Pharisees, who prided themselves so much on their observation of the law of God.

Mr. [Guise] de Balzac informs us in *The Christian Socrates* of the last words of a prince who had lived and died an atheist and he testifies that he lacked no moral virtues, swore only by "certainly," drank only herb tea, and was extremely circumspect in every outward appearance.

The detestable Vanini, who was burned in Toulouse for his atheism in 1619, had always lived moderately, and whoever would have accused him of any criminal deviation, except in his dogmas, would have run a great risk of being convicted of slander.

Under the reign of Charles IX in 1573, a man who had secretly affirmed his atheism was burned in Paris. He maintained that there was no other god in the world except the purity of his body. He was therefore reported to be yet a virgin. He had as many shirts as there are days of the year, and he sent them to Flanders to be washed in a fountain famed for the purity of its water and its property of making clothes admirably white. He had an aversion for all kinds of impurities, whether in acts or in words, and although he upheld his blasphemies with a stubbornness which he retained until his death, he always stated them in an extremely mild way.

You cannot be unaware of the account given by Mr. Ricaut, Secretary of the Count of Winchelsey, the English ambassador at Constantinople. I need not comment upon the diligence and exactitude of this author. I will say only that after giving the account of a numerous sect of atheists formed in Turkey, composed mostly of . . . people versed in Arabic literature, he adds that the partisans of this sect have an extraordinary affection for one another, that they render each other all kinds of good services, that they are civil and hospitable, and that if a guest of their persuasion arrives they provide him with the best food they have. I do not deny that their civilities go too far, since they provide their guest with a most improper recreation during the night, but in that they do nothing of which the other Turks are not guilty. Therefore, if we compare the life of the other Turks with that of these atheists, we will find either that there is no difference between the two or that the former are less virtuous than the latter. . . .

The Fable of the Bees: or, Private Vices, Public Benefits (Volume I)

The Preface

Laws and government are to the political bodies of civil societies what the vital spirits and life itself are to the natural bodies of animated creatures; and as those that study the anatomy of dead carcasses may see, that the chief organs and nicest springs more immediately required to continue the motion of our machine are not hard bones, strong muscles and nerves, nor the smooth white skin that so beautifully covers them, but small trifling films and little pipes that are either overlooked, or else seem inconsiderable to vulgar eyes; so they that examine into the nature of man, abstract from art and education, may observe, that what renders him a sociable animal consists not in his desire of company, good nature, pity, affability, and other graces of a fair outside; but that his vilest and most hateful qualities are the most necessary accomplishments to fit him for the largest and, according to the world, the happiest and most flourishing societies.

The following fable, in which what I have said is set forth at large, was printed above eight years ago in a six-penny pamphlet called *The Grumbling Hive; or Knaves turn'd Honest*; and being soon after pirated, cried about the streets in a half-penny sheet. Since the first publishing of it I have met with several that either wilfully or ignorantly mistaking the design, would have it, that the scope of it was a satire upon virtue and morality, and the whole wrote for the encouragement of vice. This made me resolve, whenever it should be reprinted, some way or other to inform the reader of the real intent this little poem was wrote with. I do not dignify these few loose lines with the name of poem, that I would have the reader expect any poetry in them, but barely because they are rhyme, and I am in reality puzzled what name to give them; for they are neither heroic nor pastoral, satire, burlesque nor heroic-comic; to be a tale they want probability, and the whole is rather too long for a fable. All I can say of

them is, that they are a story told in doggerel, which without the least design of being witty, I have endeavored to do in as easy and familiar a manner as I was able: the reader shall be welcome to call them what he pleases. It was said of Montaigne, that he was pretty well versed in the defects of mankind, but unacquainted with the excellencies of human nature: if I fare no worse, I shall think myself well used.

What country soever in the universe is to be understood by the beehive represented here, it is evident from what is said of the laws and constitution of it, the glory, wealth, power and industry of its inhabitants, that it must be a large, rich and warlike nation, that is happily governed by a limited monarchy. The satire therefore to be met with in the following lines upon the several professions and callings, and almost every degree and station of people, was not made to injure and point to particular persons, but only to show the vileness of the ingredients that all together compose the wholesome mixture of a well-ordered society; in order to extol the wonderful power of political wisdom, by the help of which so beautiful a machine is raised from the most contemptible branches. For the main design of the fable (as it is briefly explained in the moral) is to show the impossibility of enjoying all the most elegant comforts of life that are to be met with in an industrious, wealthy and powerful nation, and at the same time be blessed with all the virtue and innocence that can be wished for in a golden age; from thence to expose the unreasonableness and folly of those, that desirous of being an opulent and flourishing people, and wonderfully greedy after all the benefits they can receive as such, are yet always murmuring at and exclaiming against those vices and inconveniences that from the beginning of the world to this present day, have been inseparable from all kingdoms and states that ever were famed for strength, riches, and politeness, at the same time.

To do this, I first slightly touch upon some of the faults and corruptions the several professions and callings are generally charged with. After that I show that those very vices of every particular person by skillful management were made subservient to the grandeur and worldly happiness of the whole. Lastly, by setting forth what of necessity must be the consequence of general honesty and virtue, and national temperance, innocence and content, I demonstrate that if mankind could be cured of the failings they are naturally guilty of, they would cease to be capable of being raised into such vast, potent and polite societies, as they have been under the several great commonwealths and monarchies that have flourished since the creation. If you ask me, why I have done all this, *cui bono* [who benefits]? and what good these notions will produce? Truly, besides

the reader's diversion, I believe none at all; but if I was asked, what naturally ought to be expected from them, I would answer, that in the first place the people, who continually find fault with others, by reading them, would be taught to look at home, and examining their own consciences, be made ashamed of always railing at what they are more or less guilty of themselves; and that in the next, those who are so fond of the ease and comforts, and reap all the benefits that are the consequence of a great and flourishing nation, would learn more patiently to submit to those inconveniences, which no government upon earth can remedy, when they should see the impossibility of enjoying any great share of the first, without partaking likewise of the latter.

This I say ought naturally to be expected from the publishing of these notions, if people were to be made better by anything that could be said to them; but mankind having for so many ages remained still the same, notwithstanding the many instructive and elaborate writings, by which their amendment has been endeavored, I am not so vain as to hope for better success from so inconsiderable a trifle.

Having allowed the small advantage this little whim is likely to produce, I think myself obliged to show that it cannot be prejudicial to any; for what is published, if it does no good, ought at least to do no harm: in order to do this I have made some explanatory notes, to which the reader will find himself referred in those passages that seem to be most liable to exceptions.

The censorious that never saw the *Grumbling Hive* will tell me, that whatever I may talk of the fable, it not taking up a tenth part of the book, was only contrived to introduce the remarks that instead of clearing up the doubtful or obscure places, I have only pitched upon such as I had a mind to expatiate upon; and that far from striving to extenuate the errors committed before, I have made bad worse, and shown myself a more barefaced champion for vice, in the rambling digressions, than I had done in the fable itself.

I shall spend no time in answering these accusations; where men are prejudiced, the best apologies are lost; and I know that those who think it criminal to suppose a necessity of vice in any case whatever will never be reconciled to any part of the performance; but if this be thoroughly examined, all the offense it can give must result from the wrong inferences that may perhaps be drawn from it, and which I desire nobody to make. When I assert, that vices are inseparable from great and potent societies, and that it is impossible their wealth and grandeur should subsist without, I do not say that the particular members of them who are guilty of any

should not be continually reproved, or not be punished for them when they grow into crimes.

There are, I believe, few people in London, of those that are at any time forced to go afoot, but what could wish the streets of it much cleaner than generally they are; while they regard nothing but their own clothes and private convenience: but when once they come to consider, that what offends them is the result of the plenty, great traffic and opulence of that mighty city, if they have any concern in its welfare, they will hardly ever wish to see the streets of it less dirty. For if we mind the materials of all sorts that must supply such an infinite number of trades and handicrafts, as are always going forward; the vast quantity of victuals, drink and fuel that are daily consumed in it, the waste and superfluities that must be produced from them; the multitudes of horses and other cattle that are always daubing the streets, the carts, coaches and more heavy carriages that are perpetually wearing and breaking the pavement of them, and above all the numberless swarms of people that are continually harassing and trampling through every part of them. If, I say, we mind all these, we shall find that every moment must produce new filth. And considering how far distant the great streets are from the riverside, what cost and care soever be bestowed to remove the nastiness almost as fast as it is made, it is impossible London should be more cleanly before it is less flourishing. Now would I ask if a good citizen, in consideration of what has been said, might not assert, that dirty streets are a necessary evil inseparable from the felicity of London, without being the least hindrance to the cleaning of shoes, or sweeping of streets, and consequently without any prejudice either to the blackguard or the scavengers.

But if, without any regard to the interest or happiness of the city, the question was put, what place I thought most pleasant to walk in? Nobody can doubt but, before the stinking streets of London, I would esteem a fragrant garden, or a shady grove in the country. In the same manner, if laying aside all worldly greatness and vainglory, I should be asked where I thought it was most probable that men might enjoy true happiness, I would prefer a small peaceable society, in which men, neither envied nor esteemed by neighbors, should be contented to live upon the natural product of the spot they inhabit, to a vast multitude abounding in wealth and power, that should always be conquering others by their arms abroad, and debauching themselves by foreign luxury at home.

Thus much I had said to the reader in the first edition; and have added nothing by way of preface in the second. But since that, a violent outcry has been made against the book, exactly answering the expectation I

always had of the justice, the wisdom, the charity, and fair-dealing of those whose goodwill I despaired of. It has been presented by the grand jury, and condemned by thousands who never saw a word of it. It has been preached against before my lord mayor; and an utter refutation of it is daily expected from a reverend divine, who has called me names in the advertisements, and threatened to answer me in two months' time for above five months together. What I have to say for myself, the reader will see in my vindication at the end of the book, where he will likewise find the grand jury's presentment. . . .

Considering the length of this epistle, and that it is not wholly leveled at me only, I thought at first to have made some extracts from it of what related to myself; but finding, on a nearer enquiry, that what concerned me was so blended and interwoven with what did not, I was obliged to trouble the reader with it entire, not without hopes that, prolix as it is, the extravagance of it will be entertaining to those who have perused the treatise it condemns with so much horror.

THE GRUMBLING HIVE,
OR KNAVES turn'd Honest.

A Spacious Hive well stockt with Bees,
That liv'd in Luxury and Ease;
And yet as fam'd for Laws and Arms,
As yielding large and early Swarms;
Was counted the great Nursery
Of Sciences and Industry.
No Bees had better Government,
More Fickleness, or less Content:
They were not Slaves to Tyranny,
Nor rul'd by wild *Democracy;*
But Kings, that could not wrong, because
Their Power was circumscrib'd by Laws.

THESE Insects liv'd like Men, and all
Our Actions they perform'd in small:
They did whatever's done in Town,
And what belongs to Sword or Gown:
Tho' th' Artful Works, by nimble Slight
Of minute Limbs, 'scap'd Human Sight;

Would mystically pray for Bread,
Meaning by that an ample Store,
Yet lit'rally received no more;
And, while these holy Drudges starv'd,
The lazy Ones, for which they serv'd,
Indulg'd their Ease, with all the Graces
Of Health and Plenty in their Faces.

(C.) THE Soldiers, that were forc'd to fight,
If they surviv'd, got Honour by't;
Tho' some, that shunn'd the bloody Fray,
Had Limbs shot off, that ran away:
Some valiant Gen'rals fought the Foe;
Others took Bribes to let them go:
Some ventur'd always where 'twas warm,
Lost now a Leg, and then an Arm;
Till quite disabled, and put by,
They liv'd on half their Salary;
While others never came in Play,
And staid at Home for double Pay.

THEIR Kings were serv'd, but Knavishly,
Cheated by their own Ministry;
Many, that for their Welfare slaved,
Robbing the very Crown they saved:
Pensions were small, and they liv'd high,
Yet boasted of their Honesty.
Calling, whene'er they strain'd their Right,
The slipp'ry Trick a Perquisite;
And when Folks understood their Cant,
They chang'd that for Emolument;
Unwilling to be short or plain,
In any thing concerning Gain;
(*D.*) For there was not a Bee but would
Get more, I won't say, than he should;
But than he dar'd to let them know,
(*E.*) That pay'd for't; as your Gamesters do,
That, tho' at fair Play, ne'er will own
Before the Losers what they've won.

BUT who can all their Frauds repeat ?
The very Stuff, which in the Street
They sold for Dirt t'enrich the Ground,
Was often by the Buyers found
Sophisticated with a quarter
Of good-for-nothing Stones and Mortar;
Tho' *Flail* had little Cause to mutter,
Who sold the other Salt for Butter.

JUSTICE her self, fam'd for fair Dealing,
By Blindness had not lost her Feeling;
Her Left Hand, which the Scales should hold,
Had often dropt 'em, brib'd with Gold;
And, tho' she seem'd Impartial,
Where Punishment was corporal,
Pretended to a reg'lar Course,
In Murther, and all Crimes of Force;
Tho' some, first pillory'd for Cheating,
Were hang'd in Hemp of their own beating;
Yet, it was thought, the Sword she bore
Check'd but the Desp'rate and the Poor;
That, urg'd by meer Necessity,
Were ty'd up to the wretched Tree
For Crimes, which not deserv'd that Fate,
But to secure the Rich and Great.

THUS every Part was full of Vice,
Yet the whole Mass a Paradise;
Flatter'd in Peace, and fear'd in Wars,
They were th' Esteem of Foreigners,
And lavish of their Wealth and Lives,
The Balance of all other Hives.
Such were the Blessings of that State;
Their Crimes conspir'd to make them Great:
(*F.*) And Virtue, who from Politicks
Had learn'd a Thousand Cunning Tricks,
Was, by their happy Influence,
Made Friends with Vice: And ever since,
(*G.*) The worst of all the Multitude
Did something for the Common Good.

Yet we've no Engines, Labourers,
Ships, Castles, Arms, Artificers,
Craft, Science, Shop, or Instrument,
But they had an Equivalent:
Which, since their Language is unknown,
Must be call'd, as we do our own.
As grant, that among other Things,
They wanted Dice, yet they had Kings;
And those had Guards; from whence we may
Justly conclude, they had some Play;
Unless a Regiment be shewn
Of Soldiers, that make use of none.

VAST Numbers throng'd the fruitful Hive;
Yet those vast Numbers made 'em thrive;
Millions endeavouring to supply
Each other's Lust and Vanity;
While other Millions were employ'd,
To see their Handy-works destroy'd;
They furnish'd half the Universe;
Yet had more Work than Labourers.
Some with vast Stocks, and little Pains,
Jump'd into Business of great Gains;
And some were damn'd to Sythes and Spades,
And all those hard laborious Trades;
Where willing Wretches daily sweat,
And wear out Strength and Limbs to eat:
(*A.*) While others follow'd Mysteries,
To which few Folks bind 'Prentices;
That want no Stock, but that of Brass,
And may set up without a Cross;
As Sharpers, Parasites, Pimps, Players,
Pick-pockets, Coiners, Quacks, South-sayers,
And all those, that in Enmity,
With downright Working, cunningly
Convert to their own Use the Labour
Of their good-natur'd heedless Neighbour.
(*B.*) These were call'd Knaves, but bar the Name,
The grave Industrious were the same:

All Trades and Places knew some Cheat,
No Calling was without Deceit.

THE Lawyers, of whose Art the Basis
Was raising Feuds and splitting Cases,
Oppos'd all Registers, that Cheats
Might make more Work with dipt Estates;
As wer't unlawful, that one's own,
Without a Law-Suit, should be known.
They kept off Hearings wilfully,
To finger the refreshing Fee;
And to defend a wicked Cause,
Examin'd and survey'd the Laws,
As Burglars Shops and Houses do,
To find out where they'd best break through.

PHYSICIANS valu'd Fame and Wealth
Above the drooping Patient's Health,
Or their own Skill: The greatest Part
Study'd, instead of Rules of Art,
Grave pensive Looks and dull Behaviour,
To gain th' Apothecary's Favour;
The Praise of Midwives, Priests, and all
That serv'd at Birth or Funeral.
To bear with th' ever-talking Tribe,
And hear my Lady's Aunt prescribe;
With formal Smile, and kind How d'ye,
To fawn on all the Family;
And, which of all the greatest Curse is,
T' endure th' Impertinence of Nurses.

AMONG the many Priests of *Jove*,
Hir'd to draw Blessings from Above,
Some few were Learn'd and Eloquent,
But thousands Hot and Ignorant:
Yet all pass'd Muster that could hide
Their Sloth, Lust, Avarice and Pride;
For which they were as fam'd as Tailors
For Cabbage, or for Brandy Sailors:
Some, meagre-look'd, and meanly clad,

THIS was the State's Craft, that maintain'd
The Whole of which each Part complain'd:
This, as in Musick Harmony,
Made Jarrings in the main agree;
(*H.*) Parties directly opposite,
Assist each other, as 'twere for Spight;
And Temp'rance with Sobriety,
Serve Drunkenness and Gluttony.

(*I.*) THE Root of Evil, Avarice,
That damn'd ill-natur'd baneful Vice,
Was Slave to Prodigality,
(*K.*) That noble Sin; (*L.*) whilst Luxury
Employ'd a Million of the Poor,
(*M.*) And odious Pride a Million more:
(*N.*) Envy it self, and Vanity,
Were Ministers of Industry;
Their darling Folly, Fickleness,
In Diet, Furniture and Dress,
That strange ridic'lous Vice, was made
The very Wheel that turn'd the Trade.
Their Laws and Clothes were equally
Objects of Mutability;
For, what was well done for a time,
In half a Year became a Crime;
Yet while they alter'd thus their Laws,
Still finding and correcting Flaws,
They mended by Inconstancy
Faults, which no Prudence could foresee.

THUS Vice nurs'd Ingenuity,
Which join'd with Time and Industry,
Had carry'd Life's Conveniencies,
(*O.*) It's real Pleasures, Comforts, Ease,
(*P.*) To such a Height, the very Poor
Liv'd better than the Rich before,
And nothing could be added more.

HOW Vain is Mortal Happiness!
Had they but known the Bounds of Bliss;

And that Perfection here below
Is more than Gods can well bestow;
The Grumbling Brutes had been content
With Ministers and Government.
But they, at every ill Success,
Like Creatures lost without Redress,
Curs'd Politicians, Armies, Fleets;
While every one cry'd, *Damn the Cheats*
And would, tho' conscious of his own,
In others barb'rously bear none.

ONE, that had got a Princely Store,
By cheating Master, King and Poor,
Dar'd cry aloud, *The Land must sink*
For all its Fraud; And whom d'ye think
The Sermonizing Rascal chid?
A Glover that sold Lamb for Kid.

The least thing was not done amiss,
Or cross'd the Publick Business;
But all the Rogues cry'd brazenly,
Good Gods, Had we but Honesty!
Merc'ry smil'd at th' Impudence,
And others call'd it want of Sense,
Always to rail at what they lov'd:
But *Jove* with Indignation mov'd,
At last in Anger swore, *He'd rid*
The bawling Hive of Fraud; and did.
The very Moment it departs,
And Honesty fills all their Hearts;
There shews 'em, like th' Instructive Tree,
Those Crimes which they're asham'd to see;
Which now in Silence they confess,
By blushing at their Ugliness:
Like Children, that would hide their Faults,
And by their Colour own their Thoughts:
Imag'ning, when they're look'd upon,
That others see what they have done.

BUT, Oh ye Gods! What Consternation,
How vast and sudden was th' Alteration!
In half an Hour, the Nation round,
Meat fell a Peny in the Pound.
The Mask Hypocrisy's flung down,
From the great Statesman to the Clown:
And some in borrow'd Looks well known,
Appear'd like Strangers in their own.
The Bar was silent from that Day;
For now the willing Debtors pay,
Ev'n what's by Creditors forgot;
Who quitted them that had it not.
Those, that were in the Wrong, stood mute,
And dropt the patch'd vexatious Suit:
On which since nothing less can thrive,
Than Lawyers in an honest Hive,
All, except those that got enough,
With Inkhorns by their sides troop'd off.

JUSTICE hang'd some, set others free;
And after Goal delivery,
Her Presence being no more requir'd,
With all her Train and Pomp retir'd.
First march'd some Smiths with Locks and Grates,
Fetters, and Doors with Iron Plates:
Next Goalers, Turnkeys and Assistants:
Before the Goddess, at some distance,
Her chief and faithful Minister,
'Squire CATCH, the Law's great Finisher,
Bore not th' imaginary Sword,
But his own Tools, an Ax and Cord:
Then on a Cloud the Hood-wink'd Fair,
JUSTICE her self was push'd by Air:
About her Chariot, and behind,
Were Serjeants, Bums of every kind,
Tip-staffs, and all those Officers,
That squeeze a Living out of Tears.

THO' Physick liv'd, while Folks were ill,
None would prescribe, but Bees of skill,

Which through the Hive dispers'd so wide,
That none of them had need to ride;
Wav'd vain Disputes, and strove to free
The Patients of their Misery;
Left Drugs in cheating Countries grown,
And us'd the Product of their own;
Knowing the Gods sent no Disease
To Nations without Remedies.

THEIR Clergy rous'd from Laziness,
Laid not their Charge on Journey-Bees;
But serv'd themselves, exempt from Vice,
The Gods with Pray'r and Sacrifice;
All those, that were unfit, or knew
Their Service might be spar'd, withdrew:
Nor was there Business for so many,
(If th' Honest stand in need of any,)
Few only with the High-Priest staid,
To whom the rest Obedience paid:
Himself employ'd in Holy Cares,
Resign'd to others State-Affairs.
He chas'd no Starv'ling from his Door,
Nor pinch'd the Wages of the Poor;
But at his House the Hungry's fed,
The Hireling finds unmeasur'd Bread,
The needy Trav'ler Board and Bed.

AMONG the King's great Ministers,
And all th' inferior Officers
The Change was great; (*Q.*) for frugally
They now liv'd on their Salary:
That a poor Bee should ten times come
To ask his Due, a trifling Sum,
And by some well-hir'd Clerk be made
To give a Crown, or ne'er be paid,
Would now be call'd a downright Cheat,
Tho' formerly a Perquisite.
All Places manag'd first by Three,
Who watch'd each other's Knavery,
And often for a Fellow-feeling,

Promoted one another's stealing,
Are happily supply'd by One,
By which some thousands more are gone.

(*R.*) No Honour now could be content,
To live and owe for what was spent;
Liv'ries in Brokers Shops are hung,
They part with Coaches for a Song;
Sell stately Horses by whole Sets;
And Country-Houses, to pay Debts.

VAIN Cost is shunn'd as much as Fraud;
They have no Forces kept Abroad;
Laugh at th' Esteem of Foreigners,
And empty Glory got by Wars;
They fight, but for their Country's sake,
When Right or Liberty's at Stake.

NOW mind the glorious Hive, and see
How Honesty and Trade agree.
The Shew is gone, it thins apace;
And looks with quite another Face.
For 'twas not only that They went,
By whom vast Sums were Yearly spent;
But Multitudes that liv'd on them,
Were daily forc'd to do the same.
In vain to other Trades they'd fly;
All were o'er-stock'd accordingly.

THE Price of Land and Houses falls;
Mirac'lous Palaces, whose Walls,
Like those of *Thebes*, were rais'd by Play,
Are to be let; while the once gay,
Well-seated Houshold Gods would be
More pleas'd to expire in Flames, than see
The mean Inscription on the Door
Smile at the lofty ones they bore.
The building Trade is quite destroy'd,
Artificers are not employ'd;

(*S.*) No Limner for his Art is fam'd,
Stone-cutters, Carvers are not nam'd.

THOSE, that remain'd, grown temp'rate, strive,
Not how to spend, but how to live,
And, when they paid their Tavern Score,
Resolv'd to enter it no more:
No Vintner's Jilt in all the Hive
Could wear now Cloth of Gold, and thrive;
Nor *Torcol* such vast Sums advance,
For *Burgundy* and *Ortelans;*
The Courtier's gone, that with his Miss
Supp'd at his House on *Christmas* Peas;
Spending as much in two Hours stay,
As keeps a Troop of Horse a Day.

THE haughty *Chloe,* to live Great,
Had made her (*T.*) Husband rob the State:
But now she sells her Furniture,
Which th' *Indies* had been ransack'd for;
Contracts th' expensive Bill of Fare,
And wears her strong Suit a whole Year:
The slight and fickle Age is past;
And Clothes, as well as Fashions, last.
Weavers, that join'd rich Silk with Plate,
And all the Trades subordinate,
Are gone. Still Peace and Plenty reign,
And every Thing is cheap, tho' plain:
Kind Nature, free from Gard'ners Force,
Allows all Fruits in her own Course;
But Rarities cannot be had,
Where Pains to get them are not paid.

AS Pride and Luxury decrease,
So by degrees they leave the Seas.
Not Merchants now, but Companies
Remove whole Manufactories.
All Arts and Crafts neglected lie;
(*V.*) Content, the Bane of Industry,

Makes 'em admire their homely Store,
And neither seek nor covet more.

SO few in the vast Hive remain,
The hundredth Part they can't maintain
Against th' Insults of numerous Foes;
Whom yet they valiantly oppose:
'Till some well-fenc'd Retreat is found,
And here they die or stand their Ground.
No Hireling in their Army's known;
But bravely fighting for their own,
Their Courage and Integrity
At last were crown'd with Victory.
They triumph'd not without their Cost,
For many Thousand Bees were lost.
Hard'ned with Toils and Exercise,
They counted Ease it self a Vice;
Which so improv'd their Temperance;
That, to avoid Extravagance,
They flew into a hollow Tree,
Blest with Content and Honesty.

THE MORAL

THEN *leave Complaints: Fools only strive*
(X.) *To make a Great an Honest Hive*
(Y.) *T' enjoy the World's Conveniencies,*
Be fam'd in War, yet live in Ease,
Without great Vices, is a vain
EUTOPIA *seated in the Brain.*
Fraud, Luxury and Pride must live,
While we the Benefits receive:
Hunger's a dreadful Plague, no doubt,
Yet who digests or thrives without?
Do we not owe the Growth of Wine
To the dry shabby crooked Vine?
Which, while its Shoots neglected stood,
Chok'd other Plants, and ran to Wood;
But blest us with its noble Fruit,

As soon as it was ty'd and cut:
So Vice is beneficial found,
When it's by Justice lopt and bound;
Nay, where the People would be great,
As necessary to the State,
As Hunger is to make 'em eat.
Bare Virtue can't make Nations live
In Splendor; they, that would revive
A Golden Age, must be as free,
For Acorns, as for Honesty.

FINIS.

The Introduction

One of the greatest reasons why so few people understand themselves is that most writers are always teaching men what they should be, and hardly ever trouble their heads with telling them what they really are. As for my part, without any compliment to the courteous reader, or myself, I believe man (besides skin, flesh, bones, etc. that are obvious to the eye) to be a compound of various passions; that all of them, as they are provoked and come uppermost, govern him by turns, whether he will or no. To show that these qualifications, which we all pretend to be ashamed of, are the great support of a flourishing society has been the subject of the foregoing poem. But there being some passages in it seemingly paradoxical, I have in the Preface promised some explanatory remarks on it, which to render more useful, I have thought fit to enquire, how man, no better qualified, might yet by his own imperfections be taught to distinguish between virtue and vice. And here I must desire the reader once for all to take notice, that when I say men, I mean neither Jews nor Christians, but mere man, in the state of nature and ignorance of the true deity.

An Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue

All untaught animals are only solicitous of pleasing themselves, and naturally follow the bent of their own inclinations, without considering the good or harm that from their being pleased will accrue to others. This is the reason that in the wild state of nature those creatures are fittest to live peaceably together in great numbers that discover the least of understanding, and have the fewest appetites to gratify. And consequently no species of animals is, without the curb of government, less capable of agreeing long together in multitudes than that of man. Yet such are his qualities, whether good or bad, I shall not determine, that no creature besides himself can ever be made sociable: but being an extraordinary selfish and headstrong, as well as [a] cunning animal, however he may be subdued by superior strength, it is impossible by force alone to make him tractable, and receive the improvements he is capable of.

The chief thing, therefore, which lawgivers and other wise men that have labored for the establishment of society have endeavored, has been to make the people they were to govern believe that it was more beneficial for everybody to conquer than indulge his appetites, and much better to mind the public than what seemed his private interest. As this has always been a very difficult task, so no wit or eloquence has been left untried to

compass it; and the moralists and philosophers of all ages employed their utmost skill to prove the truth of so useful an assertion. But whether mankind would have ever believed it or not, it is not likely that anybody could have persuaded them to disapprove of their natural inclinations, or prefer the good of others to their own, if at the same time he had not shown them an equivalent to be enjoyed as a reward for the violence, which by so doing they of necessity must commit upon themselves. Those that have undertaken to civilize mankind were not ignorant of this. But being unable to give so many real rewards as would satisfy all persons for every individual action, they were forced to contrive an imaginary one, that as a general equivalent for the trouble of self-denial should serve on all occasions, and without costing anything either to themselves or others, be yet a most acceptable recompense to the receivers.

They thoroughly examined all the strength and frailties of our nature, and observing that none were either so savage as not to be charmed with praise, or so despicable as patiently to bear contempt, justly concluded, that flattery must be the most powerful argument that could be used to human creatures. Making use of this bewitching engine, they extolled the excellency of our nature above other animals, and setting forth with unbounded praises the wonders of our sagacity and vastness of understanding, bestowed a thousand encomiums on the rationality of our souls, by the help of which we were capable of performing the most noble achievements. Having by this artful way of flattery insinuated themselves into the hearts of men, they began to instruct them in the notions of honor and shame, representing the one as the worst of all evils, and the other as the highest good to which mortals could aspire. Which being done, they laid before them how unbecoming it was the dignity of such sublime creatures to be solicitous about gratifying those appetites, which they had in common with brutes, and at the same time unmindful of those higher qualities that gave them the preeminence over all visible beings. They indeed confessed, that those impulses of nature were very pressing; that it was troublesome to resist, and very difficult wholly to subdue them. But this they only used as an argument to demonstrate how glorious the conquest of them was on the one hand, and how scandalous on the other not to attempt it.

To introduce, moreover, an emulation amongst men, they divided the whole species into two classes, vastly differing from one another. The one consisted of abject, low-minded people, that always hunting after immediate enjoyment, were wholly incapable of self-denial, and without regard to the good of others, had no higher aim than their private advantage.

Such as being enslaved by voluptuousness, [they] yielded without resistance to every gross desire, and made no use of their rational faculties but to heighten their sensual pleasure. These vile groveling wretches, they said, were the dross of their kind, and having only the shape of men, differed from brutes in nothing but their outward figure. But the other class was made up of lofty high-spirited creatures, that free from sordid selfishness, esteemed the improvements of the mind to be their fairest possessions. And setting a true value upon themselves, took no delight but in embellishing that part in which their excellency consisted, such as despising whatever they had in common with irrational creatures, opposed by the help of reason their most violent inclinations. And making a continual war with themselves to promote the peace of others, [they] aimed at no less than the public welfare and the conquest of their own passion. . . . These they called the true representatives of their sublime species, exceeding in worth the first class by more degrees, than that itself was superior to the beasts of the field.

As in all animals that are not too imperfect to discover pride, we find that the finest and such as are the most beautiful and valuable of their kind have generally the greatest share of it. So in man, the most perfect of animals, it is so inseparable from his very essence (how cunningly soever some may learn to hide or disguise it) that without it the compound he is made of would want one of the chiefest ingredients. Which, if we consider, it is hardly to be doubted but lessons and remonstrances, so skillfully adapted to the good opinion man has of himself, as those I have mentioned, must, if scattered amongst a multitude not only gain the assent of most of them, as to the speculative part, but likewise induce several, especially the fiercest, most resolute, and best among them, to endure a thousand inconveniences, and undergo as many hardships, that they may have the pleasure of counting themselves men of the second class, and consequently appropriating to themselves all the excellences they have heard of it.

From what has been said, we ought to expect in the first place that the heroes who took such extraordinary pains to master some of their natural appetites, and preferred the good of others to any visible interest of their own, would not recede an inch from the fine notions they had received concerning the dignity of rational creatures. And having ever the authority of the government on their side, with all imaginable vigor assert the esteem that was due to those of the second class, as well as their superiority over the rest of their kind. In the second, that those who wanted a sufficient stock of either pride or resolution to buoy them up in mortifying

of what was dearest to them, followed the sensual dictates of nature, would yet be ashamed of confessing themselves to be those despicable wretches that belonged to the inferior class, and were generally reckoned to be so little removed from brutes. And that therefore in their own defense they would say, as others did, and hiding their own imperfections as well as they could, cry up self-denial and public-spiritedness as much as any. For it is highly probable that some of them, convinced by the real proofs of fortitude and self-conquest they had seen, would admire in others what they found wanting in themselves; others be afraid of the resolution and prowess of those of the second class, and that all of them were kept in awe by the power of their rulers. Wherefore it is reasonable to think, that none of them (whatever they thought in themselves) would dare openly contradict, what by everybody else was thought criminal to doubt of.

This was (or at least might have been) the manner after which savage man was broke. From whence it is evident that the first rudiments of morality, broached by skillful politicians, to render men useful to each other as well as tractable, were chiefly contrived that the ambitious might reap the more benefit from, and govern vast numbers of them with the greater ease and security. This foundation of politics being once laid, it is impossible that man should long remain uncivilized. For even those who only strove to gratify their appetites, being continually crossed by others of the same stamp, could not but observe, that whenever they checked their inclinations or but followed them with more circumspection, they avoided a world of troubles, and often escaped many of the calamities that generally attended the too eager pursuit after pleasure.

First, they received, as well as others, the benefit of those actions that were done for the good of the whole society, and consequently could not forbear wishing well to those of the superior class that performed them. Secondly, the more intent they were in seeking their own advantage, without regard to others, the more they were hourly convinced, that none stood so much in their way as those that were most like themselves.

It being the interest then of the very worst of them, more than any, to preach up public-spiritedness, that they might reap the fruits of the labor and self-denial of others, and at the same time indulge their own appetites with less disturbance, they agreed with the rest to call everything which, without regard to the public, man should commit to gratify any of his appetites, vice; if in that action there could be observed the least prospect, that it might either be injurious to any of the society, or ever render himself less serviceable to others. And to give the name of virtue to every per-

formance, by which man, contrary to the impulse of nature, should endeavor the benefit of others, or the conquest of his own passions out of a rational ambition of being good.

It shall be objected that no society was ever any ways civilized before the major part had agreed upon some worship or other of an over-ruling power, and consequently that the notions of good and evil, and the distinction between virtue and vice, were never the contrivance of politicians, but the pure effect of religion. Before I answer this objection, I must repeat what I have said already, that in this *Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue* I speak neither of Jews or Christians, but man in his state of nature and ignorance of the true deity. And then I affirm that the idolatrous superstitions of all other nations, and the pitiful notions they had of the supreme being, were incapable of exciting man to virtue, and good for nothing but to awe and amuse a rude and unthinking multitude. It is evident from history that in all considerable societies, how stupid or ridiculous soever people's received notions have been as to the deities they worshipped, human nature has ever exerted itself in all its branches, and that there is no earthly wisdom or moral virtue but at one time or other men have excelled in it in all monarchies and commonwealths, that for riches and power have been any ways remarkable.

The Egyptians, not satisfied with having deified all the ugly monsters they could think on, were so silly as to adore the onions of their own sowing. Yet at the same time their country was the most famous nursery of arts and sciences in the world, and themselves more eminently skilled in the deepest mysteries of nature than any nation has been since.

No states or kingdoms under Heaven have yielded more or greater patterns in all sorts of moral virtues than the Greek and Roman empires, more especially the latter. And yet how loose, absurd and ridiculous were their sentiments as to sacred matters? For without reflecting on the extravagant number of their deities, if we only consider the infamous stories they fathered upon them, it is not to be denied but that their religion, far from teaching men the conquest of their passions and the way to virtue, seemed rather contrived to justify their appetites, and encourage their vices. But if we would know what made them excel in fortitude, courage and magnanimity, we must cast our eyes on the pomp of their triumphs, the magnificence of their monuments and arches; their trophies, statues, and inscriptions; the variety of their military crowns, their honors decreed to the dead, public encomiums on the living, and other imaginary rewards they bestowed on men of merit. And we shall find that what carried so many of them to the utmost pitch of self-denial was nothing but

their policy in making use of the most effectual means that human pride could be flattered with.

It is visible, then, that it was not any heathen religion or other idolatrous superstition that first put man upon crossing his appetites and subduing his dearest inclinations, but the skillful management of wary politicians. And the nearer we search into human nature, the more we shall be convinced, that the moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride.

There is no man of what capacity or penetration soever that is wholly proof against the witchcraft of flattery, if artfully performed, and suited to his abilities. Children and fools will swallow personal praise, but those that are more cunning must be managed with greater circumspection. And the more general the flattery is, the less it is suspected by those it is leveled at. What you say in commendation of a whole town is received with pleasure by all the inhabitants. Speak in commendation of letters in general, and every man of learning will think himself in particular obliged to you. You may safely praise the employment a man is of, or the country he was born in, because you give him an opportunity of screening the joy he feels upon his own account, under the esteem which he pretends to have for others.

It is common among cunning men that understand the power which flattery has upon pride, when they are afraid they shall be imposed upon, to enlarge, though much against their conscience, upon the honor, fair dealing and integrity of the family, country, or sometimes the profession of him they suspect; because they know that men often will change their resolution, and act against their inclination, that they may have the pleasure of continuing to appear in the opinion of some, what they are conscious not to be in reality. Thus sagacious moralists draw men like angels, in hopes that the pride at least of some will put them upon copying after the beautiful originals which they are represented to be.

When the incomparable Sir Richard Steele, in the usual elegance of his easy style, dwells on the praises of his sublime species, and with all the embellishments of rhetoric sets forth the excellency of human nature, it is impossible not to be charmed with his happy turns of thought, and the politeness of his expressions. But though I have been often moved by the force of his eloquence, and ready to swallow the ingenious sophistry with pleasure, yet I could never be so serious, but reflecting on his artful encomiums I thought on the tricks made use of by the women that would teach children to be mannerly. When an awkward girl, before she can either speak or go, begins after many intreaties to make the first rude

essays of curtsying, the nurse falls in an ecstasy of praise: "There's a delicate curtsy! O fine miss! There's a pretty lady! Mama! Miss can make a better curtsy than her sister Molly!" The same is echoed over by the maids, whilst Mama almost hugs the child to pieces. Only Miss Molly, who being four years older knows how to make a very handsome curtsy, wonders at the perverseness of their judgment, and swelling with indignation, is ready to cry at the injustice that is done her, until, being whispered in the ear that it is only to please the baby, and that she is a woman, she grows proud at being let into the secret, and rejoicing at the superiority of her understanding, repeats what has been said with large additions, and insults over the weakness of her sister, whom all this while she fancies to be the only bubble among them. These extravagant praises would by anyone, above the capacity of an infant, be called fulsome flatteries and, if you will, abominable lies. Yet experience teaches us that by the help of such gross encomiums young misses will be brought to make pretty curtsies, and behave themselves womanly much sooner, and with less trouble, than they would without them. It is the same with boys, whom they'll strive to persuade, that all fine gentlemen do as they are bid, and that none but beggar boys are rude, or dirty their clothes. Nay, as soon as the wild brat with his untaught fist begins to fumble for his hat, the mother, to make him pull it off, tells him before he is two years old, that he is a man. And if he repeats that action when she desires him, he's presently a captain, a lord mayor, a king, or something higher if she can think of it, till egged on by the force of praise, the little urchin endeavors to imitate man as well as he can, and strains all his faculties to appear what his shallow noddle imagines he is believed to be.

The meanest wretch puts an inestimable value upon himself, and the highest wish of the ambitious man is to have all the world, as to that particular, of his opinion. So that the most insatiable thirst after fame that every hero was inspired with, was never more than an ungovernable greediness to engross the esteem and admiration of others in future ages as well as his own. And (what mortification soever this truth might be to the second thoughts of an Alexander or a Caesar) the great recompense in view, for which the most exalted minds have with so much alacrity sacrificed their quiet, health, sensual pleasures, and every inch of themselves, has never been anything else but the breath of man, the aerial coin of praise. Who can forbear laughing when he thinks on all the great men that have been so serious on the subject of that Macedonian madman [Alexander the Great], his capacious soul, that mighty heart, in one corner of which, according to Lorenzo Gratian, the world was so commodiously

lodged, that in the whole there was room for six more? Who can forbear laughing, I say, when he compares the fine things that have been said of Alexander with the end he proposed to himself from his vast exploits, to be proved from his own mouth; when the vast pains he took to pass the Hydaspes forced him to cry out? "Oh ye Athenians, could you believe what dangers I expose myself to, to be praised by you!" To define then the reward of glory in the amplest manner, the most that can be said of it is that it consists in a superlative felicity which a man, who is conscious of having performed a noble action, enjoys in self-love, whilst he is thinking on the applause he expects of others.

But here I shall be told, that besides the noisy toils of war and public bustle of the ambitious, there are noble and generous actions that are performed in silence; that virtue being its own reward, those who are really good have a satisfaction in their consciousness of being so, which is all the recompense they expect from the most worthy performances; that among the heathens there have been men who, when they did good to others, were so far from coveting thanks and applause, that they took all imaginable care to be forever concealed from those on whom they bestowed their benefits, and consequently that pride has no hand in spurring man on to the highest pitch of self-denial.

In answer to this I say that it is impossible to judge of a man's performance unless we are thoroughly acquainted with the principle and motive from which he acts. Pity, though it is the most gentle and the least mischievous of all our passions, is yet as much a frailty of our nature as anger, pride, or fear. The weakest minds have generally the greatest share of it, for which reason none are more compassionate than women and children. It must be owned that of all our weaknesses it is the most amiable, and bears the greatest resemblance to virtue. Nay, without a considerable mixture of [pity] the society could hardly subsist. But as it is an impulse of nature that consults neither the public interest nor our own reason, it may produce evil as well as good. It has helped to destroy the honor of virgins, and corrupted the integrity of judges. And whoever acts from it as a principle, what good soever he may bring to the society, has nothing to boast of but that he has indulged a passion that has happened to be beneficial to the public. There is no merit in saving an innocent babe ready to drop into the fire. The action is neither good nor bad, and what benefit soever the infant received, we only obliged ourselves. For to have seen it fall, and not strove to hinder it, would have caused a pain which self-preservation compelled us to prevent. Nor has a rich prodigal, that happens to be of a commiserating temper, and loves to gratify his

passions, greater virtue to boast of when he relieves an object of compassion with what to himself is a trifle.

But such men, as without complying with any weakness of their own, can part from what they value themselves and from no other motive but their love to goodness, perform a worthy action in silence. Such men, I confess, have acquired more refined notions of virtue than those I have hitherto spoken of. Yet even in these (with which the world has yet never swarmed) we may discover no small symptoms of pride, and the humblest man alive must confess that the reward of a virtuous action, which is the satisfaction that ensues upon it, consists in a certain pleasure he procures to himself by contemplating on his own worth: which pleasure, together with the occasion of it, are as certain signs of pride, as looking pale and trembling at any imminent danger are the symptoms of fear.

If the too scrupulous reader should at first view condemn these notions concerning the origin of moral virtue, and think them perhaps offensive to Christianity, I hope he'll forbear his censures, when he shall consider, that nothing can render the unsearchable depth of the divine wisdom more conspicuous than that man, whom Providence had designed for society, should not only by his own frailties and imperfections be led into the road to temporal happiness, but likewise receive, from a seeming necessity of natural causes, a tincture of that knowledge, in which he was afterwards to be made perfect by the true religion, to his eternal welfare.

Remark C

The Soldiers that were forc'd to fight,
If they surviv'd, got Honour *by't.*

So unaccountable is the desire to be thought well of in men, that though they are dragged into the war against their will, and some of them for their crimes, and are compelled to fight with threats, and often blows, yet they would be esteemed for what they would have avoided, if it had been in their power. Whereas if reason in man was of equal weight with his pride, he could never be pleased with praises, which he is conscious he doesn't deserve.

By honor, in its proper and genuine signification, we mean nothing else but the good opinion of others, which is counted more or less substantial the more or less noise or bustle there is made about the demonstration of it. And when we say the sovereign is the fountain of honor, it signifies that he has the power, by titles or ceremonies, or both together, to stamp a mark upon whom he pleases, that shall be as current as his coin, and procure the owner the good opinion of everybody, whether he deserves it or not.

The reverse of honor is dishonor, or ignominy, which consists in the bad opinion and contempt of others. And as the first is counted a reward for good actions, so this is esteemed a punishment for bad ones; and the more or less public or heinous the manner is in which this contempt of others is shown, the more or less the person so suffering is degraded by it. This ignominy is likewise called shame, from the effect it produces. For though the good and evil of honor and dishonor are imaginary, yet there is a reality in shame, as it signifies a passion that has its proper symptoms, overrules our reason, and requires as much labor and self-denial to be subdued, as any of the rest. And since the most important actions of life often are regulated according to the influence this passion has upon us, a thorough understanding of it must help to illustrate the notions the world has of honor and ignominy. I shall therefore describe it at large.

First, to define the passion of shame, I think it may be called a sorrowful reflection on our own unworthiness, proceeding from an apprehension that others either do, or might, if they knew all, deservedly despise us. The only objection of weight that can be raised against this definition is that innocent virgins are often ashamed, and blush when they are guilty of no crime, and can give no manner of reason for this frailty; and that men

are often ashamed for others for, or with whom, they have neither friendship nor affinity, and consequently that there may be a thousand instances of shame given, to which the words of the definition are not applicable. To answer this, I would have it first considered that the modesty of women is the result of custom and education, by which all unfashionable denudations and filthy expressions are rendered frightful and abominable to them, and that notwithstanding this, the most virtuous young woman alive will often, in spite of her teeth, have thoughts and confused ideas of things arise in her imagination, which she would not reveal to some people for a thousand worlds. Then, I say, that when obscene words are spoken in the presence of an inexperienced virgin, she is afraid that somebody will reckon her to understand what they mean, and consequently that she understands this and that and several things which she desires to be thought ignorant of. The reflecting on this, and that thoughts are forming to her disadvantage, brings upon her that passion which we call shame; and whatever can fling her, though never so remote from lewdness, upon that set of thoughts I hinted, and which she thinks criminal, will have the same effect, especially before men, as long as her modesty lasts.

To try the truth of this, let them talk as much bawdy as they please in the room next to the same virtuous young woman, where she is sure that she is undiscovered, and she will hear, if not hearken to it, without blushing at all, because then she looks upon herself as no party concerned. And if the discourse should stain her cheeks with red, whatever her innocence may imagine, it is certain that what occasions her color is a passion not half so mortifying as that of shame. But if in the same place she hears something said of herself that must tend to her disgrace, or anything is named, of which she is secretly guilty, then it is ten to one but she'll be ashamed and blush, though nobody sees her; because she has room to fear, that she is or, if all was known, should be thought of contemptibly.

That we are often ashamed and blush for others, which was the second part of the objection, is nothing else but that sometimes we make the case of others too nearly our own. So people shriek out when they see others in danger. Whilst we are reflecting with too much earnest on the effect which such a blameable action, if it was ours, would produce in us, the spirits, and consequently the blood, are insensibly moved after the same manner, as if the action was our own, and so the same symptoms must appear.

The shame that raw, ignorant, and ill-bred people, though seemingly without a cause, discover before their betters, is always accompanied with and proceeds from a consciousness of their weakness and inabilities. And

the most modest man, how virtuous, knowing, and accomplished soever he might be, was never yet ashamed without some guilt or diffidence. Such [persons] as out of rusticity and want of education are unreasonably subject to and at every turn overcome by this passion we call bashful; and those who out of disrespect to others and a false opinion of their own sufficiency have learned not to be affected with it, when they should be, are called impudent or shameless. What strange contradictions man is made of! The reverse of shame is pride (see remark M). Yet nobody can be touched with the first that never felt anything of the latter; for that we have such an extraordinary concern in what others think of us can proceed from nothing but the vast esteem we have for ourselves.

That these two passions, in which the seeds of most virtues are contained, are realities in our frame and not imaginary qualities, is demonstrable from the plain and different effects that in spite of our reason are produced in us as soon as we are affected with either.

When a man is overwhelmed with shame, he observes a sinking of the spirits; the heart feels cold and condensed, and the blood flies from it to the circumference of the body. The face glows, the neck and part of the breast partake of the fire: he is heavy as lead; the head is hung down, and the eyes through a mist of confusion are fixed on the ground. No injuries can move him; he is weary of his being, and heartily wishes he could make himself invisible. But when, gratifying his vanity, he exults in his pride, he discovers quite contrary symptoms: his spirits swell and fan the arterial blood; a more than ordinary warmth strengthens and dilates the heart; the extremities are cool; he feels light to himself, and imagines he could tread on air. His head is held up, his eyes rolled about with sprightliness; he rejoices at his being, is prone to anger, and would be glad that all the world could take notice of him.

It is incredible how necessary an ingredient shame is to make us sociable. It is a frailty in our nature. All the world, whenever it affects them, submit to it with regret, and would prevent it if they could. Yet the happiness of conversation depends upon it, and no society could be polished if the generality of mankind were not subject to it. As therefore the sense of shame is troublesome, and all creatures are ever laboring for their own defense, it is probable that man striving to avoid this uneasiness would in a great measure conquer his shame by that [time] he was grown up. But this would be detrimental to the society, and therefore from his infancy throughout his education we endeavor to increase instead of lessening or destroying this sense of shame. And the only remedy prescribed is a strict observance of certain rules to avoid those things that might bring this

troublesome sense of shame upon him. But as to rid or cure him of it, the politician would sooner take away his life.

The rules I speak of consist in a dexterous management of ourselves, a stifling of our appetites, and hiding the real sentiments of our hearts before others. Those who are not instructed in these rules long before they come to years of maturity seldom make any progress in them afterwards. To acquire and bring to perfection the accomplishment I hint at, nothing is more assisting than pride and good sense. The greediness we have after the esteem of others, and the raptures we enjoy in the thoughts of being liked, and perhaps admired, are equivalents that overpay the conquest of the strongest passions, and consequently keep us at a great distance from all such words or actions that can bring shame upon us. The passions we chiefly ought to hide for the happiness and embellishment of the society are lust, pride, and selfishness. Therefore, the word modesty has three different acceptations that vary with the passions it conceals.

As to the first, I mean that branch of modesty that has a general pretension to chastity for its object. It consists in a sincere and painful endeavor with all our faculties to stifle and conceal before others that inclination which nature has given us to propagate our species. The lessons of it, like those of grammar, are taught us long before we have occasion for or understand the usefulness of them. For this reason children often are ashamed, and blush out of modesty, before the impulse of nature I hint at makes any impression upon them. A girl who is modestly educated may, before she is two years old, begin to observe how careful the women she converses with are of covering themselves before men. And the same caution being inculcated to her by precept, as well as example, it is very probable that at six she'll be ashamed of showing her leg, without knowing any reason why such an act is blameable, or what the tendency of it is.

To be modest, we ought in the first place to avoid all unfashionable denudations. A woman is not to be found fault with for going with her neck bare, if the custom of the country allows of it; and when the mode orders the stays to be cut very low, a blooming virgin may, without fear of rational censure, show all the world:

> *How firm her pouting Breasts, that white as Snow,*
> *On th' ample Chest at mighty distance grow.*

But to suffer her ankle to be seen, where it is the fashion for women to hide their very feet, is a breach of modesty; and she is impudent, who

shows half her face in a country where decency bids her to be veiled. In the second, our language must be chaste and not only free but remote from obscenities, that is, whatever belongs to the multiplication of our species is not to be spoken of, and the least word or expression, that though at a great distance has any relation to that performance, ought never to come from our lips. Thirdly, all postures and motions that can any ways sully the imagination, that is, put us in mind of what I have called obscenities, are to be forebore with great caution.

A young woman, moreover, that would be thought well-bred, ought to be circumspect before men in all her behavior, and never known to receive from, much less to bestow favors upon them, unless the great age of the man, near consanguinity, or a vast superiority on either side plead her excuse. A young lady of refined education keeps a strict guard over her looks, as well as actions, and in her eyes we may read a consciousness that she has a treasure about her, not out of danger of being lost, and which yet she is resolved not to part with at any terms. [A] thousand satires have been made against prudes, and as many encomiums to extol the careless graces and negligent air of virtuous beauty. But the wiser sort of mankind are well assured that the free and open countenance of the smiling fair is more inviting, and yields greater hopes to the seducer, than the ever-watchful look of a forbidding eye.

This strict reservedness is to be complied with by all young women, especially virgins, if they value the esteem of the polite and knowing world. Men may take greater liberty because in them the appetite is more violent and ungovernable. Had equal harshness of discipline been imposed upon both, neither of them could have made the first advances, and propagation must have stood still among all the fashionable people; which being far from the politician's aim, it was advisable to ease and indulge the sex that suffered most by the severity, and make the rules abate of their rigor, where the passion was the strongest, and the burden of a strict restraint would have been the most intolerable.

For this reason the man is allowed openly to profess the veneration and great esteem he has for women, and show greater satisfaction, more mirth and gaiety in their company, than he is used to do out of it. He may not only be complaisant and serviceable to them on all occasions, but it is reckoned his duty to protect and defend them. He may praise the good qualities they are possessed of, and extol their merit with as many exaggerations as his invention will let him, and are consistent with good sense. He may talk of love, he may sigh and complain of the rigors of the fair, and what his tongue must not utter he has the privilege to speak with his

eyes, and in that language to say what he pleases, so it be done with decency, and short abrupt glances. But too closely to pursue a woman, and fasten upon her with one's eyes, is counted very unmannerly. The reason is plain: it makes her uneasy and, if she be not sufficiently fortified by art and dissimulation, often throws her into visible disorders. As the eyes are the windows of the soul, so this staring impudence flings a raw, inexperienced woman into panic fears, that she may be seen through; and that the man will discover, or has already betrayed, what passes within her. It keeps her on a perpetual rack that commands her to reveal her secret wishes, and seems designed to extort from her the grand truth, which modesty bids her with all her faculties to deny.

The multitude will hardly believe the excessive force of education, and in the difference of modesty between men and women ascribe that to nature, which is altogether owing to early instruction. Miss is scarcely three years old, but she is spoken to every day to hide her leg, and rebuked in good earnest if she shows it; while Little Master at the same age is bid to take up his coats, and piss like a man. It is shame and education that contains the seeds of all politeness, and he that has neither, and offers to speak the truth of his heart, and what he feels within, is the most contemptible creature upon earth, though he committed no other fault. If a man should tell a woman that he could like nobody so well to propagate his species upon as herself, and that he found a violent desire that moment to go about it, and accordingly offered to lay hold of her for that purpose, the consequence would be that he would be called a brute, the woman would run away, and himself never be admitted in any civil company. There is nobody that has any sense of shame but would conquer the strongest passion rather than be so served. But a man need not conquer his passions; it is sufficient that he conceals them. Virtue bids us subdue, but good breeding only requires we should hide our appetites. A fashionable gentleman may have as violent an inclination to a woman as the brutish fellow; but then he behaves himself quite otherwise. He first addresses the lady's father, and demonstrates his ability splendidly to maintain his daughter. Upon this he is admitted into her company, where, by flattery, submission, presents, and assiduity, he endeavors to procure her liking to his person, which if he can compass, the lady in a little while resigns herself to him before witnesses in a most solemn manner. At night they go to bed together, where the most reserved virgin very tamely suffers him to do what he pleases, and the upshot is that he obtains what he wanted without having ever asked for it.

The next day they receive visits and nobody laughs at them, or speaks a word of what they have been doing. As to the young couple themselves, they take no more notice of one another—I speak of well-bred people—than they did the day before. They eat and drink, divert themselves as usual, and having done nothing to be ashamed of, are looked upon as what in reality they may be, the most modest people upon earth. What I mean by this is to demonstrate that by being well-bred we suffer no abridgment in our sensual pleasures, but only labor for our mutual happiness, and assist each other in the luxurious enjoyment of all worldly comforts. The fine gentleman I spoke of need not practice any greater self-denial than the savage, and the latter acted more according to the laws of nature and sincerity than the first. The man that gratifies his appetites after the manner the custom of the country allows of has no censure to fear. If he is hotter than goats or bulls, as soon as the ceremony is over let him sate and fatigue himself with joy and ecstasies of pleasure, raise and indulge his appetites by turns as extravagantly as his strength and manhood will give him leave. He may with safety laugh at the wise men that should reprove him. All the women and above nine in ten of the men are of his side; nay, he has the liberty of valuing himself upon the fury of his unbridled passion, and the more he wallows in lust and strains every faculty to be abandonedly voluptuous, the sooner he shall have the goodwill and gain the affection of the women, not the young, vain and lascivious only, but the prudent, grave and most sober matrons.

Because impudence is a vice, it does not follow that modesty is a virtue. It is built upon shame, a passion in our nature, and may be either good or bad according to the actions performed from that motive. Shame may hinder a prostitute from yielding to a man before company, and the same shame may cause a bashful good-natured creature, that has been overcome by frailty, to make away with her infant. Passions may do good by chance, but there can be no merit but in the conquest of them.

Was there virtue in modesty, it would be of the same force in the dark as it is in the light, which it is not. This the men of pleasure know very well, who never trouble their heads with a woman's virtue so they can but conquer her modesty. Seducers therefore don't make their attacks at noonday, but cut their trenches at night. . . .

People of substance may sin without being exposed for their stolen pleasure, but servants and the poorer sort of women have seldom an opportunity of concealing a big belly, or at least the consequences of it. It is possible that an unfortunate girl of good parentage may be left destitute, and know no shift for a livelihood than to become a nursery, or a

chambermaid. She may be diligent, faithful and obliging, have abundance of modesty, and if you will, be religious: she may resist temptations, and preserve her chastity for years together, and yet at last meet with an unhappy moment in which she gives up her honor to a powerful deceiver, who afterwards neglects her. If she proves with child, her sorrows are unspeakable, and she can't be reconciled with the wretchedness of her condition. The fear of shame attacks her so lively, that every thought distracts her. All the family she lives in have a great opinion of her virtue, and her last mistress took her for a saint. How will her enemies, that envied her character, rejoice! How will her relations detest her! The more modest she is now, and the more violently the dread of coming to shame hurries her away, the more wicked and more cruel her resolutions will be, either against herself or what she bears.

It is commonly imagined that she who can destroy her child, her own flesh and blood, must have a vast stock of barbarity, and be a savage monster, different from other women; but this is likewise a mistake, which we commit for want of understanding nature and the force of passions. The same woman that murders her bastard in the most execrable manner, if she is married afterwards, may take care of, cherish and feel all the tenderness for her infant that the fondest mother can be capable of. All mothers naturally love their children. But as this is a passion, and all passions center in self-love, so it may be subdued by any superior passion, to soothe that same self-love, which if nothing had intervened would have bid her fondle her offspring. Common whores, whom all the world knows to be such, hardly ever destroy their children. Nay, even those who assist in robberies and murders seldom are guilty of this crime; not because they are less cruel or more virtuous, but because they have lost their modesty to a greater degree, and the fear of shame makes hardly any impression upon them.

Our love to what never was within the reach of our senses is but poor and inconsiderable, and therefore women have no natural love to what they bear. Their affection begins after the birth; what they feel before is the result of reason, education, and the thoughts of duty. Even when children first are born the mother's love is but weak, and increases with the sensibility of the child, and grows up to a prodigious height when by signs it begins to express his sorrows and joys, makes his wants known, and discovers his love to novelty and the multiplicity of his desires. What labors and hazards have not women undergone to maintain and save their children, what force and fortitude beyond their sex have they not shown in their behalf! But the vilest women have exerted themselves on this head

as violently as the best. All are prompted to it by a natural drift and inclination, without any consideration of the injury or benefit the society receives from it. There is no merit in pleasing ourselves, and the very offspring is often irreparably ruined by the excessive fondness of parents. For though infants for two or three years may be the better for this indulging care of mothers, yet afterwards, if not moderated, it may totally spoil them, and many it has brought to the gallows.

If the reader thinks I have been too tedious on that branch of modesty, by the help of which we endeavor to appear chaste, I shall make him amends in the brevity with which I design to treat of the remaining part, by which we would make others believe that the esteem we have for them exceeds the value we have for ourselves, and that we have no disregard so great to any interest as we have to our own. This laudable quality is commonly known by the name of manners and good-breeding, and consists in a fashionable habit, acquired by precept and example, of flattering the pride and selfishness of others, and concealing our own with judgment and dexterity. This must be only understood of our commerce with our equals and superiors, and while we are in peace and amity with them. For our complaisance must never interfere with the rules of honor, nor the homage that is due to us from servants and others that depend upon us.

With this caution, I believe that the definition will quadrate [equate] with everything that can be alleged as a piece or an example of either good-breeding or ill manners. And it will be very difficult throughout the various accidents of human life and conversation to find out an instance of modesty or impudence that is not comprehended in, and illustrated by it, in all countries and in all ages. A man that asks considerable favors of one who is a stranger to him, without consideration, is called impudent, because he shows openly his selfishness without having any regard to the selfishness of the other. We may see in it likewise the reason why a man ought to speak of his wife and children, and everything that is dear to him, as sparingly as is possible, and hardly ever of himself, especially in commendation of them. A well-bred man may be desirous and even greedy after praise and the esteem of others, but to be praised to his face offends his modesty. The reason is this: all human creatures, before they are yet polished, receive an extraordinary pleasure in hearing themselves praised. This we are all conscious of, and therefore when we see a man openly enjoy and feast on this delight, in which we have no share, it rouses our selfishness, and immediately we begin to envy and hate him. For this reason the well-bred man conceals his joy, and utterly denies that he feels any, and by this means consulting and soothing our selfishness, he averts

that envy and hatred, which otherwise he would have justly to fear. When from our childhood we observe how those are ridiculed who calmly can hear their own praises, it is possible that we may so strenuously endeavor to avoid that pleasure, that in [a] tract of time we grow uneasy at the approach of it. But this is not following the dictates of nature, but warping her by education and custom. For if the generality of mankind took no delight in being praised, there could be no modesty in refusing to hear it.

The man of manners picks not the best but rather takes the worst out of the dish, and gets of everything, unless it be forced upon him, always the most indifferent share. By this civility the best remains for others, which being a compliment to all that are present, everybody is pleased with it. The more they love themselves, the more they are forced to approve of his behavior, and gratitude stepping in, they are obliged almost whether they will or not to think favorably of him. After this manner it is that the well-bred man insinuates himself in the esteem of all the companies he comes in, and if he gets nothing else by it, the pleasure he receives in reflecting on the applause which he knows is secretly given him is to a proud man more than an equivalent for his former self-denial, and overpays to self-love with interest, the loss it sustained in his complaisance to others.

If there are seven or eight apples or peaches among six people of ceremony, that are pretty near equal, he who is prevailed upon to choose first, will take that, which, if there be any considerable difference, a child would know to be the worst. This he does to insinuate, that he looks upon those he is with to be of superior merit, and that there is not one whom he wishes not better to than he does to himself. It is custom and a general practice that makes this modish deceit familiar to us, without being shocked at the absurdity of it. For if people had been used to speak[ing] from the sincerity of their hearts, and act[ing] according to the natural sentiments they felt within, till they were three or four and twenty, it would be impossible for them to assist at this comedy of manners, without either loud laughter or indignation. And yet it is certain that such behavior makes us more tolerable to one another than we could be otherwise.

It is very advantageous to the knowledge of ourselves to be able well to distinguish between good qualities and virtues. The bond of society exacts from every member a certain regard for others, which the highest is not exempt from in the presence of the meanest, even in an empire. But when we are by ourselves, and so far removed from company as to be beyond the reach of their senses, the words modesty and impudence lose their meaning. A person may be wicked, but he cannot be immodest while

he is alone, and no thought can be impudent that never was communicated to another. A man of exalted pride may so hide it that nobody shall be able to discover that he has any; and yet receive greater satisfaction from that passion than another, who indulges himself in the declaration of it before all the world. Good manners have nothing to do with virtue or religion. Instead of extinguishing, they rather inflame the passions. The man of sense and education never exults more in his pride than when he hides it with the greatest dexterity. And in feasting on the applause, which he is sure all good judges will pay to his behavior, he enjoys a pleasure altogether unknown to the short-sighted, surly alderman, that shows his haughtiness glaringly in his face, pulls off his hat to nobody, and hardly deigns to speak to an inferior.

A man may carefully avoid everything that in the eye of the world is esteemed to be the result of pride, without mortifying himself, or making the least conquest of his passion. It is possible that he only sacrifices the insipid outward part of his pride which none but silly ignorant people take delight in, to that part we all feel within, and which the men of the highest spirit and most exalted genius feed on with so much ecstasy in silence. The pride of great and polite men is nowhere more conspicuous than in the debates about ceremony and precedence, where they have an opportunity of giving their vices the appearance of virtues, and can make the world believe that it is their care, their tenderness for the dignity of their office, or the honor of their masters, what is the result of their own personal pride and vanity. This is most manifest in all negotiations of ambassadors and plenipotentiaries, and must be known by all that observe what is transacted at public treaties. And it will ever be true, that men of the best taste have no relish in their pride as long as any mortal can find out that they are proud.

Remark F

And Virtue, who from Politicks
Had learn'd a thousand cunning Tricks,
Was, by their happy Influence,
Made Friends with Vice.———

It may be said that virtue is made friends with vice when industrious good people, who maintain their families and bring up their children handsomely, pay taxes, and are several ways useful members of the society, get

a livelihood by something that chiefly depends on, or is very much influenced by the vices of others, without being themselves guilty of, or accessory to them, any otherwise than by way of trade, as a druggist may be to poisoning, or a sword-cutler to bloodshed.

Thus the merchant that sends corn or cloth into foreign parts to purchase wines and brandies encourages the growth or manufacture of his own country. He is a benefactor to navigation, increases the customs, and is in many ways beneficial to the public. Yet it is not to be denied but that his greatest dependence is lavishness and drunkenness. For if none were to drink wine but such only as stand in need of it, nor anybody more than his health required, that multitude of wine merchants, vintners, coopers, etc. that make such a considerable show in this flourishing city would be in a miserable condition. The same may be said not only of card and dice-makers, that are the immediate ministers to a legion of vices, but of mercers, upholsterers, tailors, and many others, that would be starved in half a year's time if pride and luxury were at once to be banished from the nation.

Remark G

The worst of all the Multitude
Did something for the Common Good.

This, I know, will seem to be a strange paradox to many; and I shall be asked what benefit the public receives from thieves and house-breakers. They are, I own, very pernicious to human society, and every government ought to take all imaginable care to root out and destroy them. Yet if all people were strictly honest, and nobody would meddle with or pry into anything but his own, half the smiths of the nation would want employment; and abundance of workmanship (which now serves for ornament as well as defense) is to be seen everywhere both in town and country, that would never have been thought of, but to secure us against the attempts of pilferers and robbers.

If what I have said be thought farfetched, and my assertion seems still a paradox, I desire the reader to look upon the consumption of things, and he'll find that the laziest and most inactive, the profligate and most mischievous, are all forced to do something for the common good. And while their mouths are not sewn up, and they continue to wear and otherwise destroy what the industrious are daily employed about to make, fetch and

procure, in spite of their teeth [are] obliged to help maintain the poor and the public charges. The labor of millions would soon be at an end, if there were not other millions, as I say, in the fable,

———*Employ'd,*
To see their Handy-works destroy'd.

But men are not to be judged by the consequences that may succeed their actions, but the facts themselves, and the motives which it shall appear they acted from. If an ill-natured miser who is almost a plumb [worth almost £100,000] and spends but fifty pounds a year, though he has no relation to inherit his wealth, should be robbed of five hundred or a thousand guineas, it is certain that as soon as this money should come to circulate the nation would be the better for the robbery, and receive the same and as real a benefit from it, as if an archbishop had left the same sum to the public. Yet justice and the peace of the society require that he or they who robbed the miser should be hanged, though there were half a dozen of them concerned.

Thieves and pickpockets steal for a livelihood, and either what they can get honestly is not sufficient to keep them, or else they have an aversion to constant working. They want to gratify their senses, have victuals, strong drink, lewd women, and to be idle when they please. The victualler, who entertains them and takes their money, knowing which way they come at it, is very near as great a villain as his guests. But if he fleeces them well, minds his business and is a prudent man, he may get money and be punctual with them he deals with. The trusty out-clerk, whose chief aim is his master's profit, sends him in what beer he wants, and takes care not to lose his custom; while the man's money is good, he thinks it no business of his to examine whom he gets it by. In the meantime the wealthy brewer, who leaves all the management to his servants, knows nothing of the matter, but keeps his coach, treats his friends, and enjoys his pleasure with ease and a good conscience. He gets an estate, builds houses, and educates his children in plenty, without ever thinking of the labor which wretches perform, the shifts fools make, and the tricks knaves play to come at the commodity, by the vast sale of which he amasses his great riches.

A highwayman, having met with a considerable booty, gives a poor common harlot he fancies ten pounds to new-rig her from top to toe. Is there a spruce mercer so conscientious that he will refuse to sell her a thread satin, though he knew who she was? She must have shoes and

stockings, gloves, the stay and mantua-maker [a loose silk gown worn by fashionable women], the seamstress, the linen draper, all must get something by her, and a hundred different tradesmen dependent on those she laid her money out with may touch part of it before a month is at an end. The generous gentleman, in the meantime, his money being near spent, ventured again on the road, but the second day having committed a robbery near Highgate, he was taken with one of his accomplices, and the next [court] sessions both were condemned, and suffered the law. The money due on their conviction fell to three country fellows, on whom it was admirably well bestowed. One was an honest farmer, a sober painstaking man, but reduced by misfortunes. The summer before, by the mortality among the cattle, he had lost six cows out of ten, and now his landlord, to whom he owed thirty pounds, had seized on all his stock. The other was a day-laborer, who struggled hard with the world, had a sick wife at home and several small children to provide for. The third was a gentleman's gardener, who maintained his father in prison, where being bound for a neighbor he had lain for twelve pounds almost a year and a half. This act of filial duty was the more meritorious, because he had for some time been engaged to a young woman whose parents lived in good circumstances, but would not give their consent before our gardener had fifty guineas of his own to show. They received above fourscore pounds each, which extricated every one of them out of the difficulties they labored under, and made them in their opinion the happiest people in the world.

Nothing is more destructive, either in regard to the health or the vigilance and industry of the poor, than the infamous liquor, the name of which, derived from juniper in Dutch, is now by frequent use and the laconic spirit of the nation, from a word of middling length shrunk into a monosyllable, intoxicating gin, that charms the inactive, the desperate and crazy of either sex, and makes the starving sot behold his rags and nakedness with stupid indolence, or banter both in senseless laughter, and more insipid jests. It is a fiery lake that sets the brain in flame, burns up the entrails, and scorches every part within; and at the same time a Lethe of oblivion, in which the wretch immersed drowns his most pinching cares, and with his reason all anxious reflection on brats that cry for food, hard winters' frosts, and horrid empty home.

In hot and adust [dried up] tempers it makes men quarrelsome, renders them brutes and savages, sets them on to fight for nothing, and has often been the cause of murder. It has broken and destroyed the strongest constitutions, thrown them into consumptions, and been the fatal and immediate occasion of apoplexies, frenzies and sudden death. But as

these latter mischiefs happen but seldom, they might be overlooked and connived at; but this cannot be said of the many diseases that are familiar to the liquor, and which are daily and hourly produced by it, such as loss of appetite, fevers, black and yellow jaundice, convulsions, stone and gravel, dropsies, and leuco-phlegmacies [a pale and flabby body, the symptoms of dropsy].

Among the doting admirers of this liquid poison, many of the meanest rank, from a sincere affection to the commodity itself, become dealers in it, and take delight to help others to what they love themselves, as whores commence bawds to make the profits of one trade subservient to the pleasures of the other. But as these starvelings commonly drink more than their gains, they seldom by selling mend the wretchedness of condition they labored under while they were only buyers. In the fag-end and outskirts of the town, and all places of the vilest resort, it is sold in some part or other of almost every house, frequently in cellars, and sometimes in the garret. The petty traders in this Stygian comfort are supplied by others in somewhat higher station, that keep professed brandy shops, and are as little to be envied as the former. And among the middling people, I know not a more miserable shift for a livelihood than their calling. Whoever would thrive in it must in the first place be of a watchful and suspicious as well as a bold and resolute temper, that he may not be imposed upon by cheats and sharpers, nor out-bullied by the oaths and imprecations of hackney-coachmen and foot-soldiers. In the second, he ought to be a dabster at gross jokes and loud laughter, and have all the winning ways to allure customers and draw out their money, and be well versed in the low jests and railleries the mob make use of to banter prudence and frugality. He must be affable and obsequious to the most despicable, always ready and officious to help a porter down with his load, shake hands with a basket-woman, pull off his hat to an oyster-wench, and be familiar with a beggar. With patience and good humor he must be able to endure the filthy actions and viler language of nasty drabs, and the lewdest rakehells, and without a frown or the least aversion bear with all the stench and squalor, noise and impertinence that the utmost indigence, laziness and ebriety can produce in the most shameless and abandoned vulgar.

The vast number of the shops I speak of throughout the city and suburbs are an astonishing evidence of the many seducers, that in a lawful occupation are accessory to the introduction and increase of all the sloth, sottishness, want and misery, which the abuse of strong waters is the immediate cause of, to lift above mediocrity perhaps half a score men that deal in the same commodity by wholesale. While among the retailers,

though qualified as I required, a much greater number are broke and ruined, for not abstaining from the Circean cup they hold out to others, and the more fortunate are their whole lifetime obliged to take the uncommon pains, endure the hardships, and swallow all the ungrateful and shocking things I named, for little or nothing beyond a bare sustenance, and their daily bread.

The short-sighted vulgar in the chain of causes seldom can see further than one link. But those who can enlarge their view, and will give themselves the leisure of gazing on the prospect of concatenated events may, in a hundred places, see good spring up and pullulate from evil, as naturally as chickens do from eggs. The money that arises from the duties upon malt is a considerable part of the national revenue, and should no spirits be distilled from it, the public treasure would prodigiously suffer on that head. But if we would set in a true light the many advantages, and large catalogue of solid blessings that accrue from, and are owing to the evil I treat of, we are to consider the rents that are received, the ground that is tilled, the tools that are made, the cattle that are employed, and above all, the multitude of poor that are maintained, by the variety of labor, required in husbandry, in malting, in carriage and distillation, before we can have the product of malt, which we call low wines, and is but the beginning from which the various spirits are afterwards to be made.

Besides this, a sharp-sighted good-humored man might pick up abundance of good from the rubbish, which I have all flung away for evil. He would tell me that whatever sloth and sottishness might be occasioned by the abuse of malt-spirits, the moderate use of it was of inestimable benefit to the poor, who could purchase no cordials of higher prices, that it was a universal comfort, not only in cold and weariness, but most of the afflictions that are peculiar to the necessitous, and had often to the most destitute supplied the places of meat, drink, clothes, and lodging. That the stupid indolence in the most wretched condition occasioned by those composing draughts, which I complained of, was a blessing to thousands, for that certainly those were the happiest, who felt the least pain. As to diseases, he would say that as it caused some, so it cured others, and that if the excess in those liquors had been sudden death to some few, the habit of drinking them daily prolonged the lives of many, whom once it agreed with; that for the loss sustained from the insignificant quarrels it created at home, we were overpaid in the advantage we received from it abroad, by upholding the courage of soldiers, and animating the sailors to the combat; and that in the two last wars no considerable victory had been obtained without.

To the dismal account I have given of the retailers, and what they are forced to submit to, he would answer, that not many acquired more than middling riches in any trade, and that what I had counted so offensive and intolerable in the calling, was trifling to those who were used to it; that what seemed irksome and calamitous to some, was delightful and often ravishing to others, as men differed in circumstances and education. He would put me in mind that the profit of an employment ever made amends for the toil and labor that belonged to it, nor forget, *Dulcis odor lucri è re qualibet;* [that is,] to tell me that the smell of gain was fragrant even to night-workers [waste removers].

If I should ever urge to him that to have here and there one great and eminent distiller was a poor equivalent for the vile means, the certain want, and lasting misery of so many thousand wretches as were necessary to raise them, he would answer that of this I could be no judge, because I don't know what vast benefit they might afterwards be of to the commonwealth. Perhaps, would he say, the man thus raised will exert himself in the commission of the peace, or other station, with vigilance and zeal against the dissolute and I disaffected, and retaining his stirring temper, be as industrious in spreading loyalty and the reformation of manners throughout every cranny of the wide populous town, as once he was in filling it with spirits; until he becomes at last the scourge of whores, of vagabonds and beggars, the terror of rioters and discontented rabbles, and constant plague to Sabbath-breaking butchers. Here my good-humored antagonist would exult and triumph over me, especially if he could instance to me such a bright example. What an uncommon blessing, would he cry out, is this man to his country! How shining and illustrious his virtue!

To justify his exclamation he would demonstrate to me that it was impossible to give a fuller evidence of self-denial in a grateful mind than to see him at the expense of his quiet and hazard of his life and limbs, be always harassing, and even for trifles persecuting that very class of men to whom he owes his fortune, from no other motive than his aversion to idleness, and great concern for religion and the public welfare.

Remark I

The Root of Evil, Avarice,
That damn'd ill-natur'd baneful Vice,
Was Slave to Prodigality.

the first are knaves, so the latter are all fools. Yet they are delicious morsels for the public to feast on, and may with as much justice as the French call the monks the partridges of the women, be styled the woodcocks of the society. Was it not for prodigality, nothing could make us amends for the rapine and extortion of avarice in power. When a covetous statesman is gone, who spent his whole life in fattening himself with the spoils of the nation, and had by pinching and plundering heaped up an immense treasure, it ought to fill every good member of the society with joy, to behold the uncommon profuseness of his son. This is refunding to the public what was robbed from it. Resuming of grants is a barbarous way of stripping, and it is ignoble to ruin a man faster than he does it himself, when he sets about it in such good earnest. Does he not feed an infinite number of dogs of all sorts and sizes, though he never hunts; keep more horses than any nobleman in the kingdom, though he never rides them, and give as large an allowance to an ill-favored whore as would keep a duchess, though he never lies with her? Is he not still more extravagant in those things he makes use of? Therefore let him alone, or praise him, call him public-spirited lord, nobly bountiful and magnificently generous, and in a few years he'll suffer himself to be stripped his own way. As long as the nation has its own back again we ought not to quarrel with the manner in which the plunder is repaid.

Abundance of moderate men I know that are enemies to extremes will tell me that frugality might happily supply the place of the two vices I speak of, that, if men had not so many profuse ways of spending wealth, they would not be tempted to so many evil practices to scrape it together, and consequently that the same number of men by equally avoiding both extremes, might render themselves more happy, and be less vicious without than they could with them. Whoever argues thus shows himself a better man than he is a politician. Frugality is like honesty, a mean starving virtue, that is only fit for small societies of good peaceable men, who are contented to be poor so they may be easy; but in a large stirring nation you may have soon enough of it.

It is an idle dreaming virtue that employs no hands, and therefore very useless in a trading country, where there are vast numbers that one way or other must be all set to work. Prodigality has a thousand inventions to keep people from sitting still, that frugality would never think of; and as this must consume a prodigious wealth, so avarice again knows innumerable tricks to rake it together, which frugality would scorn to make use of.

Authors are always allowed to compare small things to great ones, especially if they ask leave first. *Si licet exemplis* [if you wish an example],

etc. but to compare great things to mean trivial ones is insufferable, unless it be in burlesque; otherwise I would compare the body politic (I confess the simile is very low) to a bowl of punch. Avarice should be the souring and prodigality the sweetening of it. The water I would call the ignorance, folly and credulity of the floating insipid multitude. While wisdom, honor, fortitude and the rest of the sublime qualities of men, which separated by art from the dregs of nature the fire of glory has exalted and refined into a spiritual essence, should be an equivalent to brandy. I don't doubt but a Westphalian, Laplander, or any other dull stranger that is unacquainted with the wholesome composition, if he was to taste the several ingredients apart, would think it impossible they should make any tolerable liquor. The lemons would be too sour, the sugar too luscious, the brandy he'll say is too strong ever to be drunk in any quantity, and the water he'll call a tasteless liquor only fit for cows and horses. Yet experience teaches us that the ingredients I named, judiciously mixed, will make an excellent liquor, liked of and admired by men of exquisite palates. . . .

Remark L

———*While Luxury*
Employ'd a Million of the Poor, &c.

If everything is to be luxury (as in strictness it ought) that is not immediately necessary to make man subsist as he is a living creature, there is nothing else to be found in the world, no, not even among the naked savages; of which it is not probable that there are any but what by this time have made some improvements upon their former manner of living, and either in the preparation of their eatables, the ordering of their huts, or otherwise, added something to what once sufficed them. This definition everybody will say is too rigorous. I am of the same opinion, but if we are to abate one inch of this severity, I am afraid we shan't know where to stop. When people tell us they only desire to keep themselves sweet and clean, there is no understanding what they would be at. If they made use of these words in their genuine proper literal sense, they might soon be satisfied without much cost or trouble, if they did not want water. But these two little adjectives are so comprehensive, especially in the dialect of some ladies, that nobody can guess how far they may be stretched. The comforts of life are likewise so various and extensive that nobody can tell what people mean by them, except he knows what sort of life they lead.

The same obscurity I observe in the words "decency" and "convenience," and I never understand them unless I am acquainted with the quality of the persons that make use of them. People may go to church together, and be all of one mind as much as they please. I am apt to believe that when they pray for their daily bread, the bishop includes several things in that petition which the sexton does not think on.

By what I have said hitherto I would only show that if once we depart from calling everything luxury that is not absolutely necessary to keep a man alive, that then there is no luxury at all. For if the wants of men are innumerable, then what ought to supply them has no bounds. What is called superfluous to some degree of people will be thought requisite to those of higher quality; and neither the world nor the skill of man can produce anything so curious or extravagant, but some most gracious sovereign or other, if it either eases or diverts him, will reckon it among the necessities of life; not meaning everybody's life, but that of his sacred person.

It is a received notion that luxury is as destructive to the wealth of the whole body politic as it is to that of every individual person who is guilty of it, and that a national frugality enriches a country in the same manner as that which is less general increases the estates of private families. I confess that though I have found men of much better understanding than myself of this opinion, I cannot help dissenting from them in this point. They argue thus: we send, say they, for example, to Turkey of woollen manufacture, and other things of our own growth, a million's worth every year. For this we bring back silk, mohair, drugs, etc. to the value of twelve hundred thousand pounds, that are all spent in our own country. By this, say they, we get nothing. But if most of us would be content with our own growth, and so consume but half the quantity of those foreign commodities than those in Turkey, who would still want the same quantity of our manufactures, would be forced to pay ready money for the rest, and so by the balance of that trade only the nation should get six hundred thousand pounds per annum.

To examine the force of this argument, we'll suppose (what they would have) that but half the silk, etc. shall be consumed in England of what there is now. We'll suppose likewise, that those in Turkey, though we refuse to buy above half as much of their commodities as we used to do, either can or will not be without the same quantity of our manufactures they had before, and that they'll pay the balance in money; that is to say, that they shall give us as much gold or silver, as the value of what they buy from us exceeds the value of what we buy from them. Though what we suppose might perhaps be done for one year, it is impossible it should last.

Buying is bartering, and no nation can buy goods of others that has none of her own to purchase them with. Spain and Portugal, that are yearly supplied with new gold and silver from their mines, may forever buy for ready money as long as their yearly increase of gold or silver continues, but then money is their growth and the commodity of the country. We know that we could not continue long to purchase the goods of other nations if they would not take our manufactures in payment for them. And why should we judge otherwise of other nations? If those in Turkey then had no more money fall from the skies than we, let us see what would be the consequence of what we supposed. The six hundred thousand pounds in silk, mohair, etc. that are left upon their hands the first year, must make those commodities fall considerably. Of this the Dutch and French will reap the benefit as much as ourselves and if we continue to refuse taking their commodities in payment for our manufactures, they can trade no longer with us, but must content themselves with buying what they want of such nations as are willing to take what we refuse, though their goods are much worse than ours. Thus our commerce with Turkey must in few years be infallibly lost.

But they'll say, perhaps, that to prevent the ill consequence I have shown, we shall take the Turkish merchandises as formerly, and only be so frugal as to consume but half the quantity of them ourselves, and send the rest abroad to be sold to others. Let us see what this will do, and whether it will enrich the nation by the balance of that trade with six hundred thousand pounds. In the first place, I'll grant them that our people at home making use of so much more of our own manufactures, those who were employed in silk, mohair, etc. will get a living by the various preparations of woollen goods. But in the second, I cannot allow that the goods can be sold as formerly. For suppose the half that is worn at home to be sold at the same rate as before: certainly the other half that is sent abroad will want very much of it. For we must send those goods to markets already supplied; and besides that there must be freight, insurance, provision, and all other charges deducted, and the merchants in general must lose much more by this half that is re-shipped, than they got by the half that is consumed here. For though the woollen manufactures are our own product, yet they stand the merchant that ships them off to foreign countries in as much as they do the shopkeeper here that retails them. So that if the returns for what he sends abroad repay him not what his goods cost him here, with all other charges, until he has the money and a good interest for it in cash, the merchant must run out; and the upshot would be, that the merchants in general finding they lost by the Turkish commodities they

sent abroad, would ship no more of our manufactures than what would pay for as much silk, mohair, etc. as would be consumed here. Other nations would soon find ways to supply them with as much as we should send short, and somewhere or other to dispose of the goods we should refuse: So that all we should get by this frugality would be that those in Turkey would take but half the quantity of our manufactures of what they do now, while we encourage and wear their merchandises, without which they are not able to purchase ours. . . . (. . .)

What is laid to the charge of luxury besides is that it increases avarice and rapine, and where they are reigning vices, offices of the greatest trust are bought and sold. The ministers that should serve the public, both great and small, corrupted, and the countries every moment in danger of being betrayed to the highest bidders. And lastly, that it effeminates and enervates the people, by which the nations become an easy prey to the first invaders. These are indeed terrible things, but what is put to the account of luxury belongs to male-administration, and is the fault of bad politics. Every government ought to be thoroughly acquainted with and steadfastly to pursue the interest of the country. Good politicians by dexterous management, laying heavy impositions on some goods, or totally prohibiting them, and lowering the duties on others, may always turn and divert the course of trade which way they please. And as they'll ever prefer, if it be equally considerable, the commerce with such countries as can pay with money as well as goods, to those that can make no returns for what they buy, but in the commodities of their own growth and manufactures, so they will always carefully prevent the traffic with such nations as refuse the goods of others, and will take nothing but money for their own. But above all, they'll keep a watchful eye over the balance of trade in general, and never suffer that all the foreign commodities together, that are imported in one year, shall exceed in value what of their own growth or manufacture is in the same exported to others. Note that I speak now of the interest of those nations that have no gold or silver of their own growth, otherwise this maxim need not to be so much insisted on.

If what I urged last be but diligently looked after, and the imports are never allowed to be superior to the exports, no nation can ever be impoverished by foreign luxury; and they may improve it as much as they please, if they can but in proportion raise the fund of their own that is to purchase it.

Trade is the principal, but not the only requisite to aggrandize a nation. There are other things to be taken care of besides. The *Meum* and *Tuum* must be secured, crimes punished, and all other laws concerning

the administration of justice wisely contrived, and strictly executed. Foreign affairs must be likewise prudently managed, and the ministry of every nation ought to have a good intelligence abroad, and be well acquainted with the public transactions of all those countries, that either by their neighborhood, strength or interest, may be hurtful or beneficial to them, to take the necessary measures accordingly, of crossing some and assisting others, as policy and the balance of power direct. The multitude must be awed, no man's conscience forced, and the clergy allowed no greater share in state affairs than our Savior has bequeathed them in his testament. These are the arts that lead to worldly greatness. What sovereign power soever makes a good use of them, that has any considerable nation to govern, whether it be a monarchy, a commonwealth, or a mixture of both, can never fail of making it flourish in spite of all the other powers upon Earth, and no luxury or other vice is ever able to shake their constitution. But here I expect a full-mouthed cry against me. What! Has God never punished and destroyed great nations for their sins? Yes, but not without means, by infatuating their governors, and suffering them to depart from either all or some of those general maxims I have mentioned. And of all the famous states and empires the world has had to boast of hitherto, none ever came to ruin whose destruction was not principally owing to the bad politics, neglects, or mismanagements of the rulers.

There is no doubt but more health and vigor is to be expected among a people, and their offspring, from temperance and sobriety, than there is from gluttony and drunkenness. Yet I confess, that as to luxury's effeminating and enervating a nation, I have not such frightful notions now as I have had formerly. When we hear or read of things which we are altogether strangers to, they commonly bring to our imagination such ideas of what we have seen, as (according to our apprehension) must come the nearest to them. And I remember that when I have read of the luxury of Persia, Egypt, and other countries where it has been a reigning vice, and that were effeminated and enervated by it, it has sometimes put me in mind of the cramming and swilling of ordinary tradesmen at a city feast, and the beastliness their over-gorging themselves is often attended with. At other times it has made me think on the distraction of dissolute sailors, as I had seen them in company of half a dozen lewd women roaring along with fiddles before them. And was I to have been carried into any of their great cities, I would have expected to have found one third of the people sick a-bed with surfeits; another laid up with the gout, or crippled by a more ignominious distemper; and the rest, that could go without leading, walk along the streets in petticoats.

It is happy for us to have fear for a keeper as long as our reason is not strong enough to govern our appetites. And I believe that the great dread I had more particularly against the word, to enervate, and some consequent thoughts on the etymology of it, did me abundance of good when I was a school boy. But since I have seen something of the world the consequences of luxury to a nation seem not so dreadful to me as they did. As long as men have the same appetites, the same vices will remain. In all large societies, some will love whoring and others drinking. The lustful that can get no handsome clean women will content themselves with dirty drabs; and those that cannot purchase true Hermitage or Pontack, will be glad of more ordinary French claret. Those that can't reach wine, take up with worse liquors, and a foot soldier or a beggar may make himself as drunk with stale beer or malt-spirits, as a lord with Burgundy, Champagne or Tokay. The cheapest and most slovenly way of indulging our passions does as much mischief to a man's constitution as the most elegant and expensive.

The greatest excesses of luxury are shown in buildings, furniture, equipages and clothes. Clean linen weakens a man no more than flannel; tapestry, fine painting or good wainscot are no more unwholesome than bare walls; and a rich couch, or a gilt chariot are no more enervating than the cold floor or a country cart. The refined pleasures of men of sense are seldom injurious to their constitution, and there are many great epicures that will refuse to eat or drink more than their heads or stomachs can bear. Sensual people may take as great care of themselves as any. And the errors of the most viciously luxurious don't so much consist in the frequent repetitions of their lewdness, and their eating and drinking too much (which are the things which would most enervate them), as they do in the operose contrivances, the profuseness and nicety they are served with, and the vast expense they are at in their tables and amours.

But let us once suppose that the ease and pleasures the grandees and the rich people of every great nation live in render them unfit to endure hardships and undergo the toils of war. I'll allow that most of the common council of the city would make but very indifferent foot-soldiers; and I believe heartily that if your horse [troops] were to be composed of aldermen, and such as most of them are, a small artillery of squibs would be sufficient to rout them. But what have the aldermen, the common-council, or indeed all people of any substance to do with the war, but to pay taxes? The hardships and fatigues of war that are personally suffered fall upon them that bear the brunt of everything, the meanest indigent part of the nation, the working slaving people. For how excessive soever the plenty and luxury of a nation may be, somebody must do the work, houses

and ships must be built, merchandise must be removed, and the ground tilled. Such a variety of labors in every great nation require a vast multitude, in which there are always loose, idle, extravagant fellows enough to spare for an army. And those that are robust enough to hedge and ditch, plow and thrash, or else not too much enervated to be smiths, carpenters, sawyers, cloth-workers, porters or carmen, will always be strong and hardy enough in a campaign or two to make good soldiers, who, where good orders are kept, have seldom so much plenty and superfluity come to their share as to do them any hurt.

The mischief then to be feared from luxury among the people of war cannot extend itself beyond the officers. The greatest of them are either men of a very high birth and princely education, or else extraordinary parts, and no less experience. And whoever is made choice of by a wise government to command an army *en chef*, should have a consummate knowledge in martial affairs, intrepidity to keep him calm in the midst of danger, and many other qualifications that must be the work of time and application, on men of a quick penetration, a distinguished genius and a world of honor. Strong sinews and supple joints are trifling advantages not regarded in persons of their reach and grandeur that can destroy cities a-bed, and ruin whole countries while they are at dinner. As they are most commonly men of great age, it would be ridiculous to expect a hale constitution and agility of limbs from them. So their heads be but active and well furnished, it is no great matter what the rest of their bodies are. If they cannot bear the fatigue of being on horseback, they may ride in coaches, or be carried in litters. Men's conduct and sagacity are never the less for their being cripples, and the best general the king of France has now can hardly crawl along. Those that are immediately under the chief commanders must be very nigh of the same abilities, and are generally men that have raised themselves to those posts by their merit. The other officers are all of them in their several stations obliged to lay out so large a share of their pay in fine clothes, accoutrements, and other things by the luxury of the times called necessary, that they can spare but little money for debauches. For as they are advanced and their salaries raised, so they are likewise forced to increase their expenses and their equipages, which as well as everything else, must still be proportionable to their quality. By which means the greatest part of them are in a manner hindered from those excesses that might be destructive to health, while their luxury thus turned another way serves moreover to heighten their pride and vanity, the greatest motives to make them behave themselves like what they would be thought to be. . . .

There is nothing refines mankind more than love and honor. Those two passions are equivalent to many virtues, and therefore the greatest schools of breeding and good manners are courts and armies; the first to accomplish the women, the other to polish the men. What the generality of officers among civilized nations affect is a perfect knowledge of the world and the rules of honor. An air of frankness and humanity peculiar to military men of experience, and such a mixture of modesty and undauntedness as may bespeak them both courteous and valiant. Where good sense is fashionable, and a genteel behavior is in esteem, gluttony and drunkenness can be no reigning vices. What officers of distinction chiefly aim at is not a beastly, but a splendid way of living, and the wishes of the most luxurious in their several degrees of quality are to appear handsomely, and excel each other in finery of equipage, politeness of entertainments, and the reputation of a judicious fancy in everything about them.

But if there should be more dissolute reprobates among officers than there are among men of other professions, which is not true, yet the most debauched of them may be very serviceable if they have but a great share of honor. It is this that covers and makes up for a multitude of defects in them, and it is this that none (how abandoned soever they are to pleasure) dare pretend to be without. But as there is no argument so convincing as matter of a fact, let us look back on what so lately happened in our two last wars with France. How many puny young striplings have we had in our armies, tenderly educated, nice in their dress, and curious in their diet, that underwent all manner of duties with gallantry and cheerfulness?

Those that have such dismal apprehensions of luxury's enervating and effeminating people might in Flanders and Spain have seen embroidered beaux with fine laced shirts and powdered wigs stand as much fire, and lead up to the mouth of a cannon, with as little concern as it was possible for the most stinking slovens to have done in their own hair, though it had not been combed in a month; and met with abundance of wild rakes, who had actually impaired their healths, and broken their constitutions with excesses of wine and women, that yet behaved themselves with conduct and bravery against their enemies. Robustness is the least thing required in an officer, and if sometimes strength is of use, a firm resolution of mind, which the hopes of preferment, emulation, and the love of glory inspire them with, will at a push supply the place of bodily force.

Those that understand their business, and have a sufficient sense of honor, as soon as they are used to danger will always be capable officers. Their luxury, as long as they spend nobody's money but their own, will never be prejudicial to a nation.

By all which I think I have proved what I designed in this remark on luxury. First, that in one sense everything may be called so, and in another there is no such thing. Secondly, that with a wise administration all people may swim in as much foreign luxury as their product can purchase, without being impoverished by it. And lastly, that where military affairs are taken care of as they ought, and the soldiers well paid and kept in good discipline, a wealthy nation may live in all the ease and plenty imaginable; and in many parts of it, show as much pomp and delicacy as human wit can invent, and at the same time be formidable to their neighbors, and come up to the character of the bees in the fable, of which I said, that

Flatter'd in Peace, and fear'd in Wars,
They were th' Esteem of Foreigners,
And lavish of their Wealth and Lives,
The balance of all other Hives.

Remark M

And odious Pride a Million more.

Pride is that natural faculty by which every mortal that has any understanding overvalues and imagines better things of himself than any impartial judge, thoroughly acquainted with all his qualities and circumstances, could allow him. We are possessed of no other quality so beneficial to society, and so necessary to render it wealthy and flourishing as this, yet it is that which is most generally detested. What is very peculiar to this faculty of ours is that those who are the fullest of it are the least willing to connive at it in others; whereas the heinousness of other vices is the most extenuated by those who are guilty of them themselves. The chaste man hates fornication, and drunkenness is most abhorred by the temperate; but none are so much offended at their neighbor's pride, as the proudest of all; and if any one can pardon it, it is the most humble: From which I think we may justly infer that it being odious to all the world is a certain sign that all the world is troubled with it. This all men of sense are ready to confess, and nobody denies but that he has pride in general. But, if you come to particulars, you'll meet with few that will own any action you can name of theirs to have proceeded from that principle. There are likewise many who will allow that among the sinful nations of the times, pride and luxury are the great promoters of trade. But they refuse to own the necessity there is that

in a more virtuous age (such a one as should be free from pride) trade would in a great measure decay.

The Almighty, they say, has endowed us with the dominion over all things which the Earth and sea produce or contain. There is nothing to be found in either, but what was made for the use of man; and his skill and industry above other animals were given him that he might render both them and everything else within the reach of his senses more serviceable to him. Upon this consideration they think it impious to imagine that humility, temperance, and other virtues, should debar people from the enjoyment of those comforts of life, which are not denied to the most wicked nations. And so [they] conclude, that without pride or luxury, the same things might be eaten, worn, and consumed, the same number of handicrafts and artificers employed, and a nation be every way as flourishing as where those vices are the most predominant.

As to wearing apparel in particular, they'll tell you that pride, which sticks much nearer to us than our clothes, is only lodged in the heart, and that rags often conceal a greater portion of it than the most pompous attire. And that as it cannot be denied but that there have always been virtuous princes, who with humble hearts have worn their splendid diadems, and swayed their envied scepters, void of ambition, for the good of others, so it is very probable that silver and gold brocades, and the richest embroideries may, without a thought of pride, be worn by many whose quality and fortune are suitable to them. May not (say they) a good man of extraordinary revenues make every year a greater variety of suits than it is possible he should wear out, and yet have no other ends than to set the poor at work, to encourage trade, and by employing many, to promote the welfare of his country? And considering food and raiment to be necessities, and the two chief articles to which all our worldly cares are extended, why may not all mankind set aside a considerable part of their income for the one as well as the other, without the least tincture of pride? Nay, is not every member of the society in a manner obliged, according to his ability, to contribute toward the maintenance of that branch of trade on which the whole has so great a dependence? Besides that, to appear decently is a civility, and often a duty, which, without any regard to ourselves, we owe to those we converse with.

These are the objections generally made use of by haughty moralists, who cannot endure to hear the dignity of their species arraigned. But if we look narrowly into them they may soon be answered.

If we had no vices, I cannot see why any man should ever make more suits than he has occasion for, though he was never so desirous of promoting the good of the nation. For though in the wearing of a well-wrought silk, rather than a slight stuff, and the preferring curious fine cloth to coarse, he had no other view but the setting of more people to work, and consequently the public welfare, yet he could consider clothes no otherwise than lovers of their country do taxes now: they may pay them with alacrity, but nobody gives more than his due, especially where all are justly rated according to their abilities, as it could not otherwise be expected in a very virtuous age. Besides, . . . in such golden times nobody would dress above his condition, nobody pinch his family, cheat or overreach his neighbor to purchase finery, and consequently there would not be half the consumption nor a third part of the people employed as now there are. But to make this more plain and demonstrate that for the support of trade there can be nothing equivalent to pride, I shall examine the several views men have in outward apparel, and set forth what daily experience may teach everybody as to dress.

Clothes were originally made for two ends, to hide our nakedness, and to fence our bodies against the weather, and other outward injuries. To these our boundless pride has added a third, which is ornament. For what else but an excess of stupid vanity could have prevailed upon our reason to fancy that ornamental, which must continually put us in mind of our wants and misery, beyond all other animals that are ready clothed by nature herself? It is indeed to be admired how so sensible a creature as man, that pretends to so many fine qualities of his own, should condescend to value himself upon what is robbed from so innocent and defenseless an animal as a sheep, or what he is beholden for to the most insignificant thing upon earth, a dying [silk] worm. Yet while he is proud of such trifling depredations, he has the folly to laugh at the Hottentots on the furthest promontory of Africa, who adorn themselves with the guts of their dead enemies, without considering that they are the ensigns of their valor those barbarians are fine with, the true *Spolia optima* [greatest spoils], and that if their pride be more savage than ours, it is certainly less ridiculous, because they wear the spoils of the more noble animal.

But whatever reflections may be made on this head, the world has long since decided the matter. Handsome apparel is a main point, fine feathers make fine birds, and people, where they are not known, are generally honored according to their clothes and other accoutrements they have about them. From the richness of them we judge of their wealth, and by their ordering of them we guess at their understanding. It is this which encourages everybody who is conscious of his little merit, if he is anyways able, to wear clothes above his rank, especially in large and populous cities, where

obscure men may hourly meet with fifty strangers to one acquaintance, and consequently have the pleasure of being esteemed by a vast majority, not as what they are, but what they appear to be: which is a greater temptation than most people want to be vain.

Whoever takes delight in viewing the various scenes of low life may on Easter, Whitsun, and other great holidays, meet with scores of people, especially women, of almost the lowest rank, that wear good and fashionable clothes. If coming to talk with them you treat them more courteously and with greater respect than what they are conscious they deserve, they'll commonly be ashamed of owning what they are. And often you may, if you are a little inquisitive, discover in them a most anxious care to conceal the business they follow, and the places they live in. The reason is plain: while they receive those civilities that are not usually paid them, and which they think only due to their betters, they have the satisfaction to imagine that they appear what they would be, which to weak minds is a pleasure almost as substantial as they could reap from the very accomplishments of their wishes. This golden dream they are unwilling to be disturbed in, and being sure that the meanness of their condition, if it is known, must sink them very low in your opinion, they hug themselves in their disguise, and take all imaginable precaution not to forfeit by a useless discovery the esteem which they flatter themselves that their good clothes have drawn from you.

Though everybody allows that as to apparel and manner of living we ought to behave ourselves suitable to our conditions, and follow the examples of the most sensible and prudent among our equals in rank and fortune, yet how few, that are not either miserably covetous, or else proud of singularity, have this discretion to boast of? We all look above ourselves, and, as fast as we can, strive to imitate those, that some way or other are superior to us.

The poorest laborer's wife in the parish, who scorns to wear a strong wholesome frize [a tightly curled hairdress], as she might, will half-starve herself and her husband to purchase a second-hand gown and petticoat, that cannot do her half the service, because, forsooth, it is more genteel. The weaver, the shoemaker, the tailor, the barber, and every mean working fellow that can set up with little has the impudence with the first money he gets to dress himself like a tradesman of substance. The ordinary retailer in the clothing of his wife takes pattern from his neighbor that deals in the same commodity by wholesale, and the reason he gives for it is, that twelve years ago the other had not a bigger shop than himself. The druggist, mercer, draper, and other creditable shopkeepers can

find no difference between themselves and merchants, and therefore dress and live like them. The merchant's lady, who cannot bear the assurance of those mechanics, flies for refuge to the other end of the town, and scorns to follow any fashion but what she takes from thence. This haughtiness alarms the court, the women of quality are frightened to see merchants' wives and daughters dressed like themselves. This impudence of the city, they cry, is intolerable. Mantua-makers are sent for, and the contrivance of fashions becomes all their study, that they may have always new modes ready to take up as soon as those saucy cits [urban citizens] shall begin to imitate those in being. The same emulation is continued through the several degrees of quality to an incredible expense, until at last the prince's great favorites and those of the first rank of all, having nothing else left to outstrip some of their inferiors, are forced to lay out vast estates in pompous equipages, magnificent furniture, sumptuous gardens and princely palaces.

To this emulation and continual striving to outdo one another it is owing, that after so many various shiftings and changings of modes, in trumping up new ones and renewing of old ones, there is still a *plus ultra* left for the ingenious. It is this, or at least the consequence of it, that sets the poor to work, adds spurs to industry, and encourages the skillful artificer to search after further improvements.

It may be objected that many people of good fashion, who have been used to be well dressed, out of custom wear rich clothes with all the indifference imaginable, and that the benefit to trade accruing from them cannot be ascribed to emulation or pride. To this I answer that it is impossible that those who trouble their heads so little with their dress, could ever have worn those rich clothes if both the stuffs and fashions had not been first invented to gratify the vanity of others who took greater delight in fine apparel than they. Besides that, everybody is not without pride that appears to be so. All the symptoms of that vice are not easily discovered. They are manifold, and vary according to the age, humor, circumstances, and often constitution, of the people.

The choleric city captain seems impatient to come to action, and expressing his warlike genius by the firmness of his steps, makes his pike, for want of enemies, tremble at the valor of his arm. His martial finery, as he marches along, inspires him with an unusual elevation of mind, by which endeavoring to forget his shop as well as himself, he looks up at the balconies with the fierceness of a Saracen conqueror; while the phlegmatic alderman, now become venerable both for his age and his authority, contents himself with being thought a considerable man. And knowing no

easier way to express his vanity, [he] looks big in his coach, where being known by his paltry livery, he receives, in sullen state, the homage that is paid him by the meaner sort of people.

The beardless ensign counterfeits a gravity above his years, and with ridiculous assurance strives to imitate the stern countenance of his colonel, flattering himself all the while that by his daring mien you'll judge of his prowess. The youthful fair, in a vast concern of being overlooked, by the continual changing of her posture betrays a violent desire of being observed, and catching, as it were, at everybody's eyes, courts with obliging looks the admiration of her beholders. The conceited coxcomb [simpleton], on the contrary, displaying an air of sufficiency, is wholly taken up with the contemplation of his own perfections, and in public places discovers such a disregard to others, that the ignorant must imagine he thinks himself to be alone.

These and such like are all manifest though different tokens of pride that are obvious to all the world. But man's vanity is not always so soon found out. When we perceive an air of humanity, and men seem not to be employed in admiring themselves, nor altogether unmindful of others, we are apt to pronounce them void of pride, when perhaps they are only fatigued with gratifying their vanity, and become languid from a satiety of enjoyments. That outward show of peace within, and drowsy composure of careless negligence, with which a great man is often seen in his plain chariot to loll at ease, are not always so free from art, as they may seem to be. *Nothing is more ravishing to the proud than to be thought happy.*

The well-bred gentleman places his greatest pride in the skill he has of covering it with dexterity, and some are so expert in concealing this frailty that when they are the most guilty of it the vulgar think them the most exempt. . . . Thus the dissembling courtier, when he appears in state, assumes an air of modesty and good humor. And while he is ready to burst with vanity seems to be wholly ignorant of his greatness, well knowing, that those lovely qualities must heighten him in the esteem of others, and be an addition to that grandeur, which the coronets about his coach and harnesses, with the rest of his equipage, cannot fail to proclaim without his assistance.

And as in these, pride is overlooked because industriously concealed, so in others again it is denied that they have any, when they show (or at least seem to show) it in the most public manner. The wealthy parson being, as well as the rest of his profession, debarred from the gaiety of laymen, makes it his business to look out for an admirable black and the finest cloth that money can purchase, and distinguishes himself by the

fullness of his noble and spotless garment. His wigs are as fashionable as that form he is forced to comply with will admit of. But as he is only stinted in their shape, so he takes care that for goodness of hair, and color, few noblemen shall be able to match them. His body is ever clean, as well as his clothes, his sleek face is kept constantly shaved, and his handsome nails are diligently pared. His smooth white hand and a brilliant [diamond] of the first water, mutually becoming, honor each other with double graces. What linen he discovers is transparently curious, and he scorns ever to be seen abroad with a worse beaver [hat] than what a rich banker would be proud of on his wedding-day. To all these niceties in dress he adds a majestic gait, and expresses a commanding loftiness in his carriage. Yet common civility, notwithstanding the evidence of so many concurring symptoms, won't allow us to suspect any of his actions to be the result of pride. Considering the dignity of his office, it is only decency in him what would be vanity in others. And in good manners to his calling we ought to believe that the worthy gentleman, without any regard to his reverend person, puts himself to all this trouble and expense merely out of a respect which is due to the divine order he belongs to, and a religious zeal to preserve his holy function from the contempt of scoffers. With all my heart; nothing of all this shall be called pride. Let me only be allowed to say, that to our human capacities it looks very like it.

But if at last I should grant that there are men who enjoy all the fineries of equipage and furniture as well as clothes, and yet have no pride in them, it is certain, that if all should be such, that emulation I spoke of before must cease, and consequently trade, which has so great a dependence upon it, suffer in every branch. For to say that if all men were truly virtuous they might, without any regard to themselves, consume as much out of zeal to serve their neighbors and promote the public good, as they do now out of self-love and emulation, is a miserable shift and an unreasonable supposition. As there have been good people in all ages, so, without doubt, we are not destitute of them in this. But let us enquire of the periwig-makers and tailors, in what gentlemen, even of the greatest wealth and highest quality, they ever could discover such public-spirited views. Ask the lacemen, the mercers, and the linen-drapers whether the richest, and if you will, the most virtuous ladies, if they buy with ready money, or intend to pay in any reasonable time, will not drive from shop to shop to try the market, make as many words, and stand as hard with them to save a groat or sixpence in a yard as the most necessitous jilts in town. If it be urged that if there are not it is possible there might be such people; I answer that it is as possible that cats, instead of killing rats and mice, should feed them, and go about the

house to suckle and nurse their young ones; or that a kite should call the hens to their meat, as the cock does, and sit brooding over their chickens instead of devouring them. But if they should all do so, they would cease to be cats and kites. It is inconsistent with their natures, and the species of creatures which now we mean, when we name cats and kites, would be extinct as soon as that could come to pass.

Remark N

Envy it self, and Vanity,
Were Ministers of Industry.

Envy is that baseness in our nature which makes us grieve and pine at what we conceive to be a happiness in others. I don't believe there is a human creature in his senses arrived to maturity that at one time or other has not been carried away by this passion in good earnest. And yet I never met with anyone that dared own he was guilty of it, but in jest. That we are so generally ashamed of this vice is owing to that strong habit of hypocrisy, by the help of which we have learned from our cradle to hide even from ourselves the vast extent of self-love, and all its different branches. It is impossible man should wish better for another than he does for himself, unless where he supposes an impossibility that himself should attain to those wishes. And from hence we may easily learn after what manner this passion is raised in us. In order to [do] it, we are to consider first that as well as we think of ourselves, so ill we often think of our neighbor with equal injustice. And when we apprehend that others do or will enjoy what we think they don't deserve, it afflicts and makes us angry with the cause of that disturbance. Secondly, that we are ever employed in wishing well for ourselves, everyone according to his judgment and inclinations, and when we observe something we like, and yet are destitute of, in the possession of others, it occasions first sorrow in us for not having the thing we like. This sorrow is incurable while we continue our esteem for the thing we want. But as self-defense is restless, and never suffers us to leave any means untried how to remove evil from us, as far and as well as we are able, experience teaches us that nothing in nature more alleviates this sorrow than our anger against those who are possessed of what we esteem and want. This latter passion, therefore, we cherish and cultivate to save or relieve ourselves, at least in part, from the uneasiness we felt from the first.

Envy then is a compound of grief and anger. The degrees of this passion depend chiefly on the nearness or remoteness of the objects as to circumstances. If one who is forced to walk on foot envies a great man for keeping a coach and six, it will never be with that violence or give him that disturbance which it may to a man who keeps a coach himself, but can only afford to drive with four horses. The symptoms of envy are as various, and as hard to describe, as those of the plague. At some time it appears in one shape, at others in another quite different. Among the fair the disease is very common, and the signs of it very conspicuous in their opinions and censures of one another. In beautiful young women you may often discover this faculty to a high degree. They frequently will hate one another mortally at first sight from no other principle than envy. And you may read this scorn, and unreasonable aversion in their very countenances, if they have not a great deal of art, and well learned to dissemble.

In the rude and unpolished multitude this passion is very barefaced; especially when they envy others for the goods of fortune. They rail at their betters, rip up their faults, and take pains to misconstrue their most commendable actions. They murmur at Providence, and loudly complain that the good things of this world are chiefly enjoyed by those who do not deserve them. The grosser sort of them it often affects so violently, that if they were not withheld by the fear of the laws, they would go directly and beat those their envy is leveled at, from no other provocation than what that passion suggests to them.

The men of letters laboring under this distemper discover quite different symptoms. When they envy a person for his parts and erudition, their chief care is industriously to conceal their frailty, which generally is attempted by denying and depreciating the good qualities they envy. They carefully peruse his works, and are displeased with every fine passage they meet with. They look for nothing but his errors, and wish for no greater feast than a gross mistake. In their censures they are captious as well as severe, make mountains of molehills, and will not pardon the least shadow of a fault, but exaggerate the most trifling omission into a capital blunder.

Envy is visible in brute beasts. Horses show it in their endeavors of outstripping one another; and the best spirited will run themselves to death before they'll suffer another before them. In dogs this passion is likewise plainly to be seen. Those who are used to be caressed will never tamely bear that felicity in others. I have seen a lap-dog that would choke himself with victuals rather than leave anything for a competitor of his own kind; and we may often observe the same behavior in those creatures which we daily see in infants that are froward, and by being overfondled

made humorsome. If out of caprice they at any time refuse to eat what they have asked for, and we can but make them believe that somebody else, nay, even the cat or the dog is going to take it from them, they will make an end of their oughts with pleasure, and feed even against their appetite.

If envy was not riveted in human nature, it would not be so common in children, and youth would not be so generally spurred on by emulation. Those who would derive everything that is beneficial to the society from a good principle ascribe the effects of emulation in schoolboys to a virtue of the mind. As it requires labor and pains, so it is evident that they commit a self-denial who act from that disposition. But if we look narrowly into it, we shall find that this sacrifice of ease and pleasure is only made to envy, and the love of glory. If there was not something very like this passion mixed with that pretended virtue, it would be impossible to raise and increase it by the same means that create envy. The boy, who receives a reward for the superiority of his performance, is conscious of the vexation it would have been to him, if he should have fallen short of it. This reflection makes him exert himself, not to be outdone by those whom now he looks upon as his inferiors, and the greater his pride is, the more self-denial he'll practice to maintain his conquest. The other, who, in spite of the pains he took to do well, has missed of the prize, is sorry, and consequently angry with him whom he must look upon as the cause of his grief. But to show this anger would be ridiculous, and of no service to him, so that he must either be contented to be less esteemed than the other boy; or by renewing his endeavors become a greater proficient. And it is ten to one, but the disinterested, good-humored, and peaceable lad will choose the first, and so become indolent and inactive, while the covetous, peevish, and quarrelsome rascal shall take incredible pains, and make himself a conqueror in his turn. . . . (. . .)

Married women, who are guilty of this vice, which few are not, are always endeavoring to raise the same passion in their spouses. And where they have prevailed, envy and emulation have kept more men in bounds, and reformed more ill husbands from sloth, from drinking and other evil courses, than all the sermons that have been preached since the time of the Apostles.

As everybody would be happy, enjoy pleasure and avoid pain if he could, so self-love bids us look on every creature that seems satisfied as a rival in happiness. And the satisfaction we have in seeing that felicity disturbed, without any advantage to ourselves but what springs from the pleasure we have in beholding it, is called loving mischief for mischief's

sake; and the motive of which that frailty is the result, malice, another offspring derived from the same original. For if there was no envy there could be no malice. When the passions lie dormant we have no apprehension of them, and often people think they have not such a frailty in their nature because that moment they are not affected with it.

A gentleman well-dressed, who happens to be dirtied all over by a coach or a cart, is laughed at, and by his inferiors much more than his equals because they envy him more. They know he is vexed at it, and imagining him to be happier than themselves, they are glad to see him meet with displeasures in his turn. But a young lady, if she be in a serious mood, instead of laughing at, pities him, because a clean man is a sight she takes delight in, and there is no room for envy. At disasters, we either laugh, or pity those that befall them, according to the stock we are possessed of either of malice or compassion. If a man falls or hurts himself so slightly that it moves not the latter, we laugh, and here our pity and malice shake us alternately: "Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for it, I beg your pardon for laughing, I am the silliest creature in the world," then laugh again; and again, "I am indeed very sorry," and so on. Some are so malicious they would laugh if a man broke his leg, and others are so compassionate that they can heartily pity a man for the least spot in his clothes. But nobody is so savage that no compassion can touch him, nor any man so good-natured as never to be affected with any malicious pleasure. How strangely our passions govern us! We envy a man for being rich, and then perfectly hate him. But if we come to be his equals, we are calm, and the least condescension in him makes us friends; but if we become visibly superior to him we can pity his misfortunes. The reason why men of true good sense envy less than others is because they admire themselves with less hesitation than fools and silly people. For though they do not show this to others, yet the solidity of their thinking gives them an assurance of their real worth, which men of weak understanding can never feel within, though they often counterfeit it. . . . (. . .)

Love in the first place signifies affection, such as parents and nurses bear to children, and friends to one another. It consists in a liking and well-wishing to the person beloved. We give an easy construction to his words and actions, and feel a proneness to excuse and forgive his faults, if we see any. His interest we make on all accounts our own, even to our prejudice, and receive an inward satisfaction for sympathizing with him in his sorrows, as well as joys. What I said last is not impossible, whatever it may seem to be: for when we are sincere in sharing with another in his misfortunes, self-love makes us believe that the sufferings we feel must

alleviate and lessen those of our friend, and while this fond reflection is soothing our pain, a secret pleasure arises from our grieving for the person we love.

Secondly, by love we understand a strong inclination, in its nature distinct from all other affections of friendship, gratitude, and consanguinity, that persons of different sexes, after liking, bear to one another. It is in this signification that love enters into the compound of jealousy, and is the effect as well as happy disguise of that passion that prompts us to labor for the preservation of our species. This latter appetite is innate both in men and women, who are not defective in their formation, as much as hunger or thirst, though they are seldom affected with it before the years of puberty. Could we undress nature, and pry into her deepest recesses, we should discover the seeds of this passion before it exerts itself as plainly as we see the teeth in an embryo before the gums are formed. There are few healthy people of either sex, whom it has made no impression upon before twenty. Yet, as the peace and happiness of the civil society require that this should be kept a secret never to be talked of in public, so among well-bred people it is counted highly criminal to mention before company anything in plain words that is relating to this mystery of succession. By which means the very name of the appetite, though the most necessary for the continuance of mankind, is become odious, and the proper epithets commonly joined to lust are filthy and abominable.

This impulse of nature in people of strict morals and rigid modesty often disturbs the body for a considerable time before it is understood or known to be what it is, and it is remarkable that the most polished and best instructed are generally the most ignorant as to this affair. And here I can but observe the difference between man in the wild state of nature and the same creature in the civil society. In the first, men and women, if left rude and untaught in the sciences of modes and manners, would quickly find out the cause of that disturbance, and be at a loss no more than other animals for a present remedy: Besides that, it is not probable they would want either precept or example from the more experienced. But in the second, where the rules of religion, law and decency are to be followed, and obeyed before any dictates of nature, the youth of both sexes are to be armed and fortified against this impulse, and from their infancy artfully frightened from the most remote approaches of it. The appetite itself, and all the symptoms of it, though they are plainly felt and understood, are to be stifled with care and severity, and in women flatly disowned, and if there be occasion, with obstinacy denied, even when themselves are visibly affected by them. If it throws them into distempers, they must be

cured by physic, or else patiently bear them in silence. And it is the interest of the society to preserve decency and politeness; that women should linger, waste, and die, rather than relieve themselves in an unlawful manner. And among the fashionable part of mankind, the people of birth and fortune, it is expected that matrimony should never be entered upon without a curious regard to family, estate, and reputation, and in the making of matches the call of nature be the very last consideration.

Those then who would make love and lust synonymous confound the effect with the cause of it. Yet such is the force of education, and a habit of thinking as we are taught, that sometimes persons of either sex are actually in love without feeling any carnal desires, or penetrating into the intentions of nature, the end proposed by her without which they could never have been affected with that sort of passion. That there are such [persons] is certain, but many more whose pretenses to those refined notions are only upheld by art and dissimulation. Those who are really such Platonic lovers are commonly the pale-faced weakly people of cold and phlegmatic constitutions in either sex. The hale and robust of bilious temperament and a sanguine complexion never entertain any love so spiritual as to exclude all thoughts and wishes that relate to the body. But if the most seraphic lovers would know the original of their inclination, let them but suppose that another should have the corporal enjoyment of the person beloved, and by the tortures they'll suffer from that reflection they will soon discover the nature of their passions. Whereas, on the contrary, parents and friends receive a satisfaction in reflecting on the joys and comforts of a happy marriage, to be tasted by those they wish well to.

The curious that are skilled in anatomizing the invisible part of man will observe that the more sublime and exempt this love is from all thoughts of sensuality, the more spurious it is, and the more it degenerates from its honest original and primitive simplicity. The power and sagacity as well as labor and care of the politician in civilizing the society has been nowhere more conspicuous than in the happy contrivance of playing our passions against one another. By flattering our pride and still increasing the good opinion we have of ourselves on the one hand, and inspiring us on the other with a superlative dread and mortal aversion against shame, the artful moralists have taught us cheerfully to encounter ourselves, and if not subdue, at least so to conceal and disguise our darling passion, lust, that we scarce know it when we meet with it in our own breasts. Oh! the mighty prize we have in view for all our self-denial! Can any man be so serious as to abstain from laughter when he considers that for so much deceit and insincerity practiced upon ourselves as well as

others, we have no other recompense than the vain satisfaction of making our species appear more exalted and remote from that of other animals than it really is, and we in our consciences know it to be? Yet this is fact, and in it we plainly perceive the reason why it was necessary to render odious every word or action by which we might discover the innate desire we feel to perpetuate our kind, and why tamely to submit to the violence of a furious appetite (which it is painful to resist) and innocently to obey the most pressing demand of nature without guile or hypocrisy, like other creatures, should be branded with the ignominious name of brutality.

What we call love, then, is not a genuine, but an adulterated appetite, or rather a compound, a heap of several contradictory passions blended in one. As it is a product of nature warped by custom and education, so the true origin and first motive of it, as I have hinted already, is stifled in well-bred people, and almost concealed from themselves. All which is the reason that as those affected with it vary in age, strength, resolution, temper, circumstances, and manners, the effects of it are so different, whimsical, surprising and unaccountable.

It is this passion that makes jealousy so troublesome, and the envy of it often so fatal. Those who imagine that there may be jealousy without love do not understand that passion. Men may not have the least affection for their wives, and yet be angry with them for their conduct, and suspicious of them either with or without a cause. But what in such cases affects them is their pride, the concern for their reputation. They feel a hatred against them without remorse. When they are outrageous, they can beat them and go to sleep contentedly. Such husbands may watch their dames themselves, and have them observed by others. But their vigilance is not so intense; they are not so inquisitive or industrious in their searches, neither do they feel that anxiety of heart at the fear of a discovery, as when love is mixed with the passions.

What confirms me in this opinion is that we never observe this behavior between a man and his mistress. For when his love is gone and he suspects her to be false, he leaves her, and troubles his head no more about her. Whereas it is the greatest difficulty imaginable, even to a man of sense, to part with a mistress as long as he loves her, whatever faults she may be guilty of. If in his anger he strikes her he is uneasy after it. His love makes him reflect on the hurt he has done her, and he wants to be reconciled to her again. He may talk of hating her, and many times from his heart wish her hanged, but if he cannot get entirely rid of his frailty, he can never disentangle himself from her. Though she is represented in the most monstrous guilt to his imagination, and he has resolved and swore a

thousand times never to come near her again, there is no trusting him. Even when he is fully convinced of her infidelity, if his love continues, his despair is never so lasting, but between the blackest fits of it he relents, and finds lucid intervals of hope. He forms excuses for her, thinks of pardoning, and in order to [do] it racks his invention for possibilities that may make her appear less criminal.

Remark O

Real Pleasures, Comforts, Ease.

That the highest good consisted in pleasure was the doctrine of Epicurus, who yet led a life exemplary for continence, sobriety, and other virtues, which made people of the succeeding ages quarrel about the significance of pleasure. Those who argued from the temperance of the philosopher said that the delight Epicurus meant was being virtuous. So Erasmus in his *Colloquies* tells us that there are no greater Epicures than pious Christians. Others that reflected on the dissolute manners of the greatest part of his followers would have it, that by pleasures he could have understood nothing but sensual ones, and the gratification of our passions. I shall not decide their quarrel, but am of opinion, that whether men be good or bad, what they take delight in is their pleasure, and not to look out for any further etymology from the learned languages, I believe an Englishman may justly call everything a pleasure that pleases him, and according to this definition we ought to dispute no more about men's pleasures than their tastes: *Trahit sua quemque voluptas.* [Each is drawn to his own pleasure. (Virgil)].

The worldly-minded, voluptuous and ambitious man, notwithstanding he is void of merit, covets precedence everywhere, and desires to be dignified above his betters. He aims at spacious palaces and delicious gardens. His chief delight is in excelling others in stately horses, magnificent coaches, a numerous attendance, and dear-bought furniture. To gratify his lust, he wishes for genteel, young, beautiful women of different charms and complexions that shall adore his greatness, and be really in love with his person. His cellars he would have stored with the flower of every country that produces excellent wines. His table he desires may be served with many courses, and each of them contain a choice variety of dainties not easily purchased, and ample evidences of elaborate and judicious cookery, while harmonious music and well-couched flattery entertain his hearing by turns. He employs, even in the meanest trifles, none

and are ornamental even to a chimney. One would by the bulk they appear in, and the value that is set upon them, think they might be very useful; but look into a thousand of them, and you'll find nothing in them but dust and cobwebs.

Remark Q

———for frugally
They now liv'd on their Salary:

When people have small comings in, and are honest withal, it is then that the generality of them begin to be frugal, and not before. Frugality in ethics is called that virtue from the principle of which men abstain from superfluities, and despising the operose contrivances of art to procure either ease or pleasure, content themselves with the natural simplicity of things, and are carefully temperate in the enjoyment of them without any tincture of covetousness. Frugality thus limited is perhaps scarcer than many may imagine; but what is generally understood by it is a quality more often to be met with, and consists in a medium between profuseness and avarice, rather leaning to the latter. As this prudent economy, which some people call saving, is in private families the most certain method to increase an estate, so some imagine that whether a country be barren or fruitful, the same method, if generally pursued (which they think practicable) will have the same effect upon a whole nation, and that, for example, the English might be much richer than they are, if they would be as frugal as some of their neighbors. This, I think, is an error, which to prove I shall first refer the reader to what has been said upon this head in Remark L and then go on thus.

Experience teaches us, first, that as people differ in their views and perceptions of things, so they vary in their inclinations. One man is given to covetousness, another to prodigality, and a third is only saving. Secondly, that men are never, or at least very seldom, reclaimed from their darling passions, either by reason or precept, and that if anything ever draws them from what they [have a] natural propensity to [do], it must be a change in their circumstances or their fortunes. If we reflect upon these observations, we shall find that to render the generality of a nation lavish, the product of the country must be considerable in proportion to the inhabitants, and what they are profuse of cheap. On the contrary, to make a nation generally frugal, the necessities of life must be scarce, and

consequently dear. Therefore, let the best politician do what he can, the profuseness or frugality of a people in general must always depend upon, and will in spite of his teeth, be ever proportional to the fruitfulness and product of the country, the number of inhabitants, and the taxes they are to bear. If anybody would refute what I have said, let him only prove from history that there ever was in any country a national frugality without a national necessity.

Let us examine then what things are requisite to aggrandize and enrich a nation. The first desirable blessings for any society of men are a fertile soil and a happy climate, a mild government, and more land than people. These things will render man easy, loving, honest and sincere. In this condition they may be as virtuous as they can without the least injury to the public, and consequently as happy as they please themselves. But they shall have no arts or sciences, or be quiet longer than their neighbors will let them. They must be poor, ignorant, and almost wholly destitute of what we call the comforts of life, and all the cardinal virtues together won't so much as procure a tolerable coat or a porridge-pot among them. For in this state of slothful ease and stupid innocence, as you need not fear great vices, so you must not expect any considerable virtues. Man never exerts himself but when he is roused by his desires. While they lie dormant, and there is nothing to raise them, his excellence and abilities will be forever undiscovered, and the lumpish machine, without the influence of his passions, may be justly compared to a huge windmill without a breath of air.

Would you render a society of men strong and powerful, you must touch their passions. Divide the land, though there be never so much to spare, and their possessions will make them covetous. Rouse them, though but in jest, from their idleness with praises, and pride will set them to work in earnest. Teach them trades and handicrafts, and you'll bring envy and emulation among them. To increase their numbers, set up a variety of manufactures, and leave no ground uncultivated; let property be inviolably secured, and privileges equal to all men; suffer nobody to act but what is lawful, and everybody to think what he pleases. For a country where everybody may be maintained that will be employed, and the other maxims are observed, must always be thronged and can never want people, as long as there is any in the world. Would you have them bold and warlike, turn to military discipline, make good use of their fear, and flatter their vanity with art and assiduity. But would you moreover render them an opulent, knowing and polite nation, teach them commerce with foreign countries, and if possible get into the sea, which to compass spare no labor

nor industry, and let no difficulty deter you from it. Then promote navigation, cherish the merchant, and encourage trade in every branch of it. This will bring riches, and where they are, arts and sciences will soon follow, and by the help of what I have named and good management, it is that politicians can make a people potent, renowned and flourishing.

But would you have a frugal and honest society, the best policy is to preserve men in their native simplicity, strive not to increase their numbers. Let them never be acquainted with strangers or superfluities, but remove and keep from them everything that might raise their desires, or improve their understanding.

Great wealth and foreign treasure will ever scorn to come among men, unless you'll admit their inseparable companions, avarice and luxury. Where trade is considerable fraud will intrude. To be at once well-bred and sincere is no less than a contradiction; and therefore while man advances in knowledge, and his manners are polished, we must expect to see at the same time his desires enlarged, his appetites refined, and his vices increased. . . . (. . .)

The Dutch generally endeavor to promote as much frugality among their subjects as it is possible, not because it is a virtue, but because it is, generally speaking, their interest. . . . For as this latter changes, so they alter their maxims, as will be plain in the following instance.

As soon as their East India ships come home, the company pays off the men, and many of them receive the greatest part of what they have been earning in seven or eight, and some fifteen or sixteen years' time. These poor fellows are encouraged to spend their money with all profuseness imaginable. And considering that most of them, when they set out at first, were reprobates, that under the tuition of a strict discipline, and a miserable diet, have been so long kept at hard labor without money, in the midst of danger, it cannot be difficult to make them lavish as soon as they have plenty.

They squander away in wine, women and music, as much as people of their taste and education are well capable of, and are suffered (so they but abstain from doing of mischief) to revel and riot with greater licentiousness than is customary to be allowed to others. You may in some cities see them accompanied with three or four lewd women, few of them sober, run roaring through the streets by broad daylight with a fiddler before them. And if the money, to their thinking, goes not fast enough these ways, they'll find out others, and sometimes fling it among the mob by handfuls. This madness continues in most of them while they have anything left, which never lasts long, and for this reason, by a nickname, they

are called Lords of Six Weeks, that being generally the time by which the company has other ships ready to depart, when these infatuated wretches (their money being gone) are forced to enter themselves again, and may have leisure to repent their folly.

In this stratagem there is a double policy. First, if these sailors that have been inured to the hot climates and unwholesome air and diet, should be frugal, and stay in their own country, the company would be continually obliged to employ fresh men, of which (besides that they are not so fit for their business) hardly one in two ever lives in some places of the East-Indies, which would often prove a great charge as well as disappointment to them. The second is that the large sums so often distributed among those sailors are by this means made immediately to circulate throughout the country, from whence, by heavy excises and other impositions, the greatest part of it is soon drawn back into the public treasure.

To convince the champions for national frugality by another argument, that what they urge is impracticable, we'll suppose that I am mistaken in everything which in Remark L I have said in behalf of luxury, and the necessity of it to maintain trade. After that let us examine what a general frugality, if it was by art and management to be forced upon people whether they have occasion for it or not, would produce in such a nation as ours. We'll grant then that all the people in Great Britain shall consume but four-fifths of what they do now, and so lay by one-fifth part of their income. I shall not speak of what influence this would have upon almost every trade, as well as the farmer, the grazier and the landlord, but favorably suppose (what is yet impossible) that the same work shall be done, and consequently the same handicrafts be employed as there are now. The consequence would be that unless money should all at once fall prodigiously in value, and everything else, contrary to reason, grow very dear, at the five years' end all the working people, and the poorest of laborers (for I won't meddle with any of the rest) would be worth in ready cash as much as they now spend in a whole year; which, by the by, would be more money than ever the nation had at once.

Let us now, overjoyed with this increase of wealth, take a view of the condition the working people would be in, and reasoning from experience, and what we daily observe of them, judge what their behavior would be in such a case. Everybody knows that there is a vast number of journeymen weavers, tailors, clothworkers, and twenty other handicrafts who, if by four days' labor in a week they can maintain themselves, will hardly be persuaded to work the fifth. [Also,] there are thousands of laboring men of all sorts, who will, though they can hardly subsist, put themselves to

Remark Q (paragraphs omitted from Hundert ed.)

p. 98, second paragraph:

...if he had fifteen or twenty pounds in his pocket?

Here is what has been omitted:

What would, at this rate, become of our Manufactures? If the Merchant would send Cloth Abroad, he must make it himself, for the Clothier cannot get one Man out of twelve that used to work for him. If what I speak of was only to befall the Journeymen Shoemakers, and no body else, in less than a Twelve-month half of us would go barefoot. The chief and most pressing use there is for Money in a Nation, is to pay the Labour of the Poor, and when there is a real Scarcity of it, those who have a great many Workmen to pay, will always feel it first; yet notwithstanding this great Necessity of Coin, it would be easier, where Property was well secured, to live without Money than without Poor. For who would do the Work? For this Reason the quantity of circulating Coin in a Country ought always to be proportion'd to the number of Hands that are employ'd ; and the Wages of Labourers to the Price of Provisions. From whence it is demonstrable, that whatever procures Plenty makes Labourers cheap, where the Poor are well managed ; who as they ought to be kept from starving, so they should receive nothing worth saving. If here and there one of the lowest Class by uncommon Industry, and pinching his Belly, lifts himself above the Condition he was brought up in, no body out to hinder him ; Nay it is undeniably the wisest course for every Person in the Society, and for every private Family to be frugal ; but it is the Interest of all rich Nations, that the greatest part of the Poor should almost never be idle, and yet continually spend what they get.

All men, as Sir *William Temple* observes very well, are more prone to Ease and Pleasure than they are to Labour, when they are not prompted to it by Pride or Avarice, and those that get their Living by their daily Labour, are seldom powerfully influenc'd by either : So that they have nothing to stir them up to be serviceable but their Wants, which it is Prudence to relieve, but Folly to cure. The only thing then that can render the labouring Man industrious, is a moderate quantity of Money; for as too little will, according as his Temper is, either dispirit or make him Desperate, so too much will make him Insolent and Lazy.

A man would be laugh'd at by most People, who should maintain that too much Money could undo a Nation. Yet this has been the Fate of *Spain* ; to this learned Don *Diego Savedra* ascribes this Ruin of his Country. The Fruits of the Earth in former Ages had made *Spain* so rich, that King *Lewis* XI. of *France* being come to the Court of *Toledo*, was astonish'd at its Splendor, and said, that he had never seen any thing to be compar'd to it, either in *Europe* or *Asia* ; he that in his Travels to the *Holy Land* had run though every Province of them. In the Kingdom of *Castile* alone, (if we may believe some Writers) there were for the *Holy War* from all Parts of the World got together one hundred thousand Foot, ten thousand Horse, and sixty thousand Carriages for Baggage, which *Alonso* III. maintain'd as Officers and Princes, every one according to his Rank and Dignity: Nay, down to the Reign of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, (who equipp'd *Columbus*) and some time after, *Spain* was a fertile Country, where Trade and Manufactures flourished, and had a knowing industrious People to boast of. But as soon as that mighty Treasure, that was obtain'd with more Hazard and Cruelty than the World 'till then had known, and which to come at, by the *Spaniard's* own Confession, had cost the Lives of twenty

Millions of *Indians* ; as soon, I say, as that Ocean of Treasure came rolling in upon them, it took away their Senses, and their Industry forsook them. The Farmer left his Plow, the Mechanick his Tools, the Merchant his Compting-house, and every body scorning to work, took his Pleasure and turn'd Gentleman. They thought they had reason to value themselves above all their Neighbours, and now nothing but the Conquest of the World would serve them.

The Consequence of this has been, that other Nations have supply'd what their own Sloth and Pride deny'd them ; and when every body saw, that notwithstanding all the Prohibitions the Government could make against the Exportation of Bullion, the *Spaniard* would part with his Money, and bring it you aboard himself at the hazard of his Neck, all the World endeavoured to work for *Spain*. Gold and Silver being by this Means yearly divided and shared among all the trding Countries, have made all Things dear, and most Nations of *Europe* industrious, except their Owners, who ever since their might Acquisitions, sit with their Arms across, and wait every Year with impatience and anxiety, the arrival of their Revenues from Abroad, to pay others for what they have spend already : and thus by *too much Money*, the making of Colonies and other Mismanagements, of which it was the occasion, *Spain* is from a fruitful and well-peopled Country, with all its mighty Titles and Possessions, made a barren and empty Thoroughfare, thro' which Gold and Sliver pass from *America* to the rest of the World ; and the Nation, from a rich acute, diligent and laborious, became a slow, idle, proud and beggarly People ; so much for *Spain*. The next Country where Money may be called the Product is *Portugal*, and the Figure which that Kingdom with all its Gold makes in *Europe*, I think is not much to be envied.

Continue with the Hundert edition, "...The great Art then..." p. 98 paragraph 3.

fifty inconveniences, disoblige their masters, pinch their bellies, and run in debt, to make holidays. When men show such an extraordinary proclivity to idleness and pleasure what reason have we to think that they would ever work, unless they were obliged to it by immediate necessity? When we see an artificer that cannot be driven to his work before Tuesday, because the Monday morning he has two shillings left of his last week's pay; why should we imagine he would go to it at all, if he had fifteen or twenty pounds in his pocket? (. . .)

The great art then to make a nation happy and what we call flourishing consists in giving everybody an opportunity of being employed, which to compass, let a government's first care be to promote as great a variety of manufactures, arts, and handicrafts as human wit can invent. And the second to encourage agriculture and fishery in all their branches, that the whole Earth may be forced to exert itself as well as man. For as the one is an infallible maxim to draw vast multitudes of people into a nation, so the other is the only method to maintain them.

It is from this policy, and not the trifling regulations of lavishness and frugality, (which will ever take their own course, according to the circumstances of the people) that the greatness and felicity of nations must be expected. For let the value of gold and silver either rise or fall, the enjoyment of all societies will ever depend upon the fruits of the Earth, and the labor of the people, both which joined together are a more certain, a more inexhaustible, and a more real treasure, than the gold of Brazil, or the silver of [the] Potosi [silver mines in Peru].

Remark T

———To live great,
Had made her Husband rob the State.

What our common rogues when they are going to be hanged chiefly complain of as the cause of their untimely end is, next to the neglect of the Sabbath, their having kept company with ill women, meaning whores. And I don't question but that among the lesser villains many venture their necks to indulge and satisfy their low amours. But the words that have given occasion to this remark may serve to hint to us that among the great ones men are often put upon such dangerous projects, and forced into such pernicious measures by their wives, as the most subtle mistress never could have persuaded them to. I have shown already that the worst

of women and most profligate of the sex did contribute to the consumption of superfluities, as well as the necessities of life, and consequently were beneficial to many peaceable drudges, that work hard to maintain their families, and have no worse design than an honest livelihood. "Let them be banished notwithstanding," says a good man. "When every strumpet is gone, and the land wholly freed from lewdness, God Almighty will pour such blessings upon it as will vastly exceed the profits that are now got by harlots." This perhaps would be true, but I can make it evident, that with or without prostitutes nothing could make amends for the detriment trade would sustain, if all those of that sex, who enjoy the happy state of matrimony, should act and behave themselves as a sober wise man could wish them.

The variety of work that is performed, and the number of hands employed to gratify the fickleness and luxury of women is prodigious. And if only the married ones should hearken to reason and just remonstrances, think themselves sufficiently answered with the first refusal, and never ask a second time what had been once denied them; if, I say, married women would do this, and then lay out no money but what their husbands knew and freely allowed of, the consumption of a thousand things they now make use of would be lessened by at least a fourth part. Let us go from house to house and observe the way of the world only among the middling people, creditable shopkeepers, that spend two or three hundred [pounds] a year, and we shall find the women when they have half a score suits of clothes, two or three of them not the worse for wearing, will think it a sufficient plea for new ones, if they can say that they have never a gown or petticoat, but what they have been often seen in, and are known by, especially at church. I don't speak now of profuse extravagant women, but such as are counted prudent and moderate in their desires.

If by this pattern we should in proportion judge of the highest ranks, where the richest clothes are but a trifle to their other expenses, and not forget the furniture of all sorts, equipages, jewels, and buildings of persons of quality, we should find the fourth part I speak of a vast article in trade, and that the loss of it would be a greater calamity to such a nation as ours, than it is possible to conceive any other, a raging pestilence not excepted. For the death of half a million of people could not cause a tenth part of the disturbance to the kingdom, that the same number of poor unemployed would certainly create, if at once they were to be added to those, that already one way or other are a burden to the society.

Some few men have a real passion for their wives, and are fond of them without reserve. Others that don't care, and have little occasion for

women, are yet seemingly uxorious, and love out of vanity. They take delight in a handsome wife, as a coxcomb does in a fine horse, not for the use he makes of it, but because it is his. The pleasure lies in the consciousness of an uncontrollable possession, and what follows from it, the reflection on the mighty thoughts he imagines others to have of his happiness. The men of either sort may be very lavish to their wives, and often preventing their wishes crowd new clothes and other finery upon them faster than they can ask it. But the greatest part are wiser than to indulge the extravagances of their wives so far as to give them immediately everything they are pleased to fancy.

It is incredible what vast quantity of trinkets as well as apparel are purchased and used by women, which they could never have come at by any other means, than pinching their families, marketing, and other ways of cheating and pilfering from their husbands. Others, by ever teasing their spouses, tire them into compliance, and conquer even obstinate churls by perseverance and their assiduity of asking. A third sort are outrageous at a denial, and by downright noise and scolding bully their tame fools out of anything they have a mind to, while thousands by the force of wheedling know how to overcome the best weighed reasons and the most positive reiterated refusals. The young and beautiful especially laugh at all remonstrances and denials, and few of them scruple to employ the most tender minutes of wedlock to promote a sordid interest. Here had I time I could inveigh with warmth against those base, those wicked women, who calmly play their arts and false deluding charms against our strength and prudence, and act the harlots with their husbands! Nay, she is worse than whore, who impiously profanes and prostitutes the sacred rites of love to vile ignoble ends, that first excites to passion and invites to joys with seeming ardour, then racks our fondness for no other purpose than to extort a gift, while full of guile in counterfeited transports she watches for the moment when men can least deny.

I beg pardon for this start out of my way, and desire the experienced reader duly to weigh what has been said as to the main purpose, and after that call to mind the temporal blessings which men daily hear not only toasted and wished for, when people are merry and doing of nothing, but likewise gravely and solemnly prayed for in churches, and other religious assemblies, by clergymen of all sorts and sizes. And as soon as he shall have laid these things together, and, from what he has observed in the common affairs of life, reasoned upon them consequentially without prejudice, I dare flatter myself, that he will be obliged to own that a considerable portion of what the prosperity of London and trade in general, and

consequently the honor, strength, safety, and all the worldly interest of the nation consist in, depends entirely on the deceit and vile stratagems of women; and that humility, content, meekness, obedience to reasonable husbands, frugality, and all the virtues together, if they were possessed of them in the most eminent degree, could not possibly be a thousandth part so serviceable, to make an opulent, powerful, and what we call a flourishing kingdom, than their most hateful qualities.

I don't question but many of my readers will be startled at this assertion, when they look on the consequences that may be drawn from it. And I shall be asked whether people may not as well be virtuous in a populous, rich, wide, extended kingdom, as in a small, indigent state or principality, that is poorly inhabited? And if that be impossible, whether it is not the duty of all sovereigns to reduce their subjects as to wealth and numbers, as much as they can? If I allow they may, I own myself in the wrong; and if I affirm the other, my tenets will justly be called impious, or at least dangerous to all large societies. As it is not in this place of the book only, but a great many others, that such queries might be made even by a well-meaning reader, I shall here explain myself, and endeavor to solve those difficulties, which several passages might have raised in him, in order to demonstrate the consistency of my opinion to reason, and the strictest morality.

I lay down as a first principle, that in all societies, great or small, it is the duty of every member of it to be good, that virtue ought to be encouraged, vice discountenanced, the laws obeyed, and the transgressors punished. After this I affirm, that if we consult history both ancient and modern, and take a view of what has passed in the world, we shall find that human nature since the fall of Adam has always been the same, and that the strength and frailties of it have ever been conspicuous in one part of the globe or other, without any regard to ages, climates, or religion. I never said, nor imagined, that man could not be virtuous as well in a rich and mighty kingdom, as in the most pitiful commonwealth. But I own it is my sense that no society can be raised into such a rich and mighty kingdom, or so raised, subsist in their wealth and power for any considerable time, without the vices of man.

This I imagine is sufficiently proved throughout the book. And as human nature still continues the same, as it has always been for so many thousand years, we have no great reason to suspect a future change in it, while the world endures. Now I cannot see what immorality there is in showing a man the origin and power of those passions, which so often, even unknowingly to himself, hurry him away from his reason, or that

there is any impiety in putting him upon his guard against himself, and the secret stratagems of self-love, and teaching him the difference between such actions as proceed from a victory over the passions, and those that are only the result of a conquest which one passion obtains over another: that is, between real, and counterfeited virtue. . . . What hurt do I do to man if I make him more known to himself than he was before? But we are all so desperately in love with flattery that we can never relish a truth that is mortifying, and I don't believe that the immortality of the soul, a truth broached long before Christianity, would have ever found such a general reception in human capacities as it has, had it not been a pleasing one, that extolled and was a compliment to the whole species, the meanest and most miserable not excepted.

Everyone lives to hear the thing well spoken of, that he has a share in. Even bailiffs, gaol-keepers, and the hangman himself would have you think well of their functions; nay, thieves and house-breakers have a greater regard to those of their fraternity than they have for honest people. And I sincerely believe that it is chiefly self-love that has gained this little treatise (as it was before the last impression) so many enemies. Everyone looks upon it as an affront done to himself, because it detracts from the dignity, and lessens the fine notions he had conceived of mankind, the most worshipful company he belongs to. When I say that societies cannot be raised to wealth and power, and the top of earthly glory without vices, I don't think that by so saying I bid men be vicious, any more than I bid them be quarrelsome or covetous, when I affirm that the profession of the law could not be maintained in such numbers and splendor if there was not abundance of too selfish and litigious people.

But as nothing would more clearly demonstrate the falsity of my notions than that the generality of the people should fall in with them, so I don't expect the approbation of the multitude. I write not to many nor seek for any well-wishers, but among the few that can think abstractly, and have their minds elevated above the vulgar. If I have shown the way to worldly greatness, I have always without hesitation preferred the road that leads to virtue.

Would you banish fraud and luxury, and prevent profanity and irreligion, and make the generality of the people charitable, good and virtuous, break down the printing-presses, melt the founds, and burn all the books in the island, except those at the universities, where they remain unmolested and suffer no volume in private hands but a Bible; knock down foreign trade, prohibit all commerce with strangers, and permit no ships to go to sea, that ever will return, beyond fishing boats. Restore to the clergy,

the King and the barons their ancient privileges, prerogatives and possessions. Build new churches, and convert all the coin you can come at into sacred utensils. Erect monasteries and alms houses in abundance, and let no parish be without a charity school. Enact sumptuary laws and let your youth be inured to hardship. Inspire them with all the nice and most refined notions of honor and shame, of friendship and of heroism, and introduce among them a great variety of imaginary rewards. Then let the clergy preach abstinence and self-denial to others, and take what liberty they please for themselves. Let them bear the greatest sway in the management of state affairs, and no man be made lord-treasurer but a bishop.

By such pious endeavors and wholesome regulations the scene would be soon altered. The greatest part of the covetous, the discontented, the restless and ambitious villains would leave the land, vast swarms of cheating knaves would abandon the city, and be dispersed throughout the country. Artificers would learn to hold the plough, merchants turn farmers, and the sinful overgrown Jerusalem, without famine, war, pestilence, or compulsion, be emptied in the most easy manner, and ever after cease to be dreadful to her sovereigns. The happy reformed kingdom would by this means be crowded in no part of it, and everything necessary for the sustenance of man be cheap and abundant. On the contrary, the root of so many thousand evils, money, would be very scarce, and as little wanted, where every man should enjoy the fruits of his own labor, and our own dear manufacture unmixed be promiscuously worn by the lord and the peasant. It is impossible that such a change of circumstances should not influence the manners of a nation, and render them temperate, honest, and sincere, and from the next generation we might reasonably expect a more healthy and robust offspring than the present; a harmless, innocent and well-meaning people, that would never dispute the doctrine of passive obedience, nor any other orthodox principles, but be submissive to superiors, and unanimous in religious worship.

Here I fancy myself interrupted by an epicure . . . , and I am told that goodness and probity are to be had at a cheaper rate than the ruin of a nation, and the destruction of all the comforts of life; that liberty and property may be maintained without wickedness or fraud, and men be good subjects without being slaves, and religious though they refused to be priest-rid; that to be frugal and saving is a duty incumbent only on those whose circumstances require it, but that a man of a good estate does his country a service by living up to the income of it; that as to himself, he is so much master of his appetites that he can abstain from anything upon occasion; that where true Hermitage was not to be had he could content