[*double rule*]

# AN ANTIQUARY

I2s 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 Inno-  
vation, and ſlights 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 ſhewing 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 An-  
tiquity, 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 Duſt and Ruins, like the Fable  
of the chymical Plant raiſed out of its own  
Aſhes. He values one old Invention, that is  
loſt and never to be recovered, before all the  
new ones in the World, tho’ never ſo uſeful.  
The whole Buſineſs of his Life is the ſame with  
his, that ſhows the Tombs at *Westminster*, only  
the one does it for his Pleaſure, and the other  
for Money. As every Man has but one Fa-  
ther, but two Grand-Fathers and a World  
of Anceſtors ; ſo he has a proportional Value

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

He is a great Time-ſerver, 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 Buſineſs is  
to collect what he can out of the Ruins of  
them. He has ſo ſtrong a natural Affection to  
any Thing that is old, that he may truly *ſay to*  
*Duſt and Worms you are my Father, and to Rot-*  
*tenneſs thou are my Mother*. He has no Provi-  
dence nor Fore-ſight ; for all his Contempla-  
tions 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 ſenſeleſs Diſ-  
courſe, than be the Author of the moſt ingenious  
new one ; and with *Scaliger* would ſell the  
Empire of *Germany*[^1] (if it were in his Power)  
for an old Song. He devours an old Manuſ-  
cript with greater Reliſh than Worms and Moths  
do, and, though there be nothing in it, values

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 Diſeaſes of Mankind.  
He values things wrongfully upon their Anti-  
quity, forgetting that the moſt modern are  
really the moſt ancient of all Things in the  
World, like thoſe that reckon their Pounds  
before their Shillings and Pence, of which they  
are made up. He eſteems no Cuſtoms but ſuch  
as have outlived themſelves, and are long ſince  
out of Uſe ; as the *Catholics* allow of no Saints,  
but ſuch as are dead, and the *Fanatics*, Op-  
poſition, of none but the Living.