

[*double rule*]

AN ANTIQUARY

IS one that has his Being in this Age, but his Life and Conversation is in the Days of old. He despises the present Age as an Innovation, and flights the future ; but has a great Value for that, which is past and gone, like the Madman, that fell in Love with *Cleopatra*. He is an old frippery-Philosopher, that has so strange a natural Affection to worm-eaten Speculation, that it is apparent he has a Worm in his Skull. He honours his Forefathers and Fore-mothers, but condemns his Parents as too modern, and no better than Upstarts. He neglects himself, because he was born in his own Time, and so far off Antiquity, which he so much admires ; and repines, like a younger Brother, because he came so late into the World. He spends the one half of his Time in collecting old insignificant Trifles,

and the other in flinging them, which he takes singular Delight in ; because the oftener he does it, the further they are from being new to him. All his Curiousities take place of one another according to their Seniority, and he values them not by their Abilities, but their Standing. He has a great Veneration for Words that are stricken in Years, and are grown so aged, that they have out-lived their Employments—These he uses with a Respect agreeable to their Antiquity, and the good Services they have done. He throws away his Time in enquiring after that which is past and gone so many Ages since, like one that shoots away an Arrow, to find out another that was lost before. He fetches

things out of Duft and Ruins, like the Fable of the chymical Plant raifed out of its own Afhes. He values one old Invention, that is loft and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the World, tho' never fo ufe-ful. The whole Buſinefs of his Life is the fame with his, that flows the Tombs at *Westminster*, only the one does it for his Pleaſure, and the other for Money. As every Man has but one Father, but two Grand-Fathers and a World of Anceftors ; fo he has a proportional Value

for Things that are antient, and the further off the greater.

He is a great Time-ferver, but it is of Time out of Mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retied from the preſent. His Days were ſpent and gone long before he came into the World, and ſince his only Buſinefs is to collect what he can out of the Ruins of them. He has fo ſtrong a natural Affection to any Thing that is old, that he may truly *ſay to Duft and Worms you are my Father, and to Rottennefs thou are my Mother*. He has no Providence nor Fore-ſight ; for all his Contemplations look backward upon the Days of old, and his Brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obſcure Word in any old fenfelefs Diſcourſe, than be the Author of the moſt ingenious new one ; and with *Scaliger* would fell the Empire of *Germany*¹ (if it were in his Power) for an old Song. He devours an old Manuſcript with greater Reliſh than Worms and Moths do, and, though there be nothing in it, values

¹ *And with Scaliger would fell the Empire of Germany*] This alludes to a ranting Exclamation of *Scaliger's* upon an Ode in *Horace*, which he was particularly pleaſed with.

it above any Thing printed, which he accounts but a Novelty. When he happens to cure a small Botch in an old Author, he is as proud of it, as if he had got the Philosophers Stone, and could cure all the Difeases of Mankind. He values things wrongfully upon their Anti-quity, forgetting that the moft modern are really the moft ancient of all Things in the World, like thofe that reckon their Pounds before their Shillings and Pence, of which they are made up. He efteems no Customs but fuch as have outlived themfelves, and are long fince out of Ufe ; as the *Catholics* allow of no Saints, but fuch as are dead, and the *Fanatics*, Oppofition, of none but the Living.
