscious that they
must seem shadowy. I have been able to invest them with none of those
characteristics which makes the persons of a book exist with a real life of their own;
and wondering if the fault is mine, I rack my brains to remember idiosyncrasies
which might lend them vividness. I feel that by dwelling on some trick of speech or
some queer habit I should be able to give them a significance peculiar to themselves. As they stand they are like the figures in an old tapestry; they do not separate themselves from the background, and at a distance they seem to lose their pattern, so that you have little but a pleasing piece of colour. My only excuse is that the impression they made on me was no other. there was just that shadowiness about them which you find in people whose lives are part of the social organism, so that they exist in it and by it only. They are like cells in the body, essential, but, so long as they remain healthy, engulfed in the momentous whole.

NI 23, Chapter XLI, p. 148

Until long habit has blunted the sensibility, there is something disconcerting to the writer in the instinct which causes him to take an interest in the singularities of human nature so absorbing that his moral sense is powerless against it. He recognizes in himself an artistic satisfaction in the contemplation of evil which a little startles him; but sincerity forces him to confess that the disapproval he feels for certain actions is not nearly so strong as his curiosity in their reasons. The character of a scoundrel, logical and complete, has a fascination for his creator which is an outrage to law and order. I expect that Shakespeare devised Iago with a gusto which he never knew when, weaving moonbeams with his fancy, he imagined Desdemona. It may be that in his rogues the writer gratifies instincts deep-rooted in him, which the manners and customs of a civilized world have forced back to the mysterious recesses of the subconscious. In giving to the character of his invention flesh and bones he is giving life to that part of himself which finds no other means of expression. His satisfaction is a sense of liberation.

The writer is more concerned to know than to judge.
N 24, Chapter I p. 21-22

To my mind the most interesting thing in art is the personality of the artist; and if that is singular, I am willing to excuse a thousand faults. I suppose Velasquez was a better painter than El Greco, but custom stales one’s admiration for him: the Cretan, sensual and tragic, proffers the mystery of his soul like a standing sacrifice. The artist, painter, poet or musician, by his decoration, sublime or beautiful, satisfies the aesthetic sense; but that is akin to the sexual instinct and shares its barbarity: he lays before you also the greater gift of himself. To pursue his secret has something of the fascination of a detective story. It is a riddle which shares with the universe the merit of having no answer.

N 25, Chapter I, p. 22

I cannot agree with the painters who claim superciliously that the layman can understand nothing of the painting, and that he can best show his appreciation of their works by silence and a cheque-book. It is a grotesque misapprehension which sees in art no more that a craft comprehensible perfectly only to the craftsman: art is a manifestation of emotion, and emotion speaks a language that all may understand. But I will allow that the critic who has not a practical knowledge of technique is seldom able to say anything on the subject of real value, and my ignorance of painting is extreme.

N 26, Chapter XLIII, p. 163

I suppose that the art is a manifestation of the sexual instinct. It is the same emotion which is excited in the human heart by the sight of a lovely woman, the Bay of Naples under the yellow moon, and the Entombment of Titian.
It is a passive feeling capable of being roused for any object, as the vine can grow on any tree; and the wisdom of the world recognizes its strength when it urges a girl to marry the man who wants her with the assurance that love will follow. It is an emotion made up of the satisfaction in security, pride of property, the pleasure of being desired, the gratification of a household, and it is only by an amiable vanity that women ascribe to it spiritual value.

On the other hand, I might have found his motives in the influence of the marriage relation. There are a dozen ways in which this might be managed. A latent gift might reveal itself on acquaintance with the painters and writers whose society his wife sought; or domestic incompatibility might turn him upon himself; a love affair might fan into bright flame a fire which I could have shown smouldering dimly in his heart.

I have always been a little disconcerted by the passion women have for behaving beautifully at the death-bed of those they love. Sometimes it seems as if they grudge the long life which postpones their chance of an effective scene.

There is in love a sense of weakness, a desire to protect, and eagerness to do good and to give pleasure – if not unselfishness, at all events a selfishness which marvellously conceals itself; it has in it a certain difference. (These were not traits which I could imagine in Strickland). Love is absorbing; it takes the lover out of
liiimself; the most clear-sighted, though he may know, cannot realize that this love will cease; it gives body to what he knows is illusions, and knowing it is nothing else, he loves it better than reality. It makes a man little more that himself, and at the same time a little less. He ceases to be himself. He is no longer an individual, but a thing, an instrument to some purpose foreign to his ego. Love is never quite devoid of sentimentality, and Strickland was the least inclined to that infirmity of any man I have known.

N 31, Chapter XXXI, p. 124

There is no cruelty greater than a woman's to a man who loves her and whom she does not love; she has no kindness then, no tolerance even. She has only an insane irritation.

N 32, Chapter XVIII, p. 162-163

Here lies the unreality of fiction. For in men, as a rule, love is but an episode which takes place among the other affairs of the day, and the emphasis laid on it in novels gives it an importance which is untrue to life. There are few men to whom it is the most important thing in the world, and they are not very interesting ones; even women, with whom the subject is of paramount interest, have a contempt for them. They are flattered and excited by them, but have an uneasy feeling that they are poor creatures. But even during the brief intervals in which they are in love, men do other things which distract their minds; the trades by which they earn their living engage their attention; they are absorbed in sport; they can interest themselves in Art. For the most part, they keep their various activities in various compartments, and they can pursue one to the temporary exclusion of the other. They have a Faculty of concentration on that which occupies them at the moment, and it irks them if one encroaches on the other. As lovers, the difference between men and women is that women can love all day long, but men only at times.
People talk of beauty lightly, and having no feeling for words, they use that one carelessly, so that it loses its force; and the thing it stands for sharing its name with a hundred trivial objects, is deprived of dignity. They call beautiful a dress, a dog, a sermon, and when they are face to face with Beauty cannot recognize it. The false emphasis with which they try to deck their worthless thoughts blunts their susceptibilities. Like the charlatan who counterfeits a spiritual force he has sometimes felt, they lose the power they have abused.