

“ is unlawful. But alas! in the Dominions of *Pharamond*, by the Force of a Tyrant Custom, which is
 “ mis-named a Point of Honour, the Duellist kills his
 “ Friend whom he loves; and the Judge condemns the
 “ Duellist, while he approves his Behaviour. Shame is
 “ the greatest of all Evils; what avail Laws, when
 “ Death only attends the Breach of them, and Shame
 “ Obedience to them? As for me, oh *Pharamond*, were
 “ it possible to describe the nameless Kinds of Com-
 “ punctions and Tenderneſſes I feel, when I reflect upon
 “ the little Accidents in our former Familiarity, my
 “ Mind swells into Sorrow which cannot be resisted
 “ enough to be silent in the Presence of *Pharamond*.
 “ With that he fell into a Flood of Tears, and wept
 “ aloud. Why should not *Pharamond* hear the Anguish
 “ he only can relieve others from in time to come? Let
 “ him hear from me, what they feel who have given
 “ Death by the false Mercy of his Administration, and
 “ form to himself the Vengeance call’d for by those who
 “ have perished by his Negligence. R



N^o 85. Thursday, June 7.

*Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè
 Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere & Arte,
 Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliùsque moratur,
 Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.* Hor.

IT is the Custom of the *Mahometans*, if they see any printed or written Paper upon the Ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some Piece of their *Alcoran*. I must confess I have so much of the *Mussulman* in me, That I cannot forbear looking into every printed Paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable Circumstances it may appear; for as no mortal Author, in the ordinary Fate and Vicissitude of Things, knows to what Use his Works may, some time or other, be applied, a Man may often meet with very celebrated Names in a
 Paper

Paper of Tobacco. I have lighted my Pipe more than once with the Writings of a Prelate; and know a Friend of mine, who, for these several Years, has converted the Essays of a Man of Quality into a kind of Fringe for his Candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a Poem of an eminent Author on a Victory, I met with several Fragments of it upon the next rejoicing Day, which had been employ'd in Squibs and Crackers, and by that means celebrated its Subject in a double Capacity. I once met with a Page of Mr. Baxter under a *Christmas* Pye. Whether or no the Pastry-Cook had made use of it through Chance or Waggery, for the Defence of that superstitious *Viande*, I know not; but upon the Perusal of it, I conceiv'd so good an Idea of the Author's Piety, that I bought the whole Book. I have often profited by these accidental Readings, and have sometimes found very curious Pieces, that are either out of Print, or not to be met with in the Shops of our *London* Booksellers. For this Reason, when my Friends take a Survey of my Library, they are very much surpris'd to find, upon the Shelf of Folia, two long Band-boxes standing upright among my Books, till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep Erudition and abstruse Literature. I might likewise mention a Paper-Kite, from which I have received great Improvement; and a Hat-Case, which I would not exchange for all the Beavers in *Great-Britain*. This my inquisitive Temper, or rather impertinent Humour of prying into all Sorts of Writing, with my natural Aversion to Loquacity, give me a good deal of Employment when I enter any House in the Country, for I cannot for my Heart leave a Room, before I have thoroughly studied the Walls of it, and examined the several printed Papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last Piece that I met with upon this Occasion gave me a most exquisite Pleasure. My Reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the Piece I am going to speak of was the old Ballad of the *Two Children in the Wood*, which is one of the darling Songs of the common People, and has been the Delight of most *Englishmen* in some Part of their Age.

THIS

THIS Song is a plain simple Copy of Nature, destitute of the Helps and Ornaments of Art. The Tale of it is a pretty tragical Story, and pleases for no other Reason but because it is a Copy of Nature. There is even a despicable Simplicity in the Verse; and yet because the Sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the Mind of the most polite Reader with Inward Meltings of Humanity and Compassion. The Incidents grow out of the Subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite Pity; for which reason the whole Narration has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the Author of it (whoever he was) has deliver'd it in such an abject Phrase and Poorness of Expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a Design of turning it into Ridicule. But though the Language is mean, the Thoughts, as I have before said, from one End to the other are natural, and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not Judges of Language, or those who, notwithstanding they are Judges of Language, have a true and unprejudiced Taste of Nature. The Condition, Speech, and Behaviour of the dying Parents, with the Age, Innocence, and Distress of the Children, are set forth in such tender Circumstances, that it is impossible for a Reader of common Humanity not to be affected with them. As for the Circumstance of the *Robin-red-breast*, it is indeed a little poetical Ornament; and to shew the Genius of the Author amidst all his Simplicity, it is just the same kind of Fiction which one of the greatest of the *Latin Poets* has made use of upon a parallel Occasion; I mean that Passage in *Horace*, where he describes himself when he was a Child, fallen asleep in a desert Wood, and covered with Leaves by the Turtles that took pity on him.

*Me fabulosæ Vulture in Apulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
Texere —————*

I have heard that the late Lord *Dorset*, who had the greatest Wit temper'd with the greatest Candour, and was one of the finest Criticks as well as the best Poets
of