[*double rule*]

# ANANTIQUARY

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]](#footnote-22) (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.

1. *And with* Scaliger *would ſell the Empire of Germany*] This al-
ludes to a ranting Exclamation of *Scaliger*’s upon an Ode in *Horace*,
which he was particularly pleased with. [↑](#footnote-ref-22)