

has been at one Instant sharp to some Man he is sorry to have offended, impertinent to some one it was Cruelty to treat with such Freedom, ungracefully noisy at such a Time, unskilfully open at such a Time, unmercifully calumnious at such a Time; and from the whole Course of his applauded Satisfactions, unable in the End to recollect any Circumstance which can add to the Enjoyment of his own Mind alone, or which he would put his Character upon with other Men. Thus it is with those who are best made for becoming Pleasures; but how monstrous is it in the Generality of Mankind who pretend this Way, without Genius or Inclination towards it? The Scene then is wild to an Extravagance: this is as if Fools should mimick Madmen. Pleasure of this Kind is the intemperate Meals and loud Jollities of the common Rate of Country Gentlemen, whose Practice and Way of Enjoyment is to put an End as fast as they can to that little Particle of Reason they have when they are sober: These Men of Wit and Pleasure dispatch their Senses as fast as possible by drinking till they cannot taste, smoking till they cannot see, and roaring till they cannot hear.



N^o 152. *Friday, August 24.*

Οἰήθη φύλλον ἤξει τοιήδε κ' ἀνδρῶν.

Hom.

THERE is no sort of People whose Conversation is so pleasant as that of military Men, who derive their Courage and Magnanimity from Thought and Reflexion. The many Adventures which attend their Way of Life makes their Conversation so full of Incidents, and gives them so frank an Air in speaking of what they have been Witnesses of, that no Company can be more amiable than that of Men of Sense who are Soldiers. There is a certain irregular Way in their Narrations or Discourse, which has something more warm
and

and pleasing than we meet with among Men, who are used to adjust and methodize their Thoughts.

I was this Evening walking in the Fields with my Friend Captain SENTRY, and I could not, from the many Relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the Service, forbear expressing my Wonder, that the Fear of Death, which we, the rest of Mankind, arm our selves against with so much Contemplation, Reason and Philosophy, should appear so little in Camps, that common Men march into open Breaches, meet opposite Battalions, not only without Reluctance but with Alacrity. My Friend answered what I said in the following Manner: 'What you wonder at may very naturally be the Subject of Admiration to all who are not conversant in Camps; but when a Man has spent some time in that way of Life, he observes a certain Mechanick Courage which the ordinary Race of Men become Masters of from acting always in a Crowd: They see indeed many drop, but then they see many more alive; they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not know why they should not again. Besides which general way of loose thinking, they usually spend the other Part of their Time in Pleasures upon which their Minds are so intirely bent, that short Labours or Dangers are but a cheap Purchase of Jollity, Triumph, Victory, fresh Quarters, new Scenes, and uncommon Adventures. Such are the Thoughts of the Executive Part of an Army, and indeed of the Gros of Mankind in general, but none of these Men of Mechanical Courage have ever made any great Figure in the Profession of Arms. Those who are formed for Command, are such as have reasoned themselves, out of a Consideration of greater Good than Length of Days, into such a Negligence of their Being, as to make it their first Position, That it is one Day to be resigned; and since it is, in the Prosecution of worthy Actions and Service of Mankind they can put it to habitual Hazard. The Event of our Designs, they say, as it relates to others, is uncertain; but as it relates to our selves it must be prosperous, while we are in the Pursuit of our Duty, and within the Terms upon which Providence has ensured our Happiness, whether we die or live. All that Nature

' Nature has prescribed must be good; and as Death is
 ' natural to us, it is Absurdity to fear it. Fear loses
 ' its Purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us,
 ' and we should draw Resolution to meet it from the Im-
 ' possibility to escape it. Without a Resignation to the
 ' Necessity of dying, there can be no Capacity in Man to
 ' attempt any thing that is glorious; but when they have
 ' once attained to that Perfection, the Pleasures of a
 ' Life spent in Martial Adventures, are as great as any
 ' of which the human Mind is capable. The Force of
 ' Reason gives a certain Beauty, mixed with the Con-
 ' science of well-doing and Thirst of Glory, to all which
 ' before was terrible and ghastly to the Imagination.
 ' Add to this, that the Fellowship of Danger, the com-
 ' mon good of Mankind, the general Cause, and the
 ' manifest Virtue you may observe in so many Men, who
 ' made no Figure till that Day, are so many Incen-
 ' tives to destroy the little Consideration of their own
 ' Persons. Such are the Heroick Part of Soldiers
 ' who are qualified for Leaders: As to the rest whom
 ' I before spoke of, I know not how it is, but they ar-
 ' rive at a certain Habit of being void of Thought, in-
 ' f much that on Occasion of the most imminent Danger
 ' they are still in the same Indifference. Nay I remem-
 ' be an Instance of a gay *Frenchman*, who was led on
 ' in Battle by a superior Officer, (whose Conduct it
 ' was his Custom to speak of always with Contempt and
 ' Rallery) and in the Beginning of the Action received
 ' a Wound he was sensible was mortal; his Reflexion
 ' on this Occasion was, *I wish I could live another Hour,*
 ' *to see how this blundering Coxcomb will get clear of this*
 ' *Business.*

' I remember two young Fellows who rid in the same
 ' Squadron of a Troop of Horse, who were ever toge-
 ' ther, they eat, they drank, they intrigued; in a Word,
 ' all their Passions and Affections seemed to tend the same
 ' Way, and they appeared serviceable to each other in
 ' them. We were in the Dusk of the Evening to march
 ' over a River, and the Troop these Gentlemen belong-
 ' ed to were to be transported in a Ferry-boat, as fast as
 ' they could. One of the Friends was now in the Boat, while
 ' the other was drawn up with others by the Water-side
 ' waiting

waiting the Return of the Boat. A Disorder happened in
 the Passage by an unruly Horse; and a Gentleman who
 had the Rein of his Horse negligently under his Arm,
 was forced into the Water by his Horse's jumping o-
 ver. The Friend on the Shore cry'd out, Who's that is
 drowned trow? He was immediately answered, Your
 Friend *Harry Thompson*. He very gravely reply'd, *Ay he*
had a mad Horse. This short Epitaph from such a Fa-
 miliar without more Words, gave me at that Time
 under Twenty, a very moderate Opinion of the Friend-
 ship of Companions. Thus is Affection and every o-
 ther Motive of Life in the Generality rooted out by
 the present busy Scene about them: they lament no
 Man whose Capacity can be supplied by another; and
 where Men converse without Delicacy, the next Man
 you meet will serve as well as he whom you have lived
 with half your Life. To such the Devastation of
 Countries, the Misery of Inhabitants, the Cries of the
 Pillaged, and the silent Sorrow of the great Unfortu-
 nate, are ordinary Objects; their Minds are bent upon
 the little Gratifications of their own Senses and Appe-
 tites, forgetful of Compassion, insensible of Glory,
 avoiding only Shame; their whole Heart's taken up
 with the trivial Hope of meeting and being merry. These
 are the People who make up the Gros of the Soldiery:
 But the fine Gentleman in that Band of Men, is such a
 One as I have now in my Eye, who is foremost in all
 Danger to which he is ordered. His Officers are his
 Friends and Companions, as they are Men of Honour
 and Gentlemen; the private Men his Brethren, as they
 are of his Species. He is beloved of all that behold
 him: They wish him in Danger as he views their
 Ranks, that they may have Occasions to save him at
 their own Hazard. Mutual Love is the Order of the
 Files where he commands; every Man afraid for him-
 self and his Neighbour, not lest their Commander
 should punish them, but lest he should be offended.
 Such is his Regiment who knows Mankind, and feels
 their Distresses so far as to prevent them. Just in dis-
 tributing what is their Due, he would think himself
 below their Tailor to wear a Snip of their Clothes in
 Lace upon his own; and below the most rapacious